

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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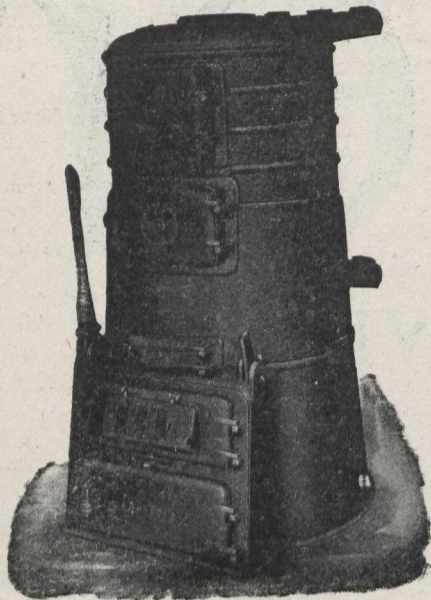
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### Anaemia

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absorbed into the system, thereby stimulating the heart—revitalizing the blood, rebuilding the lost vitality and creating new energy. By taking "Wincarnis" regularly for a few days you will derive new health, new strength, new vigour and new life.

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at night will compose and soothe the highly-strung brain and ensure an uninterrupted and sweetly refreshing night's rest. And while you are asleep "Wincarnis" is busy storing your system with energy in readiness for another day's work.



"Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

# The Canadian Courier

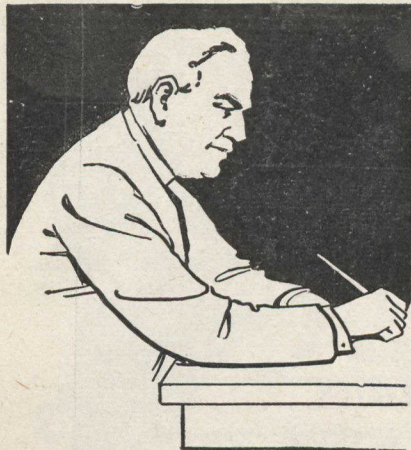
A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 25



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## Editor's Talk

**N**EXT week the "Canadian Courier" will publish its annual Book Number, with a review of the books of the year. Two of Canada's leading booksellers, one in Toronto and one in Montreal, will give a view of the book-buyers from the other side of the counter. The staff writers of the "Canadian Courier" will give special attention to the books which every person in the Dominion should know best—the books written by Canadians about Canada.

We shall shortly begin a series of eight articles by distinguished British writers, entitled, "Men We Meet." These will include "The Snob," by John Foster Fraser; "Men I Avoid," by Ashley Sterne; "The Aristocrat," by Sir George Douglas; and others. While written primarily for English readers, they are equally suitable for Canadian consumption. The series should prove immensely popular with our readers.

Short stories are still in demand in this office. Not the ordinary sentimental story, but real tales of real Canadian life. The stories should be light and breezy and yet have some value as interpretations of the life of the people as it really is. Tragedy and melodrama are banned. There is much that is joyful and constructive in our life which should attract the genius of our short-story writers.

The Christmas Number is assuming shape and will be a notable issue. A new serial story has been arranged for and will be announced shortly. It will be even more entertaining and instructive than the serials we have been running, although these have been highly praised, from time to time, by our many friends from coast to coast.

Kalamazoo Point Number Seven

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## In Lighter Vein

**None Needed.**—Tourist—"You have an unusually large acreage of corn under cultivation; don't the crows annoy you a great deal?"

Farmer—"Oh, not to any extent."

Tourist—"That's peculiar, considering you have no scarecrows."

Farmer—"Oh, well, you see, I'm out here a good part of the time myself."  
—New York Mail.

**A Useful Loan.**—They were discussing Brown, his charming manners, and his lack of moral responsibility in all matters connected with money. "He means to be honest as the sun," said one of his friends, "but he doesn't make much headway paying his debts."

"He ought not to have any debts," said another man. "He ought to have what my boy in college wrote me for the other day—'Kathleen Mavourneen' loans."

"What are they?" asked one of the party.

"A 'Kathleen Mavourneen' loan 'may be for years and it may be forever,'" said the father.

**One Stretch Enough.**—"Going to get out here and stretch your legs?" asked the travelling man of his companion, as the train stopped.

"What place is it?" inquired the other.

"St. Louis."

"No, I had a leg stretched here once before."

**And Echo Answered.**—"Where?"—Stories are still cropping up about "Billy" Travers, the New York wit, who stammered so delightfully. Travers, it appears, was a guest at a yacht regatta at Newport.

The waters of the beautiful harbour were covered with magnificent pleasure craft. Travers, deeply interested, asked his friend who were the owners of one and another of them. Practically every one belonged to some well-known banker or broker.

Travers considered the matter a moment, and then turned blandly to his host.

"W-w-w-where are the c-c-c-customers' yachts?" he inquired.

**The Invasion.**—Tired Tim—"See them suffragettes? They're walking to Washington."

Dusty Dick—"Yep. After invadin' all the other lines of trade, women are puttin' the tramp business on the bum!"

**Extinct.**—English Tourist (in Bloody Gulch Hotel)—"By the way, old top, is the grizzly bear common around here?"

Landlord—"Used to be, but it's extinct, now. Why, even Three-Fingered Ike won't allow it in his dance hall!"

**Self-Admiration.**—Mr. Hoyle—"I admire a good liar!"

Mrs. Hoyle—"You egotist!"—Town Topics.

**Biting.**—What happened to his order couldn't be understood outside the peculiar convolutions of a restaurant kitchen, but he spent half an hour sitting there staring ahead of him. At last it came. As the waitress put the order before him he started from his deep study, as if he had forgotten he had an order coming. Then, looking up at the fair transporter of edibles, he said: "You don't look a day older!"  
—The Argonaut.

**The Effect of Moonlight.**—It was at the seashore and they were sitting on the beach, while the moon shone beautifully on the surging waves.

"What effect does full moon have upon the tide?" she asked, looking sweetly up into his face.

"None," he replied, as he drew closer to her; "but it has considerable effect upon the un-tied." — Ladies' Home Journal.



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Vol. XIV.

November 22, 1913

No. 25

**The Father of Fox Farming**

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND has jumped into a new prominence because of the fox farming which is carried on there. The father of the industry is Hon. Charles Dalton. He was a farmer boy, with little money, for his father was not a rich man. But Charles Dalton saw in the black fox an opportunity to make money, which no one else seemed to realize. Thirty-five years ago, he trapped his first black fox, the skin of which he sold for \$260. Five years later he traded a cow and \$25 for a pair of foxes caught by a farmer at North Cape. In 1888 he bought a pair of wild blacks and started breeding. All the light skins were sold; the darker animals were kept for breeding purposes. In 1894, Charles Dalton took a partner and they built a ranch on Cherry Island. Up to this time Mr. Dalton's business was unique. No one else in the world was doing any black fox farming. In 1897, the present ranch at Tignish was built, and four pairs from the old ranch were transferred to the new one, three other pairs being left at Cherry Island. In 1911, the partnership was dissolved, and the two partners divided up on the foxes.

A year ago, the ranch was sold to "The Charles Dalton Silver Black Fox Company" for a price of \$625,000. This company made good to a surprising extent, and recently paid dividends amounting to a quarter of a million dollars, or forty per cent. on the capital. Twelve pairs of next year's output have been sold for the sum of \$146,000.

A short while ago, the precious animals, representing a total value of \$750,000, were taken by a special train from Tignish to a new and larger ranch on the outskirts of Charlottetown. This train was known as the million dollar train, because it had freight to the value of one million dollars.

Hon. Mr. Dalton has given of his abundance to charities. It is not long since he donated \$20,000 to a sanitarium, subsequently adding a yearly gift of \$1,000 for its upkeep.

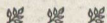
**The Younger Politicians**

W. B. PRESTON, of Brantford, is leading a number of Ontario young Liberals into political activity. He is president of the Liberal Club Federation of Ontario, under whose auspices the banquet in honour of Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to be given in Hamilton. The Federation was formed last spring for the purpose of assisting in the formation of clubs throughout the province—with objects social, educational and political. One of the aims of the organization is to encourage independent thinking within party bounds. The advantages of bringing the Liberal clubs into a strong federation are apparent. Fraternal visits are arranged; bright literature is given out, and, best stroke of all, plans are under way for the publication of a monthly paper published by the Federation. On the principle that union is strength, the organization has a bright future.

Mr. Preston is the manager of the Brantford *Expositor*, which for many years has been the property of his father, Mr. T. H. Preston. He, for several terms, represented the district in the Legislature. Both father and son are ardent politicians. And they have never been known as partisans. They recognize that there can and ought to be in-

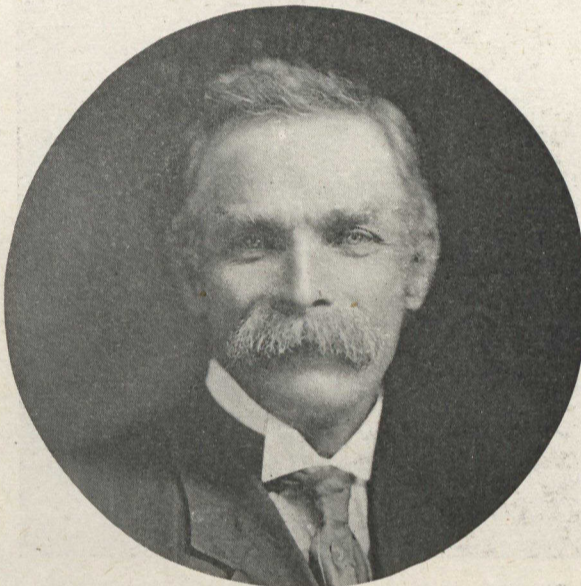
**Men of the Day**

dependent and non-partisan thinking within the confines of party tenets.



**A Prominent Western Civic Official**

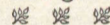
THE cities of the prairies have civic government which differs from that in use in other parts of Canada, in that each city has permanent com-



HON. CHARLES DALTON,  
Whose Fortune Consists of a Ranch Full of Black Foxes.  
Photograph by Bayer.

appointed Homestead Inspector for Alberta, and three months later was made Dominion Land Agent.

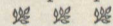
His present position as a city father is Commissioner of Finance. Last year he received an appointment which was at once an honour and a privilege, for he was made a governor of the provincial university. Politically he is a Liberal, and has done much good work for his party. He is another striking example of an Easterner who has made good out West.



**A Coming Merchant Prince**

VERY soon, Western Canada will have its own merchant princes. A likely candidate for the honour is Mr. Alexander Livingstone, the sole proprietor of the Caledonian Department Store on Namayo Avenue, Edmonton. Mr. Livingstone is a Scotchman, who came to this country in 1864. He spent some considerable time in the East, moving to Winnipeg in 1902. But he saw in the yet farther West a land of more promise, and, accordingly, in 1904, he went to Edmonton. Taking a partner he went into the store business. It is a far cry from a little shop fourteen feet by twenty to a huge and comprehensive departmental store. In place of the little store over which he presided in 1904, there now stands a splendid building, erected last year, and in which are 40,000 square feet of floor space. The employees at present number eighty, and the staff is being increased monthly. The total value of the store and the land upon which it stands is no less than a quarter of a million dollars, which, in view of the small beginning is, as Rex Beach would say, going some.

His fellow citizens have honoured this successful man among them, and in January last made him alderman. He is the youngest member of the aldermanic board, and one of the most aggressive, and is now devoting considerable time to municipal problems.

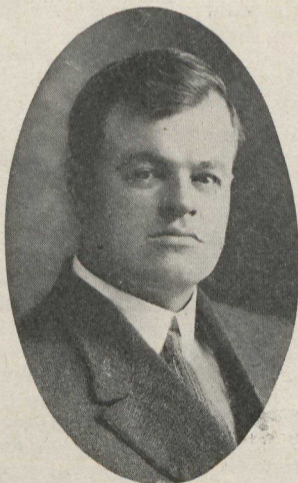


**New York Canadian Club**

THE Canadian Club of New York banquet this year was a greater success than ever. Some six hundred men and women were present. Two members of the Dominion Cabinet were among the speakers, Hon. L. P. Pelletier, Postmaster-General, and Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce. The speakers also included Jacob H. Schiff, the head of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.; Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank, the largest banking institution in the United States; Viscount Campden, of the British Embassy at Washington.

Among the guests, Sir George Paish, editor of the *London Statist*; Oswald Garrison Villard, Pres. *New York Evening Post*; Charles S. Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, Washington; W. J. Gerald, President of the Canadian Club, Ottawa; C. R. McCulloch, Honorary President of the Federation of Canadian Clubs, Hamilton, Ont.; Dean Galbraith, of the Engineering Department, University of Toronto; Thomas H. Allison, President of the University of Toronto Club.

Hon. Mr. Foster commended the spirit which prompted the establishment of Canadian Clubs, declaring that it furthered reciprocity of the best kind—reciprocity of language and ideals and literature.



ALEX. LIVINGSTONE,  
Who Has Come to the Front as the Head of a Western Departmental Store.



MR. W. B. PRESTON,  
A Leader of Young Liberals.



A. G. HARRISON,  
Commissioner of Finance at Edmonton.

missioners in addition to aldermen and mayor who are elected in the usual way. Usually there are two commissioners, and these, with the mayor for the time being, make up the board of control, which carries on the administration of the cities.

Mr. Arthur G. Harrison is one of three commissioners for Edmonton. Previous to his appointment, in 1911, he was secretary of the Board of Trade, and manager of the Edmonton Exhibition. He hails from New Brunswick. After taking an arts course in the local university, he secured a position with the Pennsylvania Railway in Cincinnati. Later, he graduated from his university as civil engineer. In 1893, he went to Edmonton, and was in a law office there. In 1902, he was

# Le Grand Seigneur With a Plain Creed

Concerning Emmanuel Persillier Lachapelle, Controller, Man of Medicine and Municipal Reformer

No. 32 in the Series, "Personalities and Problems"

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

HE is the grand seigneur, Dr. Emmanuel Persillier Lachapelle, the chairman of police and of fire departments and other things by mutual allotment in the Board of Control of Montreal. Three years now he has been controller, since the revolution of 1910. Four months more and he will go up for re-election, if he feels so disposed. And if the Board of Commissioners for the quadrennium 1914-18 is minus *le grand seigneur*, it will be minus very much more than merely an effective chairman of police and so forth.

Lachapelle is as much a peculiar, indispensable personality in the Board as Lapointe is in the Council. He is not the boss, nor the big stick; but he is the one man who, by his long experience, his impressive personal character, and his earnest investigation of civic affairs would be most deplored if the popular vote should lop him off at next February election.

At first you wonder how a man who is so grandly courteous and is willing to spend affably so much of his time talking about the modern methods at the City Hall should ever be able to adjust himself easily to the multifarious details of a controllership. You marvel that a man who resembles so implicitly *le ancien regime* should talk like an evolutionary revolutionist.

That is character. Along with his talent as a seigneur and his education for the medical profession, Lachapelle is possessed also of a judicial temperament. He is able to weigh things in the balance.

The controller comes of an old French family, some of the earliest settlers in New France, from whom he acquired by easy inheritance the grand manner of which a life in the wilds was never able to deprive his ancestors. He was born at Sault-au-Recollet, in 1845. Most of his life has been spent in education and science. All his medical education was acquired in Canada, at Montreal College, at Laval and Victoria University. He is also an LL.D. of McGill, *honoris causa*, 1911.

His work in medical science was well built upon that foundation. All his practice has been in Montreal. The Notre Dame Hospital is his own organization. He was by turns its consulting physician, medical superintendent and general superintendent. Laval University made him dean of medical faculty and professor of hygiene. A great believer in sunlight, fresh air and simple food, with plenty of wholesome relaxation, he looks the part; for he is always as fresh as a dew-spangled daisy and does not allow city life to worry away his urbanity. He has been many times president of the following list of public institutions:

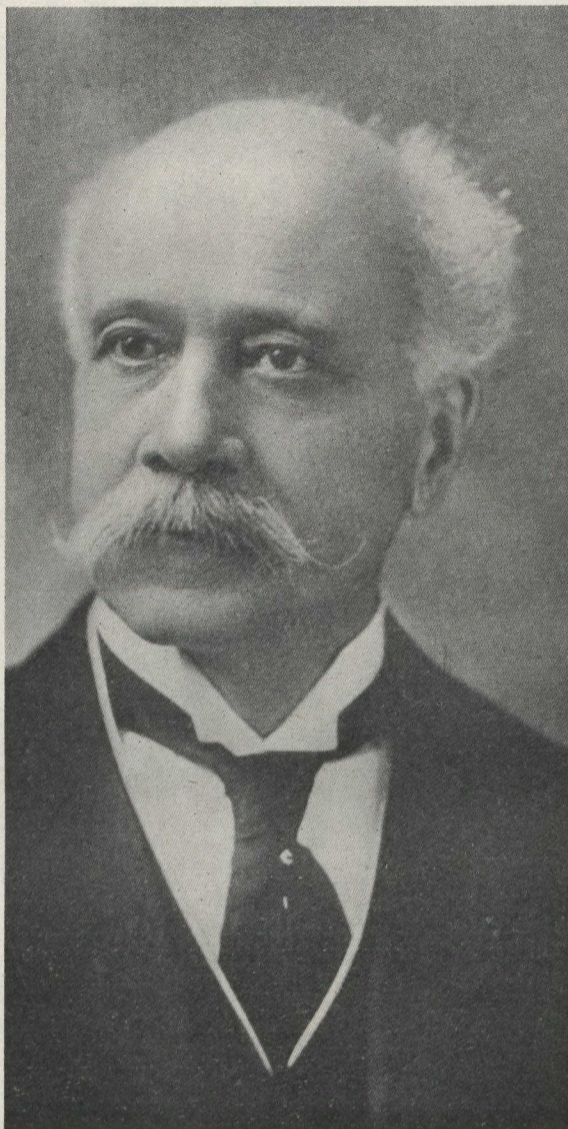
- College of Physicians and Surgeons.
- Provincial Board of Health.
- Royal Commission to prevent the spread of tuberculosis.
- Canadian Medical Association.
- American Public Health Association.
- Society de St. Jean Baptiste.

He was also delegate from the Canadian Government to the second Pan-American Medical Congress in Mexico, 1896.

But not merely in his own profession has the Doctor been honoured by appointment. France, from which his ancestors came, has made him a Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur. He is a member of the Metropolitan Parks Commission, president of the Credit Foncier and a director of La Banque Provençal.

WITH these official distinctions in many walks of life, the Doctor is still a bachelor. He is less like Montreal than he would resemble a small town such as used to be the habitat of Intendants and French governors under the old regime. He has the placidity of temperament and the aristocratic poise of a man whom nature intended for a quiet life. That benign face, white hair and ample grandiose moustache, that deep, slow voice, and the sincere, considering smile, you link them up somehow with governorship in a man who spends much time among flowers or in a laboratory or browsing among books.

But happen into the Board room just before one of the twice-a-day sessions of the commissioners and it is easily seen how much one-sided the notion is. Faultlessly groomed, the Seigneur looks as



Placidity of temperament and aristocratic poise.

though he had just taken part in a grand reception. He smokes congenially and cracks his jokes about the table like a real *bon vivant*. He hurls mild gallantries at the Mayor, who genially returns them with interest. In a few moments the quintette, Lachapelle, Godfrey, Dupuis, Ainey, with Mayor Lavallee at the head, will be deep into the everlasting problem of how to administer this thumping big cosmopolitan Montreal, with such rope as the Legislature has given them from year to year by taking away from the Council. Twice a day, five days a week, and once on Saturday, the Board sit in council; and the rest of the day is spent in the commissioners' offices all bunched together in a corner of the first floor up of the grand ducal palace called the City Hall.

At once it is obvious that the ducal palace and the seigneur are very much akin. That green-liveried functionary with the white gloves at the little desk beside the register in the colonnaded rotunda where the elevators and the grand staircases start, looks as though he had been fetched there from the seignory of Lachapelle. His bow to the controller is amiable with profound respect. And there is no clerk or head of department in all that huge college of Frenchmen and Britishmen doing the civic work of Montreal who does not pay this near-venerable controller the attention due to a very dignified personality.

This, however, is not a particular concern of the controller. It comes as natural as living. Neither is he much concerned now with the science and the practice of medicine in which he was a man of eminence before he became a civic expert. Since he became controller he has quit practising medicine, much to the regret of many good families in Montreal, to whom he was the embodiment of professional skill and the soul of bonhomie. He was 65 years of age when he became commissioner. Personally, he might have preferred to go quietly along the rest of his life as a man of medicine and

adviser to the government on matters of health. But he was picked by the people to undertake civic duties, and he took hold of the role.

The Mayor in that new Board of Control was Dr. Guerin, who was the one Irish member as Mr. Wanklyn was the only English. Irish and French go turn about in the mayoralty of Montreal, which is one amicable method of solving a part of the race problem. The present Mayor Lavallee's two-year term expires next February. Mr. Wanklyn has since gone to be assistant to the president of the C. P. R. at a much higher salary than \$7,000 a year as controller. The others are finishing out the quadrennium, and so far as is known will all three be in the running again.

This embodies a principle which is particularly important to the senior member of the Board. Dr. Lachapelle has been busy these four years evolving a practical theory about city commissionership. What he knows and what the rest of the commissioners know about that business now is somewhat peculiar to Montreal. The original Board tackled a Herculean labour. They are still at it.

Unpopularity with the Council was the first obstacle. The programme of the old 23 was threatened by this new board of commissioners, whose business it was to find something to administer and then—administrate. Oldest on the Board, Dr. Lachapelle knew Montreal rather better than any of the others. He knew something about the City Hall which has been Sir Galahadded against by a good many newspaper campaigns, some sincere and some doubtful. He knows vastly more about the City Hall now than he did in 1910. And if the seigneur of the Board were not a man of great resolution he would probably be weary enough of the knowledge and the job to retire at the next election.

LACHAPELLE does not believe in apostolic succession in a Board. He believes in permanency. For that matter so did the old Council. What had been must continue to be. A quintette of highly paid experts was not supposed to pitch its camp in the City Hall, stake out a block of offices and a board-room, and begin to do business without strenuous and oft-repeated protests from the old guard. They did not expect to. They anticipated a struggle; and they got it. There was a time when something resembling a deadlock kept a good many civic developments hung up in Montreal. Dr. Lachapelle knows all about that. He recalls how, at the very next session of the Quebec Legislature after the original Magna Charta had been given to the Board, they had to ask the Legislature for more power to their elbow. He did not expect to get it without opposition. But the Board got it.

The House of Lords in the Council has been gradually surrendering its ancient prerogatives. Montreal has been growing at the same time rather faster than the Board of Control has been enlarging its scope. When Mr. Wanklyn quit, somewhat because he was tired of the game of bucking, it might have been expected that Dr. Lachapelle, so very much of a gentleman and so mild-mannered and amiable, would begin to think of retiring also.

Not for a moment. The grand seigneur had gone into the game to see it out to the winning goal. He says now, very quietly and with considerable dignified humour, that he believes the Board has begun to establish itself as the real administrative voice of the people. There is much yet to get. But when Dr. Lachapelle compares the powers of the Board now with what they were in 1910 he is vastly encouraged to believe that the day is not far distant when the said Board will have got all that is coming to it in the name of real business government.

Lachapelle is the embodiment of radicalism and patience. Had he not been a radical he never would have gone into the game at all. Had he not been the serene soul of patience and accommodation he would have left it along with his colleagues before the eve of a new election. It was very unpopular—at least it talked that way—to place such a hierarchy in power at comparatively high salaries for a term of four years. But the four years was necessary and Dr. Lachapelle is the one man that knows it best. If there had been a new election for the Board in two or three years the Board would have had to go before the people without a well-estab-

lished programme to justify its existence. Montreal is temperamentally peculiar. So is Council. A retrograde revolution might easily have happened. But it has been staved off by the four years' term and the pertinacity of Dr. Lachapelle and his colleagues.

When the awarding of contracts was twisted away from the Council there was one big step in evolution. Montreal spends in one year \$23,000,000 for all purposes. The spending of this huge sum means an army of people constantly at work, both inside and outside the City Hall. The Board subdivided itself into five departments. Each controller took what he could most conveniently administer. Each began a programme of business system apart from personal patronage. This looked very different to the Council from the old way. The controllers intended that it should. They went in to earn their salaries.

"For me," says the seigneur, touching himself on the lapel of the coat; "it is no way to govern a city like Montreal by personal politics."

All the way along he has quietly insisted upon the "For me." Not merely personal to Lachapelle, but to the controller as representing the people who elected him and his colleagues from all over the city.

"Presently, I think," continued the controller, "we shall have to get from the Legislature the power of making appointments. I believe in responsible government. We are responsible to the electors. The heads of departments should be responsible to us. Every head of a department should be responsible for those under him. It should not be in power of the Council to make appointments in a department without consulting the head of it. And the only people qualified to make appointments are those who are administering the city. This is a business government; commissioners responsible to the people, heads of departments to the commissioners, subordinates to the heads, and so on."

No doubt about this. Clear as noonday. But not yet all accomplished. The City Hall is an army of people. Many of them were appointed long ago.

"Not always for efficiency, I think," said the Doctor. "And this is a problem; how to insist that

every man in the employ of the city shall be efficient. There should be an examination for every post. No man has any real right to take a position in the City Hall or outside the City Hall on the payroll of the people who is not as rigorously examined as to his fitness for that position than though he were applying to the employment department of a big factory which recognizes only efficiency and is not concerned with personal preference or politics or sentiment."

Always the Controller makes his criticisms with great calmness. He has worked that way. He knows what a stubborn thing is custom and prerogative; how hard they are to set aside or to ignore. But he believes the day is coming when Montreal will be governed and operated on a business system.

And in this also he is radical.

"I do not think," said he, "that we have the proper conception of what our chief magistrate should be. For me, now, I would not have the Mayor burdened with a host of petty details in administering departments. We have plenty of more important work for the Mayor. In a city like Montreal he should spend much of his time in a public way. He should be looked upon as the grand representative of the city, not to be wasting his time with a portfolio of petty duties that should be looked after by his colleagues."

THAT'S a reversion, after all, to the old idea of a chief magistrate. Business system, according to Dr. Lachapelle, should not be permitted to obliterate dignity. The Mayor is the dignitary. He should be recognized as such; chairman of the board, but not obsessed with petty details.

Incidentally—who is better qualified for such a post than the seigneur, He has probably not the remotest notion of aspiring to the office. But from his own definition, even though he has been responsible for a great deal of the actual business administration of Montreal, he is—but then the *Montreal Herald* may have something to say about that. The *Herald* has been setting forth the personal claims of prominent citizens to be considered as Mayor of Montreal.

"And I would go further," continued the Controller.

Here he made no apologies to the chairman of caucus and the Impersonation of Council.

"I would abolish council entirely!"

Radical. But conservative.

"Two systems of representation and election, of what use are they in administering a city?" he said. "If the people elect the commission by a general vote to manage the city's affairs, why is it necessary for a body of men elected by ward votes to sit in judgment upon their works? They are directly responsible to the people. They can be turned out of office by the people."

"But what of the long term?" he was asked.

"Permanency is desirable," he answered. "First of all a man should not be expected to give up his business or his profession for a short term, no matter if he is given a good salary. The only fit and proper man to put into the Board of Control is the man who has been tried out in a business or professional capacity outside of civic business. If he has been so tested he has arrived at an age when to cut himself loose from his business means a great difficulty in getting back again. That man must first of all be rigorously chosen by the people who come to know him in a general way. Then he must be indemnified by a long enough term and a salary big enough to make it worth his while to serve in that capacity. There is no other way—for me."

It may be assumed that most, perhaps all, of the Controllers have similar views. They are a unit in their gradual encroachments upon Council. Twice a day they sit at the same Board and administer the city. They believe that government by commission in so far as it has gone in Montreal dead against established prerogative has done a great deal to place Montreal in the ranks of well-governed communities.

Anyhow the grand seigneur has given his word. His creed is very plain. If the people should not endorse that creed at the next general election—well and good. He can at least retire to his medical practice sure that he has done something to start Montreal along the road to good, efficient government, based upon a business system.

# The Yearling Buck Encounters a Human

*But in This Case Whom the Gods Love Does Not Die Young*

By C. DUNCAN SMITH

THE cold, grey light of the winter dawn found the young buck standing in the midst of a little thicket of birch and poplar. From the outside the unaccustomed eye would not have discerned his presence there. The grey-brown of his coat blended so perfectly with the dun colours of the surrounding trees that he seemed but an intangible shade—a somewhat deeper shadow among the shadows of the undergrowth.

For some little time he had been idling there, occasionally reaching out with slender neck to nibble daintily at some tempting, nearby shoot. He was a slim and dainty creature, rather large for his age, but well proportioned, with long, slender legs and head set proudly on gracefully curving neck. His eyes were large and dark and of a peculiarly soft and innocent expression. Those big eyes, the small and delicate muzzle, and the great ears, flaring outward from his head, gave him an air at once alert and inquiring. Being but a yearling, he had as yet no antlers, but two furry knobs, just forward of the ears, concealed sharp, little prongs, the promise of what was to come in later years.

NOW he seemed to be absorbed in contemplating the crimson beauty of the sunrise as it flared in the eastern sky. And it was, indeed, a picture of such colourful beauty as to compel the admiration of even a creature so familiar with such scenes as the young buck. At first it was a faint, roseate flush, just above the dark line of the horizon, like the reflection of some far distant fire. Gradually it grew and spread, deepening from richest crimson to a lurid, blood-red glow that threw out in stark relief the tall, black masts of the brule on the eastern ridge. It flamed across the heavens, touching with tints of vivid crimson and tender rose pink the light haze of cirrus cloud that overcast the sky like the ripples on a breeze-swept sea. During the night a soft, clinging snow had fallen, and, as the light grew, every white-clad tree and bush was tinged on the eastward side with the same delicate, rosy hue as the fleecy clouds above. Brighter and brighter grew the conflagration till the whole eastern sky was a blaze of orange and scarlet and vivid flame colour—a picture of inde-

scribable beauty. Then the great, glowing disc of the sun crept into view and shot its level rays among the tree trunks, dissipating the lingering night shadows. The gorgeous colours faded from the sky and broad day shone on the forest; shone on



a far-flung world of cold and glittering white—a silent world in which there seemed to be no life.

But presently the keen eyes of the young buck, ever on the alert, detected a motion far down the valley. Just a momentary glimpse it was of some dark body among the white clad bushes, but so unusual that it rivetted his attention at once. And, as he watched, it came out into the open, a black splotch against the white background of the snow, moving erratically hither and thither, now skulking furtively among the thickets, now dashing quickly forward across the open places. As it came nearer it gradually took on definite shape—a peculiar creature that walked erect on two legs and carried

with it some object that ever and again glinted brightly in the morning sunshine.

Now, in all the sixteen short months of his life, the young buck had never before seen a human being. His habitat was a tract of the wilderness far removed from civilization, where man but seldom came. The poor and scanty soil of its rock-strewn ridges and gullies offered but little inducement to the agriculturist, and a series of devastating forest fires had long since burned out all the merchantable timber. Perhaps a stray trapper or prospector, from the settlements to the south, might wander through on his way to the northern hunting grounds, but these occasional wayfarers did not tarry to disturb the denizens of that peaceful region, and for years no hunters had invaded the district. So that the few deer that still remained, undisturbed save by their few natural enemies, the prowling lynx and the gaunt, grey timber wolf, had grown, in a measure, careless, and amid the peaceful security of their surroundings, their inherent distrust of man, while not entirely forgotten, was, for the time at least, dormant. And in the younger generations it had ceased to exist.

CONSEQUENTLY, the young buck watched the approaching phenomenon with nothing more than an expression of interest in his big, liquid eyes. He did not know in the least what to make of it, because he had never seen anything like it before. It was certainly not a very formidable looking creature; its movements seemed awkward and slow, and, for all he knew, it might be of a perfectly harmless and friendly disposition. Its actions, too, puzzled him—the apparently aimless wandering to and fro, the furtive dodging in and out among the thickets, and the quick dashes across the intervening spaces. In those early morning hours the snow-wreathed woods were still as death and no disturbing scent came to his sensitive nostrils to awaken the latent instinct of fear. Rather, a devouring curiosity, the curse of all the deer kindred, held him in its grip. On the whole, he decided to remain very quietly where he was, and, perhaps, obtain a closer view of the incomprehensible stranger. The hunter meanwhile was

steadily drawing nearer to the buck's hiding-place, following eagerly on the fresh trail that the yearling had made while lounging about and feeding some hours earlier. It was an erratic sort of trail, winding about in leisurely fashion wherever caprice or the dictates of his appetite had led him, and the hunter followed it with a misguided faithfulness. Twice he ascended almost to the top of the ridge, then swung back again in a wide circle to the brushy bottom, there to unravel a confused tangle of tracks among the willow clumps, where his quarry had been loitering about at his ease.

Very circumspectly he went, holding aside with his hand as he passed each obstructing twig or branch, at each step feeling carefully with his foot in the snow to avoid breaking some hidden stick, studiously avoiding each tangle of dead-wood, or half-rotted log, or patch of dry and rustling fireweed. But his eyes were ever on the ground, his attention all engrossed in the line of heart-shaped imprints in the snow. Very seldom did he look up and then with only the merest cursory glance about him, a glance that utterly failed to detect that suspicious-looking shadow in the little thicket. Within twenty yards of the young buck's covert he passed, all unconscious of the mild scrutiny that followed his every movement. And this one failing of his, for all his exaggerated caution, betrayed him for what he was—a mere amateur in the woods—a tenderfoot. His lesson had been only half learned.

Having gone some little way past the covert, he presently swung with the trail and came back straight toward it. A few moments more and the skulker must inevitably have been discovered. But by this time the skulker had decided that his curiosity had, for the time at least, been fully satisfied. It had suddenly dawned upon his intelligence that this strange creature might be on his trail, and with the realization came a vague feeling of un-

easiness, a feeling that it might be best for him to leave so dangerous a neighbourhood without betraying his presence. Harmless though the stranger might appear, still if he seemed desirous of effecting a meeting, he was distinctly something to be avoided. Such is the code of all wild creatures. So that, no sooner had the hunter gone by on the trail, than the young buck, lowering his head and assuming a crouching attitude, until all his graceful lines were lost and he took on the appearance of some decrepit, old cow, stole silently away through the thicket, a shadow moving among shadows, and the tenderfoot never knew how close he had been to his quarry.

HAVING crossed several more brushy ridges, the young buck presently emerged into a more level country, a stretch of low-lying, marshy land, covered thickly with dense willow thickets and patches of second growth timber, with here and there the tall and blackened skeleton of some former monarch of the forest, upreared in grim and solitary grandeur among its lesser fellows. Here, being still under the spell of his half formed fears, he broke into a gentle lope which, effortless though it seemed, carried him over the ground at a surprising speed. For perhaps a couple of miles he kept it up, heading north and circling a little to the west. Then, as his uneasiness gradually wore off, he seemed to forget all about the grey-clad figure that had alarmed him back there among the ridges. He slackened his pace to a leisurely walk and fell to browsing idly as he went on the young willow shoots.

For perhaps an hour longer he continued his desultory feeding. The sun, mounting higher in the heavens, warmed the chill morning air to an almost spring-like mildness, and under its genial rays, the snow wreaths in the trees began to melt and drip

with a loud, insistent patter on the thinly-covered carpet of dead leaves beneath. A soft, warm breeze sprang up and blew in lingering puffs out of the south-west, redolent of dampness and thaw. And presently the young buck abandoned his willow shoots and lay down in the midst of a little, brush-grown windfall. Following the custom of his kind, he lay in such a position as to command a view of his back trail. With his neck outstretched and his muzzle resting on a branch close to the ground, where the warm breath from his nostrils melted a little hollow in the snow, he blinked his great eyes drowsily in the mellow sunshine.

In the woods a Sabbath stillness reigned, a stillness broken only by the steady dripping from the trees. For some little time no sign of life manifested itself; nothing moved, save occasionally when a patch of snow in some tree-top, loosened by the warmth of the sun's rays, sprayed down in a miniature avalanche through the branches. Then, out into the open space in front of the windfall, a big, white rabbit came hopping with curious, lop-sided gait. Within a few feet of where the deer lay he paused, and supremely indifferent to the other animal's presence, stood up on his hind legs and nibbled at some birch twigs, wagging his long, foolish ears the while with satisfaction. Having satisfied his appetite, he sat up and surveyed the young buck inquisitively for some seconds, then, with an impudent flaunt of his absurd fluff of a tail, he took himself leisurely off about his business. The eyes of the deer followed him until he had disappeared into the underbrush, then gradually they drooped and closed, and presently the young buck slept. But all the while, though the eyes might thus temporarily forsake their office, the big, outstanding ears and the sensitive nostrils, twitch-

(Concluded on page 21.)

## Ontario Highway Commission's Problem

By GEORGE W. AUSTEN

THE series of public meetings being held by the Ontario Highways Commission is the forerunner of the greatest road improvement scheme ever planned in a Canadian province. British Columbia is engaged in building a road system costing five millions, and Quebec is spending ten millions on long trunk roads parallel-

roads than any other province. But it fails most notably to show road development at all in keeping with its productive position. In the last twenty years, the townships have spent about \$20,000,000 in cash, and about 22,000,000 statute labour days on their roads, without improving them, in the opinion of the provincial highways engineer, much



Solving the Problem. Dundas Street, Near Toronto—a Macadam Road 3¼ Miles in Length, Built by Mr. J. C. Eaton, and Hence Known as the Eaton Road.

ing the St. Lawrence, and in aiding municipalities, but the Ontario programme will outdistance them all in comprehensiveness and vigour. The three commissioners, Charles A. Magrath, C.E.; Anthony Rankin, of Frontenac, a former president of the Ontario Good Roads Association; and W. A. McLean, the provincial highways engineer, have each special qualifications for their big task.

WHAT is the condition of road improvement on which the Commission must base plans? How far has Ontario progressed already? Sober truth it is, that though in twenty years time and money of a direct value of over \$50,000,000 have been put on the roads, Ontario is yet far behind most modern states in road improvement. Agriculturally, this province is the most productive in the Do-

minion. It has likewise a greater mileage of stone beyond their condition at the beginning of the twenty years. The counties which have been improving main market roads, under the Highway Improvement Act of 1901, spent, up to the end of 1912, \$4,273,478, receiving from the Government as its share of the cost, one-third of that amount, or \$1,424,493. Thus the total expenditure on county and township roads, with a total mileage of over 50,000, has been, since 1892, about \$23,273,000 cash and about 22,000,000 statute labour days.

In one of his annual reports, Provincial Engineer McLean estimates that in the organized counties of old Ontario, the 50,000 miles of road may be classified thus:

1. Trunk roads, connecting the large cities and towns, 5 per cent., or 2,500 miles.

2. County or leading market roads, 12 per cent., or 6,000 miles.

3. Main township roads, 50 per cent., or 25,000 miles.

4. Secondary township roads, 33 per cent., or 16,500 miles.

The roads which, as county "good roads," are being improved by county councils under Government standard, and draw the Government assistance of one-third the cost, include both trunk and leading market roads. The total mileage of the county systems being thus improved is about 4,000 now, at the end of 1911 having been 3,619 miles, and of this about 1,500 miles have actually been improved. The total mileage of the trunk and leading market roads, as indicated in the classification, is about 8,500, so that the problem yet remains of bringing to Government standard about 7,000 miles of these leading roads. Of course, counties which have not enrolled under the Highway Act have not entirely neglected the building of good roads. There are nearly a score of these outsider counties. That some of them are swinging into line is shown by the decision of the Essex County Council—one of the "outs"—to submit to the ratepayers a by-law to raise a million dollars for a system of concrete roads to intersect the county. Perhaps it would be well to indicate the counties now under the Act, and what they accomplished to the end of 1911, the latest date for which detailed figures are available:

County.	Year entered under Act.	Length of system.	Total exp. to end of 1911.
Wentworth .....	1902	140	\$388,201
Lanark .....	1902	98	147,774
Simcoe .....	1903	427	435,070
Wellington .....	1903	170	192,769
Lincoln .....	1904	36	85,447
Oxford .....	1904	256	392,271
Hastings .....	1904	472	312,586
Peel .....	1906	102	245,987
Middlesex .....	1906	220	230,755
Lennox and Addington	1906	169	101,372
Prince Edward .....	1907	122	165,859
Halton .....	1907	189	170,914
Perth .....	1907	210	134,597
Frontenac .....	1907	127	85,981
Waterloo .....	1908	175	76,917
Carleton .....	1909	220	52,707
Leeds and Grenville..	1910	247	100,276
York .....	1911	114	38,318
Haldimand .....	1911	125	.....
Welland .....	1912	...	.....

The outstanding fact of the situation is that the trunk and leading market roads are not at all unified in a system, and their utility, for that reason, is much lessened. The \$1,400,000 cash now being spent annually by the townships is not bringing proper value, because the main roads lack uniformity of standard, and lack most conspicuously



the supreme merit of continuity. The problem of the Highways Commission is, therefore, to devise a practical scheme whereby the present improved county systems may be turned to better account by connecting them with other county systems also improved. The counties which are too lethargic to keep in line with roads progress must be awakened, and spurred on. Over all this co-ordination, and unification of the various local systems, there will have to be the generalship of a commission thoroughly advised of road conditions in every nook and corner of older Ontario. As the amount at the disposal of the commission will probably be five millions at first, with another five millions later, it is evident that the main advance must be made through the agency of the municipalities. Special road construction may, of course, be undertaken by the commission, but plainly the diffusion of benefits will be chiefly secured through welding the local good roads systems into a well rounded whole. Existing systems must be connected, gaps must be filled in, municipal activity stimulated, the problem of special treatment of suburban roads solved, and the townships brought much more prominently into line.

A big task? Without a doubt. But there are some factors which rather help to clear away the mists that, to the unknowing, obscure avenues of action. It has been found in the United States, where there are 2,200,000 miles of country highways, that 15 per cent. or 20 per cent. of the main highways carry from 80 to 90 per cent. of the total traffic, and 60 per cent. of the farm traffic. In Ontario, the trunk and leading market roads, form-

ing from 12 to 15 per cent. of the total road mileage within the county, carry 80 per cent. of the traffic. It is easy, then, to figure out that the main effort of the commission must be to bring these main roads all up to standard, encouraging, as far as possible, a concurrent improvement of the 25,000 miles of tributary roads. It seems tolerably certain that two of the measures to this end will be the increasing of the Government's contribution to the cost of "good roads" built by the counties from a third, to one-half, and the granting of aid toward the maintenance of such roads. The abolition of statute labour, and the substitution of a general tax, may also be made general.

THERE is an intimate connection between the problem of maintenance and automobile traffic. About two years ago, the south half of York County, the people of Toronto, and the Government each contributed \$100,000 toward a fund to build good roads in the environs of Toronto. The mistake was made, apparently, of trying to make the money cover too great a mileage, which was fixed at 114 miles, and the depth of the metalling suffered in consequence. Recently, many complaints have been made that the roads have already disintegrated badly where the automobile traffic has been heavy. The grinding, wearing "push" of the rubber tire takes the top off the ordinary macadam road like one peels a banana. It may be possible to prevent such deterioration by constant repairing by patrolmen, but it is becoming increasingly evident that an asphaltic binder, or concrete, must be put on the surface. Automobile

usage of such roads as these York county highways, the road between Niagara Falls and Hamilton, and Hamilton and Toronto, has increased in a few years from about 5 per cent. of the traffic to over 50 per cent. Modern progress will not permit of keeping the automobile off the roads, so what must be done is to grow to the new conditions, build roads to withstand the new traffic, and distribute the financial burden accordingly. This is one of the tough nuts the commission will have to crack. There will be a demand for some form of government assistance to permanent suburban highways. Concrete roads, for instance, cost about \$15,000 a mile, while the macadam standard of the present government requirements costs about \$2,000 or \$3,000 a mile. The problem of the concrete road was aired about a year ago when the Toronto-Hamilton permanent highway was proposed. Certainly for such roads the old standards of macadam construction are becoming obsolete. On the statute books at present is a law empowering cities to join with adjoining counties in paying the cost of special road building in the outskirts of the city, but as the cities usually have all they can do in building roads within their limits, there has been little response.

Nothing has been said in this article about the benefit of good roads. The point has, surely, been settled by common consent. Good roads reduce marketing costs, facilitate rural communication, increase the value of farm lands, make country life brighter and more suburban in nature. It has been shown that good roads effect great savings for the farmers every year, and confers on them comforts and conveniences without so tangible a value.



AND I direct my said executors to pay to my beloved nephew, Ivan Day, the sum of \$3,000 annually until he shall win his first case in any court in the said Province of Ontario, and then to pay to my beloved nephew, Eric Brown, the said sum of \$3,000 annually for a period of four years.

Although both were lawyers in active practice, neither of the nephews had ever found a legal document quite as interesting as the above paragraph from their uncle's will—a provision which the eccentric Uncle Jasper himself had always regarded as a masterpiece of wisdom.

"That \$3,000 a year," he used to say, "will keep Ivan going until he can earn his way at the bar. By that time Eric will be starting practice and four years should see him over the hardest of it."

Up to a certain point everything happened as Uncle Jasper had intended. Ivan was admitted to the bar, and clients came in goodly numbers, but for nearly three years he did not conduct a single case in court, and did not conceal the fact that he never intended to. He found it more profitable to farm out his court work to some other lawyer and enjoy the income from the will.

"Day is different from the rest of us," the other lawyers often said. "We can't afford to lose cases; he can't afford to win."

Two years later Eric was called to the bar, and was soon regarded as one of the brightest of the younger lawyers in Toronto. He also found time to compete with Ivan in matters outside the profession, and his engagement to Beth Munro was duly announced.

This was a bitter disappointment to Ivan, but he was somewhat consoled by the knowledge that his retaining the income would postpone their marriage for a few years at least. Eric, for the same reason, regretted the loss of the money as he never had in his briefless days when clients were few and indigent.

"And you feel certain that you are really entitled to the income?" Beth asked, one evening, after Eric had quoted the will for the hundredth time.

"Certainly. Ivan is simply evading the plain spirit of the will. I would call him a 'shyster' if he were not my cousin."

"Is there no way of compelling him to carry out your uncle's intention and give up the income?" she asked.

"None whatever," was the gloomy reply. "He can't be compelled to win a case, and as long as

he don't he can hold the income forever."

"Are you sure?" persisted Beth.

"Absolutely. I've looked it all up myself, and had the opinion of some of the best lawyers in Toronto."

"As I understand it," queried Beth, "as soon as



"And you can't see any way of making him win a case?"  
—Drawn by E. C. Reid.

Ivan wins a case, no matter how, the income goes to you?"

"Sure."

"And you can't see any way of making him win a case?"

"Certainly not," Eric replied. "I've schemed over it for hours."

"Then listen to the feminine view," commanded Beth, as she rapidly outlined her idea of the problem.

"Why didn't I think of that?" he exclaimed. "You've certainly beaten the best will-breakers in Ontario."

The next day Eric entered suit against Ivan, and alleged that Ivan had already won a case as required by the will, and asking for an order of the court that the income might be paid to Eric in future.

"I can't understand it," Ivan said to the eminent K.C. to whom he was explaining the matter. "I've never tried a case in my life, and Eric knows it."

The eminent K.C. looked over the papers carefully. "You're stung," he announced.

"How?"

"Well," he explained, "if Brown wins this suit against you he gets the income."

"Yes, but how can he win," argued Ivan, "when I've hardly been inside a court?"

"Then you'll win this suit," replied the counsel.

"Of course."

"Then," continued the K.C., "if you win this suit it is the first case you have won, and that gives Eric the income according to the will."

"Heavens! I never thought of that. What had I better do?"

"You'd better settle out of court," advised the K.C. "If the matter gets in the paper it will be worth more than \$3,000 a year to your cousin as an advertisement."

NEXT day Ivan called at Eric's office, where he had a cordial reception, for they were on friendly terms, notwithstanding Beth and the income.

"That suit of yours puts me in quite a dilemma," he said, nervously.

"How's that?"

"Why," said Ivan, "if you win it gives you the income."

"And if I win," continued Ivan, "it gives you the income according to the will."

"Looks that way, don't it?" Eric admitted.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Ivan announced. "If you will drop the suit and never tell how you managed it, I will win a case as soon as possible and allow the income to go to you as provided in the will."

"Agreed," said Eric, readily.

Two weeks later Ivan astonished his professional friends by winning the case of Gilmore vs. Brown, and the court made an order that the income should be paid to Eric in future.

A few days after the order was signed Eric met the eminent K.C. in the law library.

"You never thought of that scheme yourself?" he queried.

"I certainly did not," Eric admitted. "I had the best advice in Toronto."

"I'd certainly like to know his name," persisted the K.C.

"Why?"

"Because I want him for a partner if he is not already located."

"I'm sorry," replied Eric, "but she has just arranged to enter into a life partnership with me."

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## "Canada Can't" Party

OUR Canada Can't Party is composed of a small section of Conservatives, Liberals and Mugwumps, and its chief plank is that Canada has not either the willingness nor the ability to man a navy. Perhaps they are right, but there are those who think differently. Australia and New Zealand at least are finding no insuperable difficulties.

In a paper issued by the Department of Defence of the Commonwealth of Australia, and dated Melbourne, June 23rd, 1913, the state of the Australian Fleet is given as follows:

PERSONNEL JUNE 1ST., 1913.	
Lent from Royal Navy .....	900
Ex-Royal Navy (Pensioners, etc.).....	480
	1,380
Australians transferred from Royal Navy	360
Australians recruited .....	1,660
	2,020
	3,400

Thus the official figures of an official document show that Australia has already enough boys and men in her navy to man a fleet unit, and Australia got these together in a little over two years. At the same rate of progress His Majesty's Royal Australian Fleet will be manned wholly by Australians by 1915, with the exception of the necessary commanders and admirals. If Canada can't, Australia can.

At the same time the Australian fleet in commission is given as follows:

- Cruisers: *Encounter, Melbourne, Pioneer.*
- Destroyers: *Wanago, Paramatta, Yaroa.*
- Gunboats: *Protector, Gayundah.*
- Torpedo boats: *Countess of Hopetoun, Childers.*

- Since June 1st, they have added:
- Battle Cruisers: *Australia.*
- Cruiser: *Sydney.*
- Submarines: *A. E. I.; A. E. II.*

One cruiser and three destroyers are also being built in Australia and two tenders in Great Britain.

## Pot and the Kettle

MOST of our political discussion in this country is simply a case of the pot calling the kettle black. The Conservative leaders and editors are busily engaged from day to day in proving that the Liberals are disloyal, unpatriotic, corrupt and unreliable. The Liberals retort in kind. Thus the thinking man cannot do otherwise than conclude that both the pot and the kettle are exceedingly dark in colour.

This is a tremendous waste of energy and ability. It is but a vulgar appeal to ignorance and partisan passion. Canada is given a bad name at home and abroad and the average man refuses to touch politics because "they are rotten." Instead of constructive argument on questions of the day, there is nothing but political abuse and vituperation. Instead of elevating the political life of the country, these partisan editorials and political speeches tend to debase it.

How strange that men who are labelled "Right Honourable" and "Honourable" should spend the major portion of the time proving that other men bearing these titles are dishonourable! Equally strange is it that editorial writers, whose mission is to inform the public and elevate the tone of public and civic life should spend their days and talents in blackening the reputations of every man who attempts to serve his fellow-men.

## Paying the Piper

CANADIANS are learning their lessons very slowly. Extravagance is a habit which, once acquired, is difficult to eliminate. With immigration declining 3 per cent. in August, 21 per cent. in September, and even more in October, some people might have taken warning. The declining customs and excise receipts read the same lesson. The low prices on the stock market and the high prices of mortgage loans emphasized it. And yet Canadians went on buying high-priced goods for consumption just as in the four-year boom period of 1908-1912.

This is proven by the October index number of the Department of Labour. Prices of the commodi-

ties we consume and wear rose steadily. The index number for October, 1912, was 135; it remained pretty steady during the year, and in September, 1913, was 136. But in October it rose to 136.8, when, by all the rules of economy, it should have declined. Meats, eggs, milk, butter, coal, fruits and potatoes all showed increases.

Canada must learn to practise economy. We are paying 37 per cent. more for what we eat and wear than we did in the period 1890 to 1900. The price of living is higher here than in any place else in the world. We are grossly extravagant and culpably reckless. Unless the national habits are modified immediately, Canada will pay a heavy penalty in the loss of "capitalistic confidence."

## Yearly Elected Aldermen

ONTARIO is the only portion of Canada which has retained the mediaeval usage of electing all its civic governors every year. In every other province, in every state of the Union and in Great Britain, the aldermen are elected for at least two years. In Winnipeg, the aldermen have a two-year term, half retiring each year. The Board of Control, on the other hand, and the mayor are elected annually.

It is time for a change. Mayor, controllers and aldermen should be elected for at least two years, one-half retiring each year. Let every city in Ontario submit, at its January elections, the following question:

"Are you in favour of the city applying to the Legislature for power to give the council a two-year term?"

London did this last year; the people voted in the affirmative, and the Legislature gave permis-

sion. Every other Ontario city should do the same. Only thus may better men be secured for civic positions, and only thus may the city secure a continuous and consecutive policy of administration and expansion. This is the moment for discussion and action, and every patriotic citizen should use his influence promptly in behalf of this necessary reform.

## Public Utilities

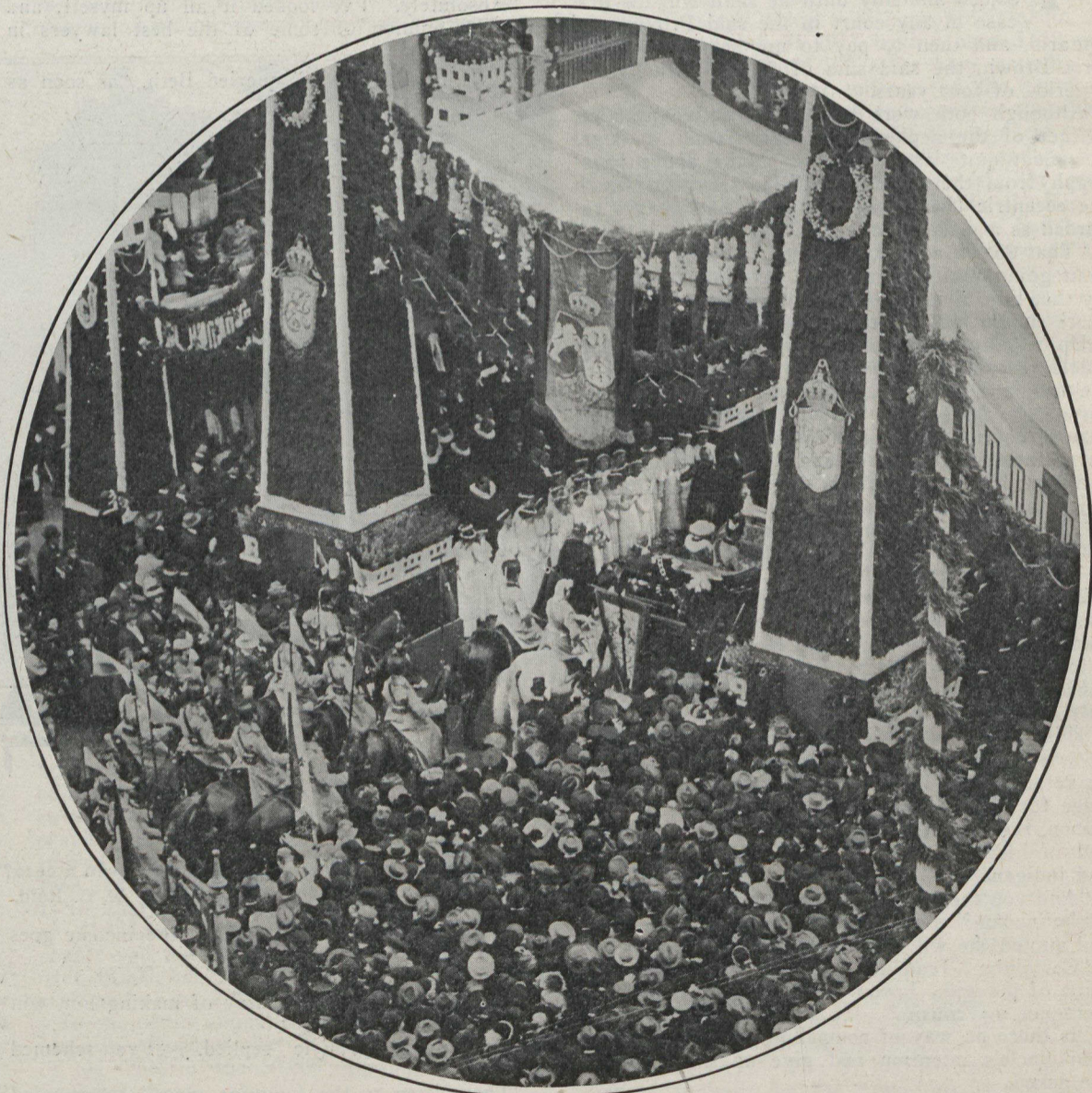
QUARRELS between public utility companies and municipalities make up a large portion of our civic life. Various remedies have been tried, and the only satisfactory one yet devised is a "Public Utilities Commission," such as they have in Massachusetts and New York States. Quebec has a Public Utilities Commission and Manitoba a Public Utilities Commissioner. Ontario has a Railway Board, but it has not the power or the inclination to meet the difficulties which arise in the various cities.

For example, a case in point is now before the Quebec Commission. This body has called upon the Montreal Tramways Company to show reason why it should not extend its lines in order to provide the people of Mount Royal Ward with the necessary street railway facilities. Also when the Tramways Company raised its fares to that district, the Commission ordered the old fares restored.

A similar case has arisen in Ottawa. The people in Ottawa East want increased facilities and there is no authority to force the Ottawa Electric Railway Company to extend its service to this district. So in Toronto, the Street Railway Company has refused to extend its lines beyond the boundary of the city as it was in 1891 when its franchise was granted. Ontario has no Public Utilities Commission.

Of course, the companies are not always wrong and the municipalities are not always right. But there should be some authority with power to decide the merits of each case as it arises, without recourse to expensive, tedious and unsatisfactory litigation. Only Provincial Public Utilities Commissions, with powers similar to the U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission, or the Dominion Railway Commission, can settle such disputes.

## A New King on an Ancient Throne



Prince Ernest Augustus and His Consort, the Kaiser's Daughter, Receiving an Address of Welcome When Entering Brunswick City on November 3rd, the Day When the Prince Ascended the Throne of the Duchy of Brunswick.

# PUBLIC OPINION

## The Bilingual Question

ONTARIO is having a struggle with the rights and wrongs of the bilingual school question. The French bilingual schools refuse to be inspected by English-speaking inspectors. Some people seem to think this is a religious controversy, but the *Catholic Record*, of London, stoutly denies this. Some paragraphs from an editorial in the issue of November 15th explain the view of the English-speaking Catholics of the province and also give a summary of the "great dispute":

"Let us briefly and dispassionately examine the facts. Charges were made that a large and constantly increasing number of school children were graduating from the public and separate schools of Ontario with little or no knowledge of the British language. In public those who assumed the right to speak for the French schools loudly asserted that they desired the French children of this province to acquire a perfect knowledge of English. The Government, to ascertain the facts, appointed a commission to investigate. Dr. Merchant's report showed that in many of the schools, public and separate, no adequate provision was made for the teaching of English. Public sentiment demanded some action on the part of the Government. Hence for the scholastic year 1912-13 the Department of Education issued the famous Regulation 17. This regulation was very far from satisfying those who wished to make English the language of instruction in all the schools of the province. It recognized that some districts in Ontario had become purely French-speaking, many of the children having no knowledge of English, and was calculated to deal with a difficult problem as leniently and generously as possible.

Those who realize the difficulty of obtaining satisfactory results, where English is the mother tongue and English alone is taught during the short school life of the average child, will readily concede that if the French schools of Ontario are to give the children a working knowledge of English, the departmental regulations could not well be more generous. Those, however, who contend that French is on an equal footing with English in every province of the Dominion naturally resent any interference or regulation looking to the imposition of English on French children. Indeed, a few years ago French schools were frankly called French schools; the bilingual fiction is a recent invention.

"That is the 'bilingual' school question, and we submit that it is in no sense a religious question; it is first, last and all the time a question of language.

"It is quite true that some French-Canadians proclaim from the house-tops that the French language is the safeguard of the faith; that French is a Catholic language, and English is not only a Protestant but a Protestantizing language. Catholics of a less restricted outlook may be pardoned for drawing their own conclusions when they compare English-speaking Ireland with French-speaking France. Nearer home the staunch Catholicity of thousands of English-speaking French-Canadians gives the lie to the claim that to lose the language is to lose the faith. It is absurd to attempt to identify the Catholic religion with any race or language.

"There are in Ontario many Protestants who fully sympathize with the Catholic ideal of education, where religion permeates the whole school life of the child; there are others who honestly regret that all children, Catholic and Protestant, are not educated side by side in the public schools; others still, who are frankly, even bitterly, opposed to separate schools and who would abolish them if they could. But the various governments of the province have always recognized that since the principle of separate schools was constitutionally guaranteed it was in the highest interests of the whole province to make the separate schools as efficient as possible. With this end in view numerous amendments were freely granted to facilitate the working of the Separate School Act and to meet the pressing requirements made manifest by experience. Further amendments and ameliorations are and will be necessary to meet changed and changing conditions. The self-styled and self-constituted champions of separate schools alienate the sympathy of friendly Protestants, antagonize the fair-minded, and strengthen the hands of the open enemies of Catholic schools. We protest against their dragging religion into their language agitation; we protest against their identifying their cause with that of separate schools; we reprobate their methods as un-Canadian and un-Catholic.

"If, as they claim, legal rights are denied them or constitutional rights invaded, redress should be sought, not in beclouding the issue by pernicious agitation, but in the courts.

"We are at a loss to reconcile this plain Catholic teaching with methods which inculcate even in the children of Catholic schools disobedience, subordination, and defiance of lawful constituted authority."



A ROYAL-LOOKING ROYAL RESIDENCE.

The Residenz Schloss, Brunswick, is the Palace Where Prince Ernest Augustus and His Bride (Daughter of the Kaiser) Live Since the Prince's Accession to the Throne of the Duchy of Brunswick.



FAR FROM THE MADDING ASQUITH CROWD.

Like Our Own Mr. Borden, Mr. Bonar Law, the Unionist Leader in Great Britain, Finds Solace in a Game of Golf. Here He is on the Newbiggen Links, Watching Lord Ridley Putting.



THE LATEST AMERICAN INVASION.

England Has Hardly Got Over the Turkey Trot When the Tango Comes Along, and Being American, is Received With Open Arms. London's Elite Gathered at the Hotel Cecil to See it Demonstrated. The Tango is Also Monopolizing Favour in Montreal and Toronto.



## Through A Monocle

### TOO BUSY TO LIVE WELL

I SEE that Lord Northcliffe has been telling the British people that they make the best goods in the world in their "little British workshop"; but that they do not know how to advertise them. He also mentioned that they are pushed less vigorously and packed less attractively, and he might have added that they are adapted to local requirements with less skill than those of their rivals. The Briton goes on the theory that, if he makes the best article of its sort possible, it will eventually win its way. Well, it won't. It might if the world were a lot smaller, and people were a lot less busy, and life were a lot longer. But, as the world is constituted, the most of us go through life as if we were living on the "lunch-counter" system. We are engaged in a persistent, consistent, incessant rush after money, and the "fun" that money will buy; and we only drop in for a breathless moment or two at some "lunch counter" sort of a place to get anything in the way of food or clothing or housing or education or whatever we may need to keep us going.

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WE give precious little consideration to our choice of the necessities of life—we put all our time on the prizes and the luxuries. That is why advertising is much the most profitable part of the production of any article. That is why a shop-window on the "front street" can pay so enormous a rental. There are, in a city I am well acquainted with, two or three short sections of main streets where the rents have become fabulous of late—yet by no means prohibitive. The merchants continue to pay them. They do so because they can better afford to pay ten thousand a year on a side-walk, up and down which promenade all the people, than one thousand a year just a short block off that crowded thoroughfare. And this single fact is—to my mind—one of the most illuminating comments upon modern life that I know. We will not take time to chase a well-known and thoroughly good shop one block. We will rather drop in on some unknown and untried establishment which we find just at our elbow. The only shops which can venture to leave the Great White Way are those which do practically nothing but a "telephone business."

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WE no longer insist on buying the best—all we insist on is paying the highest price. We seem to reason that, if we pay the highest price, then we have done our share; if the goods supplied us for that highest price are not the best, that is not our fault or our humiliation—that is the fault of the firm which supplied them. Let it bear the shame! It is a funny, topsy-turvy way of looking at the business of buying; but it is very truly the way in which many look at it. The old housewife, who insisted upon getting the best possible for her money, and who was not ashamed to say that she bought as cheaply as she could, has nearly passed away. In her place, we have the social devotee who telephones for things, and comports herself with an amused philosophy when they are not good. The only point upon which she insists is that they must cost quite as much as anybody is paying. If they do not, she will go to another—and more expensive—shop.

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I HAVE been saying "she." But "he" is worse. At all events, "he" is more unanimous. There are still—thank God!—housekeepers who pride themselves on being able to buy well; but the heads of the house habitually buy what the gentlemanly clerk tells them they should have. Of course, the root of the evil is the absorption of all of us in far more important pursuits than the mere collection of the gear of life. The man who loved to build a house for himself—who studied the different varieties of wood and knew exactly which was the best for each purpose—who planned verandahs and laid out gardens and cultivated flowers and nosed around the markets in the autumn looking for choice apples and superfine winter vegetables—that man is dead and has left no progeny. We pride ourselves now on being careless about all such things. Ignorance of "trade secrets" had become a badge of social superiority. We simply go to the best shop—the highest priced—and leave the

results to Providence!—or, rather, to improvidence.

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THIS is what makes advertising pay so well. Advertising is a method of bringing the show-window of a store right up to your reading-table of an evening, and getting you to glance into it as you are looking for the sporting news. Or, if you are a lady, it had better be put next the social gossip. It is very easy—it gently suggests to you that you need a hat or a suit or a pair of shoes or something or other, and tells you where to get it on your way down-town in the morning. We do our shopping on street-car "transfers." This gives a shop at a "transfer corner" a decided advantage. We ask for the thing we have seen advertised; for we are familiar with its name. If it turns out to be bad or ill-fitted to us, why, we have a sufficient defence. We look at it in a deprecating manner, and

## Occasionalities

By J. W. BENGOUGH

"BEFORE Mr. Rockefeller departed in his limousine, he distributed new Lincoln pennies to children who attended the service. With a smile he told them to put the coins in the savings bank. The children thanked him and nodded assent." This is from one of the press despatches in which the doings of the American royal family are frequently reported to the world at large. A comment on Mr. Rockefeller's reckless extravagance in thus giving away



AFTER THE NEW YORK MAYORALTY FIGHT.  
Murphy of Tammany (to the Ghost of Tweed)—"Did you ask what they were 'going to do about it,' Boss?"

his wealth might be made as a warning against prodigality, but I think the most significant thing in the paragraph is that smile which accompanied his admonition about putting the money in the bank. No doubt it was the artless smile of benevolence; but it is possible also that it was a smile of grim irony intimating the suggestion that the donor himself had arrived at the billion mark by carefully husbanding the pennies that were the reward of his personal toil. Old John must be a good deal of a humourist, after all.

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I'm afraid my amicable friend, Mr. Phillips Thompson, has Capitalism on the brain. It is a malady which is almost sure to afflict the man who indulges overmuch in socialistic reading-matter. Its symptoms are a tendency to see everything in lurid colours, and to develop an inordinate suspiciousness. In extreme cases the victim of the malady sees a deep laid plot of Capitalism in almost everything he looks at. It is only upon some such ground as this that I can account for Mr. Thompson's alarm at the recent speeches of Messrs. Hawkes and Cooper in favour of a non-partisan settlement of the navy question, and his expressed astonishment that the Liberal papers, in reporting said speeches, have allowed themselves to fall into the palpable trap of the armament monopolists.

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Mr. James L. Hughes is writing his reminiscences in the *Star Weekly*. His prodigious memory enables him to begin them quite early, for it appears the first incident he recalls was of his being passed about as an infant among his visiting aunts who declared that he was a very pretty child. "This," says the veracious Doctor, "I distinctly remember as evoking my vanity for the first time." There

remark casually to our friend—"Well, I bought it for a So-and-So, and you know you can't do better than that." And the funny part of it is that that explanation satisfies. We had rather look badly in a thing by a good maker than look well in one bought cheaply from an unknown house.

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SO "dear Old England" might as well make up her mind that it will no longer do to merely deliver the goods. She must advertise them as well as the Americans do, and adapt them to local fancies as perfectly as the Germans do, and "commercial traveller" them as well as both. "The good alone survive" has become inspired "tommy-rot." If you are going to put an article on the market, it is better to put twenty cents into the article and twenty-five cents into the box and fifty cents into advertising it, than to bury your whole dollar in the creation of a superfine product. Now, this is not a "knock" for the advertising department; it is a "boost." The advertising man could do worse than send copies of these remarks to every firm he proposes to canvass. Human nature being what it is—and it most emphatically is—they simply must advertise. And human nature is not going to change in our time—except for the worse.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

is some good ground for any vanity Dr. Hughes may now possess; he has turned out a fine boy educationally. But why does he make no comment on the incompetency of his aunts as judges of infantile beauty?

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Hon. Dr. Montague, I observe, has broken into public life again after being a "long-lost che-ild." He has just been given a portfolio in the Manitoba Government. The doctor is not really an aged man, but it certainly seems a far-away day when as a candidate in Haldimand he put over that clever trick on the newly enfranchised Indians of the reserve—issuing a circular ostensibly signed by Queen Victoria and advising her faithful red children to vote for her dear friend, Dr. Montague. That was surely playing a royal flush.

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Professor Stephen Leacock has been lecturing in Montreal on the "Cause of High Living." From a summary of his remarks we gather that living is inordinately high because food, clothing and shelter happen to be unusually expensive. The Professor is undoubtedly on the right track—I forgot to mention that he was speaking in his capacity of incumbent of the Chair of Political Economy at McGill. When it came to suggesting a remedy for the trouble, Dr. Leacock seems to have made a quick change into his other capacity, that of popular Canadian humourist, for he proposed that the thing to do was to appoint a committee of investigation.

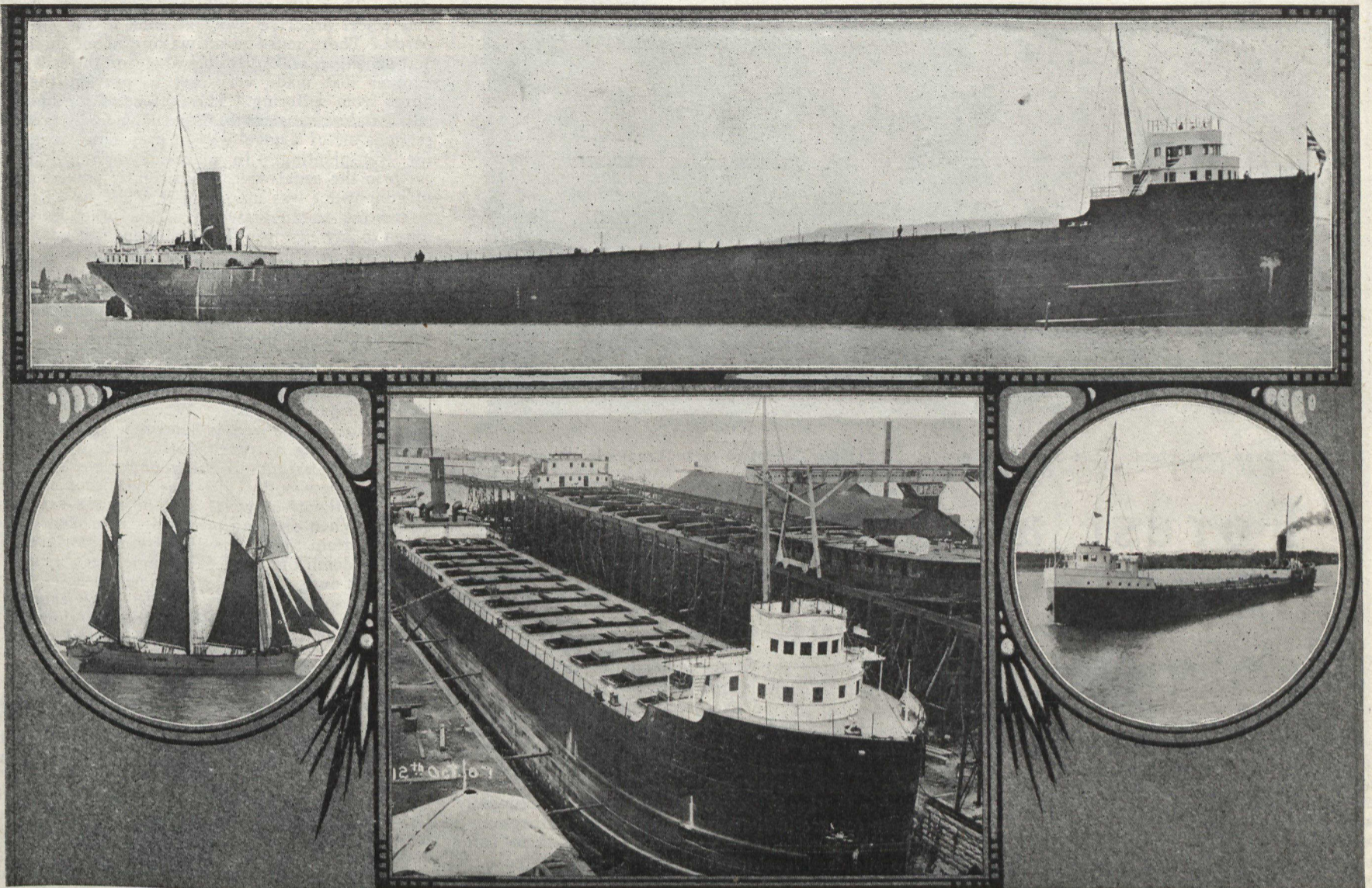
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Of course our fellow-citizens who have been crowding the theatre to see and hear Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw have been actuated solely by a discriminating taste for stage-dancing and a desire



Quo Vadis?

to encourage the development of that dainty art. The fact that the lady's name was mixed up in a notorious and unpleasant murder trial is something that may or may not have been known to these earnest devotees of art for art's sake, but I don't suppose it could have had any bearing on their desire to see the performance.



The Upper Picture Shows the James S. Carruthers, the Largest Grain Carrier Ever Built in Canada, Making Her First Trip Out of Collingwood. The Lower Middle Picture Shows the Collingwood Dry Dock Where the Carruthers and Midland Prince Were Built; the Latter is in the Dock for Repairs. Note the Large Number of Hatches on the Midland Prince; these are Said to be the Cause of the Sinking of the Carruthers and Other Similar Boats in the Recent Storm. On the Left is an Old Type of Windjammer, the "Sephie," Which Passed Through the Storm Successfully. On the Right is the "L. C. Waldo," a Fine Ore and Grain Carrier, Which Succumbed.

# Fury of the

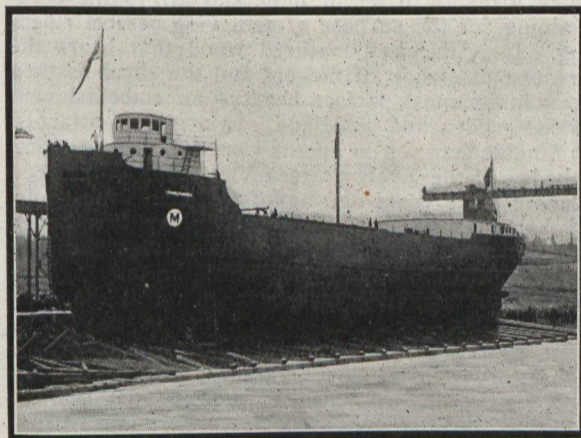
By NORMAN

*Eternal Father, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep;  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea.*

WILLIAM WHITING wrote this hymn for a Christian maritime people—whose fathers and sons go down to the sea in great ships. The people of England know only "the mighty ocean deep"; the fury of the fresh-water lake is a danger which is unknown to the people of that tight little isle. Canadians know both, for Canadian vessels by the score plough the waters of the big oceans and the little oceans. The latter are termed the "Great Lakes" and for "angry tumult" are quite the equal of the great ocean which they feed. And Canadians have reason to know and fear the snow-flecked storms which toss its November waters.

The Great Lakes are Superior, Huron and Erie, and the greatest of these, the unkindest of them all, is Superior. In 1905, a great storm swept the upper reaches of that lake and twenty-six vessels either went down or were beached in twenty-four hours. Fortunately the loss of life was small, because there was no snow in the wind, and the mariners beached their vessels with some knowledge of what they were doing. Only thirty-eight lives were lost.

But the sad story of Sunday and Monday, November 9th and 10th, 1913, will live long in the history of Canadian maritime endeavour. Of the one hundred Canadian vessels which carry wheat and freight upon the Great Lakes, more than one in ten fought its last fight and went down with colours flying. Of the two hundred and fifty United States and Canadian vessels which ply upon these great lakes, fourteen were lost and about fifteen others went ashore in the greatest storm ever known in this district. With a gale blowing seventy miles an hour; with snow blotting out lights, shore-



The First Steel Grain Carrier Ever Built at Port Arthur—Ready for Launching.

lines and other sailing marks; and with waves rolling mountain high and casing every vessel in a sheath of ice, nearly three hundred seamen battled in vain against the relentless elements.

The director of the Canadian meteorological office reports scientifically as follows:

"Atmospheric disturbances from the northwest moved across the Great Lakes on Friday, followed by disturbances centred near St. Paul, Minn., with a cold wave passing over the Canadian West and North-western States. By night the disturbances reached Lake Michigan, and during the night the storm began on Lake Superior. Sunday morning atmospheric disturbances began moving rapidly north from the Gulf of Mexico. These two combined at the Great Lakes, making the storm. A search of the records for forty years would not show a worse one."

To the unfortunate sailor and to his anxious wife, mother or sweetheart, the storm will be "the worst in forty years." And the worst was worst at midnight on Sunday. In the town of Collingwood, on Georgian Bay, a captain's wife jumped up out of her sleep at two o'clock on Monday morning and cried that her husband was gone. At the same hour his mother, in another dwelling nearby, rose and paced the floor because she could not sleep. Over the wireless way, from soul to soul,

# Great Lakes

PATTERSON

spirit to spirit, came the flying message as the brave captain breathed aloft his last prayer for those who had been nearest and dearest to him. And the Icy Sea gathered him in her arms and stilled his mortal hopes and fears.

Monday, the messages began to thicken—several ships in trouble; perhaps two score lives lost. Tuesday, worse news. That evening the writer was in Owen Sound. About eight o'clock the news came that the Wexford was gone—and the little groups of men on the street talked only of the sorrow in Collingwood and Midland. In the face of such a catastrophe, there was no rivalry among the neighbouring port towns. Wednesday came, and the list mounted up; "fifty dead and the loss two million." Thursday it was higher still; "one hundred and fifty dead and a dozen vessels gone." Friday, the details were overwhelming as the first bodies, supported by life-belts, floated in to the shore.

Such are the annals of the Canadian inland seas. Even the "James Carruthers," the biggest steel ship ever built in Canada, supposed to be able to buffet any storm that ever rocked the north Atlantic, had gone down with her crew of twenty-five—and not a message to tell what had happened. Here and there, an upturned or battered hull; here and there a life-raft or a cabin window; here and there a grim reminder from which strong men reeled—and the annals are finished for the time being. The toll was heavy, among the 2,300 Canadian sailors on the Great Lakes.

Such is maritime history. Ice-berg and wave and rock have made strange dents in the history of the British marine, but still the sound of the rivetting machine is heard in the land, and Britannia's sons still go down to the sea in great ships. Yet with memories like these, the British Isles and British Dominions unite in the same prayerful plea,

*"O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For those in peril on the sea."*



The Broad Bean, a Vegetable Little Grown in Canada. The Main Objective is to Train the Plants Away From the Fence, to Give Them More Air.

## Forest and Woodland

### A Talk About Trees, and Treatment for Their Ill-Health

By E. T. COOK

THE forest and woodland have ever a fascination to those who love country life, and sometimes a desire arises when alterations or fresh plantings are in contemplation near the house to transfer sufficient of the matured, but not aged, trees to the garden and its surroundings to bring a sense of completeness before it can be achieved in the ordinary way of things. The writer was recently asked to advise about some trees varying between 25 feet and 30 feet high that had been lifted in the spring of last year, their condition causing anxiety, as much of the beauty of the garden depended upon their recovery. Similar instances may exist in our large cities and the gradual dying away is almost invariably due to either ignorance or carelessness. One of the most direct incentives to utter collapse is raising the soil above the proper level. It is folly to heap up soil to the stem, which is not only in itself partially suffocated, but water instead of soaking to the roots, drains away. One may well imagine the effect of this dryness on a tree struggling in a hot and arid summer to fulfil its functions. A depth of three inches should be allowed below the level for water, and the most important of all helps—given unstintingly—mulching with well-decayed manure to a distance indicated by the ends of the branches. This mulching may be given at once if the weather is propitious, or quite early in spring, when frost is out of the ground. It is of the greatest assistance to sickly trees, and this must be followed by frequent and heavy waterings during summer, when the weather is excessively hot, as was the case two years ago. Water given copiously not only goes down to the roots, but carries with it the life-giving properties of the mulching of manure. Another frequent course of decline in vigour is through allowing grass to grow quite close to the stem, this most effectually screening the roots from the beneficial influences of light and air, without which failure must follow sooner or later. No reason whatever can be brought forward, if planting has been carefully carried out, why large trees should not succeed when intelligent after care is given, especially once signs of declining vigour or distress are detected.

#### PRUNING TREES AND SHRUBS.

TREE and shrub endure much from the so-called pruners whose antics usually appear in the form of attempts to convert growth into something approaching an utter obliteration of all natural beauty and characteristics. This "pruning" is in the case of large trees something more than mere destruction of all distinctive charm and sometimes splendour, but bleeding, or loss of sap, takes place when limbs are sawn asunder during the early spring. How seldom it occurs to the pruner that this flowing out of the very life-blood of the tree means certain death, and may be arrested by a simple application to the surface of the wood of liquid tar! The writer has, in serious wounds, applied a preparation of good loam and bound the exposed places with straw to prevent frost and air hindering full recovery. A beautiful tree is not created in a day, and it is for this reason in

the thinning out of the woodland or forest the services of an experienced woodman should be sought. And what of the evergreen and flowering shrub? A beautiful hedge of Barberry was recently saved just in time from the shearer, who had begun to cut back graceful shoots which were the pride of the owner of the estate. The hedge bordered a drive to the house and was the most frequently seen feature in the whole garden. Yet a beginning had been made to reduce this exquisite shrub form to one dead level, as if a formal privet hedge were in contemplation. Not only in most cases is the growth reduced to an ugly, rigid form, but the cutting away means that the flowers of the ensuing year vanish, too. The majority of shrubs bloom on the stems produced the previous year and, therefore, all that is necessary is to remove after the flowering seasons are over, worn-out, weakly, and too-thick growths to let in light and air to those remaining for the purpose of achieving perfect ripening. It is the well matured wood that bears the greatest profusion of flowers and the shrub is then seen in its most perfect beauty—an embellishment to the garden and woodland. In a garden attached to a noble mansion in one of Canada's largest cities, a hedge of the lovely Spiraea Van Houttei had been planted some years ago against a stone balustrade. Probably at one period in its history this hedge had possessed some attraction, but a fresh gardener had deliberately cut it back until the only vestige of foliage remaining was bunched up at the apex of the shoots, and the same affliction was to be seen in a group of ordinary lilac, which may be almost regarded as a wilding shrub. It is astonishing the lengths so-called gardeners will go in handling that favourite weapon—the pruning knife—or shears. If there were more real cultivation, *i.e.*, attention to the soil, judicious mulchings of manure and heavy waterings in dry summers the first year after planting, our gardens generally would be more beautiful and satisfying in all ways.

#### TRANSPLANTING LARGE TREES AND SHRUBS.

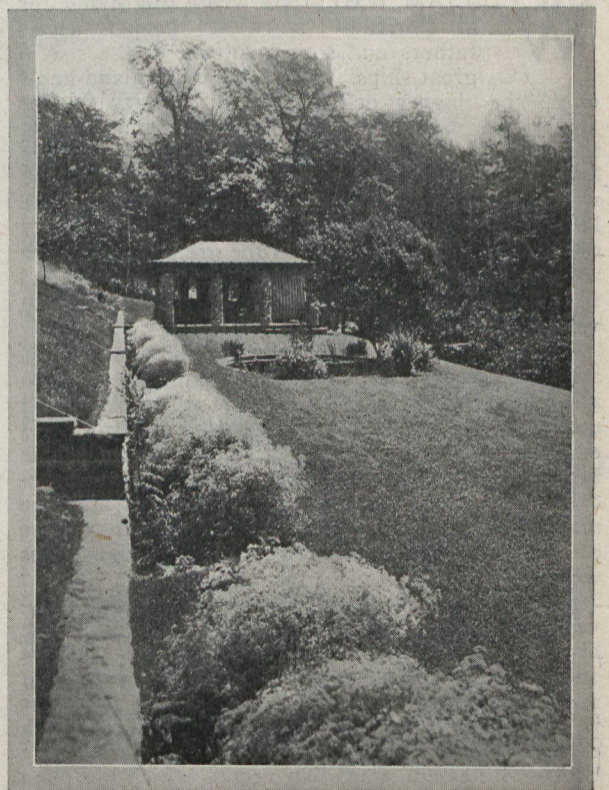
WITH an increasing desire to possess beautiful gardens, there comes also a desire to have them, so to say, ready-made, this hustling, restless age, unfortunately for the well-being of the individual, neither knowing nor caring for a gradual and interesting unfolding, as the seasons pass on, of some beautiful preconceived scheme. Where money is no object, to use a commonplace phrase, a ready-made garden is possible in one year, with the use of gangs of men overseer by skilled gardeners and expensive machines designed for this purpose. The famous estate of the Earl of Harrington, the veteran and intrepid follower of hounds in England, was created from waste land in a few years, but it cost half a million sovereigns to accomplish. When it is determined that the lifting of large trees shall take place, then observe certain rules. First, shift as much as possible of the soil surrounding the fibrous roots (the real workers) and dig a trench three feet or four feet all round away from the main stem, shifting one side first, then the other, for the purpose of covering the whole ball of earth in a strong mat, which must

be tied round with strong rope attached to the tree itself. Then lift carefully and evenly to a trolley and wheel or drive away at once to the site prepared. There must be no waiting about in the air and sunshine, and over the whole of the ball place another mat made very wet to prevent the root fibres from suffering. The bottom of the hole dug out for the tree must be broken up finely, and this reminds me of a novel way of preparing large holes for transplanting. In place of digging out the earth in the usual way, a sufficiently powerful trail of gunpowder was used, and it would be extremely interesting to know whether this practice is followed to any extent in the Dominion; it is apparently not usual in Ontario. When dealing with heavy land, avoid deep planting. The golden rule is not to bury that part of the stem whence the uppermost roots spring more than two or three inches and then follow with mulchings and waterings.

Bear, however, in mind, that the risk attached to removing large trees from one place to another is considerable, and the following advice is the outcome of ripe experience: When the fact of a tree having to be removed is known a sufficient time beforehand, dig a trench during the previous fall near enough to cut off the younger roots, and fill this with new soil. The tree will root into this and its ultimate removal will be made safer and easier. When planting previously unbroken ground it is important that it should be thoroughly trenched, say to a depth of two feet. Single trees, especially important ones, should never be put in holes (as is, however, so often done), barely large enough to hold their roots. Sufficient ground should be trenched for them to root in for several years, in other words, give them abundant space.

#### A New Method of Manuring Fruit Trees

AN account is given in a recent number of the French journal, *Revue Horticole*, of a method recommended by M. Arthur Cardoret, Professor of Agriculture at Jurnois, for the manuring of fruit trees with artificial manures. Holes about two inches in diameter, eight to twelve inches deep, and about twelve inches apart are made in a circle around the tree at a distance from the trunk equal to the length of the side branches. In each hole, which is made by means of a crowbar, is placed about 1-2 oz. of a complete manure. The manure consists of superphosphate, 7 oz.; nitrate of soda, 3-4 oz.; and potassium chloride, 3-4 oz. These amounts, which have given good results, may perhaps with advantage be increased, the quantities of nitrate of soda and potassium chloride may be 1 oz. instead of 3-4 oz. The advantages claimed for this method are: (1) Rapidity and economy of labour; (2) in the case of trees under grass no damage to the sod; (3) no damage to the roots; (4) the manure is put in the immediate neighbourhood of the feeding root. The method is, of course, applicable to trees of all kinds, and the proportion of the manure should vary according to the condition of each tree. If the tree be making excessive growth, the nitrogen (nitrate of soda) should be withheld.



A Flower of the Mist—the Gypsophila is Grown to Very Near Perfection in a Toronto Garden.



**Courierettes.**

PARIS women are now trying to get the pear shape. We personally prefer some of the Canadian peaches.

In olden days the dime novel could be bought for ten cents. Now we pay \$1.50 for it.

Leader of Ontario Orangemen says Sir James Whitney is dumb as a cigar sign. What Sir James says of that Orange leader—well, that's another story.

In the matter of prison reform, says Dr. Bruce Smith, Canada is in Spain's class. Seems a rather nasty reflection on Spain.

"An Angel Without Wings" was scheduled to follow Evelyn Nesbit Thaw at a Toronto theatre, but didn't. It is plain that there are places where angels fear to tread.

A Toronto mother is reported to be keeping herself and five children on \$6 per week. Yet some folks argue that the day of miracles is past.

A Canadian cement firm has gone into liquidation. One would think such a concern should have a solid foundation.

French scientist declares that the appendix is a useful part of the human body. Cheering news to those who have lost theirs.

Preacher in Hamilton took for his theme "The Ideal City." What a pretty opening here for the pert paragraphers in all the other cities.

Liberals in Britain lost the riding of Reading. To many an English Liberal it was no doubt disagreeable reading.

Nowadays nearly all the novelists are dealing with sex subjects. Therefore you should speak in future of the "sex" best sellers.

Kaiser William has bought a restaurant in Potsdam. Would it be a jail term for any jocular chap who dropped in and asked for a "Bill"?

Dr. Wiley, the U. S. health expert, asserts that Eve was created before Adam. Some people have the most original ways of getting their names in print.

A Colorado dog will eat nothing but water melons. Now, everybody come in together on that melon-collie pun.

An independent candidate in a Quebec election got only two votes. He was hardly an also-ran.

**Some Little Test Needed.**—Sir William Osler asserts that medical examinations are a failure. Probably quite true. But still it is just as well that the number of human carvers is reduced to a slight extent by some little test.

**Inconsistency.**—There are some folks in this world so confoundedly inconsistent that if they were starting an anti-noise campaign they would do it by hiring a brass band and firing off a few cannon crackers.

**The Rate is Increasing.**—The latest fashion in the smart set is slit stockings.

It used to be said that there is one born every minute. This generation finds that rate much too slow.

**That Kind is Rarer.**—A Montreal alderman tells of refusing a \$10,000 bribe. Nothing to that. What we want to hear is the story of the chap who took it.

**Birds of a Feather.**—The fellow who claims to be the champion fast-

er of America has proposed marriage to Mrs. Pankhurst. He probably figures that if she goes on frequent hunger strikes and he keeps on fasting the high cost of living shouldn't worry him.

**Proof Conclusive.**—"The shark swish" is the latest dancing novelty. This we regard as an infallible indication that some people were fish in some previous existence, or are likely to develop into fish ere long.

**The Battle of the Smiths.**—Toronto has two men named W. H. Smith.

One was recently elected president of Ward Four Conservative Association.

The other has since been elected president of the Liberal Association.

We can see trouble brewing when these two Smiths meet. Let all the other Smiths line up and get ready for the fray.

**It's Not the Price.**—Vincent Astor, the richest young man in America, gave his fiancée a ten thousand dollar engagement ring.

Very fine. But it won't hold the young woman's affections any more securely than the ten dollar circlet that the clerk buys for his stenographer sweetheart.

**A Catastrophe Averted.**—Five million tons of water fell in Toronto during the recent big storm. What a mercy that all the absorbent stocks were under shelter during the shower.

**Remarked by the Way.**—The man who has no axe to grind is generally found turning the crank for somebody else who is trying to get an edge.

**Canada's Chance.**—Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill announces that Brit-

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Diner—"Oh, quite easily: I lifted up my potatoes."

ain must win the supremacy of the air as well as the sea.

Here's the supreme chance for the talkers at Ottawa. Great chance for a Canadian navy—of air. Canada always has been strong on air—hot air.

**Noisy Marie.**  
MARIE is the noisiest girl That ever talked or sang— Why, even when she does her hair She does it with a bang.

**The Testing Time.**—American papers tell us that Jessie Woodrow Wilson, the daughter of the President, who is to marry Francis Sayre, is a famous cookie maker.

Poor Mr. Sayre! As soon as the honeymoon is over the Yankee reporters will call around to ask him if he

likes Jessie's cookies. If he doesn't, he won't be a loving husband.

**Picking "the Chickens."**—It is quite a common thing nowadays to hear a young girl referred to as a "chicken," and for years older and more unprepossessing females have been called "hens," but it remained for the Family Herald, of Montreal, to classify folks still further in the fowl line.

This was the advertisement that The Herald printed recently:

"WANTED—200 teachers for Western Schools, cockerels and pullets, \$2.50 each. Apply, stating qualifications, experience, etc., to Western Teacher's Bureau, Winnipeg."

**A Bounty for Babes.**—Miss Ada Lewis, a musical comedy comedienne, who is immensely popular with Canadian audiences and is now playing in "The Honeymoon Express" is a rather frugal person. She saves her money, unlike most actresses. Until recently her friends wondered what she did with her savings. Then they discovered that she had built a fine modern apartment house in the suburbs of New York.

When she was ready to open the building, several members of a housing reform committee called on her to offer their congratulations. They had heard that the conditions of life in the new apartment were to be as near ideal as possible.

"Will dogs be allowed in the house?" asked one member.

"No," said Miss Lewis.

"Will children be barred?"

"No, indeed. I will even go you one better," she said, without a sign of a smile. "I will give a month's free rent to the parents of every baby born in the apartments."

The delegation was much pleased. As they were leaving, Miss Lewis smiled and remarked: "But I forgot to mention, gentlemen, that this is to be a bachelors' apartment house."

**Choosing the Cuspidors.**—Rev. Alexander McGillivray, the well-known Presbyterian minister in Toronto, is credited as being the relator of an amusing story concerning an actual incident in a Canadian kirk.

It seems that in this particular church there were some careless young fellows who got into the bad habit of expectorating on the floor. The nuisance had continued for some time when the pastor's patience finally came to the breaking point.

He attended a meeting of the Church Session, and explained the situation to the pillars of the kirk.

"I am afraid if this expectoration continues we will have to have a couple of cuspidors," said he.

Up rose one of the aforesaid pillars, and gravely asserted that immediate action should be taken on the request of the minister.

"I move," said he, "that we nominate David McPherson and Sandy Campbell as cuspidors."

**A Clever Retort.**—During the last general elections Rev. J. J. McGaskill followed the example of the editor of the "Globe" and vigorously upheld the Reciprocity Pact in the Province of New Brunswick. At a meeting in Queen's County he was discussing the effect of the agreement on the price of various commodities.

"What about hay?" shouted an opponent.

"I'm discussing human food now," retorted the speaker, "but I'll come to your specialty in a moment."

—M. L. H.

**The Last Straw.**—Some smart young men across the line have invented the slit trousers and now a set of equally swift chaps have tried to make the decolette shirt front popular.

After this, let's give the women the vote, and anything else they want.



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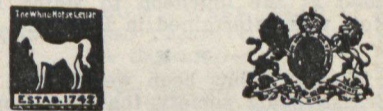
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## LONDON LETTER

London, Nov. 5, 1913.

THERE is no question that in these times of Britain's industrial quiet the King has scored by his generosity in entertaining the workmen who have been engaged in the Buckingham Palace facade alterations. The letter in which His Majesty conveyed his regret to the guests that neither he nor the Queen could be present, likewise expressed the kindest sentiments and feelings of goodwill towards the men.

The closing passage in the King's missive is worthy of reproduction to the effect: "We heartily wish you a very happy evening, and trust that you will always preserve pleasant recollections of the days and nights spent in carrying out the design of that distinguished architect, Sir Aston Webb, in the beautifying of the most prominent portion of our London home." A further human note was King George's allusion in regretful terms to "the absence of a comrade who unfortunately lost his life in the discharging of his duties."

At the famous Holborn Restaurant the dinner was characterized by the utmost bounty where the company included all classes of workmen—masons, carvers, scaffolders, lift erectors, and labourers of all sorts. It was a further happy thought to provide each man with a memento ornamented with the Royal Arms in gold and a packet of choice tobacco inscribed "From His Majesty the King, October 31, 1913."

A further illustration of the King's cosmopolitan outlook is the interest which he is showing in the work of Dr. John R. Mott, the remarkable young American missionary organizer and leader, who is being entertained at several important functions this week in London after his world tour in the interests of the World's Student Movement. It is well known that since Dr. Mott was last in Britain's metropolis he has been offered the post of United States Minister to China, but this he found necessary to decline. Dr. Mott is the ruling influence in the lives of more than a million Christian students of numerous nationalities. As founder and secretary of the World's Student Federation he controls the activities of scores of universities in America, Canada, Europe, Australia, India, China and Japan, while his personality is so prominent in the United States that he has been seriously considered as a candidate for the Presidency. He has made long and extensive travels for promoting international Christian organizations, during his 20 years itinerary—his object being to gather in recruits to Christianity as a whole—students who will devote their lives to the preaching of their own individual faiths, whatever they may happen to be.

The Right Hon. James Bryce presided at the luncheon to which Dr. Mott was entertained in London.

Though it has been well known in British court society that the Royal ladies generally yielded to the charm of the weed in the form of a cigarette it is only this week that the Liverpool Post has given direct publicity to the custom, partly because of surprise being expressed that Princess Arthur of Connaught was seen at a fashionable seacoast smoking a cigarette in public.

As a matter of fact, ladies of the Royal Family smoked in private long before other English ladies adopted the cult. It was the Russian wife of the late Duke of Edinburgh who first, among feminine Royalties, habitually indulged in a cigarette, and Queen Alexander followed the habit because smoking alleviated the asthma by which she was at one time troubled. The Queen herself admits the soft impeachment of an occasional cigarette as far back as before she married; but this has been so occasional and so private as almost to rule her out of any list of Royal smokers. Princess Patricia of Connaught is re-

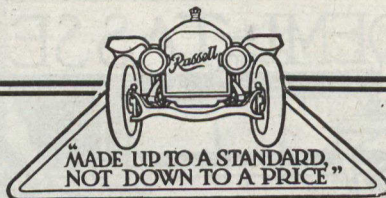
puted to be quite at home toying the cigarette; while Princess Victoria of Wales also is more or less regular, and so is the Queen of Spain. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, was wont to smoke when in her studio a good many years ago, though her attitude towards it nowadays is not known.

Have Canadian tourist-visitors got scent of the celebrity-haunted quarter of the Adelphi Square just off the Strand in the heart of the city? The motor car and the country cottage fashion have turned what was once a desert of offices into an oasis of intellect. Mr. George Bernard Shaw was one of the first to take quarters in Adelphi Terrace, and in his wake came his theatrical colleagues, Mr. Granville Barker and Miss Lillian McCarthy, who occupy a flat in John Street. Mr. Joseph Pennell had set up his studio at the top of what was once the Caledonian Hotel, from which he often draws St. Paul's rising above Waterloo Bridge. Underneath, whenever he is in London, dwells Sir James Barrie, while below him are the offices of Mr. Ralph Knott, the young architect who has developed the new London County Hall that is rising on Thames-side, just across Westminster Bridge. Next door another emigrant from Kensington, Mr. John Galsworthy, has come to live, and Mr. E. Temple Thurston has now settled in Adelphi Terrace. Mrs. Marie Lohr lived in John Street, Adelphi, until her marriage a year ago, and her flat has been taken by Mr. Edmund Gwenn. Mr. Rudyard Kipling once lodged round the corner in Villiers Street. Between the roar of the Strand citywards, and the traffic on the Thames embankment, the Adelphi is as quiet and detached as though 'n the depths of Epping Forest.

I wonder if the Canadian Scots perpetuate family name-giving as their "brithers" north of the Tweed where socially orthodox Scotch parents not only follow the custom regarding naming their offspring, but do it upon a recognized system. Thus a first son takes the name of his paternal grandfather, a second that of his maternal grandfather, and a third that of his father. The first born daughter is named after her mother's mother, the second after her father's mother, and the third after her mother. If you listen to the gossip of folks born in the same village you may hear families analyzed upon these principles: "Ay, Leezie'll be the third dochter; she's named efter her mither." When the traditional system has not been observed it is generally either the cause or the expression of a family quarrel. After the grandparents' and parents' names have been duly conferred, the uncles and aunts have their turn, their names being taken in strict chronological order from each side of the family. Possibly the latter part of the system has declined in these days.

Our astronomical friends deserve sympathy in their growing task of looking after the huge family of more than 700 smaller planets which circulate between Mars and Jupiter. Another difficulty that is arising in the matter of small planets, is the selection of suitable names for the large progeny. "Nipponia" has been assigned to one, because it was discovered in Japan; Galileo to another, that was first seen on the three hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the satellites of Jupiter. But the strangest choice of all is "Hapag," and one can understand in years to come the disputes over the etymology of this world will give rise to some heartburnings. Curiously enough it is formed from the initial letters of Hamburg Americanische Packet Actien Gesellschaft, a company that showed some pleasant hospitality to a large party of astronomers at Hamburg last summer, who, in grateful recognition, placed the firm in the heavens.

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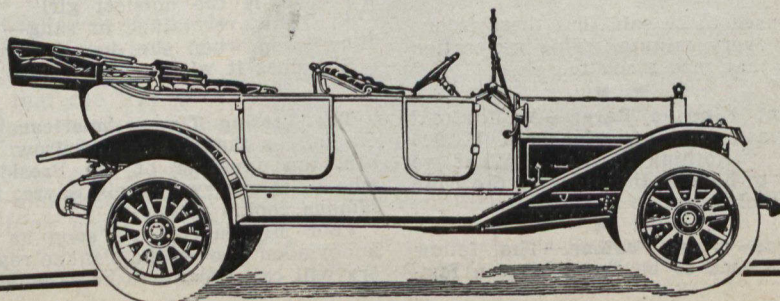
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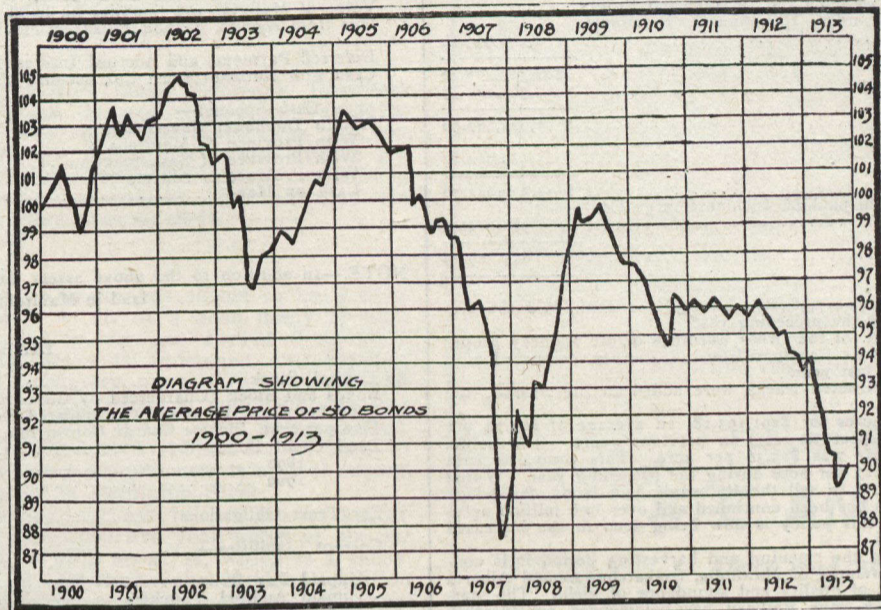
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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

**A Disappearing Bargain Table**

THE price of first class bonds has sunk lower during 1913 than at any other time since the century came in, with the exception of the never-to-be-forgotten year of 1907. The accompanying diagram, which is the work of A. E. Ames and Company, demonstrates quickly and satisfactorily the trend of the bond market. Taking the average market price of 50 listed bonds, and starting in 1900 with the figure 100 to represent the average price, it will be seen that in 1902, during the prosperity that was world-wide, bonds rose to a comparative value of nearly 105. The next year they slumped to 97. Touching 103 early in 1905, they then began to slump again until in 1907 they reached 87½, which is the lowest during the whole of the thirteen



A Diagram Which Shows at a Glance the Fluctuations of the Bond Market for Thirteen Years.

years of the new century. In 1909, they stood at nearly 100, but though they fluctuated up and down with little radical change until early in 1912, they never rose higher than 96½. During the first quarter of last year they started to go down, and until September of this year they never recovered in ever so slight a degree.

Anyone who bought bonds—good bonds—at almost any time during the year, could get them at bargain prices. Three months ago, a first class security might be purchased for 89¼, which was remarkably cheap. But it was too cheap to last. September and October saw a marked advance, and it looks as if the turning point had come at last. The bargains are rapidly disappearing from the bargain counter, and normal market prices will soon be the order of the day. Even now, bonds may be secured at advantageous prices, and the man with money to invest cannot do better than buy high class bonds while he can get them so cheap. Soon the opportunity will be gone, and it will be impossible to take fortune's tide at the flood.

The why and the wherefore of the big slump in prices which has been taking place until a few months ago, is that the period of great expansion through which we have just come demanded large expenditures by municipalities, for opening up new districts, for large constructive improvements and for the adoption of more modern facilities. Money had to be secured, in competition with industrial demands all over the world, in a period of splendid and unprecedented prosperity, so that municipalities have had to offer their debentures at prices which yielded the investor more and more attractive rates. Private investors and financial institutions have realized that municipal debentures are now selling on a more favorable basis than has ever before prevailed in Canada. With the return of normal conditions, the prices of these securities will doubtless show a substantial advance.

**October's New Issues**

A CAUSE for new hope is the statement concerning London's new capital issues during October. They aggregated \$94,000,000, as compared with \$54,000,000 in September. In October last year the figure was \$72,520,000, and in October, 1911, \$75,500,000. So that the improvement in the matter of new capital which set in in September is duplicated and bettered last month. It looks as if 1913 will turn out all right yet, for, with two months more to go, new issues for 1913 are already one hundred and forty-five million dollars ahead of 1912, the figures for the ten months of each year being: 1913, \$1,040,000,000; 1912, \$895,000,000. It seems fairly safe, therefore, to expect that this year will beat all records in the matter of new capital placed in the London market. And that in view of the fact that the world has been passing through one of the most awkward periods, financially, which it has ever known.

**Conditions Are Improving**

FROM the Near East, and from Mexico, the latest news is reassuring, and certainly puts a more hopeful complexion upon international affairs. The Servian Government has agreed to withdraw its troops from Albanian territory. Greece and Turkey are undoubtedly getting nearer to a final burying of the hatchet. The foreboding which was felt in some quarters a few weeks ago that Turkey and Bulgaria would attack Greece, has not come to anything material. Indeed, it seems more than ever unlikely that such a fear will become a realization. So far as Mexico is concerned, the outlook is certainly brighter, and the chaotic condition seems to be giving way to the light of reason. In any case, the scares about Mexico lose a good deal of their potency when it is remembered that it is a country where there is always something which might disturb nervous people if they only allow themselves to be disturbed.

A good deal of the unrest and unsettled feeling is more abstract than concrete. That is the mischievous result of international disturbances. They unbalance the mind of a good many people, so that when there isn't a war the slightest rumour becomes a matter for quaking. A good deal of this quaking is sheer nervousness. People are frightened at shadows. But those who

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# Eleventh Annual Report of the Board of Directors of

# The Canadian Northern Railway Company

## For the Year ended 30th June, 1913

To be submitted to the Shareholders of the Company at the Annual General Meeting to be held at the Company's Offices in Toronto on Monday the 24th day of November, 1913.

To the Shareholders:—

The results of the Company's operations for the fiscal year ended 30th June, 1913, are as follows:—

Gross Earnings—	
From Passenger Traffic .....	\$ 3,749,498.35
From Freight Traffic .....	18,561,026.90
From Express, Mail, Telegraph, Dining and Sleeping Cars, Interest and Profits from Elevators and other Subsidiary Companies, Investments, Premiums, etc. ....	2,216,953.22
	\$24,527,478.47
Working Expenses (Including Taxes, etc.) .....	17,503,610.57
Net Earnings .....	\$ 7,023,867.90
Deduct:—	
Fixed Charges (per statement) .....	5,190,924.12
Surplus .....	\$ 1,832,943.78
From this deduct Interest at 5% per annum paid on Income Charge Convertible Debenture Stock outstanding .....	988,214.49
Net Surplus for the year .....	\$ 844,729.29

The Gross Earnings show an increase of \$3,417,384.84, or 16.38 per cent., and the Net Earnings of \$892,822.79, or 15.18 per cent. over the preceding year.

The Working Expenses were 74.64 per cent. of the Gross Earnings of the Railway proper and including Taxes 72.10 per cent. of the Gross Earnings from all sources, compared with 73.82 per cent. and 71.81 per cent. respectively last year.

During the year 236 miles of newly constructed tracks were added to the System, the average mileage operated being 4,297 miles.

Land sales during the year were 19,755 acres for \$291,193.18, an average of \$14.74 per acre, after making certain adjustments in respect to sales in previous years. The actual average price per acre during the current year was \$15.36 per acre. This compares with 55,111 acres for \$836,084.37, an average of \$15.17 per acre during the preceding year. Whilst your Directors have not made any special effort to sell the Railway's own lands, the policy of colonizing Dominion Government farm lands has been continued and over two million acres were entered upon by settlers. The effect of this policy is now being seen in the increased movement of Agricultural Products of all kinds.

Favorable weather having prevailed during the ripening and harvesting period it is confidently expected that the 1913 crop in the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta will exceed that of any previous year in point of quality and abundance of yield. The marketing of grain from the territories served by your Railway has commenced considerably earlier than last year and the quantity of uniformly high grade grain shipped to the Lake Ports at the date of the Report is very much in excess of any previous year at the same date. This early return in cash to the farmer thus produced is already being reflected in increased activity in the industrial centres with correspondingly satisfactory traffic results to your Company.

Recognized authorities conservatively estimate the yield for the three Provinces as follows:

	Bushels.
Wheat .....	220,000,000
Oats .....	224,000,000
Barley .....	34,000,000
Flax .....	15,000,000

The earnings derived by your Company from this great crop would have been very greatly increased if the Canadian Northern Transcontinental Line was in operation, and your Directors have the satisfaction of reporting that excellent progress has been made during the year in its construction, and are now able to state that by the close of the present year connection will have been established at Port Arthur with the Eastern Lines, and that the last link in the chain, namely, the line through the Rocky Mountains will be connected early in 1914. A second Transcontinental Railway between the industrial East and the fertile West is not only an event of importance to your Company, but marks an interesting era in the history of Canada.

The fact that commerce and business interests between Eastern and Western Provinces continue to grow in satisfactory volume, the assured prospect of increased immigration in the future, and the knowledge that the territory through which the new Railway is constructed abounds in valuable natural resources, waiting only railway facilities for development, guarantees to your Company a very large measure of traffic in the immediate future.

The following public issues of £1,438,356 Four Per Cent. Perpetual Consolidated Debenture Stock and of £2,057,612 Five Per Cent. Income Charge Convertible Debenture Stock were made during the year, and the whole of the proceeds have been or are being applied to the construction, improvement and equipment of the line.

The Parliament of Canada granted during the year to the Canadian Northern Ontario and the Canadian Northern Alberta Railways, parts of the Canadian Northern Railway System, a cash subsidy of \$15,640,000. This subsidy and those previously granted in aid of the system have been or will be expended on construction, improvements and equipments. All monies also received from the sale of the land grants or raised by securities have been expended in the same manner. The increase of \$7,000,000 in the Capital Stock of the Company represents the amount issued to the Government of Canada pursuant to the provisions of the statute under which the cash subsidy of \$15,640,000 above referred to was authorized.

Your Directors submit the following statement showing in concise form the Company's growth during the past ten years:

	1903.	1913.
Mileage operated .....	1,276	4,552
<b>Traffic Development</b>		
Passenger Traffic .....	\$ 389,170.00	\$ 3,749,500.00
Freight Traffic .....	1,896,380.00	18,561,026.00
<b>Commodities—</b>		
Flour .....	332,096	3,047,478
Grain .....	12,367,110	59,380,957
Live Stock .....	23,775	239,133
Logs and Lumber .....	85,551,000	448,351,000
Coal (1909) .....	326,591	1,111,865
General Merchandise .....	173,379	1,371,927
<b>Equipment Purchased—</b>		
Locomotives .....	73	534
Sleeping and Dining Cars .....	1	76
Passenger Coaches .....	22	376
Baggage, Mail and Express Cars .....	10	135
Freight Cars, all kinds .....	2,507	23,759

Having regard to the mileage operated, the development of traffic, the necessarily heavy and continued expenditures for the betterment of the service in every Department, including the purchase of Equipment of all kinds, these figures are submitted as testimony of the wisdom shown in the location of your various lines.

The line of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway has been connected between Toronto and Ottawa, and a regular service will shortly be established between Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec. The completion of this section, together with the section connecting with the Western Lines at Port Arthur in a few months, will enable the Canadian Northern System to retain a large volume of traffic originating on its lines in the East and in the West, which it is now compelled to hand over to other Companies, and it will also open up a large traffic-producing territory, which, while of first importance to the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway, will be of substantial advantage to the system as a whole.

Your Directors are pleased to report satisfactory progress in the construction of the tunnel through Mount Royal, which is to give the lines of the Canadian Northern Railway System access to the centre of the city of Montreal. When completed—it is hoped concurrently with the inauguration of a Transcontinental service between Montreal and Vancouver—your Company will enjoy a terminal situation in Montreal second to no other Railway Company.

WM. MACKENZIE, President.

### CONDENSED GENERAL BALANCE SHEET.

At 30th June, 1913.

#### ASSETS.

To cost of Railway and Equipment .....	\$221,257,996.74
Acquired Securities .....	8,294,006.87
Advances to Other Companies .....	3,344,896.97
Advances to Lines under Construction .....	9,590,268.47
Value of Material and Supplies on hand .....	\$3,286,680.10
Due from Agents, Station Balances, etc. ....	987,868.19
	4,274,548.29
Deferred Payments and Accrued Interest on Land Sales .....	7,834,174.42
Cash with National Trust Co., account of Land Sales .....	2,962,310.93
	10,796,485.35
Cash Account—	
With Dominion Government .....	836,579.12
With Province of Manitoba .....	18,830.61
With Province of Saskatchewan .....	805,218.40
With Province of Alberta .....	1,142,106.02
Cash on Hand .....	2,507,029.06
	5,309,757.21
	\$262,867,959.90

NOTE.—In addition to the above assets the Company owns approximately 850,000 acres of land in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

#### LIABILITIES.

By Capital Stock .....	\$ 77,000,000.00
Bonds and Stock (Guaranteed by Government) .....	54,633,824.53
Four Per Cent. Perpetual Consolidated Debenture Stock .....	46,464,715.83
Five per cent. Income Charge Convertible Debenture Stock .....	25,000,000.00
Land Grant Bonds .....	5,664,113.38
1899 .....	\$2,000,000.00
1909 .....	3,664,113.38
	19,501,500.00
Car Trust Obligations .....	19,501,500.00
Current Liabilities—	
Unpaid Pay Rolls .....	1,248,977.91
Unpaid Audited Vouchers .....	2,343,126.18
Due to Other Companies .....	4,355,339.38
	7,947,443.47
Coupons and Dividend Warrants due on 1st July (since paid) .....	1,926,406.72
Accrued Interest on Bonds and Equipment Securities .....	511,988.18
	2,438,394.90
Equipment Replacement Fund .....	508,748.13
Surplus—	
Land Account .....	16,930,835.01
Railway Account .....	6,778,384.65
	23,709,219.66
	\$262,867,959.90

Certified correct,

D. B. HANNA,

Third Vice-President.

### STATEMENT OF INCOME ACCOUNT.

At June 30th, 1913.

To Operating Expenses .....	\$ 17,327,743.49
Taxes, Railway .....	112,858.65
Taxes on Company's Lands .....	63,008.43
	17,503,610.57
Interest on Bonds, etc.:	
Consolidated Debenture Bonds, guaranteed by the Government of Manitoba .....	\$ 486,237.93
Ontario Division Debenture Bonds, guaranteed by the Government of Manitoba .....	230,670.26
Winnipeg Terminal Bonds, guaranteed by the Government of Manitoba .....	120,000.00
Three per cent. Debenture Stock, guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada .....	280,799.86
Three and one-half per cent. Debenture Stock, guaranteed by the Dominion of Canada .....	276,380.51
Four per cent. Debenture Stock, guaranteed by the Government of Manitoba .....	114,399.96
Four per cent. Debenture Stock, guaranteed by the Government of Saskatchewan .....	271,783.24
Four per cent. Debenture Stock, guaranteed by the Government of Alberta .....	127,400.00
Consolidated Debenture Stock .....	1,768,063.77
Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Ry. four per cent. Debenture Stock .....	202,056.02
Land Grant four per cent. Bonds .....	150,224.25
	4,028,015.80
Rental of Leased Lines:	
Northern Pacific and Manitoba Railway .....	\$ 225,000.00
Minnesota and Manitoba Railroad .....	13,960.00
	238,960.00
Interest on Equipment Securities .....	923,948.32
Accrued Interest to June 30th, 1913 .....	511,988.18
Less Accrued Interest to June 30th, 1912, paid during the current year .....	459,090.25
	52,897.93
Interest at 5% per annum paid on Income Charge Convertible Debenture Stock outstanding .....	988,214.49
Balance of Income Account .....	6,778,384.65
	\$ 30,514,031.76

June 30th, 1912.

By Balance of Income Account at 30th June, 1912, as per Annual Report ... \$ 5,986,553.29

June 30th, 1913.

By Gross Earnings, viz.:	
Passenger Earnings .....	\$ 3,749,498.35
Freight Earnings .....	18,561,026.90
Express, Mail and Miscellaneous Earnings .....	1,966,953.22
	24,277,478.47
By Part of Premium received from sale of Five per cent. Income Charge Convertible Debenture Stock applicable to the first half-year's Dividend on said Stock .....	250,000.00
	\$ 30,514,031.76
By Balance to Credit of Income Account, June 30th, 1913 .....	\$ 6,778,384.65

look at things in a commonsense way recognize that there are bound to be clouds in the skies always, and the fact of their presence at a distance need not seriously upset them.

Money, of course, is still scarce. But in that connection the "Statist," than whom there is none more competent to judge, says: "With regard to the scarcity of money, it will be borne in mind that we are now little more than two months from the end of the stringent period. Moreover, the strong demand for gold that was so manifest a little time ago has abated, and we are entering upon a quieter period. So far as can be seen at present, there is no reason to apprehend that if the open market gives its loyal assistance the Bank of England will be compelled to put up its rate of discount. If that can be avoided, we see no occasion for excessive nervousness."

Canadian exchanges this week are more hopeful. Activity is more pronounced; trading is greater. The splendid position of the Canadian Pacific Railway is more than ample refutation of the attacks upon it a few months ago. For eight consecutive weeks the traffic earnings have shown an increase, and after the six weeks of retrogression in August and early September, these seven weeks of progress have not been without their effect on the market.

The international outlook is better than it has been for some weeks, and Canada shares in the general—if slight—improvement.

### On and Off the Exchange

#### Grain Growers' Year

AT the annual meeting of the Grain Growers' Grain Company, President Crerar announced that the net profits on the year's business was \$170,000. The loss on the Manitoba Government elevators was \$30,000. The volume of business passing through the company's hands during the year exceeded \$50,000,000, and it is now the strongest farmers' commercial organization on the continent. The Manitoba Government has cancelled the leases on Government elevators, to take effect August next.

#### The Situation in Dominion Steel

THE fact that there is little doing on the exchanges seems to be productive of a feeling of excessive boredom so far as a good many brokers are concerned. To them life just now is just one darned thing after another. Consequently, any one new sensation is welcomed and rejoiced over more than ninety and nine items of ordinary news. These sensations are the only reason why the brokers survive the boredom which has become their portion. The last "situation" was Russell Motor; that being settled, the "situation in Dominion Steel" takes its place as a subject for all sorts of reports and statements. Every other man you meet just now is a steel expert, and all of them know just what is happening in Dominion Steel.

The latest development is Mr. Plummer's success in London in negotiating a loan. There is to be an issue of \$3,500,000 five year notes at six per cent. Following the news the common stock held up at 44, which is a recovery of six or seven points from the late low. Of course the dividend question has to be revived again. Some "steel experts" say it is foolish for the concern to continue paying dividends on its common with borrowed money. Others say it isn't, because Dominion Steel's difficulties are only temporary, and the company may be safely trusted to get out of the wood.

In this connection, it is reported that President Plummer has declared unofficially that very soon his company would enlarge its ore plant at Wabana sufficiently to arrive at an output of about double the present production. Then the company could export a good deal of ore and make an extra net profit of about half a million dollars a year. This would take care of an additional one and a half per cent. additional dividend on the common stock. Needless to say the bulls welcome such a report.

#### Twenty Millions in a Year

ONCE again the C.N.R. has been successful, their latest loan, \$1,500,000 ten-year fives at 95, being very well received, only twenty per cent. remaining unsubscribed. The terms of the issue seem to indicate that it is a little expensive for the railway, but it is all the better buy for the public. This last loan brings up the total borrowings of the Mackenzie-Mann interests for 1913 to the large sum of twenty million dollars. Neither Sir William Mackenzie nor Sir Donald Mann, at any rate, can grumble at London. It has shown no reluctance where their offerings were concerned.

#### A Move to Increase Capital

MEXICAN TRAMWAYS COMPANY, in which a good many Canadians are interested, have authorized an issue of \$1,200,000 three-year six per cent. notes, convertible into common stock of the company at par, during the currency of the notes. The conversion rights of the notes call for the provision of \$6,000,000 stock, but should it not be used for conversion purposes, it, together with the remaining \$4,000,000, will be held in the treasury for the future purposes of the company.

The circular to the stockholders announcing this new move reassures them if they felt any apprehension as to the earnings of Tramways because of political disturbances in Mexico. The only way the latter have affected Tramways has been to impair the credit of Mexican undertakings in general, thus making it impossible just now to sell any securities of the company at a reasonable figure. Hence the proposed new financing.

#### Public Fiddling While Canada Burns

THE Commission of Conservation has made public some information relative to fire losses in Canada which is significant. It states that Canada's fire loss per capita is higher than that of any other country in the world, even the United States, which comes pretty near to Canada in this regard. Italy, which is ahead of the other European countries, is only one-third as bad as Canada.

Why is it that the North American continent is so addicted to burning itself up and thus losing millions of dollars?

The per capita losses of various countries are as follows: Canada, \$2.88 per capita; United States, \$2.55; England, .54; France, .84; Germany, .20; Ireland, .57; Scotland, .49; Italy, .90; Russia, .84; Austria, .30. The figures are based upon reports from cities with a population of over 20,000.

#### Canada Not to Blame

THE fact that British Columbia Fisheries Company has gone into receivership has furnished another hobby horse for those who run down Canada to ride. The management of this concern comes in for a good deal of criticism because it appears that the expenditure greatly exceeded the estimates. "Canada," a weekly paper published in London, refutes the allegations of some people who think this is an opportunity for crying down Canadian flotations, in the following terms: "This concern was entirely originated and controlled in Great Britain and it is not a Canadian-controlled company which has brought loss to the shareholders. There has been so much feeling aroused in consequence of some Canadian companies which have gone astray that it is only fair to make clear that this British Columbian Fisheries Company does not come under that category."

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TOWN OF BARRIE, Ont. .... (Guaranteed by County of Simcoe.)	5 3/8%
TOWN OF SARNIA, Ont. ....	5 1/2%
TOWN OF BOWMANVILLE, Ont. ....	5 5/8%
TOWN OF AURORA, Ont. ....	5 3/4%
TOWN OF SIMCOE, Ont. ....	5 3/4%
TOWN OF NEPEAWA, Man. ....	6 1/4%
TOWN OF HUMBOLDT, Sask. ....	6 1/2%

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# What of the Navy?

## And Other New Books

ALAN H. BURGOYNE, a Tory British M. P., would make a jolly jack tar, if he is to be judged by his capacity for swabbing the deck, demonstrated in "What of the Navy." (Toronto: Cassell & Co. \$1.00 net.) Perhaps now and then he apes Julius Caesar who, according to Cassius, bestrode the narrow earth like a Colossus. Certainly Mr. Burgoyne assumes the get-off-the-earth attitude in much of this work in these reprinted magazine articles. If he thundered less, he would be heard better. His position to the reader again and again is that of the pedant to the half-witted and slow to learn; he is Sir Oracle, and when he opens his mouth let no dog bark!

It is unfortunate that he doesn't simmer down and adopt a gentler way of argument, for he reasons well and his premises are just and fair. He is no scaremonger, and advances sane and water-tight reasons why he thinks the alarmists who say that the British navy is decaying and weakening are talking through their hats. He is, of course, insistent that Britain takes care to maintain the relative position she now holds, and every thoughtful Britisher and Canadian will agree with him.

Mr. Burgoyne is sound on the question of the predominance of the battleship, and there is much common sense in what he says of the development of torpedoes and submarines. Altogether the book is mightily instructive, and worthy a critical reading—if the reader doesn't mind the assumption that he is a bit of a fool, and needs a lot of telling before he understands.

It is rather a pity that Eden Phillpotts, prince of novelists, abandoned the dread and drear stretches of Dartmoor. By his Dartmoor novels he created a Phillpotts public, for no one has a more facile pen for character stories than this born-in-India-Briton. "The Joy of Youth" (McClelland & Goodchild: Toronto. \$1.35 net) takes a lot of understanding, and presupposes a receptive mind open for all sorts of new and Bohemian ideas. Indeed, this latest book of Mr. Phillpotts is a pot-pourri of his somewhat heterogeneous and widely diversified ideas about art. Ruler art, Nietzsche, Savage Landor, Bergson, and a host of the ancients are rubbed into your head as the story—if it is a story—opens, unfolds, develops and closes.

Bertram Dangerfield—more or less Mr. Eden Phillpotts—meets Loveday Merton. He has a superlative artistic taste; she might have, if she allowed herself free rein. But she is engaged to a stolid, conventional Baronet. Bertram and Loveday study together in Florence, and after studying art for a little they begin to study heart. Loveday, in particular, finds it fascinating: "I prayed Pan that you might want me to come to you, but I didn't know I have been in hell a long time," she says. These and like sentiments make up the story which doesn't end anywhere in particular.

"The Joy of Youth" fascinates one class of reader, for it is Phillpotts all right. But it is just a trifle far-fetched. It was because the Dartmoor stories were not, that they were so successful.

After creating a furore over the line "Gold," by Stewart Edward White, is now published by a Toronto house, the Musson Book Company. Stewart Edward White has endeared himself to thousands of boys—and girls, too—by his previous book. In many ways "Gold" is his best achievement. The locale is California, the gold diggings, and all the characters are men. Not a female in the book, and yet it is a best seller!

The thing that strikes the reader again and again is the wealth of information which Mr. White has assimilated. He speaks that he knows, which can't be said of all of the twentieth century reading. As usual with this author, the book grips because it is so natural. "Gold" is no

long chain of impossible links. It is simply vivid, because it is vividly simple. I do not wonder that it is a best seller. (Toronto: Musson Book Co. \$1.35 net.)

The rollicking roguery of a tomboy, combined with the naivete of a girl just turning woman, make up—with other attributes thrown in—a very delightful person to read about. Phil, otherwise Phyllis, in Meredith Nicholson's book, is the "Diana of Main Street" in an Indiana town, which is small enough for everybody to know everybody else's business. Phil and her dad have been deserted by their respective mother and wife, who finds that the cause of the desertion, one Jack Holton, wasn't at all worth while.

"Otherwise Phyllis," while it has a very respectable and orthodox plot, is really a succession of incidents aptly described. Delineation is the purpose of this excellent novel. (Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.35 net.)

"A Short History of Art," by Julia B. De Forest, first published in 1881, has been largely re-written, and revised by Charles Henry Caffin, and is now published at \$3 by McClelland & Goodchild, Toronto. It is splendidly comprehensive and has pictures of three hundred paintings, architectural drawings, and other works of art. Moreover, it is valuable historically, for it traces the flow and trend and development of art from the time of prehistoric man up to the year of our Lord nineteen thirteen. Since the Renaissance, art has demanded and received more and more attention.

There is a chapter dealing with American art. Amongst some wise and some foolish dicta thereon the author declares that landscape painting is perhaps the most significant branch of painting in America. Canada receives scant notice at the hands of Mr. Caffin. He mentions Horatio Walker, it is true, but what of Morris, Reid, Brymner and others? Have they done nothing in art, and for art in Canada, and for America?

Sir Oliver Lodge's recent address to the British Association is to be published in expanded form by the house of J. M. Dent & Son. The book will be called "Continuity."

A. PAPERKNIFE.

### The Final College Match

SINCE the Intercollegiate Rugby Union was formed, new boys and old boys have been at the final match if opportunity offered. Saturday last was no exception. McGill visitors were outnumbered by Varsity new boys, old boys and citizens generally, at Varsity Stadium, Toronto. McGill won its fourth championship, as against Varsity's nine, Queen's two and Ottawa College one. Thrift, Burnside, Biddy Barr, John McCollum, Percy Biggs, Casey Baldwin, Gall and Maynard are the chief names in Varsity's honour roll. McGill has an equally long list, but they never won much until Shaughnessy, the coach, put brains into their play.

It was a great game, but the end was inevitable from the beginning. The science and weight of the McGill team made them look like winners all the way. Varsity scored first blood, but soon the score was Varsity 3, McGill 11. That about tells the tale. Yet Varsity pulled up until five minutes from the finish the score was Varsity 14, McGill 16. But in that last five minutes, the cripples failed and the final score was Varsity 14, McGill 22. Toronto's back division were suffering from injuries and McGill's back division finished without a limp. McGill won on its merits, individual and team—to say nothing of the coach.

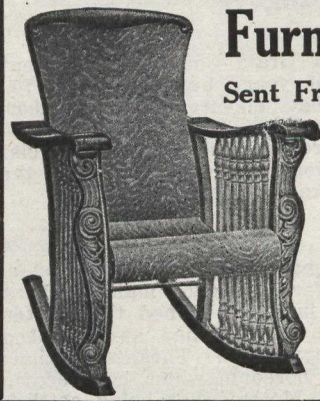
St. Michael's won the Intermediate College honours from McGill by a narrow margin, while Varsity soccer team won a championship final from Queen's. Thus ends the football season of 1913.

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# The Yearling Buck

(Concluded from page 8.)

ing to each passing breath of air, kept ceaseless, sleepless guard.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the white solitude about him, came the sound of a snapping stick. Deadened though it was by the soft snow, the young buck heard it and his eyes flashed open, bright with alarm. But he did not stir. He did not know just where the peril might be and he knew better than to betray himself by sudden movement. His head being close to the ground, he presently detected the faint sound of crunching foot-falls in the snow. Still he could not locate the danger. His bright eyes roved nervously hither and thither across the field of his vision.

Then, from the top of a tall tree, some hundred yards back in the direction from which he had come, a couple of whisky-jacks fluttered and screamed harshly. There was a distinct note of warning in that sudden, raucous outbreak. Confident now of where the danger menaced, the young buck rose quickly to his feet and stood staring with nervous expectancy down his back trail.

And presently there came into view among the trees the same grey-clad figure that had caused him to forsake the ridges earlier in the morning. The hunter was still doggedly following up his quarry, a trifle wearily, perhaps, a little more carelessly now than when he had first struck the trail at sunrise, but still full of hope and perseverance. The eyes of the young buck took on a harassed look as he began to realize that this stranger was really hunting him. He stood trembling, not daring to move. Then, as the man drew nearer, and circling, got between him and the wind, there came to him a whiff of a peculiar scent, a scent that, though it was new to him, filled him with repugnance and shuddering alarm. With a stamp of his dainty hoof and a sudden, explosive snort, he leaped from his covert, took two or three tentative jumps beyond, and then, overcome by his youthful curiosity, paused and looked back to see what the stranger might do.

AS for the tenderfoot, so startled was he by such a materialization of his elusive quarry, that he seemed for the moment paralyzed. He forgot the weapon in his hands and stood staring, open-mouthed, at the graceful apparition, not twenty yards away, that gazed back at him with wide, innocent eyes. It was the first wild deer he had ever seen and the sight thrilled him through and through. When at last he remembered and raised the rifle to his shoulder, he found himself seized with a paroxysm of nervousness. His fingers, grown suddenly awkward, could not seem to find the trigger; he trembled all over; his knees quivered and shook beneath him and he could not for the life of him hold the wavering muzzle of the rifle steady. Three times he lowered the weapon and three times raised it again, in a vain effort to obtain the mastery of his nerves. And finally, in desperation, clenching his teeth and tensing every muscle in his body, he pressed the trigger, and the crash of the old black powder forty-forty shattered the silences.

Happily for the young buck, the bullet sped wide of its mark, droning harmlessly inches over his back. But the sudden flash, the daunting, ear-splitting racket of the explosion, the wicked humming of the missile as it passed, sent surging through his brain a burst of wild, uncontrollable terror. He waited for no more. Spurning the snow and dead leaves beneath him, he rose in a magnificent leap; his white flag flashed for an instant over the top of a nearby bush, and he was gone. Fainter and fainter grew the measured thump, thump of his tiny hoofs on the hard, frozen ground, until it died away in the distance.

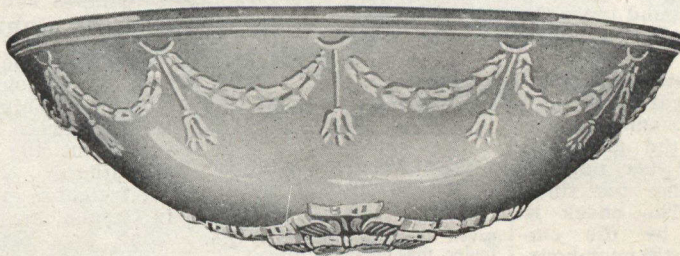
Along among the solemn dripping trees, feeling limp as a rag, and with the sweat beads standing out on his brow, the tenderfoot stood, gazing ruefully after the vanished prize and swearing softly to himself.

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By CLARENCE C. LANDRY (Aged 16). 2nd Prize

SHIPBUILDING is the biggest industry in our town of Collingwood, and we as citizens of this beautiful town are proud of the shipbuilding yards in which the James Carruthers, the largest freighter built in Canada, was constructed.

The "Shipyard," as it is generally called, is situated to the west of the Grand Trunk wharf, and covers an area of ground twice that of any other manufacturing establishment in the town.

A few steps in from the street are the main gates and the office building.

As the workman passes through the gates he must call his number and receive his time-check. The check is retained by the employee until noon-hour, when it must be returned as he passes out. By this method the time-keeper can check the time-slips handed in by the men each night.

Suppose we enter the yard and follow the beaten path to the wooden structure known as the punch shed. This is the place in which the plates are cut, punched and the edges planed smooth.

Let us follow the progress of a plate. First the lines along which it is to be cut, and the holes to be punched, are marked. Then it is taken to the punching machine where the holes are punched, to the shears to be cut, and finally to the planing machine to have the edges planed smooth. It is then taken via push-car and crane to the boat. The bolters-up will bolt it in place and then the riveters will rivet it tightly.

Now let us visit the smithy to the south-east of the punch-shed. In the smithy men are heating and bending iron into many shapes. In the centre of the smithy the steam hammer is flattening iron into many shapes. It falls with a beat, beat, which spells disaster to the one getting his hand between it and the iron it strikes.

OUR time is nearly gone, so we must hurry. In the planing mill lumber is being dressed, but as this mill is like any other we will leave it.

Our next point of interest is the docks. In dock number one is a ship being repaired. Men swarm around it cutting and backing out rivets. The water is held back by massive gates of wood.

Some day we will visit the boiler

shop, situated between the two docks, and inspect the machine shop facing the street. In this machine shop engines are manufactured and set up.

In some cases, such as Government contracts, the engines are imported. When this is the case the machines are set up by the Collingwood machinists and placed in the ships.

### THE STORM KING ABROAD.

WHEN the winner of the second prize in our last competition was writing his story of shipbuilding in Collingwood and telling about the "James Carruthers," the largest freighter ever built in Canada. Little did he think that before his essay could be published in this paper, that same boat would be at the bottom of Lake Superior and the town of Collingwood in mourning for the sailormen who had gone down with her.

Any Junior who lives in the Province of Ontario will remember the storm of that Sunday, less than two weeks ago, when the rain fell in long, slanting sheets, and the wind howled around the house-tops, and most people gathered around the fire-places and said to one another, "This is a good day to be cosy at

home." I wonder how many of them thought of the vessels that were out upon the raging waters of the Great Lakes, at the mercy of the mad Storm King! Those whose fathers or brothers or sons were sailors thought of them, I wager, and prayed fervently that they might be brought safely into port. But the Storm King was relentless.

More than a dozen boats were lost, more than two hundred lives were taken. For several days the fate of the "James Carruthers" was not known, but finally, on the Wednesday after the storm, the patrol men who guarded the shores watching for survivors and gathering the wreckage, reported that a number of life preservers, life buoys, and oars all bearing the name "Carruthers" had been washed ashore. It was known then for certain that the great freighter had not survived.

The "James Carruthers" was built by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Co., was launched on May 22nd last, and christened by Miss Lillian C. Wright.

### COMPETITION NO. 3. CHRISTMAS STORY.

A story of not more than seven hundred words in length, under the following titles:

(a) The Happiest Christmas I Ever Spent. (For young people from twelve to eighteen years.)

(b) Where Santa Claus Lives. (For children under twelve years of age.)

Awards—Three awards will be made in each case, but no announcement as to their character will appear. They will reach the prize-winners in the form of the SURPRISE CHRISTMAS GIFT on Christmas Day. The names of the winners will appear in our Christmas issue.

Rules—Stories should be neatly written on one side of the paper only, should bear the full name and address of the sender, should be endorsed by a parent or guardian, and should be addressed: Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto. The Competition closes on Dec. 1st.



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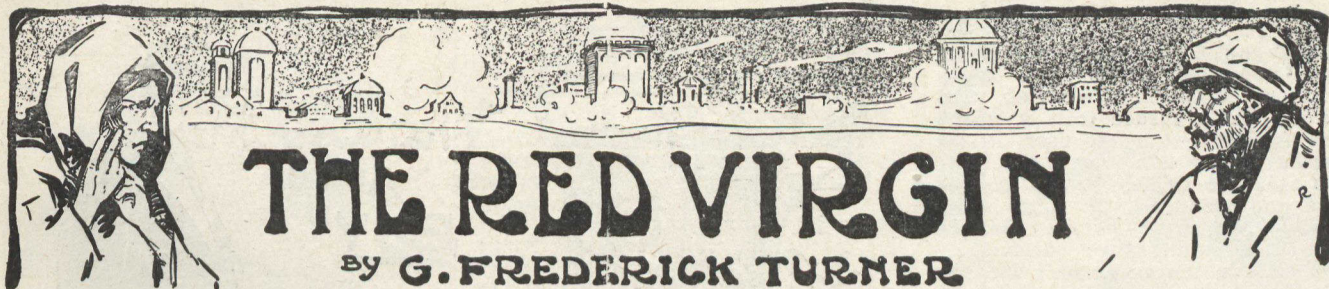
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## CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

TO Phoebe Perowne, sensitive and unlearned in the ways of vice, the only aspect of the place was the aspect of reckless joie de vivre. There was magic in the sheer heathenism of the scene, the wild music, now slow, seductive, wailing, pathetic almost, now fierce, unbridled, turbulently sensuous; there was magic in the garnish lights, the many moving figures, the utter abandonment of pleasure of all who filled the strange picture unfolded to her gaze. She thanked the Providence that had decreed her visit to Grimland. What greater tonic could there be to devitalised youth than to behold a community stripped naked of the mantle of civilisation, real men and real women, frankly intense in their emotions, living terrifically and fiercely in the joys of the dance and the goading strains of barbarous melody? Suddenly she saw something which caused a strange tightening of the breath, and started her heart galloping like a runaway horse in her bosom. Herr Lugner was there! One of the well-dressed, clean-cheeked men from the other side of the social world was no other than the individual who had excited her contempt and pity in the Strafeburg that afternoon. There was nothing strange in such a man, idler and hedonist, seeking his diversions in such a quarter. What was strange was that the vision of him filled her with an emotion that was dominant and intensely pleasureable. She felt that she had been waiting for this, that without it the evening would have been incomplete, that, as in the glorious ice-waltz on the frozen Rundsee, the presence of that effeminately graceful youth was an essential factor to the nameless fascination of the scene. There was no trace or suspicion of intoxication about him now. He danced firmly, lightly, vitally, like the best. She noted his partner, a bold-looking girl with handsome features, scarlet lips, and jewelled ears—and envied her. If she had longed for a partner in the ice-waltz on the Rundsee, she longed for one a thousand times more desirously in the dance of the "Persian Vaults."

For a moment she said nothing, not trusting her voice. Then she said fairly calmly to Saunders, "Cannot we dance too? I am sure I could do those steps."

Saunders smiled. "I can do the 'wolf-dance' pretty well," he said, "and I'm sure I could pilot you through without mishap. But—"

The objection came from Mrs. Perowne. "I absolutely forbid it, Phoebe," she said decisively. "It is a most unladylike measure."

Mrs. Saunders laughed outright. "It is certainly most unladylike," she agreed.

"But we are not gentlemen and ladies to-night," protested Phoebe excitedly, "we are 'night-wolves' of the Morast. If I don't dance I shall go mad."

"You are mad already to think of such a thing," said Mrs. Perowne severely. "It is absolutely imperative that you should not over-fatigue yourself, and you have had too long a day already. I was thinking of asking Mr. Saunders to take us home."

"One moment," said Saunders absentmindedly. His eyes were on "Herr Lugner," who was working his way down the room towards them. When he was quite close Fritz disengaged himself from his partner, leaving her standing against a pillar, and approached Saunders. He made the slightest possible bow to the ladies,

and then whispered in Saunders' ear.

"Stiff soil here to-night."  
"Things not going well?"  
"They are not going at all. Cross-currents at work. I meet them at every turn."

"Why is that, do you suppose?" asked Saunders.

"Someone has been here before me."  
"Major Lacherberg?" asked Saunders.

Fritz nodded. "How do you know?" he asked.

"I saw him at the 'Three Cats.' He is out for mischief."

"He was here when I came," said Fritz. "He saw me and went out, but the result of his visit was most apparent. I tried the most promising men, and as you know, I have the knack generally of getting the right side of these fellows. But I have had failure after failure. They say they come here to dance, not to turn rioters. One man was quite rude, and hinted that I was an agent provocateur. Then that fellow Langli, who is always turning up in unexpected places, came slinking up to me and hinted broadly that I should be wise to clear out."

"And Kathie?" asked Saunders, jerking his head towards Fritz's late partner.

"Kathie tells me I've got to dance with her the whole evening, and let Neumann go to predition his own way. I am inclined to think she is right, and that we shan't do much good this evening."

"And I," said Saunders, "am inclined to think any further efforts on our part are unnecessary. By now, unless I am much mistaken, Herr Neumann's brewery is wiped off the map of Weidenbruck."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Simply that I have been combining business with pleasure. I do not waste my time, even when escorting ladies through the stews of the city."

Fritz's eyes expressed the profoundest admiration. "You're a marvel," he said.

Saunders smiled complacently. "That is the second compliment I have had to-day," he said. "The hall-porter of the Concordia called me 'redoubtable.' Fritz of Friedrichheim has called me a 'marvel.' Assuredly my obituary notices will be long and beautiful."

"Anyway," said Fritz, "as the good work has been put in hand without my assistance, I propose to rejoin Kathie and take up the broken thread of the 'wolf-dance.'"

"Hum!" said Saunders, "I thought Fritz of Friedrichsheim had sworn off—Kathies."

"To-night I am not Fritz, but Lugner the degenerate. I am going to dance with a highly coloured young woman before the eyes of a young woman whose colouring is purer than the most delicate rose that ever blushed in the gardens of Friedrichsheim. That will be torment for me. I have an idea it will be torment for her. That is at once an additional agony for me and a compensation. Behold the logic of a madman. Auf Weidersehn! Kathie is waiting for me."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## A New Thing.

THE woman called Kathie was as well known in the "Persian Vault" as the Red Virgin was in the "Three Cats." She was a kind of queen of the "night-wolves," and hand in glove with the big men of the nether world. Handsome, reckless, wanton, she had decoyed many a rich quarry into the hands of her ruffianly confederates. Rumor said she could handle a knife herself, and in this case rumour did not lie. Saunders

and Fritz, who always recognised an "influence," even when it was a lawless one, had made a point of getting to know her. To-night Kathie had invited Fritz to dance with her, bashfulness not being one of her failings, and Fritz had accepted the honour—for so it was deemed in that locality—from motives of policy. He had so far failed to advance his propaganda, but he conceived that he might influence the men through the woman. He opened the game by stimulating a profound admiration for Kathie's undoubted charms. His gallantry met with a quick encouragement. Kathie, who was a terror to those who failed to attract her, was responsive enough to those who tickled her caprice. Apparently she was desirous of dancing with Fritz, and with no one else. He paid her frank compliments, and she repaid him with franker ones. Had he been his old self, the piquancy of the situation would have carried him away. But his oath held him, and the spirit of the oath remained inviolate.

COMPLIMENTS flowed from his lips, but not from his heart. His eyes spoke burning admiration, but his lips lied. For the moment Kathie was a sexless pawn in the game, nothing more and nothing less. Had she been hideous as a Harpy and old as Methuselah, his lips and eyes would have told the same flattering tale with the same glib mendacity.

For besides his oath and the exigencies of politics, there was another force that made mightily for discretion. And that force was a pair of solemn eyes, the eyes of Phoebe Perowne, that followed him wherever the mazes of the dance led him, that burned him with invisible but penetrating rays in every corner of the hall. The pure oval face, with its ridiculously perfect mouth, was either seen or mentally pictured at every step he took in the whirling "wolf-dance." Kathie's features he never saw, even while he praised them. The room was heavy with the reek of garlic and patchouli, but in Fritz's nostrils was the incredibly delicate aroma that had emanated from a glorious head of hair when waltzing that morning on the Rundsee. At the present moment his arm was round a strong and supple waist, the waist of a young woman, coarsely vitalised, barbarously exuberant. In the ice-waltz he had held a goddess—that was the difference. When one being so outshone her sex, what was Kathie, what was any woman? When daintiness and seraphic demureness were throned incarnate in the flawless Phoebe, what were compliments to a bold-featured, savage-souled daughter of the Morast?

Sometimes, when his imagination triumphed over actuality, and he almost believed himself repeating the pulsing ecstasy of the ice-waltz, his head reeled among the stars, and the blood rushed through his frame in a riot of sheer bliss. Then at the pitch of his exaltation the cold truth would stab at his heart like a weapon of frozen steel. It was before Phoebe Perowne that he had appeared everything that was despicable, cowardly, intemperate, debauched. And now, perhaps in his role of fashionable roue seeking pleasure in a tawdry dancing-saloon of slum-land, he appeared worst of all.

It was dull, cruel torment to appear thus, but he bore the pain voluntarily, voluntarily increased it. The matchless English girl had come into his life just when he wished it empty of woman. As his resolution was strong, the cry of the flesh was strong also. Love was a thing he did not understand, because he had not yet learned to reverence woman. His soul was



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uneducated. Fascination, obsession, maddening desire, were all he felt, or all he believed he felt, and he knew that he could resist these things just as long as the object of them remained neutral, or at least passive, in his fight for an untrammelled spirit. Therefore it was imperative that she should not admire him, know his birth, fortune, or exploits; it was desirable that she should look on him as an idler, a rake, a debauchee. And so with the fierce self-torture of an eremite, he danced before the great solemn eyes with reckless vigour and abandonment, he smiled fatuous adulation on the painted Kathie, and bathed his aching wounds in the bitter scorn that he felt certain he excited.

As a matter of fact Phoebe was watching him with mingled sentiments wherein scorn was present only in the smallest quantities. She admired the rich brown-red that dyed his warm cheek, the animation of his eye, the ease, grace, and vigour which he contributed to the "wolf-dance." She marvelled how anybody who had been so apparently intoxicated at five o'clock in the evening could be so master of himself at midnight. The spirit of the youth might not be admirable, but the flesh and blood which clothed it were by no means things to be despised. She had wept for the potential drunkard, but hope was alive again in her bosom. All was not yet lost when a man could dance tirelessly and with unerring feet. His eye was clear, his skin clean, his attire faultless. The enemy that battled at the fair castle had as yet made no visible disfigurement of the outer bulwarks. She followed his progress closely, till feeling suddenly that perhaps her persistent gaze was noticeable to her companions, she stole a glance at them. Her eyes lighted on Saunders, who was standing at her right. To her astonishment she saw a blanched cheek and grinding jaws. In a trice she knew that the "redoubtable" Saunders was afraid, and instinctively she knew that if he was afraid there was indeed cause for fear. Also something told her that his fear was not for himself. Saunders might not be a man to court danger for its own sake, but she was certain no personal peril would have driven the colour from his cheeks. She whispered to him:

"What is the matter?"

HE answered in even tones and without shifting his glance.

"Lacherberg is here. He has brought a number of anarchists from the 'Three Cats.' They are going to attack Fr—I mean Herr Lugner. I must warn him and get him away.

Attack Herr Lugner! Why in the world should they do that? wondered Phoebe. Perhaps they wished to rob him; perhaps, in dancing with that handsome girl, he had excited a hurricane of jealous passions. She watched Fritz as he came down the room towards them, smiling, unconscious of peril, dancing vigorously. Then following Saunders' ice-grey eyes she noted a tall, stiff figure of a man with a blunt nose, grisly moustache, and ruthless chin—the man who had insulted Herr Lugner in the Concordia. He, too, was watching the dancing couple, and his look was not good. With him were a number of desperate-looking men, black-browed, menacing, stealthy, just such as she had seen earlier in the evening at the tavern of the "Three Cats."

"Lacherberg has not seen me," said Saunders, and as he spoke his hand went into the inner pocket of his coat.

The action brought a sense of relief to Phoebe. She had instinctive trust in Saunders. If anyone could protect the threatened man, it was he.

Nearer danced Fritz and his partner, nearer to Saunders, nearer to Lacherberg and his sinister companions. Phoebe held her breath. Something dreadful was going to happen. For a second she closed her eyes, and then opened them again. Fritz and his partner were still nearer. Fritz was laughing, and Kathie laughed back at him—mockingly, she could swear. Then the creature flashed a backward glance of her bold eyes to where Lacherberg and his men were standing, she disengaged

one hand from her partner as if to arrange her dress, and with an incredibly swift movement drew a knife from her bosom and struck Fritz on the cheek. He reeled, and the red blood gushed from a wound that he was destined to bear till the last day of his life. Again the knife was raised to strike. Fritz staggered back and managed to draw a revolver. Not twice that day had he entered on an adventure unarmed.

"Put down that knife or I fire," he said in an unsteady voice. The summons was not obeyed. Kathie was crouched like a wolf ready to spring. Her body was instinct with the fierce animal life of a wild creature facing peril, longing to strike, afraid to flee.

There was a movement in the crowd. Someone raised a cry of "Death to the aristocrat." Then Saunders' revolver spoke, and a man in a green and yellow jersey, with a black peaked cap, was lying prone on the floor, a twitching hand trying to regain a long-bladed knife that lay beside him. Mrs. Perowne fainted, and Mrs. Saunders half raised her from the ground.

THE band ceased playing, the dancers stopped. A train thundered overhead—the midnight express to Vienna. Phoebe was frozen into immobility. Her eyes were fixed to where Fritz and Kathie stood facing each other, the stricken noble and the lusting she-wolf of the Morast.

"Put down that knife or I fire," said Fritz again, and this time the words were more feebly spoken.

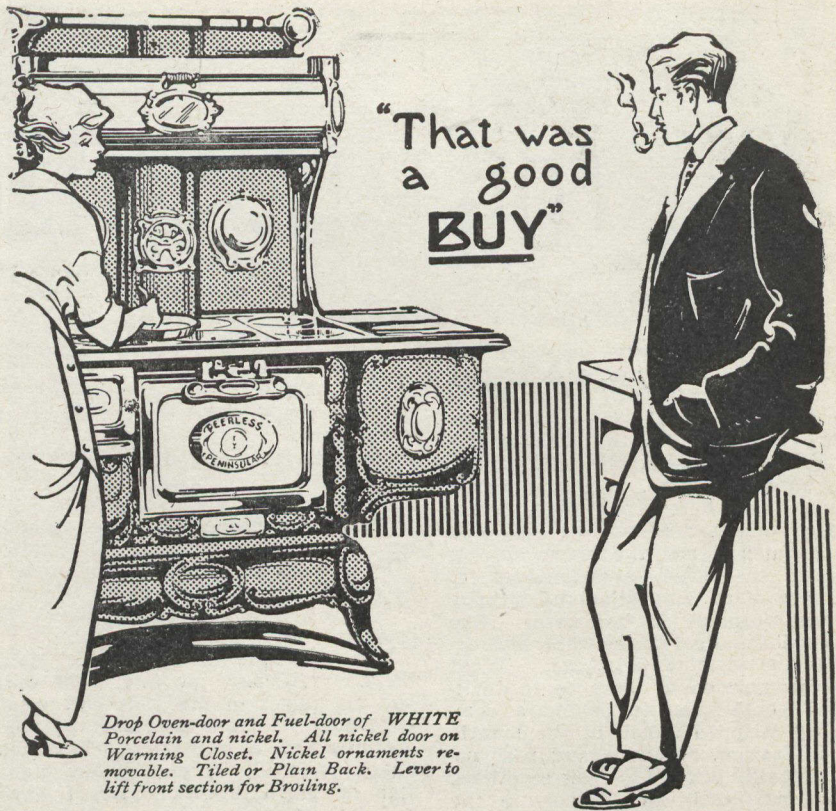
"Wing the drab," came Saunders' cool tones. Now that the trouble had arrived, the colour had returned to his cheeks.

Fritz never heeded the sensible instruction. Kathie reading either a foolish reluctance or failing strength hurled herself upon him. He parried the blow with an arm which was cut to the bone in consequence. Again the knife was raised, and then Phoebe did something which would have been incredible had it not actually happened, impossible had not her feelings been wrought to an intolerable pitch. She flung herself on the murderous she-wolf. Her hand clasped the wrist of the hand that held the knife. There was a fierce struggle, and the hard, slum-bred woman and the delicately nurtured English girl fought for a man's life on the slippery floor of the low dancing-saloon. Kathie's strength was the strength of an incredibly hardy girl maddened with blood-lust. Phoebe's strength was the supreme effort of a woman who gives the uttermost of her being to the fray. Such a power is almost incalculable, because it is drawn from depths which men know little of. Kathie's wrist was wrenched and paralyzed. She swung round with a cry of pain and rage. Her face was no longer the face of a woman, it was the face of a fiend. Phoebe had no weapon but the gold purse from which she had given alms in the "Three Cats." Such as it was it served. Holding it by the chain-handle she bashed it violently in Kathie's face. By a miracle the sharp metal edge caught the woman's temple, and Kathie collapsed into a limp and senseless thing, face downward on the floor. Phoebe had a vague consciousness that someone pulled her firmly by the arm. Lights reeled and flared before her eyes. The cry of many voices was in her ears. Somehow she found herself behind a low counter whereon were divers bottles and delicacies beloved by the patrons of the "Persian Vaults."

She saw her mother in a recumbent posture with Mrs. Saunders beside her, the latter administering stimulant from one of the bottles off the counter. Beside her was the stricken Fritz, making ineffectual efforts to bandage his lacerated arm. The sight of him evoked in her a medley of feelings, wherein a violent hatred of the treacherous woman who had wounded him mingled absurdly with a strange, motherly pity such as she had never previously experienced.

"Why, oh why, did you not shoot her?" she cried hysterically.

"I don't shoot women," was the dull answer. He had no desire to appear chivalrous or noble; so far as he had



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any conscious desire he still wished to appear despicable, but he was too tired to think of a lie.

Phoebe's eyes blazed in admiration. With all his faults the effeminate Herr Lugner possessed the highest instinct of manhood, the unconquerable aversion to acting violently towards a woman.

"Why are you not a very splendid man?" she asked.

Fritz's only reply was to swoon. He had lost much blood, and the blow on the head had badly shaken him.

Phoebe knew that there was a veritable pandemonium of confused sounds, cries, curses, the stamping of feet and occasional pistol shots. But the din seemed far away and unimportant. For the moment her woman's instinct was centred in the swooning man with the white lips and the crimson cheek. She knelt down beside him, and taking a bottle from the counter, held it to his lips.

"Don't do that," said Mrs. Saunders sharply. "Never give a man spirits when he's been struck on the head."

Phoebe obeyed, wondering vaguely how her companion had come by that piece of worldly wisdom.

"But he'll die," she protested.

"No, he won't," said Mrs. Saunders coolly. "Men live through worse things than that in Grimland. That she-devil tried to gouge him. If she'd struck at his body—"

A SERIES of loud cries from Saunders interrupted the sentence.

"Help!" he cried. "In the King's name, help! All who love Fritz of Friedrichsheim come and join us."

Fritz of Friedrichsheim! Why did that name ring out at this juncture? Phoebe wondered. Why did it stir her so? It stirred others, too, it seemed. There was magic in it. A number of savage-looking men leaped up on the counter and ranged themselves beside Saunders in a rampart of defence. The situation suddenly presented itself clearly to Phoebe. Someone—Saunders, no doubt—had shepherded the womenfolk and the wounded Herr Lugner behind the protection of the bar counter. Having accomplished this piece of generalship, Saunders was engaged in holding at bay the attacking party represented by Major Lacherberg and his blood-thirsty satellites from the "Three Cats." So far he had fired his revolver three times—at least there were three men writhing on the floor, and Saunders was not one to fail in his aim. He had given pause to the enemy, but numbers were against him, and the passion of his foes was roused to a sullen frenzy by the fall of their comrades. He saw a rush coming, and it was at this juncture he had called out. The rush came, but there were others with him to help him stand against it. Lacherberg's recruits were numerous, and others joined themselves to them, just as dogs join other dogs in hunting a cat. There were cries of "Death to the aristocrats!" "Death to the police agents," and the more terrible cry of "Death to the women!" But Saunders' men were the pick of the Morast. Thick-necked bulls from the Krippel-Thor, lean wolves from the Brod-market, brawny savages from the outer ramparts, they lined up and welcomed danger and violence with the singing joy of battle that shrilled like a pibroch in their hearts. Every man carried a knife, broad-bladed and sharp as a razor, but for the moment there were other weapons. It was imperative to keep their foes at a distance, or the weight of numbers would overwhelm them. Saunders gave the word, and a shower of wine bottles cracked a vitreous volley at the oncoming anarchists. Many a thick head learned the weight of a full bottle of beer hurled vehemently at close range. Ugly features were battered and flattened into greater ugliness, blood flowed commixed with vermuth, absinth and cheap brandy in a vile libration to the god of strife. When bottles gave out other missiles replaced them—tins of Bismarck herrings, glass jars of saltz-gurken, even massive Paprika sausages, and red-rinded cheeses from the arsenal of the friendly counter. When a man won through this hail of projectiles a knife slashed at his eyes and he stag-

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gered back, blind and bleeding, to the stricken ranks of his comrades.

Phoebe, aflame with primitive passions, forgot to be disgusted, and belauded the grim virility of the defenders. They might be as great blackguards as the men who attacked, but her heart went out to them, for their grand fighting qualities. Her eyes, ordinarily solemn, demure, saintly, were pools of opalescent flame. She was living fiercely, almost as fiercely as the men who were dealing wounds and violence to the ranks of the attack. She did not understand the hideous oaths, or the more hideous jests that formed their battle-cries. She would not have minded if she had. She was no longer Phoebe Perowne of the West Country, but a princess of the "night-wolves," joying in every blow that went home, laughing, mocking, full of the tingling, tremulous joy of battle. She did not know that that miraculous thing had happened to her, the complete subversion of a personality. She who, for all her views on Woman's Rights, had never countenanced the violent actions of the more advanced sisterhood, was now the prey to passions beside which the arduous of a militant suffragette were as a summer breeze compared with a roaring typhoon. She who had condemned drunkenness was herself intoxicated with a spirit infinitely more potent, more dominant, more tyrannously exciting than ever maddened human brain through the medium of alcohol. She was within a very little of temporary insanity. Strong, healthy men, when they first go into action, often try to get shot; and Phoebe was only a girl, slightly neurasthenic, and the strife that was being waged in the "Persian Vault" was vastly more stimulating than an ordinary battle. She might have done something desperate had not her eyes lighted on Saunders. He alone fought calmly, silently, without an oath or a prayer, or a moving of the grim set lips. He might be the son of a milliner, but he fought like a gentleman, like a knight among churls. His steadiness and self-control compelled her admiration, and rebuked her as nothing else could have done. The wicked fever went out of her blood, and a stronger, calmer spirit possessed her. A strange pride in her countryman took the place of Amazonian frenzy. It was an Englishman who was the backbone of their defence, the man from whom all took commands as a matter of course, the man to whom all turned when a fresh peril threatened them. He noted every development and checked it. When a man swarmed up a pillar to fire at them over the heads of the attacking party it was Saunders' Westly Richards that brought him down like a big wounded bird from his perch of vantage.

Suddenly Phoebe saw something which filled her with apprehension. There was a momentary failure of the attack. The foremost men, dispirited and sickened by the obstinacy of the defence, drew back. The temporary panic failed to affect one man. Standing his ground unsupported, but grim as death and tenacious as a bull-dog, Major Lacherberg remained in the forefront, like an ugly rock left by the receding tide. His face was pale, and the old scar showed on his livid cheek like a red rut in a snowy road. His eyes were aglint with cold light. His outstretched arm, stiff as a bar of metal, was holding a curious short-barrelled revolver. He dwelt long on his aim, despite the peril of his position.

THERE was a flash and a crack. Saunders' right arm fell useless to his side, and his revolver dropped from impotent fingers on to the surface of the counter.

A wild shout went up from those who had lately lost heart. Phoebe felt sick. Their champion was wounded, and for the first time she felt acute anxiety as to her own fate. But she did not know her man. With cool quickness Saunders stooped down and picked up his weapon with his uninjured member, and raising his left hand to the level of his eye, fired. Simultaneously von Lacherberg put his two hands to his face, spun round, and fell with a crash. This time a

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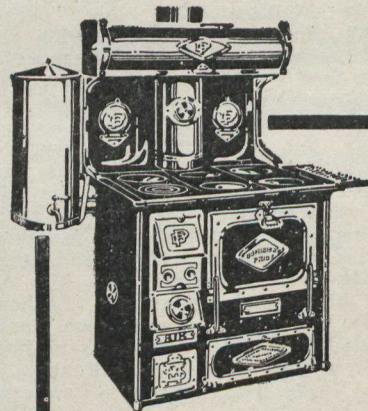
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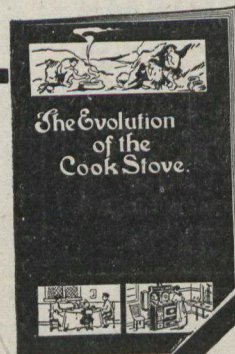
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yell of triumph went up from the defenders. But it was no time for exultation. Ashamed of their temporary lapse, maddened by the fall of their leader, the aggressors hurled themselves forward in a press of irresistible fury. It was a moment of bitterness and impending disaster.

The ammunition of the defenders was exhausted. Everything serviceable as a missile had been hurled from the once well-stocked counter. It was close-quarter work now, thrust hew, slash and stab, grappling of man with man; savage intertwining of limbs, thumbs searching for eyes, knees for stomachs, teeth for anything. Numbers and the weight of numbers told. There were gaps in the defence. Men were pulled down from their points of vantage, and went under, fighting like maniacs against the throttling, trampling fiends who pressed them like grapes in the crimson vintage of death.

For Phoebe the excitement and the splendour had gone out of the battle; there remained nothing but horror and vileness. In despair she looked where others looked, to Saunders. Actually he was smiling. It was the smile of a man who had done his best, and whose best has been very good. But it was the smile of defeat, nevertheless. His revolver was empty, and because his right arm was useless, he could not reload it. Yet he could smile! Assuredly the hall-porter had found the right epithet for such a man when he had called him "redoubtable." Assuredly the complacent self-satisfaction which he wore, as a dandy wears a new suit of clothes, was not a garment with which he was unjustified in robbing himself. And assuredly there was a deeper pathos in that smile than in all the tortured strivings and turgid blasphemies with which the dwindling band of defenders defied fate, agony, and obliteration.

Phoebe thought of her mother and choked. She thought of the helpless Herr Lugner, and her heart was twisted with agony. She thought of herself and prayed—but not for mercy on earth. That was unthinkable. One might as well expect mercy from a pack of starving wolves as from these blood-maddened fiends. Death was very near, and its coming very bitter. The nightmare of it was intolerable. Her torture of spirit was killing her—and then, as if a thick curtain had been lowered between her and the final tragedy, the noise of the contest ceased. And the cessation was so abrupt, so absolute, so apparently meaningless, that she felt that she had been experiencing one of those terrible dreams wherein the culminating horror is anticipated but never realized. She expected to wake up, but the power to rouse herself was in abeyance. Saunders was still smiling, only his smile was a shade broader. The remnant of the defence still stood on the bar counter, but they no longer defended themselves, for there was no longer any attack.

Then a clear voice came ringing through the room: "Peace, my children!"

Phoebe clambered with trembling limbs on to the counter to see who it was who called "Peace" like a god, so that the fiercest hearts obeyed, and the bloodiest hands sheathed their knives.

It was the Red Virgin.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

#### The Stricken Field.

THE Red Virgin walked down the centre of the hall, her strange eyes alight with pity, horror, and offended majesty.

Strong men shrank from her gaze like little children who have done wrong and dread reproof. On she came, emaciated, mealy clad, yet more triumphant in her progress than any queen who ever rode through the streets of a conquered city.

Her glance lighted on fallen forms with limbs awry and hideous wounds, and the pity deepened in her green eyes to a mighty sorrow and made piteous inquiry first from one side then from the other. But no one answered her. Men turned away from her like foul things conscious of

some holy presence, or hung their heads in abysmal shame.

She stopped before the bar counter where Saunders was standing, and addressed him. He alone could meet her glance, and a smile still played about his lips.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"Ask Major Lacherberg," said Saunders.

"He is dead," said a "night-wolf."

"I think not," said Saunders coolly. "I have had my eye on him for some moments, and he has moved twice."

The man who had spoken raised the Major's head. He was alive; he was not even unconscious, but he had been shot through both cheeks, and the bullet had dislodged several teeth in its progress. Under the circumstances he was not communicative.

"Well, if he won't speak, I will," Saunders resumed in a clear voice. "We have been attacked. Lacherberg was the aggressor. Who was behind him in his aggression, or who was the object of his attack, it is not necessary to mention. There is no need to shout big names aloud in an affair like this. But for the blood that has been shed to-night we are in no wise responsible. This counter has been our rampart, and the presence of those ladies proves that we came in no expectation of strife."

The Red Virgin looked round, as if to see if any could answer these words. No one spoke.

"It seems you are right," she said to Saunders, "and that you are not the aggressors. If so," she went on in tones of growing bitterness, "it is that officer who is to blame for all this shedding of blood, and by all the laws of justice he shall die. Boris Stark!" A "night-wolf" stepped forward. "Ludwig Aarons!" A young Jew presented himself. "Johann Schwartz!" A sallow anarchist, prominent in the late attack and bleeding from an open wound on the forehead, stood forward. "Take this soldier-devil and hang him to a pillar."

THE men, one of whom at least had lately fought on von Lacherberg's behalf, proceeded to obey with unquestioning alacrity.

"One moment," interjected Saunders, in quiet but penetrating tones, "I don't like the idea of hanging a wounded man."

"Why not?" she asked.

"I am not prepared with reasons. I have a prejudice against it, that's all. Let him alone, Aarons and you others."

"Do you think they will obey you?" asked the Red Virgin scornfully. "If I told them to hang their own mothers they would not question my commands."

"Then tell them to leave old Lacherberg alone."

"Why? He is your enemy. He is guilty of treachery. He has sinned against my people."

"He is an infernal scoundrel," said Saunders, "but I have put a bullet through him, and when I have shot a man I always feel a kind of brotherly feeling towards him. After all, he has been punished and death has had a sufficiently rich harvest to-night."

The Red Virgin peered at Saunders for a silent minute. Her eyes had that deep look of incomprehension one sees in a child's eyes when it is utterly mystified. When she spoke it was in a troubled voice.

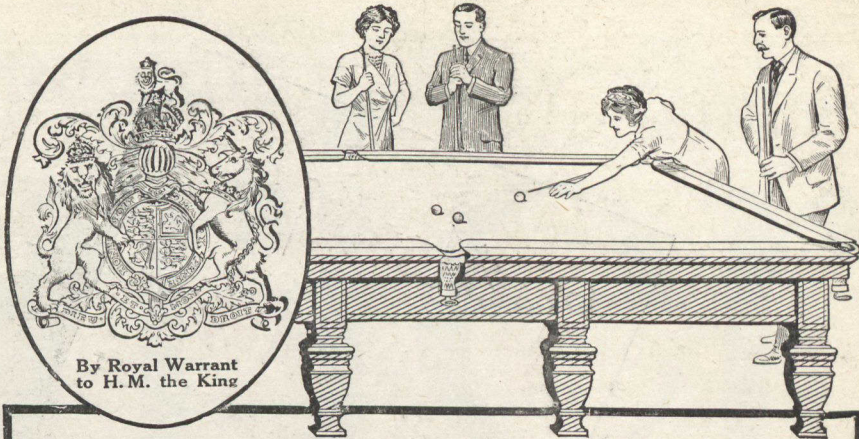
"I do not understand you, Herr Saunders," she said. "Nevertheless, you are right in one matter. Death had fed full to-night in the 'Persian Vaults.' It is enough. Leave the man alone."

"Thank you, Red Virgin," said Saunders simply.

"You are a strange man, Englander," said the Red Virgin in lower tones, and with a certain pathetic bewilderment. "I found you facing certain death with a smile on your lips. Yet when I desire to hang your enemy, lo! the smile vanishes, and you plead for his life."

(To be continued.)

A Bit Confused.—Nervous Assistant (to purchaser of grand piano)—"Can we send it for you?"—Punch.



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bright eyes will be  
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