

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

The Plain Man—Mabee

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

The Working Girl's Social Life

BY MARJORY MacMURCHY

The Stuff of Heroes

STORY BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

“The Great Illusion”

BY THE MONOCLE MAN

A Charming Tudor Home

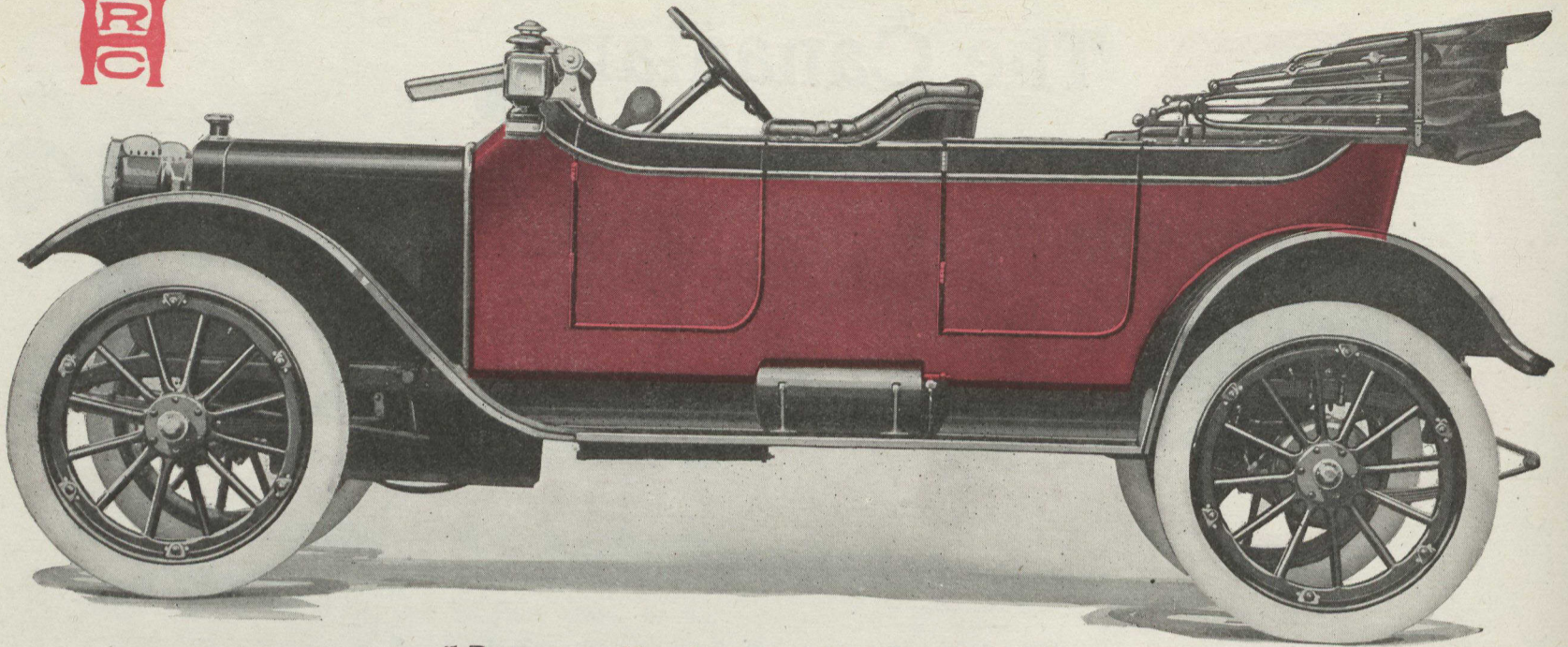
BY MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER



Read in
Nine
Provinces

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



5-Passenger Touring Car, 110 Inch Wheelbase

R-C-H Wanted—1000 Dealers

"Twenty-five"

5 Passenger Touring Car—110 Inch Wheelbase

Standard Model

\$1025 F. O. B. WALKERVILLE

Fully equipped with top, windshield, generator, side curtains, 5 lamps, horn, tools and tire repair kit, long stroke motor, 3 speeds, enclosed valves, Bosch magneto.

Model E E

\$1125 F. O. B. WALKERVILLE

Equipped with 32x3½ tires, demountable and quick detachable rims, extra rim, Bosch Magneto, gas tank, windshield, lamps, horn, tools and kit; and the famous Jiffy Curtains, which can be adjusted in an instant and make the car entirely weather proof. Long stroke motor, three speeds, enclosed valves.

General R-C-H Specifications.

Motor—4 cylinders, cast en bloc—3 1-4 inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension. Drive—Left side. Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch wheel. Control—Center lever operated through H plate, integral with universal joint housing just below. Springs—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats; Frame—Pressed steel channel. Axles—Front, I-beam drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type. Body—English type, extra wide seats. Wheelbase—110 inches. Full equipment quoted above.

Our selling problem this season has been a peculiar one. Naturally, our original aim was to get as wide a distribution as possible. But the demand for the R-C-H so far exceeded all expectations that our entire output for 1912 was speedily oversold. And this left many sections without R-C-H representation, simply because we could not supply the cars.

We shall manufacture this season in round numbers 10,000 cars. For the season of 1913 our output will be increased to 30,000 cars. Our present dealers tell us that they will take care of 15,000. That leaves 15,000 for sections where the R-C-H is not at present represented. And that in turn offers a golden opportunity to the right dealer in much of the best territory.

We are keeping this announcement free from bombast, from "bunk," from "hot air," from all the glittering generalities that are handed you every day. We prefer, even, not to dwell upon the sales record of the car and its popularity with the public. You probably know it; or if you don't, ask your brother dealer in a town where there is an R-C-H dealer.

But ask yourself these questions: What does your public—the people to whom you must sell—demand in a car? And given two cars possessing all these features, would the average man prefer to pay a lower or higher price?

Of course the answer to the second question is self-

evident. So let us consider the first. The average man wants in a car five things—sturdiness, comfort, beauty, power, roadability. We claim that no car at twice its price excels the R-C-H in these essentials. If this claim is true—and we ask only a man's judgment after he has seen the car himself—is not the R-C-H the best car on the market from the dealer's standpoint as well as that of the public?

This advertisement may seem a trifle premature. But we want ample time to consider carefully every application made to us. We want the best dealers—men who will stay with the proposition year in and year out; men who will take the same pride that we do in the R-C-H watch-words of good work, good value and good will; men who will put as much care into selling the R-C-H as we do into making it.

So write to us to-day; tell us about yourself. For if you're the right man in the right place, we think the R-C-H offers you the best opportunity for a big business success that exists in the industry to-day.

R-C-H Service Stations.

R-C-H service and supply stations in all large centers will be a feature of our 1912-13 policy. Many of them are already in operation—a photograph of one is shown below. Others will be established as rapidly as possible; so that an R-C-H owner anywhere will be able to obtain repair parts within 24 hours.

R-C-H CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED

Dept. E, WALKERVILLE, ONT.

DEALERS:—VANCOUVER, B.C., Disette Motor Co., Ltd., 924 Granville St.—for Alberta and British Columbia; WINNIPEG, MAN., R-C-H Motor Sales Company, Osborne Place—for Manitoba and Saskatchewan; AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA, E. M. Wilband, P. O. Box 642—for Alberta and West Morland Counties, New Brunswick; HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA, G. B. Oland & Co., 28 Bedford Row—for Nova Scotia; TORONTO, ONT., The Virtue Motor Sales Co., 487 Yonge St.—for Central Ontario; OTTAWA, ONT., Pink, McVerty, Blackburn Co., 301 Sparks St.—for eastern section of Ontario; LONDON, ONT., T. Agar, 125 Bathurst St.—for western section of Ontario except Essex Co.; QUEBEC, P.Q., A. Gagnau & Co., 155 Bridge St.—for Eastern Quebec.



R-C-H Service Station
Lycaste St. and Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 25



\$1500 a Year Profit From a 5 Acre Farm

You can make \$1,500—£300—a year, clear profit—just growing potatoes on a 5-acre farm in British Columbia. You can make more on poultry. And that is the pleasantest place in the world to live. Mild, warm climate the year round; grass keeps green all winter.

Land I sell is a quarter of a mile from the railroad station; close to High School, Churches and Stores. Near Electric Tram Line. Telephone and running water.

Fine games and sports; splendid shooting and fishing close by.

This land sells for \$125 to \$400 an acre. But it's worth it; and you can get it on easy terms of \$100 to \$200 down, balance in small quarterly payments.

If you want a really high class place in the country—among well-bred, refined neighbours—if you want to know how to make a good living on five acres of this land, write me and I'll send you full particulars.

W. J. KERR, Limited

614 Columbia Street

New Westminster, B.C.

Cable Address: Kerr, Westminster.

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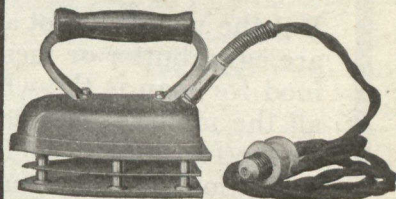
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- The Working Girl's Social Life By Marjory MacMurchy.
- "The Great Illusion" By the Monocle Man.
- A Tudor Home By Mary Josephine Trotter.
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- Lord Lockington, Serial By Florence Warden.
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- Reflections By the Editor.

WHEN the heat of Summer comes, and the household fires are low, then an

ELECTRIC SMOOTHING IRON

is the one thing sighed for by the housekeeper.

Get her a Westinghouse, NOW



CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY—LIMITED

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

District Offices: Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax

8" PER RUNNING FOOT Ornamental Lawn Fence
 Regal Oval Top
 SOLD DIRECT TO CONSUMER
 FREIGHT PREPAID TO NEAREST STATION. ARTISTIC, DURABLE, INEXPENSIVE. GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.
 REGAL FENCE & GATE CO. SARNIA, CANADA.
 SEND FOR CATALOG

A SATISFIED BOAT OWNER



Our \$190.00 special motor boat for sportsmen.

IS one who owns a Gidley-built boat. Our facilities enable us to manufacture on a large scale and we can thus ensure you a prompt delivery and a close price. Our sportsmen's motor launch, 16 ft. long, thoroughly equipped with 2½ h.p. engine, is priced at only \$190.00. Any man can handle it.

Gidley Rowboats are built of clear, white cedar planking, having stems, ribs, etc., of clear, straight-grained white oak, with floor boards of narrow cedar strips. All rowboats receive three coats of best boat varnish, inside and out. Our rowboat prices are:

- 14 ft. x 3 ft. 6 in. tinned-nailed \$41.00
- 16 ft. x 3 ft. 10 in. " " " " \$45.00
- 14 ft. x 3 ft. 6 in. copper-nailed \$43.00
- 16 ft. x 3 ft. 10 in. " " " " \$50.00

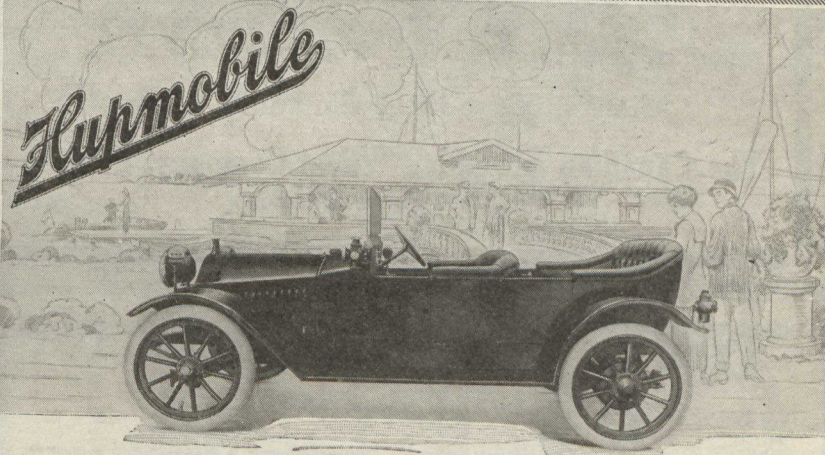
Buy your boat now and enjoy a long season's boating.



DEPT. 121 THE GIDLEY BOAT Company LIMITED INCORPORATED

PENETANG, ONT.

"Penetang Line"—Launches, Rowboats and Canoes. "Built to Satisfy."



HUPMOBILE LONG-STROKE "32" TOURING CAR, \$1,000

F. O. B. Windsor, including equipment of windshield, gas lamps and generator, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds forward and reverse; sliding gears. Four-cylinder motor, 3¼-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; Bosch magneto; 106-inch wheel base; 32 x 3½-inch tires. Color, Standard Blue. Standard 20 h.p. Runabout, \$850.

Not the Price; Not the Specifications; But--- the Name added to both

You would do this car less than justice if you judged it by its price. You would fail to do it full justice even if you judged it by the generous specifications.

It is what the car has always stood for, that renders the price remarkable.

It is the Hupmobile record; and the Hupmobile reputation; that emphasize the extraordinary character of the specifications.

The price is not, in itself, sensational—but the high standard of Hupmobile practice, at that price, is sensational.

You do not buy certain large cars of highest price because they boast a longer wheelbase; or more generous proportions in any part of the chassis.

You buy them because their name and their word have always been synonymous with service and worth.

And, in its class, the Hupmobile has always held its ideals as high as cars of the highest worth.

It has shown itself worthy of a place beside them—worthy to share the same garage; it has fulfilled its mission as efficiently as they fulfill theirs.

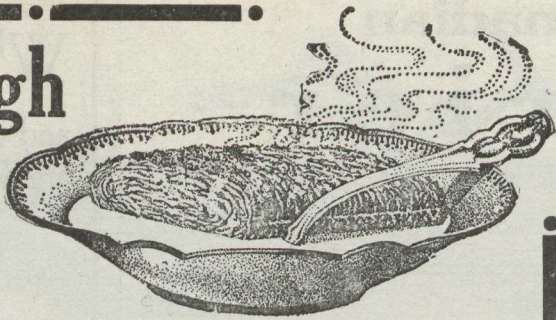
Bear these things in mind as you study the cars in detail—then, and not till then, will you fully realize the remarkable value embodied in the price and in the specifications.

We are quite willing that you should compare this new Hupmobile with cars which sell for several hundred dollars more.

We will cheerfully abide by your decision, if it does not demonstrate either equality or superiority in any definite and positive test which you may designate to the dealer.

Hupp Motor Car Co., Desk "A," Windsor, Ontario

The High Cost of Living



Canada is a land of countless fertile acres, and yet there is much complaint over The High Cost of Living.

Potatoes are being imported into Canada from Ireland! Meat, butter and eggs, are at top-notch prices. Many efforts are being made to ascertain the cause of these ascending prices.

But the potato is not a perfect food for man—neither are eggs, butter or meat. The only complete, perfect food for man is the whole wheat grain. It contains all the material needed for building and nourishing the perfect human body. It is brought to its highest perfection as a food in

SHREDDED WHEAT

the whole wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work at a cost of four or five cents. Always heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness before serving. Your grocer sells it.

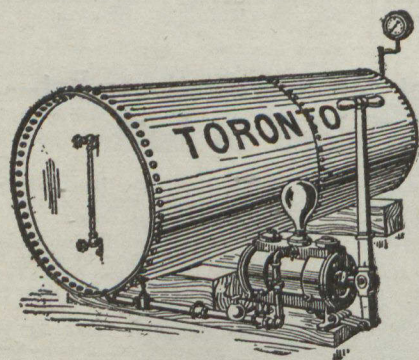
Made in Canada of Canadian Wheat

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario

K-16

Water Supply System for Country Homes

We can supply everything needed—Power-plant, Tanks, Steel Towers, Pumps, Piping,—Whatever meets your requirements most economically. Where a large quantity of water is not required the simplest and lowest cost system is provided with our



TORONTO PNEUMATIC PRESSURE TANKS

Operated by hydraulic rams, by hand, or windmill or gasoline engine power. Guaranteed absolutely airtight. Write for explanatory literature, sent FREE.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., Limited

TORONTO

Winnipeg Calgary

DRINK

St. Leon Water

THE WATER OF HEALTH

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

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Confirmed.—"Don't you think this hat makes me look ten years younger?"
"Yes, and so does my husband."
"How charming! What did he say?"
"He remarked last night that when you took off your hat you looked ten years older."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Before Gaby.—Stranger—"Is this the face that launched a thousand ships and burned the topless towers of Iliion?"
Helen of Troy—"It is."
Stranger—"Then I offer you a contract for thirty weeks in vaudeville at two thousand drachmas a night."—Yale Record.

Woman's Place.—"I don't know what these suffragettes want. I say woman has no business monkeying with politics."
"Just what I say. Woman's place is the bridge club."—Kansas City Journal.

Thoroughgoing Court.—A rural magistrate, listening to the testimony of the witness, interrupted him, saying: "You said that you made a personal examination of the premises. What did you find?"

"Oh, nothing of consequence," replied the witness; "a beggarly account of empty boxes," as Shakespeare says.

"Never mind what Shakespeare said about it," said the magistrate; "he will be summoned to testify for himself if he knows anything about the case."—Delineator.

He Bit.—"What did you do with all the get-rich-quick money you landed?" asked Mr. Flamm.

"Lost it," replied Mr. Flimm. "A fellow invented a get-rich-quicker scheme and lured me into it."—Washington Star.

Made Sainly.—A certain New Brunswick clergyman had occasion to visit the Provincial Lunatic Asylum in the city of St. John. Passing through one of the wards, he was accosted by a patient, an individual who could hardly lay claim to any but the most mundane cast of countenance, who gravely said to him, "I am St. Peter."

The reverend visitor expressed his gratification at meeting so famous a character, and passed on presently into another ward.

On returning, a few minutes later, he was again stopped by his piously-inclined friend, who surprised him by remarking: "I am St. Paul."

"But," exclaimed the clergyman, "you told me a minute ago that you were St. Peter."

"Ah, yes," explained the man, "but that was by my first wife."—The Argonaut.

Kickproof.

My ol' dawg, he aint no houn'.
He's a bull, an' he weighs 'bout eighty poun',
With two rows o' teeth an' a plum' bad frown.
Nobody aint kickin' MY dawg aroun':
—Chicago Tribune.

A Spender.—Knicker—"Does Jones understand the purchasing power of a dollar?"

Bocker—"Yes; what troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife."—New York Sun.

Real Kindness.—Daughter—"Papa, Jack is coming up to-night to ask your consent to our marriage. Be kind to him, won't you?"

Father—"Very well, daughter. I'll say no."—Boston Transcript.

Prepared For It.—"Did the eruption of Vesuvius greatly impress you?"
"Why, no. I'd seen it before in moving pictures."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Antiquated Device.—The First Burglar (contemplating father's invention)—"Wot abaht the bloomin' burglar-alarm?"

The Second Burglar—"May as well put it in the bag; we can get somethin' for the bells, praps."—London Sketch.

SCRUBS
Floors
Wood, Stone & Linoleum
QUICKLY & EASILY
Many other uses and full directions on Large Sifter-Can 10¢
Old Dutch Cleanser

SEASICKNESS—
TRAINSICKNESS
PREVENTED—STOPPED



Mothersill's Seasick Remedy Insures a Pleasant Journey.

Mothersill's, after thorough tests, is now officially adopted by nearly all the Great Lakes and New York Steamship Companies running south and many Trans-Atlantic lines.

Three years ago Mr. Mothersill gave a personal demonstration of his remedy to passengers sailing the English Channel, Irish Sea and the Baltic, and received unqualified endorsement from such people as Bishop Taylor Smith, Lord Northcliff, and hosts of doctors, bankers and professional men, as well as leading club women.

Much interesting and valuable information is contained in an attractive booklet, which will be sent free, upon request.

Mothersill's is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium, chloral, or any coal-tar products. 50c box is sufficient for twenty-four hours, \$1.00 box for a Trans-Atlantic voyage. Almost all druggists sell it, or you can obtain it direct, postpaid, from MOTHERSILL REMEDY COMPANY, 366 Scherer Bldg., Detroit, Michigan. Also New York, Paris, Milan, Hamburg, and at 19 St. Bride Street, London.

TRADE MARK

LOOK for the "Winged Wheel" stamp and the name "Cashier" or "Fortune"

and be sure of a gold-filled watch case, of first-class workmanship, and of correct and artistic design.

It costs nothing to insist on it
It means much when you get it

AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO.
OF TORONTO, Limited

The Largest Watch Case Manufacturers in the British Empire.

ARTISTS SUPPLY CO.

Will save you 33 1/2 per cent to 60 per cent on Oil Colors, and will give you best prices on all Artists' Materials.

Write for Catalogue and particulars. The trade solicited.

77 York St., Toronto.



MOOSE JAW

The Industrial City of Saskatchewan and the Milling and Grain Centre of the West is the **GRAND INDUSTRIAL DIVISIONAL POINT** on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the Headquarters for the Canadian Pacific Railway Telegraphs for the Province of Saskatchewan.

The Canadian Pacific Pay Roll at Moose Jaw amounts to \$200,000.00 per month.

MOOSE JAW has been chosen as the Divisional Point on the Canadian Northern Railway. The Canadian Northern Railway have already purchased land to be used as site for their shops and round-houses.

MOOSE JAW will have, in the near future, thirteen distinct railway outlets, and is the **UNRIVALLED DISTRIBUTING POINT OF THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES.**

MOOSE JAW offers unexcelled opportunities for the Manufacturer, the Distributor and the Investor.

Write to-day to

H. G. COLEMAN, Secretary

The Board of Trade

Moose Jaw - Sask.

Editor's Talk

HEROES and heroic conduct have been much in the lime-light recently. What distinguishes heroic behaviour from mere fool-hardiness has never been and never can be fully defined. Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, in this issue, discusses the subject in story form. Perhaps there will be some readers who will disagree with Roberts' verdict—but in any case the story is thrilling and worthy its author's reputation.



Whether men will or not, women are coming to occupy a more prominent place in the body politic. They have hitherto been content with the society column and society row. But higher education and the inevitable development of ideas have forced them to the front in other directions. Hence the newspapers are beginning to tell what women are "doing" in addition to what women are "wearing." The "Society Column" has been merged in the "Woman's Page." This explains the purpose of our "Woman's Supplement." We hope to make it a reflection of the higher life among the women of Canada.

Marshall Saunders, perhaps the most famous and most prolific of Canadian women writers, contributes a charming sketch this week—a page from her daily life in the Nova Scotia town which she calls "home." Next month's Supplement will also contain a charming article by another Nova Scotian woman writer, thus proving that Eastern Canada produces a superior class of women as well as scholarly and distinguished men.



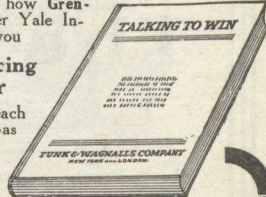
Next week, we shall return to the discussion of high prices and the high cost of living which was begun last week by Mr. Jackson, of the Economic Science staff of the University of Toronto. This discussion will be continued for some weeks as space permits. There will be only a calm and measured discussion, everything sensational being carefully excluded.

Get This FREE BOOK "Talking To Win"

It will show you how Grenville Kleiser (former Yale Instructor) can make you

A Convincing Speaker

and how he can teach you as surely as he has taught thousands of others



HOW TO

- Make Political Speeches—
- Make After-Dinner Speeches—
- Address Board Meetings—
- Converse Entertainingly—
- Sell More Goods—
- Acquire Poise and Self-Confidence—
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- Improve Your Memory—
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- Earn More—Achieve More.

This free book, "TALKING TO WIN," will show you how you may learn to speak—confidently, fluently, powerfully—at Business Conferences, Board Meetings, Political and Other Public Gatherings, Lodge and Club Meetings, in Salesmanship, at Banquets and Other Social Gatherings—anywhere and everywhere.

THOUSANDS OF MEN AND WOMEN HAVE BENEFITED

Mr. James Shea, Counsellor-at-Law, New York City, says enthusiastically: "I believe in Mr. Kleiser's Course absolutely, because I know and have seen what it will do for earnest men and women."

Dr. C. A. Bahn, New Orleans, La.: "I can recall no small investment that has afforded me more pleasure and greater benefits than your work on public speaking."

Get this free book, "TALKING TO WIN," and see for yourself what this Course can do. We do not send it to children, or to the idle curious, but if you are really earnest and ambitious to develop the full powers of your personality and thus reach the greatest measure of success which may be yours—

Sign and Mail This Coupon To-day for YOUR Free Copy of "TALKING TO WIN"

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Dept. 457, New York City.

Please send me the free book, "Talking to Win," and full information regarding Grenville Kleiser's Mail Course in Public Speaking and the Development of Mental Power and Personality.

Name

Local Address
Street and No. or, R.F.D.

Post-Office

Date..... State.....



John Ruskin says that beauty is "that which is adequate"—that which completely fulfills its purpose. Measured by this standard the Ford is the most beautiful car in all the world—another reason why we are forced to make seventy-five thousand of them this year.

All Fords are Model T's—all alike except the bodies. The two passenger runabout costs \$775—the five passenger touring car \$850—the delivery car \$875—the town car \$1,100—f. o. b. Walkerville, Ont., completely equipped. Catalogue from Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Walkerville, Ont., Canada.

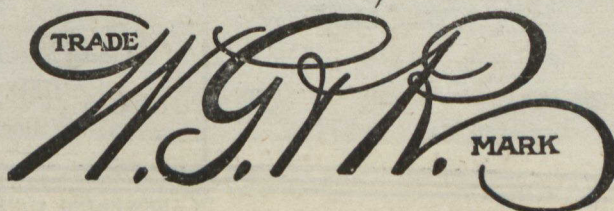
Lounge Collars and Shirts

are the correct thing for business or pleasure.

W.G.R. Lounge Collars, 25c each.

Elk Brand Lounge Collars, 2 for 25c

Look for the Trade Mark



COQUITLAM

The New Pacific City on the C.P.R.

At this point on Pitt River, twenty miles from the Pacific Ocean, the C.P.R. will have large freight terminals.

AS youth is the Best of Life, so are the Beginning Days of a City the Best for Investments for Increase.

In the early days of a community real estate prices are low and the terms of purchase easy. In later days prices run into big money and terms are stiff. Yet the history of all cities shows that relatively larger profits are made on the low prices of the early days than on the higher prices of maturer years.

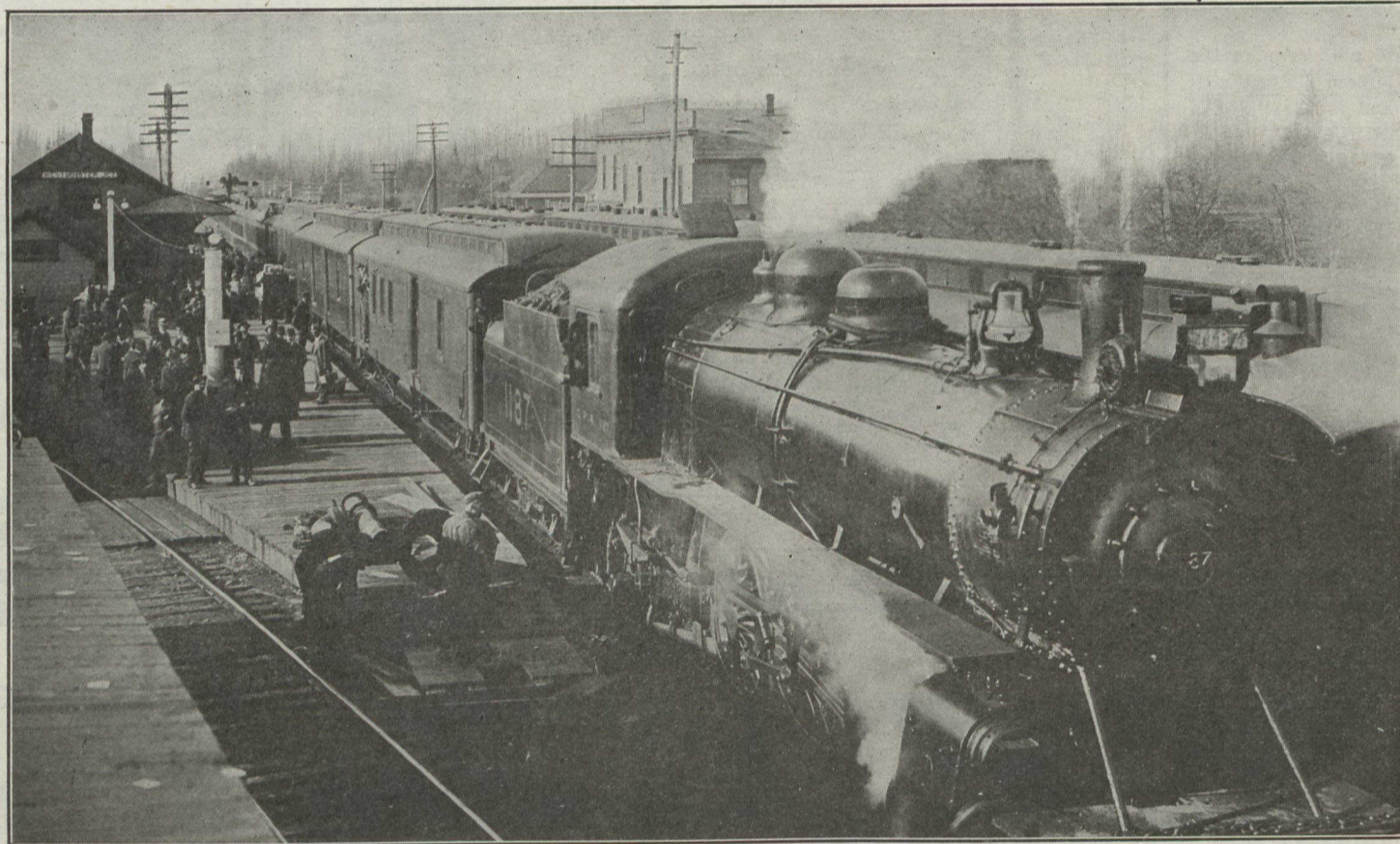
Lots in Vancouver that sold for \$250 when the city was founded have since sold for \$100,000. The man who paid \$100,000 has no such opportunity as the man who paid \$250. But the West is still young, and there are still foundation opportunities.

Coquitlam, the New Terminal City

renews the Vancouver opportunity of twenty years ago. Vancouver, like all great world cities, is beginning to buttress and support itself with outlying

cities, the greatest of which will be Coquitlam, the new base of the C. P. R. Crowded out of Vancouver, the railway has sought more room by establishing its freight terminals and Pacific coast shops on the level plain of Coquitlam—seventeen miles from Vancouver. It has there acquired a strip of land more than two miles long and more than half a mile wide. This land was acquired from or through the Coquitlam Terminal Company, and is for railway purposes only. The surrounding townsite belongs to the Coquitlam Terminal Company.

The terminal plant and shops of the railway will probably mean the ultimate investment of many millions of dollars and the employment of an army of workmen. Expenditures already made or in sight run well over a million dollars. An immense amount of preliminary work has been done, and from now until fall nearly a thousand men will be busied on the first unit of the terminals, for which work alone \$660,000 has been set aside. The municipality is spending \$200,000 on streets and sidewalks and the Terminal Company is spending \$30,000 on an industrial railway and is making other improvements.



A C.P.R. Transcontinental Arriving at Coquitlam.

But in the long run the activities of the railway will be eclipsed by those of other industries. Coquitlam is an ideal place for the location of the industries that must come to the Vancouver metropolitan district.

It has level land—a condition highly prized in a mountainous country. It has an abundance of hydro-electric power—not sometime, but now—at about \$20 per horse-power per year. It has a deep water harbor—the Pitt and Fraser rivers, tidal but fresh. It is only twenty miles from ocean waters. It has vast quantities of timber tribu-

tary to it. It will have an abundant car supply. It has extensive trackage and water frontage at nominal prices. It has cheap lots for workmen's homes. It does not tax improvements. It already has good schools, many business houses, several industries and many miles of good streets and sidewalks. It will soon have electric railway communication with Vancouver and the fertile Fraser Valley. It is surrounded by a good agricultural country. It is on the main line of the C. P. R., and has ten daily passenger trains. It enjoys the blessings of the Pacific Coast climate. It is

largely owned and controlled by a big company whose prosperity depends on its prosperity.

This company—our company—has charged itself with more than a lot-selling campaign. We are vigorously promoting the growth and welfare of the community. We especially desire to communicate with manufacturers seeking coast locations.

But the whole story is too long to tell here. Call on our representatives or write for further information or use the attached coupon. The folders we will send you will repay the trouble even if you never invest a cent.

Coquitlam Terminal Co., Limited, Dept. CC.,
Leigh-Spencer Bldg., Vancouver, B.C.

Without cost, liability or obligation on my part, send full particulars, maps, etc., of the new Pacific Coast Operating Terminals of the Canadian Pacific Railway, prices of lots, etc.

Name.....

Address.....

Coquitlam Terminal Company, Limited

549-553 Leigh-Spencer Building, VANCOUVER, B.C.

General Sales Agent for Ontario :

GEO. H. LANGAN,
Gordon Block, Stratford.

General Sales Agent for Quebec :

WILLIAM A. GOSSMAN,
404 Kings Hall, Montreal.

Toronto Sales Agents :

J. C. HAYES Co., Limited,
168 Bay St., Toronto.

The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

HERBERT
 PIER.

Vol. XI.

May 18, 1912

No. 25

BASEBALL FANS ARE HAPPY ONCE MORE



One of the "Frills" of Toronto's First Home Game, May 6. Alderman Maguire Says a Few Words to the "Maple Leafs" and Jersey City "Skeeters."



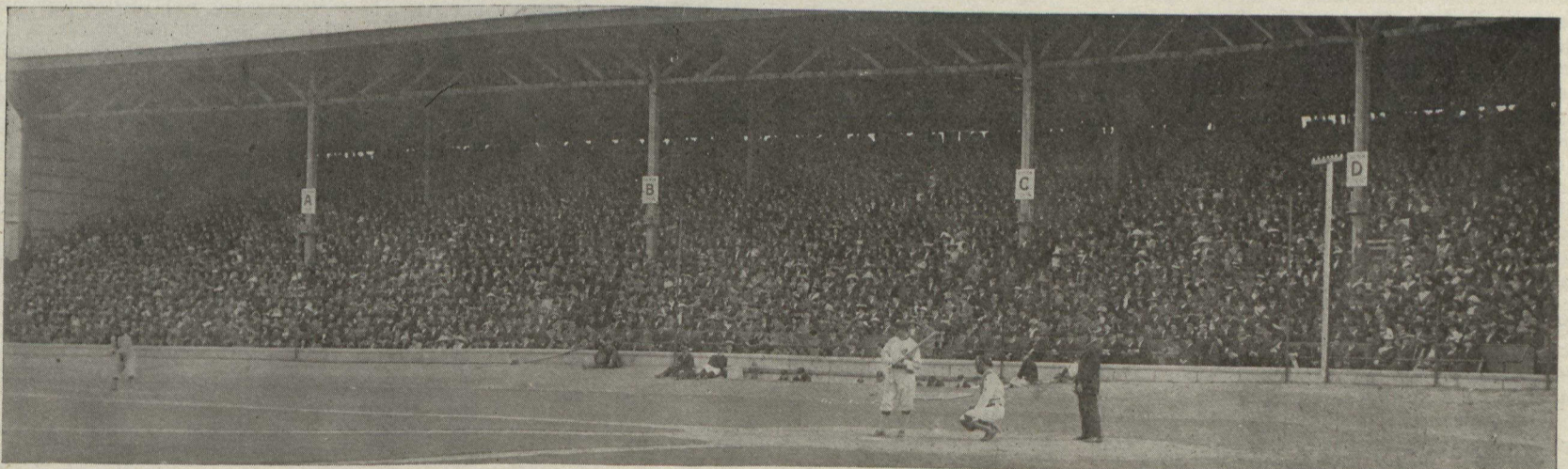
A Time When Even a Policeman Seems Like a Mere Episode to the Young Fans.



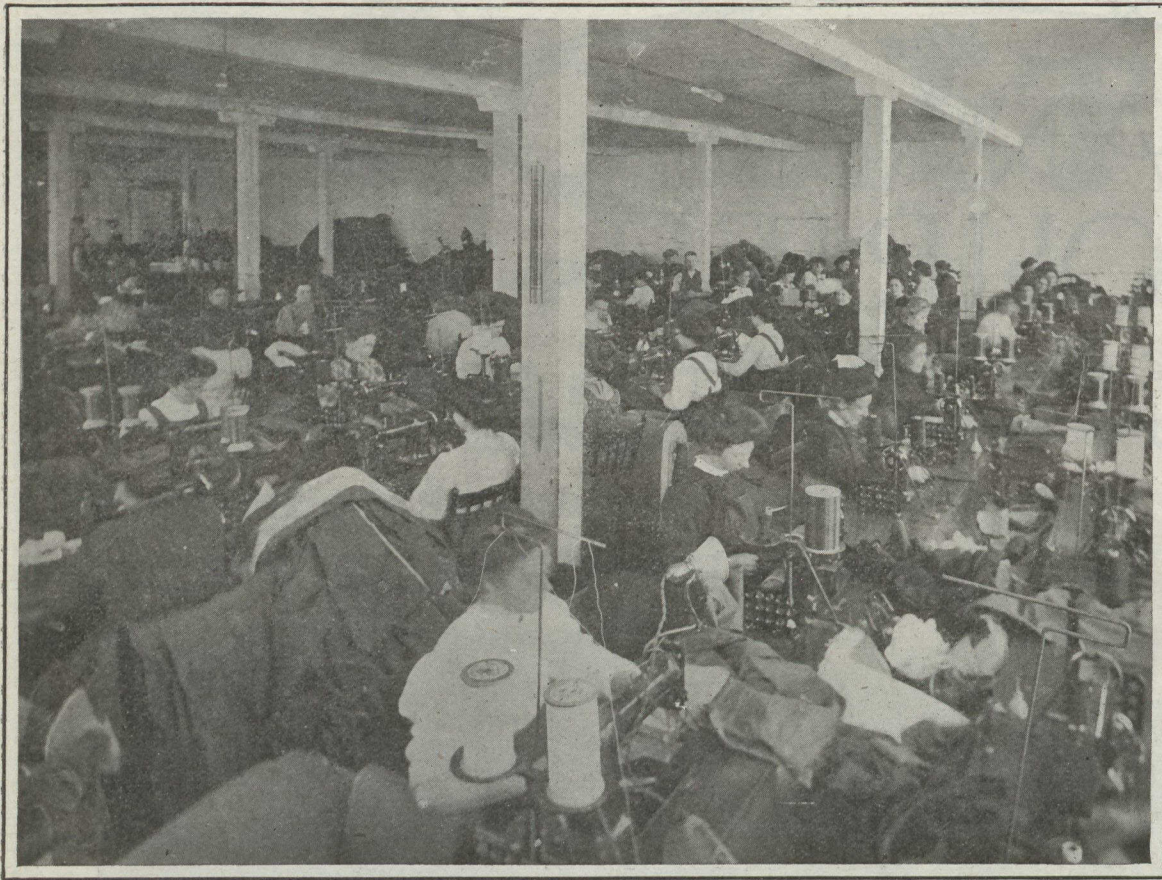
For the Third Successive Year Mayor Geary Pitched the First Ball, and He Is "Some Pitcher."



Players and Proud Small Boys in One of the Cubby Holes Known as "the Bench."



Part of the Grand Stand at the Island, Where the International League Games in Toronto Are Played. Sixteen Thousand People Saw the Opening Game. Photographs by W. James.



Corner in a White-wear Factory.

The Working Girl's Social Life

Third Article—Poverty in Social Relations; Standards of Canadian Family Life; The Stronger Social Bond

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

THE social relations of the girl wage-earner during the time when she is not at work still remain to be considered. Typical instances have been given of the girl at work, with the limitation that no statistical information is available for Canada. What does she do with herself the rest of the time? Low wages, and less than a living wage, have a good deal to do with the lack of social life which is forced on the girl at work who does not live at home. If she had better wages, she would be happier outside her working hours. It is admitted that in all probability her wages are low because she is untrained and inefficient. It is true that the girl's wages are low because of competition by the girl who lives at home. It is true again that woman as labour has not been studied in the industrial world. In one establishment known to the writer, where the girls are directed by a woman who believes in methods of scientific management, the improvement in the type of girl worker is evident. But low wages are not the only fact in the life of the Canadian girl wage-earner.

If the girl at work does not live at home, she suffers from the lack of home life and companionship. She is dissatisfied and unhappy because she is denied the wholesome amusement and social intercourse which belong to normal existence. One has never known a girl wage-earner living away from home who did not suffer acutely from the fact that she had no way of making friends. Maturer working women understand so well what it means to live away from home that they would rather cut their wages in half and live at home than earn big wages away from home. This longing for home is not pure sentiment. A home is a necessity for a contented working woman. If she has to earn big wages and can do so only away from home, she will stay away; but it is often because her wages are needed to keep up the family home where she does not live herself. This is not saying that there are not exceptional women who can make friendly circles for themselves wherever they may live. But the average working woman away from home has only social acquaintances who can give her little support and sympathy when she needs companionship. Numbers of girls leave home to earn a living with a pleasurable expectation of finding amusement and social enjoyment away from home. They find they have been mistaken, as far as average happiness is concerned, when they exchanged a friendly little world for a world which

is larger but indifferent. Home life is a factor in the health of a working woman. The difference between living at home and boarding is sufficient to account for health and well-being in the case of one working woman and ill-health and failure in the case of another woman equally endowed physically. Sympathy expressed in words and looks, someone to talk to, someone to care what is happening to the individual worker, are as necessary to the health of the average woman as proper food, clothing and rest. The most economical way to live is within the co-partnership of a home. Food is better. There is not an equal expenditure of money in proportion to returns. Relatives spare the working woman tasks which otherwise she would have to perform for herself. These facts are stated here because the girl wage-earner often discovers them to be true only after she has tried living away from home, and for the further reason that the general public may realize what is involved for the girl at work when she does not live at home.

THOUSANDS of Canadian girls employed in New York have discovered that the thrill and enjoyment of a big city are not included in "the long day" of a girl away from home. Probably more Canadian girl wage-earners are employed in Toronto than in any other city. It is estimated that from forty to forty-five thousand girls are at work in the business section of Toronto. Relying on the percentage figured out by the United States Census with regard to women workers—which is certainly too high a per cent. rather than too low—about three thousand five hundred of these girls are living away from home. Work is good, and they are happier girls than if they were idle. But as for recreation and companionship, healthful play and wholesome amusement, where is the girl who lives in a cheap boarding house and earns wages of six dollars a week, and less, to find these things in Toronto? It seems to be true that the average girl wage-earner in Toronto is paid close on a living wage, or less than a living wage. She has to do her utmost to make both ends meet, with little, or nothing, over for enjoyment. Is it true that she longs for quiet, comfortable surroundings where she can eat her meals and talk to someone like herself without incurring consequences which she would like to avoid? Two churches in Toronto are providing down-town lunches for business girls. As soon as such a lunch room is opened, it is filled to capacity. "Capacity" means serving the same tables, filled

with different relays of girls, every half hour between twelve and half past one. It has been said that girls go to work because of love of excitement and pleasure. In connection with one of these church lunch rooms the girls a few weeks ago gave a free supper to one hundred poor children. They are proposing to support a deaconess from the fund formed by ten cents a week collected from each girl who belongs to the luncheon club. It is necessary to form a club for church lunch rooms. Otherwise the lunch room would be crowded beyond its capacity by the girls who would come to lunch. They come because the atmosphere is homelike, and there is quiet and space. The story of the church lunch room for business girls is a fair indication of the pressure which is felt by the girl at work.

IT is useless to propose that girls should not work and that they should stay at home. Generally speaking, a girl works as a wage-earner because she has to; often it is necessary for her to leave home to get work. We do not believe that this will be a bad thing in the end for women of the future and society. It is better for the girl to try to be worth something rather than do nothing and be nothing. But society and industry as organized at present make it harder for the girl at work than for other wage-earners. A better wage would help and can be secured by making the girl a more efficient worker. The study of the girl at work—the scientific and careful study—is the first step towards improving both wages and social environment. If this study is not undertaken by government and universities, such an investigation is the opportunity of women's clubs. Statistics cannot be arrived at over night. They can be collected usefully only by experts. Dr. Annie Marion Maclean, a Canadian woman who is Professor of Sociology in Adelphi College, Brooklyn, conducted an inquiry into the wages of working women in the United States for the Young Women's Christian Association of the United States. Undoubtedly, Dr. Maclean would be delighted to be retained either by a woman's club or a Canadian University or the Commission for Conservation to advise in such work for Canadian working women. There is a Canadian Business Woman's Club in Toronto, members of which must possess the knowledge and enthusiasm required to help in compiling statistics of a living wage. To get these statistics it is necessary to find a number of women wage-earners who are willing to keep account of what they spend. Initiative is necessary. Who will give the initiative? There must be some women's club in every Canadian city which can at least undertake an inquiry into the number of girls in that city who are paid less than \$300 a year. At the same time let the women's club find out whether the girl with \$300 a year—or less—lives at home or boards away from home. This information will strike at the root of the difficulty, immediately and in the simplest way. If the women's clubs of Canada are in earnest—some of them undoubtedly are—they can do this work for girls, and will help to raise the standard of Canadian civilization.

It may be said that a great deal is being done already for the girl who works. The Young Women's Christian Association, activities of churches, and of such organizations as the Girl Guides, will be cited as efforts to help working girls which have been successful. These are alleviations. They are not cures. They reach as many girls as they can. They do not help every girl. They do not increase the efficiency of the girl worker nor better her wages. They do help to some extent in social companionship, and in making it possible for a girl to live while she learns a trade. These good agencies are the result of kindness. What is needed from the public, more than kindness, is commonsense and justice and business efficiency. What is needed socially is a deeper sense of the unity of the family and outside of family life a stronger social bond. What is needed, perhaps especially, is the recognition, principally by women at home, that the standards of Canadian family life do not in every respect compare favourably with family life in Great Britain and the United States, naming countries with which we will be compared in arriving at standards of civilization.

Fortunately, it is true that everything which increases the welfare of the community improves the woman wage-earner's position. Better housing affects every worker. Town planning of the highest type will eventually tend to gather people into small communities, parts of the great community of a city. The garden suburbs of England show how such communities have a life of their own, social and recreative, with music, and sports and amusements in common. There old people live near the families of their children, in apartments of their own if this is more convenient. There the sick

and poor are cared for, the little community recognizing its obligation to the weak. And there single working women form part of the community, their recreation and social life and housing being planned for along with every other part of the community. In the same way, the playgrounds of cities are developing into recreation centres, and recreation centres are being recognized as an inevitable part of the responsibility of a city. When the girl at work can go in the evenings and on Saturday half holidays to a recreation centre controlled by the city where there are clubs for social enjoyment and for study, for sports and such amusements as dancing and theatricals, the problem of loneliness for the girl wage-earner in a city will be to a large extent solved. European cities have public baths for women as well as for men. The citizens of a German city do not need to go hungry for music unless they are rich. When similar social conditions are to be found in Canada our civilization will be better than it is now.

It may be said that the average wage-earning girl marries in a few years, and then her difficulties as a wage-earner are over. There are numerous exceptions to this rule. In any case if a girl is an inefficient and underpaid wage-earner she is not likely to become an efficient and successful housewife. The girl wage-earner is always in our cities and always will be. It is, of course, a rural problem also since girls come to towns and cities from the country to work. What difference does it make that the problem is not for the same girl, but for another? The average girl who works for a living reaches a low standard of efficiency and a low level of wages. If she marries, her successor inevitably appears and furnishes the same problem. It is evident to anyone who thinks of our social and industrial life at all that the first step to be taken by the community for the girl at work is the acquiring of definite information. How many girls are at work? How many live at home and away from home? What is a living wage for a Canadian working girl?

No one knows accurately. Surely women's clubs will undertake this inquiry. The sociological departments of universities could give valuable aid. The Canadian Government has a Conservation Commission which is in sympathy with projects of this character. The efficiency of the girl can be increased by a change in her public school education. In addition, some specialized training should be provided for the girl who goes from school direct to the factory or shop. Finally, while the girl wage-earner who lives at home should be helped to understand what low wages mean to the girl wage-earner who does not live at home, a general betterment of social life should be begun for the girl who works and lives away from home. It is a good business proposition for the girl away from home to secure for herself as far as possible the same comfort and social companionship that she

would have at home. She will have to think about this herself and work for it. But she needs some help in securing homelike comfort and companionship. Churches can help. But it is not work for churches only. Possibly it is not particularly the work of the church. It may be particularly the work of women who live at home. It is also civic work and civic agencies should undertake it. A city is not a real city if it is not a good place to live



Reading the "Situations Vacant" Column.

in for all classes of its citizens. If loneliness and isolation and the consequences of living on a low wage are to some extent removed, other social problems will be at least correspondingly reduced in scope and seriousness.

The statement has been made that standards of Canadian family life do not always compare favourably with family life in Great Britain and the United States. Perhaps an extract from an article by Mr. Peter McArthur, which appeared in the *Toronto Globe* of January 1st, 1912, will explain the statement sufficiently. The article is on "Country Girls." Mr. McArthur is telling why country girls leave the country. "Money greed can shrivel the souls of women as well as of men, but I have no hesitation in saying that few Canadian

girls are fairly treated in regard to payment for their work. Neither their fathers nor mothers nor brothers can understand why they should ever have a dollar that they can call their own and for which they should not render a strict accounting. They may be given good clothes and a piano, but that is regarded as sufficient payment for all that they may do. If there are sons in the family an effort will be made to give them all a start in life, but unless the daughter marries her outlook is anything but encouraging." Farther on Mr. McArthur writes again: "The more I think of it the more I am convinced that the revolt of the girls is due to their home surroundings. Many of them live in brick houses that have the outward appearance of palaces and the inward accommodation of log-barns. They can see their brothers being provided for, while no provision is being made for them. They dread the hard, narrow lives that are lived by their mothers, and are not to be blamed if they do. The only solution that suggests itself is that of providing more considerate fathers, brothers and husbands for country girls, and I say this without any wish to appear humorous or to make a display of cheap gallantry." The *Monocle Man*, in the *CANADIAN COURIER*, writing on the shortcomings of Canadian manners, urged Canadian women to begin to toil less arduously and to bring joy into their homes. We speak of the majority of Canadian women, not of the few who are wives of the wealthy or who are wealthy themselves.

NEITHER Mr. McArthur nor the writer in the *CANADIAN COURIER* are likely to have invented imaginary conditions. These are conditions which they have seen. Mr. McArthur writes of the country girl. What right has a Canadian farmer to let his daughter, or his sister, come to the city to earn a living without any money and without a trade? Yet this is done. It is a shame. Here is where the standards of Canadian family life fail. Every member of a family ought to share alike with the others, with the exception that the member who can earn least should have more care than the others. This is what family life means. Idleness is probably worse than overwork. But Canada seems to be the only country in the world where the girl is allowed to start out to earn a living with less care than the boy. It may be supposed that the case is different in the city. This is not so certain. The following may be an extreme case, but it is true. In a household in a Canadian city a man and his mother live by themselves. The man has a good position and earns a good salary. His mother is an old woman, probably seventy or seventy-five. Two daughters and one other son are married and live in the same city and they are all in comfortable circumstances. An unmarried daughter has lived away from home and supported herself as a governess for 20 years, and for 20 years she has sent home contributions to the up-keep of the family

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The Stuff of Heroes

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

D. R. PETER DUBOFF, known also in his own land as Peter Ivanovitch, was a failure, a failure and dishonoured. He admitted as much to himself without reserve.

He had set his hand to a terrible task. Freely, deliberately, solemnly, believing himself consecrated to the work, he had undertaken it. At the last, the crucial moment, to his own stupefaction of amazement, not his hand but his heart had failed him. From the consequences of this failure he had fled, across half a continent and the ocean, to hide himself in the remote little fishing village of Pratts Harbour, on the Labrador Coast. When he remembered it all—and the memory was one of undimmed vividness, bitten as if by acid into brain and nerve—sometimes he would flush and then grow cold with shame, possessed by a long inherited faith in an implacable code. But at other times, seeing from another point of view, his heart would warm with joy, and he would thank God passionately for that failure and that dishonour.

It had happened in Kief; and in the following fashion had it come about:

AN aristocrat by birth, but an ardent intellectual and progressive by conviction, Peter Duboff had embraced the doctrines of the advanced revolutionaries. Seeing the miseries in which his Holy Russia groaned and wallowed, the fanaticism of his zeal for her regeneration could not tolerate slow or moderate methods. The centuries of cruelty and oppression must be expiated with blood.

Murder, for the Cause, he taught himself to regard as a blessed and holy thing; for only by such means, he believed, could the hearts of tyrants be opened to admit the fear of God. When, therefore, the choice of the Revolutionary Council fell on him for the great task of the moment, he was glad. The iron Somaliev, Governor of Kief, was to be blown to pieces before the gates of his palace.

Duboff was ready for his orders. In premonition of some such great business being committed to his care, months earlier he had sent his only child, a boy of eight years, to a school in England; and such of his property as he had not devoted to the Cause he had put into English securities. The child's future would be safe. There was nothing more to tie him. His love for the motherless boy was for the moment withered in the white flame of his exaltation.

The good faith of Peter Duboff was above suspicion, even in the eyes of his fellow fanatics, whose every breath was one of conspiracy and distrust. Nevertheless, the Red Committee took no chances, even with Duboff. His every move was decreed for him. He was bound by dreadful oaths, which seemed to him, as he took them, childishly futile, in the face of his ardor. And he was menaced with the fate that would fall upon him and upon his child if he should play false, menaces that it seemed not worth his while to hear.

Somaliev was from the north, a stranger to Kief. He did not even know his own palace so well as he should have known it. But the committee knew it very well indeed. And so it came about that just at the hour when the Governor, who was punctuality itself and heedless of all precaution, should come driving up to his gates, Duboff, with his deadly picric bomb (in the form of a book) under his arm, came loitering through the shrubbery behind the iron railings. The fact that the explosion would probably destroy not only Somaliev's coachman and footman, but an uncertain number of bystanders as well, seemed to Duboff's zeal but a necessary and unimportant incident in the disciplining of tyrants.

HE was as cool as steel. Even when, at a distance of a hundred yards from the gate, the coach broke down through a wheel coming off, he was not disturbed. He saw the tall, white haired, uniformed figure of Somaliev disengage itself from the ruin and stride impatiently toward the gate.

Somaliev was angry at the accident, which showed gross negligence in his coach house. His grey eyes, under shaggy brows, gleamed fiercely. His hawk nose in the air, he brushed against a gaping child, and fairly knocked it over. The child began to cry. Somaliev noticed it, stopped, wheeled, and looked down at it with softening eyes. Then he picked it up tenderly, stood it on its feet, made an awkward attempt to brush it with his big, gauntleted hands, thrust a bright coin into its grimy little paw, and went on toward the gate, his mouth

puckering whimsically under the grey moustache.

Something seemed to click in Duboff's heart, and his eyes saw differently in that instant. Somaliev was no longer an abstraction of evil, but a human being, a brother man, one of those very brothers over whom Duboff's heart so warmly, if a trifle inconsistently, was wont to yearn. He saw the bewildered child, the innocently curious bystanders, the anxiously sweating coachman—all in a moment, perhaps, to be bleeding and shrieking victims of the bomb he must throw. A sickness of longing for his own child came over him. Who was he, he asked himself suddenly, to execute justice—or was it injustice? An icy sweat broke out upon him as he confronted the novel question? Melting back into the shrubbery, he vanished into an alley of the palace, and so, a studious figure with book under arm, disappeared by ways the Governor knew not.

Within a half-hour Duboff was on his way to the border. The committee, apprised of the accident to Somaliev's coach, had no suspicions. They waited confidently to receive Duboff's report that night. With such a start, and pitting his keen intelligence against theirs, Duboff succeeded in reaching England. Snatching up his child, he made his way north into Scotland, and took passage on a tramp steamer for Newfoundland. A coasting schooner carried him from St. John's up to Labrador; and when he settled himself in Pratts Harbour he felt that his trail had been successfully covered.

PRATTS HARBOUR, suspicious of strangers, was at first none too hospitable. The village folk were for the most part occupied with fishing; but they were also, in a chastened way, wreckers. They knew better than to seek to mislead a storm driven ship; but if a wreck took place on their wild coast they saw the hand of Providence in it and returned thanks, and devoted more effort to the saving of the cargo than to the crew and passengers. The latter might get ashore if God willed.

But Duboff, tending their sick for no fee, nursing them more tenderly and patiently than their wives and mothers could, feeding their hungry, lending with open hand to their needy, soon gained an ascendancy over their wild imaginations. With his deep and dream-filled eyes, his kindly mouth, his grave and pensive smile, his abundant dark hair and softly curling brown beard, he reminded them of the picture of Christ in the village church. So it came about, in time, that he was even able to revolutionize their very primitive attitude toward shipwrecks. Under his exhortations, instructions, and leadership, instead of waiting hopefully for the shipwrecked unfortunates to drown, they became daring and devoted lifesavers: somewhat to the detriment of their pockets, indeed, but to the incalculable advantage of their morals and their consciences.

And in this way Duboff, in the saving of many lives, made reparation in his heart for the lives he had had it in his heart to destroy.

FOR nearly three years Duboff had lived and toiled in Pratts Harbour—and no one in Pratts Harbour ever suspected that he was either a failure or dishonoured. With his work, with the education of his boy, with his wild dashes forth into the storm when some doomed ship lay grinding on the outer reefs, he found life full enough, and grew almost to reconciliation with himself.

There came a day when the bleak coast was in battle with a yelling, black nor'easter. A small brig, up from St. John's, was staggering before it, in despairing effort to make Pratts Harbour. The awful trap of the outer reefs she passed in safety; but was carried too far south. Then came the terrific struggle to beat back to the entrance proper. The whole village was out to watch her as she fought her way up into the wind, literally inch by inch. But they did not look on as in the old days, with cold greed in their hearts. Two boat crews of picked men, with Duboff at their head, stood by, ready to launch their sturdy whaleboats. And beside Duboff, clutching his hand and gazing out white-faced upon the devouring tumult, stood his boy, with yellow-brown hair blown backward.

The long-drawn struggle was an agony. The watchers, infected with Duboff's own spirit, agonized

in sympathy, their salty and rugged faces drawn, their sinews straining with suspense. At last, as she neared the point, it was seen that she was too close in. She could not clear it. The crowd groaned hoarsely, and some woman sobbed. Duboff caught his boy up into his arms, holding him close in brief farewell. The ship, in desperation, let go both anchors. They caught, held—and the hawsers parted like hay. The fated vessel fell off, and was flung broadside on the toothed ledges that fringe the base of Gull Rock Head.

Even while the boats were being launched into the comparatively quiet water behind the head, she broke in two; and the after portion, where most of the crew had gathered, simply crumbled into match-wood. In the fore part, now plainly visible, now hidden by sheets of spray, remained two figures, clinging in the stays. One was a member of the crew. The other, in black, with long black hair and beard, was as evidently a passenger.

A crashing wave tore the seaman from his hold; but, instead of sweeping him overboard, slammed him down against the stanchions, and by some watery caprice left him there, stunned and helpless, for the next wave to finish. With astounding agility the bearded passenger pounced down from his refuge, heaved up the limp body, braced it between himself and the stays, and succeeding in hold-



At Sight of Such Dauntless Courage Duboff Forgot all Odds.

ing it against the next smothering onslaught. The watchers on the shore cheered hoarsely, some of the women bursting into frantic tears.

Just then the boats appeared, thrusting out from behind the point and plunging into the full fury of the storm. Their headway stopped, as if their prows were buffeted back by titanic hands. They mounted and fell; but seemed, with all their violent movement, to make no progress, like rocking horses. Yet the distance they had to traverse to reach the wreck was little more than a couple of hundred yards.

And now began two dreadful and terrific struggles. The watchers on shore, half blinded by the driven salt, and leaning aslant against the ponderous onrush of the wind, turned their anxious eyes now to the one, now to the other, and held their breaths, and gasped broken prayers. Abreast the point the boats wrestled doggedly, now gaining a few yards by a rush forward in the trough of calm between two combers, now beaten back, slowly and inexorably.

But on the wreck was the more gigantic struggle. The man in the stays, the lone black figure looking so infinitely small, struggled to hold the body of the seaman against all the forces of the storm. It seemed to the watchers impossible, inconceivable, that he should prevail. Yet, from moment to moment, he did prevail. And, as wave after wave receded, the long-haired figure was seen still grasping, still sheltering, his helpless burden; till presently the crowd forgot to cheer, to weep, to pray, and could only stare awestricken.

At last in a half-lull of the hurricane the boat won nearer; but it was only to find that, as the wreck lay, fairly lifted over and into a cup in the reef, no effective approach was possible. To come close enough to cast a line to the man in the rigging

would have meant inevitable destruction for both boats. Then the gale burst forth again in full fury, and the boats had all they could do to hold themselves off those thundering cataracts of the ledges.

As if weakened by the momentary respite, the fragment of wreck now yielded under the fresh onslaught, and toppled over upon its side till the broken mast lay out at such a slant that the crest of the seas swept it to the tip. With incredible tenacity the black figure in the stays still held on, and still gripped its helpless burden. Little by little it worked its way out toward the end of the mast, which almost overhung the deep water on the inner slope of the ledge.

AT the sight of such dauntless courage and fidelity Duboff forgot all odds. Whether the thing were possible or not, he would do it! He would rescue the black figure with the burden, or go down with them! Fixing the end of a line about his waist, he ordered his boat around to the other side of the ledge. The other boat followed. They could approach no nearer from this side; for the gigantic suction of each wave as it went by opened an abyss to the very roots of the ledge, and the following inrush was like a maelstrom. Just outside its clutches hung the boats, now skied, now wallowing in the troughs. And then Duboff, plunging from the prow of his boat, swam in.

The instant that he plunged, the man on the wreck gave a great shout, which made itself heard even above the thunder of the breakers; and with a colossal obstinacy of defiance to all fate he passed a bight of line about his burden and secured it to his own waist.

From the boats, and from the watchers on shore, rose cries of mingled admiration and protest. "Drop him!"—"He's dead!"—"It's no use!"—"He can't save you both!"—"For God's sake, let him go!" But all alike were swept away by the wind; and would have been equally idle had they reached their goal, for the man was drunk with the rage of the struggle for the life he had set himself to save. His own was clean forgotten.

Duboff, battling desperately but coolly in the tortured seas, saw and understood.

At length, borne almost beneath the projecting end of the mast, he saved himself, by a tremendous backward thrust, from being dashed upon the ledge. At the moment, calculating it justly, the stranger dropped with his

burden. Duboff had just time to observe, from his aimless floundering, that he knew nothing of the water, when a receding surge sucked him away. Duboff dived, and with his left hand caught him by the back of the collar, holding him rigidly at arm's length. Then came a few moments of choking anguish. But it was not a simple matter to drag in that load, with the contorted seas wrenching it in one direction even while hurling the boat in the other. All but two of the crew had to keep sweating for their lives at the oars, to hold the boat off the ledges. At one moment the line would slacken so suddenly that the man hauling on it would fall backward, and Duboff and his load would be dashed almost upon the boat; at the next the line would go taut with a sickening jerk, and its burden would be dragged under, and held under, till Duboff thought his lungs would burst.

But at last in a deep trough he was pulled up to the boatside, and lifted in over the gunwale with his charges before the boat shot up to the next crest. He was all but spent, and could only lie gasping and spitting on the bottom. The bearded stranger was unconscious, his eyes sunken far back into their haggard and sallow sockets from the strain of his superhuman struggle. But the sailor for whose life he had so striven was dead as a stone. His back had been broken across the stanchions.

To Duboff's house the stranger was taken, still unconscious, and put to bed; Duboff himself, his giant frame like tempered steel, none the worse for the adventure.

In the stranger's pockets Duboff found no mark of identification, no clue even. His watch, stopped by the salt water, was English. His automatic revolver was American; but the man himself, by the

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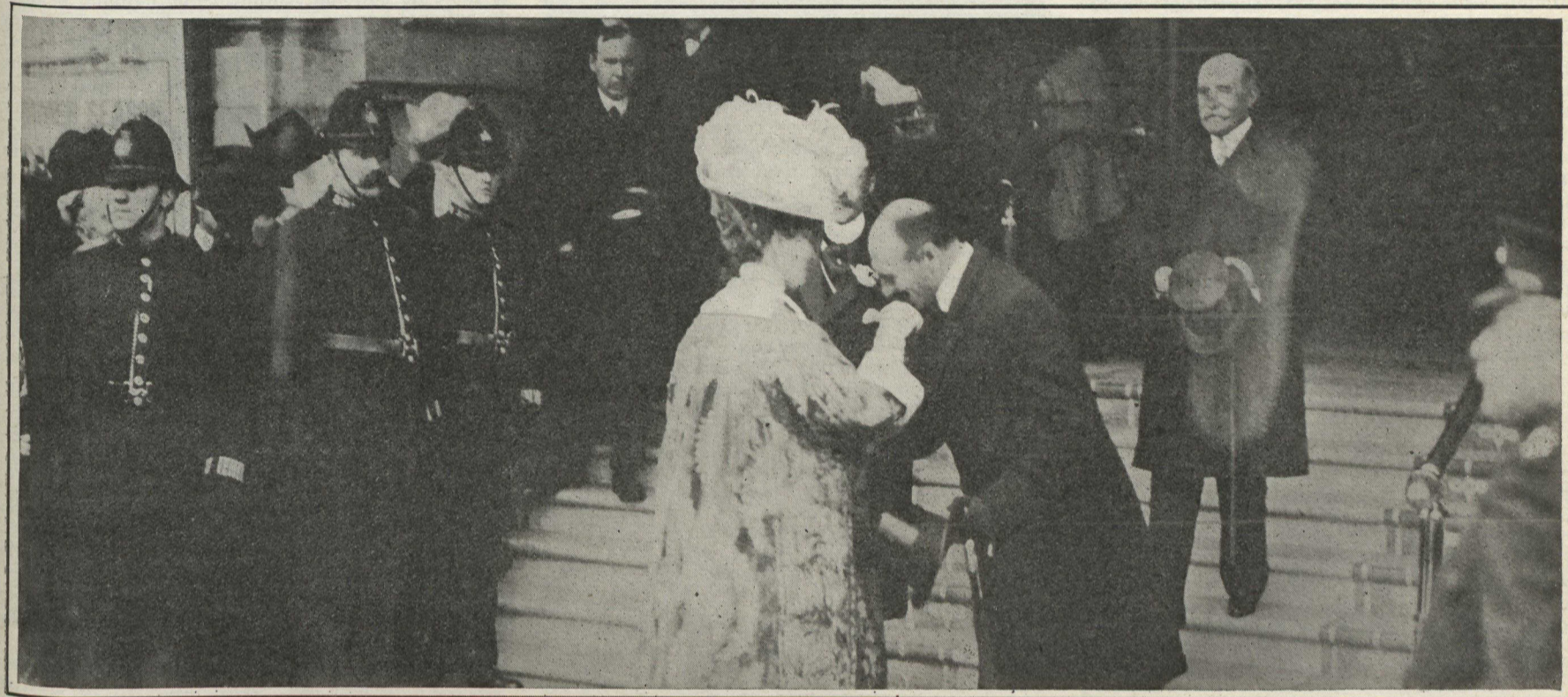
What the Anglo-Saxon World is Doing



New York Suffrage Parade—the Children Were a Prominent Feature.



Of the Fifteen Thousand Women on Parade the Milliners Were Not the Least Attractive.



THE KING AND QUEEN ATTEND A SPECIAL MATINEE AT THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE.

This Unusual Photograph Shows Prince Alexander of Teck Kissing the Queen's Hand When She Arrived at the Opera House to Attend the Special Matinee Given by the League of Mercy on Behalf of Those Who Suffered Through the Loss of the Titanic.



SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY FESTIVITIES AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The Procession Leaving Shakespeare's Birthplace to Visit the Tomb in Holy Trinity Church.



IRISH LEADERS AT JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S FUNERAL.

Mr. John Dillon (White Beard), Mr. John Redmond, and Mr. T. P. O'Connor.



"THE GREAT ILLUSION."

EVERY now and then some one asks me—in reference usually to a remark hinting that Canada ought to be ready to defend herself—if I have read Norman Angell's book—"The Great Illusion." Norman Angell—a pen-name for an English journalist living in Paris—has written a book which has been a great popular success, in which he argues that war is unprofitable for the victor; and that, consequently, "nations of shop-keepers" and other sensible persons should not go to war. If we lose, we lose; and, if we win, we lose, too. It is a poor gamble, says Norman Angell; keep out of it. And he proves it in nervous chapter after chapter in which quotations from authorities and extracts from speeches and "market reports" whirl copiously about each other in a dizzying dance. Through it all runs a certain, superficial "cock-sureness" which was the secret of the popularity of that other "Great Illusion," "Coin's Financial School." Do you remember "Coin's Financial School?" It took the place of the Bible in the Western States for a while, and proved to be a demonstration that if you took fifty cents' worth of silver, and put a Government stamp on it, it immediately became worth a dollar. "Billy" Bryan ran his first Presidential election on that theory—though he never speaks of it now—but I think that the best comment ever made on this particular "illusion" was offered by poor "Bob" Ingersoll, who said that, if the Government could make value in this easy way, then he objected to the "free silver" plan because of its cost. Why use silver? Why not use copper or paper?

NORMAN ANGELL'S "Great Illusion" carries him so far that he declares categorically that it hurt Germany, financially, to get her billion dollar indemnity from France after the war of 1870. And he proves it by showing that, during the period that this money was pouring out of France and into Germany, France was recuperating while Germany was suffering from depression. And he proves the depression, in turn, from speeches by German advocates of a new fiscal policy for Germany. This would be very like proving Canadian "depression" last year from the speeches of pro-Reciprocity poli-

ticians; or proving the reverse from speeches by anti-Reciprocity politicians. Any quotation is as good as another for Norman Angell. But think of the mental condition of a man who will gravely argue that it was an injury for the German people to have the German Government get a billion dollars from the French Government. Why, that would mean that the German Government would either leave the German people untaxed by that amount, or would reduce the public debt by that amount. Now does it enrich a people to be taxed? If so, our chaps at Ottawa are sinfully wasting their time.

THE Angell book appeared first a couple of years ago; but the great men of Europe are still under "the Great Delusion," and are preparing for war as vigorously and at as heavy cost as if they did not know that it could never pay them to fight. Possibly they may have skipped some of the argument and jumped over to the end of the little work, where Angell becomes "afraid of his horses" and hedges very violently. Let me quote a little—

"Are we immediately to cease preparation for war, since our defeat cannot advantage our enemy nor do us in the long run much harm? No such conclusion results from a study of the considerations elaborated here. It is evident that so long as the misconception we are dealing with is all but universal in Europe, so long as the nations believe that in some way the military and political subjugation of others will bring with it a tangible material advantage to the conqueror, we all do, in fact, stand in danger from such aggression. . . . On this ground alone, I deem that we or any other nation are justified in taking means of self-defence to prevent such aggression. This is not, therefore, a plea for disarmament irrespective of the action of other nations. So long as current political philosophy in Europe remains what it is, I would not urge the reduction of our war budget by a single sovereign."

SO there we are back again. War may not pay; but, so long as other people do not know it, we must prepare to fight them. Of course, that is precisely, in practice, the British position to-day. We are not arming for aggression but for defence.

But we are not doing this because we are under the "illusion" that war does not pay; but because we have paid ourselves so mightily well in the past by war that we have now all the "spoils of victory" we can comfortably digest. "War does not pay!" Can't you hear all the Conquerors of the past laughing in their beards? They went out from Rome at the head of their legions, and they brought back the wealth of the world to pour in golden streams into the baths and circuses and palaces of the Eternal City. Without war, who would ever have heard of the little settlement on the Tiber? Ah, but that was long ago, says Norman Angell. Very well, come down to date. What would England be to-day without war? She would not have a foot of India—she would have no share of China's trade, except as she might glean after some other masterful reaper—she would not have Canada or Australia or South Africa or any of her possessions—she would have no commerce, for the Spanish and the French would have swept it from the seas. Britain is the great creditor nation—the great trading nation—the great carrying nation—of the world by grace of powder and shot.

AND is it all a matter of dollars and cents? Do we care for nothing but dividends and wages? Is there no national sentiment—no national pride—no national honour? Come now, how much money will you take and pull down that coloured bit of bunting which whips out so sturdily against "the blue" yonder—that "old tattered rag"—and let me put up quite as good a piece of cloth of another pattern? It might be something very "fetching" with Stars and Stripes in it. How much now in cold cash to make the exchange? And there is a bit of rather dismal music that some monied men would like to buy you away from at the same time. You know what I mean—

"You may take hold of the wings of the morning
And flop round the world till you're dead,
But you can't get away, from the tune that they play
To that bloomin' old rag overhead."

Come, now! Good, gold dollars; and give it all up! You won't? "There are some things that are not for sale?" How unpractical. Yet, my Gentlemen of the Union Jack, you will give it up if you do not prepare to defend that flag, just as surely as the heroic French people who had built their lives into Canada saw their "Lilies" come fluttering down at the command of the War God. And we are still in a world where War is the final arbiter. War doesn't pay? Ask the first German you meet how much he will take and have the results of the War of 1870 reversed.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Plain Man—Mabee

Who Was also a Judge and the Champion of the Square Deal

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



Judge Mabee as He Was
When He Quit Work.

DOWN on Lake Erie, where the county of Norfolk thrusts its well-kempt farms and budding orchards out over the blue, there is a tidy little town where the ships used to come in. And it was in the days of the grey sails leaning in to Port Rowan from across the lake that two sons grew up in the home of Collector of Customs Mabee. One of these was a thick-set, square-jawed boy that went swimming in the lake below just as soon as the oats were up, fished for suckers in the creek and got away to the Twenty-Fourth of May celebrations as regular as the time came to plant corn.

In that sleepy little village of the sails and the fishermen James Pitt Mabee went to school and played "hookey" till he got to the age when he took to the High School. James Mabee might have become a customs col-

lector. But he chose to finish up at the High School and afterwards to take a course at Toronto University; and while he was still much of a youth he spent a year or so in the old home school teaching the neighbours' boys something about the English language.

Then he studied law; which in those days was considered goal enough for any Canadian lad. And Port Rowan folk reckoned that Jim Mabee would turn out as smart a lawyer as ever wore a gown. Though they said he was no sort of book-worm—but somehow the square deal came to him natural, because in any tangle of affairs among the farmers round about the young man had a way of seeing through the bush into the clearing.

So they bade godspeed to Jim Mabee, the full-fledged lawyer, when he packed his trunk and took a train for the inland town of Listowel, somewhere else on the lines of the Grand Trunk. And some predicted that whether or no he ever became what he ought to be, Jim Mabee had the head of a judge.

Every now and then the young lawyer Mabee kept drifting back for a quiet vacation to the old town on the lake where the sails had quit drifting in. He liked the old place.

And when James Pitt Mabee had become a judge, and almost suddenly one of the most famous men in Canada, he still took an occasional jaunt down to the old Port to see the folks and to have a good quiet time with the neighbours; just because he

liked it, and he had always kept strong in his makeup the heart of a boy.

One day last week, when the farmers about Port Rowan had quit seeding and the fishermen were mending the nets; when the buds were breaking loose in the orchards and the song sparrows were holding high revel with the whistling orioles—a line of private cars went rumbling in from Toronto to the end of the side line; down to the hushed-up town of Port Rowan, where the little churches thrust up their spires in the new green. One car contained all that was mortal of James Pitt Mabee, who was coming back to the old town for the last time.

And the neighbours said that only a week before, on the day that he went to the hospital, the Chairman of the Dominion Railway Commission had sat in his court till past five o'clock—to see that the square deal came to plain folk at the crossing. He had been operated on—successfully—for a malignant case of appendicitis. Paralysis had set in. The case was bulletined to the newspapers almost hour by hour. A third doctor was called. Heroic measures were taken. Some relief came. It was hoped that Judge Mabee would recover. But at 3.15 on Monday, May 6, he died.

James Pitt Mabee was the creation of a public need—not of a system. There are and have been great heads of corporations, themselves the product of the systems whose heads they became. Such a man was the late Charles M. Hays, whom with much care and great difficulty a great railway sys-

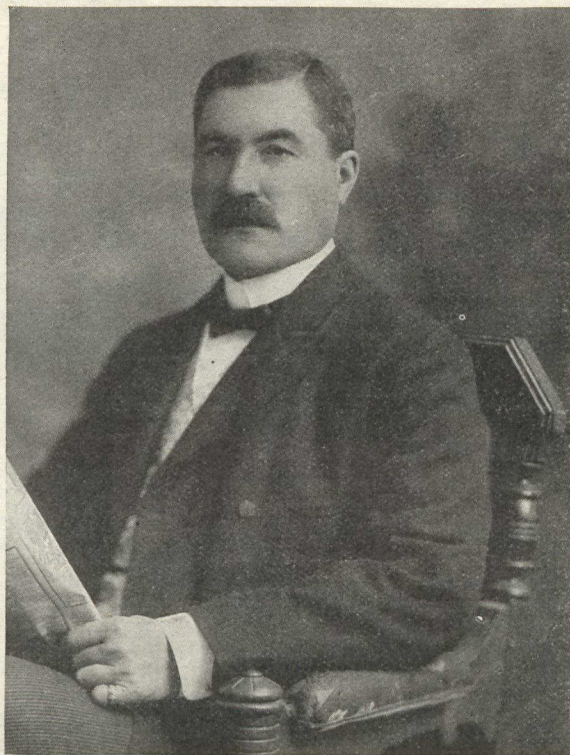
tem will replace; but it will replace him; because the system itself evolves the men that it needs. There are heads of corporations who themselves, in conjunction with a powerful chain of circumstances and conditions, somehow create the systems of which they become the masters. Such a man is Sir William Mackenzie, whose replacement would be practically impossible when so much of the system's life depends upon the projection of his personality. Again there are men like Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, somewhat the product of party politics, by powerful personal character so impress themselves upon political life that their place in the affairs of a country can only be reoccupied by a change of government and the development of new conditions.

And there comes now and then a man like James Pitt Mabee, the product of no system, the creation of no party and the accident of no mere coalition of circumstances; a man who vitally and suddenly represents the interests of the people at large.

Judge Mabee came before the people of Canada as somewhat the figure of a great tribune. The day he went to the hospital for the operation that failed to prolong his life more than a few days, he listened with the same gigantic patience as always he had done to dry and petty details; just such details as had made the drudgery of his great itinerant court for now nearly nine years. To those who remembered him as he was when he became Judge of the High Court, and when he was plain Lawyer Mabee in Stratford, Ont., he was visibly thinner, less of the big, insistent domination that had made his court supreme among all the courts of America for masterly decisions based upon a great simplicity.

He was but 53; a man who yet should have had fifteen years wherein to represent the people of Canada, independent of party politics or of corporations, but not necessarily adverse to either. He was a peculiar, unusual and almost prodigious personality, much of which was a powerful physique. Mabee always had the look of a man whose immediate ancestors might have wrestled with the trees in making the homes of Canada. His mind had the same rugged, grippy character; somewhat bespoken by a grim jaw that reminded you of the sudden strength of split hickory. He seemed like a necessary and, of late years, a strongly benevolent force that should have been just in its prime—when it quit. What unfillable vacuum he will leave, the other members of the Railway Commission best know. He was a strong-man sort, ruling by dominance of hard, plain sense, the courage of a big simplicity, and the camaraderie of joy in living. Judge Mabee was no ascetic; just as he was no pedant. He gloried in facts—and there were times when the day to him was full of tremendous fictions.

During his seventeen years in Stratford he made no pretense of being more than a common lawyer—latterly of the firm Mabee and Makins. Socially he had few ambitions. Most of the time he was in the railway town he lived in a plain, rather ugly brick house a couple of blocks from the railway shops. For a good deal of the time that Lawyer Mabee lived there it was a rather dull town—most of whose particular excitement was politics, in which Mabee took an occasional hand, campaigning



As He Was When He Became Chairman of the Railway Commission.

for other Liberal candidates and once being an unsuccessful candidate himself, when his opponent was Alex. MacLaren. "Alec." was a tower of political strength. South Perth was almost chronically Conservative. Mabee lost to a popular idol and party politics. And he never particularly regretted it. He had no supreme ambition.

And this man of facts was a man of fictions. He could make a fiction feel like a fact—to the other man. Of all counsel to represent the weak side of a case the man was Mabee. He could make a straw look the size of a bludgeon. But he never did it through the machinery of legality. He understood how much the game of law is sometimes a huge case of bluff; when the pettifogger, weaving his web of legality, needed taking by "the scruff of the neck" and ducking under the pump of common sense. And he has been known to make the weak side of the evidence look so strong to the opposition that the case was settled out of court; practically settled by the man Mabee, who sometimes became judge, jury and counsel rolled into one.

He was a strong, resourceful, big-thinking man to whom the law had many humours and humoursisms. Even in 1901, when he was made K.C., he had no consuming ambition.

When he went to Toronto in 1904 there was no change in Mabee—but in Stratford considerable of a human, unfillable vacuum, such as now there is on the Railway Commission. When he became chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways Commission, he got the first experience of the Bench looking down at popular

clamour and vested interests. When, in 1905, he went to the High Court, he first looked down at the law; but was still the essential man sometimes above law that he had been when he had bristled up at the Bench and made juries quiver.

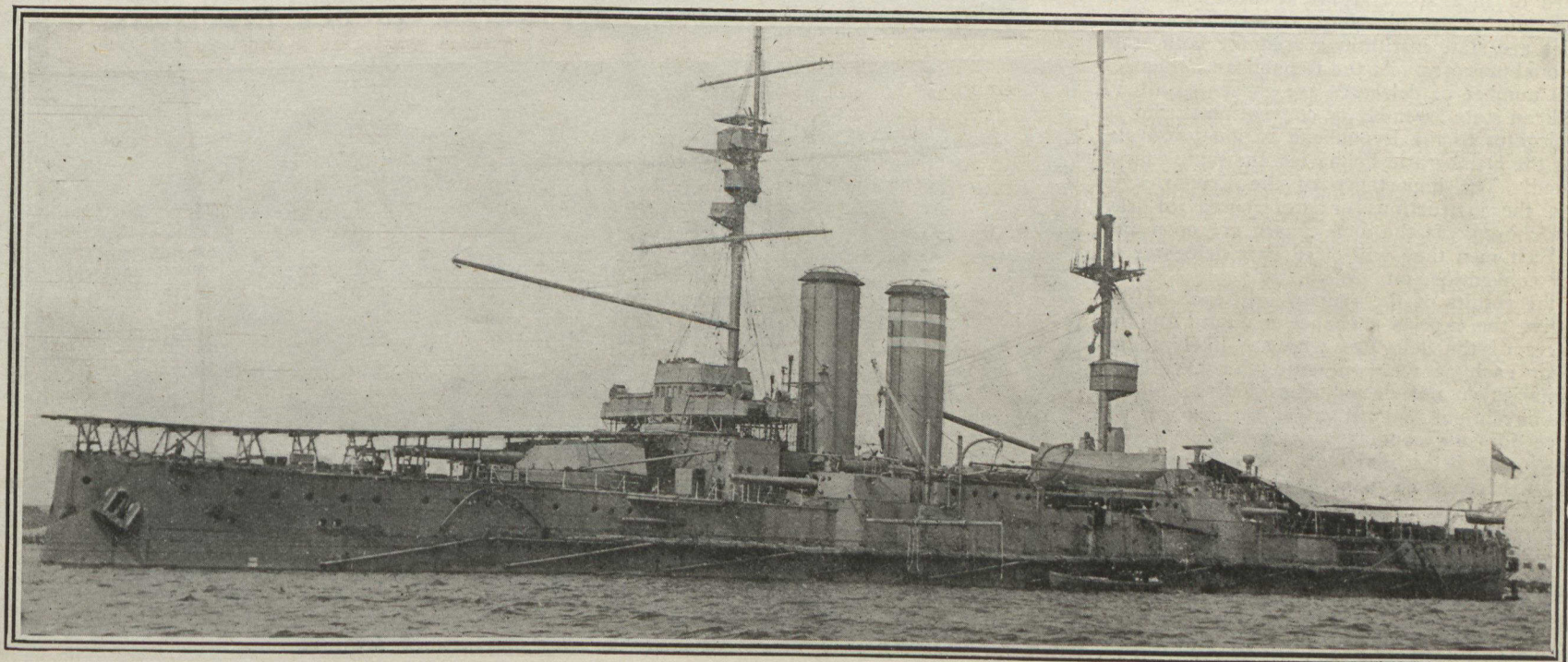
In the four years during which he was chairman of the greatest travelling court in America, Judge Mabee began to have the sensation of dispensing in the form of absolute justice what as lawyer he had sought to obtain for his clients by the common sense that transcends law. Placed where he was by party government, he was never expected to be the mouthpiece of the party, more than he could ever be suspected of becoming the indirect agent of any system. As chairman of the Commission he was not a mere tribune of the plebs, nor a stand-patter with corporations. To him the work of the Commission was not the adjustment of any necessary perpetual struggle between railways and people. It was supremely a determination to secure justice for both, through the operation of supreme common sense. His court was the clearing-house for heated opinions and unreasonable demands whether from one side or the other. No matter on what siding the private car of the Commission stood; side-line or main line; up under the mountains or down on the prairie; in the town just born last week or the old town in the East where progress had shaken things to a new pattern; under the shadow of millionaires' offices, holding his court in civic castles of stone, or squeezed into a squidgy little rattletrap of a town hall with a fire-hall below and the vast vacant prairie all about—it was the same plain man Mabee, the judge whom no prejudice or passion, politics or pettifoggery could ever warp from the clear, plain vision of justice to any man or corporation based upon the kindness of common sense.

He had only begun his real work. What Judge Mabee could have done for Canadian life had he finished his work, only the ethical imagination now can tell. He made a grand beginning; and the swath where he quit mowing will be a hard one for any other man to finish. But the record of Judge Mabee stands as an inspiring example to any man big enough to try.

Montreal Horse Show

PUBLIC interest last week in Montreal was divided between the elections, the Duke and the Horse. At the extreme west end of Catherine St., where the big city flocks for amusement as New York does to the Hippodrome, there has been much more than the usual excitement. The Arena, which is the real forum of Montreal for anything drawing a vast crowd, perhaps never looked so fantastically and aesthetically gay as during the Horse Show. The committee on decoration might give pointers to most committees appointed for that purpose. The scheme carried out in the Arena transformed the huge amphitheatre into a dream of almost moonlight effect. It was the effective handling of the subdued colours and the lights; the almost sheer absence of high colours—reds and blues, the skilful semi-concealment of lights and the use of an orchestra instead of a brass band.

First Battleship Fitted for Launching Aeroplanes



Side View of H. M. S. Hibernia, which was Fitted with a Temporary Platform on the Foredeck for Aeroplane Flights During the King's Visit to Portland Last Week. Photograph by Topical.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Big Men for Big Jobs.

HAS it struck you, the number of big jobs waiting for big men? There are probably fifty positions now vacant waiting for big men to fill them—positions worth all the way from five to fifty thousand a year. Eight million people in Canada, of whom more than one million are men; and yet it is difficult to find big men.

And what are the tests of a big man. Just two—character and ability. Character is made by our parents and teachers; ability we inherit and develop. Character isn't of much account without ability, and ability is worth little without character.

Whose fault is it that Canada is short of men with ability and character? It is either the fault of our parents or our teachers. Which do you think?

Judge Mabee's Successor.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER never did a greater act than when he selected Judge Mabee as successor to Judge Killam as head of the Dominion Railway Commission. Premier Borden has an equal opportunity in selecting a successor to the great man whose untimely death the whole nation so sincerely regrets. I have no doubt there are other men in Canada with character and ability equal to that of the dead chief. A number of names have been mentioned, many of them excellent, some ridiculous. The man for the position may or may not have been named, but he is certainly not looking for it.

The Hon. Thomas Crothers, Minister of Labour, announces that he does not wish to be considered in connection with it. This is the proper attitude. Mr. Crothers has many qualifications for the office, but those who know him intimately know that he will not seek the position, not even allow his friends to work on his behalf. His record in politics and in public service is a guarantee of that. Personally, I should like to see him in the position. I believe it would afford him a greater opportunity of serving his country than his present position of Minister of Labour. Both Mr. Crothers and the Hon. W. J. Hanna have had long years of practice in railway towns, and either is thus fitted to deal with these railway questions so as to satisfy both corporations and people.

This is not to say that there are no others worthy of the greatest consideration and possessing equally high ideals. It is for Mr. Borden to scan the field and to select the best man available—someone perhaps whom all the newspapers have missed.

Battle of the Primaries.

ONE of the greatest contests ever held in the United States is now being waged in the "Primaries." These correspond roughly to our ward or local associations at which we elect delegates to a nominating convention. The Primaries are state institutions used for both state and national purposes. At the Republican Primaries a certain number of delegates are chosen to attend a Republican state assembly or convention to choose other delegates to the Republican national convention. At the Democratic Primaries, the same course is pursued. The importance of the Primaries is based on the instructions or preferences of the delegates chosen. If the men chosen are open and avowed Taft men they will elect Taft delegates at the state convention, and so on.

Thus the results of the primaries in each of the parties give the experts a chance to figure out the preferences of the delegates who are likely to be chosen for each of the two national conventions. The primaries do not decide who shall go to the national conventions, but rather indicate the party's preference for one candidate or another. Hence the figures now being given out as to Roosevelt's strength in the Republican party or Champ Clark's strength in the Democratic party are deductions, not accurate estimates.

In the Southern States, there will be two sets of delegates to the Republican convention, one set elected by the Taft supporters and one set by the Roosevelt sympathizers. As both sets cannot sit in the National Convention, the National Republican committee, which meets in Chicago on June 8th, may decide which set it will recognize. That committee will base its decision, not on justice or right,

but on party considerations. It may recognize both sets and give each delegate half a vote.

This seems a crude way of settling whether Taft or Roosevelt shall be the Republican candidate for president and whether Champ Clark or Governor Wilson will be the Democratic candidate, but no one in the Great Republic seems to know any better.

Who Will Win?

SO far as the Republican elections are concerned, it is a fight to the finish between Taft and Roosevelt. At first it looked as if Taft would hold what he won four years ago with Roosevelt's assistance. In the later elections, Roosevelt has been gaining ground rapidly. Now, in order to win, Taft must carry Ohio on May 21st and have his Southern delegates seated by the Republican national committee. If he loses Ohio, the Roosevelt "Black and Tan" delegates will be seated and Roosevelt will win. If Taft carries his own state and both sets of Southern delegates are seated, then neither Taft nor Roosevelt will win. A third candidate will be chosen.

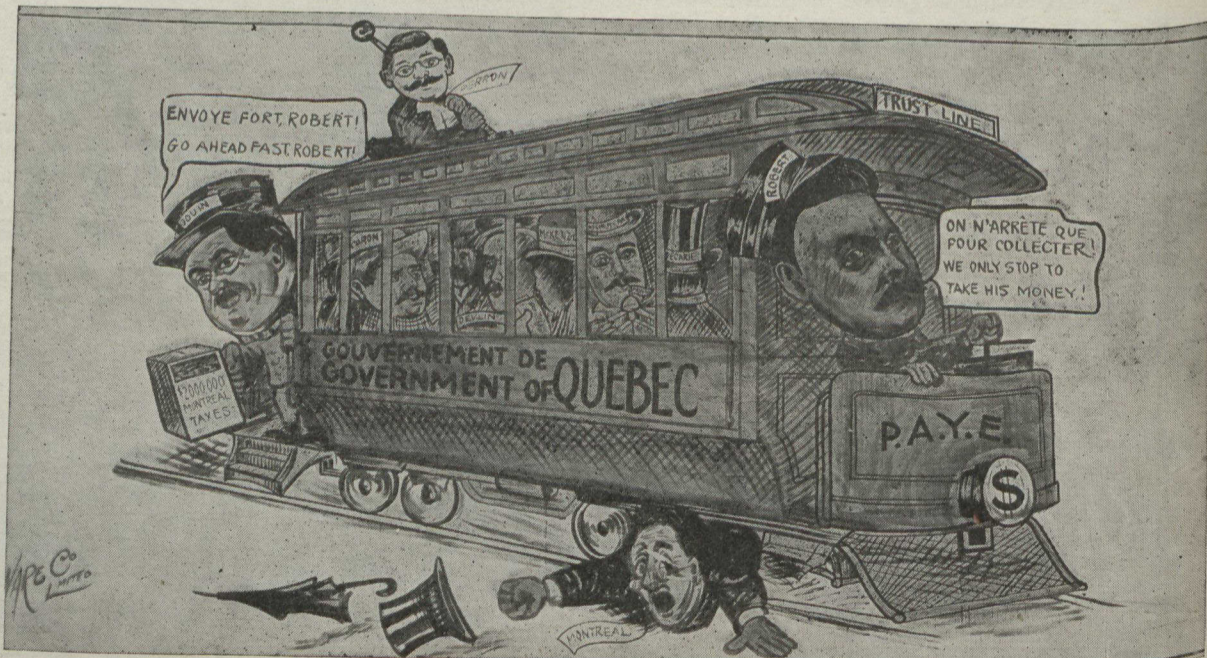
In the Democratic contests, the results have been equally surprising. It was thought that Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, would lead, followed by Harmon and Champ Clark. Democratic influence in Wall Street was known to favour Wilson. Then came his break with Colonel Harvey, of *Harper's Weekly*, and his condemnation by several leading Democrats, among whom was Colonel Watterson, of Louisville. From that time, he has been slowly receding. Now it is all Champ Clark, speaker of the House of Representatives, whom every Canadian remembers for his frank statements concerning reciprocity and annexation. Unless the unexpected happens, he will be the Democratic candidate with an excellent chance to be the next president of the United States.

The Conflict in Quebec.

THOUGH the elections this week will probably return the Gouin Government to the Quebec Treasury benches for another four years, it is undoubtedly true that the Conservatives are gaining ground in that province. There was a time when Sir John A. Macdonald dominated Quebec politics, both local and federal, but that was before the days of Mercier, Marchand and Gouin. The political wheel is always turning and Liberal rule in Quebec cannot be expected to remain forever.

In 1908 Sir Lomer Gouin received an overwhelming majority. The Liberal preponderance at Ottawa assisted in maintaining a Liberal preponderance at Quebec. The political landslide of September last has changed the situation and Sir Lomer's majority is expected to reflect somewhat the changes of the last twelve months. Quebec is temperamentally related to Ottawa even more than Ontario. But the

A Conservative Cartoon in Quebec Elections



President Robert of the M. S. R. and Premier Gouin Control the Car which is Supposed to be Causing Much Trouble in Montreal.

most optimistic Conservative does not expect complete victory for M. Tellier this week.

Sir Lomer relies upon his record in putting the finances of the province in good condition, in improving the quality of education in the elementary schools, and in providing better roads in the rural districts of the province. The Montreal Methodist Union, curiously enough, is supporting the Premier because of his temperance reforms.

Montreal's Part in the Conflict.

SELDOM does one municipality loom large enough in a provincial general election to bring out a civic scheme of campaign such as the Conservatives have been pursuing in Montreal. By a hugely extensive poster-libretto and cartoon M. Tellier, leader of the Opposition to Sir Lomer Gouin, boldly proclaims himself in favour of greater municipal autonomy, asserting that Montreal, with its population of about one quarter the entire population of the Province, has been shackled by the Liberals. He claims that Montreal has been despoiled of the control of roads, streets, and franchises, and asserts that "the day when we come to power we will accord to Montreal the right to govern itself."

Montreal now contains about one-quarter of the entire population of the Province. The City and Island, under the new distribution of seats, sends thirteen members to the Legislature. Thirteen out of eighty-two is more than fifteen per cent. of the strength in the House. If M. Tellier's appeal is effective enough to carry the Montreal district, it will have a considerable bearing on the result.

While Montreal has one-quarter the population and fifteen per cent. of the representation, it pays three-quarters of the direct taxes of the Province. The Conservatives have taken advantage of this to argue that the metropolis has seldom or never been able to get its due share of attention.

The Brotherhood Federation.

ON Saturday last there was born in the city of Toronto the Brotherhood Federation of Canada, which includes such societies as the Brotherhood of St. Andrew and Philip, the Methodist Young Men's Association, the Baptist Young Men's Association, the Congregational Brotherhood and similar societies. The objects of the Brotherhood are to promote Christian citizenship and to crystallize public sentiment upon great moral issues. The immediate cause of the new organization is a visit of more than one hundred members representing the National Brotherhood of Great Britain.

The development of citizenship towards a higher ideal is undoubtedly one of the great features of the day. Fifteen years ago the Canadian Club movement was inaugurated to deal with the elementary phases of the work, but the Canadian Clubs have fallen short. At first they set about gathering the younger citizens into their organizations and stimulating them to a broader consideration of their duties and responsibilities as citizens. Latterly the Canadian Clubs have neglected the young man and resolved themselves into associations for the entertainment and edification of the members whom they had gathered together in earlier days. It may be that this new Brotherhood will take up the work and carry it a step farther.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

About The National Council.

DURING the last week of May, the annual meeting of the National Council of Women will be held in London, Ontario. The official visit of Their Royal Highnesses, the Governor-General and the Duchess of Connaught, coincides fortunately with this event. There is no city in Canada which contains warmer hearts or more comfortable homes than the county town of Middlesex, and the delegates to the National Council will be treated so well and will fare so sumptuously that it will be difficult for them to look after all the business which such an important body is called upon to transact.

The National Council has been fortunate in its officers. Lady Aberdeen's initial interest and constant concern in its affairs gave it an excellent "start" and it has been managed most judiciously throughout the last eighteen years. To the late Lady Edgar the Council owed much, as her calm judgment and experience as a political hostess gave her an equipment as presiding officer quite equal to national requirements. As head of the National Council, during the days of the imposing Quinquennial Congress, in June, 1909, Lady Edgar had an exacting part to play and discharged her duties admirably. Mrs. Torrington, of Toronto, who was elected as president last year, has proved the wisdom of the Council's choice. The name of Dr. F. H. Torrington is known throughout Canada, and the work he has done in oratorio and festival will long be honoured. In all his musical undertakings, he has had the sympathy and co-operation of his wife, who has contributed not a little to his success. Mrs. Torrington's business ability is equalled by her tact and graciousness, qualities of high importance in an authoritative position such as the one she holds.

Mrs. Willoughby Cummings has been associated with the National Council and also with the international activities, from the first. Her energy is tireless and her information on all affairs connected with the Council is of amazing extent. In fact, if you want to know about anything what an affiliated society is doing or is going to do, just telephone Mrs. Cummings and she'll tell you all about it. She has been awarded a somewhat rare honour—the degree of "Doctor" from a Canadian University. With such officials, it is hardly to be wondered at that the National Council has accomplished a surprising amount of work, and that the work is of a very high quality.

Mrs. Boomer, President of the London Local Council, is a most efficient and experienced officer.

A Bit of China.

SOME very superior critics speak of painting on china as if it were hardly an art, and I even heard one man (he was a young professor) characterize it as "parlour tricks." Nevertheless, it remains an art when exquisitely done, and one of the most charming of those by which everyday life is "embellished and refined." Raphael, himself, did not disdain to decorate plaques and vases, with what immortal flowers and cherubs the modern world may not know. Ruskin deprecates the lavishing of much care or elaboration on what may be destroyed so easily; yet that objection might be urged in connection with almost every delicate craft.

For many of us, the ceramic art, whether that of form or colour, possesses undying interest. The potter is an ancient craftsman, indeed, and the oldest literature contains references to his work. Humanity has been compared again and again to the frail products of the potter's workshop, and the writers of the East, from Jeremiah to Omar Khayyam, have warned us that we are but clay in the hands of the Master Potter. Perhaps most

memorable of all these metaphors is that in Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," where we are admonished to remember the "high uses of a cup," which may be used at the royal banquet amid the festal glow. It is quite becoming, then, that humanity should take an interest in the making and the decoration of pottery and china.

In England, statesmen and soldiers are not at all superior to the lure of "old china." Mr. Gladstone, for instance, was devoted to his collection of rare Chelsea pieces, and General Baden-Powell is said to be an admirer of Crown Derby. In Canada, we have comparatively few citizens who are devotees of ceramic collections. Yet there are several who have given their leisure moments to its study, and there is at least one prominent K. C. whose collection of "Delft" would arrest the eye and excite the envy of the connoisseur, with its array of plates, bowls and "garnitures" which tell some of Holland's most stirring history in their tints of unfading blue.

The Browning Romance.

IN most Canadian cities, during last week, there was a meeting which marked the centenary celebration of the birth of Robert Browning. From the service in England's great Abbey, where his body was laid on the last day of 1889, to the gathering of a few students in a remote Western town, there ran the thrill of sympathy known by those who have been helped and strengthened by a great spirit. To give heart and courage to others, to inspire failing, fainting humanity with renewed belief and fortitude, to deepen the joy and the meaning of Life, was the high calling of the English poet, who was born one hundred years ago in Old London.

It was inevitable that the observance of this centenary should bring to remembrance the love story of Browning's life, the radiant fifteen years during which two poets lived and worked together. So often has the poetic genius dragged love into the mire and made it a sordid passion, that one recognizes with gratitude the pure fealty of such a love as made the romance of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning more memorable than their poetry itself. We turn from the tempestuous experiences of Burns, Shelley, and Byron, to the golden calm of Browning's devotion, with an assurance that even the poetic temperament sometimes finds its true comrade. "Heaven help them!" exclaimed one of their literary friends, when he was informed that the greatest woman poet of her day was to become the wife of Robert Browning. A woman who had been regarded for years as a hopeless invalid was to fly in the face of paternal opposition and leave home and England, with a husband whose poetic gifts were regarded as a serious disqualification for matrimony. Surely, their friends might well wonder how this mad marriage would prosper. But it has left us a rare record of wedded harmony and intellectual comradeship, such as the world seldom beholds. Italy gave the invalid new life, and amidst the fragrance of a Florentine Junetide, fifteen years after she dared her father's wrath, Elizabeth Browning passed away.

There are no more beautiful tributes to a woman's memory in literature than the poems, "Prospice" and "One Word More." Yet, to many of us, the most intimate words which Browning uttered of his love are these, from "The Ring and the Book":

"Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
Some benediction, anciently thy smile."

CANADIENNE.



MRS. F. H. TORRINGTON,
President National Council of Women.

"My Goats" By MARSHALL SAUNDERS

Author of "Beautiful Joe," "Tilda Jane," etc.



"My Goats."

fax during the summer, and requested that our small city garden be turned over to me, instead of being given up to the usual vegetable and flower beds.

"What do you wish to do with it?" the family inquired, and when I said, "To study goats," I was subjected to the ridicule that the word "goat" always seems to excite in the mind of the average person. "No need of a trash barrel for the summer. Now we will know what to do with our tin cans, and potato parings and other rubbish." I could not help laughing, but a long experience with petted animals and birds who became as fastidious about their menu as human beings, kept me from expressing an opinion as to the preferences of the ruminants I expected to have in the garden. I was a long time in search of them, but finally found two with a veterinary who offered to lend them to me for the summer. The day they arrived, boys seemed to spring out of the earth, to stare at the struggling, perspiring transfer man, who carried first Nannie, then her kid to a kennel under some steps leading from my father's study to the garden. We all went out to greet them, while neighbourhood children manned the board fences or stared through the wire one in front. I gazed into the face of the mother goat. Her green, unfathomable eyes, and her solemn beard gave her an appearance of antiquity. I felt that I was in the presence of an embodiment of the wisdom of the ages. However, she was at all times an extremely business-like goat, and her eye went to a rose-bush flourishing in our garden. "Oh! Oh!" exclaimed my mother, as bud and bloom began to disappear down Nannie's capacious throat. "Alas my raspberries!" murmured my father, as Nannie, having finished the roses, stoutly attacked a growth of twenty years. "You were about to have the canes pulled up," I reminded my father, but there was a reminiscent gleam in his eyes of springs, and summers, of digging and fertilizing and fruit-gathering, and I fear he sighed, as he saw plainly that those days would not come again.

JUST here, it is fitting for me to pay a tribute to the saintly forbearance with which my family has borne the introduction of new and strange pets into our circle. Some reward came this time in the delight of our boy and girl friends in our new pets. Nothing but a monkey in a house on the next street had ever moved the neighbourhood to such an extent. From early morn till dewy eve, all through the summer, boys and girls haunted the garden, and they never wearied in their offerings of delicacies found to be most acceptable to the fastidious Nannie. The tin-can theory was at once exploded. Roses and raspberries having given out, and

FROM the day when I was a school-girl in the quaint, old French city of Joan of Arc, goats have had a strange fascination for me. The pensionnaires from the boarding-school in Orleans that I attended, used to be taken for walks on the banks of the river Loire, where goats belonging to peasants could often be seen nibbling the juicy river grasses.

However, it was not until two years ago that I had a chance to study goats at close range. I was going to be at my home in Halifax during the summer, and requested that our small city garden be turned over to me, instead of being given up to the usual vegetable and flower beds.

"What do you wish to do with it?" the family inquired, and when I said, "To study goats," I was subjected to the ridicule that the word "goat" always seems to excite in the mind of the average person. "No need of a trash barrel for the summer. Now we will know what to do with our tin cans, and potato parings and other rubbish." I could not help laughing, but a long experience with petted animals and birds who became as fastidious about their menu as human beings, kept me from expressing an opinion as to the preferences of the ruminants I expected to have in the garden. I was a long time in search of them, but finally found two with a veterinary who offered to lend them to me for the summer. The day they arrived, boys seemed to spring out of the earth, to stare at the struggling, perspiring transfer man, who carried first Nannie, then her kid to a kennel under some steps leading from my father's study to the garden. We all went out to greet them, while neighbourhood children manned the board fences or stared through the wire one in front. I gazed into the face of the mother goat. Her green, unfathomable eyes, and her solemn beard gave her an appearance of antiquity. I felt that I was in the presence of an embodiment of the wisdom of the ages. However, she was at all times an extremely business-like goat, and her eye went to a rose-bush flourishing in our garden. "Oh! Oh!" exclaimed my mother, as bud and bloom began to disappear down Nannie's capacious throat. "Alas my raspberries!" murmured my father, as Nannie, having finished the roses, stoutly attacked a growth of twenty years. "You were about to have the canes pulled up," I reminded my father, but there was a reminiscent gleam in his eyes of springs, and summers, of digging and fertilizing and fruit-gathering, and I fear he sighed, as he saw plainly that those days would not come again.



"Nannie."



"Kiddie."

nasturtiums and grass having followed, bran mashes palled on her, hay, she despised, and I finally had to employ a boy to cut her the tenderest of grass and the juiciest of clover.

The first night we had a strange experience with her. The veterinary had assured me she would not bleat at night, and I could not conceive of any other thing troublesome to neighbours, that she could do. However, as my sister and I were sleeping the sleep of the very weary out on a roof verandah, we were awakened by a noise like thunder. "Sounds as if all their legs were broken off," said my sister, and we seized our dressing-gowns, ran downstairs to the study, and looking out the window, found that Nannie and the kid, who always imitated her in every particular, were racing up and down the steps in the moonlight. With many a yawn we hastened to the basement, got bags and boards and erected a barricade, which Nannie amused herself by demolishing after we went back to bed. However, it interposed some barrier in the way of her racing up the steps and back again, and the next day we had something more solid put up. I noticed that she never stayed in her kennel moonlight nights. Indeed on many dark nights she could be dimly seen feeding in the garden or lying on the turf.

She had some sentiment about the horses she had left behind her in the stable, and for a long time when she saw horses passing by, she would run to the wire fence and bleat pitifully. The children were a great deal of company for her. I found that I could spend only a limited time in the garden, but the boys and girls never wearied of petting her, and talking to her and the kid. When, dissatisfied with my bill of fare, she would run to the wire fence, and utter mournful plaints, that brought any child within hearing distance running to her with candy, peanuts, cake, bread and butter, vegetables, fruit or anything they could lay their hands on. Nepal buckwheat was her favourite article of diet, and boys and girls would strip it from gardens and back yards for her. The kid ate little, but very often during the day he went down on his knees beside his mother, who occasionally walked rudely away, leaving him kneeling on the ground, and looking over his shoulder as if to say, "Why do you deprive me of my lawful portion of sweet, medicinal and nourishing milk?"

The children treated both goats with marvellous kindness, and it was pretty to hear them coming down the street calling, "Nannie, Nannie," or "Kiddie, Kiddie." Frequently some strange boy would come along and tease Nannie. Her first impulse was to butt, her second to stand very still, for her horns always became locked in the wire fence. The good children would drive the bad child away, and then ring the door-bell, exclaiming, "Horns caught!" The first person hearing this would scurry to the garden and relieve the waiting Nannie. One day the bad boy was apparently captured and forced into our house. "Talk to him, Miss Saunders. He's been poking your goat with a stick. I delivered a lecture on kindness to animals, to which the boy listened with great meekness, and then assured me that the miscreant who had poked the goat had run away—he was merely an onlooker.

I found that children came from long distances to see the goats. While dressing early one dewy summer morning, I saw a gentleman bring a beautiful little girl up to the wire fence, and help her give lettuce to the goat and kiddie. Subsequently I found out that he was an uncle of the little girl, and was obliged to bring her to call on Nannie and her offspring every morning before he went to town.

It was quite a trial to part from the two interesting creatures in the autumn, and for weeks and even months after, we would hear the childish voices in



"At All Times Agreeable Companions."



"They Never Wearied in Their Offerings of Delicacies."



Rev. Dr. Saunders, Mrs. Saunders and Their Daughter, Mrs. Clarence King.

the distance, coming nearer and nearer, "Nannie, Nannie, Kiddie, Kiddie, I've got something for you." Children would stand and beat the fence beseeching Nannie to come from her kennel, and someone would have to throw up a window and inform them that Nannie had gone home.

MY too brief study of goats led me to form a few conclusions. First of all, their milk is invaluable for delicate persons. Secondly, they have a real value in interesting children in the lower creation. Questions about goats that we could not answer were showered on us, and I fancy that many a parent was sent to a natural history, to reply to these questions. Thirdly, all goats do not have a disagreeable odour. Male ones do, I believe. Nannie and the kid, well-brushed and combed, and with a clean bed, were at all times agreeable companions. Many an animal is called dirty, because human beings are too careless to keep it clean. Fourthly, they want clean water to drink. Fifthly, goats are especially suitable pets for persons owning good-sized enclosed yards, if there is no green about. Not a spear of grass, nor leaf of shrub, nor stalk, nor tree trunk can escape them.

I must say that we were all astonished that the kid did not play more than he did. Once in a great while, he would kick up his little hoofs, and dance round the garden, but usually he was a sober little fellow, and strolled quietly by his mother's side.

A Charming Tudor Home

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER



The Drawing-Room Fireplace.

MANY houses are so handsome and so ornate that they repel rather than invite. Such feeling is not experienced by a visitor to the Boone residence, Crescent Road, Toronto. For, handsome as this Tudor structure undoubtedly is, and luxurious as its various appointments undeniably are, there is the happy concord of its separate parts. The external scheme harmonizes with the internal treatment—this interior with that interior, and furniture with garniture in each and every room. The effect is one of simplicity, restfulness and homelikeness.

HAVING once been conveyed over the beautiful house by one of its clever decorators, it was a second pleasure of mine, only the other night, to peep again into several of its most delightful nooks, over the shoulder of its joint-deviser and mistress. By appointment I passed between the two tall lamps in bronze which light, romantically, the limestone entrance scheme with its upper and lower balustrades reproduced in motif from Blickering Hall, in Norfolk, built in 1620, and from Bramshill House, built in 1603, and which cast vague shadows on the dull-red loggia tiling, just as the last vibrations of the minster chimes in the hall rippled liquidly out through the quiet house. Eight o'clock—the hour of merging lights.

Lamps were turned low in the mahogany-finished hall, gloatingly mellowing the beamed ceiling and three-parts panelled walls. Grandfather's clock and soaring stairs-pillars gleamed in the same rich wood. A massive table with carved work occupied the midst—rarest Chippendale—and its dragon's claw feet clutched a handsome rug, rich of colour and soft and thick of weave, dyed with the herbs of the Levant. And so engaged was the eye in discerning the lineaments of a Florentine bronze set in squarely above the mantel, that the ear quite missed any frou-frou of skirts enunciative of Mrs. Boone's arrival. She arrived, gave greeting, and graciously led the way through a door giving widely to the right.

The luxuries and refinements of the library were disclosed—qualities, there, delightfully amicable. Fine Circassian walnut embodied the scheme of the woodwork, so rich of finish and so exquisite of matching as to be more than a trifle suggestive of tiger-skin. It was interesting to be told that the veneer for the entire room, including wainscoting, doors, mantel and beamed ceiling, was procured from a single gigantic walnut log. A hand-frescoed frieze softly adorned the upper walls, greenish in its mistiness, with suggestive figures of Muses leaning out into distinctness over the bookshelves. The door and window draperies were, likewise, subdued green. Rest to the eyes had evidently been considered. A small silken rug took the light on an ample seat-back. And the floor was spread sumptuously with a garden in camel's hair from the country of the Shah and the Peacock Throne.

"While this room pleases me," Mrs. Boone confided, "we oftener use the sitting-room upstairs." Of which, anon.

Contiguous was the drawing-room—that feminine dominion—which drew for one the nicest possible distinction between the ideas, stateliness and stiffness. The oval ceiling-centre dropped an inverted fountain of prisms, the oval being outlined with a fine plaster enrichment, like that of the cornice, of Renaissance design. The fireplace had a moulded base of Pavanazzo marble, the mantel carving being borrowed, in effect, from a scheme at Hampton Court. The woodwork was finished in glossy white enamel, elegantly effective with the suppressed surge of colour—creamy fawn, lichen green, and rich carmen rose—revealed in rug, wall-tapestries and curtains. "High Heaven," Wordsworth tells us, "rejects the lore of nicely-calculated less or more." But the outfitters of drawing-rooms cannot afford to do so. At any rate, judging from its liberal applications, "the lore" had not, in this case, been neglected. Indeed, those human feet that are likely to be consorting with the finely-turned

"antelope legs" of the pedigreed chairs, cabinets and tables, can hope to be quite comfortable among them only after looking to their shoes.

The dining-room across the hall was distinctly Early English—perhaps the most imposing room in the house. The walls were empanelled from floor to ceiling in San Domingo mahogany wood, of the light natural shade. All of which veneer, too, was procured from a single log. The ceiling was handsome with staff-work of geometric design—such as characterized the Tudor era—and the grape-vine, clusters and leaves, adorned the cornice; its colour was cream of a deep shade, toned to accord with the woodwork. The fireplace was reproduced in motif from Knole House, Seven Oaks, built in 1602, and introduced above it was the effectively novel feature, a combined mantel-piece and china closet. The furniture, which was Sheraton, melted into its background, conspicuous most by its marquetry and bosses. A rug of the richest hues of the East deadened the casual footfall and the embrowned air of the room was intensified at the windows by panel-like lambrequins of burnt orange velvet, enriched with gold galloons.

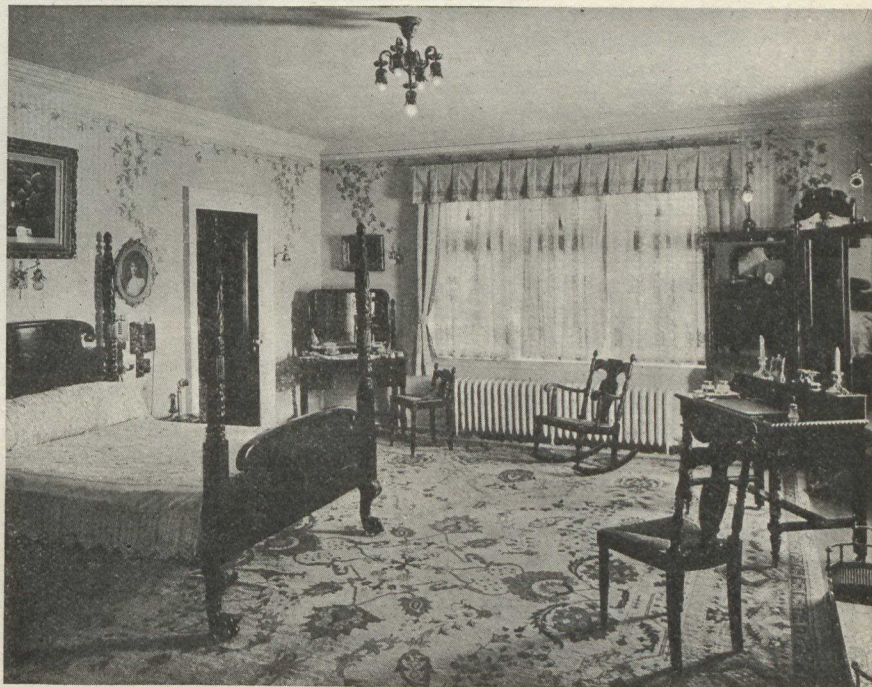
The first floor then was glanced over duly. The broad stairs branched, ascending both ways, to meet in the expansion of that spacious upper hall, an excellent view of which is herewith given. The hand-carved furniture is of teak-wood—reddish-black. And the plan of the upper stairs is well worth noting. Through the door just to the left is the sitting-room referred to—a cosy place with its finishing in dark-stained Georgia pine, its

single-seats and most homelike appointments. Preference for it had sufficient warrant.

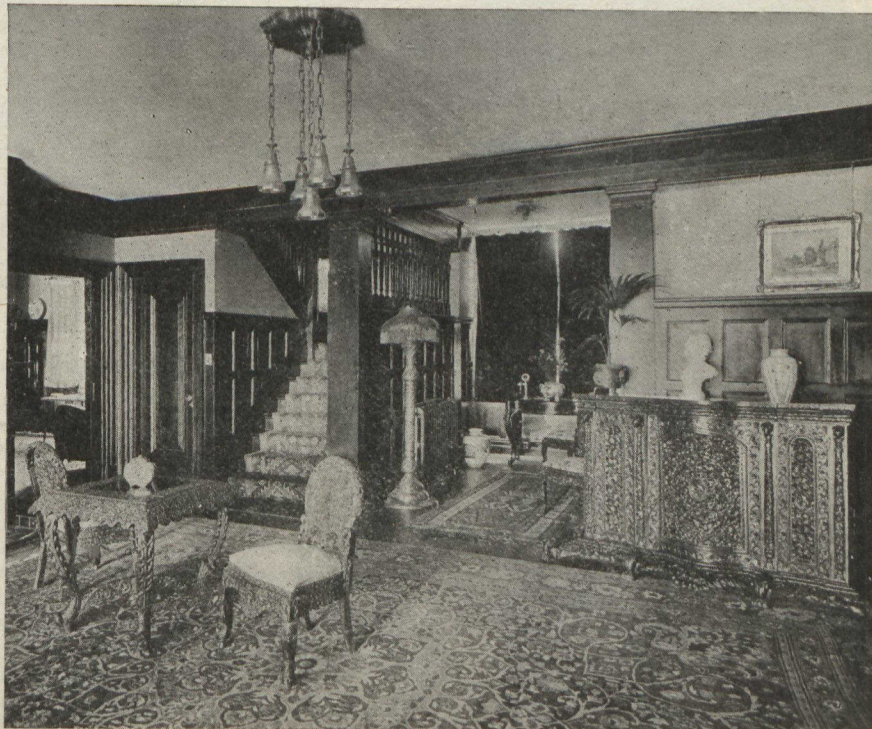
AN expressive cut of the owner's room, on this same floor, accompanies. It denotes in general character the bed-chambers throughout. The three located on this flat have their individual baths, and are finished in white enamel, faced with delicate wall-hangings, and outfitted with furniture signally elegant, simple, and fit.

From the practical, as well as from the aesthetic, standpoint, the mansion is especially interesting. At the rear of the lower hall is an electric elevator, automatic, serving all floors. Connecting dining-room with kitchen is a roomy butler's pantry fitted with built-in work-tables, cupboards and special shelves. The kitchen walls are tiled and the service section, including pantry, storage, and servants' hall, is commodious and, at the same time, compact. A dumb waiter, linen chute and dust chute, and two sets of vacuum cleaners running from basement to attic, are among other interesting instalments. The vacuum plant is situated in the motor room in the basement—the entire east side comprising the billiard room.

The mistress, however, is soon to go abroad, presumably for the pleasure of returning. Shutters up—thought of it casually hints that we, just here, stop peeping. Thanks to Messrs. Chadwick and Beckett for views, and "Bon voyage!" to Mrs. Boone.



A Sunny Bedroom.



The Upper Hall, With Furniture in Teak Wood.

From Coast to Coast

Events at the Capital.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE has continued to be the scene of delightful week-end parties, when guests of Their Royal Highnesses from various Canadian cities are entertained with a hospitality which has firmly established the Governor-General and his charming consort in Canadian hearts. The vice-regal visit to Toronto this month is expected to be of about a fortnight's duration. The ball at Government House on April 23rd was a brilliant event in the social world and gave a foretaste of the State Ball which will take place next autumn. Their Royal Highnesses went to Montreal for the Horse Show, which was held in the Arena.

Hon. R. L. Borden and Mrs. Borden made an extended visit to Hot Springs, Virginia, and have returned to Ottawa in the best of health. Sir Wilfrid Laurier recently paid a visit to Lieutenant-Governor Willard at Richmond, Virginia.

Her Royal Highness Princess Patricia headed the list of those who passed the recent examination in "first aid" work. The ladies' class was composed of members of the May Court Club. Now we shall see ambulance classes in all Canadian cities!

A wedding of interest to many persons outside of the Capital as well as within it, will take place on June 3rd, at All Saints Church, when Miss Dorothy Walters will marry Mr. Llewellyn Bate. Miss Walters is possessed of beauty which is combined with a charming personality and a wealth of talents. She is well known as an amateur actress, having taken part in the Earl Grey Competition for several years with marked success. As a skater she has won enviable prominence; she is an expert on Skis, and she both rides and drives. Her name will be amongst those taking part in the Ottawa Horse Show, when she will ride and drive. The late Joseph Doutre, Q.C., of Montreal, was Miss Walters' grandfather. Mr. Llewellyn Bate is the youngest and only unmarried son of Sir Henry Bate, K.C.M.G., and is a popular all-round sport. He also is an expert horseman, a photographer of no mean ability. The accompanying photo was taken in the uniform of the Governor General's Foot Guards, in which regiment he is a Lieutenant.

Banishing the Bill-Board.

THE Alberta Woman's Association is one of the most influential organizations in that Western province. Its membership includes almost every woman university graduate in the province, as well as the wives of the members of the university senates and the board of governors. It was organized about six months ago for the promotion of higher education in the province. In Calgary, Mrs. D. Andrews is the president; Mrs. C. A. Stuart,

vice-president; Mrs. Blow, second vice-president; Mrs. Harold Riley, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Fred. Currie, recording secretary; Mrs. Mills, treasurer, and Mrs. A. M. Scott, Miss P. J. Nolan and Miss Egbert are on the executive. The Calgary Club has an extensive membership.

The members are interesting themselves in the bill-board campaign of the City Planning Commission, and many club women are expressing their approval of the desire of the Commission for more stringent by-laws.

Women's Canadian Clubs.

CANADIAN Clubs, whether masculine or feminine in membership, can hardly be regarded any longer as in the experimental stages. They have



MRS. HARRIET A. BOOMER

President of the Local Council of Women, London, Where the Annual Meeting of the National Council Will Be Held, May 24th to 30th.

proved among the successful institutions of the country and it is impossible to over-estimate their broadening and unifying effect. The speakers whom the members of the Women's Canadian Clubs have been able to secure during the last year have shown in range of subject the greatest diversity, and therefore have proved of immense benefit.

In Calgary, Professor Currelley, of Toronto, who is an ardent archaeologist, has been addressing the Women's Canadian Club on the subject of "Village Life in Egypt," while, several provinces away, Mr. H. A. Cody, who knows Northern Canada as well as Professor Currelley knows Cairo, was addressing the club of St. John, New Brunswick, on "Alaska and the Yukon." The St. John Club has also lately enjoyed an address from Hon. W. Mackenzie King, the subject of which was "Labour and its Relation to the State." Whatever may be the part played by the Women's Canadian Clubs in the development of a national spirit, the present tendency is most hope-inspiring.

The Aberdeen Association.

IF you have ever been in a lonely spot, far from books or magazines, you can appreciate the work done by the Aberdeen Association, which consists in sending literature into lumber camps or remote districts where it is difficult to obtain reading matter. The Duchess of Connaught has accepted the presidency of this society which does so much to brighten the lives of those who are far away from the centres of human activities. Do not throw away your magazines or old books. Think of the lonely toilers to whom they would mean help and brightness and send them to the Aberdeen Association. The magazine you discard so lightly may give hours and even days of delight to some one hundreds of miles away. In addition to the actual enjoyment which comes from reading this literature,

is the knowledge that "someone" has cared enough to send it to those in the wilderness.

Mother's Day Memorial.

SOME years ago, a Philadelphia woman suggested the observance of the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, a white carnation being worn in honour of the home. Several Canadian cities have joined in the observance, and this year Ottawa made an exceedingly practical application of filial sentiment. The King's Daughters' Guild of the Capital has instituted what is known as Mother's Day Memorial Home. The ladies in charge of the Home have secured a house at Britannia Village, where, during the sultry months of summer, mothers and their babes who could not otherwise have a health-giving trip to the country will have a rest for a week or so. The new home is only temporary, until there will be sufficient funds wherewith to erect permanent quarters. Last year, nearly three hundred little children died during the months of June, July, August and September. This year, thanks to the citizens' contributions on Mother's Day, it is hoped that the rate of infant mortality will be greatly decreased.

Items of Interest.

FORTUNATE were those cities visited by the London Symphony Orchestra, under Nikisch, who proved an incomparable conductor and left Canadian audiences breathless over the musical revelation of a lifetime.

An interesting historical visit was made to Washington this month by a number of distinguished French citizens who brought to this continent a bust of "La France," by the eminent sculptor, Rodin, to be placed in honour of Champlain at the base of the Champlain Memorial Light-house, now being erected at Crown Point on Lake Champlain. Montreal and Quebec were visited by the party, of whom the feminine members were Comtesse de Rochambeau, Mme. Bleriot, Mlle. Cormon and Mlle. Girard.

Miss Margaret Anglin has had a triumphant tour of the West and was given an unmistakable welcome by "her ain folk."

The members of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, in New York, with Mrs. J. Elliot Longstaff as regent, recently held a meeting at the Hotel Victoria, of that city, to discuss means of practical aid to the survivors of the Titanic disaster, and a memorial to the dead. This organization has a large membership among the women of British birth living in the United States.

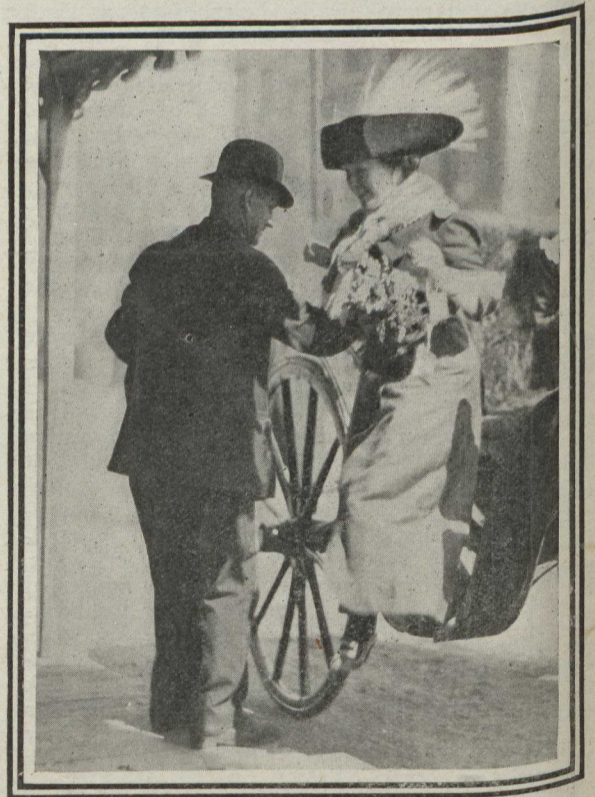
Miss Agnes Laut has recently been entertained by the Canadian Women's Press Club of Calgary. This is an age which is frankly material. Hence, one editor's approval of Miss Laut's work is expressed in the terms: "She is the highest-paid woman journalist of Canadian birth."

The first week of May is "moving time" in Montreal. Consequently, the police of that city were in charge, a fortnight ago, of one-hundred-and-



MRS. DOUGLAS YOUNG

In Riding Costume, Leaving the Toronto Horse Show in Her Motor Car. Captain Young Acted as Secretary of the Show This Season.



MRS. FRASER MACDONALD

Alighting from Her Carriage at the Toronto Horse Show.

forty-three children who had strayed or been mislaid during the process of migration.

The twenty-ninth of April saw an historic gathering at Government House, Toronto, when His Honour, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and Lady Gibson, entertained at a dinner, held as a farewell to the old official residence of



MISS DOROTHY WALTERS
Of Ottawa, Whose Marriage to Lieut. Bate is
Announced to Take Place on June 3rd.

many Lieutenant-Governors. At each plate was an artistic menu card, bearing an excellent photograph of the house and terrace tied with royal blue ribbon, the Arms of Ontario with the date on the cover; on the inside was engraved the nature of the gathering; and on the reverse side was a list of the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario since Confederation, with dates of office. The dance which followed the dinner was characterized by a gayety which made the best of the final "extras" in a ball-room of many glad memories.

It was proposed at a joint meeting of the New Brunswick Loyalist Society, the Women's Canadian Club, the Men's Canadian Club, and the Daughters of the Empire, held recently in St. John, N. B., that a celebration similar to that of last year be again held this year to commemorate the landing of the Loyalists, May 18. Those present were: Of the Loyalist Society, Mr. D. R. Jack and Mr. D. J. Seely; Mr. T. H. Bullock, representing the Men's Canadian Club, Mrs. E. A. Smith, Miss McGivern and Miss Travers, of the Women's Canadian Club, and Mrs. George Blizard and Miss Barnaby of the Daughters of the Empire. The meeting was most enthusiastic.

The annual meeting of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire will be held at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, on May 30th and 31st. It is expected that Mrs. Henshaw, of Vancouver, will give an address.

Woman and the Horse

WOMAN, of course, is always interesting. Man, long ago, gave up his endeavour to solve this, his greatest enigma. Therefore, the interest is always mellow and ripening. Which is a perfectly good syllogism.

But is woman always interested? Is the languid expression one sees often on the smart woman's countenance one of boredom or affected indifference? Possibly it depends on her surroundings. Which introduces the point.

There was a goodly number of the smartest women possible at the recent Horse Show in Toronto. Many of the daily papers, the business of which is to chronicle such events, said that the show was the most successful yet held. And in direct contradiction, came the statements of men who have followed

up that sort of thing, and should know. They said the show was the worst ever. So it behooves us to figure out the point of view of both.

If we remember aright, it was the society pages, for the most part, which gurgled over the superlative success of the event. So we may correctly affirm that, from the point of view of the woman whose duty is to tell of wondrous effects achieved by gownmakers, the show was more successful than otherwise.

Certain it is that a number of the most smartly dressed women strolled along the promenade, discussing subjects other than the movements on the tanbark. And equally as certain that they collected in hospitable little boxfuls, and conversed together, with their backs and side faces turned toward the horses. But, as usual, there were exceptions. Some of the most beautiful of the women, wearing the most exclusive models, leaned eagerly forward, as the horses stumbled over the bars, or refused to cross the brick wall. And many there were who watched only for the defaults. So there you are.

And another fact. Away up in the more secluded places of seating, frequented by those who were not guests in members' enclosures, the women were keen, in interest of the pirouettings on the bark. The gowns across the arena did not attract them, nor the graceful women "en promenade."

About the time the last class made its entrance, many of the Paris mode exponents came down from their boxes, and lined up at the railing facing the tanbark.

"What interest!" exclaimed the observer of things. "Women really do not come to converse on teas and Paquin gowns."

But the observer drew near and eavesdropped. It is a perfectly legitimate occupation for a professional observer. And this is what she heard:

"What a cunning looking boy! And doesn't he wear his red coat well?"



LIEUT. L. N. BATE, G.G.F.G.
Youngest Son of Sir Henry Bate, K.C.M.G.,
Who is to Marry Miss Dorothy Walters

"I do love to see Adam Beck ride. He goes at it, as if he meant business."

"Yes, and I love the smell of the tanbark."

"By the way, were you at Government House ball? I didn't see you."

"Oh, he hit the last two. I like to watch how many they hit, don't you?"

"Who is that tall woman in the black gown, strolling along with Mr. X? Isn't he the handsomest thing?"

And there you are. A new problem confronts us. Do the women assemble at a Horse Show to see the horses, the gowns or THE MEN? You have the facts. Judge for yourselves. It is not for a mere member of the sex to say that the problem of clothes consumes all the smart woman's attention. M. B.

Such a good Soup.

Such a little price.

Such a thick, nourishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labour. There, and in England it is a household word.



"Remember my face—you'll see me again."

1203

S. H. P.

'VELOX' MOTOR-WASHER

If you have running water in your house, why make a drudge of yourself 52 wash days every year, when a VELOX Water Motor Washing Machine will wash your clothes as fast as two women can do the other necessary operations, such as blueing, rinsing, hanging out, etc. AND DO IT WELL.

The "VELOX" runs itself, needs no attention, goes right after the dirt and soiled spots and removes every trace without the slightest injury to the finest fabric. The Tub has the Cummer-Dowsell "Anti-Warp" ring inside; this means tight tubs. No other make has this feature.

Ask your dealer to demonstrate it. The Motor has single, direct acting shaft, no cogs or gears and is self contained.

Write for "Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy". We send it free and it will help you on next wash day.

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HAMILTON, CANADA.

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The Matinee Girl

By Margaret Bell

The Actress with the Dustcloth.

I PAUSED before the door of the suite where I had met Margaret Anglin, one year before. Someone opened it in surprise. Someone holding a dustcloth in one hand. She had not heard me knock. She came to shake the fragments of dust from the cloth in the corridor of the King Edward Hotel.

"She will come and sit in this chair, and perhaps lean her elbow on this table. Which will never never do. Hence my gymnastics with the dustcloth."

So Charlotte Walker had reasoned, when the voice over the phone had told her there was a dreadful interviewer in the reception room. And I had gone up to 821, just as soon as I had poked a few strands of hair back under my hat, and dabbed a bit of fluff on my nose. That was not long enough to allow for a careful dusting of the table, however. I ran right into the dustcloth.

"I have some of the dearest little cakes in there,"—pointing somewhere in the region of the King Street elevators—"and I'd be perfectly delighted if you would have tea with me."

How could I? I had sipped my third cup that afternoon, about five minutes before, but the vision of those cakes was alluring. And her voice was so mellow and velvety and "singy," it simply turned my good resolutions all topsy turvy—almost. But I summoned up a storehouse of courage, and told the truth.

"Well, I'm not very keen on it, myself, being an American, but I thought you English people here in Canada are accustomed to that kind of thing, and I'd love to pour tea for you."

Her sweet, open countenance chased away any wandering bits of pessimism, which might have flitted through my mind, and all at once, my resolve to be very diplomatic and blase, fell into nothingness with a crash. Sincerity simply exuded from Charlotte Walker, in every move, and there enshrouded her the greatest and most unusual cloak of modernism, perfect frankness.

Her blonde hair peeped into her eyes in fascinating little curls, and her mouth formed itself into perpetual smiles of optimism. She has a way of looking at one, which seems to challenge any unworthy thought, and send it skulking into the fields of shamefacedness. And wonder, of wonders, she is utterly and irreparably devoid of egotism.

"They surely said dreadful things about me in New York," she remarked, as naturally as if she were commenting on the colour of the smoke which hung over the Bay. "They said I was an absurdity in this play, and that I 'sang' the words in imitation of an English actress. Strange, when I went on the road, I sent the managers back the greatest part of ten and twelve thousand dollars a week. And in this civilized age of art and learning, money counts. Let me tell you, if you ever write a play and place it, don't, I implore you, allow each of a dozen critic-assassins to dig his theatrical poinard into it. If you do, you won't recognize your effort on opening night, the press will hurl nasty epithets at you, and you will become, in the language of the mimic land, a DUB."

She was most enthusiastic in her plea for individuality and maintained that, to have it, one must be a regular insurgent, to learn the role of which she sits in daily observation of the tactics of her clever husband, Eugene Walter. He who made righteous Boston gasp when it learned the truth in "The Easiest Way."

I left her in an hour, with the music of her last words singing in my ears, "Put on your pretty clothes, bring five of your friends to-night, and I'll give you a box. And next time, I hope you'll let me pour you some tea."

"Rebecca," the Precocious.

EDITH TALIAFERRO is no longer known as a sister of Mabel, who created the name part of "Polly of the Circus." Edith has made good, by her

own right, and is going abroad, next season, with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and all the accessories. Which makes her fourth season in the role of the little country girl.

If you were to see Edith walking along Yonge, Sparks or Catherine Streets, you would never recognize her as the little girl in the old-fashioned dress, who climbs out of the window, on a stormy night and runs away in the dark. She looks quite grown-up in her chic grey suit and summery poke bonnet. And the loose veil even adds to the grown-upness. But the same wistful little face looks at you from behind the veil, as made the old stage coachman climb down off his box and unlock the door of Aunt Miranda's big brick house. It is the face of a girl who has the correct idea about this thing called the mimic sphere, and who still believes that the public can be induced to attend a sound, clean performance if they have the chance. Miss Taliaferro has exemplified this, because she has remained successfully in



EDITH TALIAFERRO,
starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

the simple, sweet little play, "Rebecca," for three seasons.

I had the appointment with Miss Taliaferro, in her dressing room, before the play. There she was, sitting in the dearest little pink kimono, her hair tied up tight behind her ears, her fingers travelling from the cream jars to her cheeks. On the wall were hung the tiny dresses she uses for the part, and the much despised straw hat. And everywhere were dolls, great and small, ugly and beautiful. They looked quite in keeping with the rest of the room, and the diminutive occupant.

"People will not let me grow up," she said, between dabs. "They send me dolls and dolls and then some more. For a while, I took to giving them away, but now I want them again, so I am going to keep all that I have sent to me. It is a good way to amuse the babies that come back to see me, after matinees. Mothers bring them back, and how they enjoy looking at all the funny things on my dressing table."

The ornament which occupied the stellar position on Miss Taliaferro's dressing-table was a large photograph of her sister Mabel, so well remembered for her excellent work in "Polly of the Circus." The sisters look much alike, in feature and size. But Mabel has blue eyes and fair hair, and Edith hair as black as the wings of a raven and eyes like sloes. Both have an equally large following, and hundreds of little kiddies attend every matinee and laugh and weep with Polly or Rebecca.

Gossip of the Players.

BILLIE BURKE has just been with us. This season finds Billie about six years younger, and all her admiring matinee girls say she is more adorable than ever in the title role of "The Runaway."

ADELE RITCHIE, more commonly recognized as "The Dresden China Prima Donna," is a connoisseur on cats. Her most recent purchase is an Angora beauty, for which, according to her clever press agent, she paid a thousand dollars. The feline has a French maid.

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The Canadian Women's Press Club

NEW members of the C. W. P. C. to date are, Miss Emma Seeber, assistant editor of the Rideau Record, and a contributor of social news to the Montreal Herald, Ottawa Citizen and Toronto Star; Mrs. Florence Robinson, of Portage la Prairie, editor of the Woman's Page of the Northwest Review, Winnipeg, and writer for various religious papers; Miss Laura Wentworth Ingalls, who is on the staff of the Montreal Daily Herald, and an occasional contributor to the Toronto Courier; and Miss Avis Ingalls, editor of the Children's Department, and assistant woman editor on the Family Herald and Weekly Star, who also contributes poetry to the same paper over the nom de plume of "Zoe"; Miss Sue A. Barison, Society Editor of the Lethbridge Daily Herald; Miss Mona Coxwell, on the editorial staff of The Canadian Courier, Toronto; Miss Louise Rorke, assistant editor, The Canadian Teacher, Toronto, and contributor to the Westminster; Miss Muriel Mackenzie, formerly of the Woodstock Sentinel Review, now on the staff of The Chronicle, Vancouver, and Miss Margaret A. Stewart, of Calgary, a contributor to The Morning Albertan.

MISS MABEL DURHAM, President of the Vancouver branch of the C. W. P. C., sails for England in May. Miss Durham is the editor of the Woman's Page of The Province, and will send correspondence to The Province during her absence. The Vancouver branch gave a farewell tea for Miss Durham, and in Toronto several of the C. W. P. C. officers had the pleasure of entertaining her at luncheon.

"THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS," Mrs. Mackay's new novel, has been favourably noticed by reviewers in Canada and Great Britain, amongst others by the London Times. A poem by Mrs. Mackay appears in the April number of Harper's Magazine.

THE Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver at its annual meeting passed a resolution of appreciation of the enterprise of Miss Laverock, a member of the C. W. P. C., who has established in Vancouver a weekly paper devoted exclusively to women's interests.

MRS. TALCOTT, of Bloomfield, has returned from several months' travel in Europe, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine and Egypt.

THE C. W. P. C. chronicles with regret the death of one of its members, Mrs. Louisa T. King, of Shedden. For the last twenty years she was a contributor to the press of St. Thomas, Ontario, being for a time on the editorial staff of the St. Thomas Journal. Mrs. King's particular gift was for historical work. She had studied closely the history of the Indians in the neighbourhood where she lived. In writing of her death the St. Thomas Times says: "As a woman Mrs. King possessed many fine qualities that endeared her to all who knew her. Among these were a kindly sympathy, generous hospitality, and a regard for the feelings of others." The officers and members of the C. W. P. C. tender their sympathy to Mrs. King's family and record their own sense of the loss of a comrade.

THE April meeting of the Toronto branch was devoted to a discussion of magazine and newspaper "make-up." Miss Jane Wells Fraser, Miss Jean Graham, and Miss Edith Macdonald were among those who were asked to tell the club what are the chief points to be studied in placing attractive pages before readers.

MRS. ROSE, a member of the Toronto branch, has recently removed to Stratford, Ont. Mrs. Rose, who is a niece of Mr. Thompson Seton, is the author of a number of plays. "The Return of Letty," one of her plays, is to be produced this month at the Margaret Eaton School, Toronto. Five new plays by Mrs. Rose have been accepted by pub-

lishers, and are appearing this spring. Among these are "The Red Parasol," "Honest Peggy," "The Coming of Anabel," and "Other Days; Other Ways."

CASSELL & COMPANY report that Mrs. Patriarche's book, "Rory of Willow Beach," is being favourably reviewed, and has been praised especially for its humour.

"OPEN TRAILS," by Emily Ferguson (Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton), was published by Cassells early this month, and is likely to repeat the success of "Janey Canuck in the West."

MISS LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL, who has been doing excellent work for several years as the London correspondent of the Toronto Star, has returned to Canada.

THE Winnipeg branch of the C. W. P. C. is to be congratulated on having secured a central and suitable club room in the Industrial Bureau. At its April meeting the club was entertained at tea by Mrs. E. W. Hamilton. An interesting address was given by Miss Mary Mantle on the progress of the Home Makers' Club.

THE Regina branch of the C. W. P. C. arranged the programme for the monthly drawing-room meeting of the W. C. T. U., which was held at the residence of Mrs. G. F. Wilson.

MISS AGNES LAUT, of New York, a distinguished Canadian writer and journalist, was entertained at luncheon by the Calgary branch of the C. W. P. C. on April the 27th. Miss Laut discussed with the members the differences between Canadian and American magazines and journalism.

MRS. KATE SIMPSON HAYES, now in London, England, assisting in emigration work among intending women settlers, contributes an article on the prospects for British women in the Canadian West to a recent number of The Canadian Gazette.

THE May number of The Canadian Magazine contains contributions by five members of the C. W. P. C., Mrs. Snider, Miss Currie Love, Mrs. Sheard, Miss Jean Graham, and Miss Warnock, "Katherine Hale." Mrs. Snider's article, on a ship lost in the War of 1812, is illustrated by her husband, C. H. J. Snider, city editor of the Toronto Telegram. The Telegram sent Mrs. Snider down to New York to meet the Carpathia. The Toronto Star sent Miss Bertha Thornley, also a member of the C. W. P. C. Mrs. Snider, when she found that no passes to the dock could be secured, had the happy inspiration to ask a doctor connected with one of the ambulances to take her along with the ambulance nurse. Probably Mrs. Snider was the only Canadian woman journalist on the dock when the Carpathia came in. Her article, giving an account of her experiences, was one of the journalistic features of a tragic occasion which was a severe ordeal for journalists.

THE President of the C. W. P. C. wishes to express here her deep appreciation of the affectionate sympathy extended to her in her recent bereavement by the members and branch clubs of the C. W. P. C.

MRS. GENEVIEVE LIPSETT SKINNER has gone to England in connection with immigration work for the Dominion Government. Mrs. C. P. Walker entertained the Winnipeg Women's Press Club at a farewell tea for Mrs. Skinner. A number of the members of the Toronto Branch had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Skinner at a tea given for her by the officers of the Club in Toronto, and Miss Marjory MacMurchy, President of the C. W. P. C., also gave a luncheon for her while she was in Toronto.

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Courierettes.

TYPIFY and embody the great cause which can only be furthered by supporting me," says Theodore Roosevelt. Looks as if Teddy will keep on praising himself until he imagines that he is "the white man's hope."

The high cost of living seems to have affected Cupid. The latest drama is "The Hungry Heart."

An American capitalist declares that a family of five can flourish on \$15 per week. Nobody talks that way until he is a capitalist.

It may be—and not inappropriately—that the name of the big candidate across the line will go pounding down the ages as Adjunct Taft.

Dr. Hastings, Toronto's Medical Health officer, states that one "wintered over" house fly, laying eggs 120 at a time after May 1, will in five months mean 5,500,000,000,000 eggs. We move that the doctor take the next Dominion census. Carried.

An English aviator says that the hydroplane of the future will carry one thousand passengers. We know somebody who will not be one of the first thousand.

Classy Entertainment.—Parliamentary procedure and decorum are not the most notable characteristic of the Toronto City Council's sessions. In fact, the aldermen and controllers take great liberties with rules of order and slang-whang one another in strenuous style.

Recently a Toronto citizen went to a Council meeting. He was a fairly busy man, but he sat through the long session.

He was on hand again at the next session, and the one after that.

"Why are you so regular in your attendance at our meetings?" an inquisitive alderman asked him.

"Why, Alderman, I'd rather come here for an afternoon's fun than go to the theater," was the candid answer.

A Cruel Joke.—The last word in cruel practical jokes was recently perpetrated on a well-known society man whose name shall be mercifully withheld in the course of this narrative.

Mr. Blank has a very fine silky moustache—an adornment of which he is pardonably proud. All his friends are aware of his weakness in this respect. He coaxes and coddles that lip covering with great care.

Recently he went to another city to attend a meeting. His friends gathered round him, and he drank unwisely and too well. At last they took him to his room and put him to bed. Then they carefully combed out his moustache and filled it with liquid glue and flour. In the morning it was as firm as a rock. The owner was a surprised man when he awoke; and he spent half a day in front of a basin of hot water, melting the glue and flour out.

He is now holding down a seat on the water waggon.

Sensible When Sober.—In the old days when gambling was winked at to a certain extent in Toronto, a man of that city, having been out celebrating his birthday, wound-up at a famous gambling resort. Recklessly staking his money in a "crap game" he soon had run up his pile to twelve-hundred dollars.

Stuffing his money into his pockets he made for the door. The proprietor naturally was in ill humour that luck

should be with a drunken man, and as he showed him out he said: "Don't you ever come in here again in that state."

The man answered, "Why, you ossified ostrich, do you think I'd come in here if I were sober?"

Roosevelt.

I AM the boss of the bosses; I am the person they fear; I alone can prevent losses; I am the man without peer.

I am the national hero; I stand for justice—all kinds; I can reduce wrongs to zero; I have the greatest of minds.

I am the hope of "the masses"; I e'er embody their cause; I can abolish "the classes"; I can devise the best laws.

I—you must readily guess it—I possess all the true worth; I—let me haste to confess it—I am the salt of the earth.

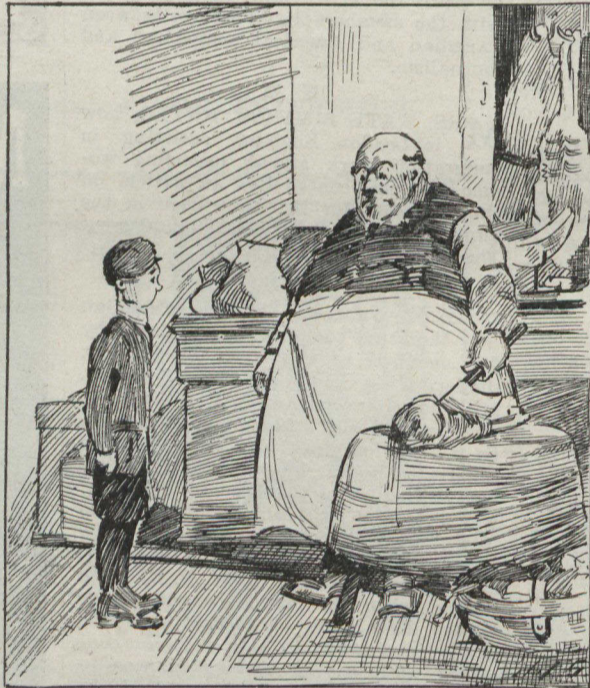
W. A. C.

Essay on Spring.

SPRING is the season when: Poets have a rush of words to the point of their fountain pens.

The average man disguises his laziness under the label of "that tired feeling."

A host of well-intentioned men spend precious moments kneeling in damp earth and depositing seeds therein—knowing full well that it is labour lost.



"I'd like half a pound of sausages, if you please; and mother says would you mind wrapping them in the society page of the Evening Post?"

But they must do it to satisfy their wives.

The whack of the carpet beater is heard in the land—sometimes accompanied by the steady buzz of the more aristocratic vacuum cleaner.

The average man goes broke paying for his wife's millinery outfit.

A warm day teases the unwary man into shedding his winter underclothing. Forthwith cometh a snowfall and he catches a cold that lasteth half the summer.

In the immortal words of the first spring poet—

"Be not in haste to get encased In underwear that's new, But rather stick to flannels thick Until they stick to you."

Golfing Judges.—Mr. Justice Duff, of the Supreme Court of Canada, fell a victim to golf last year. His Lordship took up the game with great enthusiasm, and

in a few weeks developed into a fairly good player. The only trouble about him was that while he could play, he did not know much about golfing etiquette.

One day he challenged his brother, the Senior Judge of the County of Carleton, to a round, and the deft was promptly accepted.

The two distinguished members of the bench got along famously, except that Judge McTavish was bothered by Judge Duff picking up his bag immediately after making his stroke and running ahead to find his ball, lest it might escape him. It took Judge McTavish all his time to avoid hitting his opponent.

Going up to the thirteenth green Judge Duff once more grabbed his clubs and raced after the ball. He was right in the way of Judge McTavish, who promptly called out the warning note "fore."

Judge Duff stopped in his tracks, and answered back, "Now, Mac, that is a d—d lie, it is only three."

Judge McTavish could not proceed for two or three minutes, his sense of humour being so greatly tickled by Judge Duff's earnest protest.

A Neglected Hymn.—"There is a good old Methodist hymn that is completely out of fashion this year," remarked a preacher the other day. "I announced it at a recent service and I noticed that the female portion of the congregation were singularly silent. Then it dawned on me that this is Leap Year. This is the first verse of the hymn:

"Bid me of men beware And to my ways take heed, Foreseeing every secret snare, And circumspectly tread."

Pardon, Please.—George Primrose, the famous Canadian minstrel, was in a railway wreck near Cincinnati the other day.

It seems so awfully obvious, also in bad taste, but we can't help remarking that it was almost the end of the end man.

Well Named.—It was Hon. Clifford Sifton's horse, Confidence, which won the high jump and established a new world record at Toronto Horse Show.

Yet some people repeat that silly query—What's in a name?

"A Daniel Come to Judgment."—A Pennsylvania judge has ruled that women may, if they so desire, burn folks in effigy.

Wise judge. He knows that the emotional sex must have some safety valve for their pent-up feelings, and effigy burning is easier on the nation than window-smashing, as they have it in England.

Effigy burning harms only the effigy, and does the burners a heap of good. Window-smashing is bad business, and the smashers end in durance vile.

Hard Hit.—A Canadian business man recently decided that he would put in his young son's bank all the American coins he received in change. But he received three Yankee half-dollars in two days and wants to drop the scheme.

An Explanation.—In this department of the "Courier" there appeared last week an item concerning a petition sent to Toronto City's Council by the Local Council of Women. It was stated that some of the names were written on little slips of notepaper which were pasted on the pages of the petition.

The president of the Local Council of Women has made the following explanation concerning this matter.

"Some hundreds of names were properly signed on Local Council paper, and those pasted on were on the advice of a clerk in the City Clerk's Department. Myself, doubting the legality of signatures so presented, took time to ask over the telephone, and was informed by the clerk that 'it would be better to have them signed, but that the pasted signatures would be accepted.'"

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WE come now to a large range of corporate bonds where income of 5, 6 and 7 per cent. may be obtained with varying degrees of security in investment. These bonds, aside from the railroads, which have already been discussed, are those of public service and other corporations issued to procure funds for constructing or extending the company's system or plant. They are secured by the credit and earnings of the corporation, in addition usually to a mortgage on the company's property.

A sharp distinction exists between corporation bonds and stocks as an investment. The former constitute a loan to a company; the latter are certificates of ownership of the company itself. The interest rate on the bonds is fixed and does not vary. The income on corporation stocks fluctuates or ceases altogether as a result of the company's profitable business or otherwise. If the stocks bear dividends, that does not prevent a wide fluctuation of income and price. Stocks are not promises to pay. They are more speculative and frequently purchased to sell at a profit. This is outside the sphere of good bond investments where the price fluctuations are few and the income steady. Properly secured bonds are bought by investors because of their safety of principal and assured income.

Public service corporation issues in Canada are an important class. These include tramway, light, heat, power and telephone companies. Last year sixteen of these Canadian companies issued bonds aggregating more than \$32,000,000, 14.70 per cent. of which were purchased by the Canadian investor. That is a good record for Canada, a tribute to its growing investment powers and its patronage of sane investments. The country is developing so rapidly that public service corporations are finding difficulty in giving satisfactory service. Large bond issues may, therefore, be expected for improvements and extensions. The investor has confidence in our public service corporation bonds. Tramways systems will be extended to cope with growing population. Telephone companies are taxed to supply sufficient facilities. New hydraulic developments are being pushed rapidly. Suburban traction is increasing. Light and power companies are multiplying. All these mean a demand for funds and bond issues will be the first means sought to raise the money.

The chief characteristic of public service bonds is the fact that they are issued by companies which render a much needed service to a community. They usually operate under a special franchise from a city, town, or the provincial or federal government. In addition to those already mentioned there are water, gas, electric light companies. Bonds issued by such corporations in well established communities have a fine record for safety.

The mortgage which usually secures the corporation bond is upon all or a portion of the property of the company obligating itself to pay the same. They can be issued only by permission of the company's shareholders. The rights of bondholders are almost invariably protected by the selection of a trustee, usually a trust company, to hold the mortgage against the property and to carry out certain acts necessary to the issue.

Some excellent rules for the guidance of prospective purchasers of a public service corporation or industrial bond, have been given by Lyman Spitzer, the New York banker, who says that the investor should make sure that the company is not a new one; that it shows net earnings for the past five years equal to double the interest charges; that the capital actually paid in is not smaller than the bonded debt; that the character of the company is such as to preclude the probability of a sudden decrease in the demand for its product, and that the men in control of the company are men of good repute as to ability and honesty. If he insists on these five requirements he can invest his money with reasonable certainty of an assured income and the return of his principal. It is possible that, even after these precautions, he may suffer a loss, for the absolutely safe investment is yet to be discovered. But he will have a reasonably safe investment.

While in the case of the railroad bond, the security may be the equipment; in the municipal bond, the taxes; in an industrial or public service corporation bond, the security is the plant, the business transacted and its earning capacity. It is obvious that the more stable the security, the more valuable the bond. It should be represented at least by working capital. In other words, the company's net current assets should be sufficient to pay off the bond. A good bond of this nature for the average investor is one issued by a reliable company with a steady business, regular earnings, and a first class organization conducted by experienced, progressive, conservative and honest men.

The Canadian investor has probably noticed in many bond offerings of the past year the statement that the company is making sufficient money to pay all operation, management and other expenses, enough to write off doubtful accounts, to set aside a substantial amount for depreciation, and then to have left a balance sufficient to pay the interest on its bonds three or four times over. This fact, however, is not a guarantee of the safety of the bond investment. It must be considered in relation to the probability of the company's continued prosperity, possible legislation and other points. The investor must not place his money simply on the strength of bond interest being earned many times over. He must analyze completely the company's position and prospects.

On and Off the Exchange.**Market Distractions.**

INTERRUPTIONS to stock exchange business are traditionally the accompaniment of the return of spring. This week a very fair representation of the Montreal and Toronto boards and many others having to do with the buying and selling of securities spent a day at Espanola, which is the municipal name of the Spanish River Pulp & Paper Company's settlement on Georgian Bay.

Later in the week the patter of the stock exchange assumed a horsey tinge. Investment brokers whose proud boast it is that they never advised a client

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Significant Advances

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

Mutual Life OF CANADA

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

	1886	1911	Increased
Income	\$ 272,000	\$2,450,000	Nearly 10-fold
Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,00	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,50	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

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into a speculative stock, and who are wont to look askance at even the suggestion of a flyer in, say, a Porcupine prospect, might be heard communicating in confidence their idea of the prospects of Seagram's Havrock or Rustling, or the Brookdale's stable's Heresy, or Charlie Crew's Amberite, for pulling down the King's Guineas. In matters of this kind, however, brokers become the clients of other people, and it is sad to relate that many of them arrange their ventures into the realm of extreme speculation at the Woodbine without regard to the necessity of investigation which they urge upon their own clientele in other affairs.

A Day in the Bush.

THE midweek excursion to Espanola indicated the vogue of the pulp and paper stocks. The practice of inviting those interested in the financing of an industrial undertaking to the scene of operation en masse has grown of late years and it has been generally productive of excellent results. The critic would say that no body of bankers or brokers could by walking through a steel plant or a flour mill obtain information which would be of assistance to them in placing a value upon the securities representing the enterprise. It would be, of course, absurd to expect that a technical insight into any business could be obtained in one of these hurried visits, but the financial community possesses a sort of intuitive judgment and its impressions are usually correct. It is not so long ago since a body of bankers and brokers were invited to inspect a pretentious and over-touted industrial enterprise, and while the inspection was generally supposed to have passed off satisfactorily and the selling orders which came back to Montreal from these seemingly innocent and delighted visitors sent the market for the stock helter skelter.

A Northern Enterprise.

A REFERENCE to market fluctuations this week will indicate that this experience was reversed at Espanola. The ostensible object of the visit was the inspection of the Spanish River Paper Mill, but the whole operations of the company came under review and received a favourable verdict. The pulp and paper industry in this country has had a variable career, and, like most other human ventures, its successes or failures in the final analysis have been found due to men. Management the Spanish River proposition appears to have, and what is almost equally important, it has a market as to the extent and permanency of which there need be no misgivings. Pulp and paper are in demand when the market for steel products and other staples fade away. The simultaneous activity in the Spanish River and Ontario Pulp securities produced the usual crop of rumours concerning amalgamation, but it was not explained what good purpose would be served by such a union. There is, of course, an absolute understanding between the two companies as there is between Spanish River and the larger and older paper concerns, so that a merger would have no attractive features and would have the drawback from a market standpoint of lessening the number of securities to be dealt in. It is more probable that if any announcement is forthcoming it will concern the connection of other large outside paper interests to Spanish River.

Going Into Pulp.

THERE are rumours that some very large interests which have hitherto never been identified with Ontario pulp propositions will in the near future take up one of the companies now on the market. The profits shown by the Quebec concerns and shared to a considerable extent by these interests have encouraged them to think that the Ontario companies might duplicate the brilliant history of the older enterprises like the Laurentide. Pulp—it is argued—has never been developed like any other of our natural resources, and the indications of a broader market to the south are already helping the position of our paper men.

Steel "Ex" Bounties.

THE bounty complication is the only thorn in the bouquet of roses handed to the Dominion Steel Corporation by the British investor. The Dominion Government had ignored the request of the steel makers for a continuance of the bounty. As some of the opposition to the bounty came from the manufacturers of wire nails the Dominion Steel Corporation announced that, being denied assistance from the Government, it would go into the wire nail business itself and become the competitor of some of the companies which it formerly supplied with raw material. To permit of the extensions in the plant both in the steel and coal properties the Dominion Steel Corporation asked the London market to buy \$7,000,000 of its six per cent. preferred stock. Within an hour the London market subscribed \$28,000,000, and, in addition, subscriptions enough to take up the entire issue came from the continent. The British investor thought the steel securities were a good investment even without a bounty. The Finance Minister may find in this a confirmation of his own judgment, but the argument will not hold with regard to the new steel industries.

Bank Profits and the Public.

TO earn over a million dollars in one year in the most conservative line to indicate something of a monopoly. This is the record of the Imperial Bank for its last fiscal period, which ended April 30, and its showing of 16½ per cent. earned upon its capital will probably help to increase the feeling that banking profits are too large in Canada. Most people realize now that the large percentage of earnings being shown by the banks are in part an expression of the vanity of the bank managers. The banks, of course, use their rest funds as much as their capital in making profits, and even in cases where the reserve is far in excess of the capital no regard is paid to it when the earnings are computed. Entirely outside of this, however, the Imperial report, which is the only banking annual to bloom at this time of year, removes any lingering doubt as to whether or not the business of banking in this country is a profitable one. The prosperity of the country has been so sustained and so widespread that banking losses have been reduced to a minimum and the big banks have been enabled to build up their reserves in preparation for any reaction which the years to come may produce. The banks as a matter of fact have not enjoyed as large a share of the profits

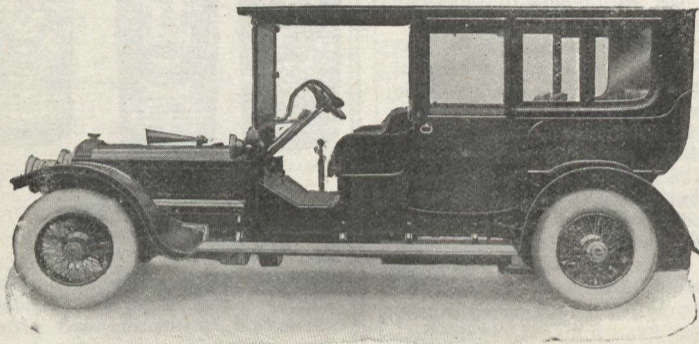
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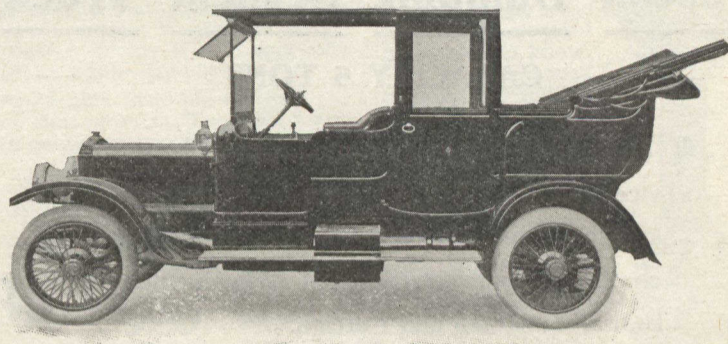
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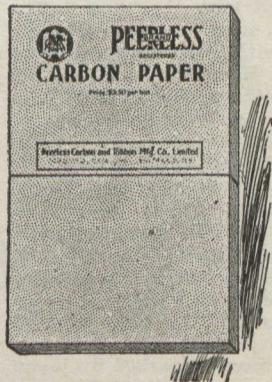
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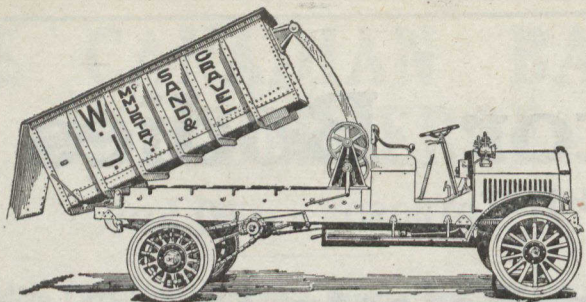
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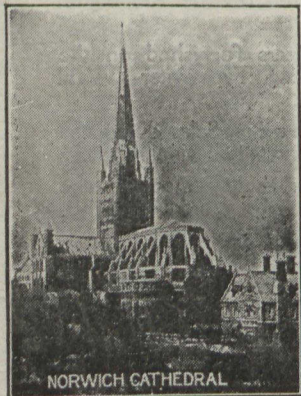
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of business as many other branches of commercial activity, but they have been more in the limelight and their shares are for the most part out of line with their intrinsic value because of the conviction that public feeling may force some drastic changes in the Bank Act at the next session of Parliament.

✽ ✽

A Popular Offering.

FASHIONS change in securities as in everything else. The Canadian Industrial, out of favour so long, is now, if presented under the proper auspices, more in demand than anything else. An example of the willingness of Canadian investors to subscribe for home securities under advantageous conditions was found in the heavy over-subscription of the \$750,000 6% preference shares of the Monarch Knitting Company. The offering was an attractive one, there being a bonus of fifteen per cent. of common stock, and the business which the securities represented was admitted to be a thriving and profitable one, although, peculiarly enough, the prospectus had nothing to say as to the value of the assets represented by the securities. The offering was practically subscribed within an hour, over five hundred individual applications being made. After the books closed subscriptions continued to come in until the amount offered was almost three times the amount of the issue. Since then the stock has gone to a premium. Doubtless the success of this venture will bring many other industrial offerings on the market.

✽ ✽

Honours Deserved.

THERE are possibilities of a pun in "Dr. Pellatt," as the head of the stock exchange house of Pellatt & Pellatt may rightfully be called, when he is not given either of his other titles, which are respectively the badge of knighthood and of military rank. But far be it from us to depart from our high browed and intellectual discussion of economic subjects to write in such a manner as to excite levity. We leave that to the strictly financial weekly journals. What we began to say was that the bestowal of the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Col. Sir Henry Pellatt, C.V.O., by King's College last week was received with the same approval in the financial world as it aroused in other sections of the community.

Colonel Pellatt's services in the cause of education have been of no mean order. He has done much for Trinity University particularly, and it was a graceful act of King's to recognize the duties performed in behalf of a sister institution. Honours are crowding on Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt. Not long ago he was elected a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange. Most people, except the members, thought he had always belonged, and the members were glad when he joined. They think it is good for business to have the heads of the stock exchange houses more closely connected with the "floor." The greatest honour that has come to Sir Henry Pellatt within the last year is, of course, that of Honorary Aide-de-Camp to His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught. Taking an entire regiment of our citizen-soldiery to the seat of the Empire, as did Colonel Sir Henry Pellatt, was a service to the city and to the country which those of us on this side of the water are apt to underestimate. Prominent men in the Old Country who have since visited Canada have called the visit of the Queen's Own Rifles to England the most effective advertisement that this country could have arranged. A long military career, marked by many achievements almost equally important, testifies to Sir Henry's devotion to the cause of militia training in this country. As a public man his attitude has always been that of a sane and wise counsellor of the nation, and his private life has been marked by a philanthropic disposition which has found expression in the devotion of much time and wealth to the uplift of humanity. Therefore, it may be said with truth that the best wish of his city for Sir Henry is that he may long live to wear with dignity and distinction—the gold aiguillette of an equestrian to royalty, the silken robes of an honorary doctor of laws and the self-satisfied expression which is an unchanging label of a member of the Toronto Stock Exchange.

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Lord Lockington

By FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER XIII.

THE first important incident of the next day was the appearance of the dressmaker in Edna's own sitting-room with the material for the dress, patterns, scissors, and many pins. Miss Woods, that was her name, was a decidedly good-looking young woman, broadly built, with dark hair, a bright complexion, and fine eyes, to whom Edna took an instinctive dislike.

She was very quiet, very clever with her fingers, and appeared to take great pains with her work. But there was a curious antagonism in her glance, whenever her eyes met those of Edna unexpectedly, which surprised and puzzled the girl, who was quite sure that this was the very first time she had ever seen the black-eyed beauty.

Miss Woods was very quiet indeed, as long as the housekeeper was in the room, took orders from her with almost obsequious readiness, and snipped and pinned, and pulled out tacking-threads and measured, without ever saying a word unless she was directly addressed.

But when Mrs. Holland had left the room, summoned away on some urgent household business, the obsequious dressmaker's manner changed a little.

Still on her knees beside the young lady, and still busy with scissors and pins, she suddenly looked up and said, in a tone which was quite markedly aggressive:

"And how long may it be, miss, since you have been in his Lordship's service?"

The question and the tone were alike impertinent, and Edna for a moment made no answer. She was, to begin with, so intensely amazed at this aggressive behaviour towards her on the part of a woman whom she had never before seen or even heard of, that she was quite at a loss how to deal with her.

"You had better put any questions of that sort you wish to ask to Mrs. Holland," Edna said at last, very quietly, but not without dignity.

The dressmaker gave a sort of snort, and went on with her work.

"It seems strange you should take offence at a simple question like that, miss," she said at last, without looking up this time.

Edna made no answer. "Perhaps Mrs. Holland will tell me the reason why you're so touchy about being asked."

Edna's amazement grew. Important as the matter of the dress was, considering the peremptory orders which Lord Lockington had given, she was resolved not to put up with the annoyance of constant impertinence while it was being made. So, though with much reluctance and some outer signs of nervousness, she said, after a short pause, during which the dressmaker had thrown another aggressive look at her:

"I don't think I'll trouble you to make this dress for me, Miss Woods." And she began to take off the pattern bodice which was being fitted on her.

The woman's manner changed immediately. "Oh, pray, miss, don't say that. It would be a bad day's work for me if I offended Mrs. Holland. For she's got me many a bit of work to do for Lady Lockington."

Edna was still more surprised than before. This young woman was anxious to work for the people at the Hall, and yet she seemed unable to resist the temptation of being rude to those whom she served. That, at least, was the only explanation of her behaviour which occurred to Edna.

"Then why are you so rude?" she asked, coldly.

The dressmaker's dark cheeks flushed a deep crimson. "I wasn't aware that I was rude, miss. I'm sure I didn't mean to be. But strangers are a rarity here, and I didn't know you'd mind my asking whether you'd been here long."

"I've been here nearly a week," said Edna, shortly. She was sure, by the way in which the young woman pursed up her mouth at the answer, that she had known as well as Edna herself how long she had been at the Hall.

"And you've made friends here already, haven't you?" went on the dress-

maker, throwing at her another keen glance.

Edna was more puzzled than before. Now she was sure there was some motive underlying the rudeness, and that Miss Woods felt in some way aggrieved or offended at something the young musician had done.

But what it was Edna, quite innocent of having done anything which could annoy or offend anyone, had not the least idea.

"I hope I've made friends," replied Edna, quietly. "At least, I've scarcely had any time to make any enemies, I should think."

The dressmaker gave a sudden savage snip with her scissors, which suggested to Edna that, if she had not made any enemies, she had certainly made one. More and more bewildered, she let the young woman fit and pin and snip in silence for some minutes. Then Miss Woods suddenly said:

"You've taken some walks already, miss, if it's not a liberty to ask the question?"

These words were uttered in a much more civil tone, but the look in her handsome eyes, as she gazed searchingly in Edna's face, was just as aggressive as before.

"I think you must have mistaken someone else for me," said Edna. "I haven't been outside the park."

"Well, the park gives a good walk, doesn't it? You can go two miles in it if you like to end, I believe."

Edna did not feel called upon to affirm or deny this. There was another pause.

"You've met some of the people about already, haven't you, miss? I've heard people talking about you, as if they'd seen you," Miss Woods went on presently.

Edna shook her head. However unwilling she might be to converse with this young woman, she wanted her to know that she had made one great mistake about her. It seemed clear to Edna that somebody else had been taken for herself, for certainly her own wanderings, having been very few and very limited, could have given rise to but little gossip.

Unless—she wondered whether the labouring man who had come at her call when she discovered the body on the ground, had been chattering in the neighbourhood about her, and about that incident of the man and the cloak.

"I've seen nobody outside the walls of the park," she said.

And then she looked at the young woman, to find out whether she knew of that particular incident. Miss Woods gave no indication of any such knowledge. It seemed plain that she believed Edna to have been seen outside the park.

"Then somebody must have seen you over the park wall, miss," said the dressmaker, in a tone which was cleverly meant to insinuate that Edna was telling an untruth.

Edna grew quite uncomfortable at this persistent and impertinent incredulity, which she would have complained about to Mrs. Holland, if she had not remembered that, unfortunately, the housekeeper also, for different reasons, looked upon her as unworthy of implicit belief.

She answered a few other questions, all designed in the same way to imply that she had been seen outside the park walls, very curtly and coldly, and when Mrs. Holland came in, and the interrogatory ceased, she was flushed, uncomfortable, and miserable to such a point that it was impossible her condition should escape the housekeeper's vigilant eye.

When the trying ordeal of the interview with Miss Woods was over, Edna resolved not to have to put up with any more impertinence, told the housekeeper, simply and quietly, that she disliked the dressmaker, and that she hoped she would not have to be fitted by her.

"I'd rather Susan did it," she added. "She's quite clever enough to tell this young woman what is wrong with it."

"What has she done that you don't like?" asked the housekeeper, searchingly.

"She persists in saying—or in hinting—that I've been seen outside the park walls since I've been here, and that I've



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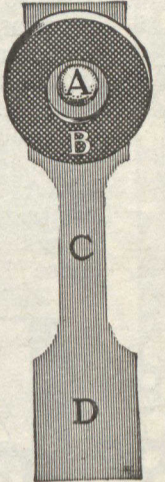
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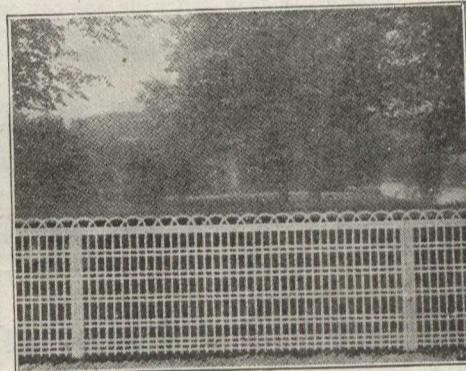
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Illustration No. 1.

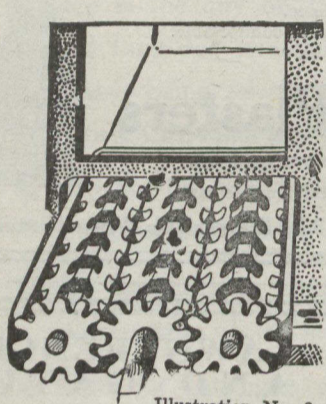


Illustration No. 2.

Illustration No. 2 shows the grates used in "PANDORA" range and the ease with which they are removed—being made with three bars they are heavier and stronger than the two-bar grate—the teeth are shorter—crush clinkers easier and are less liable to break. Anybody can remove the "PANDORA" semi-steel grates—the operation is simplicity itself. A boy can take out coal grates and insert wood by simply sliding them in and out on their independent grate frame.

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made acquaintances here. But it's not true, as you know."

But Mrs. Holland began to look at her in almost the same manner as Miss Woods had done. "How do I know?" she said, shortly, as she shrugged her shoulders and shortly left the room.

Edna was stupefied. What was this that had happened? Who had been impersonating her? For that the house-keeper believed what Miss Woods had hinted rather than what she, Edna herself, had said was plain enough.

Even the excitement of playing and singing to Lord Lockington, now that she felt him to be a friend whom she had met and conversed with, could not entirely quench the uneasiness and distress which Edna felt when she recognized the fact that someone had been making mischief for her.

Who it was, and how it had been made, she could not guess. She had seen, before that interview with the dress-maker, no faces but kind ones, and no offended expression upon the countenance of any of the household except that of Mrs. Holland on the previous evening.

What, then, could be the explanation of the mystery? That Miss Woods should have been so venomous, and the housekeeper so cold, seemed to point to the fact that both these women believed her to have been guilty of some grave indiscretion, of making friends with absolute strangers, or doing something equally unwise and improper.

She thought she would try to make an opportunity of challenging the house-keeper on the subject, although she knew that she had had the misfortune to lose part of Mrs. Holland's good opinion by the incident in the White Saloon on the previous evening.

In the meantime there was the interest of the first call upon her professional services which she had received since the odd meeting with the supposed Lord Lockington in the Blue Saloon.

Revesby, as usual, brought the message that his Lordship would be glad if Miss Bellamy would sing to him in the old wing; and, as before, she was escorted thither by the butler in high spirits in the hope that, as soon as the man-servant had retired, Lord Lockington would speak to her through the window between the two rooms.

But she was disappointed. The morning passed almost exactly as before. She had sung several songs, to the accompaniment of the organ in the adjoining room, when the butler appeared, as before, and announced that his Lordship thanked her and would be glad if she would play the organ and the piano in the great hall that afternoon after four o'clock, and that in the meantime he would not trouble her further.

Deeply disappointed as well as surprised, Edna went back to her own sitting-room and played and worked and read, feeling a strange reluctance to venture alone into the park after what she had herself seen there, as well as after the amazing suspicions which her leaving the house by herself seemed to have aroused.

The day, therefore, passed slowly and uncomfortably, and she was quite glad that, the next day being Sunday, she would have a chance of going beyond the park walls without exciting gossip.

It was Mrs. Holland who told her where the church was, and offered to take her there. They generally walked, she said, as it was not more than half a mile from the park gates.

The morning was fine and frosty, and Edna, in her black jacket without any furs, felt rather cold as she kept pace with Mrs. Holland's somewhat heavy and leisurely tread on their way through the park.

To Edna's satisfaction, they passed just near enough to the little square stone building with the heavy iron-bound door for her to be able to direct her companion's attention to it.

"What is that queer little stone house?" she asked.

Mrs. Holland laughed. "That's not a house," said she. "It's much too small for that. It's a sort of shed that was built by his Lordship's order many years ago to keep a target and shooting things in."

"Is it used now?"

"Not since my Lord's lived all by himself, shut up in the Hall."

"But it's got a door."

"Oh, yes; it was used once, by his Lordship himself. But that was years



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ago. He doesn't take any interest in shooting or anything else now."

"He couldn't shoot if he's an invalid?" said Edna.

Mrs. Holland threw at her a quick look. "No, of course he couldn't," she said, quickly, with an air of being tired of the subject.

Edna walked on again in that mood of puzzled silence so usual with her now, and made no attempt to learn any more from her companion concerning her employer.

The church to which they were wending their way was an old one, stone-built, with a square tower and three aisles. It was of fair size, and was well filled with a typical country congregation such as Edna was surprised to find within so few miles of a great city.

She sat with the housekeeper in the Hall pew, which was comfortably cushioned and very large, and Edna could not help noticing, as the pew was placed at right angles to most of the other pews, the intense interest with which she, as a stranger, was regarded by the rest of the congregation. Whenever her eyes turned in the direction of the body of the church, she was sure to find somebody else's eyes fixed upon her.

Of course, this was really not very surprising, considering that the parish was a country one, where everybody knew everybody else, and especially considering the singular circumstances of life at the Hall, as known by everyone.

Still, Edna was rather disconcerted by the great amount of attention she excited, and she would willingly have escaped another ordeal which awaited her when service was over.

A lady, who had occupied a pew opposite to that of the Hall, was standing outside the church porch surrounded by her children and speaking and nodding to so many members of the congregation as they passed out that it was easy to discover she was the vicar's wife.

Indeed, just as Edna came out in the porch, Mrs. Holland whispered in her ear: "That's Mrs. Eastham, the vicar's wife. She's sure to speak to you."

And, indeed, Mrs. Eastham may almost be said to have pounced upon Edna and her companion as they came out.

"Ah, Mrs. Holland, how do you do?" said the vicar's wife, who was a very homely-looking lady in sidespring boots, white stockings, and the sore of clothes which might be expected to correspond with those details. "And so this is Miss Bellamy, I suppose? How do you do?"

And thus abruptly introducing herself, Mrs. Eastham, shaking Edna by the hand, and dexterously whisking her out of the pathway into the long grass between the graves, went on: "I must introduce you to Mr. Eastham. Mrs. Holland, may we take her home to dinner with us?"

"I'm sure she'd be delighted," said the housekeeper.

Edna tried to look as if she were, without much success.

Seven pairs of rather uninteresting light eyes, those of the vicar's family, were fixed upon her with so much interest that it was difficult to imagine that she would have a very lively time at the vicarage.

Then the vicar came out, and Miss Bellamy was introduced by his wife to a tall, grave, elderly man with a pleasant face, a manner which was too cold, but dignified and refined, and a strong Lancashire burr in his speech.

Edna had to walk between the two elders, and she found the ordeal a trying one, as, although without impertinence, they were evidently anxious to know all about her engagement, and thought it a curious one.

But it was when they had reached the vicarage, a pleasant old house with large windows and good gardens, that the worst part of her suffering commenced.

In the short interval before the early dinner, Mrs. Eastham, in the pleasantest and kindest way, took her to a corner of the drawing-room, as far as possible from the children, who were talking to their governess and a Sunday school helper from a neighbouring house, and plied her simply and straightforwardly with questions.

"And so you never see Lord Lockington?" was an important one.

"I don't think he ever sees anyone," said Edna.

"But you know he listens to your playing?"

"Oh, yes, and he accompanies my singing on the organ in the next room."

"Indeed! And do you have to live all by yourself?"

"Yes, but I don't mind it."

"Do you have to go out for walks by yourself?"

Here again was the very question which Miss Woods had insisted on so strongly. Almost wearily Edna replied:

"This is the first time I've been outside the park walls."

"And your parents are dead, you say?"

"Yes."

"And your aunt takes care of you?"

"Yes."

"Did she come up here with you?"

"No. It was too long and expensive a journey."

"Will you go home for Christmas?"

"I don't know. I haven't been told yet."

"Because, you don't mind my saying so, and I don't want our talk to reach the ears of my daughters; but Lady Lockington comes down here sometimes for Christmas, and she brings very curious people with her, and I think you had better arrange to leave the Hall before they come."

"I shall have to do what Lord Lockington wishes," said Edna, simply.

"Well, it's better, in such a thing as that, to have a mind of one's own. Both the vicar and I think you will do well to avoid the visit of Lady Lockington and her friends if you can."

"Thank you," said Edna. "It's very kind of you to advise me."

But she did not feel grateful. She felt aggrieved at the sort of attention she appeared to excite, malevolent in some quarters, and apparently impertinent in others. For certainly, as far as her experience of the Hall had been, she had had nothing to complain of.

"It's a very strange situation for a young girl to have taken at all," Mrs. Eastham went on.

"When you have to earn your living, you have to take what you can," replied Edna, simply.

"Well, but I should have thought that a governess's situation in a nice family—"

"I don't think I know enough to teach," pleaded Edna. "And I shouldn't like it either."

"It's not so much what one likes as what is right and proper," said the vicar's wife, rather primly. "And if you couldn't teach older pupils you could have begun as a nursery governess."

Edna said nothing to this. But her bosom swelled with resentment at this suggestion, which would have been repudiated so vigorously, as she felt sure, if it had been made in regard to one of the speaker's own daughters.

On the whole Edna found little enjoyment in her visit, for the dinner was a terrible meal, in which all sat in solemn silence, save for a few perfunctory remarks which the vicar's wife felt bound to address from time to time to her two visitors, and for their own spasmodic attempts to keep up some sort of conversation in the circumstances.

She felt a thrill of joy when the time for Sunday school arrived, and she was free to go back to the Hall, after answering evasively a question as to whether she would like to take up some work in the Sunday school or in the parish in the future.

Edna felt chilled and heartsore as she went back along the country road to the park gates, and was glad when she reached them.

CHAPTER XIV.

IF the Viscount was silent, at least he could be kind, and he was certainly generous. And Mrs. Holland, although she might show herself easily offended, was in the main very warm-hearted and friendly.

But the people at the vicarage seemed to her cold, curious, and unsympathetic. The light eyes of the children had pierced her with their glances like so many arrows, and the somewhat aggressive curiosity of the vicar and his wife had been harder still to bear.

She felt herself grow happier even at the sight of Revesby's wooden face when he opened the door. And when she got upstairs to her own room, she threw herself into a chair before the fire and warmed her hands and looked round her at the pretty, bright room, with a delightful feeling of being at home again. She had become cold and miserable



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under the influence of the chilly family at the vicarage, and she felt that she was beginning to thaw the moment she sat down.

But in a few moments she began to have an idea that something had happened in her absence. She looked slowly round the room as if she expected to see a form in the shadowy corners made by the twilight.

At last her eyes reached the table, and there, by itself, lay a note with a sealed envelope beside it. This second envelope was big and clumsy, and evidently contained something bulky.

With a trembling hand Edna took up both envelopes; and tearing open the letter first, read:

"Lord Lockington has missed the bright presence of Miss Bellamy about the house to-day, and wishes her to know the pleasure he takes in her youth and girlish courtesy to an old man's whims. He has not yet received the present he is having prepared for Miss Bellamy, so in the meantime he begs her to accept the little gift which accompanies this note, and to wear it sometimes to give him pleasure."

Edna, with a strange sense, half of pleasure, half of pain, at her heart, broke the seal of the second envelope, and found inside a large, old-fashioned cameo ring, of marquise shape, bearing an exquisite figure of a young girl in flowing scarf and drapery.

It was a strange little present, and she was touched by it. She looked at it, indeed, with tears in her eyes, as the gracious gift of the sick man whom she had given pleasure to.

And she was still looking at the figure, kneeling on the hearthrug to admire it in the firelight, when the door opened and Mrs. Holland came in.

A frown of intense anxiety appeared on the housekeeper's face when she saw how the girl was engaged.

Edna wished that she had had notice of Mrs. Holland's approach, so that she might have put the ring away.

And the next moment she was ashamed of the wish, for, after all, there was nothing to conceal about the gift. It was not even the first present Lord Lockington had made her, and it was even possible that the housekeeper had been the person to bring it.

"Look, Mrs. Holland, Lord Lockington has sent me another present, a beautiful ring. Isn't he generous?"

Mrs. Holland came nearer and bent down, still with the same look of anxiety upon her face, at the jewel.

"Ah!" she said, "a cameo! His Lordship has a wonderful collection of those things. Yes, it's very beautiful, but it's not for wear, I suppose?"

Edna hesitated. "I think he wants me to wear it," she said, slowly; "indeed he has said so. In a little note he sent with it, he asks me to wear it sometimes."

The housekeeper looked at her with trouble in her eyes. "It's a pity!" said she.

"Why?"

"It makes people talk."

"Well, they can't talk if they know nothing about it. I needn't wear it except when I'm playing. Indeed, it's true, as you say, that it would be rather an awkward thing to wear. Look!"

She put it on her finger, and found, as she had expected, that, although made for a lady's small finger, the ring would not keep on.

"You see," Edna said, laughing, "there won't be much temptation to wear it, for it's a most difficult thing to keep in place. And it would be a pity, too, for it might get chipped. It looks very delicate."

The housekeeper, who had taken Edna's invitation, and seated herself in a chair by the fire while Edna placed herself on a footstool at her feet, sighed and let her gaze wander to the fire.

"I might have known how it would be!" she murmured.

The girl put her treasure in her lap, and looked searchingly into the housekeeper's face.

"What's the matter?" she asked, gravely.

Mrs. Holland sighed again. "Can't you guess? You're very young, but after all, you're not quite a child."

Edna clasped her hands round her right knee, and looked at the fire in her turn.

"I suppose I know what you mean,"

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she said, "that people might gossip if I received a lot of presents from Lord Lockington. But is there really any harm in his giving me things, when he never sees me, and when everybody knows he never sees anyone? Although I'd much rather not receive any presents at all, I don't see what harm there can be in my taking them, and, indeed, I shouldn't dare to refuse. And if he's ill and lonely, I think I can understand the kind feeling that makes him so generous to me."

The housekeeper moved impatiently. "And I think just as you do," she said, quickly, "that there's no harm in it at all, and I know, too, that you have to take his presents. It would look absurd and unbecoming not to."

"Then why do you look grave about it?"

"Well, the fact is, his Lordship had the name of being gay in his young days, so that the reputation has stuck, and it makes people curious and talkative even now in his older time. And, of course, he's not really old at all, only fifty-four or so."

"But isn't it true that he never sees anybody?"

"Quite true, but you can't always get people to believe that. You are almost sure to hear stories of his Lordship having been seen about, told by people who fancy they've seen him, or, perhaps, only pretend to have done so. So if he were to go on giving presents to you, and now that he's once begun he is most likely to continue, you may be quite sure there'd be gossip."

But Edna was too young and too simple to understand the importance of this.

"What does it matter what people say?" she asked, briskly, "since everyone in this house can prove that he's never spoken to me, or rather," her voice suddenly dropped a little, as she remembered that, after all, this was not the exact truth, "that if he's seen me I've never seen him?"

The housekeeper smiled. "But the truth is just what people never are ready to believe," she said.

Edna sighed impatiently. "What do you want me to do, then?" she asked.

Mrs. Holland's expression grew troubled again. "Well, though it's not a piece of advice I should care to give any young lady in a general way, still, placed in your peculiar position, I think I should say 'Don't tell anyone about the present.'"

It was Edna who looked grave this time. "I don't like having to keep secrets about a thing like that," she said. "It seems rather stupid, too, when I don't see what harm there is in it."

"Well, well, if I must tell you, I must," said Mrs. Holland, with resignation. "The fact is my Lady is of a very jealous disposition, not so much from affection—for I don't suppose they're much to each other now—but on account of his Lordship having a great deal of property that he's free to do what he likes with. They have no children, and the title and most of the land will go to a distant cousin. My Lady hopes to get the disposable property left to her, and whenever she thinks his Lordship is in communication with his heir she comes down—swoops down, I'm sorry to say his Lordship calls it—upon the Hall, to find out whether anything has happened to spoil her chances."

Edna listened, rather disgusted. "But if she's so anxious to get his property, why doesn't she come and stay with her husband and take care of him?" she asked straightforwardly.

The housekeeper drew herself up. "These lords and ladies are not like common people," she answered, with dignity, "who have to be all in all to each other because they haven't got much besides. It's more common, and more dignified, too, for each to go his own way or her own way, when their tastes are not the same. And, besides, well, for one thing—not that I wish to gossip—but his Lordship wouldn't stand it. He prefers to be alone, and he doesn't let my Lady see him, any more than anybody else. So how could she take care of him?" she added, triumphantly.

Edna looked puzzled. "But I suppose she is rich already?" she suggested presently.

"Oh, yes, what you would call rich. She has her allowance, and will have

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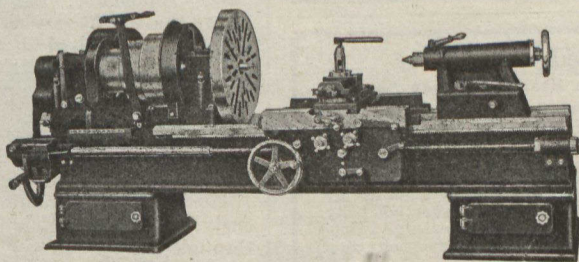
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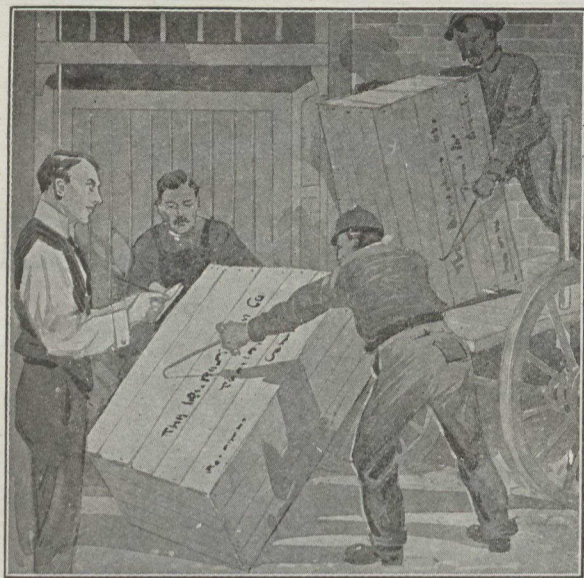
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her money by settlement when his Lordship dies. But when there's so much more—and everybody knows that there is—lots of treasures his Lordship has collected, as well as money he's saved of late years while he's been living so quietly, it's but natural she should think she ought to come into something more. And she such a fine woman, who does such credit to jewels and handsome things as she does!"

It was not a very pleasant picture thus presented, Edna thought, of the lady who amused herself in her own way from year's end to year's end, and "swooped down upon" her husband when she feared there was a chance of his giving anything away. After a few moments' thought, however, she began to laugh.

"And do you think," she said, holding up her cameo ring and looking at it in the light of the fire, "that Lady Lockington would begrudge me my pretty ring?"

The housekeeper looked shocked. "Of course not," she said, quickly, as if rather displeased by the importation into such a serious discussion of a tone of levity. "But the ring and the dress are only the thin end of the wedge. When Lord Lockington takes a fancy into his head, as he has for your playing and singing, he rides it to death. Depend upon it, you'll be overwhelmed with presents, and if my Lady hears of it, not only you will get in for it with her, but I shall too, for bringing you here."

Edna looked frightened. "It doesn't show a very nice disposition," she said, mutinously, "to begrudge her husband the pleasure singing can give him, or the singer any presents it may please him to give."

"Well, there, there, I've said what I had to say, and it's not for us to criticize our betters. All I want you to understand is, that you may suddenly find yourself in a difficult position, if Lady Lockington were to appear here suddenly, and were to find that my Lord had been giving you handsome presents. And that is why, contrary to my own feeling, and I'm sure to yours, I'm obliged to say: 'Be cautious, and keep the gifts you get as quiet as you can.'"

Edna felt greatly distressed by these warnings, which were wholly unexpected. Believing, as she still did, that it was the Viscount himself who had talked to her in the shut-up drawing-rooms, she felt quite confident that the stories told about him were untrue, and that he was, as she would ingenuously have expressed it, "good and kind." She was already up in arms against the wife who, to her thinking, was greedy and selfish and neglectful, and ready to die in defence of the husband, who was generous and delicate in his generosity.

"Well," she said, presently, when she had considered the matter in silence which the housekeeper did not attempt to break, "I hope Lord Lockington won't give me anything more. If he does, I shall have to go away, for I can't ask him not to, and I can't refuse, and I can't prevent people knowing what he does. I suppose," she went on, glancing at the table where she had left the Viscount's note, "that it was Revesby who brought his note and the ring?"

The housekeeper said nothing, and Edna wondered, with rather an eerie feeling, whether the Viscount himself had brought them while he knew her to be absent at the vicarage.

(To be continued.)

The Stuff of Heroes

(Continued from page 10.)

cast of his features, his colouring, the texture of his skin, a certain wistfulness in the lines of his mouth, Duboff decided to be Slavic.

When at last the stranger awoke it was to an obstinate silence, apparently to no more than a semiconsciousness. Duboff spoke to him in English, French, German, Norwegian, Polish, and lastly Russian; but obtained not so much as the flicker of an eyelid to show that he was understood. From this state of collapse, so unlike the indomitable force he had displayed on the day of the wreck, the stranger passed into violent pneumonia.

For days he hung between life and death, as precariously balanced, there in the guarded quiet of the doctor's room, as on the reeling fragment of wreck amid the thunder of the hurricane. But sleepless care and devotion pulled him through. There was Duboff's boy to help in the struggle, a vigilant and thoughtful watcher by the bedside. There was Duboff's old housekeeper, Mrs. McGarrigle, to take her turn at the task. And Duboff wrestled with death for him as he himself had wrestled with the surges for the stricken sailor.

THERE came a morning when the sick man opened sane, inquiring eyes, and stared about the clean homely little room with its one window wide open to the sharp sea air. For some minutes they were obviously puzzled. The unplastered walls, decorated with prints from illustrated journals, the sturdy, serviceable furniture, most of it obviously homemade, the spotless, coarse linen, the bright coverlet of patchwork, all were scrutinized in turn. And then the low ceiling, of light, clean spruce, traversed by sawed and planed scantlings.

At last memory came back into the questioning eyes, and the man realized that he must be in some remote fishing village of the Labrador Coast. Laboriously, step by step, he groped his way through the storm, the wreck, the desperate struggle, up to the moment when he had let himself drop with his burden from the sloping mast, and been grasped, in the suffocating vortex of those green surges, by some strong swimmer who had come miraculously to save him.

The door opened. A short, broad built old woman in blue-gray homespun stepped softly but briskly into the room,

and approached the bedside with a cup and a spoon in her hand. Her eyes met his, and at the new look in them she gave a little exclamation of delight. He spoke to her; but it was in a tongue she could not understand, and her wrinkled, ruddy old face clouded again, as she jumped to the conclusion that his mind was wandering.

"Arrah, now," she answered crooningly, as to a baby, "be aisy wid ye, an' don't tr-ry to talk. Take this, now, loike a little man." And, seating herself on the chair by the bedside, she attempted to give him something from the cup.

But the sick man pushed her hand aside, abruptly, as the sick will. "What place is this? Where am I?" he demanded in clear English.

Mrs. McGarrigle looked surprised. "Why, sure, ye're at Pratts Harbour," she replied. "An' where else would ye be, if not at the bottom o' the say?"

The stranger mused a moment, still motioning away the cup. "And whose house is this?" he asked.

"The docthor's av coorse!" came the answer.

"What doctor's?" went on the stranger.

Mrs. McGarrigle's face showed a degree of astonishment that was not far from disapproval. The idea of any human being having to ask what doctor's! "Why, Docthor Peter's,—whose else's could it be?—what hauled ye out o' the say?"

"Ah, yes," murmured the stranger, remembering that grip of salvation. "But who is Dr. Peter?"

Mrs. McGarrigle was grieved at such ignorance. A sudden sound of loud sizzling from the kitchen. She jumped up, set down the cup and spoon on the chair, and exclaimed warmly, "Sure an' he's an Angel o' light, that's what he is, an' ye'd ought to know it, Sorr. An' there's the pot a' billin' over!"

She bustled from the room, closing the door behind her; and the sick man lay back with his eyes upon the ceiling, pondering. It troubled him that the man's name should be Peter.

Some five minutes later the door opened again. This time the visitor was a bright faced, slim boy, with large gray eyes and longish, tumbled, yellow-brown hair. He beamed frankly on the sick man, seated himself on the edge of the bed with a businesslike air, and announced, "You're better. I'm so glad!"

Then he took up the cup and spoon Mrs. McGarrigle had abandoned, and decreed in a quaint voice of authority, "You must be good and take this at once. Father said we must be very particular about it while he was away."

The sick man smiled in his ragged beard and took the dose obediently.

"There!" said the child, with an air of official satisfaction. "Now you must go to sleep. And I think you will be much better when my father gets back. If you want me, just ring this little bell."

"But tell me, who is your father?" demanded the sick man eagerly.

The boy turned at the door. "Why, don't you know?" he asked innocently. "He is Dr. Peter Duboff, who saved you. But you really must not talk, or you'll be going and having a temperature again, and that's very bad for you, you know." He closed the door firmly; and the sick man turned over on his pillow, with his face to the wall.

WHEN Duboff returned that evening, from a sick visit in a neighbouring cove, he found that the stranger, though clearly convalescent, had relapsed into resolute silence.

A few days later, coming in late in the afternoon when a red-gold glory of sunset was flooding across the stranger's bed, he said cheerfully, "You are getting on so well, my friend, that I think you may sit up awhile to-morrow."

"Thank you," said the stranger, without looking at him.

This was the first time he had opened his mouth in Duboff's hearing, and Duboff was delighted. Seating himself by the bed, he began to talk in Russian. "Forgive me," said he, "if I speak in what I imagine to be your own tongue. It is a great joy to me to speak once more the speech of my own people."

"I am a Russian. I was beginning to forget it—Russia seems so very far off. I must not forget I am a Russian!" muttered the stranger.

"I knew it," cried Duboff warmly. Then he went on to talk. He told of the life of the fisherfolk in this forgotten corner of the world, of his work among them, both ashore and afloat, of the wild tempests that harried the coasts, of the wrecks, of the life saving, of the keen and vital air, the vast spaces of solitude in behind the hills, of the freedom, the bigness, and the blessed peace. Then he got up and said, "Goodnight, my friend. To-morrow you shall feel yourself a man again."

As Duboff had prophesied, on the morrow the sick man felt himself so much stronger that he was eager to be up; but while being dressed he seemed to shrink from the doctor's touch. Duboff got him out to the porch. The gray, straggling village, presided over by its whitewashed church, lay outspread beneath him. The sun gleamed on the sails of half a dozen boats just entering the harbour. The stranger's eyes swept the scene with intensity. They rested at last on the figure of Duboff's boy, at some childish play at the foot of the garden. He heard Mrs. McGarrigle rattling dishes in the kitchen.

SUDDENLY Duboff took a revolver from his pocket and handed it to him. "Here's your gun, Friend. I've cleaned it for you," said he carelessly.

The sick man took it and opened the chamber. "Where are the cartridges?" he asked, apparently forgetting to say thank you.

Duboff laughed softly. "I think they were done for; but I can let you have all you want. The gun is of the same caliber as my own."

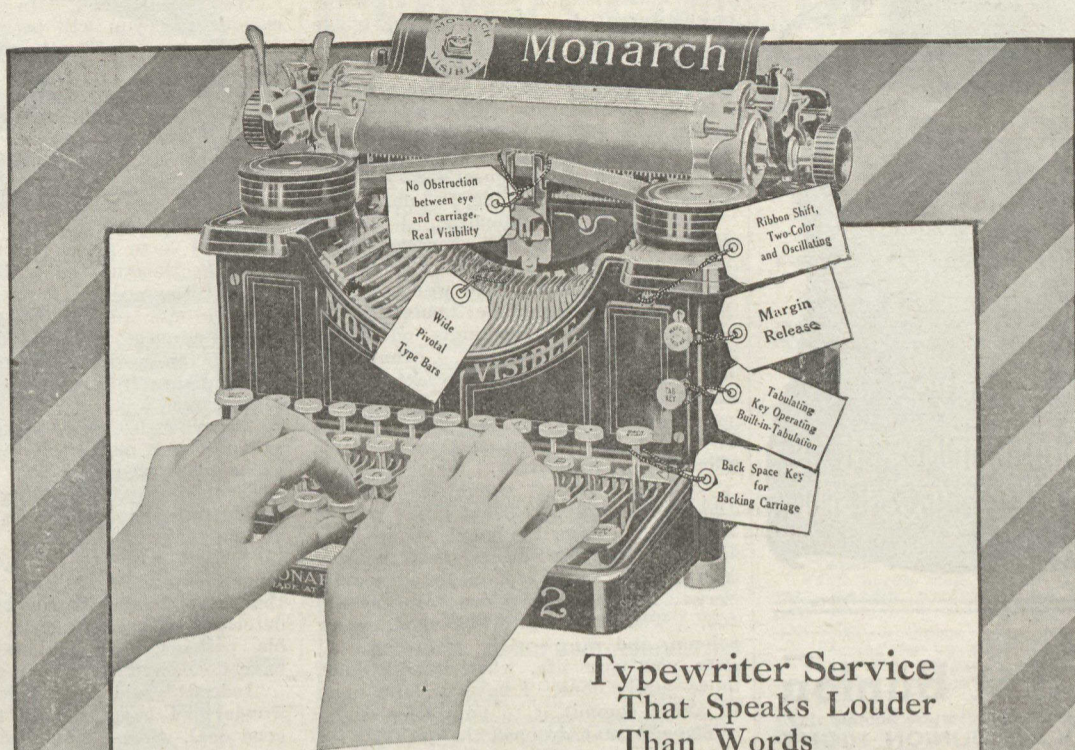
The sick man made as if to drop the weapon; but changed his mind and slipped it into his pocket. "Thank you," said he. "I shall want only one."

"One cartridge won't go far," remarked the doctor.

"It will," contradicted the stranger. "It will carry me a long, long journey—Peter Ivanovitch!" As he spoke the name, he turned his head, and for the first time looked Duboff straight in the eyes.

Duboff returned the gaze with kindly concern, and apparently saw nothing strange in the fact that his guest was aware of his full name. "If you want to use it on yourself," he answered, "I'm afraid I'll have to withdraw my offer."

The sick man continued to eye him piercingly. "My name," said he, "is Ser-



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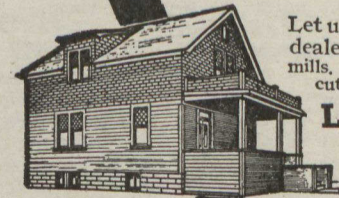
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gius Milikov, Serge Nikolaievitch, of the Central Committee, Third Division. You must have forgotten much in three years, Peter Ivanovitch, or you would know the only alternative. If that one cartridge is not for me, it is for the man who broke his oath that day in Kiev."

Duboff laughed gently. Never before had he realized how far away he had grown from his old self. At last he was free of the very last shreds of doubt. The intensity of his guest's earnestness seemed unreal, impossible, to him.

"No, Serge Nikolaievitch, I cannot agree to that, either," he answered cheerfully, as if the proposition was one of the most ordinary in the world.

"It must be you or me!" persisted the sick man, almost pleadingly now. "It cannot be you, of course. I cannot lift my hand against my benefactor, my saviour, my protector; but I can save my honour by paying the price. I shall have to go over. Give me that one cartridge, Peter Ivanovitch!"

"No, of course it cannot be I," said Duboff musingly. "That's out of the question. I have too much to do here. I am needed. But neither can it be you. You are too good a man to be spared, Serge Nikolaievitch. You are needed too." Then his voice changed, grew solemn, and rang with authority. "I gave you your life, when it was done, quite surely done. I have a claim upon it, and I commit it to your keeping."

The sick man dropped the question for the moment. "Where is the sailor I saved?" he asked, a sudden light in his eyes.

Duboff pointed down to the little churchyard. "You did all that man could," said he; "but you did not save him, except from a sea grave. He was dead when we lifted him into the boat."

An expression of keenest disappointment swept over Milikov's face. "Of course," he exclaimed bitterly, "I had to fail there, too! At every point I fail. I am no good. But you can keep your cartridges, Peter Ivanovitch. I will not shoot myself. That has always seemed to me cowardly. But I will go back and

give myself up to the committee, and they will execute me. I will save my honour."

"Yes," said Duboff. "In effect, for that curious rag, you will betray me! No? I think you must not do that, my friend."

The sick man wrung his gaunt fingers. "I am hedged about on every side!" he cried. "What am I to do?"

"As you see," said Duboff very quietly, "there is much, very much, to be done for our brothers right here. Stay with me and help me to do it."

"But I have given my word. And I am a gentleman!" said Milikov.

"True," agreed Dr. Peter simply. There was silence between them for several minutes. The boy laughed at the foot of the garden. Again came a rattle of dishes from the sanctum of Mrs. McGarrigle.

"But you also, you were a gentleman," said the sick man, pondering the words as he spoke them.

"True," agreed Duboff again. He was trying to remember how he had once felt on the subject.

"Yet, if you are a gentleman no longer," went on Milikov, "it is strange that I am unable to feel that you have deteriorated in any sense. It is possible, perhaps, that one may do as you have done, and still be a gentleman."

"Indeed!" said Duboff doubtfully. "I wonder? I have thought about that a good deal, when I had time."

"Ah!" cried the other, in a voice of sudden and strong resolution, "I have not thought about it till this moment. Yet I have decided. I will stay here with you." He held out his hand, and Duboff grasped it. "I perceive that it appears to me, in my own heart, nobler and better, and more useful, and at the same time far more interesting, to save life than to destroy it. I will learn to go out to the wrecks, as you do, and I will try to make up for not having succeeded in saving that poor sailor. Yes, I will stay here and work with you. For I perceive that you and I, Peter Ivanovitch, we are not the stuff of heroes. And we are too old to change."

The Working Girl's Social Life

(Continued from page 9.)

home. When she visits her home she buys a good part of her mother's clothing in addition. Naturally, she has saved practically nothing for herself. She makes only a moderate wage, greatly less than any of the rest of the family. They have their own responsibilities, of course—and there is always the unmarried son who lives at home and is fond of music and the theatre. It may be said that this woman is a fool. If she is then her brothers and sisters are knaves. They do not know it. They are only unconscious, self-absorbed Canadians. There may be no other such true story in Canada. One cannot know. But it is true beyond a doubt that in Canada the woman who works is supposed by her family to be well able to look after herself without any financial assistance from them. She begins with less than the others. She ends with less. Her brother's salary is larger than hers beyond all comparison. He marries and his ideas of what his wife should have are different from his ideas of what his sister should have. The working woman who marries passes easily into the same class. The Canadians who can change this standard of Canadian family life are the women who live at home. All that is needed is an adjustment of burdens and a change in point of view. The mother who brings up her son to think that the girls of the family need never to be thought of by him as far as their future is concerned is neither a clear-sighted nor a far-sighted woman. It is not part of a brother's duty, generally speaking, to support his sister entirely. The Canadian girl enjoys supporting herself and likes helping others. But it is a brother's duty to make sure that his sister can support herself if necessary, to share with her the good times that she needs, and to help to secure her future. When the family home has to be kept up, it is surely sons more than daughters who ought to do this. Not because they love home more. But because they earn more. The girl wage-earner's family perhaps expects a little too much from her.

It is a long story, and it does not seem

to be ending on a particularly happy note. But it must end well or it will not be essentially Canadian. The girl wage-earner in Canada is not a pathetic figure. She is a good-natured, cheerful, and promising young person who needs only a little thoughtful, careful, scientific study by business people, sociologists and her own home people to convert her into all that is capable in work and happy and useful in her social relations. As to what has been written of the standards of Canadian family life, it may be partly true that we take for granted a girl can earn her living without any teaching, and it may be true that we forget to find out whether she has enough to live on or not. We believe that this will be changed very soon. It must be changed. For there are many girl wage-earners who have not enough on which to live. But family life in Canada is frank and kind and good. Family ties in Canada are close ties. It is because we have expected girls to live at home and to need no money—which is impossible nowadays—that we have not considered whether they could live away from home or not. We do not need to doubt that the coming of the stronger social bond and the better social consciousness which are needed is sure. But they will not come unless we work for them.

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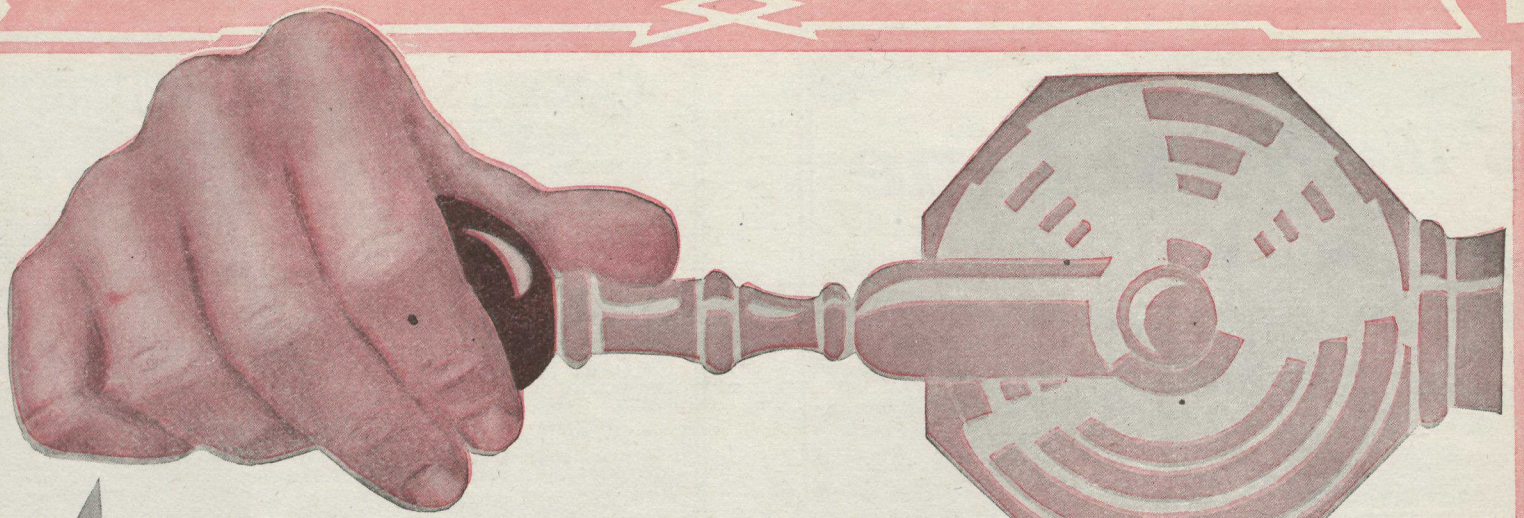
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