

The Canadian  
**Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Country Life Supplement

TIMELY ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES

Is There a Universal Religion?

BY REV. DR. WORKMAN

News of the Week

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



Painted by Emily McAvity.

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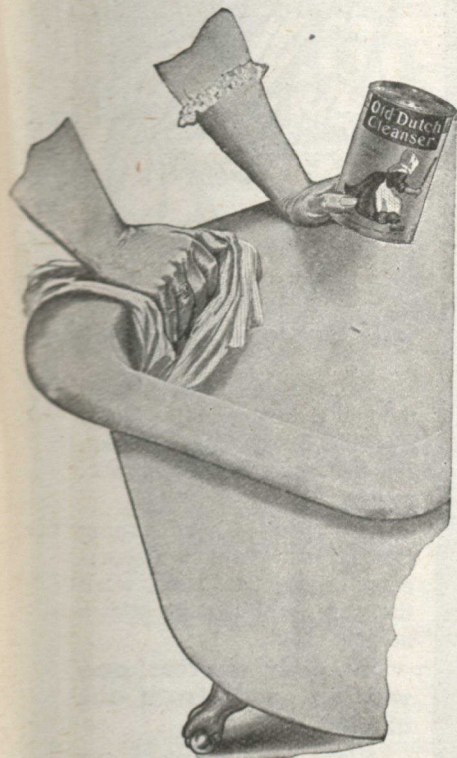
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Is The BEST Thing That

## Keeps Bath-tubs Clean

Because the Cleanser quickly removes the discolorations which appear on porcelain bath-tubs, and which it is impossible to remove by any other means.

Sprinkle the Cleanser over the tub, and rub the surface with a dampened brush or coarse cloth. Then wash off with clean water, and you will find that all dirt and stains have vanished, leaving the tub clean and spotless.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 15

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## Editor's Talk

**S**HALL the manufacturing of the future be confined mainly to Eastern Canada or shall it be distributed through all the provinces? This is a question which is interesting a large number of people at present. The Western provinces are endeavouring to build up their manufacturing interests for economic reasons. They desire to create a home market for the smaller produce of the farm.

There is little manufacturing in the United States west of the Mississippi, and if the same rule were to apply to Canada, there would be only a small amount of manufacturing in the country west of Winnipeg. There is just this difference, however. There is practically no coal and there are few water-powers in the Western States, whereas there is plenty of coal and considerable water-power in Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia. What will be the effect of this difference?

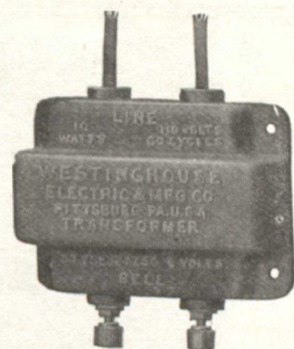
We have already had articles on this subject by Charles F. Roland, publicity commissioner of Winnipeg, and by Sir William Whyte, of the same city. Mr. Roland's second article on the subject appears in this issue and is worthy of the close attention of thoughtful readers. This is a big national question.

\*\*\*

Our "Woman's Supplement" will appear in our issue of March 23rd. It will contain some features of considerable interest to both men and women. This department is being conducted as a "news" feature, rather than a magazine supplement.

\*\*\*

February was the banner month in the history of the "Canadian Courier." The amount of advertising carried in the four issues of that month exceeded that of any other four-issue month in our history. In February, 1911, the advertising carried totalled 133 columns; in February, 1912, it totalled 226 columns. This is a gain of 93 columns, or 70 per cent. We attribute this gain to the great increase in our circulation during the past year and to the loyalty of our readers.



### HAVE YOU AN ELECTRIC DOOR BELL

that sometimes fails to ring for a day or two before you know it? And your visitor has had to turn away, disappointed?

Then you would appreciate a **WESTINGHOUSE BELL-RINGING TRANSFORMER**

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LASTS A LIFETIME  
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## \$200 A MONTH from a little 5 ACRE FARM

Its a pretty good man that earns two hundred a month by working for a boss. Anyone with self respect enough to go to work for himself can do that well on five acres of land in the Fraser River Valley. If he don't know much about farming he can raise potatoes worth \$600 an acre.

If he is more expert he can grow fruits and berries and make more.

I will tell you how they raise these crops and how to get the land at an initial expense of \$200 if you are interested enough to write

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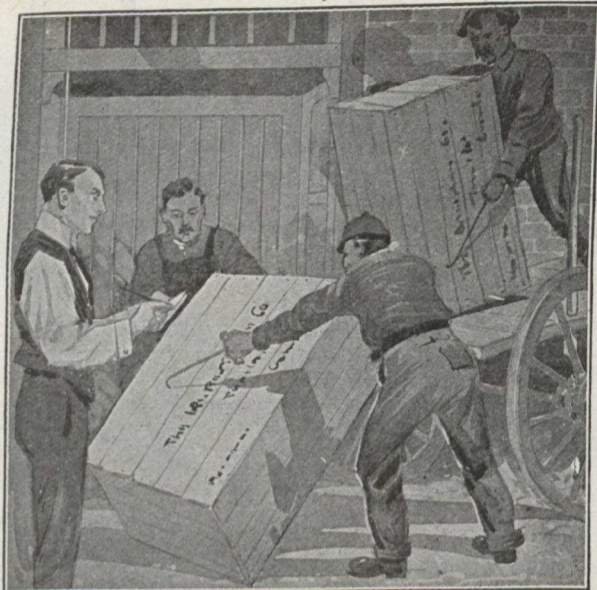
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Will save you 33 1/2 per cent to 60 per cent on Oil Colors, and will give you best prices on all Artists' Materials. Write for Catalogue and particulars. The trade solicited.

77 York St., Toronto.



## How are you fixed when goods arrive?

**D**OES your shipping room present a scene of noisy, bustling disorder? Are you compelled to clog or temporarily paralyse the running of your business by shorthanding your various departments in order to accommodate fresh shipments as they arrive? Or, is it possible for one or two men to take hold and expeditiously, economically and safely—without waste of time or energy—dispose of the goods systematically and in proper arrangement. Your answer depends upon whether or not you use

## OTIS FENSOM FREIGHT ELEVATORS

In point of utility, convenience and economical efficiency, your Otis-Fensom Elevator bears the same indispensable relation to modern business as the telephone, typewriter and electric light. It makes for decidedly improved business conditions. It saves labor—it saves time—it saves calling clerks, salesmen or other employees from their regular duties in the store or office. It enables you to keep your ground floor clean and inviting, and to use all of the ground floor space for salesmanship and display. It does away with expensive hand labor and substitutes mechanical facilities that keep pace with the increasing demands of your business.

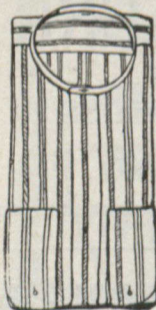
Send for "Freight Elevators and their Uses."

## The Otis-Fensom Elevator Co., Limited

Traders Bank Building : : Toronto

## MAKE YOUR MONEY BUY ITS UTMOST

We offer you the smartest styles for present wear in "Elcho" Soft Felt Hats in Brown, Drab, Slate or Black. Prices from 3/6 each.



### "ELCHO" SHIRTS made in the LATEST STYLES.

Very comfortable, good looking and specially treated to withstand the vicissitudes of the laundry. Prices from 2/6 each.



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STAY right, keep their shape, colour and style and give real service to the last thread. Made in Tweed, Serge or Flannel, from 21/- each.

### "ELCHO" SHOES ADD THE FINISHING TOUCH.

"Elcho" footwear have correct shape, give long wear and fit perfectly—what more could you want in shoes? Prices from 8/11 per pair.

Postage extra on all these articles.

WHY NOT WRITE US YOUR REQUIREMENTS NOW?

Illustrated Catalogue No. 57 sent post free on request.

**A. & W. PATERSON,**  
86-90, Glassford Street, Glasgow, Scotland.  
ESTABLISHED OVER 90 YEARS.



## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**A Good Guess.**—Benevolent Visitor—"And what are you going to be, my little man?"

Little Boy (after a huge dinner)—"I'm going to be—sick."—The Tatler.

\* \* \*

### A Substitute.

Drink to me only with thine eyes  
When we go out to dine,  
For in these days no salary pays  
For sparkling wine.

\* \* \*

**Bully For Her.**—"What did the banker's daughter say when you asked her to marry you?"

"She said I would have to go to par before she could take stock in my proposition."—Baltimore American.

\* \* \*

**Celestial Ingenuity.**—"I hope our dear old Dr. Wu Ting-fang is on the right side in these Chinese troubles," said a diplomat at a dinner in Washington.

"Dr. Wu," he continued, "used to tell me many illuminating anecdotes about the Chinese character. I remember one about ingenuity.

"A Chinaman, the anecdote ran, found his wife lying dead in a field one morning; a tiger had killed her.

"The Chinaman went home, procured some arsenic, and, returning to the field, sprinkled it over the corpse.

"The next day the tiger's dead body lay beside the woman's. The Chinaman sold the tiger's skin to a mandarin, and its body to a physician to make fear-cure powders, and with the proceeds he was able to buy a younger wife."—New York Tribune.

\* \* \*

**Also With Gloves.**—Assistant Editor—"Here's a farmer writes to us asking how to treat sick bees."

Editor—"Tell him he'd better treat them with respect."—Boston Transcript.

\* \* \*

**The Farewell Habit.**—A New York manager announces a coming Bernhardt season in vaudeville. It appears that the divine Sarah's dramatic farewells to America have constituted a fair case of much adieu about nothing.—New York World.

\* \* \*

**Cradle-Robbers.**—Two or three young men were exhibiting, with great satisfaction, the results of a day's fishing, whereupon this young woman remarked very demurely:

"Fish go in schools, do they not?"  
"I believe they do; but why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothing; only I was just thinking that you must have broken up an infant class."—Washington Star.

\* \* \*

**The Wicked World.**—"I ain't losing my faith in human nature," said Uncle Eben, "but I kaint he'p noticin' dat dere's allus a heap mo' articles advertised 'Lost' dan dar is 'Found.'"—Washington Star.

\* \* \*

### Nutshell Verse.

Servant lady,  
Rather green;  
Balky fire,  
Gasolene.

Pours the fluid,  
Travels far;  
Floral token;  
"Gates ajar."

—Washington Herald.

\* \* \*

**On the Jump.**—One of Lord Charles Beresford's tenants who conducted a small undertaker's establishment in Waterford was one day asked how the business was getting along.

"Grand, me lord!" he exclaimed. "I now have the luckiest little hearse you ever saw. Glory be to goodness, it was never a day idle since I got it."—Tit-Bits.

\* \* \*

### A Poor Painter.

A taste for painting? I don't know;  
He may perhaps be full of it.  
He did his best to paint a cow,  
But merely made a bull of it.

See that Spot



Don't Worry

Dry Cleaning will Remove the Spot

Perhaps you have always thought it impossible to clean fine Silks, Satins, Opera Cloaks, Suits, Laces, Feathers, etc. so they would look new.

Our special Dry Cleaning Process and years of experience, enable us to do work that your local cleaner knows nothing about.

We pay express one way on goods from out of town.

Write for free copy of our book, which tells all about our work and our prices.

Fountain "My Valet"

30 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

14

## Well, Well!

THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use



I dyed ALL these DIFFERENT KINDS of Goods with the SAME Dye.

I used

**DYOLA**

ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.

NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods one has to color. All colors from your Druggist or Dealer. FREE Color Card and STORY Booklet 10, The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

## MARK YOUR LINEN WITH

Cash's Woven Names

Neater and more durable than marking ink on such household articles as "Dining Room," "Guest Room," "Servants' Room," etc., your name can be interwoven on fine fabric tags for \$2.00 for 12 doz.; \$1.25 for 6 doz.; 85c. for 3 doz.

Samples sent on request.

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611 Chestnut Street

SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

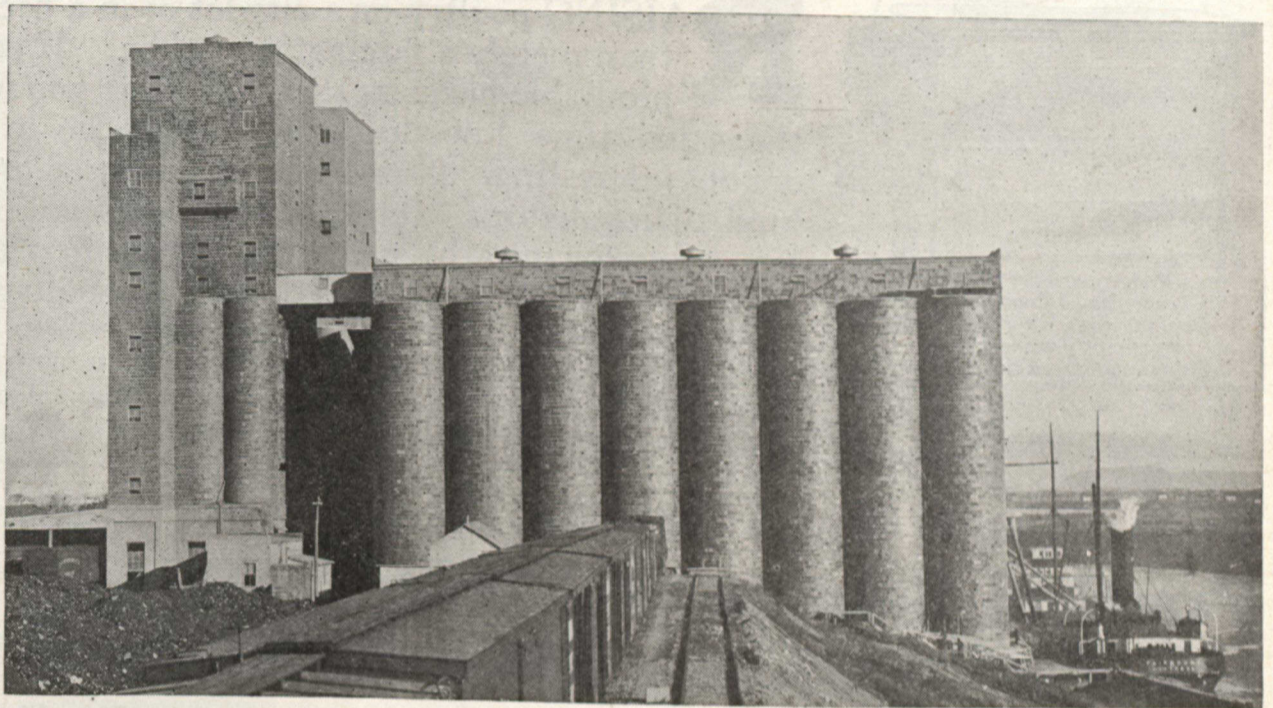
Orders placed through your dealer.

# FORT WILLIAM, ONT.

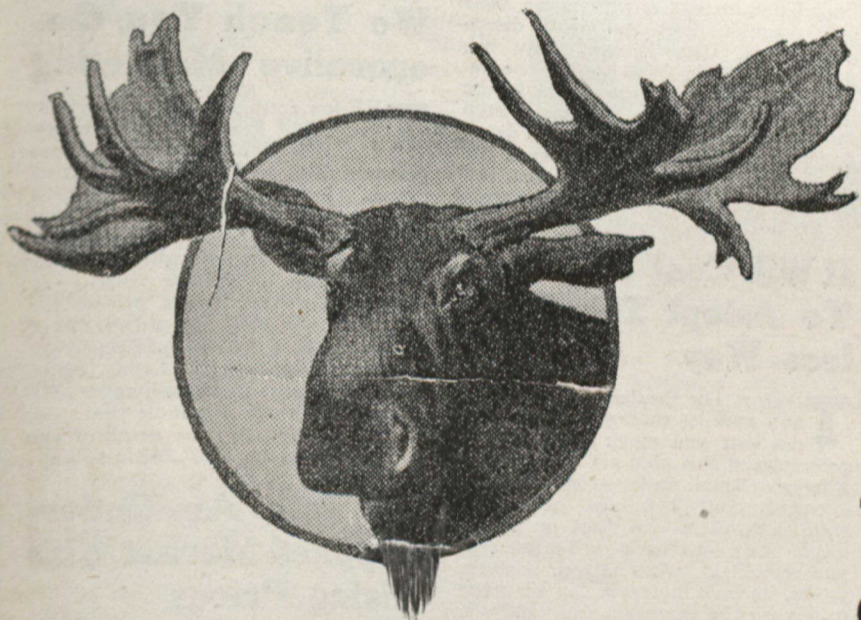
## WHERE RAIL MEETS LAKE

Great Opportunities for Farmers, Manufacturers and Capitalists

FORT WILLIAM--at the Head of the Great Lakes--has Raw Materials, Cheap Hydro-Electric Power, Cheap Coal, Favorable Labor Conditions, Splendid Soft, Pure Water, Excellent Industrial Sites facing on the finest harbor in the World and connecting with Trackage of Canadian Pacific, Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways, and will Grant Reasonable Concessions to Industries. Splendid opportunities are held out also to Agriculturists, Mixed Farming and Market Gardeners. Full Information Promptly Supplied. Write to  
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 Fort William, Canada



An Elevator at Fort William, the Greatest Grain Emporium in Canada. Three transcontinental railways meet at this port on Lake Superior



## If YOU

are coming  
to Canada

# MOOSE JAW

SASKATCHEWAN

Offers Opportunities Unexcelled in the Dominion

- ☐ **MOOSE JAW IS THE HUB OF THE GREAT CANADIAN WHEAT BELT**, being situated 398 miles west of Winnipeg and 442 miles east of Calgary, with unrivalled facilities for reaching not only the almost unlimited market of the PRAIRIE PROVINCES, but the markets of the WORLD by every possible route.
- ☐ **MOOSE JAW** will have in the near future thirteen railway outlets, and is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and on the lines of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and the Canadian Northern Railway. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have chosen **MOOSE JAW** as their **Grand Divisional Point** for the middle West, have at this terminal over \$3,000,000 invested, and pay out monthly from this point \$175,000 to their employees.
- ☐ **MOOSE JAW** has been chosen as the location for the largest industries in Western Canada, and is known as the **Industrial City of Saskatchewan**.
- ☐ There are excellent openings in **MOOSE JAW** in all lines.

If you are interested in the most rapidly growing City of the Canadian West, write to-day for illustrated literature and full particulars to . . . **H. G. COLEMAN, Secretary, The Board of Trade, Moose Jaw, Sask.**

# YOU CAN MAKE POULTRY RAISING PAY IN YOUR OWN BACK-YARD IF YOU WILL ADOPT THE PEERLESS WAY



This is our No. 3 Peerless Incubator, holding 60 eggs, specially designed for city poultry-raising under the climatic conditions peculiar to Canada.

**R**AISING poultry on a city lot or in a backyard can be made far more than merely a fascinating hobby. It can easily be made a mighty profitable business that will bring you in a handsome revenue. At the same time knowledge of how to do it right will make the work doubly interesting. Now all that you need is knowledge—and the right kind of incubator. Yet these two necessities are both within your reach; for, by following the methods of The Peerless Way and adopting the Peerless Incubator, 20,846 Canadian poultry raisers are to-day making big cash profits. Do the same! Make poultry raising both your hobby and a business as well. Ride it as a hobby if you want to—but do more; make it yield you dividends and add to your bank account! You can do it. Remember that twenty thousand successful poultrymen have seen that our experience was worth having and following as operators of the

largest and most successful poultry farm in the Dominion, —the Poultry Yards of Canada, Limited, at Pembroke. So they wrote and told us they wanted to raise poultry as we raised it. You can do that too; we have guided these twenty thousand odd successful poultrymen and we are ready to guide you.

## This Book Tells About The Practical Solution Of Profitable Poultrying on a City Lot

**“WHEN POULTRY PAYS”** is a book that tells, by personal letters, what hundreds of followers of The Peerless Way have actually accomplished. It tells about an incubator and brooder especially designed by Canadian experts for city poultry raising in the Canadian climate and about the plans, specifications and blue-prints of poultry houses constructed to meet this country's long, cold winters (after poultry houses actually in use at our own farm), and which form a part of our service in The Peerless Way. “When Poultry Pays” explains just how you can put The Peerless Way to work for you, tells you about an enormous, undersupplied market and gives you full information as to the best way to start. It will show you an unworked field of profit lying in your own back-yard right in the heart of your own town. If you have some spare time in your evenings, a little money and the willingness to follow directions and look after this business, The Peerless Way cannot fail to make money for you. Please bear in mind, however, that this illustrated book has cost money to prepare and publish and is too expensive to distribute haphazard; we send it only on request. If you want it, send us the coupon—

### There Are Big Profits in Poultrying

**T**O get the maximum profits out of anything requires experience or knowledge. A bad start may take years to overcome; don't handicap yourself. Use our experience and knowledge instead of purchasing your own through bitter and costly disappointments. The Peerless Way has made smooth the hard road of the beginner and solved his problems before he even knew of their existence. Step by step, we will teach you every detail of The Peerless Way, so that as the business outgrows your back-yard, you can engage in it on as extensive a scale as we do.

### It Will Cost You Little To Adopt The Peerless Way

**T**O start The Peerless Way working and making money for you, will not cost you much money. The principles of this plan are the same on a large or small scale—scientific management. But the cost of proper equipment varies—to start on a city lot in your own back-yard need cost you very little. And as your business grows, its own increases can be made to pay for the extension and yield you handsome profits besides.

### Our Poultry Advisory Board Will Teach You

**T**HE Peerless Way teaches our system—complete. But if, at any time, special problems peculiar to you alone, do arise, our Poultry Advisory Board is always at your service free of charge,—not only when you are starting out in business, but to the very last day you are running a Peerless Incubator and following The Peer-

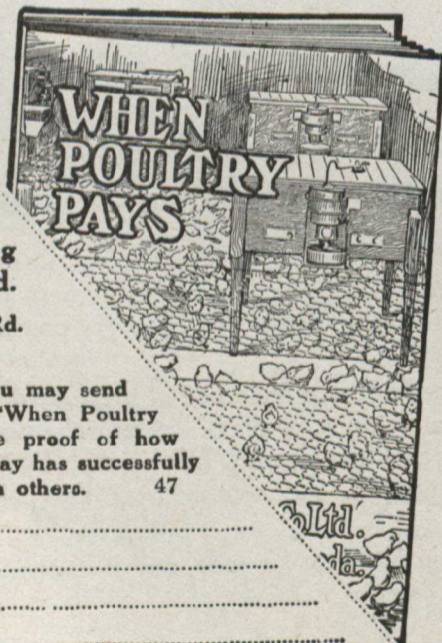
less Way—ten years hence or even longer! All you need to do is to write and your problems will be investigated individually and answered personally. We stand back of our followers not only in the raising of poultry, but also in turning their poultry and poultry products into revenue producers of the highest type.

### We Teach You Co-operative Marketing

**T**HE few extra cents of profit which you might lose through ordinary marketing, cause but a small loss on your total selling price; but they represent a very, very big per cent. of your profits! Our Peerless Co-Operative Marketing Plan will put you in touch with buyers who will take your entire output,—large or small,—at highest, spot-cash, market prices. Or we will show you how you can sell direct to the consumer, or to the special private trade that is always glad to pay higher prices for guaranteed fresh eggs. We will show you how to handle that too. This is merely one more detail of the service offered by The Peerless Way.

### Get Into An Under-Supplied Market With Rising Prices

**T**HE rise in prices of both eggs and poultry, during the last few years, will show you that the market must be a tremendous money-maker for someone. Why should not you be among those who are taking the easy profits? You can be as successful as anyone, if you will only let The Peerless Way show you how—if you will follow our methods and devote just a little time and more or less common-sense to the work. Send the coupon and get “When Poultry Pays”; it will tell you more about The Peerless Way.



**LEE**

Manufacturing  
Company, Ltd.

119 Pembroke Rd.  
Pembroke, Ont.

Gentlemen:—You may send me your book “When Poultry Pays,” and the proof of how The Peerless Way has successfully co-operated with others. 47

Name.....  
Address.....  
Town.....  
Province.....

We  
Send  
The  
Book  
**FREE**  
For  
The  
Coupon

**LEE** Manufacturing Co., Ltd. **PEMBROKE** ONTARIO  
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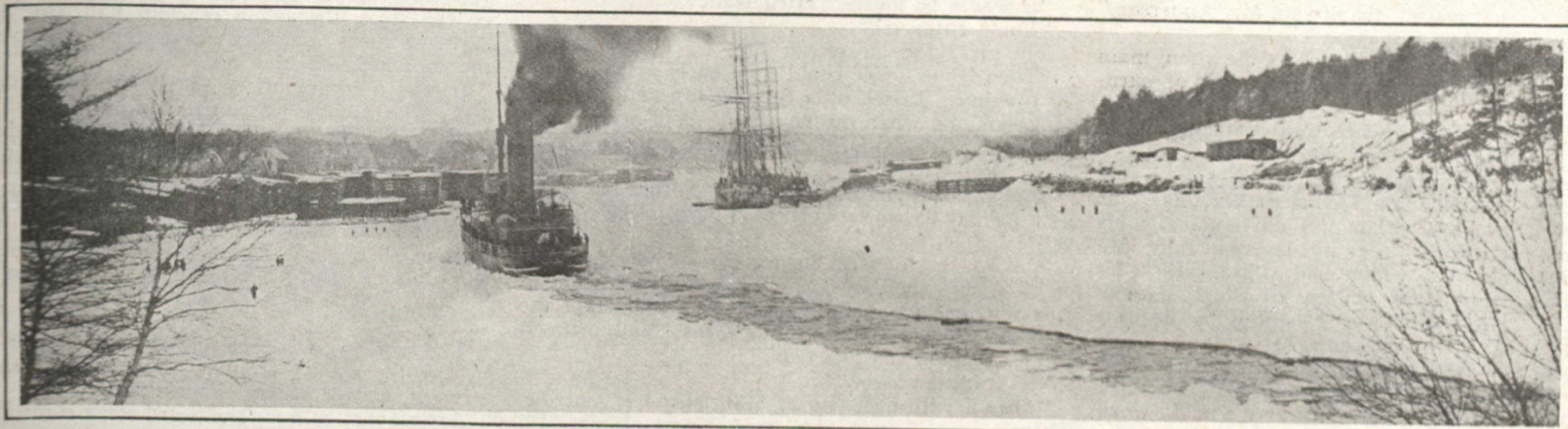
# The CANADIAN COURIER

*A National Weekly.*

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March 9, 1912

No. 15



Winter Uses for Canadian Government Vessels—Steamer Stanley Cutting Channel to Ice-bound Vessels at Bridgewater, N.S.

## Fighting the

THE plunging of a railway snow-plough through huge snow-drifts has an interesting parallel in the crashing of sturdy specially-built steamers through ice that would defy the ordinary boat.

When winter comes in real earnest it freezes up Canada's harbours and rivers. Naturally it would seem that winter would have full say as to when navigation closes and when it opens. But ice-breaking vessels say "No!" They start the navigation season earlier and keep it open later than would be possible without their aid.

Ice-breaking work is done on the Great Lakes, notably at the harbours of Fort William and Port Arthur, and at Tiffin and Victoria harbours. The work at those harbours is done under contract for the Dominion Government, but Canada's own steamers face the tremendous task of ice-breaking in the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. The *Montcalm* devotes her attention to maintaining com-



Ice-boats That Carry Passengers and Mail Between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick. On the Ice, the Men Pull the Boats; When Open Water is Reached They Row. In Both Cases the Sails Help.

## Ice King

munication with Seven Islands and Anticosti. The *Champlain* is employed the year round in a ferry service across the St. Lawrence River. The *Stanley* was built specially for winter navigation in the Strait of Northumberland, and the *Earl Grey* and *Minto* for carrying passengers and freight between Prince Edward Island and the mainland.

Sometimes the ice-breaker has to admit herself beaten—the ice being too heavy. Often she breaks a path through which imprisoned vessels of the ordinary type escape. And sometimes an ice-breaker herself becomes imprisoned and has to be cut out by a sister ice-fighter.

The service given last winter by the ice-boats shown in the accompanying illustration, opened on February 15th, and closed on March 25th. The boats made 59 single trips and carried 65 passengers. The earnings were \$152, and the cost of the service was \$7,132.



Commerce Fights the Ice King—Steamer Stanley Towing Vessels for Which She Has Broken a Channel.

# The Peril of Nancy Mayland

By ELLEN LEYS.

IT was very late—past eight o'clock—but still the typewriter was clicking rapidly. The typist looked pale and weary; dark marks were showing under her tired blue eyes, and her slender form drooped over the machine.

The door of the little room off the main office opened, and a man entered. Nancy Mayland glanced up, and a tell-tale flush spread over her cheeks as she saw who he was.

"I am most awfully sorry to have kept you so late, Miss Mayland," he said, coming over to her. "I did not realize how the time was going. You must be simply exhausted."

"Oh, it doesn't matter, thank you, Mr. Anderson," she answered. "I've just done."

"The other clerks have all gone," the young man went on. "There has been a great deal of extra work to-day."

"And Mr. Forbes's absence throws it all on you. If I am tired, what must you be?"

The young man's face lighted up at her sympathetic tone. "Well, I am feeling rather done," he admitted. "You see, although I am nominally his head clerk, Mr. Forbes does not take me fully into his confidence, and so I have had to deal with a lot of correspondence about matters of which I know very little." His voice lowered a little, and he bent nearer the girl. "Do you know, Miss Mayland, it's rather odd, this absence of his. He has not been at the office all this week, and though, of course, I haven't said anything about it, I haven't had a word from him."

The typist looked up in astonishment. "What a queer thing for him to do!" she exclaimed.

Just then a step sounded in the outer office.

"Who on earth can that be?" said Anderson, and, springing to his feet, he threw open the door and looked out.

"Why, Mr. Forbes!" the girl heard him exclaim.

"Hullo, Anderson," came the response, in tones which made the girl say to herself, "He's in a rage."

Mordaunt Forbes, the wealthy stockbroker, in whose office Jim Anderson and Nancy Mayland were employed, was a man of very violent temper. His clerks dreaded the whirlwind gusts of fury that sometimes overpowered him, and had learnt to read the signs of their coming. Nancy sprang to her feet, put her table in order hastily, pinned her simple felt hat on to her golden-brown hair, and slipped on her coat. She could not hear all that Mr. Forbes was saying, but a few words she caught told her that he was annoyed at the office being kept open until this hour. She was glad to be able to slip through the outer room without attracting more than an angry glance from Mr. Forbes.

She shivered as she went into the dense, cold fog outside, and twisted her fur stole more closely round her neck. She made her way along the pavement to the corner where the omnibus she usually took stopped, and stood under a lamp-post to wait for one.

A step behind her made her glance round. A man was close beside her. He lifted his hat.

"Miss Mayland, you must let me see you home to-night," Anderson said. "It is so foggy, it's really not safe for you to be out alone. You don't mind?"

The pleading note in his voice brought a quick blush to her cheeks. "Of course not, Mr. Anderson," she said, softly. "But it's quite out of your way."

"What has that to do with it?" he said, looking down into the lovely face. Then he added: "I have for some time been seeking an opportunity to ask if I might call on your mother, or whoever it is you are with."

The girl's blush deepened. "I live alone," she said. "My father and mother are dead, and I have no relations in London."

"Poor child!" he said, softly. Then he added: "I, too, am all alone."

The girl glanced up. It was a good face that looked down on her; the mouth firm yet tender, the eyes deep-set and honest.

For a few minutes the two stood silent.

At last Anderson spoke. "There does not seem to be an omnibus coming," he said. "Please let me get a hansom."

Nancy looked almost frightened. "Oh, Mr. Anderson, it would cost an awful lot! I live ever so far away in Bloomsbury, at Connaught House."

"That big ladies' boarding-house? I know. That's not so very far."

A policeman's figure loomed out of the darkness. "Could you get us a cab, constable?" asked Anderson.

"We were waiting for the 'bus, but it doesn't seem to be coming."

"I don't think you'll get the 'bus to-night, sir," said the man. "This is one of the worst fogs I've seen. But I'll see if I can get you a hansom." He disappeared into the darkness again.

The two young people, left standing under the lamp, began to talk. Anderson soon found that Nancy was very fond of taking long walks, a taste he shared.

"Why shouldn't we have one together some day?" he said. "We could take the train into the country and have a good tramp."

"It would be lovely," cried Nancy.

"You'd enjoy it?"

The girl's face answered him.

"Then let us. We could start early and get back by tea-time. Lunch at a country inn and have tea at Lyons', or whatever you like. Will you?"

"I'd love to!" murmured Nancy, with a happy little laugh.

"Let's go to-morrow if it's fine. Forbes has given us a holiday as we've worked so hard to-day. Shall we?"

And reading consent in her eyes, Anderson went on: "Where shall we go? It's awfully nice out in Buckinghamshire in the winter. We could take the train to Denham or Gerard's Cross, and make a round. Would you like that?"

"It would be lovely."

"Then I will meet you at Marylebone to-morrow. There's a good train at a quarter-past eleven. I'll be there by eleven."

"And so will I," she answered. "Is that someone coming?"

Anderson looked around. A form was close beside them, but as he turned it melted into darkness. The fog was getting thicker every minute. Then he heard a voice hailing.

"Are you there, sir? I've got a taxi."

The policeman appeared, the welcome red motor close beside him. In another minute they were seated side by side, and being whirled away into the gloom together.

THE next day a bright sun was shining, and Nancy's heart beat joyfully as she set out to keep her appointment. She was looking charming, clad in a short walking skirt, warm coat, and stout boots, with a little fur cap perched on her lovely hair. She reached Marylebone just after eleven, and took up her stand under the big clock.

The minutes passed slowly till the time was near for the train to go, and still there was no sign of Anderson. Her blue eyes filled with tears in spite of herself. Her disappointment was very keen.

A man, a perfect stranger to her, approached, raising his cap. He was clad as if for motoring.

"Excuse me, but are you Miss Mayland?" he said.

"That's my name," she answered, wondering.

"I'm afraid I have very bad news for you. Mr. Anderson—"

"Oh, what has happened to him?"

The man hesitated. "I was in my motor-car, and going rather fast, I'm afraid, and he suddenly ran out in front of me—"

The girl turned white. "Is he—is he—dead?" she asked, in a low, strained whisper.

"No, but he is very badly hurt. I took him to a hospital, and he asked me to come and explain his absence to you, and ask you if you would mind going to see him."

"Of course I will."

"Then would you come with me?" I have my car here, and I can take you very quickly."

For answer she moved in the direction of the street. The stranger led her to where a large closed motor-car was standing, and handed her in. He shut the door behind her and sprang into the driver's seat.

They set off at tremendous speed, but Nancy scarcely noticed it. The shock had opened her eyes, and she knew that she had given Anderson her heart. She loved him—and he was hurt, dying, perhaps! Leaning back against the soft cushions she let her grief find outlet in a flood of bitter tears.

After a while the stormy sobs ceased, and she began to wonder at the lapse of time. She glanced at the watch on her wrist. It was more than half an hour since they had left the station. Surely they ought to have reached the hospital?

She looked out of the window. They were flying along a road bordered by hedges. What did this mean?

With a sudden access of fear she lowered the window and called out to the driver. He did not

answer, and the car never stopped. They whirled on, through a village, then out on to a broad road that ran through open country.

"Was it a trap? But why should anyone entrap her? The motor was moving much too fast for her to attempt to spring out, and the driver paid no heed to her cries.

At last the car rushed through a large gate, up a broad drive, and then stopped before the entrance to a house. Perhaps this was the hospital. She opened the door and sprang out. Two men were standing at the foot of a wide flight of steps. They strode forward and seized her by the wrists. In vain she struggled; she was overpowered, carried up the steps, through a spacious hall, up a long flight of stairs, and then pushed inside a room and the door locked behind her.

It was a secure prison in which she found herself. The window was small, and protected by stout iron bars. The furniture was of the scantiest. A cot bed, a small table, a chair, a wash-stand—that was all.

Nancy sat down on the bed and tried to collect her scattered thoughts. Why should she be imprisoned like this? Could she have been mistaken for someone else? No, the man had spoken to her by name. The mystery was too deep for her to solve.

The windows were too high for her to see out of it, and the door was stout. The prison was very strong. Escape seemed impossible.

After about an hour she heard steps coming along the corridor. They stopped, and she went over to the door, but to her surprise, the handle was not turned. She heard a door open further down the passage, the sound of voices, then the turning of a key. Next minute her own door was unlocked.

One of the men who had brought her in entered with a tray, on which was a plate of cold meat, bread, cheese, and a glass of water. He left her to make a frugal meal and then returned. He made no answer to her questions as to the reason of her imprisonment, but took up the tray and went out, locking and barring the door. She listened intently, and heard him go on a little way and then open another door, as he had done when he came with the dinner.

Was there, then, another prisoner shut up in the room next to her? It seemed like it. She went up to the wall and beat on it with her clenched fists, hoping that her comrade in distress might hear and answer. She shouted aloud, but no response came. After a little she took off her boot and hammered on the wall with its heel. Soon after she stopped an answering knock came.

So she had a fellow-captive. Who was it! she wondered. Could she communicate with him or her? She must try and find some means. The wall was too stout for her to make a hole through it.

Supper was brought her in the same way, and that night she slept soundly—to her surprise. The same man brought her breakfast. This time he set a tray down on the floor outside, and brought in her cup of tea and plate of bread and butter without a tray. The other prisoner's food was lying out there. Could she slip a letter in among the bread and butter? Not now—the man was already going—but next time she might try.

After breakfast she wrote a little note on the back of an old letter that she had in her pocket with a scrap of pencil. It ran: "I am Nancy Mayland. I have been imprisoned here—I don't know why. Could we communicate and make a plan of escape? Do you know the Morse code? I don't; but if you do, tap A on the wall, and so on till I learn it."

A TRAY was brought in at lunch time, but in the evening she got her chance. As the man set down her bread and butter she said:

"Is there a crack in that window? There seems to be a dreadful draught."

He went over to examine it, and while his back was turned she stepped noiselessly to the half-open door and slipped her note in among the slices of bread on the plate on the tray. By the time her gaoler looked around she was back in her former place.

The man said, "Nothing wrong with the window," and went out unsuspecting. Nancy could hardly eat, she was so excited.

Soon after the man had come back for her plate and then gone, a sharp tap followed by a long one sounded on the wall. She tapped back with the heel of her boot. Another combination was then rapped out, and so on through the alphabet. She wrote

(Continued on page 25.)



# Is There a Universal Religion?

*Second of Two Articles Intended to Clear up Popular Misconceptions*

By G. C. WORKMAN, D.D.

**T**HE answer to the question, Is there a universal religion? depends in part on what is meant by religion, and in part also on what makes a religion universal. Loosely speaking, there are several universal religions; but, strictly speaking, there is only one, because there is only one that is suited to the requirements of all men, and is able to meet the spiritual wants of all.

In the practical sense, it has been shown, religion is a life lived in accordance with one's honest convictions of God and goodness, or the application to conduct of the principles of action which such convictions presuppose. In other words, it is the practice of morality, or the performance of moral duties, in obedience to the divine will. Any person, therefore, who acknowledges a Supreme Being, and lives in harmony with his highest knowledge of him, is a religious person, whether man or woman, old or young.

**T**HE nature of religion having been evinced, it is important next to show how it arises, or rather how it arose. Its origin is very interesting. It appears to have sprung in primitive times from a sense of need in the presence of unseen powers, on which man found himself dependent, to which he felt himself beholden, and with which he wished to be on friendly terms. It originated, therefore, in a human instinct; and its evolution seems to have been a psychological necessity as soon as the race had reached a certain stage of development. But that necessity, though partly physical at first, was fundamentally a spiritual one. This must now be shown.

Man has admittedly a religious instinct. That fact does not imply, however, that he has innate ideas of right and wrong, but it does imply that he has an innate capacity for forming such ideas. That is to say, he has an intuitive faculty, which enables him to recognize distinctions among personal actions, and which not only impels him to discriminate them according to their character, but also prompts him to conform his conduct to what he considers right. The popular name for the power to make moral distinctions is conscience, but it would be better styled, perhaps, the moral faculty.

**I**N the sense explained, religion is instinctive in humanity. It is natural for man to be religious, because he is born with a capacity for discriminating actions and for engaging in reflection and adoration; and all healthy persons have a spontaneous tendency to be religious—a tendency which, if properly encouraged, would incline them to be reverent towards God and obedient to his will. It is thus demonstrable that religion rests on and grows from morality, for man is moral before he is religious, and becomes religious because he has a moral sense.

It has seemed advisable to explain how religion arose, because its origin is generally misunderstood. Some persons have been led to suppose that it originated in heaven, and came directly from the Deity; but that supposition is quite incorrect. The religious instinct comes from the Creator, of course; but each people has developed its own type of religion, under the quickening influence of the Spirit of Truth. The lowest discovered tribes of men have had some religious ideas and customs.

**T**HERE was, doubtless, a time when mankind were rather superstitious than strictly religious; but, from very ancient times, the instinct of religion has manifested itself by unequivocal proofs of its reality. The nature of the proofs would differ in different parts of the earth and in different ages of the world. There have been three distinct periods, at least. The limit of each period is not known, and cannot be determined. It must, however, have been very long, for the last one extends back into the indefinite past.

In remoter ages, the reality of religion was probably proved by an effort on the part of men to relate themselves satisfactorily to the unseen powers which they saw operating about them; in ages less remote, it was proved by an endeavour to unite themselves to the spiritual energy by which they believed the forces of nature to be controlled; in less distant ages still, among some members of the race, it has been proved by communion with a spiritual Being, having the highest conceivable qualities, to whose likeness the noblest natures have sought to conform themselves.

Because of the instinctive origin of religion, there is a fundamental resemblance in the religious usages

of all known peoples. That resemblance is owing to the fundamental similarity of their religious consciousness. A similarity of consciousness would naturally seek to express itself in similar practices. For example, sacrifice, which is an expression of dependence, and worship, which is an expression of regard, have been common to all classes of men, and have been characteristic of religion ever since the race developed a feeling of accountability.

**T**HE various forms which religion has assumed among the peoples of the earth have been the natural outcome of their various habits of life and thought. These would depend largely on the mental and moral attainment of each people, and would represent approximately the degree of development it had reached. The reasonableness of that statement will scarcely be questioned by those who have studied the subject.

As a people ascended in the scale of intelligence, its notion of Deity would gradually become more adequate, and its forms of worship more spiritual and refined. In the earlier stages, besides sacrifice and worship, religion has assumed such forms as fasting, scourging, and penance; in the later stages, such forms as aspiration, prayer, and praise. At each stage of development there must have been latent in the mind, if not present to the thought, of men the motive of self-realization.

But universality of instinct does not make a universal religion, neither does similarity of ritual, nor community of interest, nor even uniformity of doctrine. Some of these ingredients help to produce it, but a universal religion requires other constituents, as well. These remain to be explained.

**A**FTER a portion of mankind had developed out of savagery and become partially civilized, there were gradually established tribal or national religions. Such religions have been very numerous, as well as very wide-spread; but in every case they were originally confined to a single people, or to a group of nearly related peoples, and each tribe or nation had a divinity of its own. The religion of ancient Israel was a national religion, and Jehovah was its national God. A universal religion knows no such limitations.

The term "universal" in this connection is employed in two different senses. It is used to signify either a fact or a quality. When a religion has extended beyond a single people and made converts among many and diverse nations, it is sometimes called a universal religion as a fact; but it should rather be called an international than a universal religion.

**I**T is not the extension, but the quality, of a religion that makes it a universal religion. Besides its natural fitness for tribes and peoples that differ widely from one another, it must possess a peculiar character. It must contain genuinely universal elements, which give it a universalistic nature. What are these genuinely universal elements?

The first of them is ethical monotheism, or a belief in one only God, all-mighty and all-loving and all-wise, who is the righteous Creator of the world, and the moral Governor of the universe. In the Gospel this is known as the doctrine of divine fatherhood. The second is divine childship, or the belief that all men are children of the same All-Father and members of the same great family. This is known in the Gospel as the doctrine of human brotherhood. The third is disinterested benevolence, or unselfish love; that is, the doctrine that all men, being children of a common Father and members of a common family, are, irrespective of colour or class or creed, entitled to brotherly consideration, and should be treated with brotherly regard. The fourth is intellectual liberty, or the doctrine that all men are at liberty to think for themselves on religious subjects, and to develop themselves freely in any direction they choose, so long as no one interferes with the moral rights and privileges of another.

**T**HESE four elements are truly universalistic, knowing neither national nor racial limitations. They are germinally found in Judaism, but are found in their completeness only in the Christianity of Christ. Some of them are less completely found in Buddhism, and less completely still in Mohammedanism. Some of them, also, belong to the Sikh religion, which proclaims a monotheistic doctrine, and maintains that the true worship of the Deity is to serve one's fellow-men. Some of them, too, belong to Babism, which is a species of pantheism, its message being one of peace, love, and good-will towards men.

Any religion, therefore, that regards national boundaries, or fosters racial prejudices, or imposes arbitrary dogmatic tests is not, and cannot be, a universal religion; and any person who is bigoted, or prejudiced, or intolerant is not a proper advocate, much less a worthy representative, of it.

## For a Greater Canada

*How City and Country Measure up Together for Canada's Growth*

By CHARLES F. ROLAND

Commissioner Winnipeg Industrial Bureau.

**I**N a former article in the CANADIAN COURIER I drew attention to the fact that Canada is developing industrially, as well as agriculturally, and advanced the opinion that the true welfare of our community lies in setting up and maintaining a proper balance of city and country population and in developing each as the complement of the other. I shall try to show in this article that time and conditions are ripe for building up a great home market in Canada and that the co-operation of the whole people along these lines will work wonders for the upbuilding of Canada.

The recent Government Census gave Manitoba 455,614 people, Saskatchewan 492,432, Alberta 374,663, and British Columbia 362,768. Of these, the number living in towns or cities is 194,205 in Manitoba, 97,028 in Saskatchewan, 138,665 in Alberta, and 172,915 in British Columbia. These figures show that the urban population of the West is increasing quite as fast as it ought to be in proportion to the people who live on farms. In the present growing stage of the country's development there is bound to be a considerable shifting population, but the figures quoted give a fairly accurate statement of the proportionate parts of the population of Western Canada.

**T**HE latest statistics show that fully a quarter of the entire population of Canada depend upon industrial pursuits for their living; that the industries of Canada employ a billion dollars of capital and more than four hundred thousand men, and that these men receive \$200,000,000 in wages each year. The product of Canada's factories is valued

at \$900,000,000. These figures show that Canada's home market is already set up and doing business, but, large as the figures of industrial investment and industrial product are, there still remains a great void between the demand and supply of home-made goods in Canada. Since markets, like nature, abhor a vacuum the void is filled by imported goods. Canada imports vast quantities of manufactured goods from other countries. In 1910 we brought in \$250,000,000 worth of goods from the United States, \$95,000,000 worth from Great Britain, and smaller quantities from other countries.

Many of these goods can be made as economically in Canada as anywhere else on earth, and it is obvious that—if they were made here Canada would reap the benefits that would arise out of having industrial centres set up all over the country—from the increased demand for farm products in markets near at hand, from lower cost of production resulting from smaller transportation charges and no duty. All of these benefits are now dealt out to other countries because Canada has failed to take full advantage of her opportunities.

**W**HEN His Honour D. C. Cameron, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Manitoba, on the occasion of laying the corner-stone of Winnipeg's new Hall of Industry, on Dec. 30, made reference to the importance of Canadian cities developing a patriotic spirit in purchasing the products of their own industries he sounded a national note of most vital importance to the industrial development of Western cities as a whole, which are striving to build up their manufacturing interests.

His Honour even went further—saying that if Canadians were to receive their rightful share in the national prosperity, it was essential that the products of Canadian muscle and material be given first consideration.

The West is peculiarly weak in this respect. It is true that Winnipeg has made much progress along industrial lines, but the great market created by the enormous influx of new people is only supplied in very small part by the product of Winnipeg factories, and the industries of other Western cities are not at all comparable with those of cities of the same size in the Western United States in their capacity to supply the needs of the local market—the market that lies between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean.

It is not possible to find out exactly the total amount and value of manufactured goods that are brought into the West, but railroad receipts at Winnipeg of some of the heaviest lines of imports will give a fairly accurate idea of how great is the flow of industrial products into Western Canada. Records show that as many as 25,000 carloads of manufactured goods were received in 1910 with bills of lading reading "Winnipeg." Of these, 800 solid train loads of commodities there could be at least 75 per cent. or about 18,000 car loads made in the country. In iron and the products of steel and iron, including structural steel, wire nails, hardware, machinery, iron pipe, stoves, furnaces

and tinware as many as 6,535 car loads figure in the total. Agricultural implements, automobiles, furniture, carriages, barrels, wagons, paints, organs and pianos were represented by 4,748 car loads. Paper, sugar, brick, sewer pipe, glass products, crockery, paints, canned goods all figure largely in the table and range in quantities from 250 to 700 cars each in their respective columns. The dry goods imports are enormous, and the figures for bacon, butter and dairy products are astounding when it is considered that Manitoba holds out special advantages for the production of these farm products.

Some of these goods could be made profitable in Western Canada, and the makers and consumers would be greatly benefited by the setting up of factories. The balance of these goods should naturally come from Eastern Canada.

**W**HHEAT is the greatest natural product of the West. Wheat is so easy to come at in the West that many of those who produce it are, in a way of speaking, "asleep at the switch," much of the time. No man's success is absolute, nor does any class get to riches without some effort. The wheat farmer has to work, and work hard, at certain seasons of the year, but he produces wheat in far greater quantity than home consumption demands and must, therefore, pay a considerable percentage of the gross income from his crop to rail-

roads and selling agents.

The establishment of industrial centres in the West increases the home demand for wheat and other farm products. It also enriches the farmer in two ways—by buying his goods in greater quantity and greater variety and by producing manufacturers' goods for supplying the farmer's needs at lower prices than are possible for the factory located at a great distance from its market.

**T**HERE is much talk in these days of the necessity of getting back to the land and it is certainly desirable that the millions of acres of fertile lands of Canada that are now unoccupied, should be supplied with farmers as soon as possible. And these lands, because of their richness, and the low cost at which they can be bought, constitute a strong attraction and are being rapidly taken up by the best classes of agricultural immigrants in the world. As the case stands, the farmers of the West produce a hundred million dollars' worth of grain for export while it requires the adding of manufactured goods to at least that amount to fill the demand.

It is true that there is a shortage in the supply of other farm products, such as fresh vegetables, dairy products, eggs and poultry. But of wheat there is plenty and the volume of the crop swells with each succeeding year, adding wealth and purchasing power to the agricultural population far  
(Continued on page 11.)



A Fierce Attack on the Bassano Goal.



A Lively Scrimmage in Front of the Calgary Goal.

## How Hockey Has Taken Hold in the West

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

Photographs by W. J. Oliver

**W**HEN I was a little shaver, lived in Eastern Canada and went to school in Montreal, my greatest ambition was to become a famous hockey player and to win a place on one of the "Big Teams." At that time, there was no hockey west of Winnipeg, and even Winnipeg had not attained to the prominent spot in the hockey world limelight that she afterwards captured. Five or six years later (in 1894-95) when my dream was realized and I found myself on the old Montreal Victoria champion septette, the 'Peg was still the extreme western limit—beyond was a chill, bleak, open-air frozen wilderness, inhabited only by coyotes, Indians, cowboys, and buffaloes.

At that time, the players on the big teams could be numbered on your fingers. They were public heroes, not less worthy of honour than were the ancient Roman gladiators, and the names of Drinkwater, McDougall, Grant, the Davidsons, the Hodgsons, Routh, Kirby, Pulford, Tom Patton, Allan Cameron, Smellie and others on the Montreal, Quebec, Shamrock, Ottawa and Victoria teams, were household words.

**T**O-DAY, however, things are changed, and the West, aggressive as ever, in all things, is in the public eye. Every little "jumping-off" water-tank-railroad-side-track has a regulation-sized skating rink and aspiring hockey team, while the bigger towns maintain two or three first-class aggregations entered in the city and provincial leagues. Did not the city of Edmonton, two years ago, send east to Ottawa to do battle for the Dominion championship, a very fair team? They didn't win, of course, and they themselves admit



Calgary Hockey Team in Full Regalia.



General View of the Bassano-Calgary Match at Bassano. Six Men a Side.

"they had their nerve" to expect to, but nevertheless their enterprise in sending a team at all is particularly typical of the spirit of the West.

The accompanying illustrations depict a close, exciting game of hockey that took place at Bassano recently, between the locals and the Calgary Athletic Club. The new system of six men a side was tried out, with three playing periods each instead of the usual two half-hours. The rink was smaller than the Montreal Arena or the old Toronto Mutual Street, but was regulation size. Bassano, an aspiring little Albertan town of about one thousand population, which two years ago was but bald, unsettled prairie land, enthused to "red-hotness" over its natural gas, coal, water power and other resources, ran a special train eighty-three miles out of Calgary to transport the rival team down for the match, and invited some 150 hockey fans and friends to come along with the "Special" and see the game. Do little towns in the east do that sort of thing? They didn't in my day.

**T**HE game was well advertised and every prairie farmer and government homesteader within a radius of 50 miles came in to root for his favourites. Nor were they disappointed, for though the game was close enough to be heart-rending, the home team edged out a victory by a score of 5 goals to 4, and "a hot time" reigned in the new town that night. While the members of the Calgary team are well known to the hockey world in the West, the Bassano septette were almost an unknown quantity, and their victory after an exciting struggle, brought all the glory to the little Prairie Town.

# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.

**M**R. ARNOLD BENNETT has written a book—which I presume you have read—on "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day." His idea is to some extent plagiarised from a little talk we had last New Year about "Swearing On." You will remember that we concluded that we did not need to "swear off" half so much as we did to "swear on." I know that some captious critic will insist that Mr. Bennett could not have plagiarised our idea because his book was written and printed before last New Year. But that is a mere technicality. I did not see the book until after then—so, to my mind, it was clear plagiarism when I came to read it. But I do not like the idea so well in the way that Mr. Bennett handles it. He seems to want people to work harder than I want to myself. Perhaps, I am prejudiced by his fiendish idea that a man should get up an hour or two earlier in the morning and read a few pages of Browning before going to the office. It is all I can do to get up early enough not to miss the last possible car. Any early hours I keep, I stay up for.

\* \* \*

**I** DO not know how it is in England, where Mr. Bennett lives and moves and has his strenuous being; but out on this hustling continent, I think that we live fast enough as it is. I did not mean when I talked about "Swearing On" that we should eat up more vital energy to the twenty-four hours, but that we should direct our energies to better purpose. We live at such a rate of speed here, and now that nervous breakdown is becoming one of the commonest and most fashionable diseases. Take us as a people, we do enough things; but we do the wrong things. We do not need to get up any earlier or to stick harder at it, or even to sit up later at night; but we do need to devote our superabundant and bubbling energies to things which leave some permanent mark on our mental palimpsest.

\* \* \*

**Y**OU know lots of people who tell you that they do so-and-so to "kill time." Well, they usually are fair sportsmen and kill about all the time that flies by; but they come home, for all that, with an empty game-bag. They have not killed anything which is good to consume subsequently. But they have kept going. It is quite possible for a person to achieve a nervous collapse, and make it necessary for the doctors to order a long, long rest, without achieving anything else—except the money,

possibly, to pay for the rest. I said to a friend once—"When you play 'bridge' all evening, what do you get out of it?" He smiled and replied: "Well, that depends on what luck I have." Well, undoubtedly, a "bridge" player who plays for money and wins, does get something to carry away; but the tamer sort who play for "fun," pass the time—that is absolutely all. If they had taught themselves to enjoy even a good novel instead, they could hardly have failed to bring away a number of entertaining and possibly helpful ideas from the novel—unless they read some of our Sunday afternoon novels which people like because they are so "truly good."

\* \* \*

**A** CASE in point is going on in Montreal just now. They have an English theatrical stock company playing there—a company of superlatively good actors collected by a lady of means—Miss Horniman—with a view to giving the people of Manchester, England, the best of the English drama presented with the most finished English art. They are playing classics—ancient and modern—and they are playing them like an all-star company trained to play only the one you happen to be hearing. Now, with this superb educational and artistic opportunity at their doors, there are thousands of Montrealers who prefer vaudeville. They had rather go where they get their superficial sensations prodded ten times an hour with a different sort of an irritant than spend the evening listening to and watching the finest example of the dramatic art which has been offered to Canadians in many a year. They "pass the time" at the vaudeville show. They tire themselves quite as much as if they had heard the Horniman Company. They are quite as sleepy in the morning. But they have brought nothing away except a few stale jokes and a slightly more vulgarized taste.

\* \* \*

**N**OW that is what I think is the matter with us. It isn't that we do not live our twenty-four hours a day. We beat stolid John Bull all hollow at that. But it is that we do the work without getting the reward. We eat enough—but it is all white-of-egg and preserved ginger. Mr. Bennett advises his people to "concentrate." He wants them to think about something serious when riding in the train or the tram to the office. Our people generally look as if they were. They have the appearance of persons going to their own funerals, and feeling quite sorry for the world over its loss. My recol-

lection is that they have an even more dismal appearance in London, aggravated by an air which plainly threatens any uninitiated stranger with assault and battery who presumes to speak to them. Occasionally, I see people reading novels on the street cars here. Maiden ladies read Laura Jean Libbey, and errand boys spoil their eyes over the fine type that tells of the thrilling adventures of "Three-Fingered Jack." I am afraid that I am a born idler. I just read the other people on the car, and imagine what sort of folks they may be. And—whisper—I have made more than one piece for the paper out of them. THE MONOCLE MAN.

## FOR A GREATER CANADA

(Continued from page 10.)

beyond the capacity of Western manufacturers of necessities or luxuries to keep up with. And more—the Western farmer is of a kind and class who buy big and buy often. Where his poorer brother in less favoured agricultural sections gets along with the necessities of life, the farmer of the West buys automobiles, books, pictures, pianos, and other luxuries, besides buying more necessary goods. He makes more vacation trips and spends more money for a period of enjoyment than many farmers in less favoured sections spend for a year's living expenses outside of what the farm produces.

For these reasons, there is no cause for fear that the city population of the West will soon become top-heavy for that of the farming districts. There is, as a matter of fact, room for thousands to locate in the West to engage in industrial work. There is room for the investment of millions of dollars to establish and build up industries.

**W**ITHOUT any intention of disposition to shut herself off from other nations, Canada may well place the development of her own resources above all else. Industrial progress, like charity, should begin at home, and there is no clearer call to duty sounded to the people of Canada to-day than the building up of great industries for supplying the home market.

Undoubtedly the West affords a great field for local industrial growth. There the people have been too busy farming, and building cities and towns, to give proper attention to manufacturers. But the great and insistent demand for manufactured goods has made its impress on the minds of business men. They see how the gathering of great masses of wage-earners will build up the home market for farm products and how increased agricultural activity will react for the prosperity of industrial classes. The spirit of home development is in the air, but it rests upon the solid substance of practical business and is backed by the driving power of a real need.

## International Ski-Jumping Contests, Montreal, Feb. 24th



General View of the Course and the Spectators.



Hanson, of Berlin Mills, Makes 81 Feet.

Photographs by A. A. Chesterfield.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## And Manitoba Smiles.

WELL, Mr. Borden has done it—he has wiped out the Postage Stamp Province. He has substituted for it a province worthy to rank in territory and possibilities with Ontario, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The little Selkirk settlement, the later Red River settlement, the still later little prairie province is now a country with a coast line, two ocean ports and a tremendous future. And all because it produced one great fighting man, Rodmond Palen Roblin by name.

Beginning with July next, it will have a yearly donation from the Dominion Government of \$1,349,345. And that sum will grow. The "Million for Manitoba" club will look to that. In addition, Premier Roblin receives from his friend Premier Borden certain arrearages amounting to a little more than two million dollars. And last and least, one or two more senators.

There is only one feature of the settlement which I regret. Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec get much and the Maritime Provinces get nothing. The latter should have got Gaspe and a slice of Ungava. Of course they couldn't have got it with deciding first on Maritime union, and that they wouldn't do. They prefer their little legislatures and their petty systems of petty patronage because their fathers had them—and this is a free country. Nevertheless I cannot but feel that they missed a golden chance. The time to take cake is when cake is passing.

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## The Military Tunic.

SOME militia officers, meeting at Ottawa last week, took the opportunity to denounce the military tunic which for a hundred years has been a trial to the Canadian soldier. It is ugly, heavy, cumbersome, uncomfortable, inconvenient and expensive. If you know any more adjectives add them on. A few years ago they made men wear them and equally unsuitable head-dress during their camp work. Now men are allowed to drill in shirts and straw hats, a more suitable garb for the warm days of June and July. But the tunic remains for ordinary parades.

After all the tunic is only typical. The whole Militia Department is filled with similar material. The personnel of the staff is heavy and cumbersome—men who know no rule except "That is the British regulation." The whole equipment from top to bottom is as ill-suited to practical needs as the tunic is to a Canadian soldier's requirements. The military waggons are so ill-constructed that they are abandoned in favour of the ordinary farm wagon whenever the inspecting officer is out of town. The military harness costs twice as much as ordinary farm harness and is utterly unsuitable. And so it goes all through the service, which is "British" instead of being "Canadian."

If we must stand by and see our beautiful militia horses disfigured and destroyed by unsuitable equipment, the Militia Department might at least let us have the pleasure of seeing our soldiers dressed in the loose serge instead of the uncomfortable and unsanitary tunic.

\* \* \*

## British Columbia Elections.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is to have another general election. The last one was held in November, 1909, so that Premier McBride is not wasting any time. Two and a half years is long enough for him. It used to be that they had an average of one new government every year, but now the people must be satisfied with one new government every ten or fifteen years, and a general election twice every five.

In 1909, Mr. McBride swept the Province on the question of aid to the Canadian Northern Railway. When the smoke had cleared away he found himself with thirty-nine Ministerialists, two Socialists and one Liberal. The opposition had dwindled from a certain thirteen to a possible three. This year, the question will again be that of aid to a development railway—one which will not be in league with the C. N. R., the C. P. R., or the G. T. P. It will be an independent road under the control of the British Columbia Government, whatever they may mean. It is intended to open up the centre of this vast province.

That Premier McBride will be again returned to

power, everyone admits. The chief interest centres in the Socialist candidates who are expected to number about eight. There is no other province where the labour unions are so strong or so ambitious, as in British Columbia, and no other spot on the continent where the Socialist element so largely dominates trades unionism.

\* \* \*

## Ambitious Ottawa.

OTTAWA is an ambitious and progressive city. Its western competitors must look to their laurels if they are to maintain their reputation for "percentage of increase." The growth of the country is enlarging the activities of the government and this means more buildings and more population. The railways are very busy enlarging their entrances and in providing for the increase of traffic. All this has had an effect on real estate values, and prices are rising rapidly.

The customs collections show an increase of ten per cent. This is not large, but it indicates steady growth. The receipts of the Ottawa Electric Railway give a much better idea of civic expansion. This year the city gets the \$50,000 grant for a Dominion Exhibition, and great things are looked for in this connection.

Lastly, the city is ambitious to become a federal district and thus have its beauty enhanced by direct aid from the government. Some assistance has already been given, but Ottawa is not yet satisfied. It aims to be the most beautiful city in Canada, and the aim is worthy of national consideration.

\* \* \*

## The Single Tax in Kelowna.

VANCOUVER has abolished the tax on improvements and personal property and taxes nothing but the land. But it is in the little municipalities of Chilliwack, Summerland, Penticton, and Kelowna that this system has worked with most satisfaction. Indeed, so great is its success that a Royal Tax Commission will report in favour of its universal adoption in the Pacific Province.

Kelowna has assessable land to the extent of about twelve square miles. Every street, roadway, town house and farm house has electric light. Even the farmers have side-walks running past their wonderfully productive fruit farms. And the schools are central and graded. No little one-roomed, cheerless, badly-taught school for these progressive people. They have consolidated schools, with carriages to carry the children in the summer and sleighs to transport them in winter.

Single tax hasn't done it all, of course. Single tax is but one feature of their progressive system of local government. Indeed, they might have had all these glorious local services if they had never heard of Henry George's pet theory. Nevertheless it is interesting to notice that in the west progressiveness and the land tax go hand in hand in many municipalities.

\* \* \*

## How to Save the Wheat.

IF you owned the western wheatfields you would put granaries and storage elevators all over so that a bushel of the golden grain would not be lost. You wouldn't have thirty or forty million bushels rotting in the fields because there was no place to store it. Now would you? Neither would I. Yet those wonderfully important people, known as the Grain Growers' Association, have allowed this state of affairs to occur. So have the three provincial governments. So has the Dominion Government.

The wheat wasted this season would have built enough elevators at Saskatoon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Indian Head, Battleford, Wetaskiwin and Edmonton to store fifty million bushels a year. And the elevators would have been good for twenty-five years' service.

The West must have storage elevators in the West—not alone at Fort William and Port Arthur. Not the little toy kind that line the railways and hold a few thousand bushels; but the kind the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific have at the head of Lake Superior. The C. N. R. elevator at Port Arthur will hold about five million bushels, clean it, sort it, air it and tranship it. That is the kind they should have at the big centres throughout the West.

Then when the crop is big, the railways can gather it up quickly, rush it into their storage elevators, and then move it later on at their leisure. Under our present system a railway car loaded at Lloydminster, say, must travel all the way to Fort William to be unloaded and then go back again to Lloydminster for another load. Such a car makes only a few trips in a season. Hence the shortage of rolling stock when there is a bumper crop.

The idea is not mine. Many people in the West have it. Mr. McMillan, of the *Moose Jaw News*, improves on it by saying that these elevators should be mated with big flour mills when the surplus grain could be ground. The people need the offal to feed to their cattle, their poultry, their hogs and their sheep. He says that the Western farmers are buying their butter, eggs and poultry in the cities instead of producing these items.

Such a state of affairs as now exists seems unbusinesslike. The Dominion Government proposes to build more terminal storage elevators at Fort William. It is not terminal elevators that are needed so much as internal storage elevators.

\* \* \*

## Settling the Marriage Question.

THE test case as to whether the Dominion or the Province have the right to say who is competent to perform a marriage and what constitutes a valid marriage is ready for reference to the Privy Council. Judge Charbonneau's decision in the Hebert case that a Protestant minister may legally marry two Roman Catholics displeases the Archbishop of the Province of Quebec. That decision, after a probable review by three judges of the Superior Court of Quebec, will be appealed to the Supreme Court and ultimately to the Privy Council.

The appeal of the Hebert case is most advisable. This point should be settled definitely so as to remove all ground for friction between Protestants and Catholics. The Charbonneau judgment is not decisive, since there are other judgments in the Province of Quebec which contradict it. *La Presse*, of Montreal, discussing the judgment, says, "There are seven judges of the Supreme Court on one side and three on the other." The larger number are in opposition to Judge Charbonneau. For this reason, the Hebert case should not be left in its present condition and the Catholic authorities should make sure that an appeal is carried to the Lords of the Privy Council.

\* \* \*

## Forgetting South Renfrew.

EVERYBODY is trying to forget South Renfrew. That by-election was something of which no one is proud. It decided nothing. It proved nothing.

Before letting it slip into the limbo of forgotten events, it may interest the public to read some of the remarks made by the one Conservative paper which favoured Mr. Graham's candidature. This paper, the *Renfrew Journal*, says:

"The outsiders who invaded the riding with their low brands of machine politics have been taught a lesson. It has been surely shown that the booze, the bunkum, the bluster and the buckskins of the north riding cannot buy the honour of South Renfrew. The carnival of corruption, organized and attempted to stampede this riding failed utterly of its purpose, and for the money, the whiskey and the effort so generously expended the interfering outsiders have nothing but some rich experience. When the full facts of the case are fully known the meddlesome heelers from outside will be the laughing-stock of politics in Canada, and will go down in South Renfrew history as the simplest marks that ever lost good money for insulting decent men."

No Canadian can be very proud of that paragraph as a record of what occurred. Let us hope it is a highly-coloured description. If it is even approximately true, then Canadian democracy has far to travel before it reaches even moderate perfection.

\* \* \*

## The Insane and the Decrepit.

SOCIETY has a huge task in taking care of its insane and its decrepit. In the Toronto jail there is one poor old woman, moderately sane and not a criminal, who has spent three years and nine months in that institution during the past five years. This is not humane to say the least, and it certainly reflects no credit upon our social system.

There are also in the same institution, fifteen men and two women committed during the past year on insanity charges. The Associated Charities strongly condemns the practice and suggests that these poor people should be sent to the insane asylums or to the jail farm. They believe, and quite properly, that a jail is no place for those who are merely insane, decrepit, or friendless.

# Corridor Comment

It is a far call from the decorum of the old-school Presbyterian manse to the hurly-burly of the modern Canadian political warfare. Lord Morley once described himself as "a cautious Whig by temperament, a Liberal by education, and a Radical by observation and experience." And temperament, in the long run, was stronger than anything else.



W. E. Knowles, M.P.

William Erskine Knowles, son of the manse, is a cautious Conservative by up-bringing, a Liberal by experience, but a Radical by temperament. Add to this fact his nationality—both his parents were Irish—and one understands what has changed the book-loving divinity student of somewhat more than a decade ago into the ardent, dauntless and militant parliamentarian of today.

It is curious how little the public estimation of public men accords with their real character as it is known to their intimates. Everybody thinks he knows Knowles. In reality the real Knowles is as different from the supposed Knowles as the real Laurier is from the blood-thirsty ogre of the Nationalist pre-election romance. The restless active western spirit has enveloped him, but the old eastern love of the library still remains. He retains his devotion to books, his keen perception of the beauties of expression which is almost a genius for rhythm, while deep within him burns that celestial fire of passion, without which poetry is but as the tinkling cymbal.

But, nevertheless, the young Irish-Canadian—he is still on the sunny side of forty and is a native of Alliston, Ontario—found himself "at home" in the clash and clang of parliamentary battle. He was never one of those who "like the drab men best." He responds to the purple patches—he is attracted, rather than repelled, by the men whose heroic or

adventurous career makes them stand out from the canvas like scarlet figures in a great painting. He has no morbid horror of violence. He was restless and ill at ease as a curbed and reined supporter of Government. He thrives on Opposition. He is a legalist, if necessary, he is ready to trample upon your parchments without at all feeling that he is offending against the Law of Things.

He is not, however, the creature of moods. His course is governed by well-defined lines. He is the doctrinaire, rather than the opportunist—even in his free trade theories. He thinks out a scheme of political philosophy, and then proceeds to apply it relentlessly, if need be, to the body politic. Whatever won for Knowles his huge majority in Moose Jaw, it was not demagogy, flattery or any other homage to the false gods of the market place.

\* \* \*

It is in the nature of things that most of the campaign stories going the rounds of the corridors concerning the South Renfrew bye-election are told by members of the Opposition. One of them goes to show that there is evidently a lot of grit in an old Grit. It was a memorable election day in more ways than one. The constituency was practically buried in vast drifts of "the beautiful," and all day a blinding snowstorm swept the entire riding. As a consequence not a little of the out-lying vote remained unpolled, and thereby, incidentally, furnished material for many a post-election party argument. But the weather had no horrors for Patrick English, an Irishman of 93 years of age, and the veteran drove no less than twelve miles through the storm to "vote for Graham." The nonagenarian was bound to cast his ballot. "Old Pat," as he is affectionately termed by his neighbours, could not be brought to realize that he might catch cold, and insisted that Dr. Connelly make arrangements to drive him from Renfrew to Shamrock, some twelve miles away, where he had his vote. He drove out, cast his ballot, and returned to town declaring he felt better for the experience.

\* \* \*

PARLIAMENT enjoyed a fleeting visit the other day from one of its former giants of debate, Mr. James Clancy, now Provincial Auditor for the Government of Ontario. In the old days Mr. Clancy, who was a practical farmer residing near the town of Wallaceburg, in Kent County, Ontario, was the federal representative of the old constituency of Bothwell, succeeding Hon. David Mills.

He was then, as now, a remarkable student of municipal law, and was so successful in its interpretation that not infrequently he was credited by other members who had not his personal acquaintance with being a legal man. Two good stories are told by the veterans in this respect. On one occasion it is told how Mr. Clancy was ruthlessly dissecting the provisions of a bill of unusual interest to the municipalities and attacking the then Liberal Government on the ground that it was not in accord with the agricultural interests of Ontario. Whereupon the Liberal member for Prescott rose and, thinking to annihilate the critic, began: "It is all very well for these lawyers to pretend that they represent the interests of the farmers," when he was interrupted by a roar of laughter, which no one enjoyed more than Mr. Clancy himself. A few sessions later another similar incident occurred, in which Mr. George W. Fowler, still a member of the Commons, was made a victim of the brilliant repartee of the member for Bothwell. The House was considering Hon. Sydney Fisher's first seed bill, and, although they sat upon the same side of the House, Farmer Clancy and Lawyer Fowler found themselves at issue on the measure.

Mr. Clancy, in his customary finished style, was analysing the provisions of the proposed legislation, and suggesting amendments which he deemed to be in the interests of the agriculturists.

Mr. Fowler rose in protest. "It is all very well," said he, with withering satire, "for my honourable friend and others of his legal calling, to pose as farmers."

Mr. Clancy could not resist a return thrust. "If," he observed in his quiet way, "I did not have better success than has my honourable friend in posing as a lawyer—"

The rest was drowned in laughter.

\* \* \*

FOR one who has established a reputation as a wizard on the campaign platform, Hon. Dr. Beland, who for a short couple of months was Postmaster-General of the late Laurier Government, is one of the most modest and retiring parliamentarians in the House. He is comparatively rarely heard, and then in the most businesslike and brief manner possible. Dr. Beland has a horror of the spotlight and the spectacular, and is none the less a valuable worker on that account. A good story of the modesty of the young physician from Beauce comes over from last summer. It was about a week after he had been sworn in as head of the Post Office department that he arrived in Ottawa and called to see Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He found the Prime Minister engaged with his colleagues in cabinet council. Dr. Beland seated himself in the ante-room and waited for some twenty minutes. Then the genial and popular Ernest Lemaire, secretary to Sir Wilfrid, happened in.

"Why don't you go in?" asked Mr. Lemaire, when Dr. Beland told of having waited.

Then it dawned on the young French-Canadian that as a member of the government he had the right to go in.

H. W. A.

## Great Britain Disturbed by Greatest "Strike" in History



The London and Northwestern Railway Have Made Large Stacks of Coal at Various Points Along Their Line. This is Their Reserve Supply at Wigan. The Daily Consumption of Coal is Enormous.



A Party of Women Raiding a Coal-bin, Which is Supposed to Supply Four Cottages. Each is Getting Her Own Share to Take Home, Where it Will Be Much Safer. This Picture Was Taken at a Colliery Near Newcastle.

Photographs by Topical.

# The Dan at Lone Lake,

## CHAPTER XV.

**N**EXT morning the old trapper awoke free from pain and stronger. After he had taken breakfast he talked for a while, then slept again. Wynn left to go to his shack, but promised to return in a few hours.

The wind had veered, broken the shell-ice and drifted it in big flakes along the shore.

Some snow-shoe rabbits gamboled along the bank and a flock of ptarmigan flew by, white feathered for winter.

Once he fancied he heard a sound as of a foot breaking through the drift of frost-bitten leaves back of some bushes near the bank.

Leaning on his paddle, he listened, as had become his habit.

No—there could have been no such sound. From across the river came the sharp barking of a fox-cub, and from away farther off through the forest the belling of a deer to its mate. The frosty morning air carried the wild music along with scent of mountain pine and balm and balsam, and something deep and untamed within the man readily responded to it.

It was not any sound so good he had thought he heard.

The man sent the canoe swiftly ahead though he was tired with more than his night's watch.

After pulling the little craft up near his shack, he stopped to tighten a belt buckle, and again listened.

This time he was sure. He had heard a foot on the frosted grasses or dry, curled leaves. The cushioned foot of a fox makes no noise. An otter slips silently into the water, and a bear goes blundering on his way, snapping branches, snuffing the ground, joyously indifferent to the presence of enemies. His careless abandon is envied, but uncopied, by his neighbours. It was no bear.

Wynn stood immovable now as he had by the dead bull-moose—and now, as then, came the slight singing sound, and a bullet passed just over his head.

With a surge of anger he wheeled about and saw the half-breed stumble beyond a tangle of thorn bushes on the very curve of the bank.

Possibly the ground had been undermined at this point and broken suddenly beneath his weight, or in the recoil of the gun he had lost a footing at the best uncertain on that particular slope, where the slippery pine-needles lay thick.

Wynn had counted on some such chance befriending him, while hardly daring to hope that Francois would grow reckless enough to give it.

He covered the half-breed with his rifle before he had fairly regained his balance.

A snarl of anger at his own amazing misadventure broke from the Indian.

His gun, fallen from his hand, lay not a yard away, but he dare not stoop for it. That he who was past-master in the art of stalking his prey should have been guilty of a clumsy step at a critical moment filled him with a red rage.

But he had not wintered in Alaska and the Klondike for nothing. He knew the law of those outside the law; the unwritten precepts laid down by miners, fur-gatherers, first-comers and prospectors.

Slowly he raised his hands. Wynn walked over the space between them, the glittering gun barrel swerving neither to the right nor the left.

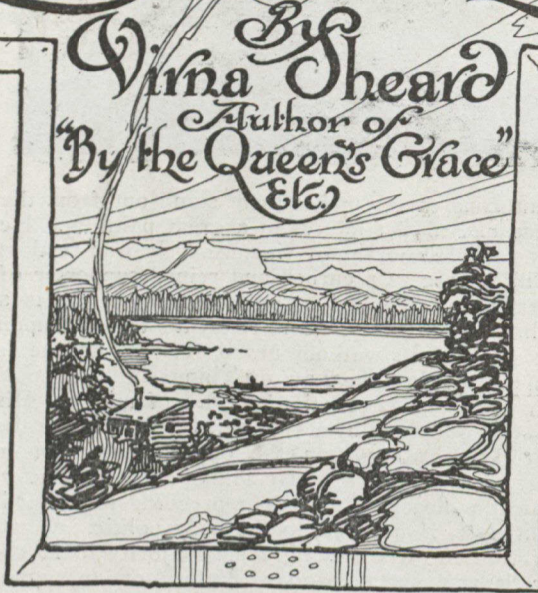
"You are a clever fellow, Francois," he commented. "It's a pity you waste your talents. Yes. That's perfectly satisfactory—keep them good and high."

With a vigorous knock of his moccasined foot he sent the half-breed's rifle down the rock-ribbed bank and rebounding into the lake.

Francois' upper lip lifted over his sharp white teeth as the lip of an angered timber-wolf lifts, but he made no sound.

"I am awfully sorry that I had to do that," said the man. "I have reason to think it was a good gun—but one is all we need, and this one is a thirty-two automatic Winchester, fully loaded, and perfectly reliable." The barrel was close to Francois' heart now.

"Take your left hand," the man commanded, still



in the unruffled tones—"keep the other up, please—and drop any knives you may have about you."

The half-breed obeyed.

The famous bevel-edged Hudson Bay knife rang on the ground, and another of lesser value.

"Kindly turn your pockets inside out," Wynn continued. "Yes—all. I shouldn't think you had any more pockets than I see. Thanks."

The knives also he sent over the bank. They flashed, steel-blue, and disappeared.

"I am not going to shoot you, Francois. I hate killing things—as I think I have bored you by remarking before at different times—but we are going to settle all scores that lie between us, here and now. I will walk backward and you follow for ten yards or so; it is not safe to fight on the edge of a ragged-walled lake. I don't know how far you are able to use your hands. If you have not acquired the approved art of self-defence with those primitive weapons, you may at least have learned some French or Indian trickery that will serve to help you out. For myself, I was trained for a time by a man who is what they call a prize fighter. He was just an animal, no more. Not nearly so fine a man as you, Francois—but probably with greater staying powers. In many an encounter 'his head was bloody but unbent.' Oh! I'd forgotten—as well as the instructions from this person, I had a few lessons from a little Jap at Oxford, in the gentle pastime of Ji Jitsu."

"Now I'll mark the paces back, and you follow."

The handsome face of the half-breed expressed nothing unless it might have been disdain.

He followed Wynn some yards inward from the bank to a clearing where only a few brambles grew.

They halted, and in a flash his nonchalance was gone. The upraised hands trembled, for above him rang the report of Wynn's rifle. He had fired into the air to empty it, and having done so pitched it lightly into the heart of the thorn bushes.

"Now!" he said, squaring for action.

**F**RANCOIS sprang as a wild-cat from a bough, closed with him, and clung as a wild-cat clings to its prey. They rocked back and forth, as one man, writhing and twisting in silence, neither having the advantage. Wynn was the taller and stronger. The other quicker in action—certainly more subtle. Presently in the fearful tention of that swaying struggle the half-breed began to speak. The words came first in Indian. Wynn realized it was a curse—how black he could not know. Silence followed.

Francois broke it again, speaking between deep breaths. "I send you to wat de priest call 'Hell!' he whispered hoarsely in English, his eyes glowing yellow.

The other strained to break from the vice-like arms that gave him no chance to strike, and eluded at the same time the half-breed's desperate attempts to trip him.

"I know the place," he answered, smiling down at the infuriated face. "I went through it—once—and came out on the other side."

Again they swayed backwards and sideways, locked in a grip that became agony. No other word passed, till on a sudden Francois twisted away a trifle and wrenched his right hand free.

It held a knife, drawn during some contortion from his beaded girdle. A silver-handled pretty thing pointed like a stiletto. With a movement too

swift to follow, he sank the blade in Wynn's arm and drew it back. It was close enough to the heart to show what aim had been taken, and missed.

The cloth of the man's sleeve near the shoulder grew wet, but all aching had gone from his muscles with the sense of strain. A blinding anger swept through him and brought a reserve force to his aid.

"You traitor!" he said between his teeth, and then seemingly without effort, tore the Indian from him and hurled him off.

As Francois sprang back in swift recoil and struck again, Wynn caught the wrist of his upraised right hand and held it. With his other hand he reached the brown bare throat.

There was a long moment. Then he gave a sharp turn to the wrist he held, and the little knife straightway fell. Slowly he took his fingers from the half-breed's throat.

Francois sank to the ground. His right hand dangled queerly, and his breath came in hard gasps.

"So!" said Wynn, and he too breathed unevenly. "You are perfectly safe for a while. The Jap at Oxford taught me how to twist a wrist so that it would be useless for a very long time. I remember it seemed superfluous information in those days. Perhaps," he added, glancing down at the limp figure, "it might have been better to shoot you."

Wynn picked up the half-breed's little knife and dropped it into his pocket, then lifted the rifle out of the bramble thicket. As though unaware that the stain on his coat sleeve grew larger, he loaded the Winchester and laid it along his arm.

The half-breed rose slowly and swung off across the clearing and on through the trees, uncertainly, and as a blind man might.

The glimmer of the blue belt showed now here and now there against the satiny white of the scattered birches—then was gone.

The man went up to his shack, and sat down heavily, looking through the open door with eyes that for once did not note the glimmer of the morning sun on the emerald green water. Stamped on Francois' face, when he rose and lurched off, Wynn had seen the lust of revenge. The fiery French nature in which was mingled the cold craft of the Indian would stop at nothing now.

If he slept in this cabin at night, it might be to awake and find it in flames. There was the possibility also of not waking at all—a quick knife thrust in the dark—

He got up and slipped off his coat, determining to think no more. After washing the wound with whiskey, he bound it up. It was deep, but not deadly, and would soon heal. He washed the stains from his shooting coat, and put it on again half dried.

The small chipmunk that had apparently been detained far afield by stress of business, now came bounding through the window like a furry bolt, and took possession of him.

Noon came and went and they had luncheon together. Then the man took the old violin in its case from where it hung and with the squirrel surfeited with sugar and pine cone seeds, asleep in his pocket, paddled, somewhat painfully, back to the old man's ground.

Wanota was away on one of her nearby wanderings, and Nance and McCullough welcomed him as though he had been gone many moons. To Wynn it seemed that he had.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**N**OW came a little peaceful period for ever forgettable to those who sojourned in the old man's dwelling.

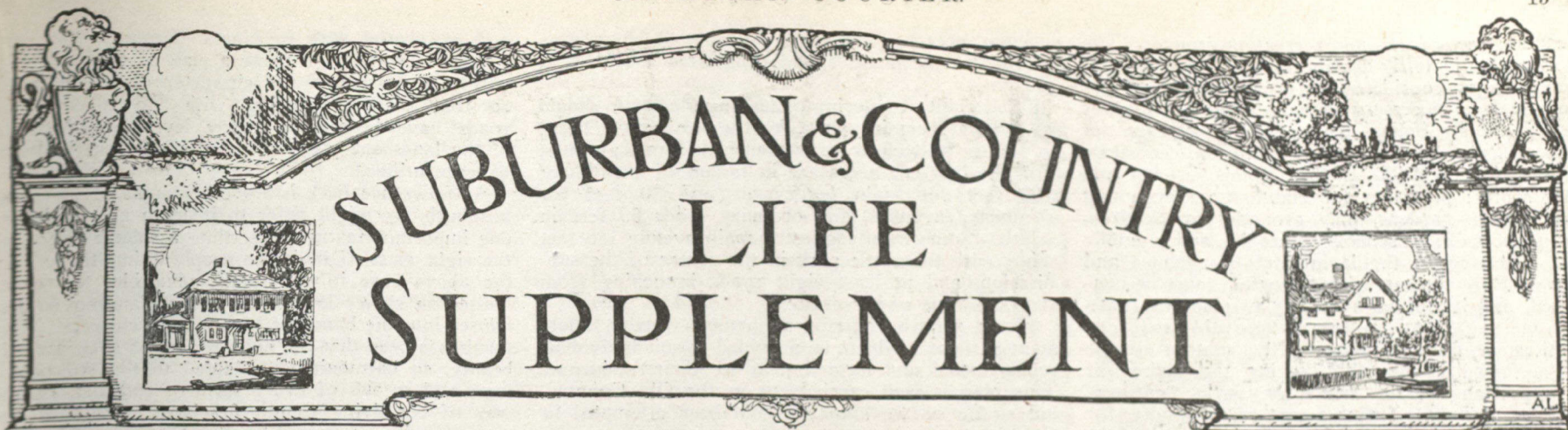
Francois, unaccountably as it seemed, had broken his wrist, and Wanota tended him and spent much time in his cabin.

Far down in her eyes Wynn saw something during those days that he could not define. Fear it might have been, or warning, or hatred—or a mingling of all three. He did not think her son had told her of his defeat, but he had no smallest doubt that the squaw divined it. Wanota knew.

She also knew, as the man knew, that Francois would wait for his revenge with a long patience, and that it would be, as far as he could make it, satisfying and complete.

But Wynn held to his resolution to let nothing darken the beauty of these swiftly-passing days.

(Continued on page 27.)



# SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

## Planning a Model Suburb

By W. S. DINNICK

**P**LANNING a suburb is a scientific proposition. The man who thinks it is merely blocking out land into squares has much to learn. There are a score of things that a suburb should possess, yet there are only a few favoured ones that do possess them. To select the most essential feature for a residential suburb is as difficult as to decide which of the organs, the heart, lungs or brain is most essential for the life of the body. We will select the fundamental item of location however, as the idea covering the greatest number of vital requirements. As the prime object of suburban life is to get away from the clatter and noise, the smoke and dust of the city, the location of a suburban subdivision should be at least a mile from the city proper, well set apart from the outmost rim of the actual metropolitan circle of settlement.

The location should have a higher altitude than the city. This gives a view and a guarantee of fresh air. Low situations are prone to heavy, stagnant and damp atmosphere, and could hardly be recommended as healthful places for popular settlement. The soil should be light, either sandy or gravelly, to give quick drainage through natural seepage, thus reducing to a minimum the plague of mosquitoes, malaria, and bad odours that arise from standing water.

Drainage is of vital importance, and any hollows or depressions must be drained by a comprehensive scheme which provides against any part of the property being a source of danger to the health of the inhabitants. For the sake of interest, beauty and landscape effect, the land should be of an undulating character, giving variety and opportunity for individual taste and architectural treatment.

**A** SPOT for a suburb must also be chosen with regard to transportation facilities. Steam or trolley lines should pass through or near the property. In fact it is the ease and convenience of modern transportation that has made the suburb a possibility. It is true of the greater cities of the continent that a large percentage of the business



A Formal Garden in Lawrence Park, North Toronto.



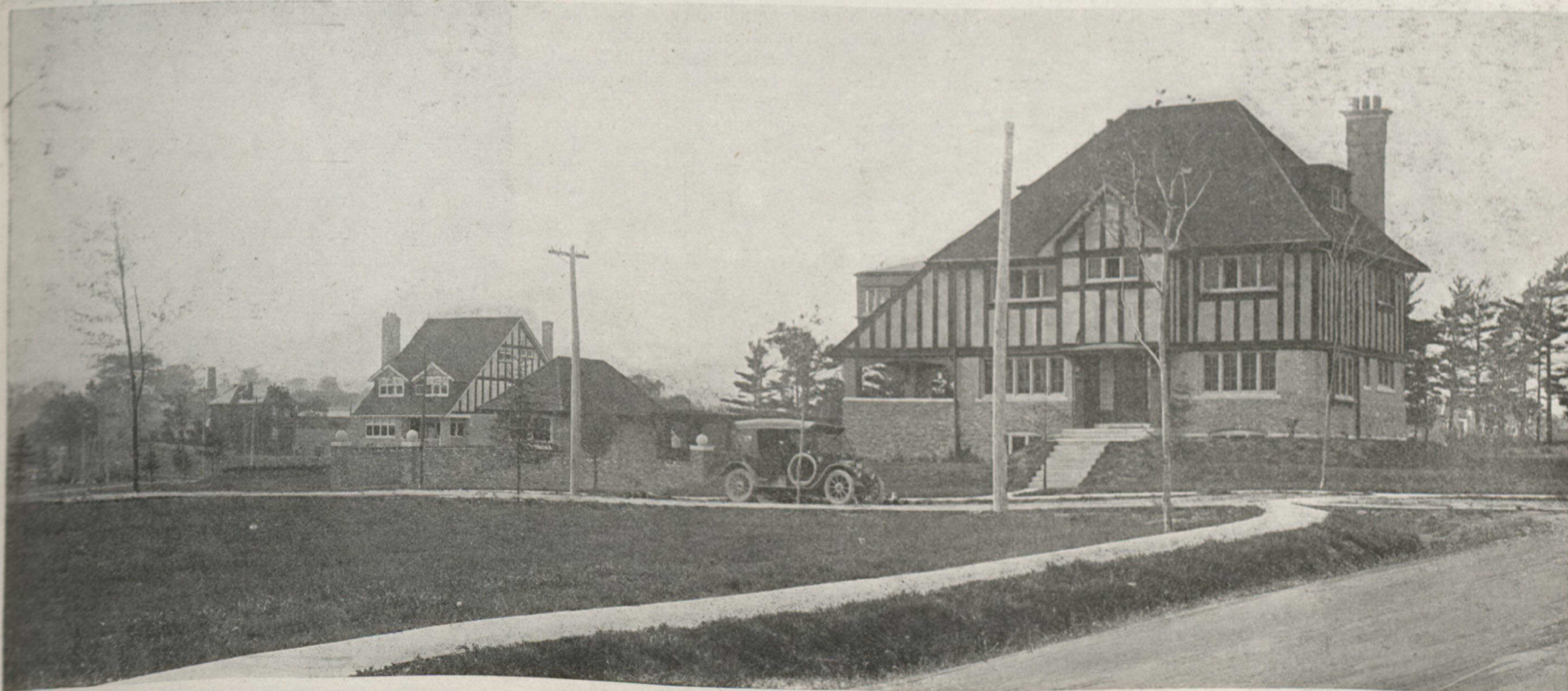
One of the Entrances to Lawrence Park, a Model Suburb in North Toronto.

population live from a half hour to an hour away from their offices, but in that short time they are brought distances of twenty-five to fifty miles. Such conditions hardly exist in Toronto yet, but more and more people are beginning to realize the possibility of living a half hour to forty-five minutes from business. Suburbanites in Oakville can get to their offices in forty-five minutes, from Port Credit in thirty minutes, from Brampton in one hour, and from Oshawa, one hour. From places along the Kingston Road, a half hour to forty-five minutes, and from North Toronto, for example from Lawrence Park, to King Street take about twenty-five minutes. Toronto has a great development ahead of it in this direction which will come upon the improvement in transportation.

The ideal suburb should have a southern or south-western exposure. Sunlight means health. It is the greatest germicide known. It not only means health to the human, but growth and abundant fruitfulness to the plant, flower and tree. The glory of having plenty of thriving flowers and foliage, as well as spacious lawns and distant views, is one of the greatest attractions of suburban life.

This brings us to trees. Let the prospective subdivision have trees, groves of them if possible, and if not possible, let it have a protecting fringe of trees, or for the sake of artistic landscape, let there be a nearby hillside of trees or a ravine or a tree-bordered stream meandering through the property.

**H**AVING found and acquired a site suitable for such a suburb, the promoter's troubles are now to begin in earnest. It will be necessary to make a careful survey, showing contours of hills and valleys, to locate all prominent features of the locality, surrounding and adjacent to the property. This is advisable so that all good points of advantage in the surrounding landscape may be made use of, good views of any nearby picturesque scenery obtained or any objectionable feature obliterated. This work must be carefully studied. It must be done in conjunction with the laying out of districts,



A Suburb Must Have a Central Idea and Some Restrictions. Model Houses Built at Certain Points Through it, Set the Pace for Other Builders—Type of House in Lawrence Park, Toronto.

squares, streets, parks and recreation grounds. Unless the plan is deftly drawn and all advantages and disadvantages considered, a great amount of expense may be necessary to undo what has already been recklessly done. The public necessities for a scientifically laid out suburb would be recreation grounds for baseball, bowling, tennis, cricket and other sports; provision for club-houses, swimming baths, public gardens, play grounds for children, library, post-office, schools, churches, and a public hall. Then comes the laying out of avenues and streets. Here the cost of construction must be considered, and it will be necessary to plan the roads with such regard to drainage as to avoid heavy excavations or fillings, following the contour of the land as much as possible, saving the higher or lower portions of the estate or parks, gardens, churches, etc. The business part of the estate, for some stores will no doubt be required, should be near the railway or the main road. The layout should be done in such a manner that without too great a sacrifice of building frontage, the most fre-

quented points of the estate could be reached by as direct lines as possible, radiating from a centre.

THE point of entering or leaving the estate should be a focussing point for the roadways. There is beauty as well as convenience in broad avenues, and the best engineers are in favour of a width of 100 feet for main boulevards and 80 feet for secondary avenues, and ordinary roads 66 feet in width. Some even suggest a main avenue 150 feet wide, with the circle park in the centre of the subdivision, and at least eight roads branching from it to all parts of the estate.

If the suburb contains an artisan district, allotment gardens ought to be provided to suit individual requirements and located near to their residence. This plan is well carried out in the Old Country, but so far as we know has not been attempted in Canada.

The above scheme and suggestions have been very well carried out in improvements that actually exist in Lawrence Park, an attractive suburban

and residential park in North Toronto. The engineer, in starting to make a plan of the property, carefully considered the character of the ground, so that while complying with the theory, the roads have been kept nearly level, the features of the landscape preserved, and every practical advantage utilized.

As Lawrence Park is a good example of planning a suburb, we might refer to it again and add that one important feature in settling a suburb is to get the right class of desirable people living there. In the above case it was found advisable to erect houses on choice lots, and put the planning of the houses into the hands of high class architects. The result has been that the houses were of such artistic beauty, so harmoniously adapted to the surroundings, and so full of every form of comfort, in the way of big living rooms, fireplaces, etc., that the very class it was desired to attract, came and bought the house. Scores of others have followed suit and they have built houses of a similar splendid class and character.

## A Year in the Garden

*The Work That Should be Done in March*

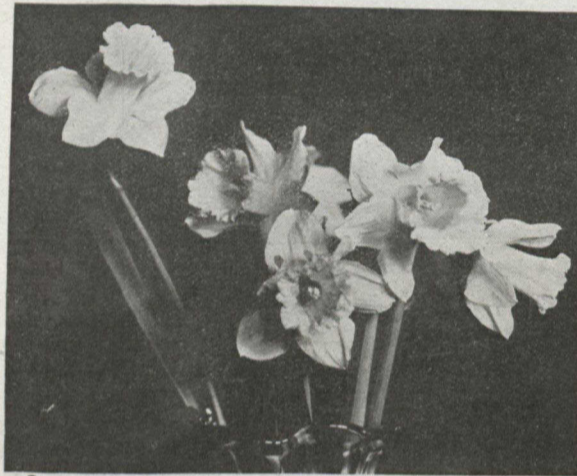
By E. T. COOK

THE opening days of March bring sweet thoughts of the flowers that are awakening in the still cold ground and the exquisite words in "The Song of Solomon," "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing birds is come," ring in our ears.

When writing of the work to be accomplished in February, it was mentioned that it was a month of preparation, but in March much actual sowing must take place in readiness for the burst of blossom that is anticipated in the fulness of summer.

### THE SWEET PEA.

"On tip-toe for a flight" is one flower that should entwine almost as closely round our hearts as the Rose, and many beautiful kinds have been raised during the past few years. The deepest debt of gratitude is due to such pioneers in flower hybridisation as Eckford, Sutton, Veitch and other English raisers who have blessed this fair world with dainty colouring and the warmest scents. There are sweet peas as white as the driven snow, as pink as a maiden's cheek, and as red as the joyous-looking Geranium, with intermediate tints innumerable. The seeds should be sown in pots filled with moderately light soil—3 in each, and kept as cool as possible and in June and July should come a rich reward for outlay in dollars and labour. The plants would remain longer in beauty if they were not permitted to perfect seed; the double burden of



A Harbinger of Spring—Lent Lily or Daffodil.

flower and seed production is too great a strain. More will be written on this subject as the seedlings progress towards maturity. Before many years have flown it is to be hoped that the Sweet Pea will be as much esteemed as in the Old Country, where societies specially devoted to it have sprung and are springing up in several directions.

### THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

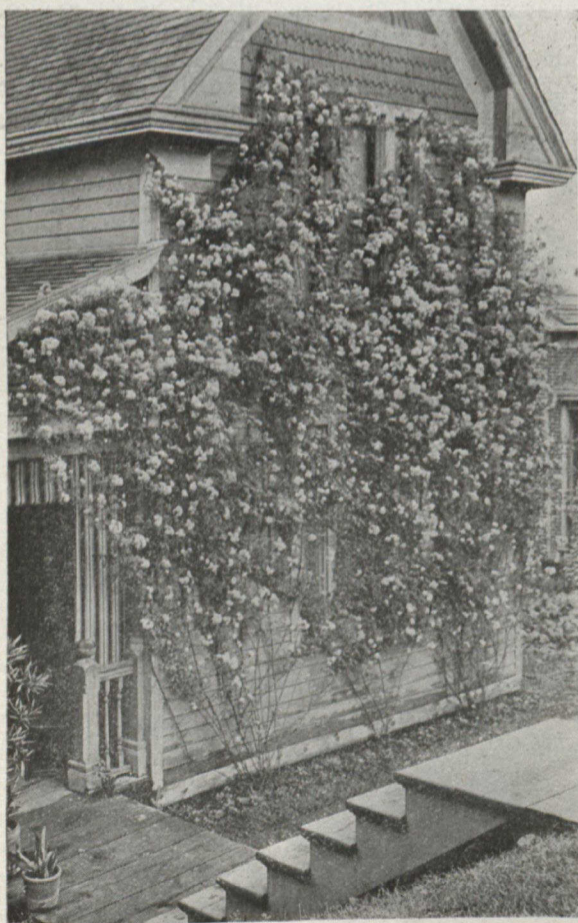
A joy it was to see in Sir Edmund Osler's conservatory the little blue flower that touched our heart in childhood days—the Forget-Me-Not that seems to twinkle in the sunshine. Rosemary and Forget-Me-Not, both for remembrance, a posy as a parting gift to a friend or a chaplet for the resting-place of one near and dear to us. I prized that little flower picture more than the regal splendour of Orchids dangling their butterfly-like flowers from the strangely shaped pseudobulbs—the aristocracy of the flower world. Sow Forget-Me-Not seed in June in boxes and transfer the seedlings when they are of sufficient size to handle to separate pots. Flowers will then be forthcoming in winter.

Two brilliant greenhouse plants for this season are the Cineraria and the Chinese Primrose, of which there are two distinct types, the dwarf and the stellata or star-shaped, which bears a little forest of flowers accompanied by a grace of growth denied to the former. Sow seed of both in July and grow the seedlings on carefully, remembering that the soil quickly becomes dry with fatal effect on the roots. The Cineraria is a gorgeous flower, the hues of intense depth, although more delicate in the airy stellata section. Both plants have reached a remarkable degree of perfection.

### CHARM OF WINDOW FLOWERS.

There is a phase of gardening that comes within the range of the man who has none too many dollars to dispense on gardening, but the breath and colour of flower life are brought into the home itself. I have just finished reading an instructive article in a report of the Horticultural Societies of Ontario, by Mr. Wm. Hunt, of Guelph. His advice is sound and as the winter has not yet gone,

the making of a window box is a seasonable pastime. It is mentioned that such a welcome feature of the home need not be expensive, so long as it is sufficiently strong to stand the pressure of the weight of soil used, and resist the efforts of gales and winds to dislodge it from its position. A plain wooden box made of one-inch dressed pine of the following dimensions will be found very useful, inexpensive and effective. Length of box (over all) should be about the width of the window itself, not including the window frames. The two or three inches width of frames on each side of the window sill allow for covering the cork, bark or other material if required. The dimensions given can, of course, be changed to some extent so as to suit the style of window, but care must be taken not to have the box too large, so as to be heavy or unwieldy. Width of box at top (inside measurement) 9 to 10 inches. Width of box at bottom (inside measurement) 8 to 9 inches. Depth of box (inside measurement) about 7 inches. The difference in the width of the top and bottom of the box will allow the front to stand at an angle or slope outwards from the bottom up, thus avoiding the common box-like appearance that is presented by a perfectly upright front board. This method also allows drooping growths to hang clear, thus adding to the effect, as well as being beneficial to the plants. The bottom of the box (underneath) should have three or four cleats of wood one inch in width and half an inch in thickness nailed to the outside of bottom to allow of free drainage, and prevent the rotting of wooden sills. Some half-inch holes should be bored about six inches apart in the bottom for drainage; the



The Glorious Multiflora Rose in an Ontario Garden.



The Flame-flower, Tritoma. Plant in Late April.



box should be painted outside, and two inches down from top on inside. A dark, dull, olive-green colour is best for this purpose. Place a small iron staple or screw-eye on each end near the front top corner to support the box when it is placed in position. A piece of strong wire or an iron hook fastened to the screw-eyes or staples in the window frames are necessary for this purpose. The box should have at least three inches bearing on the whole length of the window sill, and a piece of galvanized sheet iron on the sill to prevent rot setting in.

#### A WORD ABOUT FLOWERING SHRUBS.

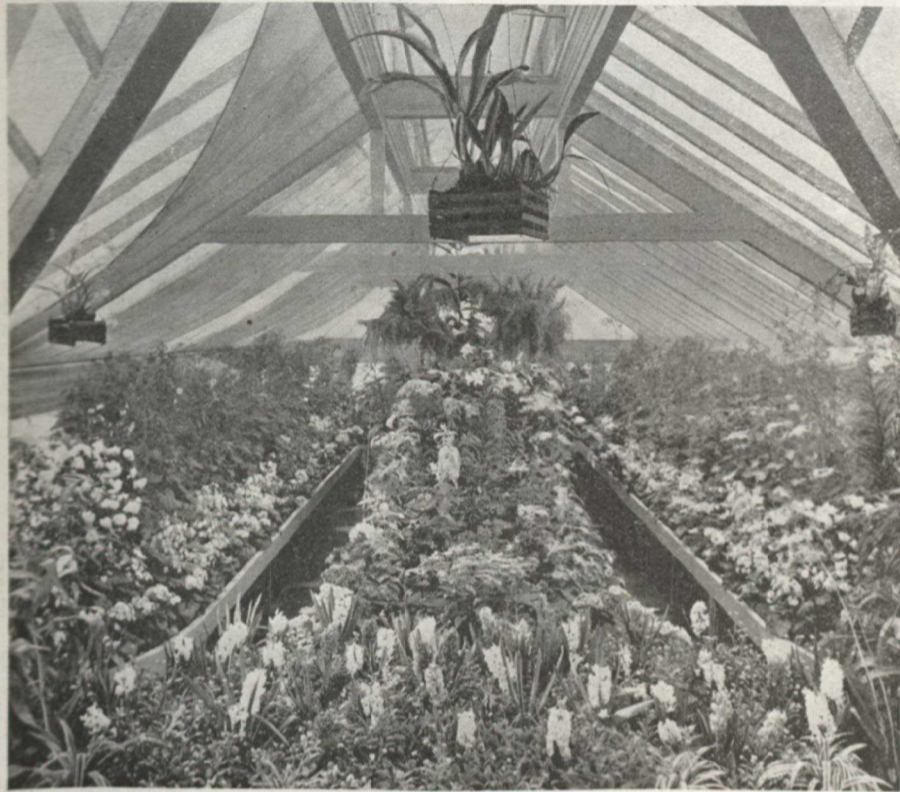
One of the most grateful pictures that the garden can offer is the flowering shrub, and this is the moment to send in the order to the nurseryman. It is not possible in these monthly notes which embrace several subjects to give more than the barest

outline of the requirements of the various subjects under consideration. I will briefly sum up the essentials to observe: 1. A rich soil, as far as possible, if water is standing this must be drained away. 2. The hole to be sufficiently large to admit the roots without any tendency to cramping. 3. Broken roots and jagged ends to be removed with a sharp knife, in no other way. 4. About half the previous season's growth prune back to effect a balance between root and branch. 5. Over the roots place fine soil, letting this run in amongst them and then fill in well treading around. Firm planting is essential to success. 6. Never allow a tree or shrub when received from the nursery and the weather is unsuitable for immediate transference to the ground to remain exposed. Heel it in, that is, well cover the roots with soil. 7. When frost prevails place them in a dark, unheated cellar, where they will be safe. Here thawing will take place.

3. Never allow grass, as was explained in the last supplement, to grow within two feet at least of a tree or shrub. 9. Mulch over the soil with 3 inches of manure or litter to keep the soil moist and of a comparatively even temperature.

#### CHOICE OF SHRUBS.

Give the order now and remember that unless variety is insisted upon, it is wiser to begin with a few kinds. Never dot shrubs over a lawn which is as one likes to call it, the heart of the garden, and practise grouping. Take the lilac, a shrub or small tree, which ever one chooses to call it, is a great success in Canada, even in wind-blown parks and gardens. A rich selection is available with flowers, both double and single, and filled with fragrance. A mixture is pleasant to see, pure white (Continued on page 20.)



A Cloud of Flower Colouring in the Winter Garden.



The Dainty Primroses of the Land of Flowers—China.

## A Winter Garden of Rare Flowers

“A WINTER GARDEN.” What does that signify? Simply a conservatory or greenhouse—whichever one's fancy inclines to call it—filled with flowers that are brought to their ripe beauty when the snow still mantles the earth. The illustrations that accompany this article were taken through the courtesy of Sir Edmund Osler, who has an intense love of flowers in his heart. They show parts of the splendid winter garden that is attached to the library in his beautiful home, Craighleigh, Rosedale, Toronto.

Such pictures as these should encourage a deeper interest in this delightful phase of gardening—the circling of the year with flowers full of colour and subtle odours. The conservatory forms, as has been mentioned, part of the house itself, and in the evening the soft glow of electric lights brings out the full value of the wealth of flower shades. It is a little scene in fairyland, fresh, dainty and comfortable when a rushing wind or a storm of hail whistles round this gathering of Chinese Primroses, Cinerarias, Orchids, Forget-me-nots, Daffodils, the graceful Schizanthus, Hyacinths, Carnations, Nile Lilies, the arching flower stems of the *Euphorbia jacquinaeflora* and Tulips. There is a procession of flowers, the *Calceolaria* later in the year giving the chief note of colour.

It is impossible to convey useful information unless the plants receive their botanical names, otherwise they could not be identified for the purpose of growing oneself the kinds of flowers that fill Sir Edmund's conservatory during the winter months. *Euphorbia jacquinaeflora* may seem a terrible mouthful, but it could be called the Scarlet Spurge, which might apply to more than one of the same family.



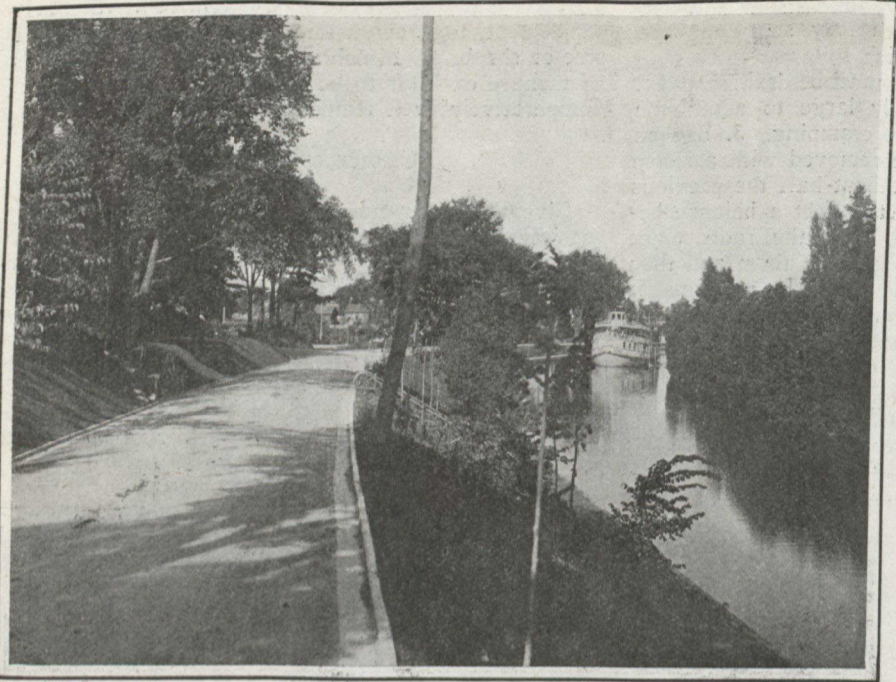
A Charming Group—Stagshorn, Fern and Orchid.

Peering above the Cinerarias, the cool grey green leaf of a plant that has given comfort to millions of sufferers, was the Eucalyptus, from which is extracted the oil of commerce—*Eucalyptus globulus*—here grown for its foliage beauty. Unfortunately it is an exotic in this country and in Britain, except in the extreme south, and then it must not be considered safe during a period of sharp frost. The chief gardener, Mr. Allen, sows the seed in March and the plants are of rapid growth.

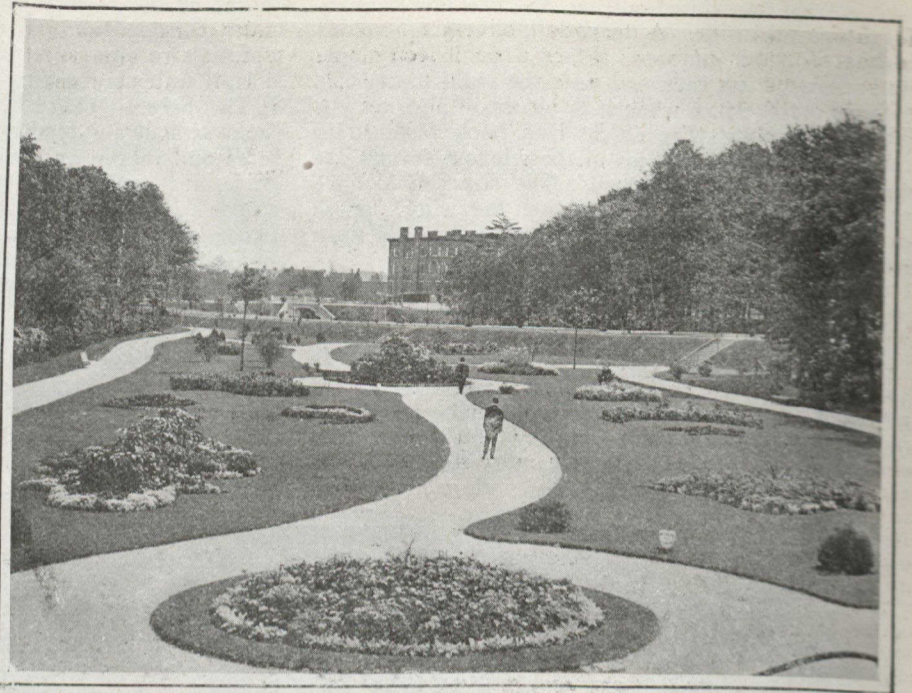
It is not given to everyone to revel in a winter garden, but much may be accomplished with a humbler structure for the raising of Hyacinths, Tulips, and Daffodils is particular, as these are less troublesome to manage than the majority of the flowers shown in the illustrations. It is a real gain in health and happiness to tend flowers that blow when nature is asleep, a beautiful life-giving hobby in leisure hours. They are flower children, sensible to neglect, but responding to careful nurture. Upon this all depends, and in the conservatory proper the highest cultural skill is essential to success.

The building must be constructed on the most approved scientific plan to ensure suitable ventilation, freedom from drip, which is a bugbear to plant life, and draughts. A changeable climate renders the gardener's calling one of constant anxiety, but it is worth the labour, skill, and expense when such results are achieved as those depicted.

“Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse, too,  
Unconscious of a less propitious clime,  
There blooms exotic beauty, warm and snug  
While the winds whistle and the snows descend.”  
E. T. COOK.



The Ottawa Improvement Commission Has Done Good Work Along the Rideau Canal.



One of the Commission's Parks, and it is Certainly Attractive and Health-giving.

# Would Make Ottawa a Federal District

*Why the Dominion Capital Seeks Separation from Ontario*

By WILLIAM FINDLAY

**O**TTAWA people—a big majority of them—want their city and surrounding territory raised to the dignity of a federal district. Bytown has become Ottawa, and now as the capital of the country, Ottawa seeks a status somewhere between that of a simple Ontario municipality and of a province of the Dominion.

To meet special conditions at Federal headquarters, Ottawa is seeking separation from the Province of Ontario, and government by commissioners partly elected and partly appointed by the Federal authorities. It is desired to continue the representation of the district in the House of Commons. Such was the purport of a plebiscite carried by a large majority on New Year's day.

But why should Ottawa's municipal problems concern the rest of the Dominion? For one reason, because the people of Canada are large property owners in the capital city; for another, because they send a dele-

gation of precious senators and members of the House of Commons, besides numerous lobbyists, to Ottawa for six months more or less, in each year. They are therefore concerned in such domestic matters as water and sewage, in fire protection of their buildings and invaluable records, and in the improvement and maintenance of the city generally.

lines of utility and art is surely a matter of concern to the whole people. To say that, in Ottawa, this has not received the attention it deserves, is but to state a truth. The men who built the three gothic piles on the crest overlooking the Ottawa River, planned big for fifty-five years ago. They were at least as far-seeing as that later generation of statesmen, or politicians, or whatever you like to call them, who planted a huge red factory building in a national park, and used it for a printing office, or as those successors of theirs who at a still later date set out to build a \$7,000,000 executive block in rear of an hotel and a department store.

A little of the modern town-planning and a few hundred thousand dollars spent at confederation, would have placed at the disposal of the government, property which is urgently required to-day and which it will, perhaps, take millions to buy.

Proper accommodation for executive offices is lacking; it has been for years. The situation gets more acute with each development of the departmental business. In making provision for these extensions, and for the consequent change in the topography which they entail, the closest and most harmonious relations between the city and the government are desirable.

The capitals of all federated countries are located in Federal districts. The most familiar example is the district of Columbia. And yet conditions at the capital of the United States are not similar to what is proposed here. There, the franchise has been entirely given over. The governing commission is appointed by the national executive. There is no representation in Congress.

many, Mexico, Brazil and the Argentine are located in Federal districts, where the national government takes a direct hand in domestic affairs, and also contributes to the civil services.

In the South African confederation the question is already being considered. The Australian Commonwealth has set aside 900 square miles in New South Wales for a Federal district. In addition to the legislative and executive buildings, it will construct and operate the usual public utilities such as water service, gas and electric lights, street cars



Suburban Line From Ottawa to Britannia.

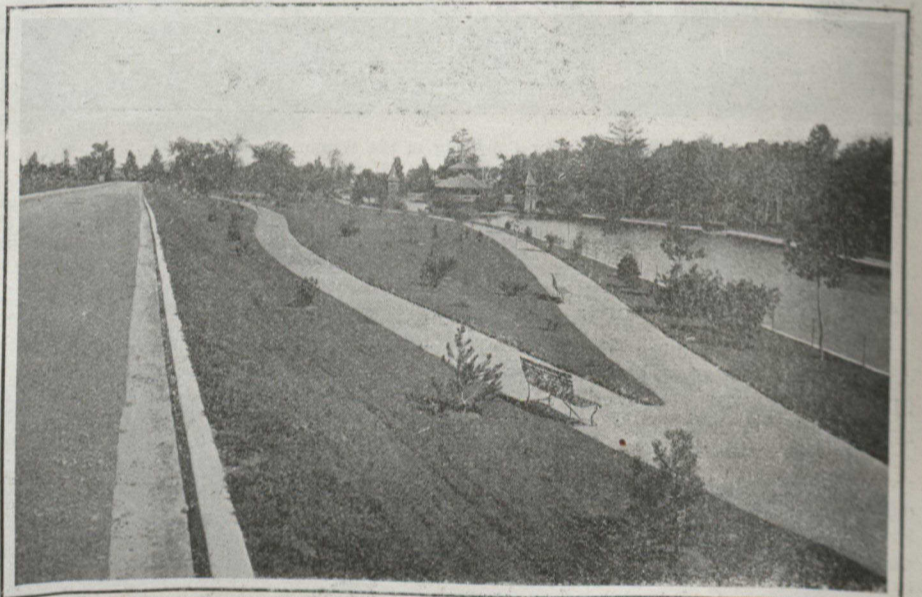
gation of precious senators and members of the House of Commons, besides numerous lobbyists, to Ottawa for six months more or less, in each year. They are therefore concerned in such domestic matters as water and sewage, in fire protection of their buildings and invaluable records, and in the improvement and maintenance of the city generally.

But why should Ottawa be allowed to break loose from the Province of Ontario, where nature and the Confederation fathers placed her, and assume a position akin to that of one of the nine provinces? First, they say down in Ottawa, because the national capital should be a national asset. It should not belong to one province more than to another. Second, because the Federal authorities should be supreme at the headquarters of the Federal government. It is surely an anachronism that the very buildings in which the country's laws are made and enacted should be subject to civic authority and to the laws of a lesser state. Yet such is the case. Here are some words of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons the other day:

"It has also been held by the judicial committee of the privy council that a provincial legislature has authority as plenary and as ample within the limits prescribed by section 92 (of the British North America Act) as the Imperial Parliament in the plenitude of its power possessed and could bestow. Within these limits of subject and area the provincial legislature is supreme, and its jurisdiction exclusive."

The proper laying out of the nation's capital on

The capitals of Ger-



The Straight Roadway is Here Relieved by the Long Sweeping Curves of the Paths Which Divide the Boulevard.



Tree-bordered Streets Are Common in Canadian Cities, but Ottawa Residential Avenues Are Unexcelled Anywhere.

and telephones. No land within this Federal district will be deeded in fee simple. Long term leases will be made, with the condition that all buildings must be on lines approved by the Government.

THE Federal district idea is not new to the people of Ottawa. When presented to the electorate on a previous occasion, however, the chief consideration seemed to be the securing of better financial terms with the Government. Not so at the present time. Those interested in the movement chose to bring on a vote at the last municipal election because of a recent epoch of civic mismanagement. Psychologically they were right. Many people in Ottawa were already turning their eyes and thoughts towards commission government.

It can fairly be said, therefore, that the people of the Capital are not seeking relief from present civic burdens by interesting the Federal authorities in their civic government.

Ottawa is growing rapidly. Population is flowing out beyond its boundaries and filling up the vacant spaces at a surprising rate. Surrounding the city is a chain of real estate "subdivisions." They are each laid out to suit the ideas of their respective owners. The streets of one sub-division may not jibe with those of its neighbour. The Greater Ottawa is being planned in real estate offices. The city has no control.

### Canada's Egg Production

EVEN a hasty glance over the figures representing Canada's egg production and her egg consumption brings one to the conclusion that the people in suburban and country dis-

to-day, over territory which is now in the making, and which to-morrow will have to be taken in for sanitary and other reasons.

A Federal district would include the country for several miles around. It would place under the authority of the governing commission enough land to provide for growth for an indefinite number of years to come.

OTTAWA people sincerely believe that the destiny of their city is securely wrapped up in the growth and development of the whole country. They are convinced that it should keep pace, in its up-building and embellishment, with the steady expansion of the country's legislative and executive functions. They believe in the necessity for broader lines of development from municipal and government standpoints.

In their own interest? Yes; but in the interest of the whole people as well. And they believe that only through a joint form of domestic government can that harmony between the city and the federal authorities be secured which will be necessary for future development.

It will cost money to keep the building and improvement of the Capital in pace with the country's material progress. Ottawa people aren't trying to get out of it cheap. They are ready to pay as much as they have been paying. But they expect the national exchequer to pay its share.



Fine White Wyandotte Pullet.

tricts should produce more eggs. And no doubt the extremely high price of eggs this winter and the difficulty of obtaining really fresh eggs at any price have made many a Canadian determined to go in more largely for producing eggs.

Per head of population, the egg production in the United States is almost three times what it is in Canada. Some startling facts in connection with this matter were brought out in an address delivered at a Farmers' Institute meeting by Mr. Peter White, of Pembroke, one of Canada's leading authorities concerning poultry and eggs.

"One would naturally imagine," said Mr. White, "that the United States, having a much larger population than we have, would be importing large quantities of eggs from us, but such is not the case. In fact, they are exporting eggs to Canada, and not only are they exporting them into Canada, but also in much larger quantities than we imagine.

"Let us look at the figures for eggs. In 1902 the Dominion exported \$1,733,242. A few years later these figures dropped to a little more than half a million, as compared with \$1,733,242—in other words a drop of more than ten times. In 1904, we were exporting ten times the poultry to Great Britain that we are doing to-day. What is the reason for this falling off? Simply

the Canadian farmer is not producing more than enough eggs to supply our own market. He does not realize the possibilities of the egg market.

"Let me quote you the March prices, which may be taken as a criterion for several years: 1901, 13 cents per dozen; 1903, 16 1-2 cents per dozen; 1904, 26 1-2 cents per dozen; (that year there was an egg famine); 1905, 17 1-2 cents per dozen; 1906, 23 cents per dozen; 1907, 26 cents per dozen; 1908, 26 cents per dozen—slow, steady and gradual advance in the price of eggs.

"In addition to that it is only necessary for me to point out to you that we are on the eve of great developments, and that our population is increasing and will continue to increase rapidly; that we have the great and growing West to cater to in the supply of poultry and eggs. We have a big market there to supply. We have towns springing up which must be supplied with poultry. We have embryo poultry men in every village and hamlet and farm in the great West, and they must be supplied with hatching eggs, and parent stock, and with that as a fact, surely to goodness, we should be producing, and must produce within five years, ten times the poultry that is being produced in Canada to-day. In other



Good Type of Barred Rock.

words, we must have two hundred and fifty million hens instead of twenty-five million, if we are to reach the possibilities of our markets.

"There are two reasons why the

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poultry business is not on a better basis in Ontario, and in the whole Dominion of Canada. The first is that the farmer is not interested, and the second is that the Government is not interested. It seems to me that we are on the even of a great awakening in this respect. It was my pleasure to run against the former Minister of Agriculture for the Dominion, and the Ontario Minister of Agriculture, and when some facts and figures were presented to them, they admitted that they were perfectly astounded at the enormous proportions of this great branch of animal husbandry, and I think that Ministers of Agriculture are awakening to the fact that it is about time something was done."

### Benefits of "First Aid."

IT seems to me that what is known as "First Aid" to the injured only touches those who live in cities and have crowds in times of public rejoicing or sorrow to contend with, but surely there is another side, the quieter, more domestic side, in which a superficial knowledge of the doctor's beneficent work may bring comfort to those who in the pursuit of their calling meet with accidents that may prove even fatal unless prompt and experienced help is forthcoming. Many farms are situated miles from all medical assistance. The doctor is sent for, he may be absent on his daily round, and meanwhile, for the sake of even the most elementary knowledge, the life blood of the farmer or farm hand may be ebbing away. Here comes the precious value of first aid to the injured and nowhere is it more desired than in the farm miles away from professional assistance. It is not possible, of course, for every hand to acquire this knowledge and skill, but many can do so. If only one individual on a farm can render this aid, a feeling of confidence seems to steal over the workers. The writer remembers last year a little chubby Indian boy—son of one of the fruit pickers, and he was permitted to ramble almost wherever he wished. One day he climbed one of those dangerous and utterly inexcusable ladders attached perpendicularly to the barn wall and communicating with the loft above. He fell headlong down. He was not much hurt, but usually in such cases there would have been serious injury, and there would have been people waiting helplessly till a doctor came.

### A Year in the Garden

(Continued from page 17.)

and deep purple, but each shrub must be allowed to assert its own individuality, that is, given ample space to develop. A spreading shrub that forms a pretty group is the Persian, of which there are purple and white forms and adapted to small gardens. It is of lower stature than the lilacs that are more generally known. A list that may be regarded as safe is as follows: Althaea, several colours, flowers August and September, height 6 ft. to 10 ft.; Azaleas, beautiful colours, June, 3 ft.; Berberis Thunbergi, brilliant leaf colour, 3 ft.; Flowering Currants, several shades, 4 ft.; Deutzia Lemoini, charming shrub, white, 6 ft. to 8 ft.; Eleagnus longipes, yellow flowers followed by orange coloured fruits; Forsythia suspensa, a half-climber, remarkably strong in growth, yellow flowers; Honeysuckles, an Hydrangea called H. paniculata grandiflora, conspicuous for its huge white clusters which turn to pink with age; Japanese Quince, continues to bear its scarlet flowers for some weeks, 5 ft.; Yellow-flowered Currant, early summer, 6 ft.; Smoke tree, 12 ft., a shrub that should stand out by itself; it's name is suggestive, the wealth of feathery-like flowers may be likened to a cloud of tinted smoke; Spiraea Anthony Waterer, quite dwarf, crimson flowers, the white strongly scented Syringa, or mock orange, its flowers resembling those of the orange, 15 ft., and Weigela, white, rose, and purple, 4 ft. These will form a beginning, and give flowers at more than one season.

**WHOOPING COUGH**  
CROUP ASTHMA  
BRONCHITIS CATARRH  
COUGHS  
COLDS

**Vapo-Cresolene**

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 309

ALL DRUGGISTS

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

**VAPU CRESOLENE CO.**  
Leeming-Miles Bldg.  
MONTREAL



## Significant Advances

A few striking comparisons made by Mr. E. P. Clement, K.C., President of the

**Mutual Life  
OF CANADA**

in his address to Policyholders at the 42nd Annual Meeting of the Company held February 1st:

	1886	1911	Increased
Income	\$ 272,000	\$2,500,000	Nearly 10-fold
Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,000	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

Head Office: Waterloo, Ont.

## The Merchants' Bank

of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - MONTREAL

President, Sir H. Montagu Allan.  
Vice-President, Jonathan Hodgson.  
General Manager, E. F. Hebden.

Paid-up Capital ..... \$ 6,000,000

Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits ..... 5,458,878

Deposits (Nov. 30, 1911) ..... 63,494,580

Assets ..... 81,928,981

168 BRANCHES IN CANADA.

General Banking Business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all branches. Deposits of \$1.00 and upwards received, and interest allowed at best current rates.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY LANDS and TOWN SITES

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## The Title and Trust Company,

Bay & Richmond Sts. TORONTO

Executor, Administrator Assignee, Liquidator

Representatives wanted for sale of town-site lots in divisional and junctional points along line of Grand Trunk Pacific Ry. in Western Canada. Whole or part time. Liberal commission. Money making side line for salesman. Write to authorized agent G.T.P. Ry. International Securities Co., Ltd., Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man., for particulars, maps, etc.

Drink

**St. Leon Water**

the Water of Health



**DELIVERY OF THE COURIER**  
SHOULD your postman or carrier boy fail to deliver your CANADIAN COURIER, in order to prevent a possible repetition of the mistake it is as well to report same to the publishers. Prompt attention will be given. The Canadian Courier, 12 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

Isn't it rather odd that the Supreme Court isn't supreme? Why not amend its title to "Supreme-of-Privy-Council-approves-Court"?

"What's in a name?" Something sometimes. A heading in a Toronto paper recently was: House of Industry Busy.

Teddy Roosevelt wants to be President of the United States again, but Bill Taft hopes that the strenuous contributing editor of The Outlook won't have a look-in.

The average hen lays seventy eggs per year, but can be educated to lay over two hundred. We suggest higher education for the hen.

The way he is running things seems to indicate that Col. Sam Hughes may become the Theodore Roosevelt or Emperor William of Canada.

**Where Edison Fails.**—Edison, the wizard of electricity, has invented a combination phonograph and cinematograph for the use of stump speakers. The idea is to let the candidate stay at home and have a good time while the machine stumps for him.

This is certainly in line with machine politics, but it won't work, for how can a machine kiss the babies?

**"Silent Sam."**—Without a doubt, Ald. Sam McBride is the most loquacious member of Toronto City Council.

He can talk longer and faster than any other man in the circle of twenty-five. His colleagues sarcastically refer to him as "Silent Sam." His latest achievement was to speak 180 times at a recent Board of works meeting that lasted three hours. That meant one wee speech from Silent Sam per minute. The newspaper men reporting the meeting had suffered in silence many a time by reason of the alderman's verbosity, so they kept careful count of his speeches on this occasion. When he was told the total, the alderman questioned the accuracy of the count.

"Better accept it, Sam," said one scribe. "We are giving you the better of it at that. I counted 183."

At a recent Council meeting the talkative alderman was followed by a stenographer and found to have uttered over ten thousand words in 78 minutes.

So fast does "Silent Sam" orate that he sometimes stumbles into amusing breaks. At a recent meeting he perpetrated this:

"The prices are exorbitant and I defy the contractors to repute the facts."

**The Reason.**—"Figures can't lie." Perhaps the impression that they could is arose from the constant use of the phrase "facts and figures."

### Song of the Woman Hater.

Equality of sexes?  
Yes, haste the happy day;  
For many a thing that vexes  
At once will pass away.

No more afar we'll wander  
To see a lady home;  
No more distraught we'll ponder  
Inditing her a "pome."

In cars we won't surrender  
Our comfortable seats,  
Nor pose as her defender,  
Nor buy her flowers and sweets

Out walking should we meet her,  
Our hats we will not tip;

And never will we greet her  
With "Let me take your grip."

No more, our rights resigning,  
We'll yield to her sweet will;  
We'll toss, when with her dining,  
To see who pays the bill.

W. A. C.

**Bumpy.**—Miss Tooter—"Isn't it a dreadful sensation to run over a man?"

Mr. Shuffer—"Oh, I don't know. Not nearly as dreadful a sensation as running over a cow, and it doesn't injure the machine as much, either."

### The Referee.

(The referee is getting his usual share of abuse this season.)  
Of all the hapless mortals that we regularly roast  
The poor unhappy referee's the man  
I pity most.

A mark for all the knockers, he must  
Shoulder all the blame—



"Hush Money."

If both teams cannot victors be it's  
clear he sold the game.

He's certainly a hero for the job he  
won't refuse,  
Goes out and does his duty, though  
people all abuse;

Of course, from the team treasurer he  
gets a little check  
And sometimes from the players, too,  
he gets one—in the neck.

The sporting writers all proceed to  
roast him till they're tired,  
They spring the same old gags about  
the spectacles required;

"Good opening for an oculist"—"a  
poor old also-ran"—  
And "if he wants to burgle, why not  
do it like a man?"

Poor beggar, his intentions may be  
quite the very best,  
But partisans forget that he is human  
like the rest.

The angel Gabriel himself, it's cer-  
tain wouldn't suit  
To referee a modern game—e'en with  
h's trump to toot.

**Making Sure.**—An aged merchant  
was very ill. He sent for the family  
lawyer.

"I wish," began the sick man, as the attorney stood by his bedside, eager to catch every word as it was uttered.

"Yes?" answered the lawyer, hastily scribbling.

"All my property and estate to go to my eldest daughter. I wish to die firm in the knowledge that the property is assured to her," continued the merchant, with eager excitement.

"Of course—of course!" fussed the attorney.

"Would it be asking too much," hesitatingly asked the dying man, "to suggest that you should marry her?"

**Checkmate.**—A plumber was sent to the house of a wealthy stockbroker to make repairs. He was taken by the butler into the dining-room, and was beginning his work when the lady of the house entered.

"John," said she, with a suspicious glance toward the plumber, "remove the silver from the sideboard at once and lock it up."

But the man of lead was in no wise disconcerted.

"Tom," he said to his assistant, "take my watch and chain and these few coppers to my missus at once."

**A Ready Reply.**—A man whose chief characteristic is his ready wit, went out with some friends late one night, or, more correctly, early one morning, to have what they termed a good time. In the course of it they became a bit noisy and marched along the streets singing sentimental ditties in no subdued tones.

Finally they encountered a policeman.

"What do you fellows mean by this? Howling so that you wake people up?" he demanded.

The witty one raised his hand a trifle unsteadily to the salute, and replied:

"Beg pardon, officer, beg a thousand pardons! Didn't know you were asleep officer."

**A Double-Point Story.**—A clerk who is employed by a big firm in a Canadian city had a little bit of good luck concerning cigars, and also almost had a little bit of bad luck in telling about the good.

One day his employer asked him to slip out and buy two dollars worth of twenty-five-cent cigars. On the way back the clerk met another man in the employ of the same firm and said, "I'm taking eight good cigars to the boss. You come in a few seconds after I go to him and you'll get one of them."

The scheme worked out as planned, save that when the second conspirator entered, the employer showed that he was "on" by saying, "So you brought — in with you, eh?"

The clerk who had hatched up the scheme was telling about it a few days later to a man with whom he was lunching. Just as he got to "Get me some Romeo and Juliet cigars," the waiter reached the table. Taking that part of the story as an order, he said, "Yes, sir,—right away."

"No, no! I don't want cigars," cried the clerk. "I was just telling this man a story. I had a little good luck over cigars, but I would have been out fifty cents if I hadn't stopped you."

### The Safe Way.

Since d'ctographs are now in use,  
And round them danger lingers,  
My friends and I have planned to do  
Our talking on our fingers.

**Fashion Note.**—The fifty convicts to be placed on Toronto's new jail farm will not wear striped suits.

### A New Version.

I laugh, and the world laughs at you;  
Weep, and it leaves you alone.

## TEETH OF CHILDREN

Few mothers know how vitally important is the care of a child's first teeth. The beauty of the permanent sets depends almost entirely upon it.

# SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

used with SOZODONT Liquid, prevents accumulation of tartar, yet being free from grit does not scratch the enamel. Do not experiment on baby's teeth. Insist on SOZODONT.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE

The World's Best Dress Shield

## THE NAIAD DRESS SHIELD

Unseen Protects Hygienic Odorless Perfect Fitting Easily Cleaned

There's no Dress Shield that will give such complete satisfaction to the wearer. Thousands are in use to day. The only shield as good the day it's bought as the day it's made.

Sold in all parts of Canada by best Dry Goods stores. If unable to procure pair in your town, remit 25 cents and we will mail you pair.

WRINCH, McLAREN & CO. SOLE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS 77 Wellington W., Toronto, Can.

For clean-cut fit and full-measure comfort you want the

## Derby 2 for 25c

with the new slip-on buttonhole. You'll be suited, for it's from

TRADE MARK W.G.P.

## DUNLOP Traction Tread

Another Opinion:

"Dunlop Traction Treads are just the thing for slippery roads, that is, gravel or mud roads. They not only prevent skidding, but give the car more power, and, in going ahead, they take hold of these roads." 388

See Your Garage Man.

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

On and Off the Exchange

## An Open Season for Mergers.

If you are uncertain as to the expansion of trade, the availability of money for speculative purposes, and the continued presence of "good times" generally, don't look at the bank clearings, but keep your eye on the professional distributors of new securities. For instance, just at the turn of the year business halted a little. The full effect of the deterioration of the western crop was being felt, manufacturers and distributors were finding country paper tardily met, and there was less vim than usual in the booking of new business. Not a single new flotation came on the market. Approaching the end of the first quarter of the year the business man discovers that the western situation has been over-exaggerated, that trade is still booming if the railways will handle it, and in spite of commercial expansion there is plenty of money looking for work.

The sun of prosperity has barely emerged from behind the cloud when the promoter peeks out and rejuvenated by its warmth proceeds to get busy. Consequently we may now pick and choose from a variety of offerings, all attractively displayed. One may get in on a scheme for the exploitation of a cigarette which lights itself, or join with a merry adventurous band of promoters and prospect by proxy in gold laden Ungava.

Of these two the gamble of finding values in the Labrador placer fields seems the more attractive. It involves the purchase of a schooner of about one hundred tons and a spring dash to the new Eldorado. Who would not wish to join in the hunt for hidden treasure, on a hundred ton, low, rakish schooner with a party of staunch and rugged mess-mates, and mayhap a wireless market ticker, abaft the binnacle—wherever that is. But unfortunately all the public is asked to do is the prosaic and monotonous job of paying for script.

As for the cigarette offering one can imagine the disastrous effect on the aroma of a cigar produced by a composition which caused it to become ignited upon the application of friction. With cigarettes it would be different. The flavour would likely be improved.

The securities of the new arena which has been erected in Toronto are reported to have been well taken. Possibly some of the success is due to local patriotism although it is said that Montreal contributed the initial funds. Also there is said to have been a gratifying response to the Peter Lyall offering—a construction proposition of some merit.

\* \* \*

## Rio and the Market.

ALTHOUGH the industrial situation abroad unsettled all stocks listed on international markets, Rio has been relatively strong. The apparent technical weakness of the market for Rio, which made people dubious as to its immediate future was due to the fact that the initial advance from the level of around 112 was about a year overdue. It is more than that since the directors began to go through the motions of advancing the dividend one per cent. Some people then prophesied a two per cent. increase and there were ardent operators who even thought it might be three per cent.—which would make Rio an eight per cent. stock. Meantime the Canadian speculating public took on Rio in reams and the banks became a trifle fastidious if the script constituted a very large percentage of brokers' collateral when loans were being arranged.

The old country which seems to know a thing or two about the South American tractions and that usually before the things happen or fail to happen, permitted this country to take all the Rio it could pay for from par up to 112. When the time for the regular dividend announcement arrived there was no increase, and the Rio boom experienced a decided chill, the frigidity of the atmosphere being accentuated by an issue of new stock. Meantime the operating officials of the Rio company went out and made a net profit for the year (after all fixed charges) of nine and a half per cent. on the forty millions of common stock. They will do a great deal better this year. In spite of this Rio remained stagnant in the market until Dr. Pearson, the wizard of the "tropical tractions" paid a visit to Toronto a fortnight ago and consulted with the other directors. Dr. Pearson returned to London and London began to buy, or at least brokers with London connections did and now it looks as if the belated increase will come in August, if not in May. But it will not be three per cent. and it may not be two.

It might be a good guess, however, to say that after the middle of the year Rio will be on a seven per cent basis. The company is not subjected to the whims of legislators which best the operations of public utility enterprises in less progressive communities—for Rio is rapidly becoming one of the first cities of the world—and it has the example of Sao Paulo to follow, and Sao Paulo with its ten per cent. dividend has accumulated so big a surplus it doesn't know what to do.

\* \* \*

## Sao Paulo Suggestors.

AND speaking of Sao Paulo recalls a remark made by a very large holder of the stock who talked to Dr. Pearson while he was here. This man was convinced that there was "nothing doing" in Sao Paulo for another year. Ever since the surplus began to assume large proportions the directors have been favoured with many suggestions from unselfish people outside who have schemes whereby the melon can be cut to advantage to the shareholders and without directing too much attention to the tremendous profits of the company. The most popular of the schemes—at least with the gallant little band of suggestors—is an issue of bonus stock equal to that outstanding and the payment of five per cent. henceforth on the doubled capital. This would constitute a melon at once more than ordinary size and flavour and in addition a permanent increase in the dividend from ten to twelve per cent. It could be done, for the Volunteer Advisers' Association have worked it out on paper many times. But the aggravating feature is that the directors claim to know

## DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901

HEAD OFFICE 26 KING ST EAST TORONTO

Capital Paid Up - \$1,000,000  
Reserve Fund - 500,000

### OFFICERS

E. R. WOOD - - - - - President  
G. A. MORROW - - - - - Vice-President  
E. R. PEACOCK - - - - - General Manager  
W. S. HODGENS - - - - - Manager  
J. A. FRASER - - - - - Secretary  
J. W. MITCHELL - - - - - Treasurer  
A. L. FULLERTON - - - - - Ass't Secretary

### DIRECTORS

HON. GEO. A. COX                      SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE  
HON. ROBT. JAFFRAY                      G. A. MORROW  
H. C. COX                                      E. W. COX  
E. R. WOOD                                      RICHARD HALL  
J. H. HOUSSER                                      F. C. TAYLOR  
SIR THOMAS W. TAYLOR                      E. R. PEACOCK

### MONTREAL BRANCH

E. C. NORSWORTHY - - - - - Manager  
Canada Life Building - - - - - Montreal, Que.

### LONDON, ENG., BRANCH

H. G. WALLACE - - - - - Manager  
Austin Friars House, 2 Austin Friars                      London, Eng.

## CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

## NORWICH UNION FIRE

### Insurance Society Limited

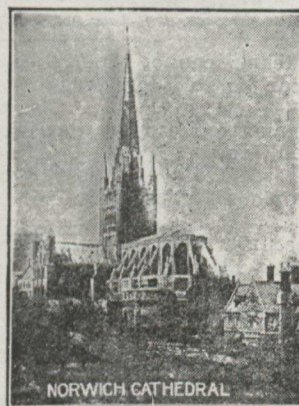
Founded 1797

\$125,000,000 PAID FOR LOSSES  
\$496,900 DEPOSITED AT OTTAWA

Head Office for Canada, TORONTO

JOHN B. LAIDLAW, Manager

A. H. RODGERS, Branch Secretary



NORWICH CATHEDRAL

## THE STEEL CO. of CANADA LTD.

PIG IRON      BAR IRON      BAR STEEL  
RAILWAY TRACK EQUIPMENT

Bolts and Nuts, Nails, Screws, Wire and Fencing

HAMILTON      TORONTO      MONTREAL      WINNIPEG

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

their own business best and are obstinately permitting the excess profits to accumulate.

\* \* \*

**Home Stocks Popular.**

FOLLOWERS of what is known as the Moore-Ames stocks, a group of hardy Canadian industrials have had a good year. The expansion of the Burt, Rogers, Carter-Crume and other enterprises have been previously reviewed, and the only remaining report to come before the public is that of the City Dairy Company, which is due in a fortnight. In the matter of dividends and stock bonuses the milk company has not been as prolific as its sister concerns because of keener competition and because the City Dairy maintains a more than ordinarily expensive plant to ensure the purity of its product. Forty per cent. of the milk bottles left on the door-steps of Toronto every morning come through City Dairy strainers, but the company has been making a good deal of its money out of ice-cream, and lately it has been encountering more rivalry in this branch of the business. It, however, earned nearly \$50,000 on its common stock last year, and the coming report will show, but though this leaves a very wide margin over the common stock dividend requirements, no advance is expected.

**Real Record of Mining Stocks**

COBALT and Porcupine have an authorized aggregate capitalization of \$1,021,000,000. Despite trumpet blowing at the gold camp the shipments therefrom have scarcely begun. At Cobalt the story is better because longer. In the seven years from 1904 to 1910, the total value of the production of silver, nickel, cobalt and arsenic was \$49,180,525—about one-twentieth of the two camp's capitalization. Since 1904 to the end of last year, the total shipments from Cobalt were 141,519 tons.

Some will argue that it is unfair to cite the authorized capital figures. A large proportion of that authorized capital has been issued, not as working capital, but simply as a where-withal for stock selling.

THE Deputy Minister of Ontario mines, Mr. Gibson, has twice warned the public in the past few years of their danger from the mining promoter. So-called mining companies are formed and the stock is floated while the public's expectations are big and their hopes high. "Too often these stocks are greedily bought," said Mr. Gibson, "by those quite unable to discriminate between good and bad, only with the object of selling them at an advance. The whole process is a species of gambling, and has no more relation to real mining than betting on a race track has to the raising of thoroughbred horses. The result is invariably disastrous."

We go further than Mr. Gibson and assert that the public should not place a single cent in mining companies of any description. The public knows nothing of mining as a business, and little of stock market manipulation and robbery. Two in ten thousand ever make money in mining speculations. If they do, it is through a mistake of the promoter or mining broker.

The country is rich with mineral resources. The value of Canada's mineral output in 1910 was \$105,000,000, the latest official figures. This is a small amount. Capital and enterprise are needed for further development. These factors should come from the capitalist and the technical man, not from the small investor whose money is invariably thrown away in worthless mining stocks. In legitimate stocks or bonds, it would be secure and remunerative.

COBALT has paid dividends to its shareholders aggregating \$29,000,000. This is a good record from the viewpoint of the mining man and the promoter. An analysis of the holdings of dividend paying stocks would show that they are not extensive. Million dollar mansions and automobiles stand as monuments to Cobalt profits and are lessons that

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS OPENED ON MONDAY, MARCH 4TH, AND WILL CLOSE ON OR BEFORE 3 P.M. ON MONDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1912.

**We own and offer, subject to prior sale, at 96 and Accrued Interest carrying a bonus of 25 per cent. of common stock**

**\$1,250,000**

**TWENTY-YEAR FIRST MORTGAGE 6 PER CENT. GOLD BONDS OF THE**

**P. LYALL & SONS CONSTRUCTION CO. Limited**

(Incorporated under the Laws of the Dominion of Canada.)

**CAPITALIZATION**

Common Stock	Authorized.	Issued.
7 Per Cent. Preferred Stock	\$1,750,000	\$1,750,000
	1,500,000	1,300,000

**BOND ISSUE**

20-Year First Mortgage 6 Per Cent. Bonds	1,250,000	1,250,000
--	-----------	-----------

Bonds dated Feb. 1st, 1912, Due Feb. 1st, 1932.  
Interest payable at the Quebec Savings and Trust Company, Montreal, February 1st and August 1st.

Denominations: \$1,000, \$500 and \$100

The Bonds are subject to purchase in the open market or to redemption on or after February 1, 1914, at 105, when a Sinking Fund becomes operative at 3 per cent. of the total bond issue, plus an amount equal to the amount of the annual interest on all the bonds redeemed through the Sinking Fund. This Fund will retire the entire issue before maturity.

**DIRECTORS**

- PETER LYALL, ESQ. Of Peter Lyall & Sons, Limited, Contractors.
- WILLIAM LYALL, ESQ. Of Peter Lyall & Sons, Limited, Contractors.
- TRAIL O. LYALL, ESQ. Of Peter Lyall & Sons, Limited, Contractors.
- J. N. GREENSHIELDS, ESQ. Director Quebec Ry., Light, Heat & Power Co.
- The HON. ROBERT MACKAY Director Banque Internationale du Canada.
- H. WYNDHAM BEAUCLERK, ESQ. Director Bank of Montreal.
- Director Canadian Pacific Railway.
- Director National Bridge Company of Canada.

**PURPOSES OF COMPANY**

The P. Lyall & Sons Construction Company, Limited, has acquired the well known and successful contracting business carried on for many years in different parts of Canada by Messrs. Peter Lyall & Sons, Limited, together with the properties owned by Lyall Realities, Limited.

The properties acquired include the valuable real estate, plant, shops and contracts of Messrs. P. Lyall & Sons, and the Lyall Realities, Limited, in different parts of Canada, particularly in the Cities of Montreal, Regina, Ottawa, Moose Jaw, Calgary and Winnipeg, together with other valuable property.

**MANAGEMENT**

There will be no change in the management of the Company, which will be carried on as heretofore by Mr. Peter Lyall and his sons, Mr. Wm. Lyall and Mr. Trail O. Lyall, who have made such a great success of the business from small beginnings nearly thirty years ago. These gentlemen received no cash for their business, but shares only, so that their interests are bound up in those of the Company, on which the bonds now issued form a first charge.

The firm has long been favorably known for the high class of its work, and has been identified with some of the largest and most important construction contracts in Canada. Owing to its standing it has for some time past been in a position to secure the major portion of its contracts on the basis of cost plus a stipulated profit. This method will be followed largely by the Company in the acceptance of future business.

**STRONG POSITION OF COMPANY**

The statement of P. Lyall & Sons, Limited, as of January 31st, 1912, certified to by Messrs. Wright & Kingan, shows a surplus of assets over liabilities of \$866,490.11. This surplus is increased by the addition of certain important real estate properties in the City of Winnipeg acquired from the Lyall Realities, Limited, free from all liens and encumbrances. These have been valued at \$532,918.75, making a total of \$1,399,408.86. To this must be added the proceeds of the sale of this issue of \$1,250,000 Bonds, since the funds thus secured will be placed in the Treasury of the Company to be used as working capital. This brings the total assets of P. Lyall & Sons Construction Company, Limited, to over \$2,500,000, or more than twice the amount of the bond issue.

**EARNINGS**

The average annual earnings of the Company for the past four years have been equal to twice the amount necessary to pay the interest on the present issue of bonds. For the last year the earnings amounted to \$234,943.83, or over three times the bond interest requirements. The increased capital applied to construction will greatly increase the Company's earning power.

The following is a statement of the earnings of P. Lyall & Sons, Limited:—

April 1st, 1908, to March 31st, 1909	\$143,412 70
April 1st, 1909, to December 31st, 1909	118,661 16
January 1st, 1910, to January 31st, 1911	131,546 28
February 1st, 1911, to January 31st, 1912	234,943 83
	\$628,563 97

It should be noted that the profits shown above are after charging interest on bank overdrafts and loans. The provision of the additional working capital will more than eliminate this item, and will, in addition, enable the Company to benefit from cash discounts, which in this business are very large.

On the basis of last year's profits the Company's earnings stand as follows, relative to the new capitalization:—

Profits (after Interest deducted)	\$234,943 83
Estimated Saving in Interest and Discounts	65,000 00
Total net revenue	\$299,943 83
Less—Bond Interest	\$75,000
Sinking Fund	37,500
Preferred Stock Dividend	91,000
	203,500 00
Surplus	\$96,443 83

which represents over 5 per cent. on the common stock. A conservative estimate of the Company's business, based on present contracts, assures very much larger profits in the future.

**BONDS INCREASE WORKING CAPITAL**

There has been no cash consideration, the entire proceeds of the present bond issue will be placed in the treasury as additional working capital.

**SINKING FUND**

There is a Sinking Fund of 3 per cent. per annum, commencing on Feb. 1st, 1914. Under the terms of the trust deed 3 per cent. per annum plus interest on bonds redeemed must be utilized for the purchase of bonds in the market or by drawings at 105 per cent. All the Bonds will be redeemed before maturity.

Subscriptions should be made on the form accompanying the prospectus, and are payable to any of the undersigned as follows:—

- 30 per cent. of par value on allotment.
- 20 per cent. of par value on April 10th, 1912.
- 20 per cent. of par value on May 10th, 1912.
- 26 per cent. of par value on June 10th, 1912.
- 96 per cent.

Full particulars concerning the Company, as also copies of the Company's financial statement, the appraisals and real estate reports, will be found in full in the prospectus, copies of which, along with additional application forms, may be obtained from the undersigned and all members of the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges, and local brokers.

**Quebec Savings & Trust Company**

86 NOTRE DAME STREET WEST, MONTREAL.  
Subscriptions will also be received by

**The Molsons Bank, Montreal**

OR ANY OF ITS BRANCHES.

**Greenshields & Company**

Members Montreal Stock Exchange,  
16 ST. SACRAMENT STREET, MONTREAL.

# THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$11,000,000  
Reserve Fund, - 9,000,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. ....President  
ALEXANDER LAIRD .....General Manager  
JOHN AIRD .....Assistant General Manager

This Bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

## REMITTING MONEY TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

All the branches of this bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.).

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

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

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

A PRIVATE trustee is at great disadvantage in securing proper investments or Trust funds. This company possesses unexcelled facilities and experience in this regard. Its Paid-up Capital and reserve of \$2,800,000 is a guarantee of proper administration.

## National Trust Company Limited

Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

their owners, not the average investor, are the proper men to finance mining development. There is no desire to hurt the mining industry itself and we contend that it is best helped by excluding the investor altogether from this sphere.

The scheme to attract the gullible in mining stocks usually has the same elements, with modern trimmings as disguise. A rich discovery is made, the ground, good, bad or indifferent, is staked as mining claims for miles around the find. The public is drummed to interest, lying reports of the wealth of the new district appear in the daily press and certain weekly papers, stock companies are formed as fast as the legal sausage machine can grind out the charters; shares are advertised, and the public buys. Paper certificates are inexhaustible and can always keep pace with rise in prices. Then comes the search for returns, the avalanche of promoters' excuses and deserved disappointment for the foolish shareholder. Mr. Gibson was quite correct when he stated some time ago that the really valuable properties are either not offered to the public at all or if offered are for the most part capitalized too highly.

THE investor must remember that the chief characteristic of mining brokers is crookedness. A more polite word is manipulation. Their own term is market movements. When a man invests in mining stocks he is the innocent playing with professional gamblers. It is impossible for him to win. We have heard stockbrokers deciding at what price certain mining stocks should open in the market on the following day, at what price they should close and, most unkindest cut of all, what some of the daily newspapers should say of the glowing prospects of the mine during the coming week. The mining market is stage set as a mousetrap. When the investor nibbles sufficiently hard, the manipulative steel flies and his financial back is broken. If one is on the inside, it is said, one can be successful. But the inside of the mining market is worse than inside racetrack information, and as unreliable mining brokers, like other robbers, quarrel among themselves sometimes, this only increases the danger of the investor.

LET us see how those who bought Cobalt stocks in 1907, fare today. Here are the prices of a few stocks in November, 1907, and the figures last week:

Stock	Nov. 1907	Feb. 1912
Buffalo	3.35	1.20
Foster	2.97	0.04
Nipissing	32.00	7.55
Silver Queen	1.97½	0.02
Trethewey	8.30	0.70½

Are the mines of Cobalt any worse to-day than four years ago? If they are not, what testimony these figures give as to the morals of the mining stock markets!

## Lyll Company Bonds

IN another column of this issue will be found the advertisement of the offering of the bonds of the Peter Lyll & Sons Construction Company, Limited. Attention is directed to the fact that the earnings of this company during 1911 were equal to four times the amount necessary to pay the interest on the entire bond issue; or, looking at the matter from the stock and bond standpoint, the earnings were sufficient to pay the bond interest, the preferred stock dividend and provide the sinking fund, and leave a balance of 5% over against common stock dividends.

It is worthy of mention that the former owners were so satisfied of the future of the company that they accepted preferred stock in exchange for their interest, receiving neither cash nor bonds, but allowing the bond issue to take precedence to the securities received by them.

The money received for the sale of these bonds all goes into the business for the purpose of financing it, and the very considerable savings that will thus be effected, in the interest charges formerly paid to the bank, will all go to swell the earnings of the company.

## Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

Paris Office

60 Rue De Provence

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents

## PELLATT & PELLATT

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BONDS AND STOCKS  
also COBALT STOCKS  
BOUGHT AND SOLD  
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with W. H. GOADBY & CO., Members New York Stock Exchange.

## GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL and CORPORATION BONDS

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest returns.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

## Wood, Gundy & Co.

London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

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Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.  
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,740,000.00  
Total Assets, - - - \$2,500,000.00  
Write for information.

Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

## McCUAIG BROS. & CO.

Members Montreal Stock Exchange

A General Stock Exchange Business Transacted.  
Investment Securities a Specialty.

Reports on any Canadian or American securities furnished on request.

Our Weekly Circular of Friday, Feb. 23, gives an analysis of the position of SAWYER-MASSEY CO., LTD.

17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal  
Ottawa, Sherbrooke, Granby,  
Sorel, Danville. 27

## Cawthra Mulock & Co.

Members of  
Toronto Stock Exchange

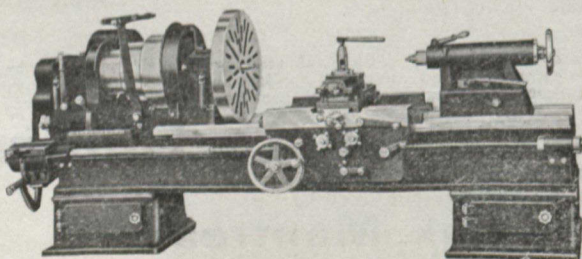
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MANUFACTURERS OF  
Wood Working Machinery Iron Working Machine Tools

## CANADA MACHINERY CORPORATION, Limited, Galt, Ont



THE PERIL OF NANCY MAYLAND

(Continued from page 8.)

down each as she sent it back, and at last she slowly tapped out the message:

"What is your name?"

She could hardly believe her ears when the answer came—"Jim Anderson."

What was he doing here? Why should they two, of all people in the world, have been imprisoned in this mysterious way?

She rapped out—"How did you come here?"

He spelt out his reply very slowly, to give her time to jot it down.

"As I left my rooms I saw that two men were following me. I turned into a side street to throw them off, and they fell on me. Then a motor came up, and they forced me into it and carried me off here."

"Why have they kidnapped us?" she asked.

"I can't imagine," came the reply.

THEY talked in this strange way for some time, and at last Anderson said they had better stop. They must not run any risk of attracting their gaoler's attention. So Nancy bade him good-night and went to bed.

What a difference it made to know that he was in the next room! She felt secure, confident, hopeful. She had an immense trust in him. He would surely find some means of freeing her.

Next morning after breakfast the taps began to sound again.

"I have thought of a plan, a very simple one, but it might work," her fellow-prisoner rapped out. "If the man who brings our lunch is alone—I mean, if there is not another man in the corridor—I think I could overpower him if he were off his guard."

"I could shout or make some sort of disturbance as he entered your room," she rapped back.

"That would do splendidly. If all seems well, I will rap three times as I hear him unlock my door. Then you must scream. It may work; it's the only thing I can think of."

Nancy waited impatiently till the lunch-hour came. She heard the three warning raps and the sound of the key as the gaoler turned it in the lock. Then she screamed as loudly as she could.

A muffled cry came from the corridor, followed by the sound of a struggle. She stood listening, her hands clenched, her breast heaving. How were matters faring in the next room? Oh, if she could but help!

Two minutes later her door was unlocked, and Anderson, flushed but triumphant, appeared. She took a step towards him, her hands outstretched. He took them in his.

"I am so sorry you have had to suffer this," he said.

"Oh, it doesn't matter—do let's get away! Suppose someone else were to come! What have you done to the man?"

"Gagged him, and bound him with strips of blanket and sheet," he said. "We need not fear him for the minute. But what lies down-stairs I can't tell. There may be other men."

"We must take our chance of that," said Nancy.

He looked at her admiringly. "You are plucky," he said.

Hand in hand, they stole along the corridor, and peered down the wide staircase. The hall was empty.

With fast-beating heart, Nancy followed her companion down. The front door was barred, and as they reached it another door opened. Nancy cast a frantic glance around her. There was no place of concealment.

Motioning to her to stand aside, Anderson moved forward towards the door. His actions were swift and yet deliberate. Standing close to the wall, he waited as a man came out, and, standing with his back to them, closed the door. As he released the handle Anderson sprang on him from behind, one hand clutching at his throat, the other over his mouth to stifle his cry.

Nancy watched breathlessly as the two swayed to and fro. The man was

tall and strong, and after a minute succeeded in shaking off his opponent and turning to face him. He was fresh, too, while Anderson had just gone through a similar struggle.

Nancy soon saw that her friend was getting the worst of it. In a flash she made up her mind. She slipped round behind the combatants, and suddenly caught at the man's ankle. Anderson threw his weight forward at the same instant, and the two crashed heavily to the ground. Anderson sprang to his feet, but the other lay quiet.

"Oh, have I killed him?" cried Nancy.

"No, he's only stunned. Come, we've not a second to spare. There may be others."

With trembling fingers Nancy had already begun to draw back the bolts of the door, and in a minute it slammed behind them.

The drive curved round to the right, and to Nancy's surprise Anderson began to run in that direction instead of to the gate. She followed him, and soon saw his scheme. A garage stood not far from the house, and fortunately the door was open. The motor in which Nancy had been brought was just inside, apparently ready to bring out. A man was standing in the shed with his back to them.

With a leap, Anderson gained the driver's seat, and Nancy sprang up beside him. He flung the clutch over, and with a sudden roar the motor leaped forward. At reckless speed Anderson rushed down the drive. Nancy could see two men running after them.

The gates stood open, and Anderson turned sharply out on to the road. The car was a powerful one.

"I hope the tank is full," he muttered. "They have another car, and will probably pursue us."

Nancy looked back. "Yes, there's one coming now," she cried.

With teeth set, Anderson bent over the wheel. The air roared in their ears, the speed was tremendous. They had hair-breadth escapes, several times they hung on one wheel over a ditch. But still the other car came on. Now it was gaining on them.

"Put your hand in my pocket," said Anderson, as Nancy told him how near the pursuers were. "You'll find a pistol that I took from our gaoler. Could you shoot at their tires?"

"I'll try," said Nancy, and seized the weapon. Leaning over the side of the car, she took aim and pulled the trigger. It was the first time she had fired a revolver, and the bullet went wide. She fired again, and this time she heard a loud explosion as one of the front tires of the other car went flat.

"You are splendid," said Anderson, as she put the weapon back, and the simple words made her heart beat wildly. She looked out again. They were well ahead now.

WITH a sob of relief she sank beside Anderson. He put out one hand and drew her closer to him. At last he slackened speed a little.

"Nancy!" he said, and looked into her eyes. "Nancy, my love!" She did not shrink before his ardent gaze, and he said, "Sweetheart, do you love me?"

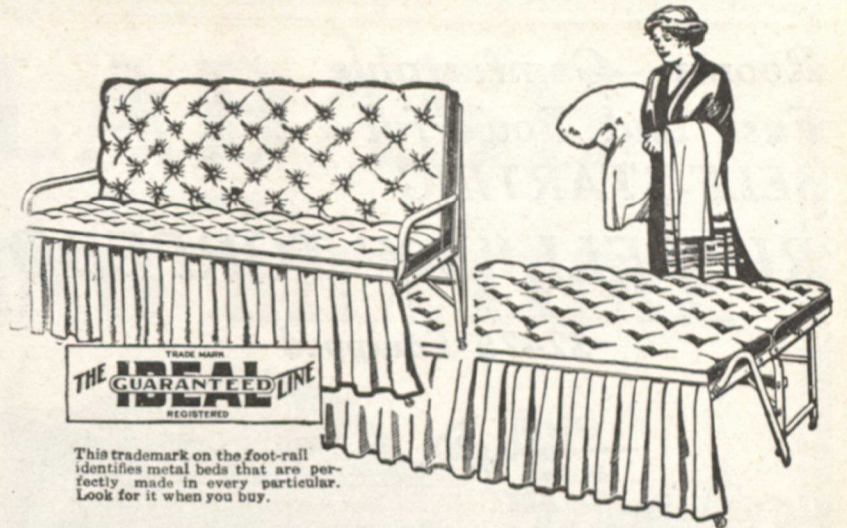
"Yes, Jim," she whispered.

He put one arm round her. The road was straight and clear, and for a minute or two he gave himself up to his new-found joy, covering the blushing girl's face with kisses.

As a village came in sight Anderson slowed down a little, and inquired the way to London of a yokel. The man stared at him for a moment, but told him civilly enough. It was not far, he said, only about twenty miles.

The man's gaze made Anderson realize that his clothes and appearance must have suffered from the struggles in which he had been engaged. But Nancy found two large fur coats, as well as a motor-cap and goggles, in the tonneau, and these effectually covered his bruised face and torn garments.

They covered the distance that lay



This trademark on the foot-rail identifies metal beds that are perfectly made in every particular. Look for it when you buy.

Some day you'll need a davenport like this. Not too expensive, yet strong, attractive, roomy and comfortable. No home should be without one.

The thing people most like about the "IDEAL" Steel Davenport is its simplicity. Nothing burdensome, intricate or breakable about it. Nothing to get out of order, or collapse at any time. Back is quickly lowered to make a thoroughly comfortable bed when desired.

All steel frame, finished in gold bronze. Springs in seat and back. Mattress securely fastened to both back and seat, covered with green denim. Length is 73 inches, width of seat 22 inches, width when open 47 inches.

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There is no pick-me-up in the world so handy—so economical—or so quick—as an OXO cube dissolved in a cup of hot water. All the rich body-building virtues of beef are concentrated into one little cube. OXO cubes build up strength—fortify against illness—give fitness to athletes—and should be in every kitchen in Canada

4 Cubes-10c. 10 Cubes-25c.

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The Infant, The Girl, The Octogenarian  
Are alike benefited by the agreeable and promptly assimilable tonic and reconstituent

**Wilson's Invalids' Port**  
[a la Quina du Perou]

It supplies the necessary red corpuscles to the blood in such a thoroughly acceptable form that even infantile or senile patients readily tolerate and appropriate its blood-building constituents.

Big Bottle Ask YOUR Doctor



DRINK

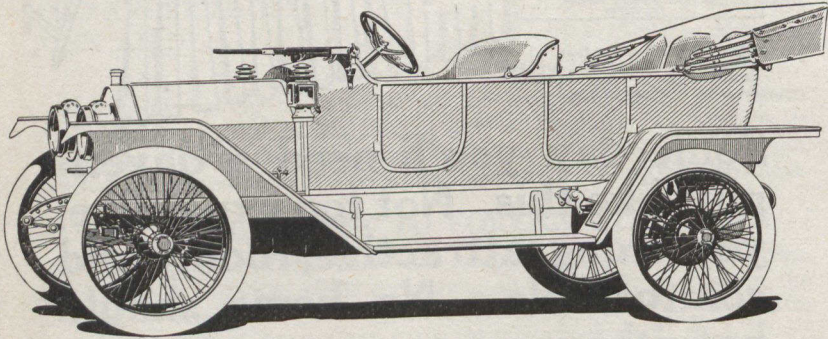
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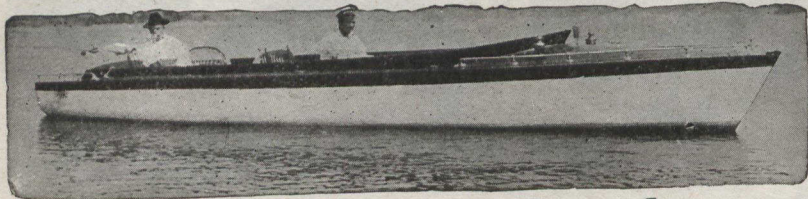
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Touring Car, Toy Tonneau, Torpedo, and Torpedo Roadster bodies include the following equipment: Pantosote Top and Side Curtains; Top Envelope; Folding Glass Front; Speedometer; Gas Head Lamps; Prest-O-Lite Tank; Self-Starter; Side and Tail Oil Lamps; Foot Rest and Robe Rail; Single Tire Irons, with well in running board; Pumps, Tire Repair Outfit; Full Kit of Tools; Jack.

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BRANCHES: Toronto, Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.



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Motor boats, slower-going family launches, or motor boats built to order—whatever you desire in motor crafts can be satisfactorily obtained through us. We are master motor boat builders. Our hulls are noted for beautiful lines, sturdy construction and handsome finish. We supply any make of engine you select. Send for booklet showing pictures of the "Penetang Line."

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The Largest Watch Case Manufacturers in the British Empire.



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An ale of surpassing excellence for the critical man's table.

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**DOMINION BREWERY CO., Ltd.**  
TORONTO

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

between them and the city in first-class style. Dusk was falling as they reached the streets, and Anderson stopped and lit the lamps of the car.

"I think we had better go straight to the police," he said. "It's a queer story we have to tell them."

"Yes, I suppose we ought to," said Nancy.

At that moment a newsboy approached. "Paper, sir? Extra speshul. Sensational suicide of a well-known stockbroker. Mr. Mordaunt Forbes found drowned."

"What?" cried Anderson, and snatching the paper from the boy's hand he read aloud the columns describing the finding of Mordaunt Forbes's dead body in the Thames near his suburban house. It seemed that for some time he had been swindling his customers right and left, and, being apparently on the verge of detection, he had drowned himself. The body had only just been discovered, but it was thought that he must have killed himself at least a week ago.

"But he didn't!" cried Nancy. "We saw him alive on Friday!"

Anderson stood staring at her. Then, without a word, he sprang into the car and set off for Scotland Yard. Here he saw an inspector, and pour-

ed out his strange story. The mystery was solved now.

Mordaunt Forbes had arranged a false suicide. Dressing the body of a drowned man in his clothes, he had intended to escape with the money he had stolen from his clients. He had come back to the office for some papers, and had been seen, after he was supposed to be dead, by his head clerk and the typist.

He must have followed them out into the fog, and overheard their appointment for next day. Then he had laid his plans for kidnaping them and detaining them until he had got safely away, lest they should come forward and by a word or two destroy his carefully-planned schemes.

They had escaped in time. Mordaunt Forbes was tracked down and caught just as he was on the point of starting for America. He received the punishment he so richly deserved for his crimes.

The stolen money was refunded to his clients, and they, in gratitude, gave Anderson and Nancy a good percentage of it. Anderson easily found a much better post than the one he had had with Forbes, and not long after Nancy Mayland changed her name to Mrs. Jim Anderson.

**Italy's Famous Hero**

*A Story for Juniors*

WHO is the favourite hero in history amongst Canadian boys and girls? Is it Wolfe, Brock, or do they go back to the old land for their idols? Wellington and Nelson have their followers, but we are all given to hero-worship quite apart from national pride. Napoleon, the idol of the French, is greatly beloved by the descendants of those who fought against him, but for the first time in history we find the whole world thrilled by the heroism of a Chinaman, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, leader of the revolutionists, who, after successfully founding the Republic, modestly resigned the presidency in favour of Yuan Shi Kai, believing that the latter could more successfully unite the Revolutionists with the Imperialists.

His act reminds us of Garibaldi, who, through sheer personal heroism, brought about the unity of Italy and, after being declared dictator of Naples and Sicily, refused all reward, proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King, and retired to a farm in the Island of Caprera.

Early in his career Garibaldi was forced to leave Europe.

So he sailed for South America and took service in one of the small republics. There he formed a troop of Italian exiles like himself, and there they wore the red shirt, which has come to be associated with the name of their leader. Their exploits became famous in Italy and when the republic was proclaimed at Rome and Garibaldi returned to Italy and entered that city, 100 of these wild-looking warriors accompanied him.

Very thrilling is the story of the siege that followed. When at last the French troops won the wall, Garibaldi decided to take all the volunteers who would follow him and carry the war into the mountains and the wilderness. In the greatest open space in the city, he addressed the people and the volunteers. He said: "Fortune who betrays us to-day will smile upon us to-morrow. I am going out of Rome. Let those who wish to continue the war against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his country with his heart and not with his lips only, follow me."

The story of the retreat and the escape of Garibaldi is dear to Italy's heart. Hunted by the French and Spanish troops, he marched into a network of four armies of Austrians, but by the most remarkable feats of skill and energy, using the guerilla methods he had learned in South America, he again and again, disentangled his little band of followers and led them, hotly pursued by the Austrians, to the

Adriatic where he reached the coast with about 200 men.

Now he began another period of wanderings on foreign soil. But Italy was calling him again and a legacy enabled him to buy a farm on the little island of Caprera where he was safe, but close to the land he was waiting to serve.

But the island of Sicily and the southern part of the Italian peninsula were groaning under one of the most cruel governments the world has ever seen. Again and again requests came for Garibaldi to come and head a revolution, but with good sense Garibaldi told them to commence the revolution on themselves, show that there was possibility of success and he would come.

IT was a master plumber in Sicily, who set on foot the local rebellion which led in eight months to the creation of the Kingdom of Italy. His policy was to boldly announce that Garibaldi was coming. Volunteers were enrolled, two steamers were chartered and Garibaldi sailed from Genoa with 1,000 men without ammunition, with too little coal for their trip, with standing room only for the men, and biscuit and water for food. On landing they got a scanty supply of ammunition. But their muskets were outworn toys provided with ill-fitting bayonets. Many of the volunteers were university students, lawyers, doctors, merchants, engineers, chemists. Ten were painters and sculptors and several were authors—seven had come out of the Neapolitan prisons and many were cobblers and barbers. It was such an army as only a Garibaldi could hold together. The battle of Calatafina, and their wild scramble over the mountains did not improve their condition.

But in Palermo a great population was waiting for their coming, also there were 21,000 troops with all the munitions of war, to prevent their entering the city.

Garibaldi sent his luggage, his sick and wounded, his five old cannon and a few men into the interior of the island within plain view of the enemy, who, mistaking it for the retreating army, set out in pursuit, thus weakening the defence and enabling Garibaldi to force an entrance into the town where the populace was waiting to receive him. Three days of fierce street fighting followed and then a truce was proclaimed just in the nick of time, for Garibaldi was without ammunition and the other troops were returning. Garibaldi gained time, he procured ammunition, but the enemy capitulated, the 24,000 troops sailed away and the most reckless expedition of the century was successful.

**THE MAN AT LONE LAKE**

(Continued from page 14.)

Francois was helpless, his right hand disabled for weeks to come. His gun and knives rotted in water thirty feet deep. He had other knives and another gun, but they were second-rate weapons, clumsy and hard to handle.

He would be slow to attack either man or beast at close quarters, and his trigger finger was useless.

Wanota would snare rabbits for him, would cook for him, keep his cabin, and humbly do as he bade her. He would not fare ill, for he knew many ways of killing time even in the wilderness.

Wynn put the half-breed out of his thoughts. He had done with him.

For a few nights he slept in his shack as usual, and spent hours each day at the log-house. It had become more a home to him than any place he remembered. He had tired of the great cool halls and dormitories of school and college, tired of rule and order that repressed the spirit, and of pedantry in cap and gown.

This rough house enriched by trophies of the wild lands, with its kindly hearth-fire, simple fare and unpretentious hospitality, called to him as no place had ever done.

The past was best forgotten, but the future he saw through a rose-coloured mist.

To see Nance each morning when it was as though he had been away a year since the night before, to tramp over the sparkling uplands in the blue noon and bring in what small game was needed. To drink the wine of the wind that sent his blood beating high with the joy of living; to smoke by the fire in the evenings and watch the gold of a girl's hair glitter in the shadows—life had come to mean these things for Richard Wynn.

"While the old man lived it would go on thus," he told himself. "Afterwards" . . . well, he could not dwell on that and keep a cool head.

Nance McCullough was for him and him alone, he had long decided, but he planned to go slowly. Experience had undermined his faith in his power to charm a woman, and robbed him of that pleasing confidence born of conceit.

Never knight of old strove harder to win favour of his lady, than he to gain headway in the good graces of the lady of the log-house. And Nance kept him in a turmoil of uncertainty as to whether he gained or not.

After deliberating at great length on the ways and manners of town-bred conventional young persons, and comparing what she knew of them with her own unfortunate tendency to impulse and abandon, she set a strict guard on her eyes and lips that they should neither look nor speak more than she willed.

But with it all she had never been more gay. "Her grandfather was better," she asserted determinedly, "there was reason enough to be glad!"

Wynn now and then played on the violin, and Nance, not to be outdone even went so far as to sing the little French chansons Sister Mary Philomena had taught her.

A WEEK went by of crystal-clear skies and sunshine, and then, without warning, and as on the day of the Indian's visit to McCullough, he was seized with the same violent pain about his heart; and again after battling with it had recourse to the morphine. On that day also the weather turned bitterly cold. The old man begged Wynn not to return to his shack, but to stay with him indefinitely.

Nance said nothing, but the man thought he read fear in her eyes, so he stayed.

McCullough made no such good recovery from this second attack of pain. Following the sleep brought by the opiate he was weak and restless. Wynn knew the end was not far off, and said no more of going back to his cabin, but agreed to

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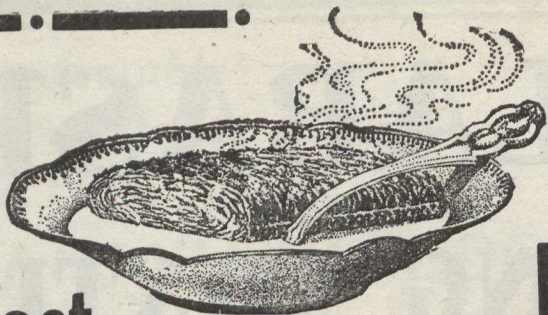
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bring his small possessions and store them in the log-house.

The river was deeply frozen and would not run free until the Chinook blew warm to unlock the ice and send the sap singing through the trees.

The land was still with a stillness intensified by an occasional booming crack through the ice, or the sharp snapping of a tree beyond the clearing.

After the cold grew less the snow came; first a fine mist, and then a whirling foam-like smother of clinging flakes that wrapped even the tree trunks in white, blotting out blazed trails and changing the outline of the landscape.

Wynn resolved to go to his shack and move his supplies and blankets. He was anxious about the precious bits of birch-bark that held the solved problems that had baffled him at Oxford.

These were stored in a bark box and would probably be the last thing touched should the place be raided by that thief of the world—the wolverine, or a hungry coyote, but there was the perpetual danger of fire. Some storm-belated trapper, careless of the legend of the lake, might stumble on the cabin, spend the night there and leave red coals that the wind could scatter. He was unwilling to take a chance, and watched the weather. McCullough would not listen to his going so far in the drifting storm, even though he promised to follow the river.

The old trapper knew well that even the wild sheep of the mountains were often bewildered and lost in such a snowfall, and that deer and elk would sometimes flounder for hours, body-high, through the lowland drifts. Still more he knew that when the snow is moist and clogging, and sent in circles by the wind, it has a strange narcotic effect on man and beast. None dared rest in its shining pavilions.

ON the third night the snow stopped falling, and a heavy crust froze on the surface of it where it lay knee-deep on the hills and in the hollows.

McCullough lay with his weather-wise old face turned to the window that morning after the storm. His features were sharp as though cut in ivory, but his eyes were still keen and far-seeing.

"You'd best tramp to your shack this morning, boy," he said slowly. "It will snow again by night. Strap on my snow-shoes—go and get back. Pack only what you need." He closed his eyes wearily—for he had not said so many words in three days. Then he opened them again. They held the other with their burning intensity.

"You will come back—before the close of day? Promise!"

Wynn laughed a little as he rose. "Old chap, nothing could keep me at the shack now. I shall want to come back rather more than you will want me to."

McCullough shook his head feebly. His lips moved in protest but Wynn did not catch the words.

He strapped on the shoes and took his rifle. Nance went with him to the edge of the verandah. Fain would she have forgotten what those girls in London, the decorous and rightly trained, would be likely to do under the circumstances.

She desperately longed to plead with him to hurry his packing and return. Never had she seen him go with a more forlorn sinking of her heart. Wanota was not to be depended on of late. She was as a Will-o'-the-wisp that flitted between the log-house and Francois' shanty during the hours of the day; at night she stole in shadow-like to sleep on the bough-bed by Nance, for she had read the command to do so in Wynn's eyes, and dared not disobey.

The man filled his pipe as he stood ready to start. He did not look directly at Nance, nor she at him. Both knew that the old man was fast coming to the parting of the ways and that these days would have an ending. Words were hard to find

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The man struck a match, but his pipe was troublesome, and took long to light—when it glowed red he smiled to her and swung off over the snow. The girl watched him for a moment then went in.

Wynn took the river-way, his shoes making scarcely any markings on the snow crust. The bleak beauty of the far-off hills gave him a feeling of depression. A steel-grey sky cast a shade of grey over the unbroken white below.

Pity stirred in him for the wild things that might find nothing to stay their hunger but the bitter winter buds of the trees.

The great white owl would fare well on many a starveling, yet even he, for "all his feathers, was a-cold."

He pushed on rapidly through the silver solitudes, for to-day he had no desire to be alone.

Wanota, watching from the tiny window in her son's shanty, saw the man go by.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour later—long enough for Wynn to have passed safely beyond sight and hearing of them—that she and Francois came out together.

They crossed to the old man's house, Wanota pulling a bark toboggan by its babiche strings, and Francois swinging a light coil of rope from his left hand. His right arm was in a sling, a hunting knife dangled from a thong on his blue belt, and an old flint-lock rifle was slung over his shoulder.

Both he and the woman wore snow-shoes, and were dressed as for a long tramp.

They stopped at the log-house, and leaving the toboggan, entered without removing their snow-shoes, the half-breed first, Wanota following the red shawl pulled about her head.

The old man roused at the sound of their coming.

"Ah, Francois!" he said haltingly, "how is the wrist?"

Nance from her low chair glanced at them mildly curious. There was something odd in their entrance together at this hour. Given as they were to silence, now they were even more forbiddingly silent than usual. On the half-breed's immobile face she read a certain insolence. In his eyes smouldered an ominous light. Wanota hung back strangely, and her face was half-hidden by the red shawl. She had always been free in her coming and going as one above being questioned. To-day she seemed cowed and miserable.

Nance felt a growing sense of uneasiness as she looked at them, and rose and went over to her grandfather. Stooping, she lifted his helpless hand and patted it softly.

Francois ignored the old man's kindly question. He stood motionless and as though choosing words to say what he had come to say.

Presently he spoke. "I come," he said coolly, "to make terms." McCullough's eyes flashed. He did not like the tone, or the words.

"We have made terms. Fair ones. I will abide by them," he answered.

"Me," returned the other. "I will not."

"What's on your mind?" questioned the old man sharply, with an echo of his past vigor, "Out with it."

"Dat man from Lone Lac—will you tell him to go from here?" demanded the half-breed.

"Whether he goes or stays, what affair of yours is that?" said the old trapper, his blurred voice trembling. Francois smiled. "I mak it mine. Will you tell him to go?"

"What mad motion possesses you?" said the old man querulously. "I am sick. Do not weary me with annoying questions." He shut his eyes as dismissing the subject.

The Indian moved to the couch indolently.

"I come," he reiterated, "to make terms. Dat man from Lone Lac—he want your money. He want also your girl. He stay for her. Ver well. Wen you be dead—and you be dead pretty quick now—he tak both. You sen him away, I be content. I tak

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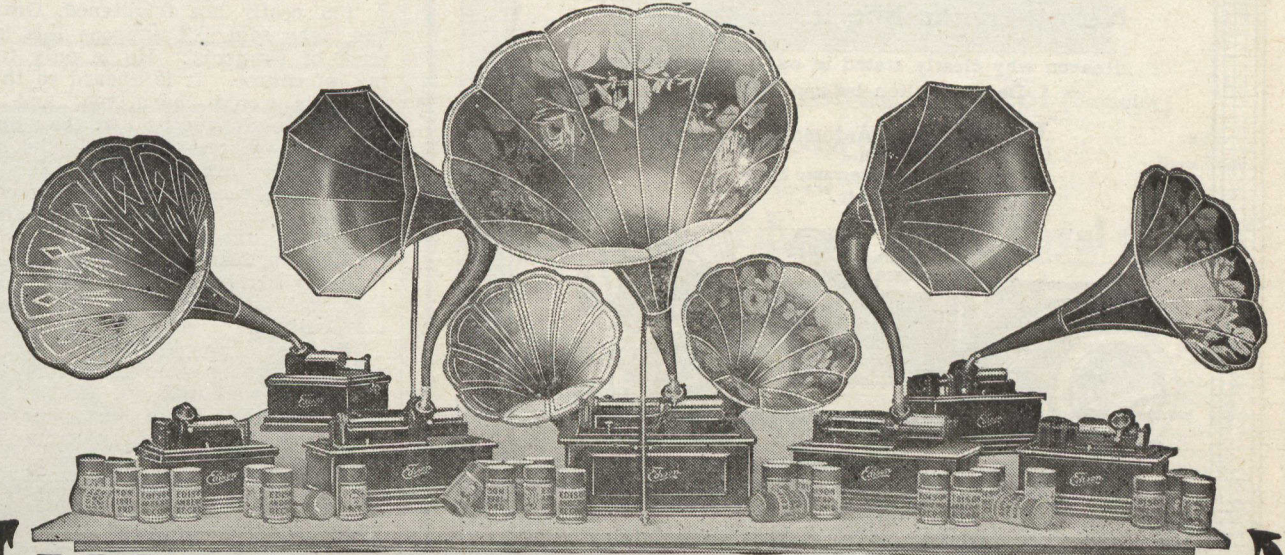
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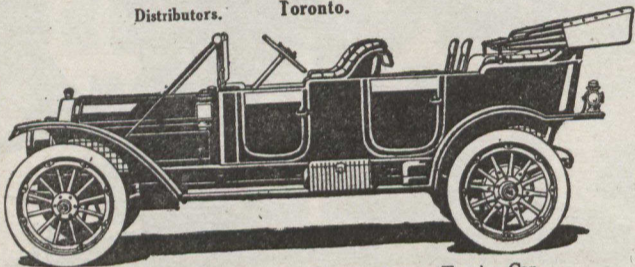
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care of you. But," he leaned down his face distorted by sudden anger, "But—yo not sen him away,—By the priests' God! . . . Me! . . . Francois! I shall tak your money, an the silver-fox pelt hid in dis cabin, an your girl, an tak them where you will not fin them, though you sen that man from Lone Lac to seek! I not wait for you to die!" With a quick swing of his body and left arm he unwound the little coil of rope, a looped length flew out lightly, and settled over the girl's slender body.

IN a flash Francois had tightened the noose and her arms were pinioned to her body. She gave a cry and struggled like a bird caught in a net. Suddenly she was still and smiled reassuringly into the old trapper's face that was convulsed with impotent rage. The Eskimo dog sprang from beneath the couch, his hair raising along his back.

"I'm really not frightened, Grand-dad," she said. "I suppose this is a trick of Francois'. He is only fooling, of course. It is absurd to think Francois would harm me; and besides," she glanced over at the squaw, "there is Wanota—Wanota who has always been kind."

The half-breed stepped a little closer to her and coiled the rope about her again, three times, four times. "My gun, Nance! my gun," McCullough cried hoarsely, his eyes blood-shot and wild. "By Heaven! he is not fooling!"

"No," said the half-breed with a shrug. "Franco's no fool—this tam. He can do well with one arm, as mos with two. But I not hurt your girl, old man. That not my game—No! Me—I will marry her. Where I tak her, by and by, she will say she will marry Francois. Then it shall be by priest an ring—your way, ole man! Wrap her up warm," he turned and threw the last words sharply at Wanota.

The squaw took from her arm the beaver coat she had long been making, and fastened it around Nance, the arms hanging empty.

The old trapper babbled threats of violence that broke and ended in inarticulate sounds.

"Grand-dad," Nance said gently, as Wanota pulled a scarlet toque over her yellow hair. "Grand-dad—Dick Wynn will be back in a little while, and he will make everything right. Franco's could not take me where he would not find me. There is no danger in this at all—except,"—she tossed an indifferent smile over at the half-breed—"except for Francois."

He beckoned to Wanota. "Bring the fox-skin," he said briefly, "an the bag of money hid in the fir bed." The squaw obeyed quickly. The half-breed slipped the tiny bag in his belt, then lifted Nance with his left arm as though he felt no weight. They filed out as they had come in, and he placed the girl on the toboggan. Wanota bound over her the buck-skin side straps, then gathered up the babiche drawing strings, and they started across the snow, Francois leading. The girl clinched her bound hands and set her white teeth together lest she give some sharp cry that would still further hurt the old man within the house.

McCullough rose inch by inch till he rested on his right elbow. So much he had not done since he was stricken. He strained forward, listening, listening, and his face was as the face of the dead.

He heard the trailing away of the toboggan over the crackling snow-crust. The sound of the snow-shoes. When all was still he turned his eyes to the small yellow and grey dog, whose rough hair still bristled along his back, while he whined questioningly, being uncertain whether to hold his post, or leave it.

"Follow her, lad!" the old man said sharply—commandingly. "Follow her! Follow her!" Joris sprang forward and out through the half-open door.

The old man's voice trailed into silence; he fell back heavily, and lay very still.

(To be continued.)

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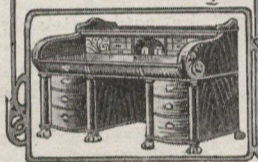
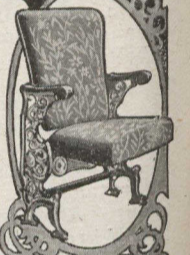
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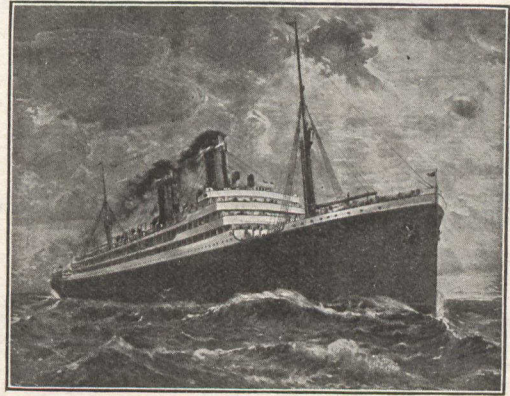
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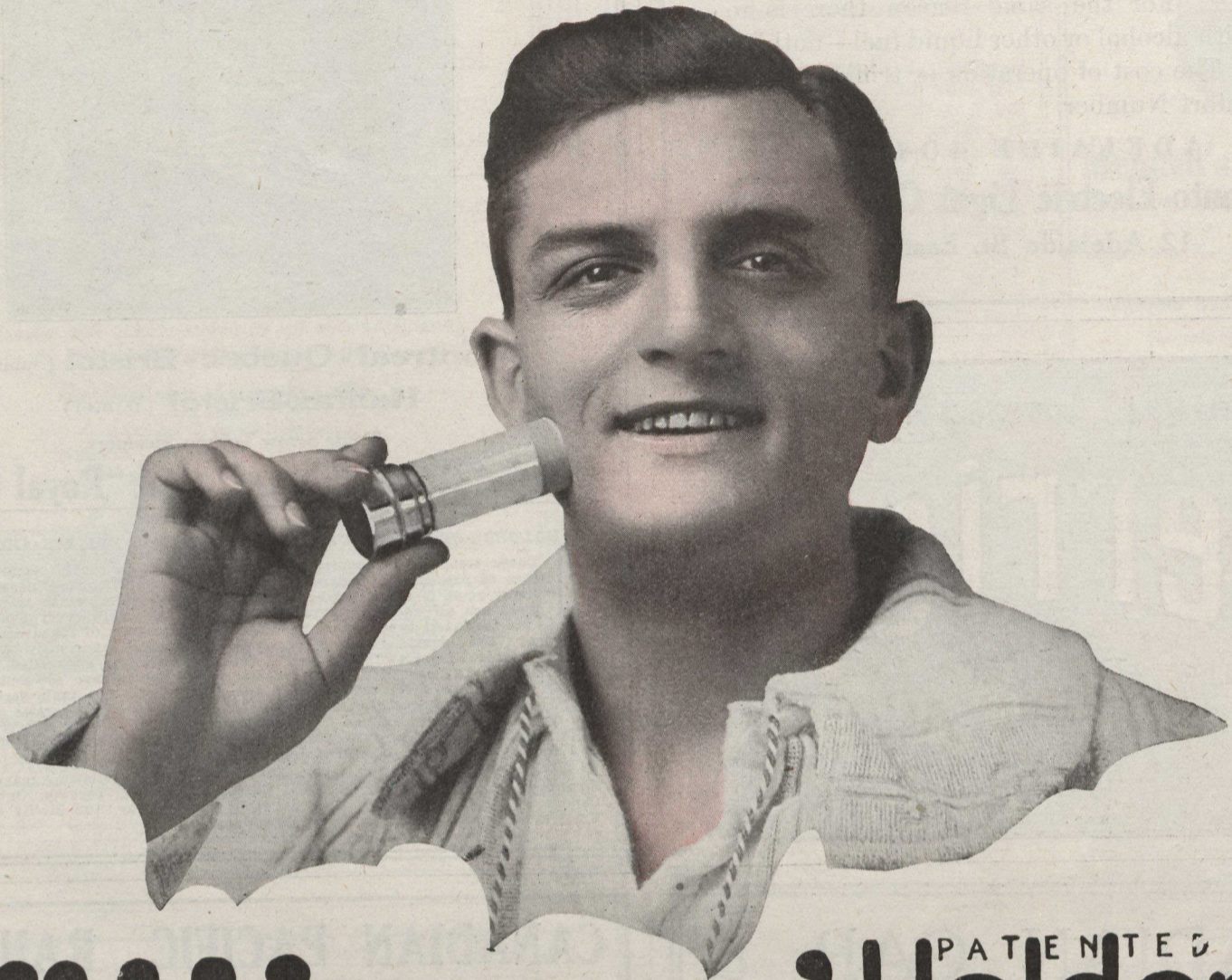
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# New—The Holder Top Shaving Stick

The illustration shows the convenience and suggests the economy of the new Holder Top—the Shaving Stick de Luxe



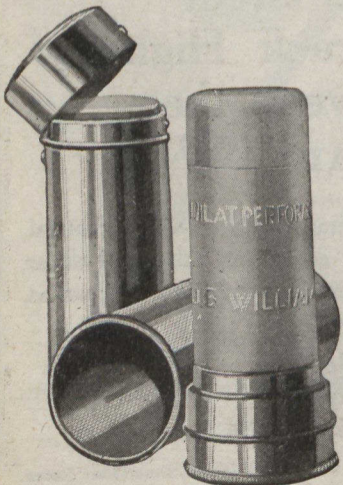
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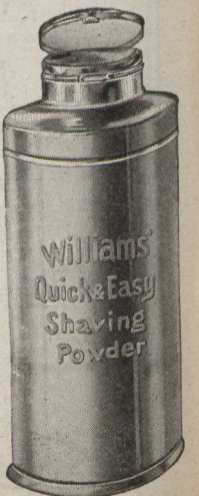
## Williams' Shaving Powder

Note the convenient sanitary hinged-cover nickeled box



The New Holder Top Stick and Container

The same abundant, emollient lather that distinguishes Williams' Shaving Stick from others, the same soothing and anti-septic properties that preserve the natural softness of the skin, are found in Williams' Quick and Easy Shaving Powder. And the hinged cover box---snap open, shake on the brush, snap shut---adds greatly to the quickness and ease.



The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., U.S.A.