

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE VANISHING AGE OF WOOD

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 21

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Containing a seasonable melange of features on annual and half-hardy annual flowers and directions for sowing; a critical treatment of the causes why a farm is sometimes such an ugly place.

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Editor's Talk

THERE is a very brief article on page 7 of this issue showing the kind of people that are going into the Canadian melting pot. This year's immigration will eclipse all previous records. In spite of the fact that the world does not know as yet whether Canada is to have a navy the people continue to come, from many sources.

It is the duty of Canadianism to assimilate these people—without too much politics. It is the duty of Canadian newspapers and periodicals to reach as many kinds of people as possible with as many things of national interest as possible. The "Canadian Courier" has reflected as much of the new life and as many of the new peoples of Canada as any other two papers in the country. This has been done for two reasons: that older Canadians might know as much as possible about the people who were coming to learn Canadianism; and that new Canadians might be able to get a national outlook upon the life and character of this country.

In a country that changes the character of its population as rapidly as Canada, there is no place for a paper that fails either to be fundamentally Canadian, or to adapt itself to the life of the country. Politicians sometimes change their policies. An editor frequently changes his outlook.



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 "Well, what now?" he muttered.
 "You know Miss Green never sings without her music?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, she's brought her music."—
 Detroit Free Press.

Now We Know.—True courage is that noble quality of mind which makes us forget how afraid we are.—Puck.

In Hawaii.—Servants in the Sandwich Islands have a curious habit, says a lady writer, of calling their employers by their first names. Hers, she adds, was always saying, "Yes, John," to her husband, and "Very well, Mary," to her.

When we got a new cook I told my husband to avoid calling me "Mary," so that the cook, not knowing my name, would have to say "missus" to me. So John always called me "sweetheart" or "deary," never Mary.

One day we had some officers to dinner, and I told them of the rule I had adopted, and added, "By this servant, at least, you won't hear me called Mary."

Just then the new cook entered the room. He bowed, and said to me, "Sweetheart, the dinner is served."

"What?" I stammered, aghast at his familiarity.

"Dinner is served, deary," answered the new cook.

An Old Hand.—Owner of Apartment House—"Is the new janitor experienced?"

Agent—"You bet he is! He wasn't on the job half an hour before all the bells and speaking tubes were out of commission."—Life.

Evidently.—Teacher—"What is a vacuum?"

Boy—"I know, teacher. I have it in my head, but I can't just think of it."—Brooklyn Life.

Conversely.—Two doctors met for the first time at a reception. Both were famous, though each adopted a different system of treatment. Said the one, loftily, as he shook the other by the hand, "I am glad to meet you as a gentleman, sir, though I can't admit that you are a physician." "And I," said the other smiling faintly, "am glad to meet you as a physician, though I can't admit that you are a gentleman."

Wiser Now.

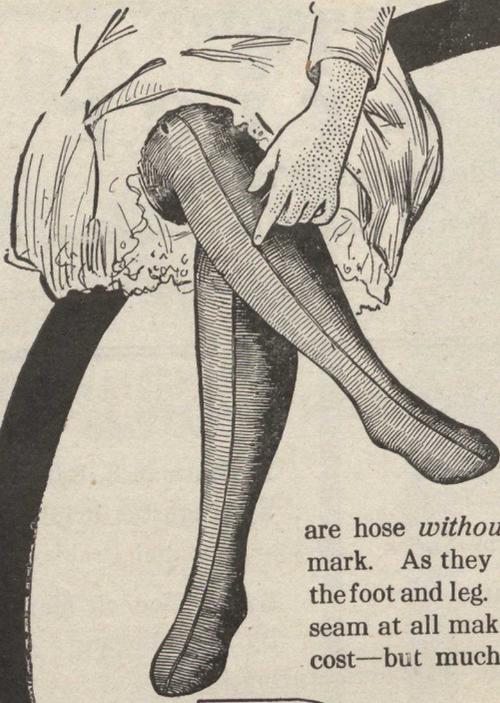
HE knew so much of women's ways! We listened to him in amaze, For he could talk for days and days Of woman—well he knew her! But, though we see him every day, Now not a single word he'll say; He's lost his old bold, boastful way— You see, he's married to her.
 —Lippincott's Magazine.

The Retort Courteous.—A minister, preaching long and loud, but failing nevertheless to interest his congregation, was surprised to find that one old man was sitting with his eyes closed.

"Will someone kindly wake Mr. Brown?" said the parson, "he's asleep." Mr. Brown opened his eyes, and, looking steadfastly at the minister, said, "Oh, no, he's not. He only wishes he were!"—Bristol Observer.

Advising the Court.—A coloured man was brought before a police judge charged with stealing chickens. He pleaded guilty and received sentence, when the judge asked him how it was he managed to lift those chickens right under the window of the owner's house when there was a dog in the yard.

"Hit wouldn't be of no use, judge," said the man, "to try to 'splane dis ting to you all. Ef you was to try it you like as not would get yer hide full o' shot an' git no chickens, nuther. Ef you want to engage in any rascality, judge, yo' bettah stick to de bench, whar yo' am familiar."—Chicago Record-Herald.



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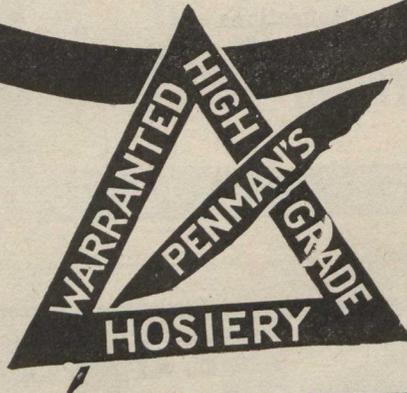
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIII.

April 26, 1913

No. 21

From Bronchos to Hackneys and Hunters

*"Take me where there's diamond hitches,
 Ropes an' brands an' ca'tridge belts;
 Where the boys wear shaps for britches,
 Flannel shirts an' stetson felts."*

UNDER smiling skies and perfect weather conditions, the Eighth Annual Horse Show was held at Calgary during the second week of the month, and proved an attraction that drew immense crowds, who filled the boxes, crowded the seats and overflowed into the ring area.

Previous to 1909, when the show was but a Spring Stallion Display, no evening performance was inaugurated, but at that time, with a grant from the Dominion and Provincial Governments, and a donation from the city and the merchants, it jumped like Western things, and overnight erected its own great horse-show building. Now it's a real, live horse show, advertised east and west, and occupies a prominent place in the calendar of all lovers of the noble equine, the general public and So-ci-e-ty, with a capital S. The dress-makers, the milliners and the taxi-cab drivers just adore it—to say nothing of the florists.

In 1909 there were only about six hundred entries with corresponding ratio of receipts; in 1911 there were nine hundred contestants with improved financial conditions, while this year, over twelve hundred animals are on the books and the stringency in the money-market is a forgotten dream of childhood. It makes one think of the old joke about the man from the West who, when visiting in the East, was asked, "How much population has your town, anyhow?" "I'm sure I don't know," he replied, scratching his head seriously; "you see, it's over a week since I left there."

Year by year the interest that this Show has for breeders and ranchers is making itself keenly felt, and increased entries and greater and steadier importation of pure-bred stock into the country are the result. It marks for them the greatest attraction of the year. As is the case in Montreal, Toronto, New York and Vancouver, society assists to its very fullest capacity. It is a time of beautifully

The Calgary Horse Show

By NORMAN S. RANKIN

gowned women and well-groomed men, myriad lights and floral decorations and humming automobiles, and after-show suppers. Tiers of boxes,

John Weir's Le Roi, Albert Brook's Lock's Vigorous, Mr. T. Croxford's three-year-old stallion, Brantford Swell; John Weir's Columbine, two-year-old hackney mare; G. E. Goddard's Fra Diavolo. In hunting pairs, Mr. and Miss Gardner secured first place, with Jew and Kelowna, jumpers. Mr. P. Walsh, jr., Mr. J. P. Foster, and Messrs. Arthur Attow, J. J. Hennessy and Stanley Carter gave excellent exhibitions.

It was somewhat of a disappointment to many that His Honour Lieut.-Governor Bulyea was unable to officiate, but he was unavoidably detained in Edmonton and wired his good wishes and congratulations.



Mr. George Lane, President of the Calgary Horse Show Association, One of the West's Best Known Cattlemen.

FROM all districts western people "have the habit" of coming to Calgary's Annual Horse Show, while many attend from the border states and the neighbouring province and the coast. Some are here for the simple pleasure of inspecting pure-bred horseflesh, others with money bags which they hope to exchange for prize-winners to take back to their ranches with them.

A great deal of the success of the show is due to the excellent executive and board of directors, who have been indefatigable in their efforts to produce the best possible exhibit. President Mr. George Lane, of the famous "Bar U" ranch, is too well known to horse-lovers to necessitate any eponyms, and his younger assistant, and manager, Mr. E. L. Richardson, is rapidly coming to the fore.

Among the winners was Mr. J. H. Smith, of Toronto, whose standard-bred stallion, The Saxon, won two firsts and the grand championship prize for the best horse of any breed. His pacer, Grand Opera, also captured first in her class.

As for thoroughbreds, the champion female was Ruvia, owned by M. J. Carr, of Calgary, with F. J. Colgan, reserve, on Cyclorama. Sinbad, owned by D. Smith, of Carbon, was champion stallion, while the reserve went to G. de la Salle on Minta. F. C. Lowe's Katy Tod was champion standard bred female. The same owner's Lady Tuck won the



"Pride of Erin," Ridden by Count Charnace, in the Hunter Prize List.

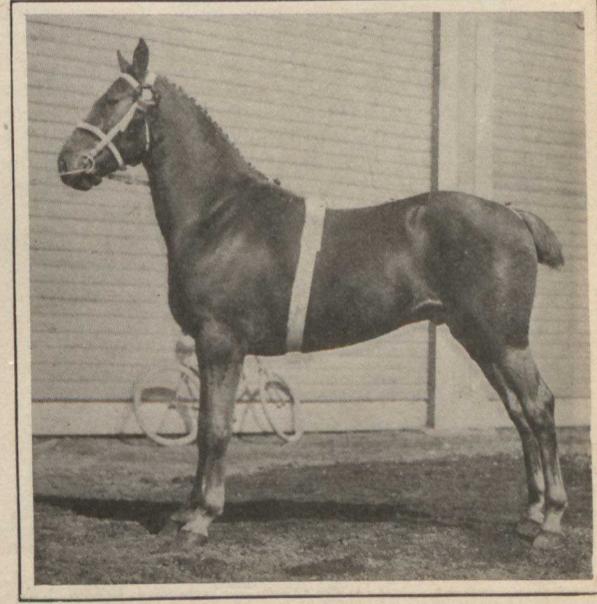
plentifully decorated with the official yellow and brown colours, encircle the ring, while copious bunting of similar shades drapes the sides and roof and many entrances; ferns and daffodils and quantities of yellow tulips complete the *tout ensemble*.

SOME of the classes exhibited, which require to be registered and are for breeding purposes, are standard bred—hackney, coach-bred, Clydes, heavy-grade foal, percherons, suffolk punch, Canadian thoroughbred, and shires. Others are roadsters, carriage, coach and hackney horses, light harness class, tandem, four-in-hand, combination and special; saddle classes, jumpers and hunters; livery rigs, general delivery and fire department horses.

Amongst the winners were F. C. Lowe's Lord and Lady Tuck, and Durbar in the hackney class; Ben Finlayson's hackney stallion, Sir Bantock,



"Minta," Champion Thoroughbred, Owned by Georges de la Salle.



"Sunlight," First Prize Hackney Stallion, Owned by Mr. John Weir, of Carbon.

champion Hackney female.

Undoubtedly, Calgary's Eighth Annual Horse Show was an unqualified success.

The cowboy had his day. He drove out the Indian. He was driven out himself, first by the wire fences and then by the automobile and the crush hat. Western civilization, always a revolution rather than a process, is seen at its hectic height in such a city as Calgary, and at the horse show it is focussed into a high-light, impressionistic picture. Twenty years ago a gang of cow-punchers in from a roundup could make more noise than a camp of Piegans at a sun-dance. What cowboys are left are pretty well absorbed into the new civilization. Like the mounted police, they learned to

adapt themselves to new conditions. The cowboy is not altogether lamenting the change when a prominent cattle-man is president of the Calgary Horse Show Association. The broncho in his day was a fine institution, just as the cayuse was in the buffalo days before the cattle came on the ranges. The broncho still survives. The cayuse is just about extinct, except on the Indian reserves. Nearly thirty years ago Rev. A. B. Baird, then preacher in the Presbyterian church at Edmonton, and writer of editorials on the Edmonton *Bulletin*, wrote a classic lament on the passing of the cayuse, whose utility on the great plains was as marked as that of the camel on the Sahara. If the same gentleman, now a professor in Manitoba University, could have

been at the Calgary Horse Show in 1913, he might have been moved to a still more inspiring reflection on the development of the horse in modern times. And he might have listened with half-amused interest to the poetic plaint of the cowboy continued from the head of this article:

"Take me where there ain't no subways,
Nor no forty-story shacks;
Where they shy at automobiles,
Dudes, plug hats an' three-rail tracks.
Land of prairie grass an' cattle,
Land of sage bush an' of gold;
Take me back there to the rangeland,
Let me die there when I'm old."

Personalities and Problems

No. 26—Archdeacon Cody

The Cleric Who Consolidates Human Interests Into a Great Organization of Spiritual Dimensions

"*Quo officium ducit, sequere.*" Whither duty leads, follow. . . . Ancestral motto of the Cody family from Cornwall.

VENERABLE H. J. CODY has one supreme purpose to achieve before he becomes a ripe, middle-aged man. It is the biggest and most expensive thing of its kind in Canada. It is over 200 feet long, nearly a hundred feet to the top of the nave—and there's a great basement under the floor of that. There are great rows of superb pillars supporting a tremendous and gloomy groin-work of timbers. There will be splendid stained glass windows. There is to be an organ costing over \$30,000. Some day there will be a great tower costing perhaps \$200,000. By that time the concrete purpose of Dr. Cody will represent a total valuation in the coinage of this world of not less than a million dollars.

Four years ago the first contracts were let for the cathedral parish church of St. Paul's. It will be more than a year yet before the last, not including the tower, is completed. Away last fall the pipe organ was being built down in St. Hyacinthe, Que. There are fat contracts enough on this cathedral church to have made a few men very well off indeed. But the church has been given the advantage of low estimates. The stonework alone—Credit Valley sandstone—might have cost a fortune more if put in by ordinary commercial tender. But the head of the firm that supplies it is a member of St. Paul's. He gives the church the benefit of lowest possible cost.

So this will be the greatest parish church building in Canada. It will have the dimensions and the character of a cathedral. And it will be a monument to the unanimous enthusiasm of many men, chief among whom is the rector of St. Paul's.

LOOKING at the huge block of stone that bulges over the canyon of Rosedale and the pretty ivy-grown parish church below; watching it year by year crawling to completion—one might recall the temple of Solomon, not built by the noise of hands, and suppose that it is the work of a man who lives in a spiritual world. No worldly-minded man could have conceived it; no fox-hunting parson; no mere ecclesiastic or theologian. Congregations don't conceive great churches. That is the work of one man; not the architect, who works by rule and by merely poetic imagination at best. But a church is the work of the spirit. The man who conceives it and works out its anatomy when other men are busy with the world, who gazes at it day by day from his study window whenever he has a spare moment, who carries in his mind almost every jot of its construction—must be a man who realizes what a great church feels like from the pulpit and the vestry.

At all events such a man will not be average. He is bound to be unusual. He will be different from most parsons. Bishop's gaiters would scarcely become him; much less a lorgnette.

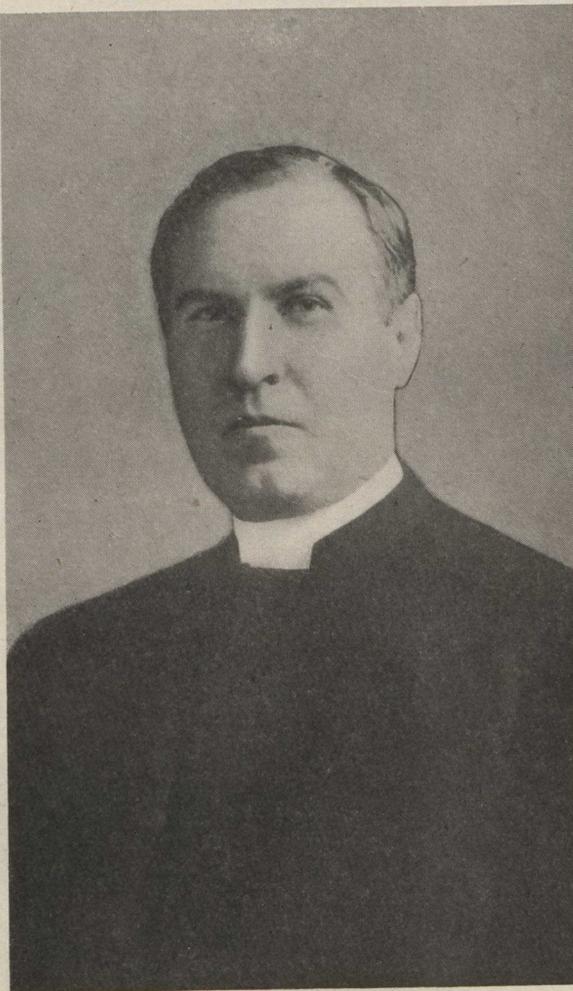
Mere guesses at the kind of man capable of conceiving and building St. Paul's are of very little value. You must see him at close range; not in the pulpit, that always throws some glamour about an Anglican preacher; but in his study, where he does most of the thinking and the plain talking that work out into St. Paul's.

Down a broad staircase in a very large house drifted the dulcet tones of a clock striking the cathedral chime; me-ri-do-soh—with variations such

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

as you hear in any cathedral tower. Ten o'clock. The rector was still busy with his curate mapping out a week's itinerary over thirty square miles.

It was a lovely sound. Lest you might think Dr. Cody is a dreamy, meditative parson thumbing a



"A face that one moment suffuses with the blandest of smiles; the next knits up into a concentration of ideas and a purpose."

book of religious poems in his library and humming the sound of the chimes, let it be clearly known that he is not that kind of man. Concerning that type of preacher there could be but one opinion. Of Dr. Cody there are many. And there is no place like a man's drawing-room among a lot of dead chairs and idle books while you wait for an interview—to call up the various opinions of a public man; especially a preacher who is necessarily more at home than a man of business.

Some call him Low Church; others Evangelical. There is a very slight distinction; but both are different from either the extremely High Church, with its undisguised relics of pure Catholicism and the Centreists, who combine certain elements of both Protestant and true Catholic. Most people imagine that the Evangelicals are the broad gauge, the true Liberals of the church. Much depends upon the angle. A High Church or a Centreist may regard an Evangelical as a sort of Tory in belief. The general public think that plain preaching and an absence of ceremonial in a church ser-

vice are marks of the true Liberal or Progressive. There is no reason why an Evangelical should not be a mild sort of bigot. All depends upon how much intolerance he includes in his evangelism.

Dr. Cody has never been considered a bigot. Nevertheless, he may have a few extreme evangelical sticklers in his church to whom certain concessions have to be made—as a matter of policy; just as he has other men who are broadly catholic in view. It would be a miracle if so eclectic a congregation as St. Paul's ever were built up without compromises and adaptations. And St. Paul's is no mere definition of catechism. It is a strangely human aggregation of diverse people, all astutely centralized by the rector who, whatever may be his precise catechetical creed, knows better than anything else the personal and the human equation.

THEOLOGICAL? Yes. Years he has been a lecturer at Low Church Wycliffe. A scholar? Yes, an expert in classics and not a graduate of Trinity. A traveller—much. Born in Embro, Oxford county, Ont. All his life in Canada; much of it in our largest English-speaking city. Known to clerics and ecclesiastics and common people; to lawyers and business men and financiers and downtowners of all descriptions; to clubs and popular movements; to city hall influences, and to Y. M. C. A. enterprises; to synods and to men on the street; moving about, let us suppose, with a fixed spiritual intention, to inspire the humblest life with the light of the immortal. For that is what we were taught is the duty of the great preacher; not in the pulpit alone, nor in counsels mainly—but down among the dead men if need be to show them the way of eternal life.

When the chimes struck the next quarter upstairs you felt sure this must be the essential Cody. And popularly—it is. No one suspects that the man who has begun to build up the cathedral church of St. Paul's ever did it by mere organization or interesting wealthy men; but by going among the sinners in all ranks with an eye clear to the good of the whole church; welcome in every little pulpit in a suburb, in shacktown and slumtown—

And so many have said. Some by repetition; some by intuition, somewhat judging the man by his sermons, which are never snobbish but always plain and clear to the humble soul. Not forgetting that once it might have been easy for this man to become the Bishop of Nova Scotia—when he stayed with St. Paul's; that he was talked of in the newspapers as a possible Bishop of Toronto—when he stayed with St. Paul's; that for years he has been a power in Low Church Wycliffe College; that he was a prominent member of the University Commission reorganizing the University of Toronto. And so on.

This is no slight story—of the man who stayed with St. Paul's. And there is a reason for such a man of one big centralizing purpose; a reason known as well in the head office of a big financial corporation as in the mean little shack that the curate reports as needing the attention of some part of the benevolent machine operated from the parish house and the rectory of St. Paul's.

The curate was at the door. And the rector came smilingly in. A singularly affable man; energetic and swift-moving; clean-shaven as a priest, sharp of feature and keenly alert with small, grey-blue eyes, and a face that one moment suffuses with the blandest of smiles, the next knits up into a con-

centration of ideas and a purpose.

First he talked of the shifting of population, which the rector of St. Paul's understands as well as the Might's Directories. The population of a great city shifts—with St. Paul's as a centre.

"Yes," he said, "the idea of a home fixed for generations as they have it in England seems to be going out of this country."

"However, you've made at least one fixture, Dr. Cody. St. Paul's—"

"Ah!" He glanced across the way. "Yes."

I was reminded of the Dean of Exeter, who spent two hours telling a party of tourists the history of his cathedral, back to the days of the Normans, down to Cromwell and now; while the Empire was built and the face of England changed and the great cathedral remained as it was—the great unchangeable.

Of course St. Paul's isn't a cathedral. But listen to Dr. Cody for an hour and you'll wonder what it is if it isn't. Not a parish church; except in name; but Dr. Cody is not a pure ecclesiastic who pays high respect to a name. He is a builder. And as he traces the story of the growth of St. Paul's he comes to resemble many a man that builds up a great business or a railway. Maybe Paul himself was a great builder. But Paul busied himself with a lot of churches strung around the Aegean Sea; and nobody knows that he had any cathedral church. Of course that was two centuries ago. This is the twentieth century and Canada and America; with an eye upon New York and another upon the great cathedrals of England—and the eye single to a purpose is that of Dr. Cody.

St. Paul's is the thing. Why?

Lest you might think this cathedral church is the church of New York that from old Trinity, under the eaves of Wall St., clear up to the new cathedral of St. John the Divine, mark the growth of Gotham as sharply as the theatres and the hotels and the skyscrapers.

"Strategic centres!" he said, enthusiastically. "Yes, isn't it marvelous!"

HE sketched briefly, yet it took a good while, the story of this cathedral church which is the result of one man's organizing genius and preaching now for the best part of twenty years.

"We have really a wonderful congregation. I seldom pick up a newspaper but I see a reference to somebody belonging to St. Paul's. We have them from all walks of life—top to bottom."

And as he went over a few names in the list, you thought of bank directorates, manufacturers, politicians, famous lawyers, distinguished doctors, clerks, butchers and grocers, teachers and students and professors.

"A remarkable unanimity!" he said. "If the worshippers at St. Paul's came from one district only it might be different. Here is no room for dissension. The people come voluntarily from everywhere in a great city. They have been coming for years. That's why we had to build a new church."

He traced the origin.

"We needed a new parish house. But the church already was crammed. Twice already it had been enlarged. We couldn't enlarge it again without tearing it down. The suggestion came,

"Why not use the old parish church for a parish house and build—a new St. Paul's?"

Various opinions beat about the never-distracted head of Dr. Cody; some for a brick church; some for a brick body with a stone front; some for this and that model of architecture—

"Let's make St. Paul's a solid stone church," said a very prominent man known in politics.

Dr. Cody never regretted that advice. The present building is the result. It is just about what Dr. Cody wanted it to be. No man knew better. He alone had studied models. He wanted pure Gothic. He believes in the spiritual meaning of Gothic. He despises the amphitheatre. He taboos the Romanesque and the Byzantine; and he has his reasons.

"Suppose that pillars are in the way of some," he said. "Ah, but let's have the pillars and the high, gloomy nave—not too much lighted so as to be obvious; but mysterious. Let us have the great auditorium that seats 2,500 people. We want a rallying-place. St. Paul's is a strategic point. The city is growing on three sides of it, but never can grow away from it. From all directions they will come to St. Paul's. They are doing it now. The clerk of our choir drives his delivery waggon till twelve o'clock Saturday night. Sunday morning he comes for miles to St. Paul's. We have many such people."

And he leaned over the desk as though it were a pupil and he delivering one of his popularly mag-

netic sermons. "We want in St. Paul's, not the ornate ceremonial that mystifies the worshipper, but the simple, great service in which all men may join heartily. We shall have a wonderful choir and a tremendous organ—for the sake of the people."

So he goes on with the inspiring story of how the little ivy-grown parish church grew into the cathedral building. Let those who think that St. Paul's is ugly without wait till they see it within. Let them not judge by uncompleted work. The house of God is not made merely with hands. Neither should any impromptu critic forget that for years Dr. Cody has been studying this problem; that he is the man who will preach in the big church and will feel most what it means—and he has expectations for no scribe to print, concerning what sort of forum St. Paul's may become. He has no patience with little ecclesiasticism. St. Paul's is cosmopolitan. There is a tremendous basement under St. Paul's. The floor of the church is reinforced concrete—and why should there not be fine bowling alleys down there, when the old church will be so beautifully rehabilitated into parlours and small conventicles for parish-house work.

That's the institutional side of St. Paul's. That is modern. Dr. Cody knows how far he may expect at some future time to swing St. Paul's into a focus for the life of a great city.

MEANWHILE there is a struggling movement to build the true cathedral St. Alban's near the hill, where the choir was thrust up like a pyramid on a plain twenty-five years ago when the boom struck Toronto and when H. J. Cody was a student. The Bishop of Toronto knows what that struggle is. He took it over from the late Bishop and has made it the passion of his life; mistaken or not—with part of the church at his back, but not all. The cathedral must go on. Suppose it takes a man's lifetime to complete. The cathedrals of England took generations to build.

St. James, not a real cathedral, but a cathedral parish church; sombre and stately in the business heart of Toronto—by the time St. Alban's is done will be something like old Trinity down among the skyscrapers of Wall St. Who built it? asks some one. No one on the street knows; and few care. There it is—a fact; and without it the city would be far different.

When St. Alban's is done and long afterwards men may remember that a couple or more of bishops struggled to build it. They may even forget the names of these bishops.

But St. Paul's—will the real builder of that ever be forgotten?

There is no such present intention. It is as much centralized as the head office of a bank. It has little to do with the struggling parish church. It cannot be a rallying place for the Anglican clergy of Toronto. What it may mean to the Anglicanism of Canada is hard to say. It is not ecclesiastically, but organically, a centre. Its parish is the diocese of Toronto. Its activities are city-wide. Its rector and builder is the focus of its organization.

"From the kind of church you expect St. Paul's to be and to become, Dr. Cody—what is your attitude towards church union?"

He paused a moment.

"You do not—favour it?"

"Why—not?"

"The individuality of the Anglican church."

"But remember—the Anglican church is fundamental. It is historic. It should be a real basis of possible union, even more than other denominations. Do I believe in church union? By all means, yes. Not organic union, perhaps, but—"

Another of those illuminated byways of thought that make this aggressive ecclesiastic such a puzzle to the brethren.

He recalled that he had taken part in many movements that might be termed uneclesiastical. At the synods, do they look to Dr. Cody for a merely constitutional judgment? Perhaps not; remembering—St. Paul's.

"You might preach, say, for the Salvation Army."

He laughed.

"I have spoken in stranger places. The liberal has his own relation to other churches and other movements. He becomes part of other movements, not merely a spectator of them."

That is one way of being what is called an eclectic. In business it might work out to a merger. Dr. Cody does not consolidate other churches. But he consolidates forces and centralizes people. He gathers about him men, money and opinions. He acquires power. The home of the power is—St. Paul's.

"Now do you believe, Dr. Cody, that the Anglican church is as strong a consolidation in Canada as it was?"

"More so, perhaps."

"What value has this in Imperialism?"

He cogitated a moment.

"Much. Mind you, I am a Canadian. My grandfather was a Canadian. His ancestors came to new England after the Mayflower—from Cornwall. I am not even remotely or by inference an Englishman. But I believe that in the Anglican churches of the Empire there is a tremendous force that should mean much to the politics of the Empire."

"But should churches have a national character as well?"

"We have a standing obstacle," he said, gravely, "in the average English clergyman who comes to western Canada and refuses to adapt himself one jot or circumstance to the conditions that environ him. Yes, I believe that churches should reflect the life of the country."

And as the new St. Paul's emerges from the simplicity of the ivy-grown parish church into a sort of cosmopolitan cathedral, so the personality of H. J. Cody develops away from that of the mere parson, into that of a man who in Parliament might have been—Hush! Dr. Cody has no use for merely party politics. He believes in personal and character influences. Does anyone who thinks he knows him—doubt it?

The Melting Pot

WE are so used to reading paragraphs about the ever-increasing immigration from Britain, and the United States, that we overlook the fact of the influx of thousands of people from the lesser nations. The Trade and Commerce Department has issued a booklet, "Origins of the People for the year 1911, as enumerated under date of June 1st."

Some of the increases are remarkable. Who would have thought that there are now over twenty-seven thousand Chinese in Canada. Ten years ago there were only seventeen thousand. What are they all doing? Most of them are washing our linen. Some, though not many in Eastern Canada, are restaurant proprietors, and a few are owners of "junk shops." Over ninety thousand of them are in British Columbia, where they seem to have a monopoly of the cheaper restaurants, and where there are a great many of them acting as man-servants in private houses.

The Greeks, too, are gaining ground rapidly in Canada. Their increase, during the last ten years, is from 291 to 3,594, a percentage increase of 1,135, which is very significant. They, too, are largely employed in providing food for the people. The number of cheaper eating houses they control, particularly in Ontario, is growing all the time.

Austrians, Hungarians and Galicians are also increasing rapidly. From 1901 to 1911, there have been 110,925 new arrivals from these states, their representatives in Canada now totalling 129,103. They, together with the Bulgarians and Rumanians, are chiefly employed in railroad work.

AN ENGLISH CHAMPION



World's Walking Record Broken at Herne Hill Track. Geo. Cummings Beat the Mile and a Half World's Record by 15 Secs. His Record Was 9 Mins., 53 1/4 Secs. He Will Probably Meet Goulding, Canadian Champion, in a Race for the World's Record.

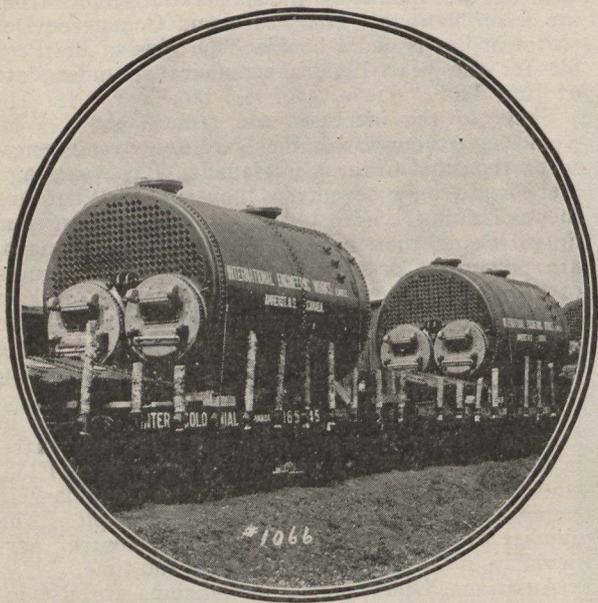


A Few of the Busy Industrial Workers at the International Engineering Company in Amherst, Nova Scotia.

The Workshops of Amherst

A Small Town With a Big Diversified Industrial Output

By LUCY F. LOGAN



Part of a Trainload of International Engineering Works' Boilers for Shipment to Winnipeg.

THE Canadian who knows not "Made in Amherst" products argues himself an unknown backwoodsman. Had he boarded a "Made in Amherst" car and travelled from the eastern tip end of the continent to Canada's western doorway, all along the way he would have found evidences of Amherst's workshops from a mammoth Robb engine to a baby's shoe. Had he gone south to the United States and the West Indies, east to Great Britain and other European countries, on to South Africa, even to distant Australia, still would he have found the trail of Amherst industries.

Amherst is becoming noted as the town that does things, that defies the obstacles and develops the "get there" spirit. The population in October, 1912, was 10,250—mostly optimists. The men of Amherst do not rest on their money-bags and criticize each other and especially those who exhibit more activity, as is the unfortunate habit in some other places where, if the towns are as dead as they look, they will soon be—to use a forceful western phrase—"too dead to skin." Rather do Amherstonians, loyal to the Amherst spirit, plunge deep with contagious enthusiasm into whatever substitute they may have for a money-bag for funds for immense expansion of old industries or for establishing new ones, for hospital endowment, community work, or even for making an unprecedented success of an "Old Home Week." "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," seems their motto, or to put it shorter—"Keep a Shovin'." Some, graduates of the "University of Hard Knocks," started with a little business and a big idea, but they were men of such calibre that, though the little business grew to a big business, the big idea ever kept ahead. If the sun of prosperity disappeared for a time behind the clouds of financial stringency, yet were they of the type of him,

"Who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,

Never doubted clouds would break,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better."

SOME weeks ago, the CANADIAN COURIER offered a prize for the best essay on "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City." The prize was won by Mr. W. A. Craick, with an able article on Oshawa, and this appeared in our issue of April 5th. A special prize in this competition has been awarded to Miss Lucy Logan, who has taken for her subject, Amherst, the marvelous power town in Nova Scotia. The towns are somewhat similar in size, Oshawa having a population of 7,436, and Amherst, 8,973, according to the census returns of 1910. In capital invested in manufacturing Oshawa has only six million dollars as against Amherst's fifteen million; but in the total wages paid each year they are about equal, with Oshawa slightly in the lead. In the value of products manufactured annually, Oshawa produces six and a quarter million, still using the 1910 census as a basis, and Amherst four and a half million.

Strong men, willing to take a chance, account for much of the progressive and enterprising spirit of Amherst, and add immensely to its claim for greatness among the cities of Canada.

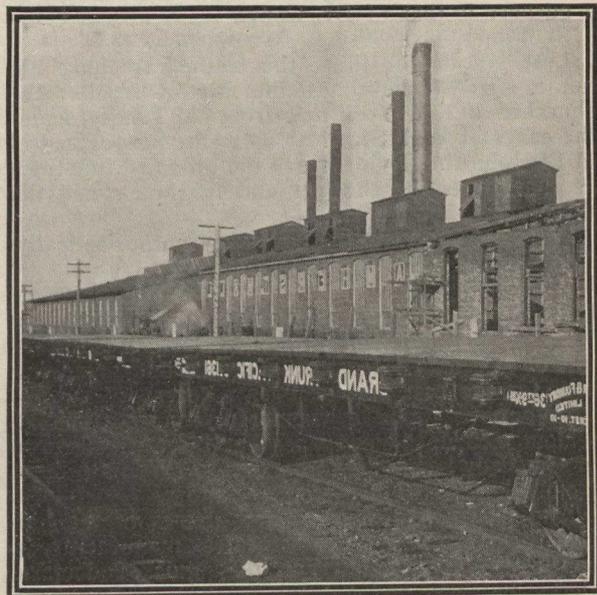
Amherst has a strategical position on the Eastern and Western pathway. A glance at the map will show the reason why. It also has the great ad-

vantage of shipping goods either by land or sea. Moreover, it is most fortunate in the solution of the power problem. At Chignecto, power is generated at the mouth of the pit from cheap refuse coal and transmitted to Amherst for manufacturing and domestic purposes. At the time this plant was opened Edison sent a telegram of congratulation in which he stated that "he was delighted that the first plant of its kind on the continent should have been erected in the province in which his father was born." In its cheap power Amherst lays another claim to the superlative Greatest.

Amherst as a manufacturing city is fortunate in its surroundings. Rich farm lands and fertile marshes insure abundant food supplies and furnish wealth for investment in its industries. Immense coal fields stretch eastward, the annual output of which exceeds half a million tons. Within three miles of Amherst are located the Maritime Gypsum Company's works, of which the annual output is about seventy-five thousand tons. It is estimated that this property is capable of producing 3,000,000 tons.

Red sandstone is also plentiful and the Amherst Red Stone Company has supplied the beautiful red sandstone with which many of the Amherst public buildings and banks have been built. This stone is also exported in large quantities.

The lumbering industry directed from Amherst owes much of its success to the enterprise of Amherst men who absorbed extensive lumber tracts and made their trade tributary to Amherst. Not



This Picture Shows a Part of the Malleable Iron Works of the Canadian Car Co. and a Sample of the Car Trucks Made.

only are immense quantities of lumber used in the varied industries of the town, but the average yearly exports are more than 700,000,000 feet.

Amherst, again, among the cities of Canada, is greatest where it is lowest—its tax rates. Only 19 mills on the dollar will appeal to prospective manufacturers and investors.



32½ Tons of Iron in a Single Casting for a Rolling-mill Engine; Produced at the International Engineering Works, Amherst, N.S.

Amherst is great in the diversity of its industries. In comparison with its population, no other city in Canada has a greater variety of products.

Some of the many products are: Railway cars—2,612 last year—manufactured by the most complete car company in the world, large quantities of parts of cars sent to other car companies; carriages, sleighs, trucks; Robb boilers, engines and machinery; harness, harness oil, boots and shoes, writing inks, shoe polish, hammocks, carriage and automobile rugs, ladies' dress goods, towels, underwear, sweaters, tweeds, suitings, trunks, bags and suitcases, caskets and undertakers' fittings, furnaces, ranges, enamelware, aerated waters, confectionery, flour, men's clothing, acetylene gas plants; house, bank and store fittings; church pews and furniture.

Some of the quantities produced annually are 10,000 to 12,000 tons of rolled bar iron and steel, about 5,000 tons of grey iron, over 10,000 tons of car axles, and about the same quantity of car wheels; 12,000 tons of blacksmiths' forgings, about 8,000 tons of malleable castings, over 1,000 tons of nuts and about 2,000 tons of bolts.

The annual value of some of the goods produced in Amherst industries are: \$1,000,000 worth of boots and shoes; enamelware, \$225,000; ranges and steam furnaces, \$75,000; underwear, sweaters, cloth, \$400,000; boilers, engines and machinery, \$500,000; wood manufactured for houses, bank and store fittings, church furniture, etc., \$370,000.

The amount of capital invested in 1910, according to the census of 1911, was \$15,763,768. That must now be greatly increased. Each year in each

industry large additions to plant and equipment have been found necessary, and this year plans are made for much greater expansion. The Canadian Car Co. alone will employ 300 additional men when their extensive new building for the making of steel underframe, bolsters and springs, now under construction, is completed.

The total value of output in 1910 of all the Amherst industries was \$4,623,765. In 1912 the value of products of nine of the largest industries amounted to \$6,897,000, \$1,317,000 was paid in wages and the employees numbered 2,775. Besides these a dozen smaller industries are making rapid progress and more are coming. Business comes where business is done and our industries do the growing, not the going.

The Nova Scotia Carriage and Motor Car Co., Ltd., is Amherst's latest industry, and it promises to be one of the largest. Their extensive main building has just been completed, the construction of motor cars begun, and a splendid start made for the year's operations. The building of sleighs and carriages will be commenced this spring. Two hundred men will be employed this year. The success of this company is already assured. Brakes will be used only on their cars, not on their expanding enterprise.

As an illustration of the co-operation and splendid optimism which have contributed so largely to Amherst's steady and rapid growth, we have the introduction of the piano factory investment. Some of the "Pilgrims"—that bunch of busy boosters—seized the opportune moment to call a meeting of

citizens, stated the prospects, and started a wave of exultant feeling which quickly flowed into the pocket-books, and before the meeting had closed \$125,000 had been subscribed, and the acquiring of the piano factory was an assured fact. The work of building and installing has already begun.

The greatness of a city, however, consists not only in its opportunities to do profitable work; opportunities for growth along many other lines are constantly needed. Our workers, whether employers or employees, are far removed from the proverbial dull Jack, and it is becoming more and more widely recognized that recreation is a powerful uplift in the mental, moral, and spiritual life. A good beginning has been made in the encouragement of athletics, and other amusements, gymnasium work, the wider service of the playgrounds, the utilizing of the school buildings as social centres, community work, boy and girl welfare work, and many plans are made for social betterment. The "Greater Amherst" committee, formed of the best, most energetic and most enterprising men of the town in whom "zeal and duty are not slow," are working for all this, as well as for civic improvement, practical education, industrial affairs, and many other matters of the greatest importance to the proper development of Amherst. A city charter has been applied for, and the city planning committee has much immediate work on its hands. They who come to our young city will find a place "of cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows"—its past convinces its future. Amherst will lead in Maritime Province development.

Rule By Civic Commission

Experiments in Government by Canadian Municipalities

CANADIAN cities are busy experimenting with commission rule. Everywhere where the yearly-elected alderman still holds sway, there is confusion, vacillation, wasteful expenditure and an absence of progress. In Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, the people are in an almost hopeless state of mind. Montreal has a fine board of control, but its aldermen seriously interfere with businesslike progress. In Ottawa, there is a fairly good mayor, board and council, but the mistakes of five years cannot be changed in one. In Toronto, the council is fighting the board of control, while the permanent officials baffle the administration.

Commissions are being tried in order to get business methods and economic administration introduced. Every part of the city's work that can be put under a separate commission is being so treated. There are harbour commissions, waterworks commissions, hydro-electric commissions, charity commissions, park commissions, and so on. But the inevitable outcome is commission government—judging by United States experience. St. John and Lethbridge have adopted the "commission, referendum and recall" form of civic administration, and Quebec is discussing it. The great need of civic administration seems to be continuity of purpose and programme, and it seems difficult to get this except under an administration elected for a period of years, and never all retiring at once.

The two letters which follow are written by prominent citizens of St. John, to explain why the citizens of Canada's great winter port adopted and uphold commission government.

As It Works in St. John

St. John, April 12th, 1913.

THERE stands unique upon the statutes of the Province of New Brunswick, indeed in all Canada, an act entitled, "An Act to provide for the Government of the City of Saint John by an Executive Commission," which was passed by the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, in the year of grace, 1912, by which the whole Civic Government of the City of Saint John and the administration of the fiscal, prudential and municipal affairs of the City of Saint John became vested in a Common Council, composed of a Mayor and four Aldermen, each of whom is a Commissioner.

The term of office of the Mayor is two years, and the two Commissioners receiving the highest number of votes are declared elected to serve for the term of four years and the other two Commissioners receiving a lesser number of votes are elected to serve a term of two years.

At each succeeding biennial election, a Mayor and two Commissioners are elected, the latter for a term of four years.

The Commissionerships are divided as follows:

(1) Finance and Public Affairs—always the Mayor.

(2) Public Safety, including Fire, Police, Lights, Market and Public Buildings.

(3) Public Works, including Streets, Highways, Squares, Parks, Playgrounds, and Public Recreation Grounds.

(4) Water and Sewerage.

(5) Harbours, Ferries and Public Lands.

The Council meets at least once in each week, and all meetings are open to the public, unless business is being discussed which involves the liability of the city from a legal standpoint.

THE RECALL.

Provision is made for the removal of the Mayor or any Commissioner from office at any time by the voters qualified, and entitled to vote at civic elections.

THE REFERENDUM.

In this, provision is also made for protesting against any ordinance or by-law passed, or about to be, by the Common Council, and for submitting the measure to the qualified voters of the city.

THE INITIATIVE

provides that the citizens, by petition, may oblige the Commissioners to either pass any proposed ordinance or submit it to a vote of the people.

Although this plan of Civic Government has not yet been in force for a year, still there seems to be a general feeling that it will give the greatest satisfaction. Those opposed to the scheme were persistent in putting forward as their main argument that it would be impossible to get good men for Commissioners, and even those who advocated it, while feeling that it had so many advantages, were somewhat afraid that there would be danger in working out the plan if good men were not available, but the elections resulted in the choice of four Commissioners of the best type of our citizens.

They have in this short time clearly demonstrated that the present Saint John plan of civic government is so superior to the old plan of government by a Mayor and sixteen Aldermen, that those most determinedly opposed to the scheme in its inception are now willing to admit that they would never want a return to the old state of affairs.

The Mayor elected had been in office for two terms previously under the old regime, and of course is of the greatest assistance to the Council in taking up their new work.

The Commissioners devote all their time to the duties of their respective offices, and the public find it a great advantage to deal direct with one man, whose business it is to understand all the needs of his particular department.

Of course, time may show some weak spots, but when they appear, it will be an easy matter to make the necessary changes.

We look forward full of hope for the future de-

velopment of Saint John, and we feel that not by any means the least among our advantages will be the Saint John plan of Commission Government, which, though yet in its infancy, has already resulted in action, progress and thoughtful attention to civic affairs on the part of each of the heads of the five civic departments.

J. A. BELYEA.

A Citizen's Opinion

St. John, April 12th, 1913.

ONE cannot consider the St. John plan of Commission Government from the viewpoint of a citizen without a well-founded feeling of gratification that this system of civic control has been instituted.

Commission Government has been particularly successful in St. John from both business and political viewpoints, and, while it is possibly a little early to pass judgment, since the system has been in use for only a year, nevertheless, the better administration of all civic departments, the business-like methods of handling all questions that have arisen and the fact that the Civic Government is now completely freed from every political influence and stands first, last and all the time for St. John and for St. John alone, are features that cannot fail to impress themselves upon even the most casual observer.

The St. John Commissioners have characterized their first year of operation by vigorous administration executed with energy and dispatch. The streets have been put in order, the ferry service improved, the police system investigated and defects remedied.

The civic funds have been carefully and systematically expended and the result at the end of the year, after eight months of commission rule, showed a surplus of \$52,029, of which amount \$31,736 has been applied to the 1913 assessment, reducing the tax rate between 8 and 9 points.

J. M. ROBINSON,

President of the Board of Trade.

TORONTO has had much experience with commissions and finds them increasingly valuable. There is now a possibility that the city will purchase the Street Railway, whose franchise has eight years to run, and put it under another permanent commission. Soon that city will have all its important undertakings managed by civic commissions, entirely independent of its city council and its permanent heads of departments. The council, being yearly elected, cannot carry on any enterprise. The "heads" are mostly incompetent men on meagre salaries. It is quite natural that Toronto will come to commission government—to be followed by Montreal, Ottawa and other eastern cities.



A VERY NEW PRESIDENT

SEE that President Wilson is credited with saying that if Congress does not step lively and pass his tariff bill, he will take Congress to the country and get it soundly spanked. That is simply splendid as a proof that President Wilson is in earnest; but it is not so convincing a proof that he knows the American Constitution—I mean, of course, that he knows the comparative position it occupies toward other Constitutions. There is a sense in which any set of rulers—even a Sultan and his Cabinet—can be “taken to the country” when they go wrong. The late Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, will bear out this remark. Yes, we all would readily enough agree that a discontented Turk who should vehemently threaten his Sultan with being “taken to the country” would be employing a threat which had little application to the case and few terrors for the wicked ruler. In the same way, President Wilson has threatened to do to Congress exactly the one thing he cannot—relatively—do. He cannot “dissolve” Congress. He cannot “take it to the country,” as a British Premier could his Parliament.

BUT the fact that President Wilson is even credited with horrific threats of this sort, is an indication that some Congressmen are showing signs of reluctance about walking right up to him and eating his nice, juicy new tariff out of his hand. If Congress were as docile as it might be, he need not issue any threats at all; and the same holds true if it were simply bubbling over with delight at the spectacle of the shining, cut-rate, freshly-carved schedules which have been given it to stamp with its approval—not its hob-nailed pedal perambulators. In two words, the fair inference from all this “language” is that Congress—including the Senate—may not pass the new tariff. The man who first remarked—“There is many a slip between the cup and the lip”—must have noticed a confiding President attempting to quaff a freshly-brewed cup of tariff-tea which he had just put on

the Congressional “heater” to simmer. Congress is a perfect object lesson in old adages. It is the original horse which could be led to the trough, but could not be driven to drink.

THE chief difference between tariff-making at Ottawa and at Washington, is that, in the former case, the private citizens who assist at these functions do all their “assisting” before the tariff is made known, whereas, in the latter case, they do the bulk of their work after the tariff has been published. A tariff published at Ottawa, goes into effect by telegraph. A tariff published at Washington, goes into effect by ox-cart—perhaps. This has led to much misunderstanding of the situation at Washington by Canadians possessing hair-trigger opinions. They seem to have assumed that the new Democratic tariff has been announced. Nothing of the sort. A first draft of what a few leaders in the popular House are willing Wilson should claim credit for has been made public. That is all. No one knows yet how much of this tariff will pass even the popular House which is presumed to stand sponsor for it. And we know much less what will happen it when it reaches the cynical Senate.

CERTAINLY Wilson is on the job. He is letting the people of the great United States—and incidentally the denizens of the civilized world—learn that a new tenant has moved into the White House. He seems to be always studying up the precedents—not like Speaker Sproule, for the purpose of following them—but for the far-more-enlivening purpose of kicking them over. Former Presidents inaugurated themselves—socially—with a “ball.” He cut out the ball. Former Presidents sent their “messages,” neatly typewritten, to Congress. In that way they avoided seeing for themselves their soporific effects. President Wilson goes down to Congress and reads them to the boys himself. It thus becomes unsafe to go to sleep during their hearing—if you have any home office-seekers you want the President to recommend for jobs. This is undeniably the surest

way for a President to make certain that his “messages” reach their address. As for the “messages,” have you read any of them? They are FINE. I haven’t read such noble sentiments since I wrote that sort myself for “essay day” at school.

THERE is one thing very certain; and that is that President Woodrow Wilson is going to do something very big. He will either make a big success or a big failure. There is nothing retiring or unobtrusive about him. Those who fancied that one “Billy” Bryan might be mistaken for the President if he sat so near to the head of the table as the seat of the Secretary of State, have another “fancy” coming to them. It will take a bulkier form than that of the Peerless Leader to hide the Professor. I am not quite ready yet to say that this is because the Professor is too big; but he certainly is too lively. He is in too many places at once—“like a bird.” The Colonel has really only made one base-hit off his own bat since he stepped up to the plate; and that was when he delivered that clever “indiscretion” of his on St. Patrick’s Day. But every other star-play in the foreign policy department, the President has reserved for himself. It was the President, for example, who recognized China and demolished the “dollar diplomacy.”

ANYWAY, the President is going to be President—this time. Will he get an encore? The Democratic platform, on which he was elected, distinctly barred encores. And there is a rising young statesman called Bryan who is likely to insist upon fidelity to at least that one plank in the platform. Still pledges of that sort have a way of being brushed aside when a possible candidate is convinced that the great heart of the American people is throbbing at a dangerous pitch for him—and for him alone. On this point, consult Colonel Roosevelt. The wish of the People—capital P, please—cannot be denied. So if President Wilson hears a rising ground-swell or a tidal wave—or whatever it is you hear—sweeping over the country about three years from now, demanding that he repeat himself in his great act as the Iconoclastic President, he is very likely to make his way toward the footlights for the purpose of responding to the “recall”; and it must be remembered that, in a case of this sort, the President does his own “hearing”—he doesn’t have to wait till some one else tells him that the People insist that he come back. But—well. “but” begins with “B”; and so does Bryan. And Bryan may manage to hear the call first.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Phantoms of Healing

For It Was Once Made Law—That No Energy is Ever Lost

By LEONORA JARVIS

Drawing by A. Lismer

“WHAT you had better do,” said his father, “is, see a doctor.”

Paul Winfield’s pale face flushed, not from embarrassment, but excitement. His eyes flashed. At that moment one could see that the delicate, “catty-like” features and diffident manner belied the spirit that was in him. The arm that he flung out with a gesture that suggested latent power arrested his father’s contemptuous retreat.

“You know, Dad, you have not heard what I have to say.”

“I have not time to waste in listening to any of your mad schemes,” said Paul Winfield the elder. “The sooner you get away from your laboratories and chemicals and test-tubes, into fresh air, the better for you and that crack-brained pate of yours.”

Mr. Winfield did not mean what he said, and his son knew it. He also knew from former experiences that the interview was not likely to have a satisfactory termination. It took more than Mr. Winfield’s pride in his son’s intellect, to make him put his hand in his pocket. Paul knew this, but he repeated calmly,

“You have not heard what I have to say.”

“Who wants to hear you, you young scoundrel! You come in and ask me to hand you out half a million to throw away on one of your tom-fool schemes and expect me to give what you demand.”

“I have done nothing of the kind,” said Paul. “I ask you to listen to what I have to say and then finance me—if you think it plausible. If you won’t, I can get the money elsewhere, but it is to your advantage to back me up.”

Mr. Winfield plumped himself irritably into his

chair. Paul Winfield the capitalist was no match for Paul Winfield the scientist, for all that his looks conveyed. He was a massive man with the cold, shrewd eyes of the selfish man of the world, and the calculating manner of one whose weights and measures are made of money. Mr. Winfield plumped himself irritably into his chair and Paul half-seated himself on the table, one foot swinging, his hands in his pockets.

“I have made a great discovery,” he said. His tone conveyed the impression that what he said admitted of absolutely no doubt. “You probably know that one of the greatest mysteries in the world of science is the Aurora Borealis.”

“And I suppose ‘Science’ has waited for my son to solve the mystery,” said Mr. Winfield.

“We are coming to that,” continued Paul, coolly; “but Science has not yet solved the mystery of the Aurora Borealis. I have made a discovery which, if it can be put into practice, will be the most startling accomplishment ever made by man. It will revolutionize the world. But I must have money before I can prove my theory.”

“And who is going to care about this—discovery?” cried the irritable Mr. Winfield. Paul the elder never swore, but his pause where another man would insert an oath was quite as eloquent as any spoken word.

“It would mean just this,” said Paul, while the glitter of his eyes alone showed his emotion, “that it would empty every asylum for the insane of its

inmates.”

Mr. Winfield came out of his chair with a bounce, irritated beyond endurance. “You’ll serve your time there yourself before I listen to your madness, and the best place for you, too.”

“Then you will not listen to me?” said Paul.

“I will not, sir!”

AND Paul Winfield the scientist was left alone. He seemed little disturbed by his father’s choler. A few minutes after he clapped his hat on his head and left the room whistling softly. From the office door, his steps were bent towards the fashionable quarter of the city. He walked with his head thrown back as it always was when in deep thought. Presently he squared his jaw, hailed a cab and jumped in quickly after giving a number and a street.

“It’s got to be done,” he said, aloud, as the vehicle started forward. The house where the cab stopped was one of the finest residences in the city. Winfield got out, paid the driver, and after hesitating just the fraction of a second walked up and rang the bell. From the servant he enquired for Mr. Lionel Bruce and was told he was waiting for him. Winfield was evidently known, in that house, he passed the servant and swung up the stairs, proceeding to a door which he opened without ceremony and entered. A young man, with a frank, boyish face, sprang up from the depths of an armchair, struck an attitude, and exclaimed:

“Winfield, my dear boy. At last you are come.”

“Sorry to have kept you waiting,” said Paul. His short manner had an instant effect on the other. His air became suddenly grave and sad. He came

up to Paul and looked him in the eyes.

"You said you had something to tell me. Is it about her?"

Paul nodded. "How is she?" he asked. "I want to speak to her first before I tell you my story. Can I see her?"

"She is fairly rational to-day—in fact this morning I had a half-hour talk with her, that one would never have imagined anything was wrong, and then she went off again on her usual tack, that you and she would be married in three weeks—"

Winfield winced. "Don't," he said, "let me see her now. Where is she?"

"I left her in the sitting-room opposite here. Yes, there she is, I hear her singing. Well, hurry. I am consumed with impatience to hear what you have to say," and with a short laugh, the exaggerated lightness of which barely concealed the anxiety beneath, he flopped back amongst his cushions.

Winfield stepped across the marble-paved hall to the room whence the low singing proceeded. He knocked gently but entered immediately, and shut the door behind him. On the floor in the centre of the room was seated a woman of about his own age. She was large, well-built, and handsome, of the ruddy type. Her face, which was naturally fair, had been further bleached by an indoor life until it was white as that of a recluse, with the same ethereal pink in her cheeks that looked as though it would fade in a moment. Her rich hair she had evidently just unbound, and it lay in straight masses about her shoulders. The sun from the window touched it lightly and turned it to gold above the purple shadows that hovered beneath. The purple shadows that are to be seen in a copper kettle. Her eyes were the same colour as the shadows in her hair, her mouth drooped pathetically, but it curved into a child's shy, sweet smile as Paul came into the room. Then a gleam of intelligence darkened her eyes and she rose confusedly.

"I did not know it was you," she said, fumbling nervously with her hair; "they did not tell me, and my hair—it must have come down—"

"Never mind," said Paul, gently. "You know I like it that way. I want to talk to you, Maud. Will you talk to me for a little while?"

His manner was that of a strong man to a little frightened child. He took her arm and led her to a chair and she sat down. He stood a moment and looked at her, an overwhelming pity and pain in his eyes. Then he sat down beside her.

"Paul," she said, "do you know it is only three weeks to our wedding day—no, wait," she cried, pressing her hands pathetically to her brow; "it isn't that, Paul; help me to remember."

"You were ill," he said, "very, very ill—five years ago—"

"Yes," she cried, breathlessly, "I must hold on—I must—I was ill, and they couldn't cure me, but you are going to find my cure and then we will be married—in three weeks—in three weeks." Her voice trailed off indistinctly. He took her hands in his firm grasp and spoke again in his still voice.

"Think again, Maud. What happened after you got better? Do you remember when your father died?"

"Yes, poor father. He was so very, very ill; much worse than I."

"And he gave you something before he died. What was it?"

"Yes, yes, he gave me money. It is in the safe. He gave me heaps and heaps of money. Some of it is in the bank and some of it is in the safe—and he said, 'Maud, remember—'"

"Yes? What did he say to remember?"

"He said, 'Lionel can work, so you must have it, all—except—'"

"But what did he say to remember?"

"He said to keep the money in the safe and to let no one touch it—no one touch it—and I never have. It is all there, one million dollars. I often look at it, but no one shall ever touch it."

"Is that what he said to remember?"

"No, no, it was something else. He said it over and over. Poor father, he was wandering. He said, 'remember, Maud, for the person who cures you. Don't let any one else touch it'—and I never have—no one shall ever touch it."

He knelt beside her and grasped her hands tighter

and looked into her eyes till he had called back again the shifting light of intelligence. "Maud," he said, "you must listen very carefully and try to understand. I am going to cure you. Oh, my dear, I am going to cure you"—it was said with a moan and a half sob, as his head was bowed a moment on her breast. "But, Maud, I must have money to make the cure. Do you understand? I must have money—one-million-dollars; one-million-dollars—"

She freed herself gently.

"One-million-dollars—" she repeated, quietly. "Yes, it is in the safe."

"Shall we get it?" he said. "Come, let us get it."



"You had better let me tell you from the beginning."

"Yes," she said, rising; "it is in the safe."

They crossed to the recess where the safe was, half-hidden by a curtain. She unlocked it and peered in, then turned with her aimless smile.

"You may look but you must not touch," she said, "one-million-dollars—"

"And it is for the man who cures you. Maud, who is going to cure you?"

"You are going to cure me, and then we will be married in three weeks—in three weeks."

"Yes, but I must cure you first and I must have the money—one million dollars—shall I take it now?"

"Yes," she said, readily, eyeing his face with her trustful smile, "take it now, and we—"

"Will you pack it for me?"

"Yes," she said, again, and picking up a small satchel that lay inside the safe, she began packing the rolls of bills into it. He leaned against the safe and in the half-gloom his face looked drawn and sad. Hers was sweet and serene as a child's, as she packed the bills in the satchel. When they were all inside she shut and locked it and handed it to Paul.

"Thank you, Maud," he said, with an effort, "and I will come back soon and cure you." She submitted passively to his kiss, and he left her standing in the shadow by the empty safe, a gentle, harmless, mad woman.

When Paul Winfield re-entered the room where he had left Maud's brother, he showed no sign of the strain he had undergone. He sat down, and Bruce, with a curious glance at the satchel, waited silently for him to speak.

"Lionel," he said, presently, in a rather bitter tone, "it is a pity your father had such notions of a man being self-supporting, or I never would have been reduced to begging from a mad woman."

"How did you get it?" asked Lionel, with a peculiar note of contempt in his voice.

"Oh, she gave it to me," said Paul, wearily. "I persuaded her to, but that is part of the story. You had better let me tell you from the beginning, and then you will see there is no need to call in the police."

HE rose from his chair. Bruce also rose and drew some of the furniture aside.

"There," he said, "if you are going to do the caged-lion stunt, you might as well have plenty of room. Now begin, for my patience is just about exhausted."

"You will probably think I am crazy," began Paul, "until I have told you everything, then you can't fail to see my sanity. When I asked my father for money to help me, he advised me to see a doctor, and when I began to explain my theory, he suggested an insane asylum, but he—oh, well—"

he made a gesture and cleared his throat. "Yes, it is about her," he continued, with a jerk of his head, as though answering a question from the other; "what is all my work for, but for her, and what have all my labours been for, the last five years? And now my goal is in sight. Listen—what is man's reason? You cannot destroy it, for sometimes a man loses it and recovers it. It is not destroyed. Then, why and where does it go? There must be some force stronger than itself, that has power over it. Kepler's laws did not confine themselves to things tangible. Man's mind comes under their control as well. When man is well and in normal condition, his mind is obedient to the gravitation, so to speak, of his body. If his body is not normal, if it becomes weakened or undergoes some great stress or strain, the mind will respond to some greater law of gravitation, and leave the body."

"Now what is this force that calls the mind away? Man, I did nearly go mad before I discovered it. Can you answer this? What is the power that lies in the North, that great culmination of magnetism? The magnetic pole, you say. Yes, but what is the magnetic pole, and magnetism? Something closely allied to electricity. Granted, and what is electricity? There, science with all its theories."

"I have gone a step farther. What is it that emanates from the sun? Heat, light—yes; but scientists recognized that these terms did not cover all the properties of the sun's rays, so they called it energy. And the earth receives a share of this energy and mankind receives a share, but just as the sun gives off his energy so does the earth and mankind. Why, you know that. Sometimes you give more, sometimes less, sometimes through your brain, sometimes your body; but more can go through your brain. Call it strength, call it mind—call it life—what you will, it is all generated by the same source—energy. It is continually being renewed and it is continually leaving, and when it leaves, that power in the North, which is the earth's waste of the same sun-given energy, draws the waste energy of the man up there."

"I CALL it energy. It is the power that moves man's mind and body and every living thing on the earth. Things can't die. We learned in our nurseries that matter was indestructible. Then why should it be imagined that the live things, mind, reason, should die. Look at those world-famed doctors we had for her. Did they do her any good? Not one bit, because they were creation's end from the true solution. I have found it, I know I have. I know now what causes insanity—I know where the mind actually goes when it leaves the body. That great Aurora Borealis in the region of the magnetic pole—the mystery of the North—is the energy that earth, and the things of earth—mankind and all living things—throw off; and it is attracted away by the magnetism—the gravitation of that pole."

"There is a lot more to be discovered, and I know you will see that I must have even this little bit to make a beginning. I have made hundreds of experiments and must make hundreds more. I brought back the energy to a bit of organism the other day. It was the beginning of the big things—the anti-force to the pole's magnetic influence that will give the brain power to retain enough energy until the mind is again built up to its normal state. Have I made myself clear? Do you understand?"

(Concluded on page 22.)

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The Island Awakes

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has opened one eye. Heretofore it has refused to allow automobiles in the Province under any circumstances. Now they will be allowed to operate three days a week—Monday, Wednesday and Thursday. On the other days of the week, the Island will slumber peacefully as of yore. Why not apply the same rule to the selling of liquor—allow people to buy a drink of beer or wine on, say, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays? Such a limitation would ensure that all the hard drinkers would have sobered up by Sunday. Similarly the principle might be applied to commercial travellers from other Provinces—allow them to visit the Island to solicit orders on the 1st, 13th and 29th of each month. Thus freedom would be established without extravagance.

Sydney's Pay-Roll

MR. CRAIK'S prize essay on "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City" is still creating discussion. The critics seem to be ignorant or forgetful that Mr. Craik's figures were based upon the census returns. Apparently there are a number of towns and cities which are just awakening to the fact that the politically appointed census officials make or mar a city's reputation every five or ten years. If the Board of Trade in each town and city would take more interest in the census returns, there would be less cause for grumbling.

The editor of the Sydney Post has an article on the front page of his issue of April 12th, topped with a three-column heading, in which he aims to show that Mr. Craik's figures were inaccurate so far as Sydney is concerned. Mr. Craik placed Sydney's annual pay-roll at \$2,213,000; the Post says it has investigated and finds that the pay-roll of 1911 was \$4,000,000. Let us tell the Post, and the citizens of Sydney, that Mr. Craik's authority will be found on page 27 of Census Bulletin No. 1, issued a few months ago by the Census Department of the Dominion Government. If, therefore, there is any mistake, it is to be credited to the census officials, and not to Mr. Craik or the CANADIAN COURIER. We would suggest that the Sydney Board of Trade take the matter up with the census authorities and find out why they credit Sydney with a wage roll one half the size of that claimed by the Post.

Again the census figures say that the total capital invested in manufacturing in Sydney is \$24,623,000, while the Post claims that the figures should be \$40,000,000. Here is another matter which should be investigated. Now is the time to have these statistics set right, because there will be another census report in 1915 which may also do injustice to Sydney.

Indeed, there is a pointer here for every ambitious town and city in the Dominion. Each Board of Trade should keep in touch with the Census Department at Ottawa and see that the proper figures are kept on file there. No doubt the Census authorities will appreciate such co-operation.

Minimum Wage for Women

A GREAT controversy is being waged in the United States with regard to a minimum wage for women. Lieutenant-Governor O'Hara of Illinois states that, as a result of his investigations, he believes that "low wages are to blame for most of the immorality among young girls," and that "there is absolutely no doubt that the solution of the problem is the establishment of a minimum wage for women." The State of Oregon has passed such a law, and the women's associations of Portland report that as a result hundreds of girls have been thrown out of work, with consequent distress. The employer who was giving work to incompetent girls at low wages discharged these and replaced them with girls who were able to earn the minimum wage.

This is a tremendous problem which is most acute in large cities. There are thousands of young girls, with an inadequate public school training, seeking work. Employers take this inefficient labour at a low wage and make use of it. The girls work in crowds in large stores and factories and find that their wages are insufficient to provide them with good board and proper clothing. As a result, these girls are easy marks for those who

are able to show the girls an "easy" way of supplementing their weekly wage. Oregon's experience would indicate that there are three causes for the low wage and the evils which follow in its train—lack of education, incompetence, and love of finery. The associations which are working on the problem would do well to consider these causes and not attribute the whole of the evil to the greed of the employer. If girls were kept longer at school and given a more practical education, there would be a distinct improvement. If girls could be treated as apprentices and given some sort of business training, they would have a better chance. And if parents and teachers would teach that a love of showy millinery and clothing is a dangerous ambition, the dangers would be reduced.

If all these improvements were accompanied by a minimum wage law, then the white slave traffic would be dealt a deadly blow.

The Final Court

ENGLAND has heard that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council is not growing in popularity in some quarters of the Empire. The final court of appeal for all parts of the King's domain is to be enlarged by the addition of two more English judges. This will increase the number of members to nine, and will enable four or five to sit on every case. In view of the increased number and greater importance of appeals from the Dominions this decision, announced recently in the House of Lords by the Lord Chancellor, will give general satisfaction.

It has been suggested that one or two judges from the Dominions might be permanently appointed to the Judicial Committee, but the suggestion has not been considered practicable. Eventually, however, there must be a tribunal in London on which there will be Dominion representatives.

The Navy Situation

VERY little progress was made last week in connection with the navy situation or with the closure bill. Considerable business of a general nature has been advanced, especially in connection with the banking bill. The final vote on the closure will occur this week.

There is little enthusiasm just now over either the closure or the navy bills. Both sides are plainly disgusted with the situation in which they find themselves. The closure is not popular. It is at best a matter of sheer political necessity, rather than something over which a party can grow jubilant. The naval bill is in about the same position. Even when it is finally passed, it will reflect little credit on its authors.

There is this curious difference between the situation in 1911 and that of 1913. In 1911, each party maintained its enthusiasm, the one for the reciprocity bill and the other against. In 1913, there is no healthy confidence in either the support for the navy bill and the closure, nor in the opposition to these two measures. This proves, if proof can be given, that the naval question should never have been a party question, as the CANADIAN COURIER has maintained from the beginning. Each party has taken an attitude which it cannot successfully and enthusiastically maintain.

A Compromise Unpopular

WHILE each party is heartily sick of its attitude on the naval question, there is apparently no possibility of compromise. The Liberals feel compelled to maintain their opposition to a contribution policy, even with the modifications which have been made by Mr. Borden and Mr. White. The Liberals would have been quite willing to vote \$35,000,000 for three Canadian Dreadnoughts, if they had not been put in the position in which they now find themselves after three months of opposition. They feel that to compromise now, would be to admit that their long fight was merely technical.

The Conservatives are in much the same position. They thought the whole Conservative party and many Liberals would be favourable to this temporary or emergency proposition. They never anticipated a strong Liberal stand, nor did they dream that many of their own followers would strongly resent the lack of a national element in their proposals. The Conservatives have stood historically for a

national policy, and the more independent element within the party has resented being put in the position where they might be called "anti-Canadian." The leaders have been forced to explain that they had no intention of overlooking the national feature, and no one likes to be forced to justify his motives or intentions. Yet any compromise would be a victory for the Liberals, and hence would be injurious to the prestige of a Government at the beginning of its career.

Wanted---A Hero

THE man who could bring the two parties together, save the face of each and the honour of Canada, would be a hero. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has tried his hand without success. Several others have laboured in vain. Many have talked compromise, but none has been able to present a proposition which had even a measure of possibility.

The only man who could stop this useless and senseless conflict would be a French-Canadian. The Conservative party is held back from the adoption of a Canadian navy as a general policy, by fear of losing its present support in Quebec. It is unfortunate that the Quebec representatives in the Borden Cabinet are opposed to a Canadian naval service. These men feel that their supporters in Quebec would not approve a compromise along this line. They are probably mistaken, but nevertheless they hold that view.

This present unfortunate position has been made by French-Canadian influence and can only be unmade by some one of the same race. Mr. Monk might be the hero, if he only would. Sir Rodolphe Forget might play the role, if he cared to. There are others who could accomplish the task if they wished. All that is required is some one who will stand up and say, "The French-Canadians are willing to support any policy of naval defence for Canada and the Empire which will be acceptable to all classes of Canadians." Unfortunately the misrepresentations of Bourassa and others of that type seem to have made the task one which no strong man is willing to essay.

Alberta's Elections

HON. MR. SIFTON is still Premier of Alberta, after a rather severe campaign. His majority is not so large as it was, but it will probably be more compact and more stable. At the same time, the Conservative opposition has been wonderfully strengthened and is now of sufficient size to enable it to be a force in the House. In the previous legislature, the Opposition leader had only one follower on whom he could rely absolutely. Now he has fifteen or sixteen. In other words, he has gained the whole increase which was made recently when the House was enlarged from 41 to 56 members. Further, he has carried nearly all the city seats, and city members are often more efficient as debaters than country members. Alberta should get good results from its newly-elected legislature.

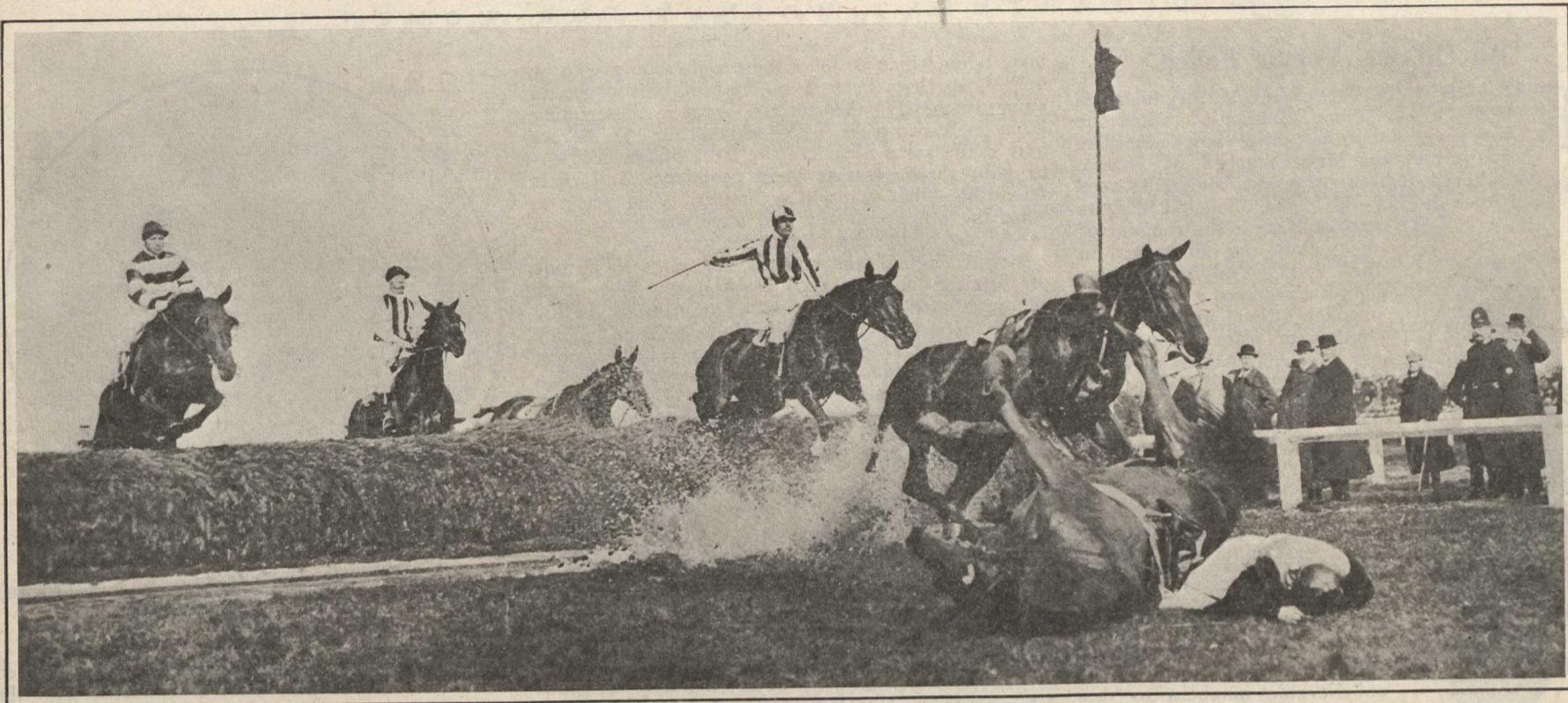
A Municipal Cabinet

A MOST interesting experiment in civic administration is now taking place in Toronto. Council decided that the four members of the Board of Control should be a cabinet under the presidency of the Mayor and that each should have a portfolio. One was to familiarize himself with "works," another with "parks" and so on. This would have brought the Toronto system more into line with the "commission" as worked out in western Canadian cities, and in the United States where the Des Moines example has been followed.

However, three controllers refused to take up these duties, preferring to be administrators at large. In this they were backed up by one evening newspaper whose influence in civic government has been considerable. The council, being determined, appointed three of its members to undertake the work which the controllers refused to perform. Then arose the question of pay. Should the controllers who refused to obey orders continue to draw their salary of \$2,500 or revert to the salary of \$300 as aldermen? And should the aldermen who undertook the work of controllers get controllers' pay?

The situation is interesting to students of municipal affairs. Toronto has a strong council this year, and it is inclined to boss the Board of Control. If council succeeds in doing so, then the usefulness of the Board will be greatly lessened. When an executive or cabinet fails to lead in any association, society or administration, then some sort of revolution is in sight. It would look as if Toronto might, as a result of its present experiences, abolish the Board of Control and substitute some sort of commission appointed by council or elected for a term of years by the people.

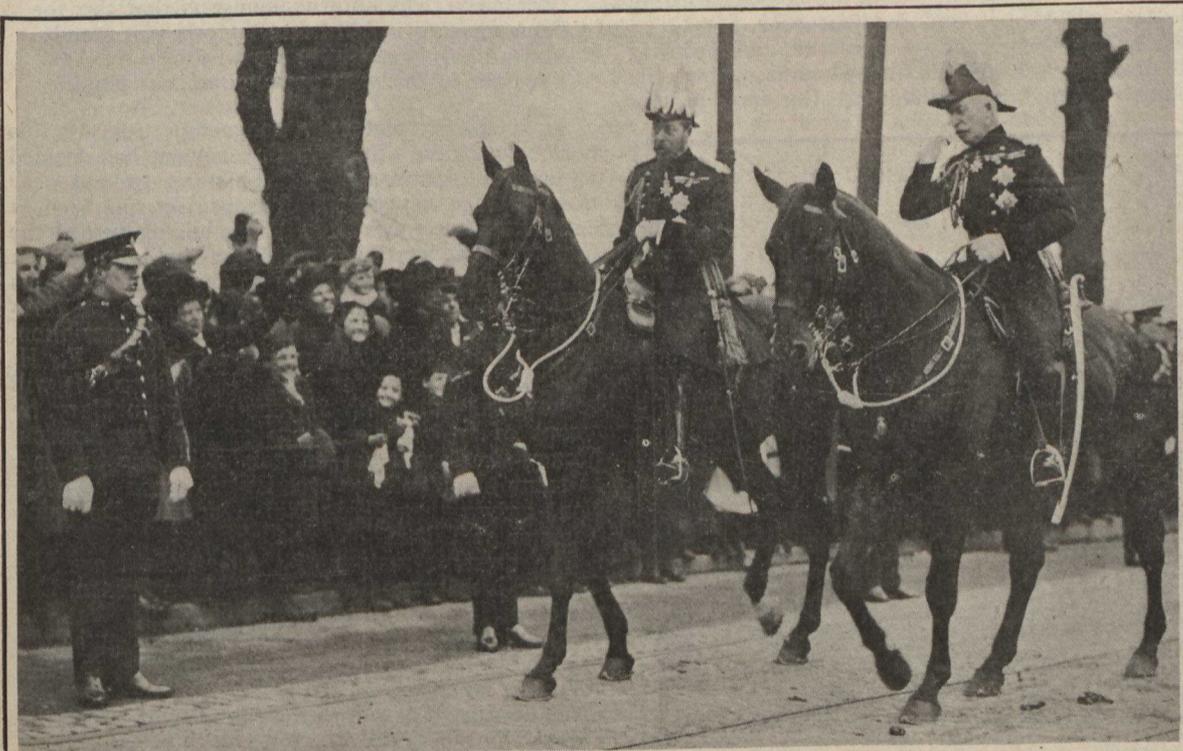
Casual Glimpses of Sundry Doings in Old England



Sensational Steeplechases Are a Great Feature of English Races. This Picture Shows "Blowpipe" Down at the Water Jump in the Grand National; One of the 19 Out of 23 That Came to Grief in the 4½ Miles.



GIVING SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE A MUSICAL JOLT. Scotch Bagpipers, Near Westminster Abbey, Celebrating the Results of the International Football Match at Stamford Bridge.



The Governor-General Back at His Old Parades. The King and His Uncle, the Duke of Connaught, Reviewing the Artillery on Woolwich Commons.

The Great "Dizzy"

LAST Saturday afternoon an usher ran down the aisle of a Canadian theatre with a basket of primroses. The curtain went up again. The only figure on the stage was a slim, dark little man with a dandy waistcoat, a velvet jacket and a somewhat devilish wisp of black hair straight down the top of his head.

The man was—Disraeli; in whose memory Primrose Day was organized in England by the Primrose League, the anniversary coming on April 19.

He took the flowers and made a brief speech.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure that the splendid applause you have given this performance is a tribute of your regard for a great figure in British history—"

And the audience were startled. Disraeli—was speaking. It was as though the man himself had suddenly wakened up to the fact that the whole thing was a play, written by Louis N. Parker, and that the chief actor was George Arliss.

Seldom, if ever, on any Canadian stage, has an historical character been portrayed with such daring realism as Disraeli, the Hebrew Premier of England and the life-long opponent of Gladstone; the man who began life as a Liberal, a novelist and a mere Parliamentary spouter, howled down by his opponents and died the most picturesque political figure in Europe; the Tory favourite, as Gladstone was somewhat the *bete noir* of Queen Victoria; famous for his foresight into European complications—and as depicted in the play, the shrewd, tactical master who clubbed the Bank of England into buying the Egyptian shares in the Suez Canal, thwarting Russia's designs upon India—

But that's where history and the play begin to mix matters. If Goldwin Smith had lived three years longer; if he could have been induced by the theatre management to attend that play, and had given one of his famous interviews to the newspapers, there might have been such a theatrical sensation as never was known since the days of Booth and Macready. The late Professor would have known exactly how much of the play was real history and how much of it Louis N. Parker. He would have recognized Disraeli and known whether or not the character was true to life. For he knew Disraeli; and Disraeli knew him. The Hebrew Premier was one man that Goldwin Smith never forgave. And the grudge was not political. It dated back to the day when young Disraeli was a novelist and Goldwin Smith a young professor at Oxford. The novel of particular interest to the Professor, and the only Disraeli novel that most Canadians ever heard of, was "Lothair"; in one chapter of which the author, already a master of satire, as afterwards he was of strategy, gave a scathingly scornful delineation of the vain young Oxford professor, whose learned criticism of English ways and his restless ambition to go abroad where he might win more attention for his peculiar genius, made him a fair mark for criticism.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

An Ottawa Woman Police

THE idea of the Travellers' Aid organization is not new; London, England, has had one for years and other cities now have like institutions, but Miss Campbell, of Ottawa, had never heard of them; simply through the need for such work did her idea come, about three years ago, and she is the founder of the society, one might say, in the Capital. Only a day or so ago, she received a letter from a police official in New York asking for information as to her lines and methods of work, news of the splendid results of which had drifted into the great metropolitan centre across the border.

Miss Campbell is in the Central Station practically all day. She is a slight, delicate girl, the very opposite of one's preconceived idea of a female police. She carries no bludgeon; her only weapon being a white badge on the left arm. She meets all trains and tries to protect girls who come in unbelievable numbers to the city without having the least idea of where they are going or what they are going to do. Easy prey for the unscrupulous! One little girl

got off the train recently and told Miss Campbell that she had no friends here, had no situation in view and did not even know where she was going to live until she got one. She hinted vaguely that she would like to take care of children, but that was all! Another one gave her check to a cabby and told him to send her trunk to "Aunt Kate's." Still another, a woman past thirty, was entirely at sea, because her sister had failed to meet her and she had never taken the trouble to find out where her sister lived. After spending TWO hours at the telephone, Miss Campbell located her and placed the woman in her care. "The hardest cases," said she, "are the ones where a girl does not want to be helped. Before the new station was built, I had so many of these that I felt at times as though I could not bear the horror of them! The sly acuteness of girls of this stamp was the worst thing I had to combat. No men have ever given me trouble directly. And one of the reasons why this is so, is that every man around this station is my good friend—cabmen, porters, and all! Only the other day, a man was here to meet a girl, and his condition was such that I would not allow her to go in a cab alone with him. As I stood on the curb forbidding him to get in, half a dozen men closed around me, to protect me in case I had difficulty."

Miss Campbell says that at odd times the casual observer has mistaken the friendly attitude of the men toward the Travellers' Aid officers and this misunderstanding cuts her deeply. No wonder! What is the hardest thing about Settlement Work (which is analogous just here) is to find the exact

level upon which to meet the people who are to be helped, so that there is no hint of patronage, no sting of charity, and not too great a descending from one's own place in the social scale. To elevate and at the same time live the lives of the people—to gain their respect, their confidence and their friendship—that is no easy matter. And yet it is what the officers of the Aid have sought to do in every case of the men about the stations.

Miss Campbell was recently appointed to be one of Ottawa's first two police women. The other appointee was Mrs. Cheney. Their duties on the police force will be considerably broadened. They will have to take charge of all cases where women are concerned and no one is more anxious for them to begin their duties than the policemen themselves. They dislike handling women—in fact all the women's cases are given to one officer, as it is. I think that of all the work I have known where women are helping other women, this particular form of rescue work has my greatest admiration and sympathy. For in this very brief sketch not half has been told of the struggles and the achievements of the Travellers' Aid officers.

MADGE MACBETH.

Stoney Creek, 1813 and 1913

CANADIANS in their quiet way are the most intensely patriotic people on earth. Our fathers showed it by fighting a hundred years ago.



The Historian, Miss Minnie Jean Nisbet, is a Leader in the Activities to Commemorate "Stoney Creek" This Year.

Their descendants to-day show it by preserving the fields stained with their blood, and by honouring the memory of every individual who played a brave part in the war. The fact that a hundred years have gone by since these stirring deeds set the Canadian woods ringing, makes the present a fitting time for celebrations and reminiscences.

Much has been done to preserve and beautify historic sites throughout the Dominion, but the Women's Wentworth Historical Society has the



Mrs. John Calder, President of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, is a Grand-daughter of Farmer Gage, on Whose Land the Historic Fight Transpired.

honour of being the only society in Canada which owns one of the spots closely connected with the early history of our country.

In the summer of 1889 Mrs. John Calder, president of the society and a patriotic grand-daughter of the James Gage whose farm-house stood in the centre of the war-storm that broke over Stoney Creek, learned that the old Gage homestead was to be sold, along with some four and a half acres of land adjoining the house. She immediately secured it, becoming personally responsible for the purchase money until it could be raised by subscription. Two or three years ago the society added fifteen acres of land to that already secured. Nearly a thousand dollars was spent in renovating the old house, which now stands in first-class shape and is the repository of many interesting relics and curios dating back to war time. The whole thing was turned into a public park, for the pleasure and profit of all Canadians, and as a perpetual object-lesson in early Canadian history.

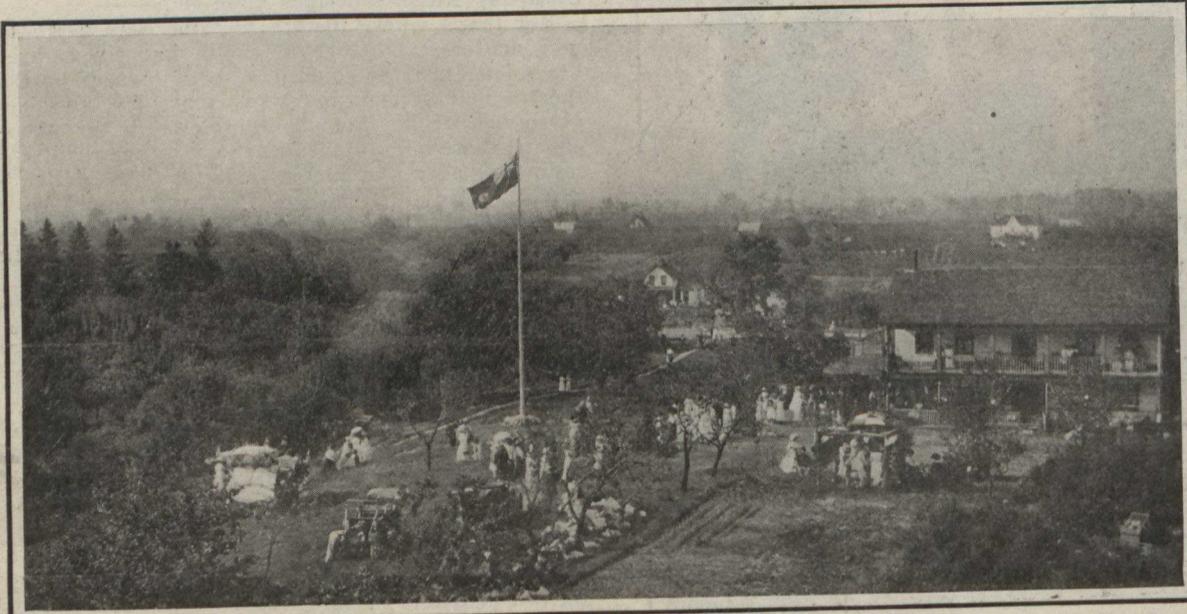
It is conceded that Stoney Creek was the most important engagement in the campaign of 1813. It was just a midnight dash by a handful of men—seven hundred in all—but it was a desperately brave thing and succeeded in so impressing the enemy with the valour of the Canadian spirit that they scattered in all directions over the Niagara peninsula and never were collected again to oppose the forces they had chased to the head of the lake. Before June 6th the prospect had looked exceedingly gloomy. Toronto was in the hands of the Americans and a powerful fleet operated on Lake Ontario. Fort George had fallen and the Canadian army was retreating toward Kingston.

"For well 'twas known among us that the foe
Came chasing in hot haste to force our stand;
And pitifully weak were we who held
The fate of the west province on our hand."

As a fitting centenary commemoration of this heroic sortie the Canadian Government has decided to erect a monument on the historic ground near the old Gage homestead. The project has been in hand for some time, Lady Minto having turned the first sod some years ago, and Gen. Sir John French having laid the corner-stone on the occasion of his visit to Canada. The monument will take the form of a tall shaft marked with a suitable inscription. Mr. E. L. Rastrick is architect and Mr. F. H. Dickenson is contractor, both of Hamilton. It will be unveiled on the 6th of June by Queen Mary, by means of an electric button touched in London. Stoney Creek will put on gala attire for the day, as many notables have promised to grace the occasion, among them Col. Sam Hughes, Dominion Minister of Militia.

The present trustees of the battlefield are His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Gibson, Col. the Hon. John S. Hendrie, and Thos. W. Watkins. Mrs. John Calder, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, and Miss Minnie Jean Nisbet have been officers in the Women's Wentworth Historical Society since its formation in 1894, and to their persistent effort and never-failing optimism is owing much of the present success of the movement.

MABEL BURKHOLDER.



Stoney Creek Battleground and the Old Gage Farmhouse, Taken from the Elevation on Which a Monument is Shortly to be Placed.

Success in Growing Tomatoes

The Experience of Many Years

By GEORGE BALDWIN

THE Tomato or "Love Apple" first came into prominence about sixty years ago in the South American States, and until thirty years ago was little used as a vegetable, but to-day it is generally esteemed. When we think of the ugly, crinkly-looking specimens of thirty years ago and compare them with those now, how noteworthy has been the development. Tomatoes can be grown successfully in almost any locality, with the aid of a hot-bed and following the cultural directions of some one who is capable of imparting advice. This reminds the writer of a conversation he once overheard. Some friends were giving great praise and credit to one who had made a success of his garden. They said, "You must have worked very hard, but how did you do it?" "Well," the man said, "I put my seed in hot-beds, got good, sturdy plants, planted them out, and by attending to them I have got good results." The following method I have found to be very successful, both from an economic and prize-taking point of view. It is possible to have ripe Tomatoes by the first week of July, with the aid of a hot-bed, sowing the seeds at once. After sowing them in small, shallow boxes or pans, and placing them in a sunny south window, give fresh air on very fine, warm days. As soon as seedlings are an inch high they may be transplanted into other pans or boxes to give them more space, four inches each way being the proper distance; stir the earth frequently and water copiously, keeping them moving until about the 15th or 20th of May, when they are ready for the garden. If it is not possible to raise the plants oneself, buy them, and try to get them anywhere from twelve to eighteen inches long, for the following reasons: Prepare the piece of ground allotted for Tomatoes by digging deeply, mark off the holes 42 inches each way in rows, digging a hole eighteen inches square and deep and putting in two good shovels full of well-decayed manure. Cover with earth to within nine inches from the top, then pour in about half a gallon of water, then place the root of the plant down in one corner, bending the stem over so that only about six inches of the plant is above the ground line. Press the earth firmly around so as to bring the part that is above ground in a perpendicular position; the object is, that the roots, of Tomatoes in particular, have a tendency to come upwards for moisture, especially in very dry, hot weather. A rest, so far as Tomatoes are concerned, can now be taken until they are about eighteen inches above ground, when pruning and cultivating are essential. A rake is better for stirring the soil than a hoe, because, owing to the tendency of the roots coming upwards, shallow cultivation is necessary, but should be often done. Do not let the vines trail all over the ground, as is customary, but put four stakes to each plant about four feet long above ground and an inch square. Drive them into the ground about a foot from the plant and at an angle of about 75 degrees. By this time it will be found that the plant has thrown out shoots from above every leaf. Leave the main shoot and three of the strongest side-shoots for training up the four stakes, taking out all other shoots, also any suckers that may from time to time come up from the roots. As soon as the four shoots which have been selected are long enough, tie them to the stakes with raffia or some soft-tying material at intervals of eighteen inches. Now watch for the flowers, and as soon as the third set have well formed, pinch out the top of the shoots, which will strengthen the fruit which is forming under the bloom, and as soon as all the fruit is well formed allow one more shoot to come from the side of each stalk and which will eventually give you some green Tomatoes for pickling. The application of nitrate of soda is beneficial if used judiciously, say three times during the growing season, a tablespoonful dry scattered around the roots when planted, again when the blooms are showing, and finally when the fruit is set. When the fruit is beginning to ripen take a pair of scissors and snip out here and there parts of leaves which appear to be shading the fruit too much from the sun. While Tomatoes require plenty of water, especially in dry seasons, do not use the hose indiscriminately, as though you were sprinkling a lawn, but take the nozzle off and water well around the roots. Squirting the water all over the fruit has a tendency to bring on "Tomato Rot." This and the large, green caterpillars, about three inches

long, are about the only difficulties you will have to contend with, so use the water with care.

THE BEST TOMATOES

A few words as to varieties will not be amiss. Of course if the plants are purchased you have not much choice, but for the benefit of those who will



TOMATO—"RED CANNER."

Some Growers Recommend Three or Four Sets of Fruit to a Branch. This Vine, from Which Were Taken Thirty-three Pounds of Ripe Fruit and Five Pounds of Green, Shows Six.

take the trouble to raise their own, the following varieties will be found very satisfactory. Very early varieties, Sparks' Earliana and Sutton's Early are the best for sowing at once—get Chalk's Early Jewel, New Stone, or Red Canner, for reds, the latter I tried last year and found very prolific, as will be seen in the accompanying illustration. Of pink varieties, Beauty is the best, followed by McInnes' Plentiful or June Pink. McInnes' Plentiful is a strong grower with deep green foliage, the leaves being almost like those of the Potato. Unfortunately, all city back gardens are encompassed with unsightly board fences. They can be made to look infinitely better if covered with Ornamental Tomatoes. They are called "Ornamental," but they are really the best flavoured. These can, with very little trouble, be made to climb up the fences, not only hiding the same, but a good crop is secured, especially on the fence facing the south. The following are the best known varieties: Red and Yellow Plum, Red and Yellow Pear, Red and Yellow Cherry, and those not usually grown are Golden Nugget, Sunbeam, Cascade, Clarke's Apricot, Brown's Peachblow and Red Currant; and then there is the Strawberry Tomato, which is the sweetest of all, but grows only in dwarf bush form. Two or three plants here and there in the perennial border will prove quite a novelty.

A TOMATO OMELET

I will not presume to tell you of the many ways that Tomatoes can be served, but just try this one for a Tomato Omelet. Go to the tomato patch and select four good-sized, ripe Tomatoes. Then walk a little further into the chicken coop and get two

new-laid eggs. Return to the house, light the fire (remember this is 6 o'clock in the morning), and get the frying-pan. Put in a piece of butter about the size of a walnut, slice the tomatoes up into this and let them simmer away till they are about half cooked, then crack the eggs, pour them into the pan and keep stirring until the whole is well cooked. Transfer to a warm plate and put in the oven for a short time, and seasoning to taste with pepper and salt. Very dry bran is very good to pack Tomatoes away in for November use.

Why Farms are Often Ugly and Forbidding

Need of Greater Attention to Their Surroundings

By E. T. COOK

RETURN recently made of immigrants who have come over here for the specific purpose of entering upon farm life in Canada—Ontario in particular—showed that a large proportion soon found their way back to the cities, many undertaking work in market gardens near large centres of industry. Cannot this falling away from original intentions be traced partly, not so much to the comparatively lonely life of the farm, but to an almost complete absence of anything else except tending cattle and the daily round of duties that varies little from year to year? It may be said that the farmer has no time for any work outside appertaining strictly to the farm, and perfectly true this is of some cases, but distinctly not of all. An illustration is given of a farmhouse that cannot be accounted inviting, although there are great possibilities of clothing its surroundings with beauty that is neither costly in labour nor money. Frequently there is someone in the farmer's family who is wishful to combine domestic duties with those of the garden and takes more than a cursory interest in the home surroundings. These notes are prompted by conversations which the writer has had with farmers in many districts in the province, and in one instance, although capital was not plentiful and labour exceptionally scarce, a garden was to be established as quickly as possible to impart a real feeling of "home," so dear to many an emigrant's heart. It was as bare of flowers and vegetables as a sidewalk, but is gradually undergoing a change which the small outlay on seeds, plants, and frs have been instrumental in producing. One frequently hears the remark, "a garden is impossible—the cattle would gobble it up." Nothing of the kind. Where there's a will, there's a way, and before the summer is over one or more illustrations perhaps will be given to show the change that has taken place, from utter barrenness to something approaching an idyllic homestead. Ugly, uninviting, and unsympathetic surroundings unquestionably, if not exactly, a hindrance to general advancement are certainly not an uplifting force—and beyond this flowers certainly have a good influence on the mind. The question of expenditure is in most cases one for serious consideration, but flower seeds can be purchased in reasonable quantities at a trifling cost. It is astounding the pleasure that Nasturtiums, Morning Glory, Sunflowers, and the kinds that have been recommended from time to time in these pages will give during the summer and fall months, and fences at present bare may be turned to good account for vines, tomatoes, runner beans and squashes. The articles by Mr. Baldwin should be carefully read and acted upon. They are, I know, the outcome of years of practical experience and are invaluable helps. Many farms I am acquainted with are absolutely without a batch of vegetables, save perhaps tomatoes and potatoes that may be grown for market. This is an indisputable



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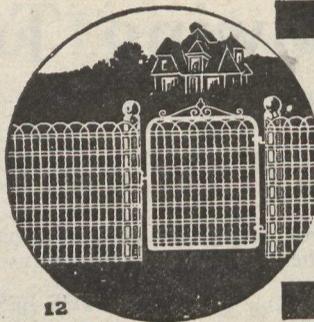
fact and almost incredible in a place where there is everything to promote healthy growth—air, sunshine, and abundance of fresh manure. The vegetables may be preserved for winter use, and this is no Utopian picture, but possible and essential.

As I have mentioned, the presence of live stock is one reason urged for not making the cultivation of vegetables and flowers a serious part of the farmer's work. Timber for fencing is difficult to obtain and so forth, but live hedges may be planted, for instance, of the Honey Locust, which is very cheap and a strong, thorny barrier against marauders. A few hundreds may be planted in a very short space of time and act not only as a protection, but shelter from storms of wind and rain. And whilst in the midst of the planting season think of the advantage of firs, flowering shrubs, and fruit trees in the enrichment of the immediate surroundings of the home. The firs mentioned in the "Courier" of March 29 are exactly the type of shrub for softening the hard outlines of the house, and one can picture the desolation of the homestead shown there without the spruce hedge and orchard.

A small orchard on all sides of the house, or partly surrounding it, brings not only beauty of flowers, sometimes of leaf colourings in the fall, but profit, and for this purpose few fruits excel the Crab apples and hybrids of recent years, which are not planted so plentifully as one would suppose from their excellent qualities. I intend to use them largely, and the following remarks from Stone and Wellington's catalogue emphasize my belief in this group of fruits: "Within the past few years much attention has been given to improving this class of fruit, because of their adaptability to cold sections, where only a few varieties of apples can be successfully grown. These efforts have been attended with marked success. Crab apples succeed equally well in all sections, and are valuable for cider, preserving, jelly, ornament, and some of the improved sorts are excellent for eating. Sent to the Eastern markets they command a very high price." There is a good choice in Excelsior, Montreal Beauty, Orange, Red Siberian, and Transcendent, and of the hybrids specially recommended for Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are Alberta, Jewel, and Pioneer, this race resulting from crossing the Siberian Crab apple (*Pyrus baccata*), in itself a beautiful tree with the hardiest Canadian apples, such as Haas and Yellow Transparent. The Crab apples are graceful and attractive in all ways, wreathed over with pinky bloom in early summer and dashed with crimson and gold in the fall from a rich harvest of prettily-shaped fruits. A beautiful farm is not impossible.

Horticulture at the Canadian National

SEVERAL letters have appeared lately in the daily press in reference to a more liberal encouragement for horticulture, and by this is intended flowers, fruits, and vegetables. There is no doubt that a radical reform will bring about much satisfaction, and the hall in which the exhibits are placed prove a fairy scene of floral beauty. Flowers have a decided attraction for all classes, for both old and young, but there must be exquisite arrangements, due regard for colour contrast, and harmonious surroundings in sympathetic shades—a cool green tint proving as agreeable as any for all sorts of flowers. A large building filled with rare and common flowers grown to high perfection would prove universally popular and impress many with the alluring beauty of the exhibition. Machinery, cattle, dogs, baby shows, and even farming have, perhaps, little interest to thousands of city dwellers who flock to this great national exhibition, but banks, vistas and bowers of blossom will be remembered long after other features have been forgotten. Of course, fruits—apples in particular—make prodigious display of colour, but flowers and a greater variety of vegetables such as one welcomes in all gardens would show that the exhibition is a place to learn something we are not already acquainted with.



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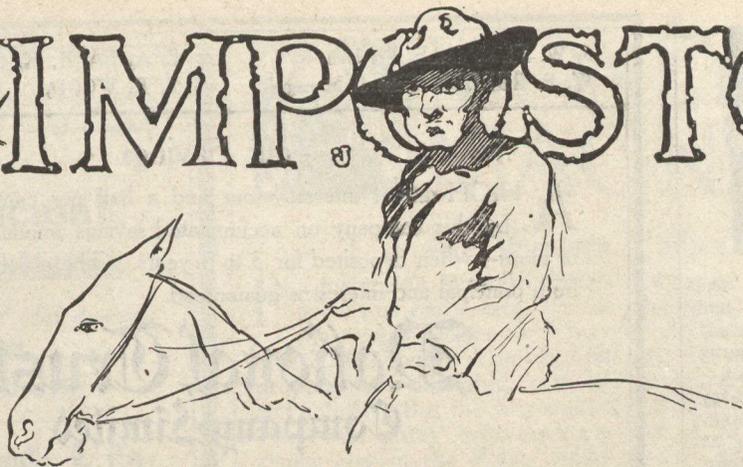
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THE IMPOSTOR



BY
**HAROLD
BINDLOSS**

CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

THE girl glanced at him sharply, and it was because the news caused her an unreasonable concern that there was a trace of irony in her voice.

"Your last venture! Have we been unkind to you or does it imply that, as you once insinuated, an exemplary life becomes monotonous?"

Witham laughed. "No. I should like to stay here—a very long while," he said; and the girl saw he spoke the truth as she watched him glance wistfully at the splendid teams, great ploughs, and rich, black soil. "In fact, strange as it may appear, it will be virtue, given the rein for once, that drives me out when I go away."

"But where are you going to?" Witham glanced vaguely across the prairie, and the girl was puzzled by the look in his eyes. "Back to my own station," he said softly, as though to himself, and then turned with a little shrug of his shoulders. "In the meanwhile there is a good deal to do, and once more I am sorry I cannot release you."

"Then, there is an end of it. You could not expect me to beg you to, so we will discuss the practical difficulty. I cannot under the circumstances borrow my uncle's teams, and I am told I have not sufficient men or horses to put a large crop in."

"Of course!" said Witham quietly. "Well, I have now the best teams and machines on this part of the prairie, and am bringing Ontario men in. I will do the ploughing—and, if it will make it easier for you, you can pay me for the services."

There was a little flush on the girl's face. "It is all distasteful, but as you will not give me back my word, I will keep it to the letter. Still, it almost makes me reluctant to ask you a further favour."

"This one is promised before you ask it," said Witham quietly.

It cost Maud Barrington some trouble to make her wishes clear, and Witham's smile was not wholly one of pleasure as he listened. One of the young English lads, who was, it appeared, a distant connexion of the girl's, had been losing large sums of money at a gaming table, and seeking other equally undesirable relaxations at the railroad settlement. For the sake of his mother in England, Miss Barrington desired him brought to his senses, but was afraid to appeal to the Colonel, whose measures were occasionally more draconic than wise.

"I will do what I can," said Witham. "Still, I am not sure that a lad of the kind is worth your worrying over, and I am a trifle curious as to what induced you to entrust the mission to me?"

The girl felt embarrassed, but she saw that an answer was expected. "Since you ask, it occurred to me that you could do it better than anybody else," she said. "Please don't misunderstand me; but I fancy it is the other man who is leading him away."

Witham smiled somewhat grimly. "Your meaning is quite plain, and I am already looking forward to the encounter with my fellow-gambler. You believe that I will prove a match for him?"

Maud Barrington, to her annoyance, felt the blood creep to her forehead, but she looked at the man steadily, noticing the quiet forcefulness beneath his somewhat caustic amusement.

"Yes," she said simply; "and I shall be grateful."

In another few minutes she was galloping across the prairie, and when she rejoined her aunt and Barrington, endeavoured to draw out the latter's opin-

ion respecting Courthorne's venture by a few discreet questions.

"Heaven knows where he was taught it, but there is no doubt that the man is an excellent farmer," he said. "It is a pity that he is also, to all intents and purposes, mad."

Miss Barrington glanced at her niece, and both of them smiled, for the Colonel usually took for granted the insanity of any one who questioned his opinions.

In the meanwhile, Witham sat swaying on the driving-seat, mechanically guiding the horses and noticing how the prairie sod rolled away in black waves beneath the great plough. He heard the crackle of fibres beneath the triple shares, and the swish of greasy loam along the mouldboard's side; but his thoughts were far away, and when he raised his head, he looked into the dim future beyond the long furrow that cut the skyline on the rise.

It was shadowy and uncertain, and one thing was clear to him, and that was that he could not stay in Silverdale. At first he had almost hoped he might do this, for the good land, and the means of efficiently working it, had been a horrible temptation. That was before he reckoned on Maud Barrington's attractions; but of late he had seen what these were leading him to, and all that was good in him recoiled from an attempt to win her. Once he had dared to wonder whether it could be done, for his grim life had left him self-centred and bitter, but that mood had passed, and it was with disgust he looked back upon it. Now he knew that the sooner he left Silverdale, the less difficult it would be to forget her; but he was still determined to vindicate himself by the work he did, and make her affairs secure. Then, with or without a confession, he would slip back into the obscurity he came from.

While he worked the soft wind rioted about him, and the harbingers of summer passed north in battalions overhead—crane, Brent goose, and mallard—in crescents, skeins, and wedges, after the fashion of their kind. Little long-tailed gophers whisked across the whitened sod, and when the great plough rolled through the shadows of a bluff, jack rabbits, pied white and grey, scurried amidst the rustling leaves. Even the birches were fragrant in that vivifying air, and seemed to rejoice as all animate creatures did; but the man's face grew more sombre as the day of toil wore on. Still, he did his work with the grim, unwavering diligence that had already carried him, dismayed but unyielding, through years of drought and harvest hail, and the stars shone down on the prairie when at last he loosed his second team.

Then, standing in the door of his lonely homestead, he glanced at the great shadowy granaries and barns, and clenched his hand as he saw what he could do if things that had been forced upon him were rightfully his. He knew his own mettle, and that he could hold them if he would; but the pale, cold face of a woman rose up in judgment against him, and he also knew that because of the love of her, that was casting its toils about him, he must give them up.

Far back on the prairie a lonely coyote howled, and a faint wind, that was now like snow-cooled wine, brought the sighing of limitless grasses out of the silence. There was no cloud in the crystalline ether, and something in the vastness and stillness that spoke of infinity brought a curious sense of peace to him. Impostor though he was, he would leave Silverdale better than he found it, and afterwards it would be of

no great moment what became of him. Countless generations of toiling men had borne their petty sorrows before him, and gone back to the dust they sprang from; but still, in due succession, harvest followed seed-time, and the world whirled on. Then, remembering that, in the meanwhile, he had much to do which would commence with the sun on the morrow, he went back into the house and shook the fancies from him.

CHAPTER XII.
Mastery Recognized.

THERE was, considering the latest price of wheat, a somewhat astonishing attendance in the long room of the hotel at the railroad settlement one Saturday evening. A big stove in the midst of it diffused a stuffy and almost unnecessary heat, gaudy nickelled lamps an uncertain brilliancy, and the place was filled with the drifting smoke of indifferent tobacco. Oleographs, barbaric in colour and drawing, hung about the roughly-boarded walls, and any critical stranger would have found the saloon comfortless and tawdry.

It was, however, filled that night with bronzed-faced men who expected nothing better. Most of them wore jackets of soft black leather or embroidered deer-skin, and the jean trousers and long boots of not a few apparently stood in need of repairing, though the sprinkling of more conventional apparel and paler faces showed that the storekeepers of the settlement had been drawn together, as well as the prairie farmers who had driven in to buy provisions or take up their mail. There was, however, but little laughter, and their voices were low, for boisterousness and assertion are not generally met with on the silent prairie. Indeed, the attitude of some of the men was mildly deprecatory, as though they felt that in assisting in what was going forward they were doing an unusual thing. Still, the eyes of all were turned toward the table where a man, who differed widely in appearance from most of them, dealt out the cards.

He wore city clothes, and a white shirt with a fine diamond in the front of it, while there was a keen intentness behind the half-ironical smile in his somewhat colourless face. The whiteness of his long, nervous fingers and the quickness of his gestures would also have stamped him as a being of different order from the slowly-spoken prairie farmers, while the slenderness of the little pile of coins in front of him testified that his endeavours to tempt them to speculation on games of chance had met with no very marked success as yet. Gambling for stakes of moment is not a popular amusement in that country, where the soil demands his best from every man in return for the scanty dollars it yields him, but the gamester had chosen his time well, and the men who had borne the dreary solitude of winter in outlying farms, and now only saw another adverse season opening before them, were for once in the mood to clutch at any excitement that would relieve the monotony of their toilsome lives.

A few were betting small sums with an apparent lack of interest which did not in the least deceive the dealer, and when he handed a few dollars out he laughed a little as he turned to the bar-keeper.

"Set them up again. I want a drink to pass the time," he said. "I'll play you at anything you like to put a name to, boys, if this game don't suit you."

(Continued on page 24.)

Don't Get Along Without MAPLEINE

(The Flavor de Luxe)

—it flavors white sugar syrup.

—it flavors icings and fillings for cakes.

—it flavors candies, puddings, tasties.

—it is as simple to use as lemon and vanilla.

Make it right.

Grocers sell Mapleine 50c 2 oz. bottle. If they cannot supply you, write Dept. E10.



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Whenever you feel a headache coming on take

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers



They stop headaches promptly and surely. Do not contain opium, morphine, phenacetin, acetanilid or other dangerous drugs. 25c. a box at your Druggist's. 131

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of exquisite bouquet gratifying flavor, and absolute purity.

The product of the world's choicest grapes.

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LODGE TALKS Tells you what to say when called upon in a Lodge meeting of any kind. Will make you a good speaker. Every Lodge man should have a copy of Lodge Talks. 10c
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Three drops of Shirriff's True Vanilla go as far as six to eight drops of ordinary vanillas. Shirriff's is the real extract of Mexican Vanilla Beans. Aged until its strength, bouquet and flavor are fully matured. Try a bottle



Shirriff's True Vanilla



Courierettes.

THE author of "Everybody Works But Father" is to become a matrimonial victim. Poetic justice.

Ontario M. P. P. says the schools are "shams and humbugs." Many pupils concur.

Some Canadian women are wearing hose with mice on the ankles. The mice, we should add, are embroidered ones.

They strewed 5,000 roses on the grave of J. Pierpont Morgan. So be it. When he was alive he had to buy them.

Ontario officials won't allow spectators to chew gum or go to sleep in court. Another blow at the rights of the common people.

Mary Garden, the opera singer, kissed a Denver hotel porter who found and returned her lost brooch. Another eccentricity of genius?

Now that the English militants have burned up a cricket field they will no doubt be attempting to dam the Thames and drain the Irish sea.

A \$15,000,000 heiress has found the ideal man she was looking for. The surprise is that amount of money did not produce a small army of ideal men.

A female python in the Bronx Zoo, New York, has fasted for 22 months and is now being forcibly fed. This suffragette thing is now affecting the animals.

After several years of consideration, Sir James Whitney declines to "do anything hasty" on the matter of workmen's compensation. Sir James is so fast that some day when he's going to the office he'll meet himself coming home again.

Spring Note.—In the spring the maiden's fancy lightly turns to the engagement column.

One Way of Looking at It.—Austrian woman told Toronto magistrate that her husband had sold her to another man for \$500. That's nothing when you reflect that many a father gives his daughter to some young fellow.

Law of Compensation.—Somehow that old law of compensation seems to be always working smoothly.

If the city man goes to the country fields he may be chased by a rude bull. If the country man ventures on the city streets, he is sure to be pursued by an automobile.

Burden Bearers.—Practical people say debts are great burdens.

Philosophers and poets refer to riches as a burden also.

Most of us, however, are content to be burden bearers of one sort or the other.

Those who are in debt, though, would very gladly obey the scriptural injunction—"Bear ye one another's burdens."

He Got Up, Anyway.—A young married woman in Montreal was telling her friends the other day at a little euchre party of her peculiar dreams.

"But the oddest one of all was just this morning," she said. "I woke just after dreaming that my husband was the ace of spades."

"And I suppose you ordered him up?" was the witty rejoinder of one of her guests.

Taken for a Millionaire.—Dr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the famous Mendelssohn Choir, very ably entertained members of the National Club last Friday evening as he told the story of his twelve months' musical pilgrimage under fourteen flags. Among the many humorous incidents he related was being taken for a millionaire, which happened at a little country inn outside

Zurich in Switzerland, whither the "Petit Napoleon" of choral music had traveled on foot with his son. They sat down in one of these quaint and merry little inns, had a good dinner and then—

"Just because I was feeling pretty good," said the doctor, "I asked the landlord to produce the cigars—though at home I seldom or never smoke a cigar. He brought a box and I asked the price, which worked out in centimes to about twelve for a quarter.

"Have you any cheaper?" I asked him. "He brought another box. These were about three for a nickel.

"Have you any better than these?" "He produced another, and still another—but still unsatisfied I said:

"Now, what's the best cigar in the house?"

"He went mysteriously to a safe and unlocked a sacred box of most aristocratic cigars.

"These are—four centimes each," he said proudly. "That was about six for a quarter. As my son and I each lighted one of these Swiss wonders, I heard a party at a nearby table say, 'Americanish—millionaire!'"

Mexico and Her Presidents.—Mexico may have her faults, but there is no danger of her allowing any of her presidents a third term.

If they want to get rid of a man in Mexico he is elected president. Down there a man runs twice—once for President and then for his life.

She Had a Reason.—The modern maiden was being ardently wooed by the modern young man.

Passionately he pressed his suit. "And if I marry you, Jack, will you stay at home every evening to make me happy?" she inquired.

"Certainly, dearest," said he. "Don't worry about that for a moment."

"But I would worry if you didn't stay home," she replied. "You see, I have many club meetings and social engagements I must keep and I would not like to leave the house alone."

Summed Up.—The trouble in this old world seems to be that dainty dishes disagree with those who can afford them, and the prices disagree with the rest of us.

Generally.—If a barber reduced his prices, could you refer to them as "cut" rates?

An Important Matter.—A Belleville young man who recently went to the West, gave his father something akin to an attack of heart disease when the pater received a letter from his son asking his advice on an important point.

The letter was written in terms something like this:

"Dear Father, I am greatly concerned and agitated in regard to a situation which now faces me, and I am puzzled as to the course I should pursue. I thought I could not do better than consult you in this moment of emergency, and therefore I write for your counsel.

"It is a matter, Dad, when may possibly mean life or death to me. You can readily understand therefore with what fear and trepidation I face the future when I have to make a decision which is fraught with such significance to me. I want to take the correct course, and I think your superior knowledge of the ways of the world should be of material assistance to me in making my decision. I want you to turn the matter over in your mind and let me know what I should do."

This was merely the introduction to the letter. There followed pages of it, written in the same strain of generalities, the specific cause of concern being reserved for the last sentence when the young scamp queried his father as to the proper time for shedding his winter underwear.

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

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A HIGH rate of interest—four and a half per cent.—is offered by this company on accumulated savings amounting to \$500 or more—when deposited for 3 to 5 years. The absolute safety of both principal and interest is guaranteed.

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The KALAMAZOO has all of the adjustable features of all the other loose leaf binders. It has many new special features peculiarly its own. KALAMAZOO binders and sheets are made in any size required.

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Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers
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We shall be pleased to forward upon request our list of selected Canadian

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We offer the most desirable issues to yield from

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DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BONDS

Capital Paid-up - \$1,000,000
Reserve - - - 750,000

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The Old Proverb

"Make hay while the sun shines" is more adapted to Life Assurance than any other walk in life. To-day you may be a first-class risk for the Medical Examiner, to-morrow you may not. Are you embracing the opportunity when it presents itself; or, like far too many, haven't got the time? You'll regret it later on when the sun has gone down on the western horizon of your life.

Sufficient Assurance in the

Federal Life

will help you when the rainy days come.

Head Office: Hamilton.

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Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly.
Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00
Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Are Western Values Depreciating?

IN considering Western values it must be admitted that there are different grades of real estate. Inside properties are very different to those outside the twenty blocks, or it may be the five or six blocks which comprise the centre of the city. The COURIER does not wish to affirm that values of inside property are declining. On the contrary, they are improving very quickly and solidly. But the way-out subdivisions are depreciating markedly in value. The "wild-catter" who buys a parcel of land five, six and more miles outside a new city in the West, cannot be too strongly condemned. He goes over to England, produces faked blue-prints—which show his saleable property to be very much nearer the city than it really is—and, by making a big advertising splash, he induces the British investor to put up his money.

A prominent real estate man told the COURIER recently a few instances of the "wild-catter's" prodigal operations throughout the West. For four miles out of North Battleford, land has been subdivided, and sold. The town of Edson, Alberta, with a population that could be housed in ten blocks, has been subdivided several miles from the centre of the town. Many of the smaller and newer towns in the prairie provinces can boast about two or three thousand people; the land in them and around them would accommodate about a hundred thousand. This real estate game is rapidly degenerating into absolute roguery. If it were not so grave it would be positively ludicrous. The Britisher, the American, and even the Eastern Canadian bite when they see what looks to be a very tempting morsel, offered at a comparatively low figure. The awakening is rude. The tempting morsel turns out to be literally rotten, and the investor loses his money. And in no way is he to blame. The offerings of the wild-catter have a sort of official backing from the city in which the land is located, for the plans have to be passed and registered.

To a material extent, the "wild-cat" element has been eliminated. The straight real estate man himself deprecates it as much as the man in the street. It must be wholly eradicated. Otherwise the falsity of this feline will mean the cutting of things Canadian by the British investor.

Banks and the Rate of Interest

DURING the past few weeks there have been all sorts of experts testifying before the Committee on Banking and Commerce. They seem to be nearly all of one mind, and that is, that the present act needs amendment. Several changes are suggested which, if acted upon, may improve conditions for the depositor and the borrower. The chief point which the layman seems determined to discuss is the question of the rate of interest which the banks pay on deposits "on notice." The radical critics claim that the banks are a trust, and have combined to keep down the rate of interest paid to depositors. The Association insists that no chartered bank shall pay more than three per cent. The critics would like this combination broken up, so that when a small bank, or even a large bank, is in need of funds, it will offer a higher rate of interest on deposits, and thus induce people to increase their balances.

Such a reform might be accomplished by two clauses in the Bank Act; first, it should be made compulsory for every bank to be a member of the Bankers' Association. Secondly, every bank should be compelled to clear the cheques of every other bank. With these two suggestions carried out, it would be possible for any one bank to pay three and a half or four per cent. on time deposits without incurring the anger of the Association. At present, were a bank to pay four per cent., thus breaking a rule of the Association, all the other banks would refuse to clear the offending bank's cheques. To illustrate—some years ago, there was a loan company in one of the large cities in Canada, with a well-developed bank business. Those who controlled this business, decided to change from a loan company to a chartered bank, and secured a charter from Ottawa for this purpose. As a loan company, they were paying three and a half to four per cent. upon time deposits, and they feared that if they reduced their rate to three per cent., they would lose these valuable deposits, or a considerable portion of them. They applied to the Bankers' Association for the right to continue paying the higher rate of interest, without much success. The other banks held the whip hand, and finally forced the new bank to accept the general rule of three per cent.

So long as the Bankers' Association is allowed to refuse to clear the cheques of any other bank, it holds a whip hand which it can use on any recalcitrant bank. If the Dominion desired to see competition in the rate of interest paid on time deposits, it can easily do so by adopting the two clauses suggested above. This may or may not be wise, but the method is clear.

On the other hand, the position of the Western branch is intimately related to the question of increased interest to depositors. The Eastern banks, whose branches are in the West, regard their work there as just so much pioneer work. It cannot be pretended that it is profitable, at present. If through government savings bank competition, or otherwise, banks were obliged to give more than three per cent. to depositors, some western branches would have to be closed, unless the rate charged for loans was put correspondingly higher. The critic does not want this, either. He wants higher interest for the depositor, and a fixed rate of seven per cent. for loans. Such a combined reform might necessitate the closing of the branch banks, and a summary end to a goose that is laying golden eggs. For, unquestionably, the bankers are furnishing the West with the accommodation it so much needs.

On and Off the Exchange

New Pulp Company Gets Going

AMONG the newer companies, in Canada, is the Dryden Timber and Power Company, the latest addition to the many pulp and paper companies now operating in the Dominion. At the annual meeting of this concern, the shareholders approved a new issue of half a million preferred stock, which will be issued as required during the year, to provide for certain

A Time-Tried Investment

This is not only one of the largest and strongest, but also one of the oldest of the Canadian financial institutions. It has a record of considerably more than half a century of steadily increasing success, stability and strength. In this time an experience has been gained which entitles its Directors and Officers to be considered experts in the selection of choice, safe securities for the investment of its funds.

Its Capital, fully paid, and Surplus exceed TEN MILLION DOLLARS.

Its record, experience and strength constitute it an unusually safe Depository for Savings, and its Debentures have long held a very high place in the estimation of those conservative, cautious investors, both in Great Britain and Canada, who prefer absolute safety to a high rate of interest. In Canada they are a LEGAL INVESTMENT FOR TRUST FUNDS, and are accepted by the Canadian Government as the Deposit required to be made by Insurance Companies, etc.

We shall be glad to send you a specimen Debenture, a copy of our last Annual Report, and full particulars, on receipt of your address. Write for them to-day.

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Chief Toronto Agents

Western Assurance Company

(Fire and Marine)

Incorporated A.D. 1851

Assets over \$3,000,000.00

Losses paid since organization over
\$56,000,000.00

W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

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

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The Bank of British North America

ESTABLISHED IN 1836

Incorporated by Royal Charter in 1840

SEVENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT AND BALANCE SHEET

The seventy-seventh yearly general meeting of the Bank of British North America was held on Tuesday, March 4, at the offices of the Corporation, 5 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C., England, Mr. C. W. Tomkinson presiding.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Court of Directors submits the accompanying Balance Sheet to the 30th November last.

It will be seen that the profits for the Half-year, including \$175,610.22 brought forward from last account, amount to \$563,514.92, which the Directors propose to distribute as follows:—

In the payment of a Dividend of 40s. per Share	\$194,666.67
Payable less Income Tax, on the 4th April next.	
Transferring to the Reserve Fund	146,000.00
“ “ Bank Premises Account	73,000.00
And in the payment of a Bonus of 5 per cent. to the Staff, about	34,066.67
Leaving a balance to be carried forward of	93,446.79

The above Dividend will make a distribution of 8 per cent. for the year.

The Dividend Warrants will be remitted to the Proprietors on the 3rd April next.

Since the last Report a Sub-branch has been opened at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto, and a Branch has been closed at St. Martins, New Brunswick.

The following appropriations from the Profit and Loss Account have been made for the benefit of the Staff, viz.:—

To the Officers' Widows and Orphans Fund	\$ 3,621.08
“ “ Pension Fund	17,740.38
“ “ Life Insurance Fund	973.33

London, 18th February, 1913.

The Seventy-seventh Annual General Meeting of the Bank of British North America recently held, in London, England, was made noteworthy by the presentation of the best statement in the history of the Bank. The address of the chairman embraced a comprehensive review of economic conditions prevailing in Canada, while the report itself showed that substantial progress had been made in every department during the past year.

The net profits for the year are upwards of \$50,000 greater than those of 1911, despite the fact that the change which was made in the Bank's financial year reduced the trading period to eleven months. Special emphasis was laid on this fact by the chairman, as indicative of the rapid development of the institution.

The substantial growth of the Bank's business has necessitated more commodious quarters at several of the large branches, and ample evidence is forthcoming to indicate that the problem of increased space is being ably handled. New premises are being erected at a number of points, the more important of which are Montreal, St. John and Edmonton.

The end of the Bank's year was marked by the retirement of Mr. H. Stikeman, the General Manager, and the appointment, in his stead, of Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, and the chairman, in his address, made appreciative reference to the long and valuable service of the late General Manager, and the capabilities of his successor.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th NOVEMBER, 1912.

To Capital	\$4,866,666.66
20,000 Shares of £50 each fully paid.	
To Reserve Fund	2,920,000.00
To Deposits and Current Accounts	39,452,983.06
To Notes in Circulation	4,767,796.42
To Acceptances	7,907,450.16
To Other Liabilities, including Provision for Contingencies	5,948,825.58
To Rebate Account	125,110.28
To Liabilities on Endorsements	\$553,185.35
To Liability under Guarantee in respect of the Sovereign Bank of Canada	\$300,000.00
To Profit and Loss Account—	
Balance brought forward from 31st May, 1912 ...	\$370,276.89
Dividend paid October, 1912	194,666.67
	\$175,610.22
Net profit for the half-year ending this date, after deducting all current charges and providing for bad and doubtful debts	387,904.70
	\$563,514.92
DEDUCT:	
Transferred to Reserve Fund	\$146,000.00
Transferred to Bank Premises Account	73,000.00
Transferred to Officers', Widows and Orphans Fund	3,621.08
Transferred to Officers' Life Insurance Fund	973.33
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	17,740.38
Staff Bonus	34,066.67
	275,401.46
Balance available for April Dividend	288,113.46
	\$66,276,945.62

By Cash and Specie at Bankers and in Hand ...	\$6,624,619.75
By Cash at Call and Short Notice	11,396,757.02
	\$18,021,376.77
By Investments—	
Exchequer Bonds—	
£310,300, 1915 at cost	\$1,505,165.22
Dominion of Canada 3¼ per cent. Bonds, £250,000 at 99	1,204,500.00
Other Investments	114,540.47
	2,824,205.69
By Bills Receivable, Loans on Security, and other Accounts ...	43,811,186.24
By Bank Premises, etc., in London, and at the Branches	1,394,665.34
By Deposit with Dominion Government required by Act of Parliament for Security of General Bank Note Circulation ..	225,511.58

\$66,276,945.62

We have examined the above Balance Sheet with the Books in London, and the Certified Returns from the Branches, and find it to present a true statement of the Bank's affairs as shown by the books and returns.

London, 17th February, 1913.

G. SNEATH,
N. E. WATERHOUSE,
Auditors.

Of the Firm of
Price, Waterhouse & Co.,
Chartered Accountants.

desirable additions to the plant. The plant is situated on the Wabigoon River, midway between Fort William and Winnipeg, in admirable position for catering for the Western market, with its ever-increasing demand. This is a sulphate plant, its capacity being about forty tons per day of dry pulp or paper, in the shape of sheathing or heavy kraft wrapping paper.

Regarding the Market

THE chief event of the week was the reduction of the Bank of England rate from five per cent. to four and a half. This indicates an easier money situation, and improved prospects of peace, so far as the Balkan war is concerned. Indeed, when peace has been signed, it is expected that the Bank's rate will be further reduced, for money, at present hoarded in all parts of Europe, will flow freely into the market.

The feature of the market in Toronto is the remarkable advance in Toronto Rails, now standing at 245; ten days ago they were 139½. There is talk of the city of Toronto buying out the company at about \$21,000,000. C. P. R. has advanced from 239 to 243¾; Mackay, too, is firmer, and is quoted at 83; Locomotive has gone up to 60½, while Can. Gen. Electric, Dom. Cannery and Twin City all show a slight improvement. Brazilian is firmer, and now stands at 97¾.

The bank statement for March shows an increase instead of decrease in deposits, which is reassuring. Current loans increased eight millions. After providing for these, the banks were still able to increase their money on call loan in New York from \$95,000,000 to \$109,000,000.

A New Point of Contact

UP to the present Germany has been very much interested in Canada's development, and prosperity. The Canadian Pacific Railway has been the chief point of contact. But there is another, and a newer. Leading grain brokers in Toronto report a very large demand from Germany for Canadian grain and cereals. It is claimed that the export of grain to the Fatherland this year is far in excess of previous years, and Germany's purchase is certainly the conspicuous feature of an unusually steady and heavy grain market.

A Progressive Bank

THE detailed report of the annual meeting, in London, of the Bank of British North America, indicates a very bright outlook. The past year shows excellent business. A new building is to be erected at Montreal, and branches at Regina and Edmonton.



H. B. Mackenzie, General Manager.

Within the last year, a new branch at the Union Stock Yards, in Toronto, has been opened. During 1912 Mr. Stikeman has been succeeded by Mr. H. B. Mackenzie as general manager of the bank. Mr. Mackenzie's training and knowledge of the bank eminently fit him for the position.

The Chairman of the Court of Directors makes some remarks anent the progress and development of Canada. He points to the ever-increasing immigration, the large amount of projected building, and the general briskness of trade, and sees in these signs a prosperity as stable as it is unbounded.

A Correction

IN last week's issue, it was incorrectly stated that the Wm. A. Rogers, Limited, business would be merged in the Canadian Rogers Company, Limited. There is no intention of this being done. The Wm. A. Rogers, Limited, is a very large concern, conducting an important and profitable business in the manufacture and sale of silverware, chiefly in the United States.

The Canadian Rogers Company has been formed for the purpose of taking advantage of the large business offering of the same class in Canada. Its plant will be situated in Toronto and it will have the backing of the parent company, Wm. A. Rogers, Limited. The two companies, however, will be conducted on independent lines, the old established Wm. A. Rogers, Limited, being occupied with the United States field and the Canadian Rogers devoting itself exclusively to the Canadian field.

B. C. Lumber's Handsome Profit

THE annual statement of the British Columbia Lumber Corporation shows a net profit of \$97,167, the total income for the year being \$177,457, and the expenditure, \$80,280. Payment of a dividend on the 6 per cent. preference shares is, however, deferred, but as these are cumulative, the action of the board does not give rise to any great objection on the part of the shareholders. The New Westminster plant is still in process of construction. During the year the company had but two smaller mills working.

A Wise Dictum

SIR FREDERICK TAYLOR—and he probably knows—said, with regard to Canadian flotations in London, recently, "Criticism has been levelled quite naturally against certain phases of Canadian borrowing. Let Canadians be true to themselves, remembering that the maintenance of Canada's credit in the London market is vital. Curtailment would be serious, so let us join in crushing the vendor of spurious Canadian goods in this market."

Annals Next Week

THE La Rose Consolidated Mines Company, and the Nipissing Mines Company will hold their annual meetings next week.

THE DOMINION SECURITIES CORPORATION LIMITED

ESTABLISHED 1901

HEAD OFFICE: 26 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO
MONTREAL LONDON, E.C., ENG.

SAWYER-MASSEY COMPANY, LIMITED

\$25,000. 6% First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds. Dated 1st April, 1912. Due 1st April, 1927. Interest 1st April and October. Principal and Interest payable at The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Toronto, Montreal and London, England. Redeemable as a whole at 105 and accrued interest on any interest date on six weeks' prior notice, or annually for Sinking Fund drawings, beginning 1st April, 1913.

Denominations, \$100, \$500 and \$1,000, with sterling equivalents.

The bonds are issued in coupon form, with privilege of registration of principal and in fully registered form.

Trustee: National Trust Company, Limited, Toronto.

Legal opinion of Messrs. Blake, Lash, Anglin & Cassels, Toronto.

ASSETS

Real Estate.....	\$ 279,600
Buildings, Plant and Equipment in Hamilton	610,520
Buildings at Winnipeg and Regina	59,856
Patterns	50,000
Net Current Assets	2,135,141
	\$3,135,117
Bonds Issued	750,000
Net Earnings Year ending November 30th, 1912..	242,860
Annual Bond Interest Charge	45,000

Sawyer-Massey Company, Limited, established in 1889, has, after many years of continuous growth, become the largest establishment of its kind in Canada. The Company manufactures Portable and Traction Steam Agricultural Engines, Gasoline Tractors, Threshing Machines, Clover Hullers and Road-making Machinery, for which there is a constantly growing demand. From Hamilton, where the manufacturing plants are situated, the Company's products are distributed throughout the territory east of the Great Lakes; while in the three wheat-growing provinces of Western Canada, the consumer is reached through branches located at Winnipeg, Regina and Saskatoon. The Company is well managed, has a long established business and is excellently equipped to share in the future development of Canada.

Descriptive circular on request.

Price: 101 and Interest, to yield 5.90%.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

Invest in TORONTO Real Estate

We have three properties, in each of which we can make an investor an interesting proposition. Toronto Real Estate is as sound and profitable now as it was ten years ago. It depends on what and where you buy. Two out of the three properties we refer to are well developed, the third is just being started. Our proposition is genuine. We invite any probable investor to write us or to come and see for himself. Our motors are at the service of those who wish to see our properties by appointment.

Dovercourt Land, Building and Savings Co., Limited, W. S. Dinnick, Pres.

24 Adelaide St. E., Toronto

The Phantoms of Healing

(Concluded from page 11.)

"I follow you," said Lionel carelessly. There was a note of concern in his voice even while it was cold. "I can't say that I exactly understand, for I think you are talking a great lot of nonsense."

A dazed look came into Paul's eyes. "You mean it? You think—?" "Now don't take it hardly, old chap. You go back and think it over."

The soothing note in Lionel's voice started Paul into sudden passion. "Good heavens, man! What do you suppose I have been thinking about for the last five years?"

Lionel watched him closely and his even voice again broke the silence.

"Do you think it exactly honourable to take a mad woman's money to throw away on a chimerical scheme?"

"I have taken a tenth of her money—what we would have shared had we been married. I would have given ten years of my life if I could have come to you for it. You have supported me in it all, to the limit of your power, and I relied on your support in this. I need some one to go with me up there to the north and make the final experiments. The time is not ripe for the world to get hold of this, and it has to be done on the quiet. Am I justified in my confidence? Will you come?"

"Well, old chap—" began Bruce in the same soothing voice, but Paul Winfield cut him short.

"You won't?" he snarled; "then I'll go alone," and he went.

People made the trite remark that the day of miracles was not yet over when Paul Winfield returned alive. He had suddenly disappeared, and after the storm of speculation and excitement concerning the disappearance of the clever young scientist had subsided, he was forgotten. After the intervening months, he dropped back into his life so quietly that there was even less furore about his reappearance. He came back thin and white, with a dazed light in his eyes, looking as though he had been in a prison for many months. Reporters could make nothing of him and went away from their unsatisfactory interviews with the unanimous opinion that he was "a bit touched."

So also thought Lionel Bruce, until some words of Paul's enlightened him.

"You know one can't become human all of a sudden when one has been in the snow for months with only a dog for companion. And besides the changes—"

One of the changes Paul Winfield had faced on his return was the knowledge of his father's death, and the intelligence that he himself was practically penniless. Bruce did not press him for his story, but later he drew out scraps of information chiefly by asking questions.

"Where did you go?"

"To the farthest station—and beyond. I paid to have food brought to me at intervals. Sometimes they could not get to me at the time I expected them, and then—" he stopped, and his dark-ringed eyes seemed to be seeing again the terror of starvation.

"What did you do?"

"I worked. I always had my work. At times I would get so absorbed that I would forget the common necessities of life, and the finding that some instrument had frozen would wake me to the fact that the fire was out and I was in danger of freezing myself."

The next question was difficult.

"And were you—successful?"

"Yes."

Lionel wondered, yet could not ask directly, and Paul responded not to hints. That he was still working hard in his city laboratory was certain, but he worked alone and to no one divulged his secret.

Then one day it came out with a flash, and the world stood still and held its breath. Paul Winfield had been regarded as an obscure madman. Now he stood alone, and revealed the mystery of madness. A great multitude flocked to his first demonstration. He had chosen a great natural amphitheatre, and the mass of people stretched away and beyond. In the centre was a raised platform covered with paraphernalia. On the platform lay a dog. But Paul Winfield stood alone.

When the moment came for him to

speak, he stepped forward quietly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have asked you to come here to day that I may show you what insanity is—its cause and its cure. I will make my demonstration and leave with you the decision whether it is worth spending the necessary millions to rid the world of its greatest curse." He then gave his theory that he had explained to Lionel Bruce. He went into a technical discussion of the brain, tracing its development throughout the average life. Insanity, he spoke on, at length, discussing its different forms, but showing how all could be traced to loss of energy. The cause, he said, to put it briefly, was the weakening of the magnetic influence of the body—another form of that same energy. The rotation of the earth and the angle of its poles caused the waste of the earth's energy to be attracted to the north. That wonderful and mysterious aurora that scientists said was the outcome of electricity and electric currents, was far more than what they had ever dreamed it to be. It was the minds of men that had gone and left their house empty; lost minds drawn up there by the action of the earth's rotation.

He said it was a fact that the mind was often lost for a time and then would return. That was when the body—or brain, the material mind—would not lose all its gravitational sway, but would be able to retain the continually renewed energy until the mind was again built up. For those cases where the energy could not be retained, it followed that the remedy must be something that would balance the attractional sway of the magnetic pole. It would have to be an anti-force situated as far from that pole and the less important South magnetic pole as possible. That of course would be somewhere at the equator, where there was also the most lavish disposal of the sun's energy.

"This," he said, "is the model of what will eventually be called the Equatorial Energy Machine," and he indicated the massive paraphernalia that was fascinating many thousand eyes.

There was a stir as Paul whistled to the dog.

"This is my dog," said Paul. "I have sent him mad and restored him a number of times. I am going to do so only once more." He took a strong muzzle and fastened it on the dog, who submitted with a pathetic wonder. He then bound him and laid him on his side.

"It is easy enough to send him mad. I simply inoculate him with this fearful poison." He bent for a moment over the dog and then stood back with arms folded. In a few minutes the dog was exhibiting all the symptoms of madness.

"You see this glass dome," continued Paul, "with what looks like crane inside. This is the model of what must be built at the equator. It has enough force to restore the mind of dog, but for nothing with a larger mind."

With the help of several men Paul carried the writhing animal into the glass dome and laid him on a raised dais in the centre. Coming out, he signalled to some men near a mass of machinery and the throng presently saw the crane inaction, revolving rapidly within the dome.

The crowd saw the dog's writhings gradually cease. They saw him lie still. They saw his feeble attempts to rise change into the natural struggle of a bound dog. As they watched they saw his recognition of Paul, and the pathetic wag of his tail. They saw Paul enter the dome and release the dog, and watched the dog follow him out on the platform.

Sir Paul Winfield, bart., entered the sitting room of his home, his wife and dog springing simultaneously to meet him. He greeted one by a pat on the head, the other in a more effusive manner.

"You seem pleased about something," she said.

"I am, Maud," he replied. "I have just heard that orders have been given for the building of another Equatorial Energy Machine. The present one isn't doing the work fast enough."

"How splendid!" she said.

The Canadian Courier Contest

Over 50 Candidates Working in the Contest and Anxious to Win the College Course or the Trip to Europe. A Plan Whereby Every Candidate Will be Awarded One of the Prizes Without Further Delay.

THE greatest advance made by any candidate in The Canadian Courier contest this week is that made by Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, Ont., who has moved from 53rd position in the standing to third place, with a gain of over 25,000 votes. Cobalt is well known as the great silver mining camp of Canada; in fact, it leads the world in the production of silver. Some of the other towns and cities will need to look out or Cobalt will be leading in The Canadian Courier contest also. The Cobalt candidate started only two weeks ago and is making splendid progress, thanks to the loyal support of her friends in the town.

The Goderich and Sydney, N.S., candidates still hold first and second place respectively, and have a fairly strong lead up to the present. The London, Ont., candidate shows excellent progress for the week, and there have been minor advances all along the line. Many votes have been sent direct to the Contest Department by friends of the candidates, which have all been credited.

Miss Elsie Cuff, of Trenton, Ont., is a new candidate this week, and many more are expected for next week. Under the rules of the contest a candidate can enter at any time and is not handicapped by a late start, it being guaranteed that in the event any candidate does not get far enough to win the college course or the trip by May 31st, one, two or three months' additional time will be allowed these candidates, as they wish, and when they reached the required point they will be given the college course or the trip as they prefer, or a cash commission on what they did accomplish. This means that every candidate in the list can win and new ones may enter later.

Boy candidates will be accepted in towns and cities where there are no candidates at present. There are hundreds of bright boys who have an ambition to go to college. This is an opportunity that they cannot afford to overlook. They should make use of the nomination blank at the bottom of this page and get started as soon as possible.

Readers of The Canadian Courier can assist candidates materially by sending them ballots. Hundreds are doing so, and in this way are greatly encouraging the young ladies who are so anxious to win their college course. It costs but a little time and effort to clip and save the ballots.

Other readers of The Canadian Courier are helping in an even more substantial manner by interesting some friend or acquaintance to become a subscriber. Each new yearly subscription counts for 2,500 votes for the candidate who is fortunate enough to have it secured for her. If every reader of The Canadian Courier would get only one new subscriber for some candidate it would mean that the trip or the year in college would be awarded to every candidate in the entire list.

A candidate to win has to get quite a large number of subscriptions. It means some little work. But if every present subscriber to The Canadian Courier would induce only one acquaintance to take out a subscription and turn over that subscription to the nearest candidate it would mean that every candidate in the list would win without any further question about the matter, and would be awarded the college course or the trip to Europe at once.

The Canadian Courier is quite willing to guarantee this to the candidates and would be very much pleased to see all successful. It would finish up the contest in a few weeks and mean a college education to over 50 girls and a trip to Europe to a dozen more.

It is proposed to assist every candidate to win and have none unsuccessful. This largely depends upon the response made by the public. The present readers of The Canadian Courier can make the undertaking successful beyond a question of doubt and without a cent of cost to themselves by having some friend or acquaintance become a subscriber and turning over that subscription to a candidate in this contest.

Now is the time to do it, and have it mean a tremendous help to the candidate.

The standing follows:

Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	67,400
Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	67,400
Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	63,950
Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	36,450
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	33,950
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	33,700
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.	32,300
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	23,000
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	21,750
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	21,600
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	18,650
Miss Mabelle Carter, London, Ont.	15,450
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baidon P.O., Sask.	15,000
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	14,050
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	14,000
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	13,900
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	13,900
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont.	13,700
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	13,700
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto	13,350
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto	13,200
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	13,050
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	12,850
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	12,050
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto	12,000
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	12,000
Miss Etheline Schleifauf, Iona P.O., Ont.	11,750
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C.	11,500
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	11,300
Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont.	11,200
Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal	11,200
Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	11,150
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	11,100
Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	11,050
Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B.	11,000
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont.	11,000
Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,950
Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	10,950
Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	10,900
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	10,900
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	10,900
Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	10,850
Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Elizabeth Swalwell, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,800
Miss Mabel Ban Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B.	10,800
Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,750
Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	10,750
Miss Ethel Downey, Camex P.O., B.C.	10,750
Miss Adah A. Morrison, Sussex, N.B.	10,700
Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,700
Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	10,700
Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	10,500
Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury	10,500
Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal	10,450
Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,400
Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,400
Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	10,400

Ballot No. 9

This ballot is good for 50 votes in the CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss

Address

If forwarded to The Canadian Courier to be credited in the official standing on or before June 10.

Nomination Blank

I hereby nominate Miss

Address

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

Signed

Address

Countersigned by

Pastor of

Church or Parish

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

The Impostor

(Continued from page 17.)

but you'll have to give me the chance of making my hotel bill. In my country I've seen folks livelier at a funeral."

The glasses were handed round, but when the gambler reached out towards the silver at his side, a big bronzed-skinned rancener stopped him.

"No," he drawled. "We're not sticking you for a locomotive tank, and this comes out of my treasury. I'll call you three dollars and take my chances on the draw."

"Well," said the dealer, "that's a little more encouraging. Anybody wanting to make it better?"

A young lad in elaborately-embroidered deerskin with a flushed face leaned upon the table. "Show you how we play cards in the old country," he said. "I'll make it thirty—for a beginning."

There was a momentary silence, for the lad had staked heavily and lost of late, but one or two more bets were made. Then the cards were turned up, and the lad smiled fatuously as he took up his winnings.

"Now I'll let you see," he said. "This time we'll make it fifty."

He won twice more in succession, and the men closed in about the table, while, for the dealer knew when to strike, the glasses went round again, and in the growing interest nobody quite noticed who paid for the refreshment. Then, while the dollars began to trickle in, the lad flung a bill for a hundred down.

"Go on," he said a trifle huskily. "Tonight you can't beat me!"

Once more he won, and just then two men came quietly into the room. One of them signed to the hotel-keeper.

"What's going on? The boys seem kind of keen," he said.

The other man laughed a little. "Ferris has struck a streak of luck, but I wouldn't be very sorry if you got him away, Mr. Courthorne. He has had as much as he can carry already, and I don't want anybody broke up in my house. The boys can look out for themselves, but the Silverdale kid has been losing a good deal lately, and he doesn't know when to stop."

Witham glanced at his companion, who nodded. "The young fool," he said.

They crossed towards the table in time to see the lad take up his winnings again, and Witham laid his hand quietly upon his shoulder.

"Come along and have a drink while you give the rest a show," he said. "You seem to have done tolerably well, and it's usually wise to stop while the chances are going with you."

The lad turned and stared at him with languid insolence in his half-closed eyes, and, though he came of a lineage that had been famous in the old country, there was nothing very prepossessing in his appearance. His mouth was loose, his face weak in spite of its inherited pride, and there was little need to tell either of the men, who noticed his nervous fingers and muddiness of skin, that he was one who in the strenuous early days would have worn the woolly crown.

"Were you addressing me?" he asked. "I was," said Witham quietly. "I was, in fact, inviting you to share our refreshment. You see we have just come in."

"Then," said the lad, "it was condemnable impertinence. Since you have taken this fellow up, couldn't you teach him that it's bad taste to thrust his company upon people who don't want it, Dane?"

Witham said nothing, but drew Dane, who flushed a trifle, aside, and when they sat down the latter smiled dryly.

"You have taken on a big contract, Courthorne. How are you going to get the young ass out?" he said.

"Well," said Witham, "it would gratify me to take him by the neck, but as I don't know that it would please the Colonel if I made a public spectacle of one of his retainers, I fancy I'll have to tackle the gambler. I don't know him, but as he comes from across the frontier it's more than likely he has heard of me. There are advantages in having a record like mine, you see."

"It would, of course, be a kindness to the lad's people—but the young fool is scarcely worth it, and it's not your affair," said Dane reflectively.

Witham guessed the drift of the speech, but he could respect a confidence, and laughed a little. "It's not often I have done any one a good turn, and the novelty has its attractions."

Dane did not appear contented with this explanation, but he asked nothing further, and the two sat watching the men about the table, who were evidently growing eager.

"That's two hundred the kid has let go," said somebody.

There was a murmur of excited voices, and one rose hoarse and a trifle shaky in the consonants above the rest.

"Show you how a gentleman can stand up, boys. Throw them out again. Two hundred this time on the game!"

There was silence and the rustle of shuffled cards; then once more the voices went up. "Against him! Better let up before he takes your farm. Oh, let him face it and show his grit—the man who slings round his hundreds can afford to lose!"

The lad's face showed a trifle paler through the drifting smoke, though a good many of the cigars had gone out now, and once more there was the stillness of expectancy through which a strained voice rose.

"Going to get it all back. I'll stake you four hundred."

Witham rose and moved forward quietly, with Dane behind him, and then stood still where he could see the table. He had also very observant eyes, and was free from the excitement of those who had a risk on the game. Still, when the cards were dealt, it was the gambler's face he watched. For a brief space nobody moved, and then the lad flung down his cards and stood up with a greyness in his cheeks and his hands shaking.

"You've got all my dollars now," he said. "Still, I'll play you for doubles if you'll take my paper."

The gambler nodded, and flung down a big pile of bills. "I guess I'll trust you. Mine are here."

The bystanders waited motionless, and none of them made a bet, for any stakes they could offer would be trifles now; but they glanced at the lad who stood tensely still, while Witham watched the face of the man at the table in front of him. For a moment he saw a flicker of triumph in his eyes, and that decided him. Again, one by one, the cards went down, and then, when everybody waited in strained expectancy, the lad seemed to grow limp suddenly and groaned.

"You can let up," he said hoarsely. "I've gone down!"

Then a hard brown hand was laid upon the table, and while the rest stared in astonishment, a voice which had a little stern ring in it said, "Turn the whole pack up, and hand over the other one."

In an instant the gambler's hand swept beneath his jacket, but it was a mistaken move, for as swiftly the other hand, brown fingers closed upon the pile of bills, and the men, too astonished to murmur, saw Witham leaning very grim in face across the table. Then it tilted over beneath him, and the cards were on the gambler's knees, while, as the two men rose and faced each other, something glinted in the hands of one of them.

It is more than probable that the man did not intend to use it, and trusted to its moral effect, for the display of pistols is not regarded with much toleration on the Canadian prairie. In any case, he had not the opportunity, for in another moment Witham's right hand closed upon his wrist, and the gambler was struggling fruitlessly to extricate it. He was a muscular man, with doubtless a sufficiency of nerve, but he had not toiled with his arms and led a Spartan life for eight long years. Before another few seconds had passed he was wondering whether he would ever use that wrist again, while Dane picked up the fallen pistol and put it in his pocket with the bundle of bills Witham handed him.

"Now," said the latter, "I want to do the square thing. If you'll let us strip you and turn out your pockets, we'll see you get any winnings you're entitled to when we've straightened up the cards."

The Evening Luxury

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

012

Anticipated with delight by all who use it

LEAD PACKETS ONLY. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN.

AT ALL GROCERS.

HIGHEST AWARD—ST. LOUIS, 1904.



MARMALADE

Our Banner Brand Marmalade is made from Spanish and Italian bitter oranges and the highest grade of granulated sugar. There is absolutely nothing else in it. It is the best Marmalade made

anywhere in the world. Try it, and your verdict will accord with our statement. If your dealer cannot supply you, kindly send us his name and address.

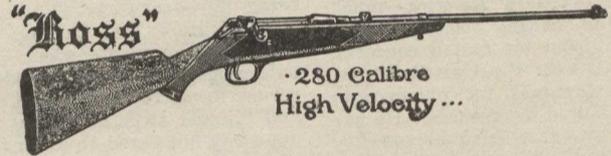
Put up in 8-oz and 12-oz glass jars, and 2-lb and 5-lb gold-lacquered (non-corrosive) tins.

Inferior orange marmalades are made from American oranges, glucose, apple jelly and benzoate of soda. They are unwholesome.

LINDNERS LIMITED

Toronto

Manufacturers of Pure Fruit Jams.



LONG RANGE SHOOTING HAS TESTED "ROSS" RIFLES.

And it is satisfactory to know that the "Ross" Sporting Models have in practice continued the successes achieved in their technical test and both hit and anchor game in a manner which has won the "Ross" great favour in India and other countries where large game is hunted and shot from extreme ranges. For this latter purpose the Ross fitted with telescopic sights is extensively used. The "Ross" 280 High Velocity retails at \$70.00, and is the most powerful hunting weapon made.

Other "Ross" models from \$25.00 and up. Illustrated Catalogue on request.

ROSS RIFLE COMPANY,

QUÉBEC



The value goes up with the volume. We're making Ford cars better as we make more of them—that's the reason we can't keep pace with the demand. Insure yourself against disappointment by getting your Ford to-day.

Our factories produced nearly a quarter of a million Model T's. Prices: Runabout, \$675; Touring Car, \$750; Town Car, \$1,000—f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont., with all equipment. For particulars get "Ford Times"—an interesting automobile magazine. It's free—from Walkerville factory. Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

The gambler was apparently not willing, for, though it is possible he would have found it advisable to play an honest game across the frontier, he had evidently surmised that there was less risk of detection among the Canadian farmers. He probably knew they would not wait long for his consent, but in the first stages of the altercation it is not as a rule insuperably difficult for a fearless man to hold his own against an indignant company who have no definite notion of what they mean to do, and it was to cover his retreat he turned to Witham.

"And who the — are you?" he asked.

Witham smiled grimly. "I guess you have heard of me. Anyway, there are a good many places in Montana where they know Lance Courthorne. Quite sure I know a straight game when I see it!"

The man's resistance vanished, but he had evidently been taught the necessity of making the best of defeat in his profession, and he laughed as he swept his glance round at the angry faces turned upon him.

"If you don't there's nobody does," he said. "Still, as you've got my pistol and 'most dislocated my wrist, the least you can do is to get a partner out of this."

There was an ominous murmur, and the lad's face showed livid with fury and humiliation, but Witham turned quietly to the hotel-keeper.

"You will take this man with you into your side room and stop with him there," he said. "Dane, give him the bills. The rest of you had better sit down here and make a list of your losses, and you'll get whatever the fellow has upon him divided amongst you. Then, because I ask you, and you'd have had nothing but for me, you'll put him in his waggon and turn him out quietly upon the prairie."

"That's sense, and we don't want no circus here," said somebody.

A few voices were raised in protest, but when it became evident that one or two of the company were inclined to adopt more draconic measures, Dane spoke quietly and forcibly, and was listened to. Then Witham reached out and grasped the shoulder of the English lad, who made the last attempt to rouse his companions.

"Let them alone, Ferris, and come along. You'll get most of what you lost back to-morrow, and we're going to take you home," he said.

Ferris turned upon him, hoarse with passion, flushed in face, and swaying a trifle on his feet, while Witham noticed that he drew one arm back.

"Who are you to lay hands on a gentleman?" he asked. "Keep your distance. I'm going to stay here, and, if I'd have had my way, we'd have kicked you out of Silverdale."

Witham dropped his hand, but next moment the ornament of a distinguished family was seized by the neck, and the farmer glanced at Dane.

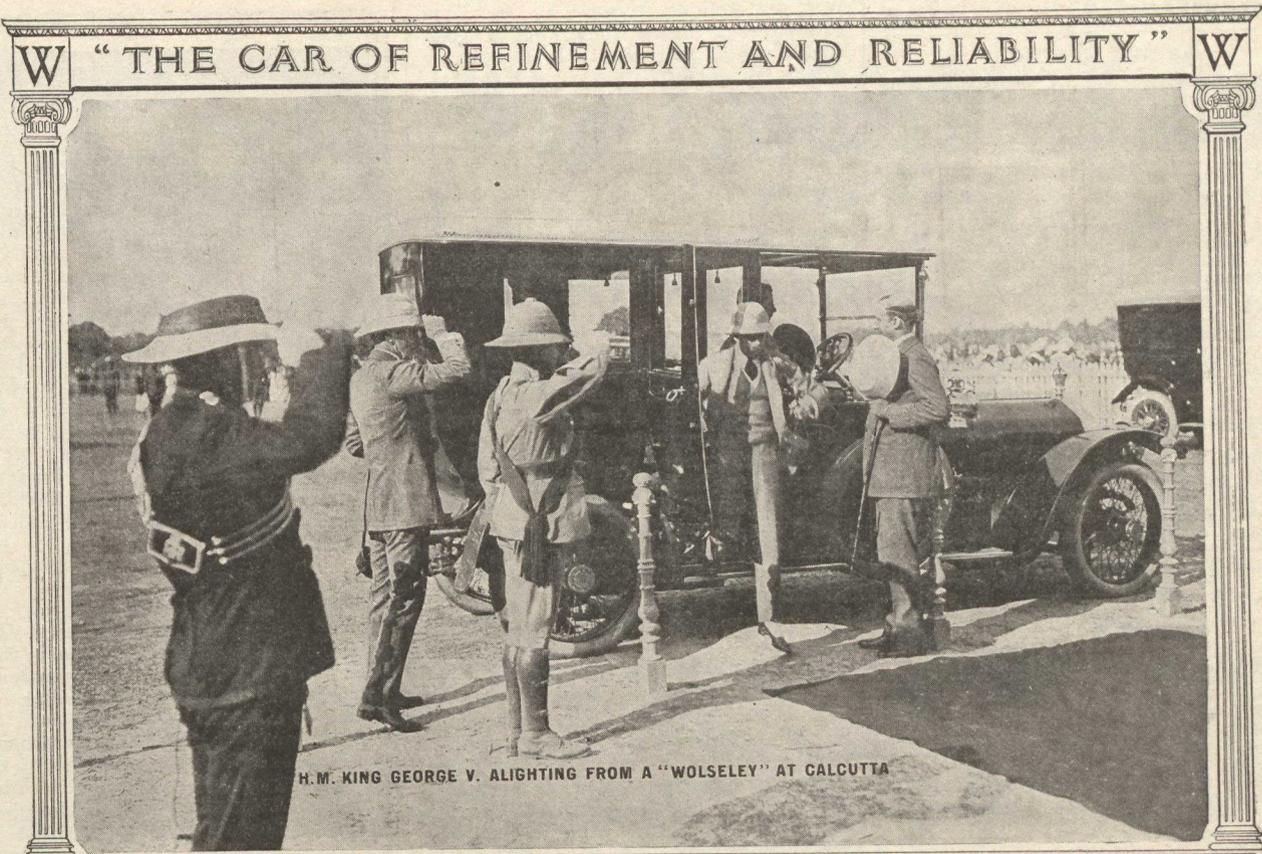
"We've had enough of this fooling, and he'll be grateful to me to-morrow," he said.

Then his captive was thrust, resisting strenuously, out of the room, and with Dane's assistance conveyed to the waiting waggon, into which he was flung, almost speechless with indignation.

"Now," said Dane quietly, "you've given us a good deal more trouble than you're worth, Ferris, and if you attempt to get out again, I'll break your head for you. Tell Courthorne how much that fellow got from you."

In another ten minutes they had jolted across the railroad track, and were speeding through the silence of the lonely prairie. Above them the clear stars flung their cold radiance down through vast distances of liquid indigo, and the soft beat of hoofs was the only sound that disturbed the solemn stillness of the wilderness. Dane drew in a great breath of the cool night air and laughed quietly.

"It's a good deal more wholesome here in several ways," said he. "If you're wise, you'll let up on card-playing and hanging round the settlement. Ferris, and stick to farming. Even if you lose almost as many dollars over it, it will pay you considerably better. Now that's all I'm going to tell you, but I know what I'm speaking of, because I've had my fling—and it's costing me more than I care to figure out still. You, how-



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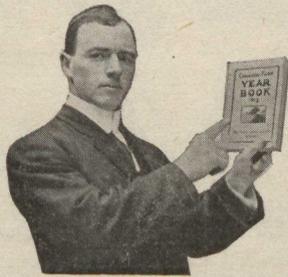
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ever, can pull up, because by this time you have no doubt found out a good deal, if you're not all a fool. Curiosity's at the bottom of half our youthful follies, isn't it, Courthorne? We want to know what the things forbidden actually taste like."

"Well," said Witham dryly, "I don't quite know. You see, I had very little money in the old country, and still less leisure here to spend either on that kind of experimenting. Where to get enough to eat was the one problem that worried me."

Dane turned a trifle sharply. "We are, I fancy, tolerably good friends. Isn't it a little unnecessary for you to adopt that tone with me?"

Witham laughed, but made no answer, and their companion said nothing at all. Either the night wind had a drowsy effect on him or he was moodily resentful, for it was not until Witham pulled up before the homestead whose lands he farmed indifferently under Barrington's supervision that he opened his mouth.

"You have got off very cheaply to-night, and if you're wise you'll let that kind of thing alone in future," said Witham quietly.

The lad stepped down from the waggon and then stood still. "I resent advice from you as much as I do your un-called-for insolence an hour or two ago," he said. "To lie low until honest men got used to him would be considerably more becoming to a man like you."

"Well," said Witham, stung into forgetfulness, "I'm not going to offend in that fashion again, and you can go to the devil in the way that most pleases you. In fact, I only pulled you out of the pit to-night because a lady, who apparently takes a quite unwarranted interest in you, asked me to."

Ferris stared up at him, and his face showed almost livid through the luminous night.

"She asked you to!" he said. "By the Lord, I'll make you sorry for this."

Witham said nothing, but shook the reins, and when the waggon lurched forward Dane looked at him.

"I didn't know that before," he said. "Well," said Witham dryly, "if I hadn't lost my temper with the lad you wouldn't have done now."

Dane smiled. "You miss the point of it. Our engaging friend made himself the laughing-stock of the colony by favouring Maud Barrington with his attentions when he came out. In fact, I fancy the lady, in desperation, had to turn her uncle loose on him before he could be made to understand that they were not appreciated. I'd keep your eye on him, Courthorne, for the little beast has shown himself abominably vindictive occasionally, though I have a notion he's scarcely to be held accountable. It's a case of too pure a strain and consanguinity. Two branches of the family—marriage between land and money, you see."

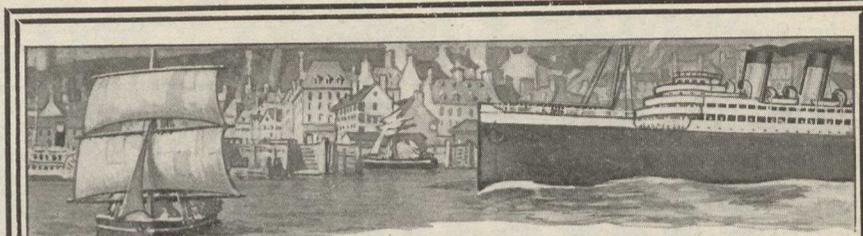
"It will be my heel if he gets in my way," said Witham grimly.

It was late when they reached his homestead where Dane was to stay the night, and when they went in a youthful figure in uniform rose up in the big log-walled hall. For a moment Witham's heart almost stood still, and then, holding himself in hand by a strenuous effort, he moved forward and stood where the light of a lamp did not shine quite fully upon him. He knew that uniform, and he had also seen the lad who wore it once or twice before, at an outpost six hundred miles away across the prairie. He knew the risk he took was great, but it was evident to him that if his identity escaped detection at first sight, use would do the rest, and while he had worn a short pointed beard on the Western prairie, he was cleanly-shaven now.

The lad stood quite still a moment staring at him, and Witham returning his gaze steadily felt his pulses throb.

"Well, trooper, what has brought you here?" he said.

"Homestead visitation, sir," said the lad, who had a pleasant English voice. "Mr. Courthorne, I presume—accept my regrets if I stared too hard at you—but for a moment you reminded me of a man I knew. They've changed us round lately, and I'm from the Alberta Squadron just sent into this district. It was late when I rode in, and your



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people were kind enough to put me up."

Witham laughed. "I have been taken for another man before. Would you like anything to drink, or a smoke before you turn in, trooper?"

"No, sir," said the lad. "If you'll sign my docket to show I've been here, I'll get some sleep. I've sixty miles to ride to-morrow."

Witham did as he was asked, and the trooper withdrew, while when they sat down to a last cigar it seemed to Dane that his companion's face was graver than usual.

"Did you notice the lad's astonishment when you came in?" he asked. "He looked very much as if he had seen a ghost."

Witham smiled. "I believe he fancied he had. There was a man in the district he came from whom some folks considered resembled me. In reality, I was by no means like him and he's dead now."

"Likenesses are curious things, and it's stranger still how folks alter," said Dane. "Now, they've a photograph at Barrington's of you as a boy, and while there is a resemblance in the face, nobody with any discernment would have fancied that lad would grow into a man like you. Still, that's of no great moment, and I want to know just how you spotted the gambler. I had a tolerably expensive tuition in most games of chance in my callow days, and haven't forgotten completely what I was taught then, but though I watched the game I saw nothing that led me to suspect crooked play."

Witham laughed. "I watched his face, and what I saw there decided me to try a bluff, but it was not until he turned the table over I knew I was right."

"Well," said Dane dryly, "you don't need your nerves toning up. With only a suspicion to go upon, it was a tolerably risky game. Still, of course, you had advantages."

"I have played a more risky one, but I don't know that I have cause to be very grateful, for anything I acquired in the past," said Witham with a curious smile.

Dane stood up and flung his cigar away. "It's time I was asleep," he said. "Still, since our talk has turned in this direction, I want to tell you that, as you have doubtless seen, there is something about you that puzzles me occasionally. I don't ask your confidence until you are ready to give it me—but if ever you want anybody to stand behind you in a difficulty, you'll find me rather more than willing."

He went out, and Witham sat still very grave in face for at least another hour. (To be continued.)

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Notes on Music

THE choir of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church in Montreal gave the "Elijah" oratorio a few days ago. This choir, conducted by Mr. F. H. Blair, has for some time had the reputation of being the best church choral body in Montreal—at least among Protestant churches. The successful performance of the whole oratorio "Elijah" should be a proof of this. Has any other church choir in Canada ever done successfully a work of such magnitude? The "Star" critic evidently appreciated the work—for he criticized it. He says:

"To 'get away' with an oratorio like 'Elijah,' a work fairly draped with tradition, is no light task; and Mr. Blair is to be congratulated both on his zeal and on his success. There is excellent material in the choir. Mr. Blair has instilled a lively appreciation of rhythm into his singers, and has taught them to pronounce their words clearly and to sing in tune; niceties, overlooked by choir-masters at times. Even when the scanty players from the Boston Festival Orchestra slipped, the choir maintained its balance remarkably well; and slight uncertainties in entry were not serious. Finer shading was needed in many passages, however. The 'Baal' choruses were not springy enough, although delivered with robust tone; and the fullest dramatic values were lost through lack of contrast in expression. This was not surprising, since the primary function of a church choir is to sing church music and 'Elijah' does not belong in this category."

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