

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Drawn by Almon Eastman Fields

When the East Helps the West

BY NORMAN PATTERSON

Winning a Baseball Pennant


BY W. F. WIGGINS

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER


COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



\$200
Burroughs key-driven calculator, backed by the Burroughs reputation; 9 rows of keys; totals to \$99,999,999.99.



\$250
Visible-Style 581; designed and built in the Burroughs factory; adds to \$99,999.99; 12 1-2 in. carriage; totals and sub-totals, repeat key.



\$300
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The man who buys the \$200 Burroughs does so because that machine will meet all the requirements of his business. It produces for him exactly the same results as the \$550 machine produces for the man whose business needs are that much greater.

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The quality of material that goes into the low and the high-priced Burroughs is exactly the same.


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And the same guarantee of continuous service stands back of them—a guarantee that is as good as a bond, because it is backed by twenty years of promises kept.

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Electric Burroughs Statement Machine, visible model, prints months and days; total, sub-total, non-add, non-print and repeat keys and 12 1-2 in. carriage; totals to \$9,999,999.99.




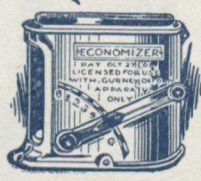
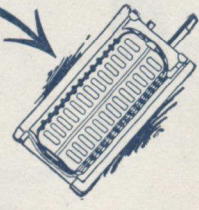
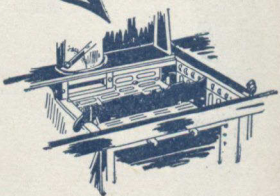
\$550
Duplex Shuttle Carriage Burroughs; equipped with all regular Burroughs features; totals 2 columns to full capacity of keyboard. A machine that almost THINKS.

Others at prices between and up to \$1000

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BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY
D. W. SAXE, SALES MANAGER,
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The Three Guardsmen

The Gurney-Oxford Range is fitted with three devices which constantly and uncompromisingly stand on guard to see that the fire is always under perfect control—that the coal bills are sheared down to the lowest figure—that the oven is always evenly and properly heated—that no clinkers obstruct the free burning and proper ventilation of the fire.

The Gurney-Economizer, fitted on the smoke pipe, is the only draft you have to attend to; a small lever put up or down entirely regulates the fire. It saves one ton of coal in six. It carries little heat up the chimney—only the smoke. It feeds the gases which burn to the fire-box, and it cannot be had on any other range than the Gurney-Oxford.

The Gurney-Oxford oven is surrounded by flues that carry an equal amount of heat to all sides. This almost guarantees results in cooking by providing an oven evenly heated, without cold corners or variation.

The Gurney-Oxford Grate is the result of exhaustive tests to find the proper carrying surface for the fire. The fire has abundant air to breathe, and the less amount of coal burned is all consumed. So then, the housewife who has the "Three Guardsmen" watching over her range, will experience security and satisfaction in cooking that is not provided by any other range.

The Gurney Foundry Co. Limited
TORONTO - CANADA

MONTREAL HAMILTON WINNIPEG CALGARY VANCOUVER [6]

The Pleasant Highway to Health.

"Wincarnis" is the pleasant highway that leads you straight to good health.

And every step of the way—every wineglassful of "Wincarnis"—not only carries you nearer to the goal of health, but equips you with an additional vigour and vitality, and an abundance of renewed strength and stamina. Start your journey along this pleasant highway to-day. Take a wineglassful of



WINGARNIS

daily, and you will speedily leave behind you such ailments as Depression, Anaemia, Brain-fag, Sleeplessness, Nervous Disorders, and General Indifferent Health, and replace them with a delicious feeling of exhilaration and buoyancy that will make your whole body glow and pulsate with vigorous health.

Can be obtained at all first-class Druggists, Stores, Etc.

TRADE NOTE.—"Wincarnis" can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.





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Absolutely free from rubber, sulphur, and poisonous cement. Can be sterilized after use by immersing in boiling water for a few seconds only. "The Queen of Dress Shields." Best dry goods and notion stores everywhere sell Naiad. If unable to procure pair in your own town remit 25 cents and we will mail you a pair.

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Unseen Naiad Protects

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Old Dutch Cleanser

Is
UNEQUALLED
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Cleaning

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Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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TORONTO

NO. 18

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Editor's Talk

THE Monocle Man returns to duty in this week's issue. A few weeks ago, without asking our permission, he packed his monocle in his hand-grip and went off for a little trip to New York and Atlantic City. He says he heard Woodrow Wilson and he describes him in this week's issue. Perhaps you won't like what he says about this great candidate, but that will not worry the Monocle Man. His characteristic is that he says what he thinks on all occasions regardless of consequences. Only a few people have that courage and that ability. That's why the Monocle Man is so unique.

Next week's issue will contain the Country and Suburban Life Supplement. Mr. Cook, the editor, has prepared a special bill of fare suitable for October consumption. A good, wholesome bill of fare it is, with sound, sober, timely advice well placed on the menu.

The following week will be "The Music Number"—the best issue of the year. There has never before been anything quite like this issue of the "Courier." It will be a sort of surprise package which will make the reader want another.



Other styles and finishes (equally good) from which to choose.



Write for Booklet "E."

Why You Need a Knechtel Cabinet in Your Kitchen

Because it makes for neatness and order in the kitchen—because it saves time and money, and does away with hundreds of unnecessary steps every day—and because it keeps everything at your fingers' end. No running back and forth looking for articles you can't find—everything has a place of its own, and everything is in its place.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet has flour, sugar and meal bins; spice jars; airtight canisters; bread and cake box; plate racks; sliding shelves (with many practical features besides), and is beautifully finished in Oak.

KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET CO., LIMITED
Hanover, - - Ontario.

Bells! Bells! Bells!

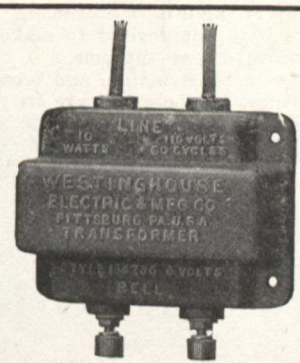
DOOR BELLS

*What a great uncertainty
Within a household dwells*

When the battery frequently gives out.
But certainty comes in with a

**Westinghouse
Bell-Ringing
Transformer**

Very moderate in cost.



**CANADIAN
WESTINGHOUSE
COMPANY, LIMITED**

Hamilton - - Ontario

Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto.
Ahearn & Soper,
Ottawa, Montreal, Halifax.



**Have
a
Case
Sent
Home**

It provides for an ever ready beverage for meals, lunches, etc., or for mere refreshment.

**COSGRAVE'S
PALE ALE**

is the best for the home on account of its purity and extra healthfulness.

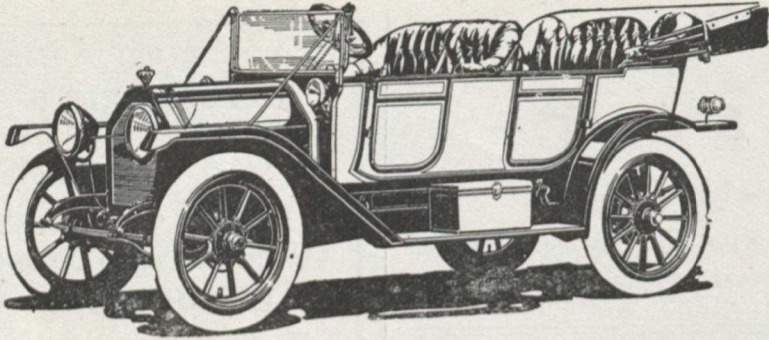
Family trade supplied by any dealer.

**Get Your Canadian Home From the
CANADIAN PACIFIC**

C.P.R. Lands and Town Lots in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia.

We would advise passengers travelling via the Canadian Pacific Railway to the West to stop off and see the Big C.P.R. Irrigation Dam at Bassano, Alberta. Bassano is a rapidly growing town on the main line of the C.P.R., situated 83 miles east of Calgary. The irrigation project of the C.P.R. is the largest of its kind on the American Continent.

Full particulars by applying to
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SPECIAL AGENTS WANTED.



The Engine is Perfect in the Russell "30"

It has every known improvement that engineers have yet devised to make the poppet valve engine supreme. Simplicity in construction, and economy and quietness in operation, are its dominant features.

In it, you get that most necessary feature—maximum power with a minimum of weight.

But, besides its wonderful engine, the 1913 Russell "30," as compared with the

1912 model, has \$325 worth of new and high grade equipment, including electric self-starter, electric lighting throughout, demountable rims, spare rims, power pump and electrically lighted speedometer and clock.

In brief, the Russell "30" is the ideal—the ultimate—type of valve engine car. If you are interested, write to West Toronto for some interesting explanatory literature.

1913 Russell "30"

PRICES:

Touring Model	Torpedo Model	Torpedo Roadster Model
\$2,500	\$2,600	\$2,550

Also makers of the Famous Russell-Knight Car

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited
WEST TORONTO

BRANCHES AT—Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, Winnipeg,
Calgary, Vancouver, Melbourne, Aust.

MADE UP TO
A STANDARD

Russell

NOT DOWN
TO A PRICE

ACETYLENE

Is Daylight On Tap

An analysis of Acetylene shows it to be almost identically the same as daylight—a pure white light.

Oil lamps, ordinary gas jets and electric lamps give light that has too many red and yellow rays. Gas mantles give light that is too blue.

For this reason an Acetylene light of 24 candle power is easier to read or work by than is an equally brilliant light of any other kind. Colors and shades seen by Acetylene light look the same as they do by daylight, everything is more distinct, and the eyes do not feel the same strain that is caused by other artificial lights.

When you add to this the greater convenience and lower cost of Acetylene, there seems little reason for sticking to the old oil lamps.

Write us for full information about Acetylene lighting. We'll gladly give it, without any obligation on your part. 10

ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED
604 POWER BLDG., MONTREAL.

Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man. — 422 Richards St., Vancouver.



The Scrap Book

A Considerate Father.—Customer—"I want to order a new suit for myself. Please measure my son."

Tailor—"Your son?"

Customer—"Yes. You see, he wears my cast-off clothes, and the rascal always complains they do not fit him!"—Leslie's Weekly.

Costly.—"Why don't you marry Evelyn? Don't you think you could support her?"

"Support her! Why, I couldn't even pay for her complexion."—Satire.

The Right of Way.

WHEN father drove old Dobbin, he sat upon his load
And frowned on every chauffeur who wanted half the road;
When father got an auto, his feelings seemed to switch;
He glared at every horse he met unless it took the ditch.

—Lippincott's Magazine.

Different Now.—"Why have you cut that lady who has just passed? Yesterday you were most cordial toward her?"
"That is my dressmaker, and I paid her bill this morning."—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Polite Boy.—This experience of a New Yorker is remarkable enough in these rude and sordid times to merit preservation:

"It is so rare an occurrence to meet a young Chesterfield," said the Gothamite, "that I wish to go on record as having encountered, in the person of the ten-year-old son of a friend of mine, the most striking example one could imagine.

"As I was taking my leave from the household this lad, who was playing in the hall with his sisters, rose politely and opened the door for me.

"I am very much pleased with this attention," said I. "I hope I have given you no trouble."

"The lad smiled.

"I am only sorry," rejoined he, "that I am not letting you in."

Get the Jar.

AS a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far,

But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
The people in front get the jar.

What He Needed.—The amateur golfer had not been doing very well, and toward the close of the round he turned to the caddie and said:

"Let me see! Is that one hundred and ninety-five or one hundred and ninety-six strokes?"

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "What you need is an adding machine, not a caddie."—Leslie's Weekly.

Ignored Small Fry.—Teacher—"What can you say of the Medes and Persians?"

Young America—"I never kept track of those minor league teams."—Harper's Weekly.

Quiet.—Mrs. Kelly—"This neighbourhood seems a bit noisy, Mrs. Flynn."

Mrs. Flynn—"Yis, th' only time it's quiet here is when the elevated train goes by and drowns th' noise!"—Puck.

Cause to Kick.—"Doesn't your choir sing at the prison any more?"

"No, several of the prisoners objected on the ground that it wasn't included in their sentences."—Boston Transcript.

Easy for Solomon.—"Solomon was a wise man."

"Oh, he had it easy. There were no technicalities in his day, nor did he have to decide cases with the alienists evenly divided."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CEETEE
UNDERWEAR

You can face all sorts of weather with immunity if you are properly clothed.

The basis of all clothing is, of course, the underwear.
The only material that will protect you against the sudden changes from heat to cold or from cold to heat, without harm, is pure clean wool.

All medical men advise woolen material to be worn next the skin. It absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly and does not get clammy and damp as does any material which is made from vegetable products.

"CEETEE" PURE WOOL UNDERWEAR

is manufactured from only the finest of the finest Australian Merino wool.
This wool is combed and scoured and combed until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand of wool is as clean as it is possible to be made. It is put through process after process on expensive and exclusive machinery, and when finished each garment is in such a state of perfection that it has earned a reputation of being unequalled the world over.

Each garment is full fashioned and made to fit the human form. Every joint is carefully knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

Worn by the Best People—Sold by the Best Dealers.

Made in all sizes and weights for men, women and children.
Also manufacturers of Turnbull's high-class ribbed underwear for ladies and children and Turnbull's "M" Bands for Infants. 544

Manufactured by
The C. TURNBULL Co.
of Galt, Limited
GALT, ONT.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT

GUARANTEED UNSHRUNK
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

Champions' Choice

The world's champion of British Billiards, the ex-champion, and scores of other notable professional billiard players have Burroughes & Watts'

BILLIARD TABLES

in their own homes. In all their long and expert experience they've found nothing equal to Burroughes & Watts' tables fitted with the Gold Medal "Steel Vacuum" Rubber Cushions. Over 10,000 tables with these Cushions in use—British and American styles. Write for prices and particulars.

Burroughes & Watts, Ltd.

By Royal Warrant to H. M. the King.

34 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

Men of To-Day



MAYOR R. D. WAUGH, WINNIPEG
Who is Vice-President of the Union of Canadian Municipalities.

He first saw the dark continent in 1882, while lion-hunting with his wife, the first white woman to view Victoria Falls. About this time the British Government called him in to advise Sir Charles Warren in a territorial dispute in a district called Bechuanaland. So satisfactory was his counsel that he was made Resident Agent in the South African Republic. With the exception of brief residences at near points, Sir Ralph has lived in Africa. In 1901 he was made Governor of Bechuanaland, with C.M.G. as a decoration of merit. He assisted in throwing oil on the waters in South Africa after the war.

In 1909, Sir Ralph was appointed Governor of Newfoundland. He is sixty-four years of age and is retiring from the public service that he may spend in leisure the years that yet remain of a strenuous career.

Lawyer and Politician.

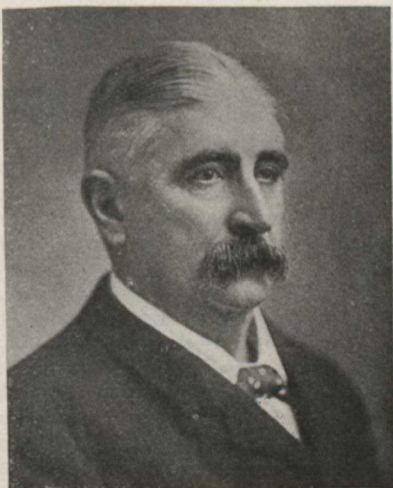
THE return of the Prime Minister from England is the occasion for several big celebrations in his honour. Mr. Borden has been banquetted both in Montreal and Toronto during the past week.

His Montreal hosts were the Liberal-Conservative Club. The president of this organization is Mr. L. T. Marechal, K.C., who is one of the Conservative leaders in Eastern Canada. Primarily Mr. Marechal is a lawyer. During the past fifteen years he has figured in most of the big civil and criminal cases which have arisen in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Marechal is a very pleasant man. Though a French-Canadian, he speaks English without a trace of Gallic accent. He is equally at home before a jury in either French or English. This linguistic faculty has helped his law. It has assisted him much in his political work.

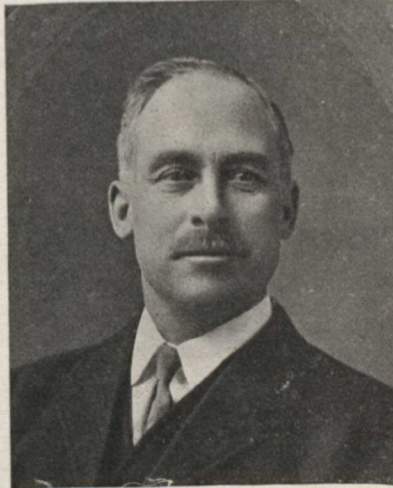
While law is his vocation, politics is Mr. Marechal's avocation. Mr. Marechal has never attained to a seat in Parliament, though he has tried on several occasions. Both in 1904 and 1908 he attempted to carry St. Mary's Division, Montreal, but was worsted. Mr. Marechal's talents as a speaker and organizer are greatly in demand by his party. Both in 1907 and in 1911 he was one of those chosen to accompany Mr. Borden on campaign tours.

A Prominent Doctor.

DR. HUGH McCALLUM, president-elect of the Canadian Medical Association, is a native of Middlesex County, Ontario, whence have come many noted Canadians. Professor A. B. McCallum, of the University of Toronto, is his brother. Dr. Hugh went to the rustic schools of Williams Township and later to col-



SIR RALPH WILLIAMS
Who is Retiring as Governor of Newfoundland.



MAYOR CHARLES HOPEWELL, OTTAWA
President, Union of Canadian Municipalities.



MR. L. T. MARECHAL, K.C., MONTREAL
Whose Club Banquetted Mr. Borden in Montreal.

Governor Williams Retiring.

SIR RALPH WILLIAMS, who has resigned as Governor of Newfoundland, is a colonial administrator of rather wide experience. During his diplomatic career he has held down some exciting jobs. He has been Treasurer of Gibraltar, sitting on the gate to the East; he has been Secretary at Barbadoes, and seen a quarter of the population swept off the earth by a hurricane; he has ruled Boers and blacks in Africa. It was in Africa that he learned his profession; Africa, which gave lessons to men like Cromer, Milner and the late Cecil Rhodes. His notions of the Colonies as a young chap he got through extensive travel than from monocol opinions in the Oxford Union.

lege in London. He was one of the first graduates of the Western Medical School. Dr. McCallum has practised in London since graduation. He is among the chief medical men in the city. On affections of the nerves, he is considered an authority.

Dr. McCallum possesses an unusually strong personality. Like his brother, the Professor, he is a strapping big man who impresses those who come in contact with him with the power of his physique, his dynamic energy and keen, strong mentality.

Active in Municipal Work.

AT the annual meeting of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, held in Windsor, recently, Mayor Charles Hopewell, of Ottawa, was elected President of the organization for next year. The new president has had twelve years' experience of municipal administration, most of it gained in Ottawa, which is his home town. He began as an alderman. He continued as such for four years and showed such capacity for evolving ideas that the citizens of Ottawa elected him to the first Board of Control in 1908. The next year he was Mayor of the Capital of Canada by acclamation. The following year he was again the unanimous choice of the citizens, no opposition being offered him. He tried for a third term and beat out the candidate who opposed him. Mayor Hopewell was again elected Chief Magistrate of the city last January. He holds the unique honour of being the first man to be Mayor of Ottawa four times in succession. In the broader field of municipal work, Mr. Hopewell has been active. He was vice-president of the Union of Canadian Municipalities in 1909, and president of the Ontario Municipal Association in 1910.

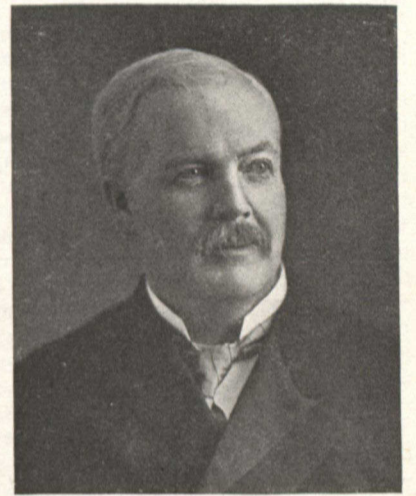
The Mayor of Winnipeg.

TWENTY-NINE years ago, a Scotch lad, fifteen years old, came to Winnipeg and got a job in a law office at not much per week. To-day he is Richard Deans Waugh, Mayor of the City, who recently was elected vice-president of the Union of Canadian Municipalities. Few men with as meagre a chance have got ahead as fast in Winnipeg as the Mayor. He has made a large fortune in land and in financial manoeuvring, and at the same time has found time to identify himself with the big movements which have made Winnipeg the buckle of the wheat belt.

Mr. Waugh's first venture as a municipal politician was when he served on the Cycle Paths Board. Strange, but he has never lost sight of the Good Roads idea. It was largely his advocacy of the "Good Roads Bill" which got that measure through the Manitoba Legislature last session. In 1908 he was first elected to the Board of Control. In the following two years he was re-elected Controller. In 1911 he became Mayor of the city. A feature of his work is that Mr. Waugh has done much to extend sanitary facilities in

Winnipeg. He was the pioneer worker for the public baths and playgrounds in the city.

Personally, the Mayor is of the very likeable, popular, earnest type of citizen. Though a very busy man he is not at all of a fogey. He belongs to at least a dozen athletic clubs; Mr. Waugh is an enthusiast at curling, cricket and swimming. He has perhaps a preference for the Scotch game of curling, and is president of the Granite Club, the parent curling club of the city.



DR. HUGH McCALLUM, LONDON
President-elect Canadian Medical Association.

Personalities and Problems

13--Sir Rodolphe Forget

Brilliant in Finance, a Leader in Politics and the Maker of a Comprehensive Practical Creed

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

A LONG Notre Dame St. and towards the big parish church—seven times round a corner may you see the broad gilt sign on the seven windows: R. FORGET—lest you forget. The aristocracy of money knows no mere titular distinctions. "Sir Rodolphe" is all very well among the lorgnettes in the opera boxes. Plain FORGET is the thing for the street and the Stock Exchange. And there is an undeniable amount of Forget in Montreal. Lately more than usual.

A few days ago there was a very episodic meeting of the directors of the Banque Internationale—one of Sir Rodolphe's recent babies. This bank has both Canadian and French capital. It was originated somewhat out of the Forget connections in Paris, where Sir Rodolphe has had a branch of his business for some time. It is said that French shareholders represent more than fifty per cent. of the stock. There was to be an annual meeting of the shareholders. There was one. But it was different from what had been expected. Of course many French shareholders could not come. But they sent proxies—totalling more than half the shares of the bank. There was some intention—to elect a board of directors consisting of five French and four Canadian directors. This was not agreeable to the Forget interests. The proxies were ruled out as not being regular. This was in camera. The newspaper reports were mere tabloids. But there was an election in which the French interests were not represented. Sir Rodolphe was re-elected President.

Now the case is to go to the courts; which wherever the blame may lie is a regrettable situation—and should not, as one financial writer said, jeopardize French capital interests in this country.

This was somewhat of a sequel, the beginning of which concerns the Quebec Railway, Light, Heat and Power Co., of which Sir Rodolphe Forget is President, and in which a good share of the stock is also held by French investors. This company is a consolidation effected by Sir Rodolphe less than two years ago merging the Quebec Jacques Cartier Electric Co., Frontenac Gas Co., Quebec Gas Co., Quebec Railway, Light and Power Co., Canadian Electric Light Co., and the Quebec and Saguenay Railway Co., authorized capital \$10,000,000.

In the Quebec Railway, Light and Power branch of the consolidation there had been a minor setback owing to the resignation of some French directors and the failure to secure the contract for lighting Quebec City. Stocks of the Q. R. L. H. P. declined. This had some bearing on the affair of the Banque Internationale. It also affected the stocks of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., of which Sir Rodolphe is President, re-elected after the reorganization meeting last May, when the company became a huge merger of lower lake lines of passenger and freight, in all seventy vessels, much increasing the recent capitalization of \$10,000,000, and intending to list the securities in the London market, where much of the stock is held.

So much for personality in finance.

There was no economic reason why the stocks of the R. & O. should have a flutter over Q. R. L. H. P., except as expressed by a financial writer—"This caused considerable selling of French holdings on the market, and the weakening of marginal accounts caused liquidation in other issues as well." The dividend on the old R. & O. company was eight per cent. In the consolidated company, in spite of a very bad season on the lakes, the dividends were expected to go to between 11 and 13 per cent.

SIMILARLY with the stock of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., of which Sir Rodolphe is vice-president; capitalization \$17,000,000. M. L. H. P. had a bit of a nervous tremor; just nicely perceptible without being dangerous.

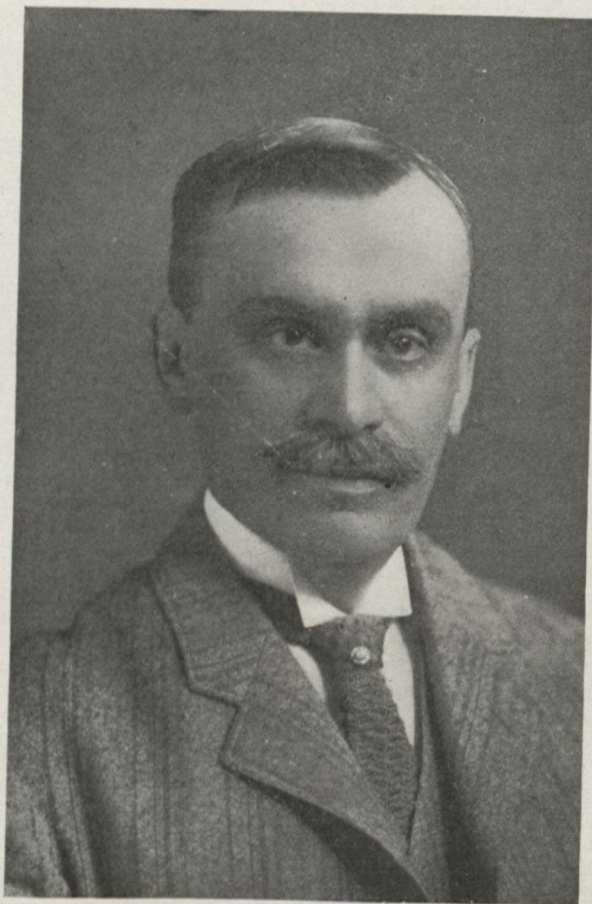
Such is the almost phantom influence of a personality in an aggregation of interests.

Of course the street crowd will understand just why these little sympathetic tremolos occur among the stocks when a single remote interest of one personality is affected. They will shrug and tell you that of course such things would be expected to happen. But to an unfinancial person, especially to a journalist, these phenomena are a magnificent mystery.

The Banque Internationale and the R. & O. Nav. Co. are two of the most recent proofs that the finan-

cial genius of Rodolphe Forget is neither mere-Canadian nor confined to America. The reorganized R. & O. has a large percentage of British capital. The Banque Internationale has been considerably built upon the contents of the "long, red stocking" from Paris. There is that magnificent arc to the Forget manoeuvres. Sir Rodolphe is both a big, constructive Imperialist, and an entente-cordialeist. Himself French-Canadian—born at Terrebonne, P.Q., in 1851—he is as much at home among Paris financiers as on account of his empire proclivities he is familiar with the Old Lady of Threadneedle St. He is still second to Sir William Mackenzie among the money barons of England. But he is the one Canadian who has made it more than a hobby to get the long, red stocking stretched as far as Canada.

I don't know whether it was in the least a political turn that led him to Paris. No doubt he believes that modern Frenchmen who remember how the red stocking was ransacked to pay Germany for



"A financial instinct that at times becomes almost dazzlingly brilliant."

the Franco-Prussian War ought to shell out freely for the sake of a country which was once New France and is now the first overseas dominion in the Empire now being threatened by the newspapers with a German scare. Maybe Sir Rodolphe never bothered with the analysis. As a rule he doesn't. He acts from a financial instinct that at times becomes almost dazzlingly brilliant and as quick as chain lightning. He has the kind of brain that banks heavily on intuition backed up by overwhelming enthusiasm. He goes headlong—but not heedlessly. He has a towering ambition. It seems to be the prerogative of high finance to think in continents. Sir Rodolphe thinks in empires. In less than half of the forty years or less since he went into the brokerage office of his uncle, Louis Forget, who had heavy doings with the C. P. R., he has worked his way into a huge aggregation of financial interests, of which the mere names are impressive.

So they have called him the Napoleon of finance in Montreal, where from 1908 to 1911 he was chairman of the Stock Exchange. Somehow it always seems a little unkind to dub a man Napoleon—who had his Waterloo. Quite apart from nicknames none but a man of magnificent mental attainments in finance, none but a man who can think in millions without getting dizzy, could have become the

leading personal element in so many co-ordinate yet diverse enterprises.

AND at the same time—his politics. He is a parliamentarian. Three times as an Independent Conservative he has represented Charlevoix in the House of Commons. At the last election when he wanted to show how superbly he believed in empire as opposed to reciprocity he worked like a house afire to turn Quebec over to the Conservatives. At that time he was not openly scornful of Henri Bourassa and the Nationalists. He himself was twice elected, on September 21st. He was grandly worked up—*en haut*. Tradition says that he had the refusal of a portfolio in the Borden Cabinet.

Which to one of Sir Rodolphe's alliance of big interests might have seemed a waste of valuable time and energy. At any rate he preferred to remain one of the powers behind. And a power he undoubtedly is; for with all his addiction to high finance he takes to politics as a duck takes to water. He is the one French-Canadian who has managed to mix politics and finance by a process of higher mathematics.

And Sir Rodolphe has established a strong personal following. He is a born though somewhat spectacular leader. He has projected his personality into a multitude of things. In so doing he has scarcely taken time to go over all the connections.

Now he has come to a bit of a deadlock; which compared to the things he has put through may be about the size of a flea compared to a dog.

But one flea sometimes worries a very large dog. This affair of the Banque Internationale and the Q. R. L. H. P.—no doubt he will get it all adjusted. He has been used to hard and swift tussles. And he has made a big issue of what may be termed personalism in finance; which many years ago on a far different principle from anything clearly known in Canada began on the continent of America with Daniel Drew and Jay Gould, Jim Fisk and Commodore Vanderbilt. These men founded Wall St. At various times they did their worst to wreck the United States for the sake of boosting Wall St. They were the pioneers in steamboat and railroad business. One or more of them was always "on the inside" in Wall St.

This pioneer quartette who operated before any one invented "The Star-Spangled Banner" loved their country. Some of them were sorry when the Civil War was over; because somehow the war which killed off so many young men was good for stocks. They had a good deal to do with Legislatures in New York State and New Jersey and with Congress at Washington. There were times when through the manoeuvres of Boss Tweed and Jay Gould they got what they wanted from governments. They took a great personal interest in politics. They knew all about the issues and they helped to make some of them. They were at the basis of the country's finance; for a good share of the time they were right underground. Once three of them packed up all the books and chattels of the Erie Road plus nine million dollars hammered out of Vanderbilt in sales of Erie on Wall St., and to keep out of the clutches of the Commodore's injunctions moved the head offices of the Erie Road across the North River to New Jersey, where they set up temporary offices in Taylor's Hotel. The newspapers lambasted these men; but as there was no public opinion behind the personal journalism the leaders of personal finance didn't care much for the editors. The courts never could faze on them because they bribed one judge to quash the injunction of another. Laws were of no account—because they knew the price of every law-maker.

THESE crude reminiscences are outlined in order to note the contrast between the personal fanciness that built the United States and that which now and then dominates the Wall St. of Canada, which is by some considered to be the Montreal Stock Exchange. Of course there is really no Wall St. in Canada since Toronto also has a stock exchange and Winnipeg one in the making. And the head offices of Canadian banks are pretty evenly divided between Toronto and Montreal, with a few down east and a few little ones out west.

But the Montreal Stock Exchange, whose gloomy

greystone pillars look like a miniature Bank of Montreal down on St. Francois Xavier St., is at least the Wall St. of Montreal. Flights of broad stone steps lead up to the door. Here it is not an uncommon sight to behold idle youths playing high jump up the flags to see which is able to get nearest the door by a single leap from the curb. This, of course, is an allegory. Some of these lads may yet do their high jumping inside the door. And some of them as they leap up the flags may remember that according to the newspapers Sir Rodolphe Forget is the Napoleon of the Exchange.

Sir Rodolphe is also honorary Lieut.-Colonel of the 65th Regiment, Carabiniers. He is deeply interested in politics; is an out-and-out Imperialist; at home a Conservative, in England a believer in Bonar Law and Sir Max Aitken. He is also a French-Canadian; as much so as Mr. Bourassa, who glories in the fact. Yet between Sir Rodolphe the financier and Henri Bourassa the editor there is a great gulf fixed. And there is not time enough in all eternity to bring them, at least politically, together.

At the time when the Keewatin school question was supposed to be agitating the French-Canadians, Sir Rodolphe was asked his opinions about it by a Montreal newspaper. In the course of the interview he took occasion to deliver himself of

HIS CREED.

"I believe in the Conservative party.

"I believe in the C. P. R., the C. N. R., and the G. T. P.

"I believe in a thirty-five foot channel from Montreal to the Atlantic.

"I believe in drydocks at Montreal and Quebec.

"I believe in the Province of Quebec and the Dominion of Canada.

"I believe in the unity and durability of the British Empire.

"I believe in my own people, the French-Canadians, but I want them to be practical and not to be led astray by phantoms."

In the language of the poets, this is "some creed." And it is the expression of a mind accustomed to think big things brilliantly.

Parenthetically he might have added—"And I believe in Rodolphe Forget."

SO also do many other people. He is probably the most modern French-Canadian except Godfroy Langlois. But Langlois is not a financier. Sir Rodolphe is. When he speaks about the Empire it is with the voice of a moneyed man—who has also ideas. Money sometimes has a subtle way of making ideas; sometimes of buying them. I don't think Sir Rodolphe's ideas about how to govern and develop this country as part of the Empire originated in the Stock Exchange. In fact he might have had time to grow more of them if he hadn't been so busy making money and dominating interests.

And you get a notion of how inaccessibly involved in finance and political ideas Sir Rodolphe is when you try the arduous game of getting inside his private office. I tried several times but never made goal. When I first asked for an interview he was in Paris. That was last May. At that time very probably the excitement at the northwest corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier was under a lullaby. The seven windows placarded R. FORGET were not being gawked into by curious curbstone folk, such as one I saw a few days ago standing on the steps of a building opposite, trying to get a glimpse of Sir Rodolphe; when the only part of him visible was the top of his head, opposite him a very excited person talking visibly in voluble French.

Sir Rodolphe has no need to go on to the Exchange except at times of great excitement. He has the convenient faculty of knowing what is happening or what is likely to happen without directly feeling the pulse of other men. More than half the floor space of his office is a more or less public rotunda, where any of his clients may sit down and study the quotations of stocks as they come over the tickers and are set down on the score-board by a clerk.

Here, the day that Sir Rodolphe arrived back from Paris and London, there was a lively and picturesque concourse of people. At the long reading-table littered with newspapers and periodicals was a group of interested folk who, between readings, blinked up at the scores. Near the door, in a couple of cathedralesque chairs, sat two clergy in black robes. Not far from the outer door were a pair of sisters of the church. On the broad settle by the west wall two bontonnish young men, who much resembled financiers in the making, held a very mellifluous conversation with a vivacious and handsome brunette. Within the iron paling many clerks buzzed and bustled. The advertising man-

ager, who is a sort of chief clerk, occupied much of his time at the wicket explaining very brusquely to numerous callers why they could not see Sir Rodolphe. All that morning he had been sewed up in the inner office at a meeting of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co. directors, whose literature so lavishly interspersed the pictures on the rotunda walls. It was the time when the R. & O. was being reorganized into a syndicate.

"Now I don't know at what moment you can see him," said the clerk. "He is to be busy till—I am sure three o'clock."

But he conveyed the note to the inner office.

Soon he came back.

"For a very few moments he will see you at four o'clock," he said. "You will—come back?"

At four the crowd in the lobby was even more lively and garrulous. The tickers were comparatively idle and the score-board clerk had little to do at a time of day when the baseball clerks were most busy. But the oddly diversified crowd that crammed the lobby seemed to be keenly and temperamentally aware that Sir Rodolphe was home again.

The chief clerk kept glancing nervously at the office clock. Many a time he had wished that clock had four faces. So many people desiring to see Sir Rodolphe—how in time was it possible for any one clock not to prevaricate sometimes? Here it was past four; and as yet no signs of the financier being let out of jail in that inner room at the corner. Half a dozen important-looking people in the crowd were also looking at the clock and snapping watches and leaning nervously upon umbrellas; giving all the signs that each of them had a direct and immediate appointment with Sir Rodolphe.

Soon he came out very quietly.

"Are you wanting to—see me?"

He was dressed in quite pronounced fashion; broad plaid-like grey; hair pretty well iron-greied; sharp, quick eyes—all features accentuated more than in most men; a luminosity that suggested great celerity of thought.

I knew it would be but for a moment or two. It was already past the hour. Many were waiting. He did not invite me in. There was no reason why he should not talk in the open. This was no meeting of directors. He was used to interviewers—on sidewalks, gang-planks, hotel rotundas, in a cab or a motor-car. Not a bit flustered. A few days before he had been diligently quizzed by a New York immigration official as to whether he could read and write.

"Oh, yes, the *Gazette* interviewed me," he said, swiftly. "I think I told them all I had to give out."

"But you have been in England."

"Yes, I have been much in England."

"More than in France?"

"I think so. In England I felt like an Englishman—"

Though he spoke with a fine French twang.

"I am more at home in London than in Paris."

"Is that—politically?"

"No. It is natural. We are one people. A French-Canadian is not necessarily a Frenchman because he speaks French."

"You—met some of the political leaders."

"I dined with Bonar Law."

"Did you discuss the German war scare?"

"We did. I don't think there is much in it. Too much political capital and newspaper talk is being made of it."

"But are the British people generally not seized of the scare?"

He laughed poohpoohishly.

"Understand," he said, "we are in this country more easily excited over Imperial affairs than they are in England. I don't mean more than the leaders of opinion, but more than the rank and file. War between England and Germany would cost far too much. The real war is commercial. Besides, Germany is hard up. England—is the money-lender of the world."

"Then as to Canada and the *entente cordiale*—what?"

He had just come from Paris.

"I mean—what has French Canada to do with it?"

"Politically, nothing. Racially, very little. We are not French. I have been much in Paris and I like it. I do business in Paris. But that is not because of race or language? It is—business."

"What do you think of the modern French movement in Canada?"

He was not quite clear as to what this meant—the possible drawing together of modern France and modern French Canada; of which he himself is a brilliant example.

"Poh!" He swung away on his heels with a shrug. "Do you mean—Nationalism?"

Enough said—apparently. I did not mean Nationalism.

"That is not precisely modern, Sir Rodolphe. That is more historic, perhaps. No—modern political and financial and religious conditions in both countries."

Because it is quite certain that there is some movement in Quebec, not to be sure like or akin to the modern religious and educational revolutions in France, but quite decisive enough to make a tendency—whatever it means.

"No," he said, beginning to fade away—for the waiting list was bigger than before and the clock was moving on.

"I refer to business. France is beginning to take a keen interest in Canada—just as England has been doing for years. French capital is beginning to come to Canada. Just the other day we had the visit of the Academicians—the Legation. This summer we are to have a visit from some prominent French investors. They believe me when I tell them there is a fine field in this country for investment."

"Particularly in the West?"

"No—just as much in the East; in Toronto and Montreal; just as good as anywhere. They understand that. Oh, they are going to come. We shall have large French investments in Canada. There is nothing to stop that. We must do all we can to encourage it. Capital is not limited to international boundaries. Uh—you will excuse me?"

He turned away—to a plain-looking woman near the door.

"Well, madame—did you wish to see me?"

He had finished with Madame before I left the office. Afterwards he would hold a levee with the rest in the rotunda. It was his field day. Back from Paris he was out in the open; optimistic, irrepressible, vivacious and as alert as a greyhound. Very admirable Sir Rodolphe! He is a genius. I can well imagine him on an election night howling his head off to the winter winds on a campaign song.

Such temperamental vitality!

Lure of the Fall Fair

By W. A. CLARKE

BE it the little one, where agricultural exhibits reign supreme, or the big one, from which agriculture at times fears that it is being crowded out, the fall fair draws us with a sweet compulsion that cannot be denied. It's "the same old thing" we declare, but even were that true, we couldn't stay away; and we know that the present rate of progress of the human race quietly gives us the lie on that statement in nearly every department of the fair.

More pleasant than most picnics, more satisfying than the loudly and glaringly heralded circus and more uniformly enjoyable than concerts, conventions and the many other usually indoor gatherings, the fall fair is truly "in a class by itself," and it comes more nearly to living up to advance notices than does anything else to the boosting of which the able, imaginative press agent turns his hand.

Breadth, largeness, bustle and freshness are ever attributes of the fall fair. Fine weather never tastes finer and never—save, perhaps, on the first day when spring smiles in conquest over winter—do we drink in sunshine with greater pleasure than on days of the fair. Then, too, the fair has an atmosphere of its own. Noises and colour combinations that elsewhere would excite and annoy are not out of tune and place there. And there vivacity is enthroned. Conventionalities fall away from us and we rejoice in elemental pleasures. All of us are part of the big show. We wander at will and are not tied down as at theatre, concert or ball game. The fall fair is the children's fairyland, and, unless our dyspepsia or rheumatism are unforgettable, we are all children there. Every fellow is a good fellow and a hail fellow well met. City and country meet and mingle and both are the better for it.

That desire of the people to be humbugged, which Barnum of circus fame used to speak of, shows up at the fair. The day there seems incomplete if we have not been able to take along a couple or more dollars so that we can enjoy the luxury of being wasteful—of buying what we don't need and won't need, merely to indulge our spendthrift streak. We are not asking value for our money in the usual sense; all we ask is that we be pleasantly humbugged, and so we will almost let ourselves believe the limber-jawed barkers who wish to assure us that all we need to make home happy is a cheap microscope or one of the fountain pens they are "giving away to-day." "Come on! Come on!" cries the "spieler," and we obey him although perhaps some-

(Concluded on page 22.)

Dolly's Sandwich-man

The Story of a Man Who Had His Revenge

By VIRNA SHEARD

IN the tide of life that continually sweeps by a certain corner of Twenty-third Street, New York, sooner or later nearly every human atom of the travelling public appears and passes, and this was the reason the sandwich-man had chosen that particular beat.

He was so familiar a figure to the frequenters of the street that they seldom noticed him, but took him for granted in all weathers, as they took the shop windows, electric light signs, the old woman who sold violets, and the half-witted boy who wound up the anatomy of tin rabbits and sent them hopping along the pavement.

By dint of long practice the sandwich-man had perfected a sinuous and unobtrusive method of locomotion whereby his clumsy wooden overcoat rarely rubbed shoulders with a conventional garment, and he kept moving in a mechanical sort of way that covered miles enough in a day to have aroused the envy of a professional pedestrian. His mind and his body worked independently of each other, apparently, and with him not to think of fatigue seemed to eliminate it.

On a certain May morning one side of the wooden overcoat in purple letters urged a long-suffering public to "chew Pole-axe," and the other side, in vivid scarlet, advised it to lose no time in hearing somebody's lecture on

The sandwich-man shuffled along with a gait all his own, the singularity of it being chiefly due to the fact that he had no toes on either foot, and on one especial foot a good deal less than no toes. The toes had been frozen off up in the Yukon fifteen years before, but he had never become quite used to doing without them.

The two boards bumped against his knees, and the leather straps binding the boards together cut down against his neck—sandwich signs being constructed with but slight consideration for the comfort of the wearer.

Although the sun was brilliant and the sky of an adorable azure, there was a high wind blowing—a wind, indeed, that might almost have been called a young cyclone at a certain point on the street where rose a high, wedge-shaped building. The boards now flapped sharply against the sandwich-man's ribs, that were none too well upholstered, and the wind harrowed him and forced him into a half-run.

He went up a couple of blocks and then down in seeming indifference to discomfort. One expression dominated his lined, weather-beaten face. It was the tense expression of a person who searches unceasingly, whole-hearted, and hungrily for one thing. His eyes were two steel-blue points of light that dwelt for an infinitesimal time on each face that passed; that is, each man's face, for he was looking the world over for a man.

The sandwich-man had long since discarded the superfluities of life, but when the mealtime hours came around he gave his whole, undivided attention to eating and drinking, that he might thereby lay up strength to search the longer, for none might say what years his quest would take. He had also given up what he called "work," for work took him into proscribed places and surrounded him with a limited number of people. The advertising boards brought him a living and the freedom of the streets, and on the streets, he had long since conceded, he would some day find the man he looked for.

Now and then a passer-by who seldom took that road, glanced back at the odd figure, not so much to read the aggressively insistent signs as because the worn face held him with its keen, cold eyes; and the close-set mouth, indomitable chin, and concentration of expression stirred his curiosity. It was the face of the hunter.

The throngs increased towards noon and jostled along the busy thoroughfare goodnaturedly, for, after all, it was a spring wind that was blowing,

with a scent of the sea in it, and a hint of far-off green-growing things—a warm wind that, with rough caress, brought the colour to faded cheeks, and set the old spring-feet and wanderlust astir in many a city-worn heart.

As the sandwich-man reached the end of his beat, the perfume from a tray full of violets held by the old woman at the corner was blown directly to him. He turned his eyes for a moment towards the purple clusters set in their cool green, and let the people pass unheeded; but it was only for a moment, then he shuffled on.

A child came towards him down the pavement skipping along lightly beside a woman who might have been either her nurse or governess, for she was an austere person, in the sad-hued garments of

Before the woman realized it, the little girl had left her side and was pursuing the aged Derby that careered madly along the edge of the asphalt pavement, and then took a flying leap into the street crowded with traffic.

Now it rolled on its brim like a small, unique black wheel, and again bounded grotesquely along on its dented crown just ahead of the little following figure. Horses were jerked suddenly aside, and automobiles skidded and swerved perilously to avoid touching the child, but what seemed the inevitable did not happen, though rough drivers turned white, breathed hard, and used language kept in reserve for just such occasions.

The sandwich-man had called sharply to the child not to trouble about his hat, as he hobbled after it himself; but she passed him and did not heed, even if she heard.

The nurse shrielled repeated commands to her charge and hastened forward, her cloak ballooning in the wind and combining with fear to lend her wings.

Careless of everything but the rolling hat, Dolly flew along, her yellow hair, crimson skirts, and black-stockinged legs making her look like a wind-blown poppy.

The battered headpiece brought up at last for half a minute beside the kerb, and she corralled it; then, rosy with triumph and breathless, came back to the sandwich-man, holding out the trophy of the chase.

"Here it is!" said Dolly, waving the Derby out towards its owner. "Here's your hat! I'm afraid it's rather dusty and dented. I'm so sorry."

The man glanced down at the little girl, noting the beauty of her face with the eager, unspoiled soul looking out from the clear eyes. Her garments, he saw, were the garments of the rich. He was trembling through all his limbs.

"You shouldn't have troubled fer to get my hat, miss," he said, a queer expression flitting across his mouth. "It was dangerous out on the street—mighty dangerous. But it was kind of you. I'm sure, I thank you most hearty."

"You are quite welcome," Dolly answered, smiling up at him as the nurse reached them.

"I'm astonished at you, Miss Dorothy!" called the woman, angrily. "You have frightened me half to death! The idea of you tearing off down Broadway after a man's hat, and"—dropping her voice—"a sandwich-man's hat into the bargain! I'm positively astonished at you—that's what I am!"

"But he could not have caught it himself, Johanna," the child explained. "He just simply could not with those boards around him. And you see"—with a glance at the crippled feet—"you see for yourself he could not go

very fast anyway, and the wind was blowing it farther every second, and you didn't go after it, nor the policeman, nor anybody else on the street, so I had to."

The nurse sniffed.

"I sure hope you won't find no fault with the little lady on my account, ma'am," put in the man, apologetically. "The old tile wasn't worth considerin', an' I wouldn't have had her go fer to get it on no account." He paused to glance keenly at the passing people, then brought his searching eyes back to the woman.

"I don't know jest why the little lady did go fer to get it, but I reckon she's got a different kind of nature from the general run of travellers on this road. I thank ye again, miss," he added, bowing awkwardly over the top of the boards.

Dolly nodded up at him, the dimples flicking in and out of her cheeks. The man twisted the old hat around a moment in his hands, then shuffled on apparently forgetting to replace it on his head.

The nurse caught the child firmly by one hand. "Come along at once, Miss Dorothy!" she said,



"Before the woman realized it, the little girl had left her side, and was pursuing the aged Derby that careered madly along."

some Order. On her sleekly braided hair was a flat, unlovely bonnet, and a skimpy blue cloak, whose evident duty it was to hang decorously, now coquetted with the breeze.

"This is no morning to go out walking, Miss Dorothy," said the woman, impatiently. "It blows a perfect gale, and tears one to pieces."

"Oh, it's a lovely morning, I think, Johanna!" returned the child, keeping beside her with dancing steps. "Such a fresh, sparkly, tingly morning! Besides, the last thing dad said before he went away was, 'Dolly, you must go out every single day! You remember, don't you?'"

"The wind would probably have abated by the afternoon," returned the woman. "Little girls have not the best of judgments. You should not have teased to go before noon."

"It's lovely! But, oh, Johanna! Just look at the sandwich-man! Those boards bang up dreadfully against him. They must hurt. Oh!" she gave a little cry. "Oh, dear! There goes his hat! I don't believe he can ever catch up to it, it's going so fast!"

sharply. "People are looking at us. My gracious! how you could even touch such an old greasy object I don't see! Do try to walk along like other children, and don't give me such a start again."

Dolly glanced back over her shoulder, though the compelling hand drew her onward none too gently.

"Oh, Johanna!" she said, "he hasn't put it on yet. The wind is blowing his hair every way. It's wavy and silvery-black like Dad's, only longer. It looks so funny puffing up that way, and he walks in such a funny way, and the boards flap like—like queer sort of wings!" Then she gave a short, uncertain laugh that broke. "No," she went on hastily. "Oh, no! that isn't the word at all, Johanna. He isn't at all funny. I'm just sorry for him."

"I think he looks a bit mad," said the woman irritably. "Most likely he's an old tramp, or drunkard escaped from the Island, and just going around with those advertising boards to make enough money to indulge a depraved taste for liquor. But I should not mention such things before you, Miss Dorothy. After this we will take out Bijou and walk in the park."

"Bijou does not like his leash," Dolly objected, "and he wants to run away; and, anyway, dad said you were to take me in whichever direction I liked, and I like this way. But Bijou can go when we go to the park."

"Your father indulges you too much," said the woman, bending against the wind. The child danced along beside her again, and they were lost in the crowd.

The sandwich-man tramped up and down his beat and watched the passing faces—but with a difference. He saw in fancy a small, crimson-skirted figure running along the dangerous street after his dilapidated hat. The dread and horror of the moment stayed with him. The child's face came back to him. The words she had used to argue her case with the austere nurse, the kindness of the little action, the sweetness of her defence of it, roused old feelings in him. It was so long a day since anyone had gone out of their way to do him a good turn. He could not shake off the impression of the passing incident. The next day, and the next, as he tramped along, he found himself keeping a keen look-out for a child with fluffy yellow hair and rose-tinted face—a child guarded by an angular and unmellow nurse. He knew the child would smile when she saw him, would recognize him again, would single him out from all that careless throng. It was so long since anyone had recognized him, or had smiled at him, or had singled him out. God knew how long!

On the third day she came again, the nurse holding her by an unyielding hand-clasp, but it was as he knew it would be, when the little maid saw him she nodded and dimpled, and more, she drew the resisting nurse towards him with the strength born of sudden impulse and indomitable determination of youth.

"Good morning!" Dolly called to him, coming close. "Isn't it just a beautiful morning? See! I got these roses from the old, old woman at the corner; they are a little wilted because she has had them so long in the sun, but here is one for you if you would like it." She held the rose up to him.

"There's no wind to-day, is there?" she said, smiling confidentially, as though the memory of the wind-storm gave them a bond in common.

The sandwich-man took the flower and smiled down at her. His thanks were not fervent or eloquent. Something gripped at his heart and tangled the words on his lips. He held the wilted red rose in his knotted hands and looked after the little girl and the woman as they went down the street.

"I do hope you are not always going to stop and speak to that old character, Miss Dorothy!" the nurse complained.

"I'm afraid I am, Johanna," said the child. Then she laughed, "I think he likes me to, Johanna."

"Likes you to!" exclaimed the woman. "What has that to do with it? It is very bold to speak to street vendors. I shall have to tell your father, I fear."

"Dad won't mind," Dolly returned, skipping along. "I just know he won't. I told him myself that I was friends with the silly boy who winds up the tin rabbits and the boy who sells guinea-pigs and the cross-eyed man who has shoestrings on a board. The sandwich-man is just as gentlemanly as any of those, Johanna—and I like him better."

Johanna said no more. Long experience had taught her her inability to change Dolly's point of view.

As the days went by, what had been a chance acquaintance bid fair to ripen into friendship. The man with his advertising boards kept always to

the same beat, and Dolly insisted on taking her walks abroad in that direction for several weeks.

Sometimes after purchasing flowers she gave him one, or she would merely stop a moment to pass the time of day, though occasionally the conversation lengthened into a five-minutes chat. Now and then, when they were out very early and the street was comparatively empty, she insisted on Bijou, who unwillingly accompanied her, showing the sandwich-man what he could accomplish in the way of sitting up on his hind legs, holding a nickle on a nose little fitted by nature to hold anything, and playing dead dog, which he did in anything but a corpse-like way.

The man at such moments forgot the thronging

people, the horrible boards, and his stumbling, crippled feet. He asked no questions of the child—he did not even know her name or where she lived—but something in the warm beauty of her had changed the current of his thoughts.

One morning, when Dolly and the nurse met him at the busy corner, the child's face was marked by tears, and she waved her hand as though she wished him to stop.

"We have lost Bijou!" she called. "Johanna and I have hunted up and down. Oh, if you see him will you please bring him to our hotel? He pulled his leash away from Johanna and ran, and ran. I did not know he could run so fast, and then he

(Continued on page 22.)



HEARING WOODROW WILSON.

I HEARD Woodrow Wilson make a speech the other day. It wasn't much of a speech, and it wasn't a political speech; so you might say that it was hardly a fair test of his capacity as a public tribune. But it seemed to me to sufficiently reveal the man. It was an address of welcome to a hall full of war veterans, and they must have applauded him as much as two or three times after the salvo of cheers that greeted his appearance on the platform. He talked to them about the nobility of service to the community which they had typified in risking their lives for their country; and he told them at length of an essay, written by a friend of his, in which he said that peace would only become as glorious as war when its emblems became as beautiful. That is, you never went into a home and saw a spade or a hoe up over the mantel-piece, and heard that family say—"Our father bore that implement as a soldier of labour"; but you saw a sword or a musket there, and were told of the hero who carried it as a soldier of his country. I don't think that they applauded that at all. It was a fine, scholarly, Sunday-school superintendent sort of an address—not a word mispronounced and not a slang phrase. We were all very much edified; and the heat of the room ceased to be noticeable before he stopped.

I MEDIATELY what "Teddy" would have done with that crowd of Cuban war veterans! I doubt whether he would have entertained them with an account of a friend of his who wrote an essay glorifying the humble spade. But they would have felt more as if they were at a reunion of soldiers, and less as if they were attending the "commencement exercises" of a Young Ladies' College for "gentlemen's daughters." Woodrow Wilson is now out West to counteract the effect of Roosevelt's tour through that rough and unformed section of the country; and I should think that every unregenerate son of strife who hopes for "Teddy's" election, would rejoice hilariously at the news. If Woodrow doesn't make a vote a minute for the Rough Rider all the time he is in the "cow boy" country, he will not be doing himself justice.

ANOTHER thought that has occurred to me frequently while watching the Wilson campaign, is that if Big Business succeeds in electing him President in its effort to "do anything to beat Roosevelt," it may be mightily sorry for its investment one of these fine mornings. Woodrow Wilson looks to me exactly like the kind of a man who would work a problem out on his College black-board some evening after school had "shut," and then calmly regard all rude and uncollegiate persons who reached a different conclusion through experience as the true College man always regards the "outer barbarians." They would be simply wrong—that was all. He might be patient with them; but he would be unconvinced unless they could work it out by logarithms and show him that he had skipped a mathematical cog somewhere in his calculations. And when convinced in this fashion that he was right, he would go straight ahead and do the "right," though "the heavens fell" or Pittsburg blew up. Now Roosevelt may be Radical, but he is a practical man, and he would not treat the problems of the Presidency as if they were quadratic equations.

OF course, I know how wicked it is to want Roosevelt elected, and how insane it is to imagine that he has a chance; but there are an awful lot of wicked people in the wicked United States and insanity seems to be spreading. My impression is—gathered from personal enquiry and the statements made to me by men who have travelled in many parts of the American Union—that the American people have not yet made up their minds. As a man said to me about Maine—"They are just thinking it over." You must remember that a revolutionary new condition of things has arisen. The Republican party, which has never gone into an election since Lincoln without being certain of victory—though they missed twice on Cleveland—is now certain of defeat. Whatever else happens, Taft cannot be elected. That is universally regarded as decided. Now what effect will that have on the rank and file of the Republican voters? We know what the effect will be on the "machinists." They will try to keep the "machine" as little damaged as possible with a view to future operations. But what about the mass of the electors who cannot look so far ahead?

WELL, they will see Wilson, a Democrat, running against Roosevelt, a Republican for all practical purposes. He has been twice a Republican President. Just the other day, he was a candidate for the Republican nomination. In some of the States, the Republican organization is supporting him as naturally as if he were the regular Republican nominee. He is the only Republican who can be elected. Will the average Republican consent to ensure the election of a Democrat by voting for Taft or will he prefer to vote for a Republican who may possibly win? In other words, will his fidelity to "regularity" be sufficient to overcome his natural passion to "beat a Democrat"? There will be no enthusiasm for Taft to draw him in that direction—there will be no hope of victory—there will be only a dubious and challenged "regularity." On the other hand, there will be the attractive personality of "Teddy," some hope of victory, and a Progressive platform. Of course, those who hate the Progressive platform, and who organized the nomination of Taft in order to kill it at all costs, will vote against it. They will quite possibly vote for Wilson to make sure. But they must be very few in comparison with those who like the platform, whatever they think of "Teddy's" sincerity.

"BUT doesn't that elect Wilson?"—you will ask. He will get the solid Democratic vote, and he will get a lot of Republicans and Big Business people who want to "beat Roosevelt"; and isn't that a majority? Will it not, in any case, be more than Roosevelt can get? Most certainly, if—the "if" is—will Wilson get the whole Bryan Democratic vote? He will if Bryan can "deliver" it; but can he? That vote has been fed on advanced Radicalism for years—it is in favour of everything Roosevelt advocates, except leaving the tariff up—it will like "Teddy" far better than the cautious and "conservative" Princeton President. It would stick to Bryan if he were running; but will it stick to Dr. Wilson? This is, I think, one of the most important questions of the campaign. Another is—will ordinary business men prefer a theoretic college man who regards the tariff as "unconstitutional" to a practical public man who learns from life and not from text-books?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Toronto, Champions of the International League, 1912



From Left to Right Standing: Maxwell, Stricklett, O'Hara, Lush, Isaacs, Bernstein (Business Manager), Bradley (Captain), Dalton, Curtis, Drucke. Sitting: Graham, McConnell, Mueller, Rudolph, Meyer, Kelley (Manager), McCaffery (President), Jordan, Fitzpatrick, Holly, Shaw and Bemis.

People and Events

The Duke's Interest in Canada

THAT the Duke of Connaught takes more than a passing interest in things Canadian is quite evident to those who come in contact with him.

On his first visit to Toronto he took a look at University Ave., the broad and beautifully shaded thoroughfare that connects Queen Street with Queen's Park, and he noted with disappointment its neglected condition. The east side was in very bad shape. He asked what was being done to improve it and was informed by Mayor Geary that a plan for improving it was ready. This area is controlled jointly by the university authorities and the city, and under the leadership of Sir Edmund Walker a comprehensive plan had been decided upon.

When the Duke returned to Toronto to open the Exhibition, he motored down the Avenue and saw the work of regeneration going on. First thing he did on meeting Mayor Geary was express his pleasure at seeing the improvement under way.

It is also stated that His Royal Highness receives not a few public men from all parts of Canada at Rideau Hall, and that he likes to take a before-breakfast stroll through Rideau Hall grounds with his guests, quizzing them all the time on various Canadian topics. He is evidently intent on getting his finger on the Canadian national pulse.

Remarkable Shooting

AS already noted in these columns, the rifle shooting at Canadin ranges this year has been exceptionally good. The averages have been higher than in any previous year. The Ross rifle is being improved from year to year and the men who use it understand it better.

On this page is a group of riflemen photographed at the Rockcliffe Rifle Ranges, at Ottawa, lately, and the picture is of unusual interest to rifle shots. Lieut-Col. William Anderson, a former commandant of the 43rd Duke of Cornwall's Own Rifles, of Ottawa, who won the Governor-General's Gold Medal and \$200 in 1900, is shaking hands with Sergt. Guthaus, of the 43rd, who won this greatest of all Canadian shooting honours this year. In other words, one regimental winner is congratulating another—or extending greetings from the winner on the "last occasion" this regiment had the honour to the "present one." Amongst those in the group are some of the best rifle shots in the Dominion.

A second picture shows the remarkable score made by the Canadians in the "Palma Trophy" competition, recently, at Ottawa. The shooting was phenomenal and two world's records were broken. In the Palma Trophy competition, 1907, the Canadians made a world's record of 1,712 points, and this record stood until this year, when the United States team made a new record with 1,720 out of a

Champion Rifle Shots of 1912



Congratulations from Col. Anderson, Former Winner of Governor-General's, to Sergt. Guthaus of the Same Corps (43rd), Who Won the Prize This Year.

Palma Trophy CANADA															1912						
Rank and Name.	S	S	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	800	900	1000	TOTAL
QMS McInnes	3	2	4	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	4	5	75	69	70	214
Capt N. Smith	4	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	4	5	4	5	5	5	74	73	71	218
Sergt Russell	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	75	74	73	222
Lieut Morris	3	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	3	5	4	5	5	4	5	5	75	72	69	216
Sergt Freeborn	5	5	5	3	3	5	5	5	5	3	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	74	69	68	211
Kelly	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	3	5	5	4	5	5	73	62	70	205
Lieut Steck	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	4	5	5	5	4	4	5	5	5	5	73	73	69	215
Sergt W.A. Smith	4	4	3	5	4	4	4	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4	4	5	74	69	68	211
E. H. Price (W. O.) 57m															59	56	55	58	1712		
149/12 C.S.M.																					

Canadian Team Score in the Palma Trophy Match.

Colonel Sam and Staff in London



Left to Right: Lt.-Col. Maunsell, Col. Landry, Lt.-Col. Morrison, Lord Strathcona, Col. Sam Hughes, Col. Hodgins, Major Robertson, Lt.-Col. Harston.

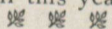
possible 1,800. The second record was held by Sergeant G. W. Russell, G. G. F. G., who once made 219 out of 225. This year he broke his own record by making a new one of 222 out of 225.

The United States winning score was as follows:

	800	900	1,000	Tl.
Lt.-Col. Tewes	74	72	68	214
Capt. Casey	75	72	69	216
Major Martin	74	69	70	213
Major Hessian	74	73	69	216
Musician Chesley	73	71	68	212
Capt. Eddy	73	72	71	216
Sergt. Keough	75	71	71	217
Sergt. Kean	72	71	73	216

Total 590 571 559 1,720

The Palma Trophy competition dates back to 1878. It first came to Canada when a Canadian team went down to Seagirt, New Jersey, in 1901, and won by 32 points. In 1902, it was won by Great Britain with 12 points over the United States and 87 over Canada. In 1903, the United States won it. No contest was held again until 1907, when the United States again won it at Ottawa, Canada, Australia and Great Britain competing. No further contest occurred until this year.



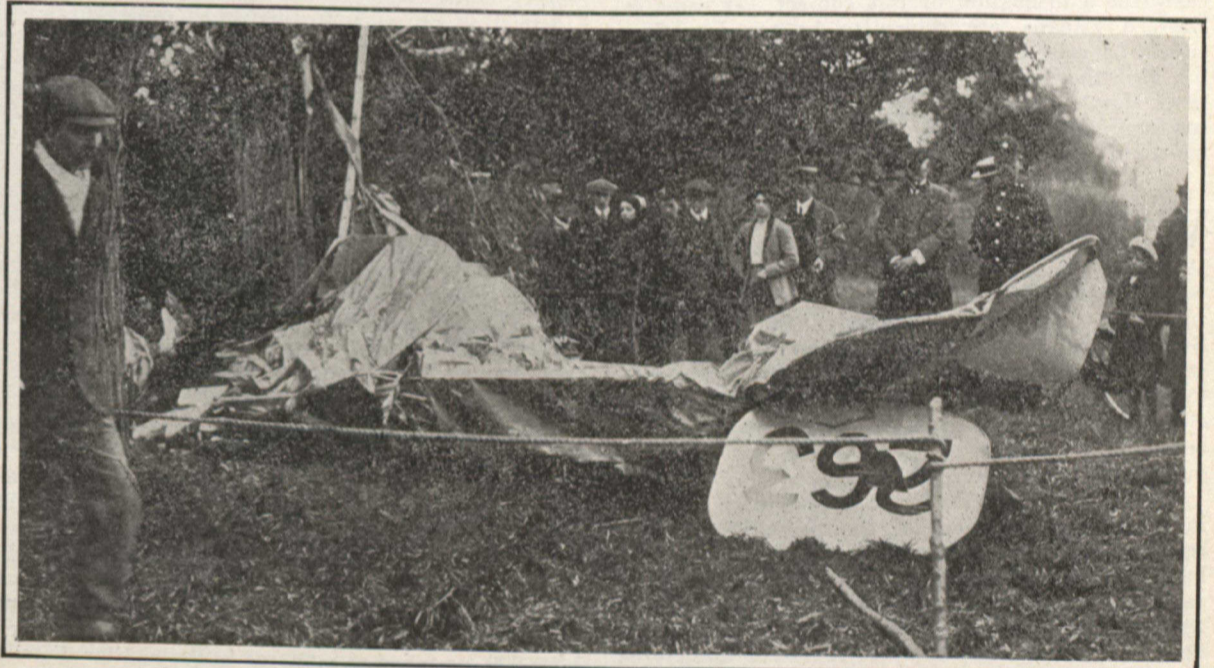
Colonel Sam Abroad

THERE is no more picturesque figure in public office to-day than Colonel Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia. Just now Colonel Sam is doing England and the Continent. His especial purpose was to attend the September manoeuvres at Aldershot. He is accompanied by several members of the Canadian staff—all loyal friends of the "Chief." They include Lt.-Col. G. S. Maunsell, Director of Engineering; Colonel W. E. Hodgins, Commandant 14th Division; Lt.-Col. E. W. B. Morrison, D.S.O., Royal Canadian Artillery; Lt.-Col. Greville Harston, Headquarters Staff; Major Robertson, Engineers; and Col. Landry.

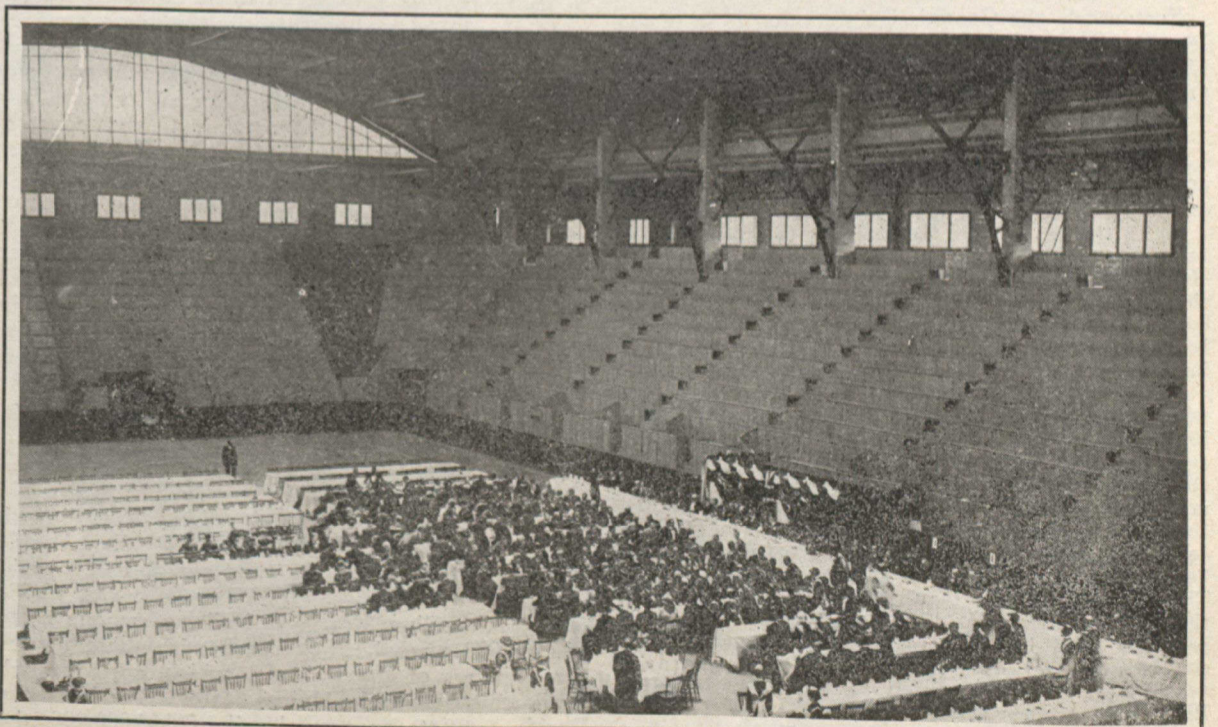
On the evening of Friday, the 20th, the Colonel's party, as well as all other officers from the Dominions, were entertained to dinner in London by Col. Seely, Secretary of State for War, and the Army Council. Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, Lord Lansdowne, General Ian Hamilton, Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour and others were present.

Previous to this function, all the Dominion officers were presented to the King by Col. Seely. His Majesty had a brief chat with each.

Every one agrees that Colonel Sam has been hard at work gathering new ideas in England, and that when he returns there will be a further rustling of dead leaves. The Minister has certainly stirred up the Militia Department since he took office, and the air of progressiveness is quite perceptible.



Aeroplanes Are Decidedly Destructive of Aviators, Civilian and Military. This Picture Shows the Wreckage of the Aeroplane Which Killed Lieut. Bettington and Lieut. Hotchkiss Near Oxford Recently.



Where 1,200 People Sat Down to Dine With Premier Borden on Monday Night Last in Toronto. The Photograph Shows the Only Other Banquet Yet Held in This New "Arena."

When the East Helps the West

Outlining a Popular Basis for "Freight Rate" Discussion

By NORMAN PATTERSON

WHETHER the East helps the West or milks the West is a question on which some Canadians have different views. When the President of the Toronto Board of Trade went West this summer he was interviewed for his attitude on freight rates. Reporters asked him if he sympathized with the grievances of the West in this respect. He answered that he thought local rates in the West were too high as compared with similar rates in the East, and added that if the railways were not able to reduce rates in the West without raising them in the East he would favour this being done.

It would seem that this pretty nearly expresses the present attitude of the East towards the West. The East has invested much in Western Canada—brains, thought, effort, plans, backing, men and money. Sometimes the West belittles that. It admits the money investment but meets the argument by saying, "Give us our fiscal freedom and we will take over these assets at an arbitration value. We will willingly assume our share of the Dominion's debt and of the national obligations." But the money is only a bagatelle. The son can never pay his mother in money. The debt Canada owes to Britain and British civilization can never be paid in money. The debt Western Canada owes to Eastern Canada cannot be estimated in dollars nor paid in dollars. What the East has given it gave freely and expects no monetary reward.

In considering the question of freight rates in Western Canada there should be only economic arguments. It doesn't matter what the West owes the East or the East the West. This is not the basis for a discussion of this subject. If rates in Eastern Canada are shown to be too low they should be raised. If rates in Western Canada are too high they should be lowered. These two questions should be decided by students of political economy and transportation science, not by arguments of a sentimental character.

WHAT then is the basis on which one may determine whether or not railway rates in the West are too high? The only authority to which we may go for an answer or for guidance is the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States. That independent tribunal has been in existence a great many years and was created largely to protect the people from exorbitant railway charges and unjust discriminations. It has a unique record as a defender of public rights and as a regulator of railway rules and charges.

This question as to what rates should be charged in the different sections of the United States has received long and painstaking examination at the hands of the Interstate Commerce Commission, assisted by generations of newspaper and magazine writers and professors of political economy. If, therefore, we know what the Interstate Commerce Commission thinks on this subject, we in Canada should have a fairly accurate guide as to what should be done in this country.

Fortunately the Commission's opinion is in print. It is Opinion 1967, being a part of the report on the United States express rates case. In part this Opinion reads as follows:

"We have therefore felt that it was necessary for us to recognize the variation in the density of traffic and of population and in the expense of operating railroads in the different sections of the country.

"With this in mind as the basis for the formation of rates, the country has been divided into five grand subdivisions. These sub-divisions conform generally to those recognized by the rail carriers, and which this commission has in the consideration of freight rates been led to believe were based upon actual differences in operating and traffic conditions.

"These sub-divisions may be seen by reference to the map heretofore referred to. Zone One, as it is called, being the territory north of the Ohio and the Potomac and east of the Mississippi, in which there generally obtains a lower grade of freight rates and passenger rates and express rates, than elsewhere throughout the United States, and in which the population is most dense and traffic most abundant. Below this zone lies Zone Two. To the west of the Mississippi lies Zone Three, which generally takes slightly higher rates than the southern territory. This zone includes also the peninsula of Michigan, as well as a portion of Wisconsin, because the conditions in these territories more nearly meet those immediately west of the Mississippi River than the conditions obtaining in the territory immediately adjacent to Zone One. To the west of Zone Three, which extends as far as Denver, lies the great intermountain country, which, as yet, is but

scarcely populated, and as to which rates distinctly higher than rates obtaining in any of the eastern territories should be made. The belt of states running along the Pacific coast has been set apart as Zone Five, conditions therein being different from those found in any of the other zones, their population being more dense and their conditions of transportation, all things considered, less expensive than in the zone immediately to the east."

IT will be gathered from this Opinion that the Commission is in favour of five sets of rates, each set being applicable to a certain geographical zone in the United States. These zones are defined by differences in population and traffic. Where population is dense and traffic abundant the rates should be low. Where population is sparse and traffic less abundant the rates should be higher. Where a zone comprises mountainous territory the rates should be higher still.

Taking this basis all Canada might be divided into three parts. Eastern Canada, comprising the four original provinces and Prince Edward Island, would form Zone One. Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta would form Zone Two. British Columbia would be Zone Three. The rates in Zone One would be the lowest because there population is denser and traffic most abundant. The rates in Zone Two would be higher because population is not so dense nor traffic so abundant. The rates in Zone Three should be highest of all, because not only is that part of the country sparsely settled but the cost of operation is high. When, therefore, the President of the Toronto Board of Trade generously admitted that rates in Eastern Canada might be raised in order to enable the rates in Western Canada to be lowered he was going contrary to the rules laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission of the United States. There are probably many people in Eastern Canada who are as willing to be generous in much the same way as Mr. Somers. However, it is hardly likely that this generosity will extend to the traffic managers of the railways or to the Railway Commission of the Dominion of Canada. These gentlemen will probably be more influenced by the action of the United States Commission than by the sympathetic utterances of prominent business men in Eastern Canada.

POSSIBLY one of the fairest methods of arriving at a basis for estimating the equity of Western freight rates would be a comparison of the population north and south of the boundary. In Canada between the head of Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains there is a population of approximately 1,500,000 people. In the similar district south of the boundary, which includes Minnesota, North Dakota, and Montana, there is a population of over 3,000,000, or twice as many as in the similar district in Canada. It would seem reasonable, therefore, if the Interstate Commerce Commission is correct in its basis, that railway rates in Canada's central zone should be higher than in the same zone in the United States. As a matter of fact the rates are probably quite as low. The writer has not gone into the question fully, but so far as his investigations go he finds that the rates in Central Canada are quite as low, if not lower, than similar rates in districts south of the boundary.

The differences in operating conditions are not great, but if there is any difference in this respect those in Canada are less conducive to lower rates than in the United States. It will hardly be denied that the winters are slightly longer and severer in certain parts of northern Saskatchewan than in the worst districts in Dakota and Montana. Further, the American railways have an advantage in cheaper coal. In Manitoba and Saskatchewan the cost of coal is a serious item in railway expense.

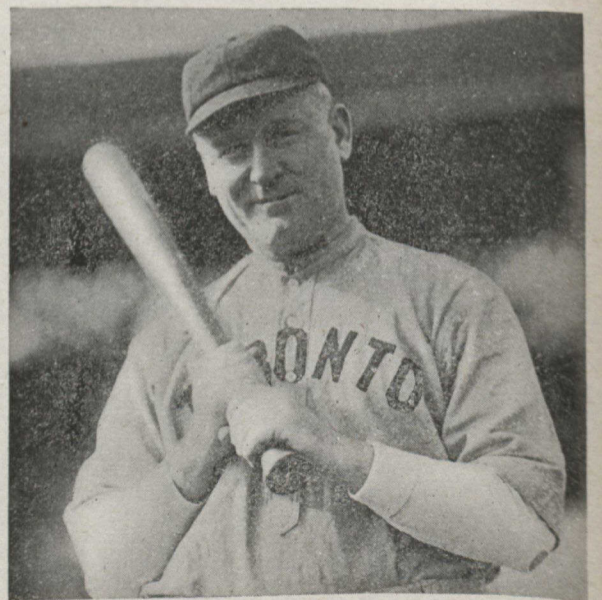
A FEW figures as to the abundance of traffic will further illustrate the situation. It is difficult to decide just how much of the Canadian Pacific Railway traffic is in Western Canada, but it probably amounts to about \$40,000,000. The total traffic on the Canadian Northern Railway amounts to \$16,000,000 annually. Compare with these figures the earnings of the railways which run through similar districts in the United States. The Northern Pacific extracts an annual toll of \$64,000,000, the Great Northern \$61,000,000, and the Soo Line about \$13,000,000. It is quite evident, therefore, that

density of population and abundance of traffic go arm in arm and that the United States railways have an advantage over the Canadian.

Comparing the railway rates of Eastern and Western Canada is a difficult matter. Take for example the local rates on wheat. In Eastern Canada the rate for carrying one hundred pounds of wheat for one hundred miles is 5½ cents; for the same merchandise carried the same distance in Western Canada the rate is twelve cents. On the face of it this is an absurdity. Either the rate in Eastern Canada is too low or the rate in Western Canada is too high. But further investigation shows that shippers of wheat to local points in Western Canada have a privilege which does not exist in Eastern Canada and which materially reduces the Western rate. This privilege is known as the "local milling in transit rate," and was designed for the benefit of Western flour mills. For example, if a miller at Moose Jaw wants to bring a carload of wheat from Estevan to Moose Jaw, grind it into flour and ship it to Winnipeg, this special rate applies. He gets the through rate from Estevan to Winnipeg with an extra charge of one cent per hundred for terminal service at Moose Jaw. This is a privilege unknown in Eastern Canada and explains why the Western millers find their business quite as profitable as if they were located in Eastern Canada, where the local rate on wheat is only one-half what it is in the West.

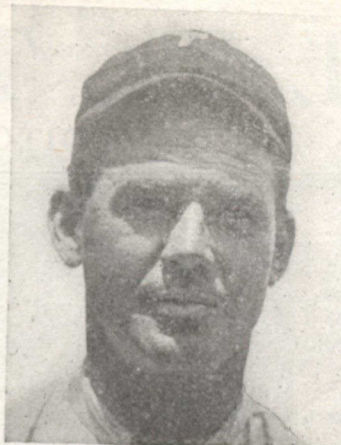
THE writer has no desire to assert that railway rates in the West cannot be reduced. The whole question will come up before the Dominion Railway Commission next month and the arguments on both sides will be presented. There is a reasonable expectation that the Commission may find that some rates are too high and that certain readjustments are necessary. It is, however, interesting to note that there are two sides to this question, as there are to most questions which agitate the public mind. It may be that the Commission will refuse to adopt the basis laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission and establish some other basis which, to its mind, is more expedient and more just. The subject is one which should command the attention of all classes of business men so that when the Commission's findings are published the public will understand the reasons for those findings and the probable effect upon the future relations of Eastern and Western Canada.

If the Commission reduces freight rates in the West there is no doubt that such reductions will greatly please a considerable body of people in both sections of the country. If the Commission makes no reduction or only slight reductions, it is to be hoped that such criticism as ensues will be based upon a due consideration of all the arguments set forth and that idle declamations and baseless charges which would agitate the public mind shall be eliminated.



MANAGER JOE KELLEY

Who Led the Leafs to the Top in 1907 and Has Just Repeated the Trick. He Has Been 21 Years in Baseball, and Has Won Eight Pennants in That Time. He Was One of the Famous "Big Four" With the Baltimore Champions of Years Ago. That Quartette Was McGraw, Now Managing the Giants; Jennings, Managing Detroit Tigers; Willie Keeler, the Famous Batter, and Kelley.



AL. SHAW
The Speedy Centre-fielder, Who Ran Tim Jordan a Close Second in the Race for Home-run Honours. He is One of the Leafs' Sluggers, Though Weak Against Left-handed Pitching.

BENNY MEYER
Has Proved the Surprise of the League This Season. Bought Because of His Peppery Coaching, He Developed Into the Fastest Base-runner on the Team and One of the League's Leading Hitters.

JOHNNY LUSH
Is the Only Left-handed Twirler That the Toronto Club Carries. He is a Warm Weather Heaver, and After He Got Going Properly He Aably Seconded Rudolph in Putting the Leafs in the Lead.

HARRY BEMIS
Is one of the Reasons Why Toronto Won the Pennant. He is a Veteran Catcher and Heavy Hitter. Time After Time When Put in as a Pinch Hitter He Came Through With the Needed Wallop.

BERT MAXWELL
Has Become Famed as the "Slow Ball" Pitcher. He Was Secured by Toronto Last Spring from the New York Giants.

Winning a Baseball Pennant

How the International League Flag Was Captured

By W. F. WIGGINS

THE three most important baseball championships of the world have been settled, and the stage is now being set for the last act of the big baseball drama—the World's Series between Boston and New York.

Toronto's winning of the International League pennant is the most popular sporting triumph of the year in Canada, notwithstanding the fact that on the champion team there is but one native son of the Queen City—Bill O'Hara.

Professional baseball has gradually tightened its grip on Canada, however, until it threatens to displace the lacrosse as the national game. The Toronto team may be jokingly referred to as "hired men," but the city is one of the best baseball towns on the International League circuit, and its citizens are loyal to the home team even when tried by the hardest of tests—that of the box office.

Toronto deserves a pennant winner. During the season a total of 240,000 paid admissions attest the loyalty of the fans. That is an average of over 3,000 per game. President James J. McCaffery and Manager Joe Kelley set out during last winter to round up a championship team. Much of the material they gathered failed utterly to come up to their hopes. Some of the pitchers purchased at fancy prices proved utterly unreliable. The team got off to a bad start. It lost games steadily and at one stage of the race in early summer it was in sixth place in an eight-club league.

Then Kelley and McCaffery went on the hunt for good players to fill up the weak places on the line-up. They bought a quartet of pitchers and a pair of catchers. It was in the battery work that the team was weak. Many games had been lost by poor pitching. The new men had a magic effect. The team began to climb. Gradually it rose in the standing until it was right on the heels of Rochester, the three-time champions, and Baltimore, the second team. By making a clean sweep of a series with Baltimore the Leafs put the Birds on the toboggan. Then, having jumped into second place, they went after Rochester.

The Rochester fans were so confident of a fourth pennant that they had begun to raise a fund to buy a motor car as a gift for Manager John Ganzel. The idea was abandoned when Rochester lost the lead and the Kellev clan forged to the front. A month before the finish of the race the Leafs took first place and though their lead was once re-

duced to half a game they hung on like grim death and finished with a good clear margin.

The drafting process has left the Leafs intact



BILL BRADLEY
Captain of the Pennant Winners, is on a Championship Team for the First Time in His Life, Though He is One of the Veterans of Organized Ball. Bradley's Fielding Around Third Base Has Been a Big Factor. His Hits Are Generally for Extra Bases.

for next year—a team that you could not buy for \$100,000 in cold cash from the proud president of the pennant-winning Toronto club.

And it is a team that clearly deserves the championship. It leads the league in batting—in spite of the fact that early in the season a Providence pitcher let it down with one lone hit. Eight of the players have been batting practically all season at a .300 clip—which being interpreted for the sake of the uninitiated, means three safe swats in ten times at bat.

It is, according to the scoring records, the finest fielding outfit in the International. It has stolen more bases than any other team. With such a combination, speed, hitting ability, and fast fielding, a team is bound to be a winner.

Here it should be set down that the Toronto team has some class, according to comparisons with big league teams.

New York Giants came along for a game and Rudolph held them to a 10-inning tie, pitching against Marquard, Tesreau and Wiltse. Then Philadelphia Athletics, world's champions, met the Leafs and were shut out, the Canadians winning by 3 to 0. The three runs were scored off Coombs, who won the world's championship for the Athletics a year ago. Kent and Drucke, Leaf twirlers, held the champs to five hits. All of which goes to show that Toronto is not so far below big league standard.

Manager Kelley led the Leafs to a championship in 1907—his first year in Toronto. He has won eight pennants in his 21 years in professional baseball. In 1907 it was his own hitting ability that helped win the flag. This year he was not in active service, but his hand held the helm, and it was the infection of his dogged, determined, never-say-die fighting spirit that helped to make a winner of his team. That was the spirit that made it possible for the new champions to bat out a victory after they had been behind by 8 to 1 when the game was half over.

A remarkable fact about Bill Bradley, the Leafs' third baseman and captain, is that he never played on a championship team until this year, and he is a veteran. Once, with Cleveland, he came within half a game of it. Bradley's fielding and his long distance drives have been a big factor in the success of the Toronto team.

Tim Jordan, the first-sacker and home-run hitter, is the Leafs' leading run-getter. Dick Rudolph, the only player on the team who was with Kelley's champions in 1907, is the leading pitcher. He held the team up prac- (Cont'd. on page 21.)



BILL O'HARA
Is the Only Native Torontonian on the Team. He Has Had the Best Year of His Career, Batting Over .300 and Fielding Superbly. His Spectacular Running Catches in Left Field Featured Many Games.



AMBEROSE MCCONNELL
The Little Second Baseman, Who Cost the Management \$4,000 When They Bought Him from Chicago White Sox. He is a Splendid Fielder, and His Timely Hitting Made Him Well Worth His Purchase Price.



'MIGHTY TIM' JORDAN
The Slugger of the Team. His Home-run Drives Into the Bleachers Have Made Him the Idol of the Toronto Fans. Last Season Tim Had 20 Home-runs. This Year He Has 19 to His Credit.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

That Naval Policy.

A FRIEND of mine writes from London, England, that he is not very proud of my attitude on the naval question. He thinks I am anti-imperialistic because the CANADIAN COURIER has always been in favour of a Canadian navy. Funny, isn't it?

My correspondent becomes real humorous when he adds: "If you would become, like Mr. Borden, the possessor of a strong, constructionist policy, instead of one dictated by a grouch against Great Britain, you would be earning more fame."

May I venture to tell my correspondent that some of the best friends Great Britain has in this country are in favour of a strong Canadian fleet for the same reason as Australians are for an Australian fleet, and New Zealanders for a New Zealand fleet. We favour Dominion fleets on the exact grounds advanced by the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill and Sir Charles Beresford—who are both in favour of such a development.

May I add that Mr. Borden's policy, his "strong, constructionist policy," is not yet announced and that it is impossible for any of us to say we are in favour of it or opposed to it. When Mr. Borden's "strong, constructionist policy" is outlined to us, we shall say what we think of it. We refuse to condemn it or adopt it in advance. I am anxious to earn fame, but I cannot see that I would gain much by expressing either approval or disapproval of a policy which Mr. Borden himself claims has not yet been formulated.

Adequate Versus Inadequate.

ANOTHER attack on the Canadian navy policy is made by Mr. Hamilton, Ottawa correspondent of the *Toronto News*. In a comprehensive article in that paper he argues that the Laurier policy was inadequate and lacked speed in its execution. Nearly every supporter of the Canadian fleet movement admits these two points. Mr. Hamilton need not have been at such pains to prove them. The Laurier proposals were admitted to be but a beginning, and there was no great haste shown in the letting of contracts. But what does that prove? Simply that beginnings are usually small and that the pioneer usually moves slowly.

Mr. Hamilton points out that Australia passed a resolution on this subject in March, 1909, just as the Canadian Parliament did, that in the fall of that year the building of some destroyers was begun, that in June, 1910, the *Australia* was begun, that in February, 1911, the *Sydney* was begun, that in April, 1911, the *Melbourne* was laid down, and that now the *Australia* and the *Melbourne* are now completed and the *Sydney* launched. Similarly New Zealand has completed the *New Zealand* and three destroyers. Although starting at the same time, there is no Canadian boat either on the stocks or in the water. All of which is quite true, but what does it prove?

The fact is that it was the opposition of Mr. Hamilton and many leading Conservatives who caused much of the delay. If they had supported Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his naval proposals, Canada might have had some boats nearly completed by this time, and an enlarged programme would probably have been under consideration.

I have no brief to defend Sir Wilfrid Laurier. I have, time and again, claimed that his policy was not sufficiently aggressive. Nevertheless I do not believe that the fault was wholly his.

Again, Mr. Borden and his associates have been in power for more than a year, and what have they effected? Have they accomplished any more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier did? Have they built a dock, enlarged a naval station, added a naval college or training ship, or got out plans for a single vessel to be built either in Great Britain, Canada or anywhere else? Is there any prospect that something will be done this year? Or next year? Or in 1914? Are we sure that Mr. Monk and Mr. Bourassa will not force a referendum and thus delay action for years to come?

Fleming Joins Non-Partisans.

PREMIER FLEMING, of New Brunswick, is the latest convert to the non-partisan naval policy. He argues that Canada has gotten out of her swaddling clothes and must take some

reasonable share of the responsibilities of Empire; and the way in which this should be done ought not be a party question. It should be looked at from "a national standpoint and an Empire standpoint."

Those who have been working towards bringing the two parties together on this naval question will welcome the influence of Premier Fleming. With Sir Richard McBride and Premier Roblin in the West, and Premier Fleming in the East, it begins to look as if the Conservative party, at least, is willing to support a non-partisan policy. The Liberals in Winnipeg and Toronto are also willing to eliminate partisanship, and the Liberals of Montreal and Ottawa will undoubtedly agree, although at present they are hesitating.

The Madness of Bigness.

MR. MAX NORDAU has been explaining some of the causes of degeneration in the human race. Its chief home is in the city—the big city which is a characteristic of modern civilization. There never was a time in the history of the human when so many people lived in cities with more than a hundred thousand population. Here there is the largest percentage of crime, insanity and constitutional disease. Here are the frenzies of fashion, the hysterical aberrations of public opinion, anarchical movements in politics, and immorality. In East London are to be found the stunted forms of descendants of the gigantic peasants of Sussex, Hertford, Kent and Northumberland.

Look about you and the truth of these remarks will be clear to your mind. The big men, the leaders in every activity of the big city, is the man

A NON-PARTISAN POLICY

"Mr. Borden as Premier is now in the position to throw the whole of the Laurier scheme overboard, but we trust that whatever he proposes may have the great advantage of being sanctioned by the Opposition. We have considerable hopes that this may be so, as the chorus of advice from the Canadian newspapers that party differences should be set aside, is very remarkable."—*London Spectator*, Sept. 7th.

from the country. Only in "society" does he take second place. There is scarcely a prominent man in finance, banking, merchandising, or a civic leader of any quality in a big Canadian city who claims that city as his birthplace. It is not that Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg are so new. The same condition exists in Philadelphia, New York, and London. The city man is like the coral insect; he builds and dies and leaves no worthy heir. His successor comes not from his loins, but from the loins of some strong, healthy, clear-minded villager or farmer.

As the people crowd from the country into the cities more and more, the process of degeneration is accelerated. When we all live in towns there will be no healthy breeding-grounds, no strong sons, no fresh, clean, invigorating blood to keep the race progressive.

If Canada would but learn the lesson before it is too late! Keep the growth of the cities down by encouraging those who live in rural communities. That is the first point. The second is to limit the growth of high buildings and tenement houses, and make the cities spread out so as to let in the fresh air and the sunshine.

Toronto boasts of its "corners of King and Yonge," and everybody looks with pride on the big buildings which are being put up there to shut out the air and the sunshine from the busiest spot in Canada. These big buildings will some day be recognized as a curse; to-day they are looked upon as a glory.

Ottawa's Municipal Failure.

BECAUSE of mismanagement by yearly elected aldermen, Ottawa has had two typhoid epidemics in two years, involving 2,200 people, causing 148 deaths, and a cash loss of two millions of dollars. What would be said in Ontario, if a private company had managed the water-supply in

such a heartless and incapable manner?

The old intake pipe in use last year was discovered to be leaking so that the foul water of Nepean Bay flowed into it. When this discovery was made the holes were covered up with water-tight canvas over wire mesh. This canvas would last only a couple of months, yet the old intake pipe was used until April 15th this year.

Then a new intake pipe was put into operation. It was soon found to be defective, and it now transpires that it never was water-tight. During the whole period of its use, it also was absorbing sewage from Nepean Bay.

Then the new intake was put out of commission and the old one used again—the old one patched last summer with temporary canvas. It is to-day supplying Ottawa with a mixture of pure water and sewage.

Could anything be more criminal? Is any other evidence required to prove that a big city cannot be managed by yearly elected aldermen? Is there any further reason needed to prove that municipal ownership of waterworks is attended by great risks everywhere, and that municipal ownership of all public utilities is likely to be a financial failure in large cities?

The remedy is not to abandon municipal ownership, but to reform our system of city government. Do away with aldermen and elect or appoint paid commissioners. The western cities are doing it; one hundred and fifty cities in the United States have done it; Eastern Canada must follow suit.

Toronto, for Example.

MUNICIPAL mismanagement in Toronto is costing that city a couple of millions a year. The other day they laid 600 feet of new intake pipe, and before water was ever allowed to pass through it an order was issued to lower it six feet at a cost of many thousands of dollars. That is only one example of many.

A filtration plant was completed last year and before it was twelve months in operation, it had to be shut down. It was both inadequate and defective.

No park is bought until the district in which one is needed becomes thickly settled. Then land is purchased at ten times the price it could have been bought for by a farsighted civic government. Yonge Street is congested, a new parallel street must be constructed at a cost of over three million dollars.

And so it goes. The local papers are disgusted. Every intelligent citizen admits the aimlessness and hopelessness of the present system. The lighting of the city was costing \$100,000 a year. Municipal lighting was decided upon and is now costing nearly five times that amount.

The sooner Ottawa and Toronto get a new form of municipal government the better. The old system has broken down. Penniless lawyers, uneducated retail merchants and retired butchers cannot be expected to manage a city which spends eight or ten millions annually. It is a job for experts.

The Tongue of the Mother.

WHAT shall be the mother-tongue of future Canadian children, is a question which was discussed last week at the Congress of Canadian Clubs, in Fredericton. As a general answer, one may say, "Either English or French." It is not necessary that every Canadian shall speak the one mother-tongue. That is an exploded notion—gone to the limbo of forgotten things with many other absurd ideas.

There has been much acrimonious discussion on this subject. Last summer, a French-speaking Canadian sent me an editorial from a Port Arthur paper in which the editor advocated the elimination of the French language in Canada and voted the French-Canadian a nuisance and a failure. He wanted me to reply to the Port Arthur editor. I didn't do so, because the editorial seemed ridiculously stupid. Any English-speaking Canadian who slanders or belittles a French-speaking citizen is committing an offence against our national life. We have lived side by side since 1763, and we should be able to continue peaceably and harmoniously.

Nevertheless, I must contend that this is a British country and that any attempt to maintain or introduce any other than the English language for political purpose must meet with quick disapproval. So long as the Union Jack floats over this country, English must be the senior language. Consistent with this, French language may be maintained where it is desired.

As for other languages and tongues, they should be eliminated at once. They should not be used in any school, and in the courts they should be limited to the necessities of each individual case.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Polish Sketches—Marinka's First Love

By FLORENCE RANDAL LIVESAY

MARINKA was crossed in love at the age of twelve and a half. Now, at sixteen, she is marrying "another fellow." She is philosophical over her early disappointment, but all the same there is a "Might Have Been." We were talking of christening one day when she told of the sad trick Fate played her at just such an event. A friend of hers had asked her to be godmother for her baby daughter; and as godfather a certain "Mike" had been also bidden to attend. Now Mike had long been conscious of Marinka's budding charms, and he was only too pleased to think they should be associated in this way. So on the appointed day Marinka took with her to the church her gift of a baby's dress, which was blessed by the priest and which would afterwards be worn but once on a festive occasion, being then put aside for the baby in case it died. "I hold little baby," said Marinka, "dough I awful scared I let heem fall, and gif heem to priest while he put oil on chest and back and head and put salt on tongue, and all tam my friend look on me and we want laugh. After dat he come to see me and my modder say he can marry mit me, for he reech and everyone like heem, and I tink I like heem too for 'osban, and everyone so pleased. An' one veek we go to church, kneel before priest and say we want marry. And he say, 'But vait, my children, till I look in my book.' And we vait long tam in cold church while priest turn over page and I shiver little, but Mike press me and whisper he keep me warm. And den priest come out and have trouble on face and say: 'But why don't you tole me you is godparents togedder! Look vat you done! You can't marry mit each odder.' And Mike he look at me same he going cry, and he say, 'Why don't somebody tole us before we go to dat christening togedder. Always I haf like Marinka and now I yeat my heart for her all days.' And priest he look ver' sorry, but he say, 'You are bot' ver' young. Maybe you marry mit oder girl and fellow bimeby.' Sure, so I do, but it awful hard pass Mike on street for long tam, for when he see me he cry so hard. And he reech now but he won't marry no one. And he can't bear see little baby; he want forget he godfather. Me, seem like I don't know I godmodder at all! Just hold baby, dat's all. But if priest write your name in book at christening you must be awful careful who come for godfadder. If I had known den when Mike come I walk right out de church and leave baby with no clo'es on in priest's arms. Sure! But now I glad, for I got awful nice fellow. No, I ain't ever told him about Mike. Polish people awful jealous. You know dat belt your 'osban gif me for Easter? Well, my fellow seen it and he don't believe for ver' long tam who gave it, an' he cry an' say I got nodder fellow. When I get mad he so stupid he say: 'Osban should give *vife* belt, not nodder girl in 'ouse. I hav lots troubles mit dat belt. At vedding I going to have two policemen. I don't want to get hit wit bottle, and I don't want Mike knock down my fellow eider. It's awful hard to be Polish girl in Canada."

Recent Events.

CANADIAN women's enterprise, as the Alpine Club exploits it, has reached this past season, literally, unwonted heights. Tramping out from Castle, in the shadow of Castle Mountain, parties led by Dr. Coleman, of the University of Toronto, and including among their women members Miss Myra Ellison, of Vernon, B.C., first person to climb Crown Mountain, and Mrs. Henshaw, of Vancouver, the authority on Rocky Mountain flora, tramped, climbed and discovered to their hearts'



MISS KATHLENE MACDONELL

A Young and Charming Canadian Who Will Play "Virginia" in "Bought and Paid For," to be Seen at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, Within a Few Weeks.



Little Rita Macdonald, a Descendant of the Glengarry and Clanranald Clans, Who Won the Championship for "Highland Dancing" at the Scottish Games in Summerside, P.E.I., in August.

content. Probably, not so much the heart as the "ganglia"—the nerve matter responsible for "the thrills"—was satisfied in the case of the less seasoned climbers. Of the group last-named were two plucky Montrealers, the Misses Helen and Frederica Trenholme. The region clambered over was the Storm Mountain district, chiefly. Scaling Mount Ball was the tallest single event.

American women, strangely enough, have been lifting inquiring eyes to Canadian hills. Miss Dora Keen, a Philadelphia mountaineer, discovered certain giant peaks in Canada, near Alaska, the time she headed a party up Mount Blackburn. Her discoveries did not appear on previous maps. Another Philadelphia woman, Miss Mary L. Vaux, has made a study of the glaciers adjacent to the C. P. R. She addressed, recently, the Women's Canadian Club at Winnipeg. The moral of it all is this: "Excelsior."

"Gladly I lived and gladly die"—the requiem of Stevenson could be changed for General Booth to "Helpful I lived and helpful die"; for in his death, even as in life, he remembered "the widows." One of the General's last expressed wishes was that poor widows in the old land be assisted to Canada and their children cared for until they should be established. That big wish is about to be realized. Steps are being taken for the transportation soon of many of the 117,000 British widows and the care, meanwhile, of a corresponding many of the 200,000 dependent children. Plans are being developed by Col. Lamb, superintendent of the Army's colonization.

The German writer on statecraft who disqualifies women for voting, on the ground that they have no power of impersonal judgment would, perhaps, be the wiser for meeting with

Mrs. Borden. But the Premiership of Canada has nothing to do with the Styx and, alas for the German writer, Charon's ship's got him! Mrs. Borden's good-bye to Englishwomen, including *suffragettes*, proves she has magnanimity.

At the banquet given by the Board of Trade to the Right Hon. R. L. Borden, in the Arena, Toronto, last Monday night, the following ladies acted as a committee to receive the wives of the Ministers: Mrs. Hugh Blain, Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mrs. Henry Brock, Mrs. W. K. George, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Mrs. W. P. Gundy, Mrs. John G. Kent, Mrs. G. T. Somers, Mrs. J. P. Watson, Mrs. J. S. Willison.

Treasure Trove.

My dictionary is a safe;
 Within it locked up tight
 Are tuneful lyrics, sonnets quaint.
 And verses, grave and light.
 There, too, iambics lurk unseen,
 And jokelets hide away;
 And yearning for an author, waits
 The novel of the day.
 These treasures are for you and me,
 Or any one in sooth,
 Who knows the combinations, for
 They legion are, in truth.
 Bill Shakespeare learned the trick when young,
 And learned it well, I wot.
 And many a gem he drew from thenc :
 So Dickens, Holmes, and Scott.
 Hope springs eternal in the heart,
 And therefore, day by day,
 I juggle with the words, intent
 Myself to find the way.
 Should perseverance reap reward,
 Or chance, yield up the key,
 I, too, may spoil the treasure and
 Enrich posterity.
 —Pauline Frances Camp, in *Book News Monthly*.

His Little Girl

L. G.



Moberly

CHAPTER XV.

“AND poor Helen writes in a state of utter distraction. She is beside herself with misery, and she says Sir Giles is nearly as bad. I can't bear to think of it. That dear, pretty little child.”

“I don't quite understand,” Rosa Muller looked across the Stansdales' drawing-room at her hostess, whose incoherences were difficult to follow, “surely nothing has happened to Sylvia.”

“That is just it,” Miss Stansdale burst forth. “Helen says she could not bear to write at first, but now she feels she must tell me all about it. Sylvia has disappeared, been kidnapped, and—”

“Kidnapped?” Rosa was on her feet and by Miss Stansdale's side, staring down at her with incredulous eyes.

“Yes. Some dreadful person has taken her away, they don't know how, they can't think how, Helen says. But, whoever the dreadful wicked villain is, he has written to Sir Giles to say the child will be killed if some jewel is not sent to him. It sounds too horrible to be true, and Helen says Sir Giles declares the man is only bluffing and won't really hurt the child—”

“But he *will!*” the words broke impetuously, unthinkingly from Rosa's lips, “he—”

“Why do you say that?” Miss Stansdale asked, all incoherency crystallized into amazement. “How do you know anything about this dreadful creature?”

“I don't—I mean—the sort of unscrupulous man you are describing would stick at nothing.”

“That is what Helen thinks.” Unobservant Miss Stansdale took no notice of Rosa's overmastering embarrassment. “She says she wishes Sir Giles would send the wretch the jewel, and have done with it. She cannot bear to think Sylvia's life may be risked, but Sir Giles declares the police will catch the man who is blackmailing him, and that Sylvia is perfectly safe.”

“Safe!” again impulse drove the word from Rosa's lips. “Tell me more, tell me something more about it all. When did the child disappear? Has it only just happened?” With a great fumbling for, and adjusting of, her glasses, Miss Stansdale slowly re-read her sister's letter, which had reached her by the second post, and Rosa stood listening to the slowly uttered words with a look of acute tension on her face, her hands tightly locked together.

“There, you see what Helen says,” Miss Stansdale said, as she folded the letter again. “Sylvia disappeared last Thursday, to-day is Thursday, and if the jewel is not sent by Monday, the little child will be—”

“No, no, don't say it,” Rosa exclaimed, vehemently, moving about the room in a state of nervous irritation that would not be suppressed, “nothing must hurt her. I never cared for any child before. But that child was so sweet, so dear, and she kissed me.” There was such a ring of anguish in the last words, that it penetrated even to Miss Stansdale's usually dense mind, and she glanced curiously at the girl.

“My dear, there is nothing strange in her kissing you,” she said, “you are a very attractive woman. You would easily win a child's heart, win any heart in fact. I—”

“Oh, yes, I won the child's heart.” Rosa all at once wrung her hands in a paroxysm of pain. “She talked out all her loving little soul to me, but—I never thought of this, my God! I never thought of this.”

Her vehemence frightened her companion. “Of course you could not be expected to think of such dreadful things as these,” she said. “Who would ever dream that a little innocent child would be kidnapped for the sake of a jewel? And that then—” Miss Stansdale broke off with a shudder, and Rosa also shivered, though the July day was hot and heavy, and the stillness of the air seemed to presage a thunderstorm.

“Something must be done,” she whispered. “I must do something, if only I knew what,” then turning to Miss Stansdale she said aloud and abruptly—

“What you have just told me has upset me. I—I must go to my room and think it over. I can't

bear, I must do something,” and with these disjointed sentences which left Miss Stansdale more hopelessly bewildered than before, she hurriedly left the drawing-room and went upstairs to her own bedroom with breathless haste.

“I never thought of this,” she said, over and over again, pacing the floor restlessly. “I knew he wanted the jewel, and I thought there would be no harm in telling him where it was. But, if he hurts the child, I shall go mad. I could not bear such a crime upon my soul.” She leant her head against the window frame, and her eyes wandered out over the trim little garden where, in the July sunlight, the geraniums blazed in scarlet splendour, and back to her memory came the thought of the afternoon, a few weeks earlier, when she and Sylvia had sat on the seat under the acacia, and the child had said in her soft, clear voice—

“I do like you.”

“I do like you.” Sylvia had said those words more than once to her, looking at her with loving adoration in those great dark eyes, and now, through her instrumentality, Sylvia was in danger, in how real and genuine a danger she knew well enough.

“And it is all my fault,” the girl moaned. “I have been that fiend's tool for so long that I could not shake myself free from him, even when he was scheming against a little child. But I never dreamt he would do this. I never dreamt he would hurt her. Oh! God, show me what to do to save her, for I never dreamt of this.”

ALMOST as if in answer to her prayer—a swift and immediate answer—a man's face rose before her mental vision, a quiet, strong face, whose grey eyes had had power to stir her pulses as no other man's eyes had ever done—Hugh Berners. If she could bring herself to tell him the truth, perhaps he would be able to help her, perhaps his brain would devise some means by which Hermann could be circumvented. She would appeal to Dr. Berners. And yet, how could she? Ah! how could she? She drew back from the window, and once more began to pace the room, turning over and over again in her mind the new thought that had come to her. It was useless to go for help to Hugh Berners unless she told him the truth; and how could she tell him the truth, when she knew it would make him despise her utterly and for evermore? He would never again look at her with those kind, admiring eyes, if she told him the sordid story which she must tell him if she went to him for help. He would cast her out of his heart, out of his life. He was not the kind of man who would go on caring for a woman he could neither respect nor honour, and she had learnt to care for him. Slowly that thought emerged from the chaos of her reflections, and standing before her looking-glass she gazed into her own eyes, the colour slowly mounting to her face. Yes! Why should she hide from herself what she knew to be the truth? Hugh Berners' grey eyes had awakened within her something which she had imagined no man would ever awaken: Hugh Berners' simple, chivalrous nature had set vibrating in her soul chords which even she herself had hardly known existed. She knew that the ball was at her feet. If she chose she could stretch out her hand and take the wonderful gift which could be hers; she knew that it was within her power to reverse the unfavourable impression which her flippancy the other day had unintentionally made upon Hugh. She could at any moment call him back to her side. But, if she went to him with the story of Sylvia, if she made clear to him the part she had played in that story, if she showed him a glimpse, and more than a glimpse of her life of adventure and sordid intrigue, he would shake himself free from her for ever.

“He has made me want to be a different woman,” she said, wistfully, turning away from the glass, and beginning to pace the room again. “I used not to care how I got my ends as long as I reached them. Now, the crookedness of it all seems hateful. Hermann has been my bad angel, always my bad angel; and he has led me on from helping the Holy Cause for which my mother died, to helping him with other and lesser things. I have sunk to his level, when I might have risen to the level of a man like Hugh Berners.” Her restless pacing had brought her back to the window, and once more she stood look-

ing out over the flaming geraniums, and the acacia trees to the arch of blue sky beyond.

“And what prevents you from still rising to his level,” some inward voice seemed to say. “You have it in your own hands to fight away from old bad influences. It lies with yourself whether you climb to the plane on which Hugh Berners stands, or stay always on those lower levels with such souls as Hermann Muller. It is in your own hands.”

In her own hands? The inward voice made itself so clearly heard that it was almost as if the words had been actually uttered.

In—her—own hands—to choose between good and evil: to rise to the level of the man she loved—yes, she owned it to her own heart without false shame—the man she loved; or to sink lower, and lower yet, into depths which her new self was ashamed to contemplate.

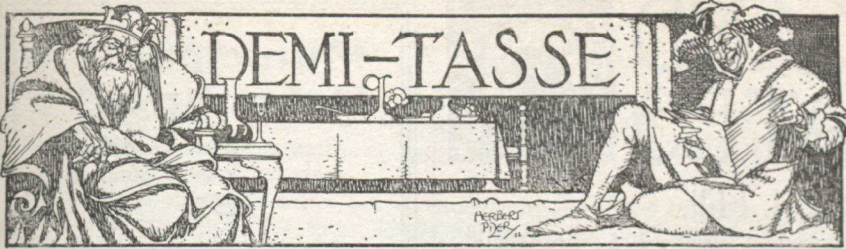
“I've got to decide now, this minute,” she exclaimed, “the turning point has come. If I go to Dr. Berners and tell him the truth, Hermann will be my enemy. I shall never work for him again, even in a good cause. And I shall be stranded alone, without a friend. And, if I don't go, Hermann is capable of making away with little Sylvia for the sake of hurting Sir Giles. His threats are no empty ones. What he says he will do, he means to do, as I ought to know,” and a long shiver shook her from head to foot. “And—if I make him my enemy—he will try to hunt me down, as he had hunted others down before.” Again she shivered, but in spite of the terror that shook her, in spite of the fear that had dawned in her eyes, there was a look of strange resolve upon her face. Her lips closed firmly in a determined line: some new strength, some nobler purpose showed itself in her expression, and in that moment the victory of goodness was won.

Dr. Berners was at home every day between two and three to receive patients, and on this July afternoon he had drawn his writing-table close to the window which opened directly into his pretty garden. It was a garden as unlike the trim suburban pattern of the Stansdales' garden as could be well imagined. Down the centre of the little lawn ran a pergola covered with roses in every variety of colour, from the most vivid crimson to the purest white, a tangle of loveliness and fragrance which would alone have marked what he called his “patch” as something very unlike its neighbours. On either side of the rose-covered pergola ran a strip of grass, upon which were small beds of flowers, dwarf roses, dainty and sweet, glowing masses of pansies, lifting purple and bronze and golden faces to the sunshine; flaming snapdragons and carnations, crimson, lemon-coloured and palest pink. And, separated from them by the gravel path were broad beds, in which tall, white lilies and stately larkspurs made a background for sweet williams—velvety and soft—mignonette, white pinks, and love in the mist, dim blue amongst its grey green leaves.

HUGH frequently lifted his eyes from the paper he was writing for a medical journal, to let them wander over the loveliness of his cherished flowers, and as the warm languorous fragrance of the blossoms stole into the room, he found that his thoughts were often distracted from the details of an interesting typhoid case, to the disturbing remembrance of a woman's eyes, and a woman's witching smile. He was angry with himself for allowing his thoughts to be distracted; still angrier that he could allow his mind to linger round the memory of a woman who had shown hardness and flippancy on subjects which he regarded as sacred. And yet his thoughts returned again and again to Rosa Muller, Rosa as he had first seen her in the Cardews' drawing-room, gowned in some rich, deep blue, that gave exactly the right note of contrast with her fair colouring; Rosa, as Miss Stansdale's guest, dressed in the white garments that gave her so youthful an appearance, and seemed to him to add to her charm. For the fiftieth time he forced his eyes away from the garden, and his thoughts away from Rosa, when his parlour-maid opened the door and announced that a lady wished to see him.

“Show her in,” he answered, expecting to be confronted by an elderly lady patient who was due to visit him to-day, and pushing his papers aside with a little sigh as he remembered her loquacity. But as the door opened and shut again, and he rose to his feet to greet his visitor, an exclamation of surprise broke from his lips, for it was not the middle-aged spinster he was expecting, but the subject of his late meditations—Rosa Muller. She stood only just inside the door, an unusual look of embarrassment and hesitation on her face, her colour coming and going swiftly, something of

(Continued on page 24.)



Courierettes.

A YANKEE doctor says that one can live well on ten cents per day. Hotel and restaurant proprietors please note.

It is said that Canada must equip her army with airships. The politicians have been up in the air for a long time on the navy question.

So far the United States papers have forgotten to mention which Presidential candidate Harry Thaw is supporting.

An ocean-going craft is to have a glass bottom so that the bottom of the ocean may be studied. Soon we may learn whether there are really "as good fish in the sea as ever were caught."

"Gyp the Blood" and "Lefty Louie" now think matrimony a failure. They were captured as soon as their wives joined them.

It is declared that the science of aviation will revolutionize war. But will it revolutionize South American revolutions?

A snake was found in a bottle of milk at Montreal. The milkman must have used the wrong bottle.

Educating Mother.—Occasionally it becomes necessary for children who are benefitting by educational systems in Canada to-day to pass some of their training on to their parents.

The other day a little girl who has just started to school in a big Ontario city took home her copy-book.

"You're a fine writer, dear," said mother after glancing over the book. "You make those 'a's' very well."

The child was properly horrified, and said: "Oh, mother, not 'ay'! Say 'aw.'"

Naming the Triplets.—A Canadian girl who has just returned from a trip through the Western States tells an amusing story concerning triplets that were born on a Western farm while she was there.

Of course, the trio were the curiosity of the whole countryside, and everybody called to see them.

When the Canuck maiden was introduced to the proud mother, the latter explained to her how she had decided on names for the three baby boys.

"We called one George, after your king," she said, "another Theodore after Mr. Roosevelt, and the third one Roy, after our hired man."

A Good Verdict.—Binks—"Did she get much when she sued for breach of promise?"

Mrs. Binks—"Enough to make it worth while for another fellow to marry her."

The Fall Sacrifice.

THE very melancholy days of course are drawing near. When many a luckless hunter is mistaken for a deer.

Business vs. Sentiment.—A young man was deploring what seems to him the fact that business and business-like principles are crowding sentiment to the wall.

"If the present tendencies keep on getting stronger," he said, "men who want to get married will go to the newspapers and put in advertisements like this:

"Notice is hereby given that John Smith wishes to get married.

"Applications in answer to this advertisement will be received up to and including October 31st.

"N.B.—The best or any application not necessarily accepted."

Comes Too High.

MARY had a little lamb—
So runs the ancient lay—
But Mary surely wouldn't dream
Of ordering lamb to-day.

Frenzied Finance.

TWO and two make—just about whatever you want them to.
One needs a lot of water to float some new companies.

Some of the most reckless aviators are those who take a flyer in stocks.

There's no close season for sucker fishing.

Rubbing It In.—A certain Toronto man admits that the joke was on him a few days ago.

One day recently a friend gave him a medal which he put in his pocket without examining it closely.

The medal looked all right, and on Friday night of last week he exhibited it to some people who were spending the evening at his house.

"You ought to wear this to-morrow—



Considering the absence of "bustle," the hobble skirt has made quite a stir.

September 21st," one of the party said to him. "But, say, I thought you were a good Grit."

"So I am," said the owner of the medal. "Why?"

"Look at the medal," was the answer. The man looked, and then he "tumbled." On one side of it was a picture of Jack Canuck, John Bull and a British bull-dog, and circled about the picture was this inscription: "No Parting of the Ways. September 21st, 1911." On the other side was the following inscription: "Canada Not an Adjunct. September 21st, 1912."

The owner of the medal at once gave it away, and it is now in the possession of a person who appreciates its sentiment.

A Suggestion.—A fisherman brought in to Venice, Cal., a queer deep-sea creature. It is five feet in length, black and green mottled, with a tail like that of a shark. It has a dorsal fin, and four feet

shaped like those of a parrot. Its mouth resembles that of a Gila monster, while its head is a replica on a large scale of that of a California horned toad.

A mean mere man who read about this queer fish suggests that it would be a good emblem for the militant suffragettes.

Will It Come to This?—The Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company is trying the experiment of having women conductors on its cars.

The men are likely to object to this innovation, but if the company finds women conductors more to its liking than men it may fire all the men and attempt to justify its action on the ground that none but the fair deserve the fare.

Some Things We Have.

- W**IRELESS telegraphy.
- Horseless vehicles.
- Noiseless typewriters.
- Smokeless powder.
- Seedless oranges.
- Boneless codfish.
- Painless dentistry.
- Rimless spectacles.
- Seamless stockings.

And Some We Need.

- S**TRAPLESS street-cars.
- Dustless streets.
- Tipless service.
- Conversationless shaves.
- Waterless stock.
- Graftless politicians.
- Microbeless currency.
- Sandless strawberries.
- Hookless dresses.
- Sinkless vessels.
- Wreckless (not reckless) trains.

Sir George Reid's Wit.—Sir George Reid, Australian High Commissioner in London, who is now touring Canada,

gets off a few neat humorous sentences in almost every speech he makes, and at a recent luncheon he made a decided hit when he remarked that "one can best praise a country one knows least about," following that statement with a personal experience in point.

"You know," he said, "I was born in Scotland, but I lived there only two months. Nevertheless, when in after years I heard Scotland denounced as a bleak and barren country, I was always ready to come to her defence and to say truthfully that during my residence in Scotland I had found it to be a land flowing with milk and honey."

Learning Early.—It's no news to parents that children of to-day quickly pick up slang and semi-slang phrases, but the use of these phrases by the youngsters is sometimes amusing.

A Toronto family who spent the summer at Hanlan's Point, Toronto Island, usually ordered the groceries from a store in the city, but one day mother took her five-year-old boy and walked to Centre Island to get some groceries.

The youngster, mounted on his velocipede, said:

"Mother, I think this is a good scheme, going to Centre Island for things. It's better than getting them from the city."

Then, looking at a pile of sand that blocked the sidewalk, he added: "But in the meantime, how am I going to get past this sand?"

An Eye to Business.—A certain paper published in Toronto has a subscription agent who seldom misses a chance to add to the paper's circulation.

Recently he sent to the office a list of three new subscribers and the addresses to which to send the papers.

At the bottom of his report he had written: "Was at a funeral and did a little."

Seems Possible.—The way that beef has been going up at Chicago lately makes it much easier to believe that once upon a time a cow "jumped over the moon."



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Use It For Nothing But Finishing Floors

ELASTICA Floor Finish is not an "all purpose" varnish. It is strictly a Floor Varnish, and is designed for no other purpose than finishing floors. It is trade-marked like this—



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Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

Because of the specially treated oil, and other high-grade materials used in its composition, Elastica presents an exceedingly durable surface, which it is difficult to mar or scratch. Elastica will make your floors beautiful, sanitary, mar-proof and waterproof, and it dries over night.

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Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality. L11

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Winnexville, P.Q.

Head Master, J. Tyson Williams, B.A.
Emmanuel College, Cambridge

Men occupying some of the most prominent positions in Canada, both in the army, the professions and in business have been educated at Bishop's College School.

All B.C.S. candidates for matriculation into the Royal Military College, Kingston, passed successfully, the head boy taking fourth place.

This is an ideal place to send your boy, the surroundings are healthful and the buildings up-to-date, sanitary and well ventilated.

Boys are prepared for R.M.C., Kingston, the Universities and Business life by an efficient staff of masters, chiefly graduates of English Universities.

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Investment Series— Talk No. 3

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Do not confuse investment with speculation.

Speculation consists in "taking chances" in the hopes of winning money, due to a rise or fall in the price of stocks—the intrinsic value of such stocks being almost immaterial.

Investment is the outright purchase of the stocks or bonds of a solid commercial enterprise or of Government or Municipal bonds — on which stocks or bonds you receive a steady income. The intrinsic value of such securities is definite and determinable.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Early Days of J. J. Hill.

LAST week, a small village in Ontario, Rockwood, eight miles from Guelph, was redolent with memories of a world famous son. Out in St. Paul, Minnesota, the crowning event of his career was taking place. The greatest figures in the financial world of this continent were there to attend a banquet given by the citizens of St. Paul as a tribute to the most picturesque railroad king in America.

Mr. James J. Hill was seventy-four years old last week. He was born outside of Rockwood; he was educated there; he got his first business experience in the village. It was in Rockwood that he laid the foundations of that training which enabled him to persevere in the task which was his life work—the opening of the American North-west by the creation of the Great Northern Railway.

James J. Hill was born on a farm near Rockwood. His parents were Irish to the finger-tips—not Scotch-Irish, as some erring biographers have stated—and they were zealous Orangemen. His father died when he was very young. His decease necessitated that Mrs. Hill move to Rockwood. For some time she kept a small hotel directly opposite the store of Robert Passmore, which is pictured on this page. Young J. J. attended Rockwood Academy, then, like Upper Canada College, one of the foremost schools of Upper Canada. At the Academy, he had a reputation for being a quiet, studious youth, who sympathized with, but did not much participate in, the pranks of his school-mates. He gave no signs at this time of the vigorous, dominating qualities which later characterized his struggles for recognition in the railroad world.



WHERE J. J. HILL LEARNED THE ALPHABET OF BUSINESS. The General Store and Post Office Kept by Robert Passmore, of Rockwood. Here Young Hill Clerked Just Before He Left to Try His Fortunes in the Railroad World of the West.

Perhaps his subdued and thoughtful mien was an air of grim determination, because he may have realized that his mother's slender means could not long support him in the expensive luxury of the Academy, and that it was his duty to make the most of his time there. And he did. J. J. has often said that much of his success was due to the influence of William Wetherald—father of Ethelwyn Wetherald, the well known poetess—who taught him to do his work thoroughly.

There was another personality in Rockwood whose contact with the great railroader-to-be had a direct bearing on his career. He was Robert Passmore, the village store-keeper and postman. About the year 1855, when Hill left school, he got a job clerking in Passmore's store. His salary was not munificent—one dollar a week. But the training made up for it in after years.

Robert Passmore was the type of fine, old Englishman with pioneer instinct in his make-up, who emigrated to the colonies in the early days, and by teaching, store-keeping, and in other ways helped lay the foundation of civilization in the wilderness. He was an elderly man with a long, white beard and bushy eyebrows. In disposition he was a fire-eater. His methods of business were most precise. The one bane of Passmore's life was the Academy boys who provoked him. They would line up in front of his store and ask for mail which they never expected. They trampled his garden and he built a fence twenty feet high to keep them out.

If reports are to be believed, he made young J. J. step lively for his dollar. Perhaps often ambitious young Hill, soberly and busily weighing out sugar, calico, and tea, under the eagle eye of his employer, furtively wished that he belonged to the gay, light-hearted Academy lads who tore down the road when school was out, their minds gleeful with pranks on "Old Passmore." But his school was to be the discipline of life. D. B. S.

On and Off the Exchange.

Where Grain Is King.

IN November, 1887, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange was founded with ten members. The membership fee was placed at \$15. To-day, there are 300 members and a membership is worth \$4,500.

The first elevator was built at Fort William, in 1884. To-day there is in that city and Port Arthur storage capacity for 30,000,000 bushels. In 1911, Winnipeg handled 101,000,000 bushels of wheat; Minneapolis,

Municipal Debentures

Present market conditions make an interest return of

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now obtainable upon High Grade Municipal Bonds usually yielding a much lower rate.

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6% First Mortgage Bonds

Guaranteed unconditionally by the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company.

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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	\$2,450,000	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

Lead Office - Waterloo, Ont.

96,000,000, and Chicago, 42,000,000. Winnipeg is the greatest "handler of grain."

In 1886, Winnipeg handled 1,362,600 bushels of wheat. For the twelve months ending August 31st, 1912, it handled 145,000,000 bushels of wheat, 53,000,000 bushels of oats, 6,301,000 bushels of barley, and 7,100,000 bushels of flax.

The three prairie provinces are estimated to have 357,000,000 acres of arable land, of which less than 35,000,000 is under cultivation. Yet this "tenth" is expected to produce this year 200,000,000 bushels of wheat, 200,000,000 bushels of oats, 12,000,000 bushels of flax, and 35,000,000 bushels of barley.

In the eighties, the western prairie was being broken by oxen-drawn ploughs. To-day, six thousand motor tractor engines are breaking new soil for the crop of 1913.

The railways are trying hard to keep up with the wheat increase. The Canadian Pacific built 580 miles last year, and is now constructing 870 miles more. The Canadian Northern added 380 miles last year and 600 under construction. The Grand Trunk Pacific expects to add 600 miles this year.

Six New Partners.

THE well-known house of Osler & Hammond, Toronto (Osler, Hammond & Nanton, Winnipeg), announce that they have taken into partnership Messrs. G. T. Chisholm, H. F. Marriott and Harold Franks, of the Toronto office, and Messrs. T. Lee Peters, C. M. Taylor, G. D. Lynch, of the Winnipeg branch. All these men have been connected with the firm for years.

Mr. Wainwright on Richelieu.

RICHELIEU has been a very uncertain stock the last few weeks. This was partly due to uncertainty of the plans of the Furness interests and a feeling in the public mind that the season had not been a good one for the company.

The statement of Mr. William Wainwright, the vice-president, that the directorate were in an optimistic frame of mind over the business done this summer should be reassuring. He says that although tourist traffic fell off, the lake traffic was better than last year, owing to the opening of the Northwest, and increase in business because of the G. T. P.

Moving to Montreal.

MR. W. F. MAHON, well known as the managing director of the Eastern Securities Company, is leaving St. John for Montreal. The St. John office will be continued under the management of Mr. James McMurray, and Mr. McDougall, the secretary of the company. Mr. Mahon will direct Eastern Securities from Montreal.

The Plaint of Paris.

MESSRS. Beaurisage, Thierree, Galliard, and Michel, the four Paris directors of Quebec Railway, have issued a statement regarding the cause of their resignation from the board. They claim that insufficient and tardy information was given them of certain operations of the Company, which they thought the French shareholders should be cognizant of. They assert that the report of an engineer appointed with the assent of Sir Rodolphe to examine into the company's property was delayed beyond reason. Their complaint in brief is that they were hindered in their duty to the shareholders in France, and this made it impossible for them to continue on the board.

A New Steel Company.

CANADA is to have a big, new steel industry, if plans considered at Montreal materialize. Sir William Van Horne, Sir William Mackenzie, George F. Johnston, C. W. McLean and J. Wesley Allison are the people interested. They are reported to have secured from the Steel Package Company, of New York, the letters patent to manufacture steel barrels and commercial packages of all descriptions. The capitalization of the new company will be five million. The plant, it is expected, may be erected near Montreal.

A Hint When Buying Stock.

WHEN buying industrial stocks an item in the balance sheet that should be looked for is intangible assets. This should be closely studied. Many corporations have assets such as patents, good-will, trade marks, etc., that have been given high values when arranging the consolidation of merged companies. In many cases these values have been fixed arbitrarily to offset large stock issues or for bookkeeping purposes.

In this way balance sheets are made to show a large surplus of assets so far as figures go, but they are misleading because they are often fictitious. Assets of this nature are too questionable to hold as an equivalent value behind stocks.

Good-will is a fragile thing and may easily be shattered by a little mismanagement. At best it affords poor security for an investment, and the appearance of a large amount under this head should always invite careful analysis. In case of financial trouble it is seldom worth much. It is true that some corporations with small tangible assets and very large earning power proportionately, have some right to capitalize that earning power, but experience has shown that it is dangerous and that large amounts carried under this head should be the exception rather than the rule.

A Most Profitable Stock.

JUDGING by the amount of money now being spent by the brokers of Dominion Oil Company in advertising stock for sale, the selling must be very profitable. President Gray and Vice-President Forbes, both reputable business men, may know exactly what their brokers are doing and then again they may not. In the meantime, the wise investor will probably be careful about buying stock in a company incorporated in Arizona, managed in Toronto, and operating in California. Later on the head office might be moved to Mexico or Chili—why not?

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Head Office: TORONTO

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

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. President.
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.

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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. Z. A. LASH, K.C., Vice-Presidents.
W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager. E. R. WOOD,

THIS Company receives sums of \$500 and upwards for investment, and guarantees the repayment of both principal and interest at 4 1/2% per annum.

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A complete and never-failing system of watersupply throughout house and barn at all times, in all seasons---without any tower---if you have a

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in cellar or pump house, always accessible, cannot freeze. Most economical for ordinary purposes. Let us solve your water supply problems--tell you what equipment is best for your needs. We supply and install systems of all kinds and sizes. Write our nearest office.

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Capital Authorized \$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up \$11,500,000
Reserve Funds \$12,500,000
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Bridging Two Nations.

ON August 1st the citizens of Fort Frances and International Falls, Minn., celebrated the opening of an international steel traffic bridge between the two towns across the Rainy River which marks the boundary line between the two countries. The bridge, which is built of structural steel and weighs 1,000 tons, is 950 feet in length, with a lift span of 80 ft., which is so constructed with counter weights attached to the cables that it can be easily lifted bodily in a perpendicular position to a height of 65 ft. The steel rests on reinforced

An Entente Cordiale



AN INTERNATIONAL PARADE
At the Inauguration of the Traffic Bridge
Across the Rainy River, Connecting Fort
Frances With International Falls,
Minn. The Citizens of These
Towns Paraded on One
Another's Streets.

cement piers placed on solid rock in the river bed, and is built wide enough and big enough to accommodate steam and electric railways, vehicles and foot passengers. It was built by the International Bridge & Terminal Company.

The ceremony of the formal opening was a most auspicious occasion, the barriers being removed by the President, Mr. Backus, and addresses made by Mr. Backus, Mayor McKenzie, of Fort Frances; Mayor Colburn and Judge Langland, of International Falls. Miss M. Christie, of Fort Frances, was dressed to represent Miss Canada, and Mr. B. Rosenholtz, of International Falls, was dressed to represent Uncle Sam, and the pair headed what was one of the biggest combined industrial parades ever seen in these parts. The Fort Frances band and International Falls band headed the procession by turns, as they marched across the river and through the streets of both towns.

It was a day to be remembered as it marked the opening of a new era when progress marked time on the calendar of the days which reached back to the canoe of the trapper or Hudson Bay employe.

Behind Closed Doors.

FOOTBALL is again the sport of the season.

At Ottawa College an interesting spectacle is presented. Ottawa was Toronto Varsity's closest rival for the Intercollegiate championship last fall. This year, under the redoubtable Father Stanton, the coach, the College has its eyes on the championship for 1912.

Word comes from Ottawa that Father Stanton is so determined to land the cup that all signal practices are to be held behind closed doors. No one but the players will hear the signals. This is the practice at United States colleges.

Here is the way the Father explains the matter:

"If we allow the students, either second team players or others, to watch the signal practice they will talk about it outside, perhaps boast of some particular play and foretell how it will deceive other teams. This might easily leak out and then the play is of no further use. Then there is always the dan-

ger that graduates of other universities will attend the practices and send information to their colleges. Depending, as we do, mostly upon our team work, we must be very careful."

Our Awful Roads.

SIR PERCY GIROUARD, an Ottawa man who has become one of the leading soldiers of the Empire, is at present visiting Canada. Sir Percy has been 24 years in the army, and has been active in Egypt and South Africa. He is a virile, active man, lightning in his decisions and tense in manner. He is one of Lord Kitchener's proteges.

Sir Percy, who is an engineer of great note, made these cryptic remarks about Canadian roads in Ottawa the other day:

"Your roads are still shocking. I don't mean your railroads; I mean your roads in the populous centres. Everywhere one sees magnificent buildings and fine parks, but the roads are still in a very bad shape. It's a fact, and I believe that good roads pay. I repeat that: good roads pay. The roads of Canada such as I have seen, are not much better than they were ten years ago. Why put up good buildings and have bad roads? I understand that sometimes it is hard to build and maintain good roads on account of frosts, but still, the roads are bad, and remember that England spends more on her roads than on her navy."

Canada and the West Indies.

CANADIANS are beginning to take increased interest in the West Indies. Reciprocity with the islands and legislative union, are topics often discussed. Aside from viewing the West Indies from the political or commercial aspect, many Canadians look upon these tropical British possessions as an ideal place of refuge from the cold winters of the Dominion. The big steamship companies are making arrangements to facilitate traffic between Canada and the sunshine land. For instance, the White Star-Dominion people announce that their ocean liners Megantic and Laurentic will make four cruises this season. An interesting feature of a trip to the West Indies is that the tourist gets a glimpse of the Panama Canal, whose destiny is so acute a subject of international dispute.

Industrial Brandon.

BRANDON for a Western city has quite a large manufacturing industry. Most of the factories started with small capital and grew to their present position through the natural stimulation of economic forces.

Forty is a conservative estimate of the number of Brandon's factories. Everything from machinery to confectionery is made.

A Woman on Farming.

MRS. G. BINNIE-CLARK, an English woman, has been in Canada looking after the interests of woman investors across the seas.

Mrs. Binnie-Clark was the first woman to farm in Saskatchewan. Her remarks on Western Canada as a prospective field for the woman farmer should be of interest to readers of The Courier. She said in an interview:

"Farming is a profitable field for the business woman, though to be successful she should know every implement and how to use it. And she must be content to have at least two years' hard work before she obtains results. She must be prepared for disappointments, but if she can overcome them she will win out in the end. I had two crops frozen out, but I kept on, and now I am rewarded with a comfortable and prosperous farm and a goodly number of horses. Had I known as much as I do now when I began, I would have gone in for mixed farming, but I did not, and I am now giving the benefit of my advice to my sisters who are contemplating coming to Canada to farm. I am free to confess that I shall tell them that they will have very much better chances of success in British Columbia and the maritime provinces than on the prairies, but I am not going to disparage the chances of success on the prairies to women of grit and courage."

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Danny Deever

"What are the bugles blowing for?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"To turn you out, to turn you out,"
The Colour-Sergeant said.
"What makes you look so white, so white?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"I'm dreading what I've to watch,"
The Colour-Sergeant said,
"For they're 'angin' Danny Deever, you can 'ear the Dead March play, The regiment's in 'ollow square, They're 'angin' 'im to-day; They're takin' of 'is buttons orf an' cut 'is stripes away, And they're 'angin' Danny Deever in the mornin'."

DAVID BISPHAM, the great baritone, will sing "Danny Deever," the song by Rudyard Kipling, which he has made world-famous, by special request in his recital in Massey Hall, Toronto, on Thursday, October 3rd. Go to your Talking Machine Dealer and ask to hear David Bispham sing this and other splendid songs. They are beautifully reproduced on Columbia Records.

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Canadian Headquarters:
TORONTO - CANADA

Public Health Problem

(Toronto World.)

"OLD political problems are being thrown into the scrap heap and people are demanding new leaders capable of leading them to a solution of problems that count for more in the national welfare and whose solution will result in greater human efficiency."

These words of Dr. W. A. Evans at the convention of the Canadian Public Health Association should be pondered over by the young men who are growing up into the responsibilities of public life. The old ideals of facing death in battle and other military and naval ways are beginning to look rather crude beside the life and death struggles entailed by our changing social conditions. An epidemic often kills far more than a military campaign. Diseases like consumption, which carry off three thousand people in Ontario alone every year, are plagues far worse than the encroachments of alien nations. Pure water, clean milk, food free from germs are of vital importance to the people.

There has been a disposition on the part of some citizens to undervalue the work done for months past by Dr. Hastings in the city health department, but the meeting of the health association should have the good effect of laying proper emphasis on the importance of their work, many features of which have hitherto been neglected.

An Expensive Lesson

(Ottawa Free Press.)

COULD there be any more conclusive evidence than that given before Judge Gunn of the necessity of placing the Ottawa waterworks department under the management and control of a directly-elected paid commission, and of completely divorcing this most vital branch of the civic administration from the ruck of petty municipal politics?

When faced with the truly awful revelations in regard not only to the sections of the intake pipes under the river but also to the concrete section on land, which broke down on its first test and into which crude sewage has been found to leak directly, aldermanic members of the waterworks committee of last and this year say: "We did not know anything about these things; they were not reported to us by the officials."

Supposing the Ottawa city water supply was in the hands of a private company and similar revelations concerning it were made, what would the people of Ottawa say if the company's board of directors were to make the excuse of ignorance?

For permitting the waterworks to be mixed up with municipal politics and to be controlled and managed by aldermanic committees that apparently had no conception of their responsibilities, Ottawa has paid in a couple of years by two typhoid epidemics in which 2,200 people were involved, of whom 148 have died, and in addition probably a couple of million dollars in cash.

Winning a Baseball Pennant

(Continued from page 13.)

tically alone in the early part of the season when the other twirlers were undependable. The surprise of the season, however, was Benny Meyer, who was secured by President McCaffery against Manager Kelley's wishes. The president used to be bothered by Meyer's noisy coaching for the Newark team last year. "I want that chap just to coach," he said to Kelley. He got him. From the start Benny made good, developed into the fastest base-runner and heaviest hitter among the regulars, and his fielding has been fair. Five big league clubs wanted to draft him from Toronto but failed. McConnell and Holly filled bad holes in the infield, and Dalton and Fitzpatrick, the utility men, were almost as good as the regulars. Lush, the left-hander, and Maxwell, the slow ball artist, have pitched winning ball.

There is no post-season series for Toronto, such as the big league champions have, but the Leafs are gathering a little pocket money now that the season is over by exhibition games with Washington, Cincinnati, and other teams. The receipts of those games go to the players. The management is satisfied with this season's share.

The coming series for the world's

The Gospel of Efficiency---How it is Preached to and Practised by Canadians

Fifteen years ago the word "efficiency" held the same place in the Dictionary that it does to-day, but in the popular mind it was a somewhat ordinary word used for describing the attributes of a certain engine, tool, or perhaps a remedy of some kind—all inanimate things.

At that time the watch-words of the ambitious Canadian were "Initiative" and "Hustle," and these he whipped himself into superlative effort with, until he found that he was fast losing the ability to keep himself up to "concert pitch"—he no longer responded to the whip—something serious had happened—

Truth was he had lost his efficiency. Thus did the word Efficiency assume a new and great import among men and women alike, for without it we can have neither initiative, hustle, or ability to keep pace with the business and social requirements of the twentieth century.

How to obtain and maintain the highest degree of Efficiency is partly the purpose of this article.

The great study with us now should be how to keep well and efficient while we are about, rather than how to get well and efficient after we are ill—as a matter of fact, in this connection, those of us who consider ourselves well and strong are not consistently more than fifty per cent. efficient.

We may be able to get about and do our daily tasks with more or less satisfaction to ourselves, and without undue exhaustion, but that is not by any means one hundred per cent. of efficiency.

If our brains are clear, our intellects bright, and our condition such as to put enthusiasm and "ginger" as well as clear judgment into our work, we have a tremendous advantage over those who are half the time depressed, blue, and all the time nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with perfect efficiency, and makes so much for success.

But most of us are in the latter class, if we analyze our feeling, and for a very good reason.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work to exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

Nature has constructed us for a certain physical "speed" as it were. If you construct an engine for a certain speed, and then attempt to run it at a quarter of that speed, it clogs up and gets "wheezy at the joints" and needs frequent attention and assistance to operate satisfactorily—just so with the human body.

If our work is mostly mental, or confining, as it is in almost every instance, and our physical body runs at quarter speed or less, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and the clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than is immediately apparent, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood, circulating through the colon, absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upperhand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes if there is a local weakness.

Accumulated waste, for instance, is the direct, immediate, and specific cause of Appendicitis.

Now there have been many preachers of the Gospel of Efficiency, among them men high up in the literary, commercial, and professional world, who have tried to teach us to conserve our energies by relaxation, avoidance of worry, habitual cheerfulness, etc., but this is

useless advice when the seat of the trouble is physical first, and mental afterwards.

There have also been many practical men, such as physicians, physical culturists, dietitians, osteopaths, etc., who have done something towards actually removing this waste from the colon, at least for a time.

It remained for a new, rational, and perfectly natural process, however, to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep it sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and efficient—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it, and us, sluggish and dull spirited and making our entire organism work and act as nature intended it should.

That process is internal bathing with warm water—and it by the way, now has the unqualified and enthusiastic endorsements of the most enlightened physicians, physical culturists, osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found, through disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drug-shop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with internal bathing.

Drugs force nature instead of assisting her—internal bathing assists nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—internal bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon constantly clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased—internal bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of internal bathing, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practised for years.

It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means; causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after-effects.

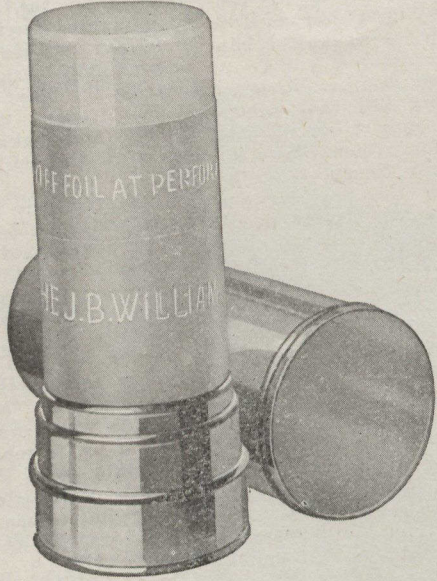
Doubtless you, as well as all Canadian men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about Efficiency—about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of internal bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to write about in detail, but there is a physician who has made this his life's study and work. He has written an extremely interesting book on the subject called, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient," which he will send without cost to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 522, 280 College street, Toronto, Ontario, and mentioning that they have read this article in The Canadian Courier.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person about this subject, which has so great a bearing on the general health and efficiency.

My personal experience and my observation makes me very enthusiastic on internal bathing for I have seen its results in sickness as well as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to themselves, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.

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Women's Combination Package consisting of a liberal trial sample of Violet Talc Powder, Karsi Talc Powder, Cold Cream, Dental Cream, Tooth Powder and Jersey Cream Toilet Soap. Postpaid for 24 cents in stamps.

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Jersey Cream Toilet Soap, Dentalactic Tooth Powder, &c.

championship is now the talk of baseballdom, and most of the experts are picking the Boston Red Sox to beat the Giants in the seven-game struggle. The Sox are reputed to have a stronger pitching staff than the New Yorkers. Joe Wood—they call him "Smoky Joe," because of his marvellous speed—has made a new record with 32 wins and only four losses so far, and he is admitted to be better than any of the Giant twirlers. He will probably pitch three of the games against New York. Tesreau, who was with Toronto last year, has developed into the most dependable of the Gotham heavers. Matthewson is going fairly well, but Rube Marquard has faded away after his extraordinary record of 19 straight wins. Boston has three good pitchers to back up Wood in Hall, Collins and O'Brien.

The new Canadian League began this year with a successful season, and Ottawa easily landed the pennant, having the advantage of a good pitching staff and a good all round team.

Lure of the Fall Fair

(Concluded from page 7.)

what leisurely. He tells us that we are the people, and we stifle our modesty so that we may realize what it must feel like to be at the centre of the spotlight and to be the recipient of the applause of multitudes.

We rush to get a view of the speeding contests, and in the few moments given to watching the judging we make a mental note of some horseman's remark, such as "Black horses have more devil in them than the others." And what interesting incidents and sights we run across! The baby whose imitations in the poultry building makes the fond mother ask if baby is "going to crow, too," the meeting of long-parted pals with white hair and bent forms. The remarks on the "biggest ever" exhibits in cattle, vegetables and other lines—the people are indeed a big part of the show!

Did you ever notice closely the "young people" at the fair? We are assured that "in the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and it's probably safe betting that it is in the fall—and often at the fall fair—that the young man's thoughts turn seriously to thoughts of love and go on to thoughts of a ring and a minister, and whether "she" would want a church wedding. There's a "homey" feeling in the atmosphere of the fall fair, especially when together he and she seek a place to eat, and more especially when the chill of evening becomes noticeable and he helps her into her coat. That little act makes him think what high happiness it would be to take care of her all the rest of life's journey. Doesn't it seem probable that at the fall fair there is started or deepened that friendship which results in many a girl being included in the next list of June brides?

Dolly's Sandwich-man

(Continued from page 9.)

turned a corner, and he is gone!" "I'll keep my eyes open for him, miss," the man said. "It's glad I'll be if I see him, an' I'll speak to the police on the beat and do me best."

"If you should see him, bring him to our hotel," said Johanna, naming a well-known house on the avenue. "There will be a reward given."

The sandwich-man coloured under his weather-beaten skin.

"It's not for no reward, ma'am, I look," he said; then turned to Dolly.

"I'll keep me eye open all day for him, and don't be downhearted, little lady. He'll turn up all right before noontide."

Dolly thanked him, and dragged Johanna off upon the quest.

It was past noon when the sandwich-man saw a policeman coming toward him with a fat and foot-weary pug tucked under his arm.

He hailed the man of authority with joy. "That's the dog I've been looking for all day, Mr. Fitzpatrick!" he called. "He belongs to a little lady I know who lives at a great hotel up the avenue. If you'll let me, I'll take him home."

The eagerness in the voice arrested the policeman's attention.

"Take him if you want to," he said.

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to impart a delicious mellow flavor similar to maple. It will not cook out or grain, and is therefore especially good for cake filling and icing.

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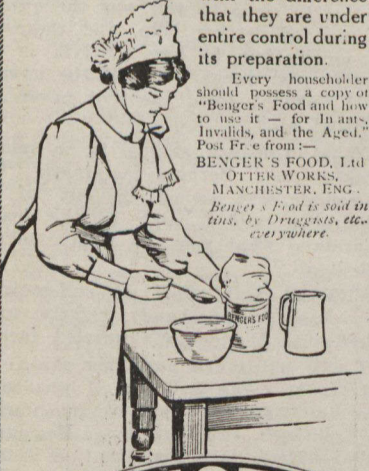
By allowing it to stand for a longer or shorter period at one stage, you can adjust this food for infants or growing children, for persons suffering from dyspepsia, and for all conditions of illness, when ordinary foods are unsuitable. This range of utility is unique among foods.

Benger's Food, while being entirely distinct from pre-digested foods, contains the natural digestive principles, with the difference that they are under entire control during its preparation.

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Benger's Food is sold in this, by Druggists, etc., everywhere.



BENGER'S FOOD
for Infants, Invalids and the Aged.

B89C

"Sure, he's a lump of a dog to carry to the station, an' I'm not wantin' the bother of him. He's been on a kind of wild-goose tear, an' the heart of him is thumpin' to beat the band. Here he is, then."

The sandwich-man took off his boards, and stood them beside a newspaper stand. Then, carrying the tired little dog, he started up the avenue.

Reaching the hotel, he entered and crossed the great rotunda with its tessellated floors, soft rugs, bronzes and carved woods.

The beauty and space of it bewildered him a little. Never before had he entered such places, though he had travelled past them often enough.

As he half halted to ask his way, a man passed him—a man about his own age, but wearing his years lightly. The ease of good living had saved him many a mark of time. He was tall and straight and handsome—and looked at peace with the world. His hair was a "sable silvered," but he was in the full tide of strength.

The sandwich-man stumbled a little as he saw him, then straightened and leaned forward, his eyes wide and staring. Still holding the little dog close against his breast, he followed the man through the rotunda, up the stairs, and along a carpeted hall.

He saw nothing of it. Before his mind's eye were the snow-covered wastes of a far northern country. It was in the Yukon this man had left him to die alone in their shack when the food ran low, and he himself was bound fast to the place by a frost-bitten foot. It was this man who had taken what food there was, and the gold they had dug from the rock through months of toil, and had stolen away under cover of darkness, leaving him to meet death as best he could alone. There was an Indian somewhere yet, perhaps, who could have told how he found him four days later, starving, frozen, impoverished.

Well, he had looked long for his enemy. Softly he drew a revolver from his pocket, and softly followed the man. He held Bijou fast also. Against the warmth of his coat and in his circling arms the little dog slept.

The man he followed opened a rose-wood door, and entered a rose-coloured room. The sandwich-man pressed after. Then a child's voice came ringing through the sunny stillness, and a child came running across the room.

"Oh, dad!" she cried, "I've lost Bijou and I've hunted and hunted!"

The man caught her and swung her into his arms.

The sandwich-man just inside the door stared, his lips working curiously.

As she was lifted high, Dolly saw him. "Oh, dad, dear!" she said. "It is the sandwich-man—my sandwich-man that I told you of! And yes—yes! he has Bijou. Put me down, dad, dear—put me down quickly!"

In a flash she was beside the man by the door, and had the little dog in her arms.

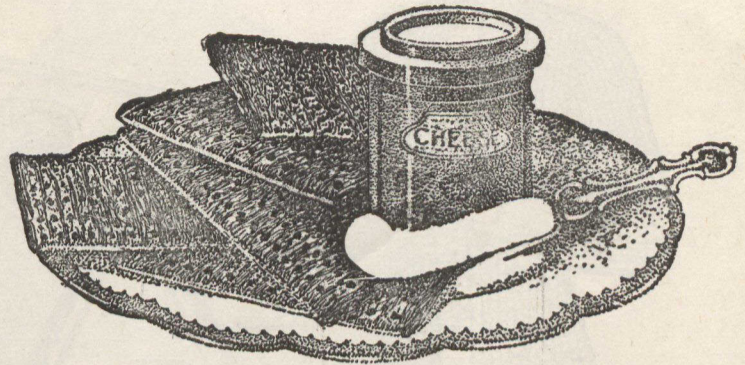
"Dear sandwich-man," she said, smiling up at him; "you are good! I don't think I ever, ever can thank you."

"Well, sweetheart, I'm glad Bijou is found," said her father. "Personally I cannot understand your fondness for him—but if you are fond of him, that is enough. Here!" he said, taking a roll of money from his pocket, and loosening one green fold, "here, give this to the man. The sandwich-man, is he? He certainly has been very kind to stalk this vagrant beast through such a big town."

Dolly handed him the money, and his fingers closed on it. Her eyes looked up into his wistfully, and as though she would have said more.

Turning, he shuffled away down the softly carpeted hall. The child stood and watched him. Then he heard the door shut. One hand held close against his side covered a small, glittering pistol. He slipped it into his pocket. Then he crossed the rotunda, and went out into the morning. As one unseeing, he shuffled on down the avenue towards his beat. Suddenly, at the corner of Twenty-third Street, his eyes chanced to fall on the crisp greenback held in his fingers. They had stiffened around it, it seemed. A little brisk wind came down the street; here, by the tall wedge-shaped building, it grew stronger. He opened his hand quickly, the wind caught the engraved paper as though it had been a dry leaf, and whirled it away.

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It is the whole wheat, steam-cooked shredded, compressed into a wafer, and baked—the maximum of nutriment in smallest bulk. Many people prefer it to ordinary bread toast. Heated in the oven to restore its crispness it is delicious for luncheon, or for any meal, with butter, potted cheese or marmalades.

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His Little Girl

(Continued from page 16.)

shrinking fear in her eyes, and Hugh went quickly towards her.

"You?" he said, with no more conventional greeting, "I did not expect to see you."

"I came—I had to come," she stammered, her manner more like that of a young frightened girl than a poised and quiet woman of the world. "I want to say something to you, to tell you something." Her eyes did not meet his, she was obviously very ill at ease, but her very nervousness and the girlish embarrassment of her manner, roused in Hugh all the tenderness which her flippancy had temporarily checked. With the chivalry of a man who had always revered woman, his chief instinct was to set her at her ease, and he drew forward a chair for her, and said quietly—

"Sit down, Miss Muller, and tell me what I can do for you. Is there any way in which I can help you?"

"Yes," she twisted her hands together nervously. "I came to you because I didn't know what else to do. I think you will help."

"I am sure I will help, if there is anything to be done for you," he answered cheerily, still only intent on helping her to overcome her embarrassment. "Tell me all about it, and let us see what we can do."

"It isn't anything you expect," she exclaimed, hurriedly and confusedly. "I mean, it is something very out of the common. You will despise me when I tell you, but, I've got to tell you, I've just got to tell you the truth." She spoke with suppressed vehemence, her hands still working restlessly, her eyes averted from his face, and he, seeing that she was labouring under some great emotion, sat down in his place by the table, and said very quietly—

"Try to tell me just exactly what it is you want, and don't jump to the conclusion that I shall despise you. That is a most unlikely contingency," and he smiled, the smile which had begun to seem to Rosa the sweetest and kindest in the world.

"You will certainly despise me," she answered, a note of despair in her tones, "but I can't help that. I have got to tell you everything now. I can't pretend to you any more. You must know the whole truth."

"The truth about what?" he said, a puzzled look in his eyes.

"About me—about my life. But first, listen. I came to-day because of little Sylvia Burnett, Sir Giles Tredman's ward."

Hugh looked more and more bewildered, as indeed he felt.

"Sylvia Burnett? The little girl of whom Miss Helen Stansdale takes care? But what have you and I to do with her?"

"She has disappeared," came the hurried response, "and I can tell you where she is, at least I think I can tell you."

"You can tell me? But how do you know? And why do you come to me about it?"

"Because you are strong and kind: because to come to you was the quickest way of getting help, and there is not much time to lose. Sylvia is in danger—real danger—and if she is not saved from it soon, she will never be saved at all."

"What you are saying is so much Greek to me," Berners exclaimed. "It all sounds like something out of a melodrama: and I can't in the least understand what you and I have to do with it all."

With a great effort at self-control Rosa clasped her hands tightly and looked into the doctor's puzzled face.

"I will try to tell you," she said. "I will try to make it plain. I was sent here, to Miss Stansdale, by my uncle, my mother's half-brother, Hermann Muller. He calls himself that, it is not his real name, but he is known here by it. He sent me here, to try and find out the whereabouts of a certain jewel."

Berners looked more and more mystified.

"I do not know why he wanted the jewel," she continued. "I do not know what it has to do with him, but he wanted it desperately, and when Her-

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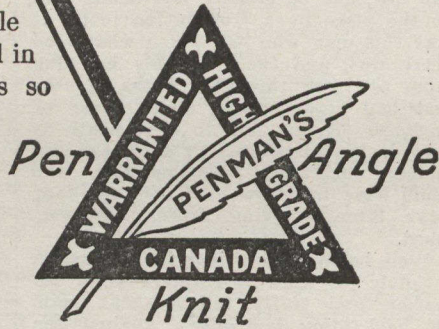
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mann Muller wants a thing desperately, he will have it at all costs."

"But why did you come to the Stansdales for it?" Hugh managed to interpolate into her stream of words.

"Because he had given the jewel to the youngest Miss Stansdale, the one of whom they never speak," and Rosa briefly recapitulated the story Miss Marion had told her.

"I can only guess that it was for Hermann's sake that she left her home and her family; but I discovered beyond a possibility of doubt, that the jewel in question was left to Sylvia Burnett by her mother."

"Then Sylvia's mother was a Miss Stansdale, is that what you mean?"

"I think there is no reasonable doubt about it," Rosa answered, "though there are no proofs whatever of the child's identity."

"But still I cannot understand why you blame yourself for anything?"

A burning flush of shame scorched her face.

"Because Miss Marion's chance observation of Sylvia's likeness to her sister gave me the idea of questioning the child. And I—I made Sylvia like me, and then persuaded her to tell me of her mother, of her mother's death, and so by easy stages about the jewel bequeathed to her by her mother. And then—" Rosa paused, her shamed eyes bent down, "then I told Hermann where the jewel was."

"But you say the child has disappeared—why?"

"Because Hermann is trying to force Sir Giles' hand. He threatens to kill little Sylvia unless the jewel is handed over to him."

"But that is mere bluff," Hugh exclaimed indignantly. "The police—"

"The police are not likely to baffle Hermann Muller," she interrupted, with a sort of deadly quietness, "they would not find it easy to trace him if—"

"If you were not putting them on his track," Hugh broke in, looking at her steadily. "Remember, by what you are telling me, you are putting this man into my hands."

"I forgot that," she faltered, "I forgot that," and every trace of colour died out of her face, leaving it ashen in hue. "When he finds out that I have betrayed him, he will kill me too. Not that I am afraid," she went on, lifting her head a little proudly, "I do not want to shirk the consequences of what I am doing in telling you the truth. I had to tell you, because little Sylvia must be saved."

"You think it is this man you call Hermann who has taken her away from Sir Giles?"

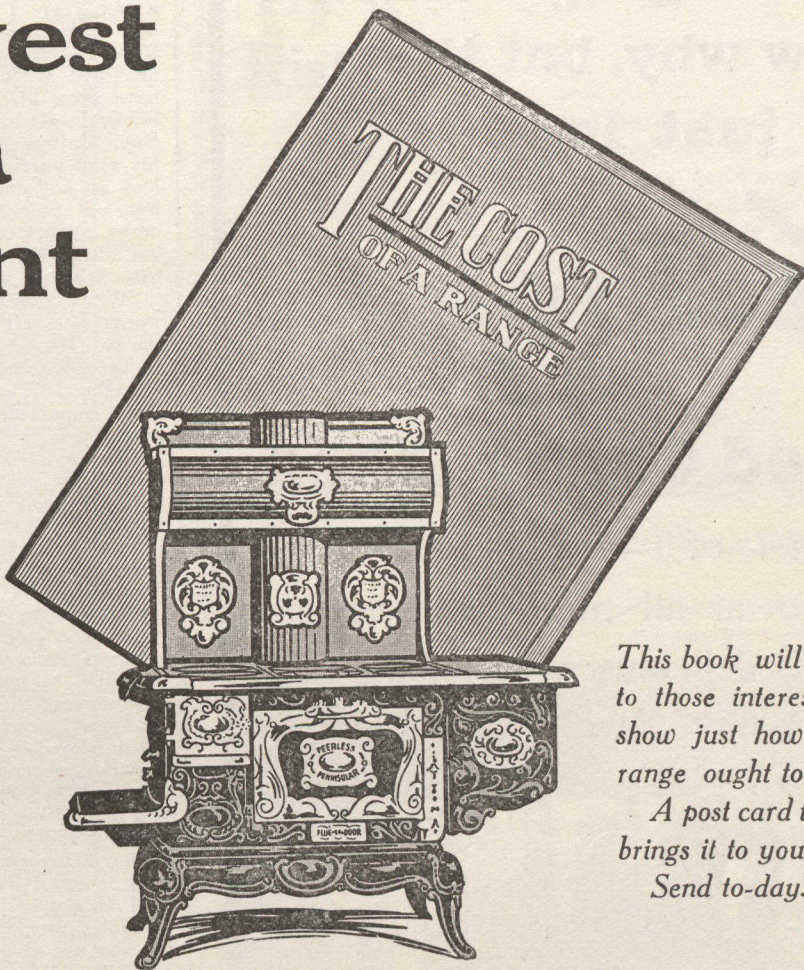
"I am sure of that, as sure as if I had seen it happen. No one else could have known that the jewel was in Sir Giles' hands, and he only knew because I told him. He has a grudge against Sir Giles, I do not understand why, excepting that Sir Giles seems to have been present when that poor lady, Sylvia's mother, met her death, and I think he hates Sir Giles for having befriended her. But I myself do not understand all which seems mysterious. I only know that Hermann would, if he could, do a bad turn to Sir Giles, and that now his chance has come, and he has taken it. And I—" her voice sank—"I have given him the chance."

Her stricken face, shamed eyes, the faltering accents of her voice, made an even more direct appeal than her beauty had done to all the tenderness in Hugh's nature. He bent towards her, and laid his hand upon hers.

"You made a mistake, you are doing your utmost to repair the mistake. None of us can do more."

"But all my life has been spent in a way you would hate and despise," she explained, the impulse to confess strong upon her. "I will not let you think better of me than I deserve, you shall know the worst of me, the very worst." She dragged her hand away from him, and sprang to her feet, continuing to speak in rapid, nervous accents, without giving him an opportunity of uttering a syllable. "I am a Russian, and my mother worked for Russia—for the Holy Cause she called it—and when I was a child I worked with her. That was noble work, she was a noble woman. But she died when I was only a little girl; my father had died long before, and I was left to the tender mercies

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of my mother's half-brother, Hermann Muller. Sometimes he worked for the cause, but at others he worked for his own ends, and I was a useful tool. For a few years I was away from him, at school, perhaps it was then that he knew Sylvia's mother, for I never saw or heard of her. Since I left school I have been his catspaw, his decoy, the helper in all his schemes for money getting, for low adventure. Men came to his card parties, because I was good to look at, and amusing to talk to. I have been all over Europe with him, and I never understood till now, how low I had dropped in lending myself to his base schemes and low frauds."

"What has taught you now?" the words were almost snapped out at her, the two stood facing one another, it was as though some momentous crisis were at stake. "What has taught you now?" Hugh repeated, when she did not at once reply.

"I cannot tell you that," she answered slowly, the colour that had come back to her face as she talked, dying out of it again. "I had to tell you the truth, I could not let you know me any more under false pretences, but—there is nothing else to be said." All the vitality seemed to leave her with the last words, she stood there before him like a flower broken on its stalk, her head drooping, her whole pose one of intense fatigue, and Hugh's grave tone changed.

"There is everything more to be said," he answered very gently, his hands drawing her trembling hands into their grasp. "Do you know what I think of you for coming and telling me all this?"

She shook her head, and a wan smile flickered across her face, though her eyes brimmed over with tears.

"I think, like your mother, you are a noble woman," he said very softly. "It was not an easy thing to tell me the truth."

"Easy?" Her tear-dimmed eyes looked full into his. "I didn't think I could ever do it. I fought against doing it, but something made me come—something—that was stronger than myself." The grasp of his hands upon hers tightened.

"What was it stronger than yourself?" There was a compelling force in his eyes, she could not withdraw her own glance, but the soft colour crept over her face again.

"You!" The one word came under her breath, drawn from her by that irresistible force against which she was powerless to struggle, and as he heard it, Hugh Berners laughed, a low, contented laugh.

"Was I stronger than yourself?" he asked, his voice dropping into a caressing tenderness that sent a shiver of joy through her veins. "Did you know that I should understand?"

"I thought you would never want to speak to me again," she said, a great bewilderment and a great happiness thrilling in her voice. "I fought hard with myself before I came to you, because I was sure that you would despise me utterly when I told you the truth. I thought by telling you it that I was cutting myself away from you for ever."

"You thought that, and still you came," his hands drew her imperceptibly nearer to himself.

"I had to come," she repeated. "I could not let you think me better than I am. I had to tell you the worst."

"You care for me enough to want me to know the whole of you, good and bad?" The note of triumph deepened in his voice.

"Yes," she whispered, her eyes falling at last before what she read in his. "I knew I would rather never see you again, than be dishonest with you any more. I have never done anything to disgrace my womanhood, only I have lived a life of adventure, of intrigue. I—" But the end of her sentence was muffled by the rough folds of his coat, for he caught her in his arms, and held her closely, raining kisses on her rosy face.

(To be continued.)

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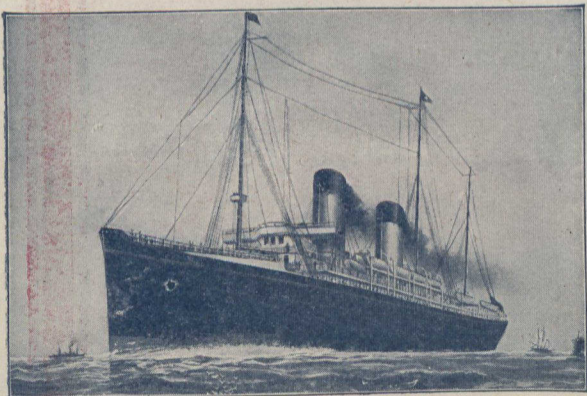
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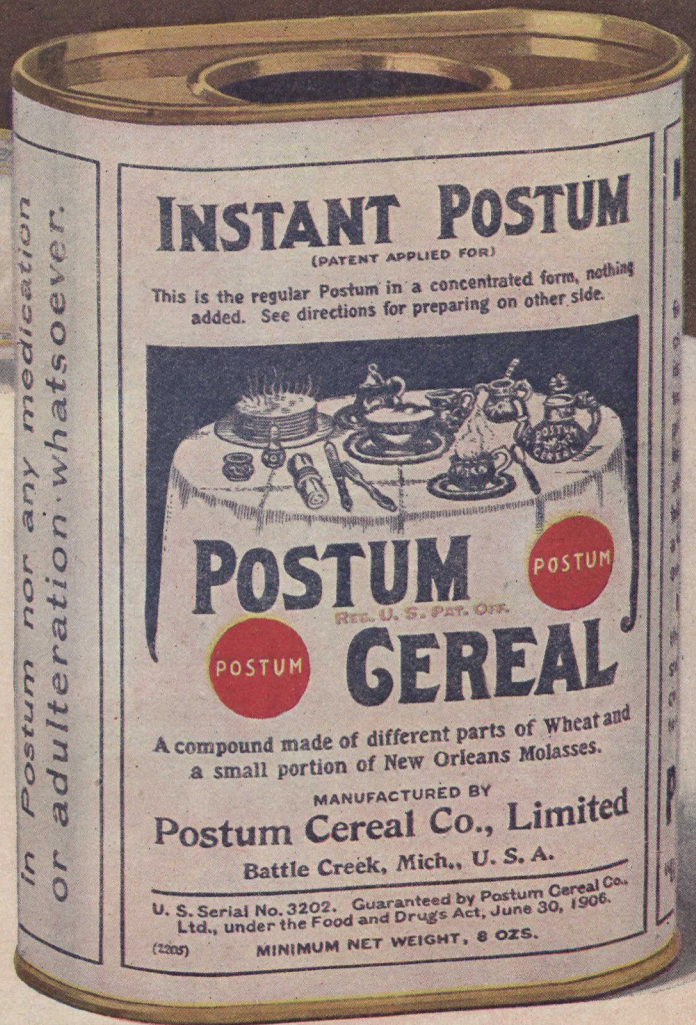
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