

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Drawn by Luigi Dalmonte

Book Number

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 1

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Editor's Talk

THE progress of Canada is periodically determined in a variety of ways. In the making of books by Canadian writers, a review of which has become an annual feature of the "Canadian Courier," we are enabled to see that after all Canadians are developing in other matters than commerce and railways and finance. A few weeks ago a special Music Number of the "Courier" reflected the progress of the country along one line of art. Books are even more conclusive. That is, books are produced in the country, whereas for the most part music is only reproduced—except in the case of musical composition.

Of course the extension of public libraries is an index of the growth in the habit of book reading among the people. But libraries reflect general book production all over the world and the distribution of books in the country. The review of book-production by Canadian writers and publishers calls attention to the special activity of a number of people who are doing the best they know how to delineate, recount and interpret the country in which they live. In that respect the annual book number of the "Canadian Courier" is published as an outline of progress, perhaps of the most general character.



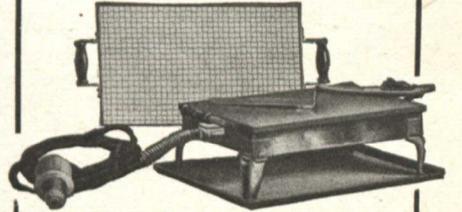
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Our Polyglot Press

By BERNARD MUDDIMAN

"THE great hindrance to Canada's literature," a literary friend of mine the other day remarked, "is the fact that we are a bilingual nation. Look at Belgium, for example, there you have a bilingual nation, and just think what years it took her to produce a Maeterlinck."

I replied by alluding with patriotic pride to our noble array of writers, already a goodly host, and wound up by stating my firm belief that we were big enough to support two or even three languages under the same flag.

"My dear fellow," was his answer, "you say 'two or even three languages.' Have you any idea in how many languages publications are issued in Canada?"

Not being a walking encyclopaedia, I had to answer negatively, and that was his chance. He simply douched me under a shower bath of facts. And when I recovered my breath and was able to reappear again in the world at large, I had some of the following ideas on our polyglot press:

First of all, of course, at the present time, there are more English dailies, weeklies and monthlies than French; but the French are by no means a bad second. Quebec issues about 88 publications in its provincial language, Ontario has eight French or semi-French newspapers, Manitoba has three, New Brunswick two, and Prince Edward Island and Alberta one each.

Besides English and French, newspapers are published in the following languages in Canada: Slavic, Japanese, Chinese, Icelandic, German, Polish, Swedish, Ruthenian, Magyar, Danish, Finnish, Hebrew and Italian. Spanish and Russian seem to be the only two major European languages unrepresented.

However, with our fifteen printed tongues we do pretty well. Nova Scotia and the Yukon press are the only two provinces that can claim pure, uncontaminated English. The Acadians have left, it would seem, no vestige of their language in the modern printed paper in the land of Evangeline, while it must be admitted that the Yukon only runs three news-sheets.

Quebec is, of course, more French than English, Montreal being the centre of the French publishing world just as Toronto is of the English. New Brunswick is practically pure English, Shediac with its "Moniteur Acadien," and Moncton with its "Evangeline," alone varying the English. Ontario produces more printed matter than the rest of Canada, and it is practically all English, with a mild sprinkling of French and German, a Danish paper, "Danebrog," at Ottawa, and the "Tyokansa," a Finnish publication at Port Arthur.

The farther west we go, of course, where the most recent immigrants have located, the more varied becomes this Babel Tower of tongues. Manitoba has a French patch at St. Boniface; otherwise its second printed tongue is easily Icelandic, Winnipeg alone producing five publications in this language. British Columbia is pure English with the exception of some Oriental newspapers such as the "Tai-Hon-Yat-Bo" (Chinese), and the "Tairika-Nippo" (Japanese), of Vancouver. Of the newer provinces Alberta is evidently German, and Saskatchewan very English, as it has only three foreign papers.

Her Proof.—"Yes," said Mr. Cumrox, earnestly; "but what convinces you that the Duke loves our daughter deeply and devotedly?"
"The fact," replied his wife, icily, "that he is willing to accept you as a father-in-law."—Washington Star.

A Black Outlook.—De Daub—"Poor Smaro is painting nothing but night scenes now."

O'Impresso—"How's that?"
De Daub—"He has only a tube of black paint left."—Kansas City Star.

Changed Ends.—"I understand you have just bought an automobile?"
"Yes, I saw seven or them chasing one pedestrian the other day, and I decided that I was on the wrong end of the sport."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.



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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIII.

November 30, 1912

No. 1

The Canadian Bookshelf

Much Concerning the Appreciation of Books by Sincere Readers

By JEAN GRAHAM

THE object, "book," is technically defined as any printed or written literary composition, forming a considerable collection of leaves. Such is the cold and formal statement of the mere dictionary maker. When we turn to the poets and philosophers for their descriptions of a book, we find Carlyle declaring—"May blessings be upon the heads of Cadmus, the Phoenicians or whoever it was that invented books!" While Milton pays undying testimony to their influence in the words: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

We know nothing, whatever, about the first book ever produced, but may take it for granted that it was etched with thorns upon the leaves torn from the forest branches, as the book and the beech are etymologically akin. So it has come down to us through the centuries, from freshly-plucked leaves, papyri, parchment and paper to the modern product of the spruce tree. Yet the essence of books has remained the same, where is preserved, "as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them."

A man who has travelled much once remarked: "Let me examine the bookshelves, and I know the nature of the household." The book we buy may not betoken us, for sometimes a book is bought from a mere freak of fashion, or a desire to possess the outward sign of a literary equipment; but the book which we read until it shows the signs of constant handling is a sure indication of the reader's spirit.

Some years ago, in a small town of Western Ontario, there was a group of citizens chatting over the success which had come to the boys of a certain family in the neighbourhood.

"Every one of those boys has turned out well," said a merchant, "and they had precious few advantages."

"I always believed in those boys," said their grey-haired pastor, with a confident nod.

"Yes, I remember how you used to help John with his Latin and tell Joe that he'd make a civil engineer. And yet they had a hard time for years—when the father died and it looked as if the mother couldn't keep the farm."

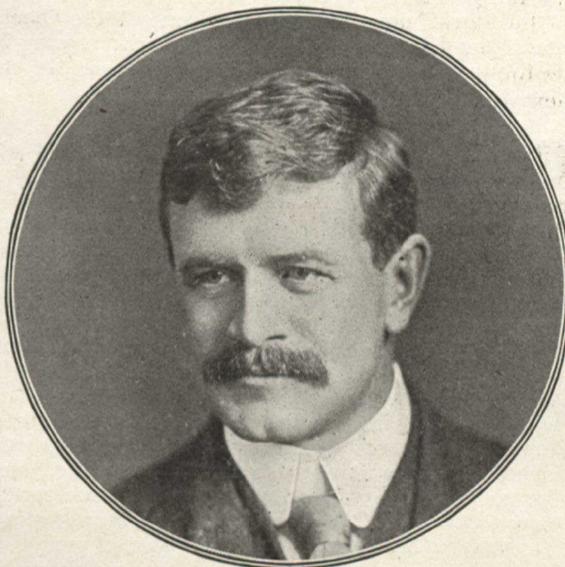
"I noticed one thing the first time I called," said the minister, "and that was the bookshelf in the dining-room. I don't think it held more than thirty books, but there wasn't a single trashy one among them, and each book had been read until it was almost threadbare. I stayed to tea, and I don't think I ever enjoyed a finer talk than with that little woman, who had read 'Sesame and Lilies' again and again and who, I believe, knew 'In Memoriam' by heart. And there wasn't a farmer's wife in the township who made better butter."

"Yes, that bookshelf had a deal to do with it," said the school-teacher. "There wasn't one of the boys who didn't know wheat from chaff in the reading."

THE conversation seemed but the passing comment of an idle hour, but, somehow, it has been remembered and that farm-house bookshelf has taken on a significance which has been emphasized by the lives of the boys who were once familiar with its red-and-green-backed contents.

The present age is one which considers diet very carefully and talks learnedly about calories and proteids. We have learned that food in the frying pan means indigestion in the human consumer of

such viands. Domestic science is endeavouring to adjust the daily diet to the capacity and functions of the human stomach. Some of the housewives who are most careful about the family diet are utterly indifferent to the mental fare with which the boys and girls are stimulating or deadening their imaginative powers. Can we expect a generation accustomed to the vulgar atrocities of the "coloured comic" sections of certain of our newspapers to appreciate either literature or art? The law of cause and effect works inexorably, and, as Mr. Balfour has reminded us, "taste is hardly to



Stephen Leacock, Author of "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," Began to be a Humourist by Writing "A Boarding House Geometry." He is Now Chief Author-ity on the High Cost of Living at McGill.

be acquired by industry." The boy who has a few books worth reading is infinitely better off than the boy who is supplied with abundance of vulgar trash. We exclaim over the sentimental folly of the girl who lavishes her youthful affections on an utterly unworthy object. Probably her foolish young head has been stuffed from childhood with fiction which is worse than useless—namby-pamby stuff, without a vigorous thought or original sentiment from the first chapter to *finis*. What wonder that she has no idea of life's values, and mistakes tinsel for gold every time that her young eyes are dazzled?

One does not wish for a moment to restrict young readers to the reflections of Marcus Aurelius or the precepts of Epictetus. There is a wealth of literature, suitable for juvenile readers, to which we can turn; and its very richness makes the neglect of the opportunity to explore it the more deplorable. There is clean humour and harmless fun to be obtained from books which will leave an abiding memory of pleasure and delight. Books are not dead. They are living forces which become a part of our thoughts and deeds and extend their influence to the very ends of the earth. The little girl's naive inquiry when she heard of Joel Chandler Harris' death—"Don't you suppose that Br'er Rabbit is sorry?"—shows the close appeal of his stories to the childish heart and imagination.

If the youthful mind is fed with vulgar smart-

ness pretending to be "comic," we must look in vain for appreciation of finer things from the woman or the man. "The greatest debt I owe my father," said a prominent Canadian, who has had a long and honourable career, "is an appreciation of good books. He talked to us every evening of what we had read and seemed to enjoy Jules Verne as much as any of the boys. We were not denied stories of hairbreadth adventure, such as every boy longs for, but the sordid and unhealthy stories where crime is given a romantic halo were quietly discouraged."

The flood of fiction which has been pouring from the presses for the last twenty years shows some sign of abatement, and the recent interest manifested in the more serious publications is a hopeful sign. Fiction is one of the highest forms of literary art, but the exclusive reading of novels is not conducive to symmetrical development. History, biography and philosophy are needed in our libraries, while the field of modern scientific investigation alone has supplied the world with volumes of fascinating interest, written with unique charm of style.

THIS is a newspaper age, when the Saturday edition is supposed to supply the Sunday reading, with its special articles on all "live" subjects, from the latest discoveries in radioactivity to a discussion of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's views on the passing of love. Then we have the weekly review of events, illustrated and unillustrated, and the monthly magazines, with their wealth of philosophic and literary articles and their decoration by the most advanced illustrative art. All these may bestrew the library table, but they cannot take the place of the bookshelf. We must remember, also, the distinction which Ruskin made, between the books which are good for a time and the books which are good for *all* time. We cannot afford to let our reading be composed entirely of newspapers and magazines, any more than we can afford to make a meal of a salad or a dessert.

The editor of a well-known United States paper was asked by a youthful and aspiring journalist why the editorials of his publication had a somewhat unusual flavour, a touch of seriousness which introduced an element of permanence into the paragraph of the day.

"I don't know," was the modest reply, "unless it is that I do not let a day pass, however busy I may be, without reading for at least a quarter-of-an-hour a book which is old enough to take one away from the petty worries of the hour. To-day it was one of Bacon's Essays and yesterday it was a bit of 'Sartor Resartus.' And, for a genuine sedative, give me old Plato."

In considering the books of to-day, it is essential that we should be supplied with the literature relating to our own country. Canadians have shown amazing indifference in the past to the history of their land and to the problems of its development. There should be on every Canadian bookshelf the best histories of the Dominion, and biographies of its Makers. While we are considering the fiction corner, let us remember Sir Gilbert Parker and Mrs. Everard Cotes, not to mention Kirby's memorable romance. How many of us know anything of the writings of Dr. John Beattie Crozier, a Canadian by birth, whose works on social and political philosophy have met with appreciative reviews in the old land. If we wish for the most modern treatment of problems relating to revolutionizing

scientific theories, we can find them in the writings of the young Canadian author, Professor Robert Kennedy Duncan. In poetry, when you have supplied yourself with the old and tried masters, you may yet well afford space for the music of Lampman's verse, the melody of Campbell's "Lake Lyrics" or the mystic songs of Carman and Stringer. May we not be too busy, in the midst of our great material development, while real estate, railways

and grain elevators are discussed from Sydney to Victoria, to reflect upon the needs of the bookshelf and to take thought for what volumes shall be placed there.

Out of pages of the best books the boy may unconsciously absorb the inspiration for a notable deed or work and may look back, after a lifetime of endeavour and achievement, to the bookshelf in the home of his youth as the source of many an

be placed there. Out of their pages, the boy may defence against weariness or lonely hours, since—

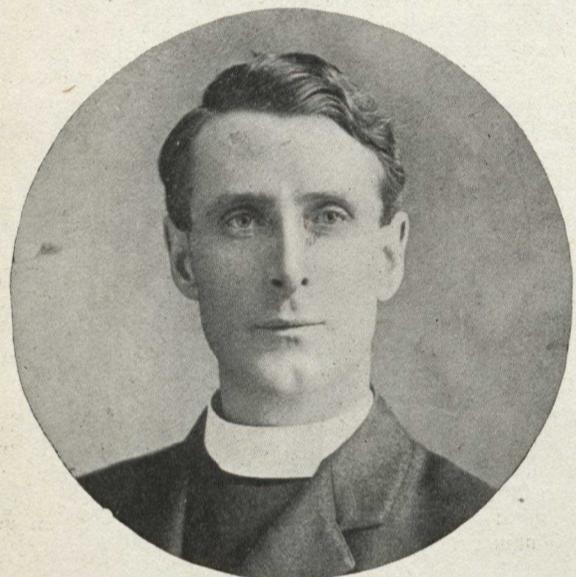
"Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs."

Books Canadian Authors Might Write

A Number of Interesting Topics That Await Treatment

By LINTON ECCLES

OF the various authors who at one time or another have aroused my envy, two impressed me most by their amazing industry, though as to one of the two I could tell a story, that is vouched for in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, of "ghosts" behind the pen. The two men, Andrew Lang and William Le Queux, were somewhat differently moulded and actuated. The one was and the other still is a maker of books to the making of which there seems no end. Either



Rev. H. A. Cody is one of the Numerous Frontier Clergymen Who Have Written Books About the Wilds of Canada. His Latest Work is "The Long Patrol," a Tale of the Mounted Police.

of them could have come to Canada and found abundant new material to practise upon, though neither, so far as I remember, ever "discovered" Canada for himself. Which, anyway, is no loss as it happens, for Canada will be in better hands when she is really discovered by the people in Canada.

It seems to me there are so many Canadian books waiting to be written that, along with whatever of optimism nature put in me, I could wish had been

added the "how" of handling the art, or shall we say the machinery, of book-making, not that that would have been the right or proper spirit to work in. For one needs to rid oneself of materialism, so far as that is possible, in the business of writing. Such a heap of stuff about Canada has been written to sell or to sell something, that it is quite a refreshing change to come across a thing that has been produced in print for the love of it.

Maybe, the fault that there has not been more of this labour of love lies at the door of Canada and her people. We are so confoundedly prosperous—that is, most of us—so busy thinking and talking of and turning over money, that it would seem so much wasted time to drudge hours on hours with the pen without making our fellow Canadians pay for it in hard cash. Perhaps when some of us have "made enough" in the day's grind in the marketplace, we shall have leisure to think of the barren bookshelves, though, indeed, that would be knocking on the head the idea that the best literature is born in the garret.

But those unwritten masterpieces, those books that Canadian authors might have written, may be writing at this moment, perhaps will write in the next few years. What are they?

IF ever the vanity possessed me of wanting to see my name staring out from the title-page of a real bound volume, I fancy I would like to make the contents deal with the history of the land, when it was first conquered—I mean before Montcalm and Wolfe, in the interests of their kings, disputed over its possession. I would like to follow in the footsteps firmly planted of Champlain and Jacques Cartier and La Salle and—who was that big-hearted, venturesome Recollet priest from Old France who sailed up the St. Lawrence, celebrating mass here and there, at Kingston for one place, to the faithful few who had been landed by Champlain to become Canada's first rural settlers? Taking a big jump down the ages, I would love to write up the border campaign of 1812, and particularly Laura Secord. Ye slothful brothers of the pen, what a real, red-blooded, ready-made heroine we are neglecting in her! Then I would wish to air my reading of Canadian political history in a full-blown Confederation novel. Sir John A. Macdonald, whom but to mention on a Tory platform is to ensure a round of cheering, has already appeared in the pages of fiction, but why not again and again? Couldn't one of us dig up the records and reminiscences of those stirring times and reproduce with descriptive fire some of those hard-hitting bouts between "John A." and George Brown? And it is surely time Sir Wilfrid of the White Plume was made on paper the hero of romance he already is in the hearts of his French-speaking compatriots. William Lyon Mackenzie, too, is an historic figure we have too long left out in the cold.

The early days of such cities as Kingston, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and, with a flying leap across the prairies, Macleod, Alberta, and Victoria, ought to produce a round dozen of romances. Quebec city has not been neglected so badly, but a patriotic public could do with more of its history and romance attractively served up. The story of the Selkirk Settlers, and the more recent adventures of the Barr Colonists, would make excellent telling; and, in fact, though the prairies look uninspiring enough from the railway car, especially now that the grain is all cut, they hide many and many a human story of struggle for gain and of the play of the primal passions in the process. The lumber camps have been done and done well, but not overdone; and the sugar camps, a curiosity to us of this new generation, have been passed over. Then, what a chance for a good grain novel, written by a man or a woman who could see poetry in the growing,

the garnering, and the giving of it to feed the old world's hunger?

We have had the Mounted Police once or twice, and now Ralph Connor has "done" the famous force in his "Corporal Cameron," but there is matter for a score of items in future autumn lists yet waiting to be dragged from those mostly silent sentinels of the still pathless Territories. And the romance of railroad construction. Frank Packard has shown us the way, and others may well follow his lead, and even get down from the foot-plate which he loves to the picturesque if somewhat disorderly gangs who are paid, to them, fabulous wages for laying the iron roads.

And, somewhere near the end of my imagination and at a point where I should have to leave the story-telling to my Canadian-born brother, I would like to see some good Eastern country-life stories—romances, love on the farm with rivals and other developments, but not forgetting the picturing of the scenery. We are still waiting for a Canadian city-life novel and for one based on countryside politics in Ontario. Camping and hunting in Algonquin wait to be discovered and described, and the Porcupine and Cobalt mining fields have hardly been turned over, even in "news correspondence" to the city newspapers.

YES, my brother and sister pusher of the pen and tapper of the typewriter, there is much good work in front of us to do. And, since most of us still have to look to the material end, one could wish that the home literary market showed a more buoyant and promising tone. We are likely for some years yet to go on asking and trying to answer the question, "Has Canada a literature of her own?" And some few who care keep alive the hope that before many more publishing seasons have waxed and waned they may be able to refer seriously and with pride to the trade of making books about Canada in Canada by Canadians. A trade, be it borne in mind, that will consist of the writing and the commissioning of books, the printing, the publishing, and the copyrighting of them, the illustrating, the engraving, the binding, the distributing, the selling, and the reading of them, all by Canadian people in Canada, and without having to go to New York or Chicago, Philadelphia or London for advice.

A few weeks ago that good Canadian bookman, Mr. Melville Hammond, voiced a regret in his book page in the *Toronto Globe* that, "Purely Canadian books do not loom very large in the autumn announcements of Canadian publishers." It is a regret that most of us will share, particularly so as British and American writers helped again to fill the void. To say that Canada has no authors and artists to make and illustrate books would be untrue. I know they are not many, but they are certainly good in quality, and, given the encouragement in their own land which they ought to get, they would grow in grace and in number.

The journalistic profession is naturally and inevitably the training ground of the writer of books, and here I think the Canadian papers show a distinct weakness. Pick up your newspaper, daily or weekly, and separate the "special" matter from the stuff that is common to the make-up of any journal with any pretensions at all, and you will see what a poor showing it makes. The average Canadian reporter, even the practised hand at the game, is so tied to the wheel of routine assignments—most of which could be pooled by the agency method—that he gets next to no chance of writing anything out of the ordinary. It is a misfortune that this should be so, even on newspapers that could well afford to be more liberal-minded, because it cramps whatever tendency to originality a man on the editorial staff may have, and keeps him down to the dead level of the routine reporter. Also, it is starving the breed of future authors right from the cradle.



J. Castell Hopkins is Known all Over Canada for his Imperialist Proclivities, his Numerous Biographical Works, and his Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, First Published in 1901.

Retrospect of a Year's Books

Interesting Review of a Steadily Increasing Output by Canadian Writers
in Fiction, Politics, Biography and Poetry

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

A NUMBER of good novels by Canadian writers have been issued during the year. Meredith's Letters, published the other day, told how when the public would not read his poetry, he wrote novels instead and found the attention of the public almost as hard to gain by this method. The reason was that Meredith could only do his best. He did not know how to be popular. But, in spite of everything, he could be a great novelist. Of Canadian writers whose novels and stories have been published during the year, Mrs. Cotes, Basil King, Miss Montgomery, Mrs. McClung, Miss Alice Jones and Mr. George Pattullo, are probably story tellers by gift and choice. Miss McIlwraith would rather write history. Mrs. MacKay by gift is a poet. Professor Leacock is a humourist who can change his material into any shape he will. Norman Duncan, one believes, perhaps ought to have been a preacher. Mrs. Murphy writes conversationally of what she sees and thinks and comes only a little way towards fiction. Mrs. Sheard's bent is for poetry. But publishers and public almost invariably prefer fiction.

The most considerable amongst the Canadian novels, short stories, and books which resemble fiction of 1912 are: "The Street Called Straight," Basil King; "A Diana of Quebec," Miss McIlwraith; "The Man at Lone Lake," Mrs. Sheard; "Open Trails," Mrs. Murphy; "Rory of Willow Beach," Mrs. Patriarche; "The House of Windows," Mrs. MacKay; "Chronicles of Avonlea," Miss Montgomery; "The Consort," Mrs. Cotes; "The Long Patrol," H. A. Cody; "Corporal Cameron," Ralph Connor; "The Black Creek Stopping House," Mrs. McClung; "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town," Professor Leacock; "The Best of a Bad Job," Norman Duncan; "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter," Miss Jones; "Man in the Open," Roger Pocock; "The Lad Felix," Henry Milner; "The Long Portage," Harold Bindloss; "The Toll of the Tides," T. G. Roberts; "The Sheriff of Badger," George Pattullo.

OF the novels, Mrs. Cotes' "The Consort" is probably the most artistic work. It is the story of a very wealthy woman, the novelist's idea apparently having been taken from the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Her husband feels overshadowed and is driven to assert his personality by attempting a political career. The step-daughter is also in something like revolt. Unfortunately, the wealthy wife and her step-daughter fall in love with the same man, who admires the wife and loves the step-daughter. Altogether, the relations of "The Consort" are complicated. The book is very clever, subtle, and consistent. But it is not a happy story

and it leaves a slightly bitter taste. The choice of subject makes clear the difference between fiction which is admired in new and old societies. Nothing could be in stronger contrast with "The Consort" than Miss Montgomery's "Chronicles of Avonlea." They are sweet, straightforward, wholesome and full of laughter. This is Miss Montgomery's best work. Some of the stories in "The Chronicles of Avonlea" are not unworthy of comparison with Mary E. Wilkins Freeman's stories or the work of Sarah Orne Jewett. "The Street Called Straight," by Basil King, is a Boston story. The author gives a curious misreading of the character of an Englishman, probably as understood in Boston. The fine points of conduct in "The Street Called Straight" are elaborated with great care; and it is interesting. Mrs. MacKay's "The House of Windows" is melodramatic. But the author knows how to tell a story and her next novel is likely to be much better than this one. "The Black Creek Stopping House," by Mrs. McClung, is a book of short stories. Mrs. McClung's long stories are better than her short ones. But the same tolerant humour and kindness, fresh, wholesome outlook and interest in human nature are to be found in this likeable little book.

THREE individual books of fiction are Miss McIlwraith's "A Diana of Quebec," Miss Jones' "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter" and Mr. Pattullo's "The Sheriff of Badger." The last named is a story of the southwestern states. It is a good piece of work, a man's book, with plenty of action, frank-

ness and best things coming to the best people in the end. Mr. Pattullo is a Canadian, although his book is not published in Canada. The story is about people in the United States, but it is a good story and Canadians will enjoy it. "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter" is also a good piece of work. Miss Jones has three or four novels to her credit and knows how to tell a story. She is a native of Nova Scotia and knows the Lower Provinces intimately. The scene of this novel is in the country bordering on the Bay of Chaleur. There is a good deal about salmon fishing on the rivers that flow into the Bay. One part of the story tells about prospecting for minerals in northern Quebec. "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter" is a good Canadian story. Some years ago Miss McIlwraith, when writing her "Life of Haldimand," came on material which told about an early love-story of Nelson in Quebec. She has made admirable use of this material in "A Diana of Quebec," which is a sensible, well-built novel, with a trace of homespun in its quality that makes it all the more likeable. The author, it may be, quotes a little too freely from original documents. But one believes that this novel by Miss McIlwraith in its own way will be considered almost as useful a story to read for the history of Quebec City as the famous "Golden Dog" itself. The character of the book is wholly different from that of the "Golden Dog," but it is a good historical novel.

"Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" is Mr. Leacock's best work so far. The humour is inimitable. The sketches are so true, masterly, and irresistible that one can only offer them to the world outside as an undeniable bit of Canada, quite as truly Canadian as the wheat known as Number One Hard. There are few humorous books of this quality written anywhere. It is to be hoped the little towns will understand that the humorist is proud of his citizenship.

Politics and Biography

A TRIBUTE of memory and regret is to be paid to two Canadian authors who died during the year. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron was a thorough-going optimist. In "The New North" she established a place for herself as a writer of travels which can bear comparison with that of favourably known travel writers of the day. Her lectures were of the same character as her books. She had many plans for authorship which were not carried out. But she has left an impulse for hard work and reasonable enthusiasm which has its influence, perhaps especially among the women writers of Canada. Professor Blewett's death occurred more recently. His work published during the year is referred to elsewhere in the present number of the CANADIAN COURIER. His lucid prose had all the qualities which make the best prose as beautiful as poetry. One cannot say that his work was not complete, although he died young.

Politics, travel, history, biography, and religion are represented among the more considerable Canadian books of the year. The list of general works is fairly long. Amongst others should be mentioned: Lord Durham's Report on British North America, edited by Sir C. P. Lucas; short biographies of Wolfe and Montcalm, by Colonel Wood, of Quebec; a biography of Brock, by Mr. T. G. Marquis; From Halifax to Vancouver, by Miss Pullen-Bury; The Selkirk Mountains, by Mr. A. O. Wheeler and Mrs. Parker, of Winnipeg; The Black Bearded Barbarian, a life of MacKay, of Formosa, by "Marian Keith"; Correspondence between Lord Elgin and Lord Grey on the Affairs of Canada, edited by Dr. Doughty and Professor Shortt—this volume is not likely to be published before the end of the year; Just Before the Dawn, an account of religion in Japan, by a Canadian missionary, Mr. R. C. Armstrong; a new edition of Canadian Men and Women of the Times, Mr. Henry Morgan's standard work of reference; The New-Canada, by Mr. J. S. Willison; and Sir Richard Cartwright's Reminiscences.

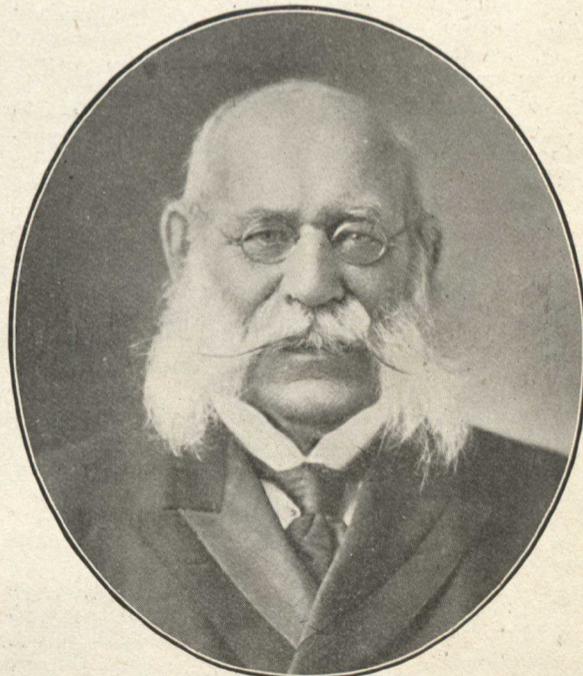
Political works are most important among the volumes mentioned. Beginning with Sir Charles Lucas's estimate of the service of Lord Durham to the British Empire, the year ends with Sir Richard Cartwright's Reminiscences. Durham's service consisted "in the force and clearness with which he pointed out existing evils, and the remedies which must be applied; the statesmanship with which, not content with generalities, he prescribed definite and

immediate action; and the courage and insight, amounting to genius, with which he gave to the world the doctrine of responsible government, not as a prelude to the creation of separate peoples, but as the corner-stone upon which a single and undivided British Empire should be reared to abiding strength."

The New Canada, by Mr. J. S. Willison, editor of the Toronto News and Canadian correspondent of the London Times, is "a survey of the conditions and problems of the Dominion." It is between thirty and forty thousand words in length. Appearing originally in the Empire Day edition of the Times, May 24th, 1912, The New Canada was later issued by the Times in book form. It is a rapid and comprehensive account of the development and present situation of Canada, written in a style which



Alice Jones, author of "Marcus Holbeach's Daughter," is the Daughter of a Former Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia. She was Born Near Halifax, and is Much Acquainted with Military and Navy Society. Her Latest Work is a Romance of the Canadian Woods.



Sir Richard Cartwright's "Reminiscences," Vol. 1, just out, Will be the History of Practical Politics in Canada Written from the Inside. It will Explain Everything in the Evolution of Liberalism from pre-Confederation to Commercial Union in 1887 and Reciprocity in 1911.

is clear and easy to read and which has sufficient elevation to make emerge even to the casual reader the real importance of the subject. While possessing value as a statement of material and political progress, the greater value of the work is in its fairness. Its tone and temper are politically constructive. These qualities are shown in sentences like the following: "It would be unjust and stupid to suggest that in negotiating the agreement with the United States the leaders of the Liberal party designed to affect the political destiny of Canada. It would be equally unjust and equally stupid to suggest that the masses of the Liberal party are less loyal to the idea of Canadian nationality or less devoted to the Empire than the masses of the Conservative party."

"There will be a disposition in the Western people to regard the East as inactive and unenterprising. Like all Western populations they will be restless under restraint and aggressive in the assertion of their own opinions and interests. Hence it is the supreme duty of Canadian statesmen to give sympathetic and adequate consideration to Western grievances and to withhold no concession which can

be granted without sacrifice of national interests, in certain confidence that the West will respond to evidences of good-will with capacity in the government of the country."

Sir Richard Cartwright's Reminiscences are as yet only just come from the printing press. Canadians have hardly had an opportunity of forming an opinion as to this legacy left by the veteran politician. The ties of family life are dear in Canada and amongst Canadians the Cartwright family is known for the strength of its family affection. Sir Richard's Reminiscences, however, are wholly political in character, and it is as political history that they will be judged. The book has been written in the form of interviews, questions put by a reporter and answers given by Sir Richard. The period covered is from his entrance into political life down to 1896. Nothing is said of Canadian politics during the time when the Liberal party was in power. Praise must be given to the literary style of the book. Sir Richard was known as a master of expression and his Reminiscences justify this opinion. Politically Sir Richard's Reminiscences are likely to create a sensation in Canada. The

book from beginning to end seeks to justify in the minutest particular every opinion held at any time by Sir Richard. It attacks the enemy—the opposite political party—with ferocity. It will, it is to be feared, increase party bitterness in Canada. This is to be deplored. What we need in Canada is not the power to magnify other people's faults, but the ability to forget them. One sincerely regrets the bitter character of two such volumes as the reminiscences of Goldwin Smith and of Sir Richard Cartwright.

Less important books are the two short biographies of Wolfe and Montcalm, by Colonel Wood, of Quebec. They are excellent and very readable biographies. During the year Colonel Wood published in the *Quarterly Review* an account of the St. Lawrence River, which certainly should be preserved in permanent form. The *Selkirk Mountains*, by Mr. A. O. Wheeler and Mrs. Elizabeth Parker, is a fine, although somewhat slight, contribution to the literature of mountaineering. It is accurate, scientific, and shows the pleasure of an expert in his own subject. In this way good books are written.

The Work of Canadian Poets

SEASONS come when those who keep a little space on their book shelves for new volumes of Canadian verse find their reward. This season is such a time. No one will grudge room for a brief account of the Canadian poetry of 1912. The chief poetical publications of the year are: *In Northern Skies*, by Mrs. Harrison (Seranus); *Strangers and Foreigners*, by Miss Lois Saunders, of Kingston; *The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond*; *Rhymes of a Rolling Stone*, by Robert Service; and *Flint and Feather*, by Miss E. Pauline Johnson. Besides these, a volume of 250 pages is given to the criticism of Bliss Carman's work, by Mr. H. D. C. Lee, who chose this topic for his *these de doctorat* at the University of Rennes. Mr. Lee seems to be a New Englander. He says that he is not a Canadian. Bliss Carman he describes as a Canadian poet of pure New England descent. Two volumes of the year are new and complete editions of a poet's work. This is the first time Dr. Drummond's poetry has appeared in one volume. It is accompanied by "an appreciation," written by Neil Munro, the Scottish novelist. Miss Johnson is not likely to add anything to the poems which appear in *Flint and Feather*. She is very ill. Her work is published here in the form in which it is likely to remain. The new verse of the year is by Mrs. Harrison, Miss Saunders and Mr. Service. It should be noted, however, that very little of the work of "In Northern Skies" is recent. Miss Saunders' volume is a collection of translations. Mr. Service's book is left as the one representative of poetry written within the year, or at most the past two years. Mr. Lee's "Bliss Carman: A Study in Canadian Poetry," is as modern as may be. Its author says in his preface that it is the first study of its kind in English literature. If he means by this, the first volume given to a single Canadian poet, he may be correct. Professor Cappon, of Queen's, published his "Studies in Canadian Poetry" in 1905.

Two of the poems of *In Northern Skies*—"In March," "April"—which is a paper-covered pamphlet of twenty pages, are Mrs. Harrison's work at its best. All her poetry reaches a high standard. The melody is clear. The poems are not marred by blunders as Canadian poetry often is. The note of personal feeling is high and intense. In the present volume the villanelle "Lucette" is new. Mrs. Harrison was one of the first Canadian writers, if not the first, to perceive the value of the French strain in Canadian poetry. She touches it always finely.

I seem to see you still, Lucette,
Down in the vale of the Richelieu,
'Tis fifteen years since last we met.
Little gold cross and chain of jet—
Dark red skirt and apron blue,
I seem to see you still, Lucette.

Miss Saunders' volume of translations, *Strangers and Foreigners*, with its felicitous title, promises well and the promise is made good. The translations have a delicate grace and carefulness. The originals are taken from French, Italian and German. Baudelaire, Verlaine, Ruckert, Heine, Carducci and Petrarch are most frequently chosen by the translator, but there are translations from less known writers. The following shows Miss

Saunders' fine accomplishment as a translator. The original is by Hermann Lingg:

Remember thou the debtor art
Of poor men who lack everything,
And who might claim from thee a part
In all the gifts that earth can bring.
If through thy life the streams of blessing
In golden fulness gently glide,
Let none about thy window pressing
Gaze on thy feast unsatisfied.
Fright not the wild bird from his singing,
Behind thee let some gleaners abide,
And in the vineyard leave some clusters clinging.

Is there any common trait which makes the work of Miss Johnson, Drummond, Carman and Service, Canadian poetry? Reading the volumes published



Sui Sin Far (Edith Eaton) has written "Mrs. Spring Fragrance," a Collection of Chinese Sketches in Canada and the United States, by a Woman who is Herself a Canadian Half Chinese.



Robert Barr (Luke Sharp) died a few weeks ago after writing a Small Library of Adventure and Humour. He was born in Western Ontario and got his first experience as a Canadian Humourist by writing for the Detroit Free Press a series of sketches entitled "A Rough Ride Round the Lakes."

this year, one cannot help but believe there is. Mr. Lee in his study of Carman's poetry says that Carman has three characteristics which make for artistic righteousness: craving for adventure, passion for beauty, tenderness of heart. Mr. Munro, writing of Drummond, says that romantic charm and adventure are at the heart of his work. "He was himself an unspoiled and eternal boy!" Romance and passion breathe in every line of Miss Johnson's poetry. The romance of the North is the soul of Service's song. Add to this romance and adventure, the quality of mystery which is so alluring in Carman's work and Miss Johnson's and in "Rhymes from a Rolling Stone"; and the deepest character of Canadian verse has been found, one believes. The wide, the far, the supremely beautiful, are there across the horizon, just beyond one's sight. But if you set out to find them you will surely find them. You will not be disappointed. This is the secret which the poet reveals. Romance and adventure and mystery have made what there is so far of Canadian poetry.

Mr. Lee's criticism is an excellent study. It is somewhat pedantic, naturally since it is a thesis. One cannot wholly accept his theory that Bliss Carman is the result of New England inspiration. Yet it is a pleasure to find Bliss Carman's fine poetry so well understood and so faithfully annotated. Mr. Lee's bibliography is a useful piece of work. His list of English Canadian poets, however, is quite incomplete.

Nothing needs to be said here of Dr. Drummond's work, of which the present is a complete and definitive edition. He is well-beloved in his own country and other parts of the world. We have great need of Canadian writers who love men as well as Dr. Drummond did. So familiar are his works that the titles of his poems bring an emotion of past affections still powerful. "Leetle Bateese" is every child.

Miss Johnson's work is not nearly so well known. She is the most romantic figure in Canadian letters, an Indian princess with poetical genius. The present edition is dignified and beautiful and contains all her poetical work. There can be no other such Indian poet as she has been. It seems hardly possible but that some of her work will survive to tell the world of fiery heart and high courage and pride which could not stoop.

"Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" has only one rival as the Canadian book of the year. What a world of difference there is between Mr. Service's verse, hot and careless, unrestrained, sometimes jingling, but with fragments of splendid imagination, and written, not so much with knowledge of the heart of man, as out of that heart itself, reckless, daring, adventuring, forgetting, turning back, sometimes hard and sometimes humble, but turning back to that from which it came—what a difference between this and the inimitable, keen, happy humour of Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*. People will read both of them. They cannot help it. Perhaps the greatest thing Mr. Service has done is to make his books of poetry vastly popular. Sometimes what he writes is not poetry, but sometimes it is. When it is, romance of the north, mystery of the unknown, imagination, and his human people, make the book a living spring of verse. There are blemishes, sometimes so harsh that it seems inconceivable the writer should not have noticed them. But anyone who writes lines like these is a poet.

Unwritten Books and Unexpressed Art

THERE were two incidents in my experience as an editor that have given me much food for speculation and a new point of view regarding art and letters. One morning a writer came in to tell me a good story.

"Have you seen Bobbie—lately?" he asked. "Not since last Tuesday. I bought a couple of comics from him."

Seeing that my visitor was grinning joyously, though I could not imagine what was amusing him, I went on.

"Bobbie has been doing splendidly. He is getting



Robert Service the Once Bank Clerk in Dawson, now the Yukon Poet, and the Jack London of Verse, has Written Another Book of Poems. He is now Hovering on the Flank of the Bulgarian Army.

texture into his drawing and before long he will be one of our best illustrators. I have raised his scale of prices."

My visitor roared with laughter and then spluttered:

"Say, have you any idea who Bobbie is?"

I had known Bobbie only as a young art student who took a portfolio under his arm once a week and made a round of the art departments trying to sell pictures. He differed in no way from a score of other bright young fellows who were living in studios and having a hard time to make ends meet. I confessed that I knew nothing more about him.

"Let me tell you who he is," said my visitor. "Last night Bobbie came to me and asked me if I could lend him fifty dollars. I had the money but didn't feel much like lending it without being fairly sure that I would get it back, so I said: 'I can lend it to you, Bobbie, but how are you going to pay me again. You don't sell many pictures and you don't get very much for the ones you do sell.' Then Bobbie opened up. He took a bundle of letters out of his pocket to show me who he is and to prove that I would be fairly safe in lending him fifty dollars. He is the only son of —, the multi-millionaire lumberman, and the prospective heir of a bachelor uncle who is worth about ten millions. His father did not want him to study art and Bobbie had the spunk to want to show him that he could make his living at it. He has been living on what he could earn and your new scale of prices has put him on easy street. What he wanted the extra fifty for was to celebrate his victory with his fiancée, who is coming to New York to-day."

Bobbie never came back to sell pictures and I have not seen him since, but I have heard that he is now the managing member of the firm which was built up by his father and his uncle. Every year his mother sees to it that his old friends have a good Christmas by buying from each his best picture at a fancy price.

ON another occasion a young man came to my office with a couple of poems that he wished to sell. I read them, and finding them good asked for his address so that I could send him a check. He gave me an address in Chicago and went away as pleased as any young poet it has been my pleasure to meet. When the poems were printed they were so well received that I wrote and asked him for more, but got no answer. Some time later I wrote to him again and offered him twice the previous rate if he would send me some more, but he did not

By PETER McARTHUR

reply. About that time I saw a paragraph in a paper which told of the wrath of one of the kings of the Chicago stock yards on finding that his son, who had been educated at Heidelberg, was ambitious to become an author.

"He has something more important to do than writing books!" snorted the old pork packer. "If he wants to have books written let him hire someone to write them for him." The name of the plutocrat and the poet were the same, with the exception that the young man wrote Jr. after his name. I have no doubt that he was the erring son referred to and that he is now one of the meat barons of Chicago, for I have never since come across anything in the papers or magazines bearing his signature.

THESE incidents have convinced me that there are places where art and literature are not so highly regarded as they are in what we are pleased to call cultivated circles. Moreover, they have given me positive proof that there are men in the world, doing the world's work, who are as competent to make names for themselves in art or literature as any whose achievements we acclaim. I no longer doubt the existence of "Mute inglorious Miltons," though the ease with which men who are far from Milton's class manage to get their books printed makes their existence seem somewhat incredible.

As a matter of fact, it is only within the past few centuries that books and the writers of books became so prominent in the world. A great man might employ a minstrel to sing his achievements or a historian to record them, but few, like Caesar, stooped to authorship themselves. This feudal aristocratic contempt for learning and letters was well expressed by Angus Bell-the-Cat, whom Scott fables as exclaiming,

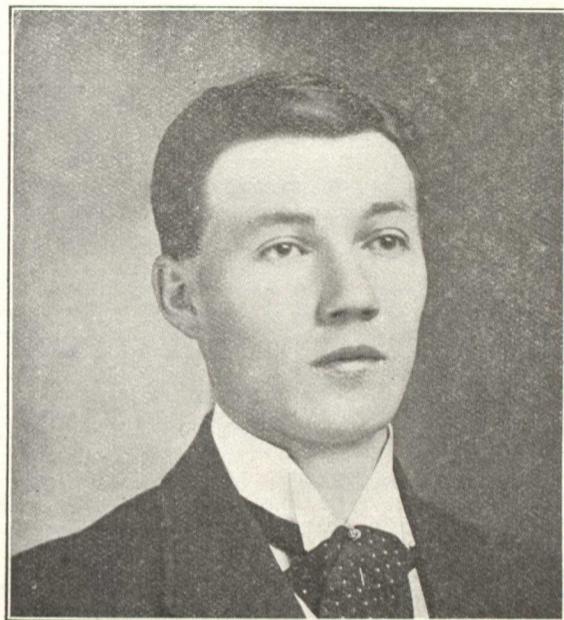
"Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line!"

Like the Chicago pork packer, the stern Douglas thought there were more important things in the world than reading and writing. It would really be interesting if someone with sufficient historical knowledge were to compile a list of the great men "Kings and Counsellors of the earth which built desolate places for themselves" who were entirely unlettered. It would doubtless be found that many of the men whose work has made them immortal as rulers and statesmen could not possibly have written of their own achievements. They accomplished mighty works, but the matter of making records and writing books was left to clerky persons who were seldom held in much esteem. Even to-day, when authorship is an applauded and petted profession, there are many vigorous men who regard "writing fellers" as men who are too lazy to earn their livings by decent work. Still the prejudice of the great mass of the people is in favour of authorship, and if Horace Walpole were alive he could add many distinguished names to his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors." Authorship has received the approval of the highest society and no man or woman need be ashamed of the profession.

WITH the popularity of writing we seem to have lost something of the veneration in which

books were once held. Milton said, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

A study of literature shows us that when books of this character are being written it takes an age to produce the author, and it takes the author a lifetime to produce the book. Nowadays we do things differently. Everyone who feels like writing, writes and rushes into print, and many others, like the pork packer, when they want a book written hire someone to write it for them. In this connec-



S. A. White is the Author of Several Books Dealing with Modern Out-door Life in Story Form. His Story, "The Wildcaters," was First Published as a Serial in The Canadian Courier in 1911.

tion there is a good story about Forrest Crissey, the well-known American magazine writer. On one occasion he wrote a book which was signed by a Chicago millionaire, and when the publisher sent the great man the customary half dozen copies he presented a copy to Mr. Crissey, and wrote on the fly leaf, "With the compliments of the Author."

But though the world is flooded with books—I see that the collection in the British Museum has now passed the four million mark—I am still convinced that many great books are still unwritten. The divine impulse that goes to the writing of a true book or the painting of a great picture may find expression in other ways. The man who has a message for the world can express it in action or conduct as truly as in even prose or triumphant song, and it is well for the world that this is so. We learn more from example than we do from precept, and the men who set us examples of great or kindly deeds are as truly adding to the thought of the world as those who write books. To emphasize this point and then leave the matter to the thoughtful reader, I shall quote what has always seemed to me one of the most wonderful texts in the Bible:

"And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

Are College Men Well Read?

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

A COUPLE of years ago, a prominent and acute Canadian journalist was writing an editorial about the annual production of books in the Dominion. He was moved to a reflection something like this: "Our college graduates number hundreds every spring. In the last decade, how many B.A.'s in Canada have written books?" B.A.'s of universities in other countries write novels and become famous litterateurs. Mr. James M. Barrie published a novel when he was still an undergraduate. In Canada, men like Mr. Stringer and Mr. O'Higgins have occasionally left college because they wished to write, and found the academic curriculum irksome and confining.

But this article has as its subject the reading of books, and not the writing. The above facts are

cited only to point out that reading and writing books may be cause and effect where the creation of literature is concerned. The future literature of Canada will be the work of men of sound and wide reading if it is to be permanent.

The question arises, if our college men are not doing much literary work, are they reading seriously? Logically, the college man should be the best read man in the community. Every facility seems his to assist him in the acquaintance of books. The State pays men for guiding his faltering and hesitating feet in the mysterious and formidable ways of history, science and philosophy. Priceless volumes are his to fondle for the asking. The business of the college man is the perusal of books.

What a radically different role books must play

in the life of the average country boy or his cousin in the city as compared with the college undergraduate. When the chores are done and evening settles over his day's work, the country boy is likely to be too done-out to care about concentrating his mind on heavy reading. The evening paper from the city lies on the table. He follows with yawning interest the fortunes of the baseball teams and goes early to bed. The young city business man is a constant reader of the sporting pages of the newspaper, which he digests on the car and after tea. He is a fairly loyal patron of Mr. Robert W. Chambers and other popular portrayals of modern youth and fashion. It is rare to find the Canadian boy of average education with an inkling of such subjects as economics or theoretical politics. Theories of state, or trade policies, are "dry"; "beyond" him; belonging properly to the province of school-teachers, lawyers, doctors, and editors.

This article is not intended as a sort of highbrow lecture on the failure of the Canadian boy to actively seize on the humanities. The fault is not altogether his. It seems to be a law of conduct that the average man will do no more than he has to do. He requires considerable outside pressure to get him to branch out. If the average Canadian boy were

so constituted that he had an intense desire to hug a stout volume on economic geography right after his day's work, without the encouragement of anyone, we should be a nation of geniuses!

CANADIAN boys as a class are not well read, not full men—in the Baconian sense—because in Canadian life there is so far missing an insistent inspiring force urging them to read for the sake of reading. The Canadian boy does not read widely, or deeply, because he can get through life without it.

Are conditions different in the colleges from those described in the barbarian world *extra muros*? In general terms, to this extent: The college man reads because he has to do so; the non-collegian does not read because he does not have to do so. How very little the Canadian B.A. knows about the things right at home—Canadian history and literature! His delving into books is conspicuously confined. Not that the faculty restricts his reading. Books are thrust upon him! If he read all the books on the course, he should consume the whole college year at it. Consequently, he reads little out of his own course. If he is a history man, he reads history, and not philosophy. And in the process, he comes perilously near to being like the man who

was born a man and died a grocer. About two months before exams, he shirks even the reading of his course and crams—notes.

The blame rests with the Canadian system of education, which is a continuous process, from the kindergarten to the university, of turning out graduates instead of men of culture, taste and refinement. Overloaded curricula, over-crowded classes, and paucity of instructors are defects in the academic structure which give rise to the most vulnerable feature of the system—its lack of sympathy and inspiration. The individual student is set adrift in a classroom with 150 others that he may listen to a black-gowned professor explain a maze of abstractions from a lecture manuscript. He copies them down in a note-book and gives them back to the professor at exam. time. And, sometimes, the Canadian tax-payer reads in unbelief that an Oxford history graduate knows ten times as much about history as a McGill, Toronto or Queen's man; an Oxford man who sits all year with a half dozen of his fellows under a tutor and goes with him back to the fount of his lectures! The Canadian boy has just as good ability as the Oxford man. But his reading is crude because the personal touch of his tutor is not there.

Heavier Canadian Books of 1912

Including Some Important Works Dealing With History

By PROF. W. T. ALLISON

AS far as solid work in the realm of letters is concerned, this cannot be said to be a wonderful year in Canadian authorship. No new planet has swum into our literary sky, and few of the fixed stars have emerged from their fleecy leisure. The desire for fame, that

death of Dr. Blewett, Canadian letters has sustained an irreparable loss. About five years ago he produced his first book, "The Study of Nature and the Vision of God," a volume of philosophical essays written in a style approaching that of Newman in lucidity and grace and marked throughout by strength and brilliancy of subject-matter. Although the sale of this remarkable book, easily the most profound volume yet written by any Canadian scholar, was not encouraging to the author, it brought him abundant recognition from foreign thinkers, in England, in Germany, and in the United States. Leading professors of philosophy regarded it as the book of the year. We can appreciate how highly it was esteemed abroad, when we remember that, on the strength of this one book, the late Dr. Blewett was honoured by being appointed to a special lectureship in Yale University and later was offered the chair of philosophy in Boston University rendered vacant by the death of Professor Bowne.

THE Yale lectures delivered by Professor Blewett in 1910-1911 make up his last volume. To the general reader this work will not prove as acceptable as his first larger book. Here he conducts an involved argument, and revels in the deep things of theology and philosophy. Two of the best chapters in the book are those entitled, "Nature" and "Freedom, Sin, and Redemption." Perhaps, the most interesting feature of the last chapter is the author's acceptance of the Pauline view that there is original sin in the heart of every child born into the world. "In helplessness," he says, "we begin our life and come only gradually to be ourselves; and in that gradual coming to be ourselves, long before we are capable of clear and deliberate volition, we are already involved in the sin of the race. We acquire—nay, long before we were born there were prepared for us—passions, instincts, habits, which altogether naturally and altogether easily become the matter, the body, the concrete filling of our slowly growing will, and as thus taken up into our will become our sin." This inheritance of sin is what Professor Blewett has called our "tragedy of freedom." No one could have been more tolerant in spirit than Dr. Blewett, but this book shows that, after wrestling with all the great problems of the human mind, he came out distinctly and definitely as a champion of the liberal conservative view which recognizes Christ as the central figure in history, which asserts that all history has been organized as a saving process, and that redemption is God's greatest law.

A melancholy interest is also connected with the publication, this year, of the complete poems of William H. Drummond. It is five years since Dr. Drummond died in Cobalt. His death was very sudden, and as he was carried off in the prime of manhood, and at a time when he had earned international fame as the poet of the habitant, his loss was a national misfortune. After his death, Mrs. Drummond, who is herself a novelist, a lady of fine literary talent, gathered together his manuscript

poems and they were published under the title, "The Great Fight," Drummond's first book, "The Habitant" was published in 1897; "Johnnie Courteau" followed five years later, and this volume was supplemented by a third, "The Voyageur," in 1905. As every Canadian knows, all of these books of dialect verse had a large sale, not only in this country,



Henry J. Morgan is the Most Remarkable Author in Canada. Every Ten Years he Writes a Book Which is to Newspaper and Magazine Writers Something What Plutarch's Lives was to Shakespeare. Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Times," 1912, is a Book that Should be in the Library of Every Well-informed Man.

last infirmity of noble mind, has compelled few to publish learned works this year. Perhaps the desire to add to the stock of the world's erudition has been counterbalanced by the risk of losing in the literary venture, for, in Canada, the market for books of a solid sort is still so limited that the author is forced to bear the expense of publication and usually loses a goodly sum on every new volume. With the growth of wealth in this country perhaps the scholars will become more prosperous, too, and let us hope that the number of leisured readers will increase, so that, in the next decade, the Canadian thinker will always be sure of a large enough audience to defray at least the cost of publishing his book.

In attempting to give a rapid review of the serious books of the Canadian year, I place at the top of the list, "The Christian View of the World" (Yale University Press and William Briggs). This is perhaps the most important book of 1912, because its publication antedated by only a few weeks the death of its author, Professor George John Blewett, of Victoria College, Toronto. In the early



Miss Jean McIlwraith is the Author of "A Diana of Quebec." Her Father has Long Been Celebrated in Canada as the Writer of a Standard Work on Birds.

but also in the United States and in England. I have been told that no Canadian poet has enjoyed such popularity. And the fact that G. P. Putnam's Sons, who published all of Drummond's volumes, have now brought out a one-volume edition of his collected works, will result in a still larger circulation of these distinctively Canadian poems. The new book is bound in blue and is tastefully decorated with gold tooling. It is a compact and handsome volume in full gilt and is undoubtedly one of the few important publications in the realm of Canadiana this year.

AMONG contributions to the department of Canadian history this year a premier place must be ascribed to "The Pioneers of the Cross in Canada," by Dean Harris, of St. Catharines (McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto). Dean Harris is already well-known to workers in the field of Canadian history, and this volume ought to add greatly to his reputation. It is just the sort of subject which should be treated by a son of that church to whose glory the early Jesuit missionaries so signally contributed. The leading motive, and the very worthy motive, of the Dean must have been to magnify the self-sacrifice and to set forth the heroism

of the members of his church and his order, but he tells us in his first chapter that he had a secondary purpose. "We are living," he says, at a time when every Christian is bound, if it be in his power, to contribute his share to the support of the Christian edifice. . . . It has appeared to me opportune, at this memorable time when anarchy and socialism threaten the foundations of Christian society, to resurrect the dead and introduce them to our own generation." For myself I cannot see just how the resurrection of the Jesuit martyrs of the seventeenth century will check the tide of socialism today; I cannot trace any connection between the two ideas. But passing over this obscure passage, and also the charge of unfairness made against Francis Parkman, a charge which is surely not sustained, for if anyone was fair and unprejudiced in his treatment of the deeds and policy of the Jesuits in North America that writer was Parkman. I have nothing but praise for this able history of the Jesuit heroes. Dean Harris has gleaned in the wake of Parkman, as must every writer who follows in the path of that exceedingly vivid but punctilious historian, but because he had access to a great many papers which escaped Parkman, because he has gathered together a mass of information respecting the customs and manners of the Hurons, Neutrals, Iroquois and Algonquins, and, further, because he has visited the places mentioned in his book, Dean Harris has produced a volume which will instantly take its place as the authority on the subject of which he treats. Although his style is not characterized by the literary finish of such a master as Parkman, he writes with clearness and with a picturesque energy which makes his pages as interesting as a Persian tale.

A second volume of interest to students of a later period in Canadian history is "The Story of Tecumseh," by Norman S. Gurd, of Sarnia (William Briggs). As this is the centenary of the War of 1812, this book is a fitting tribute to one of the

greatest heroes of that conflict of long ago. As Dr. Gurd reminds us in his preface, Tecumseh has become almost a legend in the century that has elapsed since he fell in the battle of the Long Woods. Uncertain are the references to his early life, and the place of his burial is unknown. Only two books have been written about the great Shawanoe chief, Mair's dramatic poem "Tecumseh" and Drake's "Life," which is really the only standard work on the subject. Dr. Gurd has ransacked the archives and has consulted scores of documents in order to obtain the material of his life of Tecumseh. He has also talked with the descendants of the pioneer settlers of Western Ontario, and has heard from the lips of red men the traditions that have been handed down in the tribes. He has also visited every spot connected in any way with Tecumseh's military career. In short, we have in this spicily written biography the last word on a romantic theme.

ANOTHER centennial volume of the year is Rev. Dr. Bryce's short "Life of Lord Selkirk" (The Musson Book Company). This little volume is beautifully bound and attractively illustrated. Dr. Bryce is a patient investigator; he has done more work in gathering together the materials for a history of the Canadian West than any man in the Dominion. In this volume he has industriously related the facts connected with the stirring, yet melancholy, career of Lord Selkirk, whose name should be written in gold in the pages of every Canadian history. Creditable, however, as Dr. Bryce's work has been in delving for material, he ought to employ someone else to write his books, for his English is very faulty and his style is utterly lacking in distinction.

Judged from the point of view of style, "Open Trails," by Janey Canuck (Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton), must be pronounced one of the best Canadian books of the year (Cassell and Co.). Like

most women writers, she is a little too partial to the exclamation mark and to the staccato sentence, but she certainly wields a vivacious style. In these sketches of Western life, in which serious facts and humour are so delightfully blended, the outlander, the Easterner, and the tenderfoot generally can obtain the clearest, most faithful, and most snappy view of the vicissitudes and joys of life in the West that has yet been written.

While he remains in Canada, we must regard Professor Jackson, of Victoria College, as a Canadian author. He is going back to the motherland next year, but has celebrated 1912 in Canada by publishing his ninth book, "The Preacher and the Modern Mind" (Chas. Kelly, London; William Briggs, Toronto). This volume was originally given as the Fernley Lecture, or, rather, series of lectures, to a London audience. While the purpose of the lecturer was to offer timely counsel to young ministers, he has produced such an interesting book, so agreeably easy in style, that the ordinary layman can read it with pleasure. Dr. Jackson had to treat a hackneyed theme, for hundreds of theologians have handed out volumes of good counsel to their younger brethren, but he has been happy enough to invest this old theme with originality. Professor Jackson has enjoyed a reputation for heterodoxy in certain narrow church circles in Toronto, but the unbiased reader of this book will marvel that this man was accused of heresy. His position is conservative rather than radical. It is true that he adopts many of the findings of the higher criticism, but he shows a very judicious temper in reviewing recent views in the field of criticism, and the fact that he pleads for more doctrinal preaching in the modern pulpit, ought to reassure those who have looked upon him with suspicion. To any man who wants to obtain a sane view of the present trend of theological thought this book ought to make a strong appeal by virtue of its reasonableness and its finished, yet easy, style.

Belated Reviews

By REUBEN BUTCHART

THE following notices of books, not hitherto reviewed in these columns, are crowded from the regular department in this Book Number. For the sake of brevity we omit prices and publishers. At all booksellers.

Meditations. By the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The thought is not so bad. Good work, for an Emperor. His lofty morals and rules of conduct put a Master Boy Scout to shame. Though somewhat choppy for regular reading, Antoninus sure enough wielded the pen of a stylist (no pun, of course).

An Apology Before His Judges. By Socrates. Though the theme handled in this essay is a grave one, it may be said to be simply bursting with humour of the most refined sort. It's all in the title. Never were confiding publishers so imposed on by an author. Call the whole thing a defi and it's nearer. The spirit is fine, but these idealistic people are always in trouble. Socrates appears to have talked too much. He also drank himself to death.

Confessions. By St. Augustine. One might almost say this writer over-bids for popularity by unduly letting down the bars. Sort of Henri Amiel Journal Intime with an evangelical turn. In our humble judgment it suffers from excess of introspection. Think of the over-nicety of confessing one's share of the Adamic fault. This book has been out some time now. A glance at the volume preparatory to this writing reveals the secret of its popularity with preachers from Bossuet down to William Jennings Bryan. Its big quotation (every pulpiter knows it) occurs conveniently on the first page. Those Old Fathers knew a thing about strategic writing. St. A. was frank and free about certain faults of his—unlike modern memoirists.

An Epic of Troy. Homer. Admittedly the best piece of sustained verse the season has produced. It flows like water and like wind it goes, as old Chayyam would say. If one wants to get away from the purpose novel and the purposeless poem, would advise a dip into this nifty volume. Scenes laid away back in the dim dawn and blood-letting consequently copious. The trouble seems to have all been over a woman—doesn't that whet the appetite for the final canto? Editor's foreword says the author is blind. Extended notice later.

Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan. First work

of a new author, posing as a tinker. Disguise somewhat slight. It's a very well-sustained travel-story with plenty of incident and real snappy dialogue. We suggest that an improvement would be to cut out the doggerel interspersed. For instance:

Some said, "print it, John";
Others said "not so."

Raises the question whether previous attempts in rhyme account for the author's incarceration in Bedford jail. Most readers will appreciate the picturesque prose more than the luminous moral. If a criticism is in order would say the hero showed too little consideration of his wife and young family. After his long journey he comes into possession of a fine mansion, but merely sends for his family to come on, over a somewhat perilous road, as roads go. However, that will give J. B. a chance for "another story." One of the best sellers, we prophesy, for all its faults.

Diary of Samuel Pepys. Different in style and matter—oh, quite different—from the "Confessions of St. Aug." This, too, is only the common, expurgated edition. If there could have been two Sam. Pepys in the world—but alas!

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. This is a "revenge" drama in blank verse. The hero surely over-works the highbrow racket and uses too many quotations in his monologues—at least we've heard them before somewhere. It runs into five acts, whereas, in our judgment, three would have been sufficient and given it more life and snap. The climax is deferred too long—11.30 p.m. is too exacting. However, some good "business" is introduced which helps to tide over the unexampled tardiness of the hero, who is the prince of indecision and "foozles" at the finish. Fate then steps in and helps him exit, along with the royal villains whose improprieties occasioned the whole mix-up. There is a ghost scene likely to fill the house when it is put on, also a grave-digger who makes more fun than a suffragette convention. What a pity that a playwright who can construct a fairly swift-moving play, with good side "business" and local hits, should overload his work with intellectualism! This view is sound, though contrary to statements given out by the author's detractors, that he wasn't a college graduate.

Reviews of works received too late for publication have been unavoidably crowded out of this issue.



Virna Sheard Was Known as a Maker of Excellent Poetic Verse Before she Wrote "The Man at Lone Lake."



Mrs. McClung, Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Black Creek Stopping House."



The Argonauts, of Toronto, Inter-Provincial Champions, Whom McGill Has Declined to Play, Tussling with the Montreal Team at Rosedale, Oct. 19.

The Rooter and the Professional

What an Old and Tried Football Player Thinks of Some Present-day Aspects of Football

By J. M. MACDONNELL

ON Saturday, November 9th, the deciding game of the Interprovincial series was played on Rosedale athletic field, Toronto. As an exposition of football the game was not a success. As an exhibition of sport it was a disgrace.

The game was punctuated with numerous delays due to injuries. Many of these injuries were, no doubt, of that variety which, as anyone who has ever been "on the inside" in football knows, are nothing more than a tired feeling and a rather childish desire for the plaudits of the rooters which will greet the wounded gladiator when he returns to the struggle. The majority, however, were genuine, and were the result in most cases of deliberate foulness. One Argonaut man was completely floored by a quick strangling clutch round the neck, administered with a skill that must have been the result not only of long practice, but of long training. It reminded one of what I have read of the habits of a certain East Indian tribe, who dispose of their enemies by strangling them from behind. While the other Ottawa players were perhaps not so skilful as the hero of the above episode, several of them gave one the impression that they would be more useful in a rough and tumble fight than on the football field and certainly much more at home.

Let us not, however, refuse to the Argonauts their share of the honours of the day. I believe they boasted before the match that they would not be behindhand in any rough work, and to do them justice they showed themselves pupils of decided promise. One of the choicest feats of the day was a deliberate attempt on the part of one of them to "give the knee" to an Ottawa half-back who was already securely tackled and lying on the ground behind his own goal, and who was known to have commenced the game in an injured condition.

The instances that I have given were by no means isolated. Similar tactics were constantly displayed. While it would be unfair to suggest that all the players were tarred with the same stick, for there were some on both sides who would not have been out of place on a team of gentlemen, the general tone of the game was bad.

NOR was this game, though worse than most, altogether untypical of what goes on constantly. Nearly every Saturday there are similar incidents on the football field, and through the week the sporting columns of our newspapers harp on this unpleasant side till the pleasure or sport is all gone and only bitterness and malicious recrimination left.

What is true of football is true of baseball, hockey, lacrosse—all the great popular games in which the mass of people are interested.

Well, and what of it? you will say—just this: that we are disregarding and allowing to be degraded into the gutter the one means that we have ready to hand of creating among the people a healthy spirit of sport which brings in its train a healthy view of life. The man who is "dirty" (I do not mean merely rough) on the playing field will be "dirty" in after life. The man who plays a game fairly will play fair in the game of life. It never fails.

I said a moment ago that we are allowing sport to be degraded into the gutter. It is a hard saying, but not exaggerated. The truth is that sport is suffering from a disease with two main symptoms, the spectator, or to use technical language, the "rooter" and the professional.

The rooter is a curious sort of barnacle or parasite that lives on sport. Though he glories in the fact that he is a "sport" your true rooter never plays himself. He saves his wind for shouting—encouragement to his own men, usually jeers and in-

sults at the visitors, for the "rooter" does not associate hospitality with sport. Having none of the pleasure of playing the game his only pleasure can be to see his own side win, and this he desires at all costs. The curious result is that he comes to admire above all not the skill shown in playing the game, but the skill shown in injuring the opponent. While we are not to suppose that when the rooter exhorts the players of his own side to "kill" or "eat" their opponents he actually has murderous or cannibal feelings in his manly breast, he will be far from displeased if the best men on the opposing side are "put out" and forced to retire early. The little feat of strangulation which I mentioned above evoked the admiring and delighted comments of an Ottawa man standing near me who called on the friends about him to admire the skilful way in which it was done.

WE have noted one extreme—the rooter who doesn't play—there is the other—the professional who plays but regards the game not as an end, but as a means to an end, in whose hands sport is prostituted, only less than in the hands of the rooter. For the purpose of this article I am leaving out of account those men who make their living out of sport just as other men out of law or medicine or farming. The professional that I am thinking of now is the man who plays on one of our so-called amateur teams. Now, an amateur means a man who plays a game because he likes it. But do our amateurs play for the love of the game? In most cases, no. It is the social distinction, the notoriety which is the stimulus even in our schools. Watch the player when the scheduled matches are over. He will play no more. Ask him to play when there are no spectators. His keenness at once evaporates. Besides, he must be financed, and when the only games worth playing are those with outside towns or colleges, where there will be sufficient extraneous excitement to lend an interest which the game as a game seems to lack, the expense is considerable.

It would thus appear that instead of being the pleasure of the many sport is becoming the business of the few and that in the process it has deteriorated. It would be surprising if this were not the case. If I am right, neither player nor spectator approaches athletics in a healthy spirit—the spirit of the amateur—but in the spirit of the professional who must stake everything on winning. I have tried to show how both rooter and player can only be satisfied with victory, the rooter because he has none of the pleasure of the game itself, the player because he no longer plays the game for the pleasure to be derived from it, but for the social distinction and notoriety which depend in a large measure on

winning. The necessary result of this attitude of mind is that none considers it worth while to play unless he can be a professional in the sense above defined.

To see the extremity which we as a people have reached one need only reflect on the spectacle of a so-called sport-loving people going twenty thousand strong to spend their every holiday watching a few foreign hirelings display their athletic prowess. One is inevitably reminded of the gladiatorial shows at which the Romans—by that time too effete to enter the arena themselves—reclined at ease and applauded the courage and the skill of their future conquerors.

IT seems a paradox to say that the reason sport has become a business, not a pleasure, is that we do not take it seriously enough, but there and nowhere else lies the reason. There is only one way to stop the decline of manly sports, and that is by taking them seriously in our schools. Until we do the decline in national physique and national morale, at any rate in our great cities, will proceed apace.

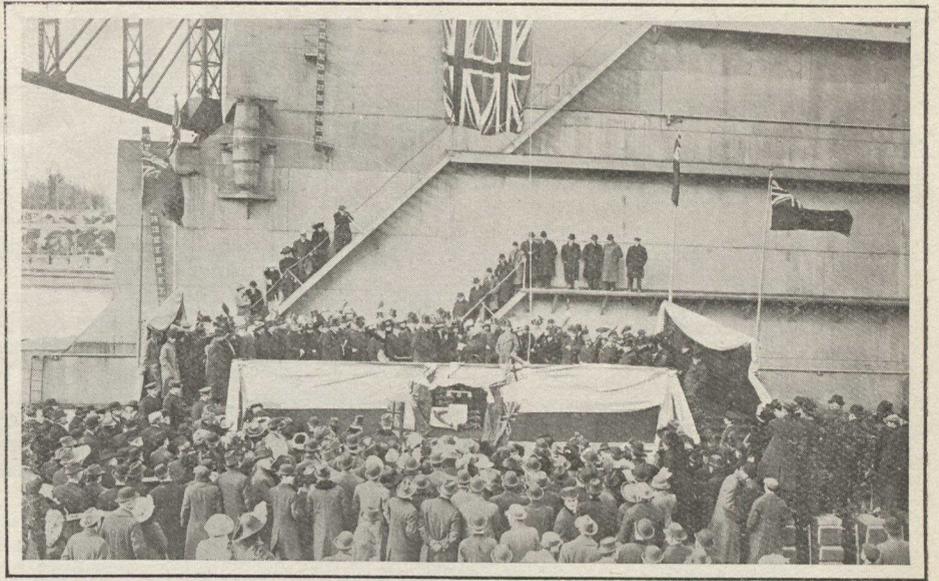
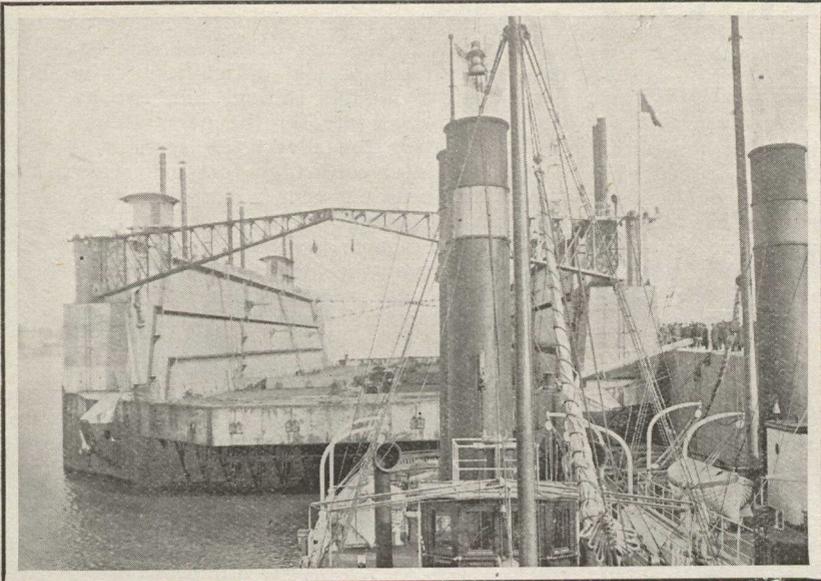
The position of athletics in our schools is to-day absurd. The spirit of professionalism, of specialization, cannot help but creep in. There is no room for a fraction to play if they wished. What we need is room for all to play and that athletics should be compulsory. That would be one point gained and if to that we add efficient supervision the battle would be half won. A proper physical instructor on a playground could do more for the physical and moral qualities of children than all the sermons which their unwilling ears will listen to. I remember as a child playing a game with some other children, when there was an attempt made to "rattle" an opponent who had a difficult play to make. We were fortunate enough at the moment to be playing under the supervision of a man whose views of the ethics of sport were not those of the ordinary baseball fan, and he severely called to order the offender. I venture to say that incident was indelibly stamped on the minds of many of those present, and gave them an entirely new attitude of mind, for the minds of children are impressionable not only to evil, but to good.

There lies the opportunity—with the children. When those worthy educational authorities who now insist on making little boys and girls uncomfortable inside by teaching them the evil effect of tobacco on the heart and the dire results of a drop of nicotine on a dog's nose (why a poor dog I could never understand), come to realize that the time wasted on that would be better spent in playing games under careful supervision, they will go far, not only to prevent a repetition of the scenes which disgraced the Interprovincial final, but—which is more—they



Line-up of the Bishop Ridley Football Team at St. Catharines, Ont.

At Last—Montreal Has a Dry Dock



Montreal's New Floating Dry Dock was Formally Opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, on Monday, the 18th. It Will Handle the Largest Boat Now Entering the St. Lawrence.

This Picture Shows Mr. George W. Stevens, Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners, Reading the Address to the Duke. The Dry Dock in Rear.

will popularize sport so that a city of 400,000 people will be able to support more than two or three teams of the first rank, and that without drawing from all the surrounding country. They will, in fact, go far to achieve what we need in this democratic country, a "democracy of sport."

Rugby Championships

THIS year's football championships are farcical. The story of the University series has already been told. To remedy the difficulties encountered this year Queen's proposed a permanent board of referees to be appointed before the season opens. This seems to be worthy of consideration.

The Alert-Toronto game was ordered to be played over by the O. R. F. U. officials. The Alerts had a game with Tigers for the championship of Hamilton, so they sent over a junior team. Toronto won the joke contest and the teams are now tied for first place.

Varsity and Argonauts played an exhibition game, a sort of city championship game, and Argonauts won. Varsity had no ambition to win. The Hamilton city championship goes to the Tigers. They defeated the Alerts by 12 to 8. The latter are known as the "trouble-makers" and their defeat is popular.

McGill refuses to meet Argonauts for the Dominion championship and it is hard to see how Argonauts can keep in shape for a match with the winners of the O. R. F. U., which cannot take place until December 7th. Such a game would decide little in any event.

The Interschool championship was won by Ridley College. This team is pictured on another page. Names left to right: Marani, Drope, Torre, Mix, Cassels (Capt.), Tucker, Gordon, Thistlethwaite, Gooderham, Martin, *Merritt, Sneed, Manley, Nicholson, *Farmer, *Crossland, *Montgomery, Salway, *Peters, Duffield. *Substitutes.

Ridley's record of games was:
 Ridley 14 T. C. S. 13
 Ridley 10 U. C. C. 6
 Ridley 33 St. Andrew's. 18

The League standing was:

	Won.	Lost.
Ridley	3	0
U. C. C.	2	1
T. C. S.	1	2
St. Andrew's	0	3

The games in this league were keenly contested and a good standard reached.

Turkish Troubles are Numerous These Days



The Balkan War is Beginning to Get Tedious, But there is no Doubt that the Turks Have Suffered Tremendously. This Picture shows Fugitives Making for Constantinople with their Families and Worldly Possessions.



The Roads in Turkey Are Similar to the Roads in the Newer Districts of Canada, and it is Easy to See that the Turks have had Great Difficulties with Their Transport. Photographs by L. N. A. Staff Photographer.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Canadian Books.

FOR fifteen years Canada has been discussing the question as to whether or not there is a Canadian literature, and so far no conclusion has been reached. Whether or not there is a Canadian literature there are certainly a number of Canadian books published each year which are more or less literary and more or less valuable. The Canadian who overlooks these books is not doing the right thing by himself, his children, or his country. If Canada is to be a nation it must have its own books, dealing with its own history and its own particular literary economic, social and religious questions. No nation has ever come to anything like maturity without a national literature of some kind or quality.

I am reminded of a little incident which occurred somewhere about 1892 or 1893. At that time I was editor of a bookseller's trade journal and was somewhat enthusiastic over a few Canadian books which had just appeared. There are no records available, but I should judge that in these two particular years the average of books published in Canada outside the Government offices would not be more than half a dozen. One day I was in the office of the Methodist Book Room talking with Mr. Caswell, now assistant librarian in Toronto, and he showed me a letter from Robert Barr, who was then living in London, England. Mr. Caswell had issued a small circular giving the names and titles of about a score of Canadian books which were on sale in the Methodist Book Room. One of these circulars had been sent to Mr. Barr and he sent back an order to have every book on the list sent to him for his library. The letter which accompanied the order was couched in Mr. Barr's inimitable style. He said that he could not understand how any Canadian publisher could have the courage to flaunt the titles of Canadian books in the face of the Canadian people, and made other sarcastic remarks along the same line. Some years afterwards Mr. Barr contributed an article to the *Canadian Magazine* in which he endeavoured to show that Canadians were fonder of Canadian whiskey than they were of Canadian books. His humorous contribution was answered in a succeeding issue by six Canadian journalists. This bantering controversy attracted considerable attention at the time.

However, we have got past that stage. In most of the Canadian schools of a higher grade some attention is paid to Canadian history and Canadian literature. The Canadian authors now get recognition at home as well as abroad. The majority of reading Canadians are still somewhat patronizing in their attitude towards this Canadian literature, but this is much less marked than it was twenty years ago when Mr. Barr wrote to Mr. Caswell. Sir Gilbert Parker gave us some good Canadian literature for a time, but his recent work has followed other lines. Ralph Connor, Charles G. D. Roberts, W. A. Fraser, Virna Sheard, L. M. Montgomery, and a number of other writers have produced some real Canadian fiction. Our poets and essayists have also done much good work in the past twenty years, some of which will live. If Canada makes as much progress along literary lines in the next twenty years as it has in the past twenty we should have a really distinctive literature of our own, and Canadian boys and girls will be studying these books in our high schools and universities instead of the American and British text-books which are now in use.

The Emergency Policy.

THAT long-expected announcement from Premier Borden with regard to the naval policy will probably be made this week. If the people receive it with the same patience and tolerance with which they have waited for its announcement, Mr. Borden should be supremely satisfied. The general opinion at the moment seems to be that the policy will be a gift of thirty millions in cash with the rider that this money shall be spent upon the building of ships, at the discretion of the British Government, such ships to come back to Canada at some future time should there be a decision or desire to found an enlarged Canadian navy. There will be no hint of a permanent programme.

This is not a policy over which any person can get enthusiastic. There is nothing radically wrong

with it, but it will not appeal to either the ultra-Canadians or the ultra-Imperialists. It will be another evidence that this is the age of compromise. In this particular case the Government has tried to compromise so as not to displease the supporters of a Canadian navy, the supporters of an annual cash contribution to the British Navy, or the "Nationalist" element in Quebec which is opposed to either the establishment of a Canadian navy or the contribution of men and ships to an Empire navy.

The only bright spot in recent developments in this connection is the manly statement of the Hon. Louis Coderre, the new Secretary of State. Like Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Mr. Lemieux, Mr. Coderre seems to have sufficient courage to tell the French-Canadians that they should be "ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with Canadians of other extraction in defence of the rights of Canada and the Empire." After his election in Hochelaga he made a very strong speech which has done much to restore the hope that ultimately both French-Canadians and English-Canadians will come to see this question from the one point of view.

Choking the Mails.

OUR Post Office Department faces a rather serious problem. For many years past there has been a surplus in the Post Office Department. I think Sir William Mulock was the first P. M. G. to have a surplus. Since his time every P. M. G. has had one. And now if any P. M. G. doesn't have one he will be criticized probably. The Hon. Mr. Pelletier is somewhat afraid of his surplus and hence the problem.

For some years the railways have not had an increase in the amount of money which they received for carrying the mail. In this period the amount of mail matter carried has doubled if not trebled, and the railways are now seeking to get higher prices for the services which they render to the state. This is the first danger which threatens the surplus. The second is the rapid expansion of rural mail delivery. It costs from seven to ten dollars a year to deliver daily mail to a farmer along a rural mail route. As these rural mail routes have been multiplying rapidly, the expenses of the Post Office Department are growing so fast that the officials are worried.

In looking about for increased revenue it is quite natural the P. M. G. should consider the possibility of increasing the postage rate on newspapers and periodicals. During the last four or five years there has been a big struggle in the United States postal department on this very point. The postal authorities at Washington have tried to increase the newspaper rate in that country and would have done so had it not been for the vigorous and intelligent battle made by the publishers. A similar battle is in sight in Canada.

There is no doubt that there are abuses and anomalies in the newspaper department of the post office. Some of these are due to the publishers and some to the Postal Department itself. If the Canadian Press Association and the Canadian Postmaster-General put their heads together many of these abuses could be eliminated or considerably reduced. If the mail bags of His Majesty are overloaded with newspapers which have no right to the cheap postal rate which obtains in this country, the C. P. A. and the P. M. G. should be able to find a remedy.

Post Office Anomalies.

THERE is no doubt that there are anomalies in the relations between the newspapers and the post office. Speaking generally it must be admitted that a number of Canadian publishers have become merchandisers of white paper rather than publishers of news. Canadian dailies are entirely too large and too bulky. The Saturday issues are extravagant in size. The chief offenders are the daily papers of Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver and Victoria. In these cities the publishers seem to vie with each other as to who can give away the most white paper. Their advertising rates are so low that their chief advertisers use large spaces, with the result that every issue carries many pages of advertising. Their Saturday issues run anywhere from forty to sixty pages.

It is difficult to see just how the P. M. G. can

remedy these abuses without punishing the innocent as well as the guilty. If he increases the rate from one-quarter to one-half cent a pound on all newspapers going through the mail the smaller publishers throughout the country would be hit harder comparatively than the city publishers who have been the cause of the present difficulties. It might be possible to divide the editions into two parts and charge a special rate for the news section and a higher rate for the advertising section. For example, if a paper consists of forty per cent. reading matter and sixty per cent. advertising it would pay a higher rate on the sixty per cent. On the other hand, where a paper is sixty per cent. reading matter it would pay the higher rate on only forty per cent. of its total weight. Some publishers favour this method, but it would be a rather difficult one to administer.

There is another anomaly for which the newspapers are responsible. There are papers in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg which charge from three to four dollars for city circulation, while they sell their paper at a dollar a year to subscribers living outside the city of publication. For example, it is possible to buy the *Montreal Star* in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces for a dollar a year, and in some places even less. This gives the *Montreal Star*, and such other papers as follow this practice, an abnormal circulation, and puts upon the post office a burden which is manifestly unfair. This anomaly can be remedied only by co-operation between the Press Association and the postal authorities.

Ontario's Bilingual Problem.

ONE of our French-Canadian subscribers, signing himself "Trifluvian", writes that if we publish another article like the one which appeared a month ago, under the heading, "A Bilingual Disagreement," we will lose all our French-Canadian subscribers. We would be very sorry if such a thing should happen. The *CANADIAN COURIER* cannot be a national weekly unless it commands the confidence of French-Canadians as well as English-Canadians. Nevertheless, we do not feel that "Trifluvian", in disagreeing with the article in question, is expressing the sentiment of many French-Canadians. What we said then we repeat. The question of the Ontario Government's bilingual school regulation is not a question to be settled by school boards or by the action of school teachers and school children, but by the Legislature of Ontario. In the last session of that body a resolution was passed unanimously declaring that the English language should be the chief channel of communication between teachers and pupils in all bilingual public schools. Until that resolution is rescinded or at least has been the subject of a division in the Legislature, the law must be obeyed. No citizen, and certainly no editor, who respects law, order and the constitution, could take any other attitude.

It is pleasant to be able to record that the opposition is becoming more reasonable and that in all probability the regulations will work out much more satisfactorily than was first anticipated. Indeed, it is questionable if the excitement will continue long enough to make the topic a live one when the Legislature meets.

An Everlasting Question.

NO question of public policy is so continuous and constant as that of taxation. No system of assessment and taxation has yet been heard of in Canada which will satisfy everybody. Whether land shall be taxed at a lower rate than improvements on the land or whether land shall bear all the taxes is a question much debated. Vancouver taxes only the land; some prairie cities tax the land at a higher rate than buildings; while in Eastern Canada land and buildings bear equal burdens.

Again, there is an agitation against the inequalities of the business tax. A firm which occupies a fine building in a central location pays a higher tax than a firm doing the same amount of business in a cheap building in a less central position. There is unfairness here which bears heavily on the progressive merchant whose civic pride leads him to help adorn the town or city in which he resides. This is a tax on generosity and progressiveness. When an income tax is added to a business tax, the injustice is accentuated.

The defect in Canada is a lack of economists in our universities or government services. We have no experts in taxation methods. There are no scholars studying the systems of the world and telling us what is best in them. Our cabinet positions are filled by politicians and our civil services with ex-politicians. Only the private corporations employ experts to discover economic, modern methods.

New Plays of the Week

Wherein Canadian Playwrights Figure Prominently

By JOHN E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent

THREE Canadians are represented in the new theatrical offerings. "Hawthorne U. S. A." is from the pen of James Bernard Fagan—as is also the dramatized version of "Bella Donna," in which Mme. Nazimova is appearing; James Forbes, an old Guelph boy, is author of "A Rich Man's Son," and Harvey J. O'Higgins, another Canadian, is part author of "The Argyle Case."

The Hichen's novel, "Bella Donna," was one of the best sellers a season or two ago, and its story is tolerably familiar to readers. The youthful hero marries a woman of ill repute and takes her to Egypt. On the voyage she falls in love with an Egyptian who returns her passion. Her plans to murder her husband and their failure through the intercession of a friend; are the main incidents of the dramatic narrative. The play, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the title role, had an uncommonly successful run in London. Mme. Nazimova is enacting the part in the New York production.

"Hawthorne U. S. A." is a romantic farce of the Zenda type, and has to do with the experiences of a good looking, athletic, young American tourist in a small defunct kingdom in the Balkans. He arrives in the garden of a princess by way of the garden wall and learns from her the state of her father's kingdom. How that its funds are exhausted to such a point that she is about to be given in marriage to a pretender, Prince Vladimir, because there is not the wherewithal in the treasury to put down the revolution. The unhappy plight of such a princess is too much for Hawthorne, and in characteristic American style, he proceeds to buy off the pretender's army, send them home and turn his attention to making the country prosperous. Borovina thrives but the princess remains unhappy. So does Hawthorne. For with all his resources he cannot marry her because she is a princess and he is just a plain citizen of the U. S. A. However, the good old king foresees that his country will soon become a republic and Hawthorne is persuaded to stay on at the palace in the capacity of son-in-law. Douglas Fairbanks, as the adventurous hero, radiates health, energy, enthusiasm and cheerfulness. As for Miss Irene Fenwick, the princess charming, who would not scale a garden wall for the smallest petal of her favour!

"THE Yellow Jacket," the second Chinese offering so far, is a real novelty, quaint and charming in itself and admirably accomplishing its object of presenting the drama of the Chinese in a manner that will be intelligible and attractive to audiences, trained to other dramatic traditions. Those who have seen Chinese plays know that the form is a reversal of our own. That where we seek action and conflict—a dramatic narrative whose action we can witness—the Celestial is content to sit child-like and hear the story told. The little attempt at illusion is also in striking contrast to our own refinements in stage mechanism.

The authors of "The Yellow Jacket" have succeeded in combining the two ideas, creating an Oriental effect of atmosphere, while at the same time permitting modern intrusions which accomplish their object without any great violence to credibility. For instance, two characters have been invented, Chorus and Property Man. The former explains the passages as they come, the scenes and characters, while the latter calmly smokes a cigarette and ambles on and off stage to provide the necessary stage accessories and properties needed by the actors. Is murder to be done the Property Man

hands the actor a knife. Would the hero hang himself or the heroine climb to paradise, a bamboo pole with a noosed rope attached, or a step-ladder, as the case may be, is provided.

All of which, save for the mood in which it is done, is faithful to Chinese drama. Parts of three Chinese dramas have been used, each telling a separate story and combining to unfold some contrasting sides of the many-sided Celestial character.

"A Rich Man's Son," the new Forbes comedy, deals with the conflict over a spoiled youth's determination to settle his own matrimonial ventures and the rich father's opposition. That the son's choice happens—and very wisely in this instance—to fall on the father's stenographer, permits the display of considerable snobbery on the paternal side as well as temper, and the expression of many popular and timely sentiments from the son. The boy eventually wins out with the assistance of a common-sense, breezy, and altogether refreshing type of mother.

"The Argyle Case" is not based on any of the Burn's cases, which Mr. Harvey O'Higgins has made familiar to magazine readers. The great detective, however, has, we are told, lent his assistance in unravelling the mystery of the fictitious case on strictly scientific lines. John Argyle has been found murdered in his library. More than one person is under suspicion. Into the house of mystery, death and distress comes the head of a detective bureau. There is a very spider web of complications. The detective is a man of mentality and manners; a blend of the easy going man of the world and the alert, keen man of business. His intuitions are almost psychic. How he solves the case and uncovers a great counterfeiting scheme, makes a gripping story.

"C. O. D.," a new American farce by Frederic Chapin, relates the experiences of three wives who go into the country to have a lark. They pose as widows and arrive at a neighbouring farm house in the company of three city youths. Their three husbands, also on pleasure bent, are deposited by a railroad wreck in the vicinity of their wives. A storm makes it necessary for all to seek shelter at the same farm house over night. The complications that arise over the fact that the farmer has rented to the husbands the same rooms that the farmer's wife has rented to the ladies, constitute the chief farcical elements of the piece. The title is derived from the similarity of the initials of all three, C. O. D.

With the production of "Snow White," a charming fairy play for children, Mr. Winthrop Ames extends his theatrical mission to the little folks—at least to that



Mme. Alla Nazimova and Charles Bryant in "Bella Donna."

portion whose parents have the price. The Little Theatre, itself an ideal fairy playhouse, is the scene of these activities, four children's matinees being given each week. "Snow White" has for its foundation the story of Snowdrop in one of the Grimm Tales. The horrors are, however, taken out or minimized and many charming additions made to the story. Jessie Braham White has fashioned the story and Miss Marguerite Clark, who looks not much bigger than a doll, and maintains with skilful artistry the spirit and attitude of the child, is the Princess Snow White.

ANOTHER worthy welcome enterprise is Miss Annie Russel's Stock Company, formed for the production of certain English classics. "She Stoops to Conquer" has been selected for the first offering, and this will be followed at intervals of a fortnight with "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Rivals" and other like plays. Miss Russel has surrounded herself with an exceptional company, and



Mme. Simone, in "The Paper Chase."

is backed financially by several wealthy patrons of the arts. The result will be watched with keen interest by all sincere lovers of the drama.

And while we are on the subject of worthy efforts, William Faversham's notable production of "Julius Caesar" has reached the metropolitan stage by way of Canada and deserves all the hearty approbation bestowed upon it on the way. It represents a noble ambition and is a splendid achievement.

(Concluded on page 30.)



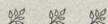
Irene Bordoni, the new Dancing Star of the Winter Garden.



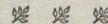
Through A Monocle

ARE CANADIANS READERS?

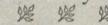
YOU may have noticed that Mr. John Lane, a London publisher, comes to the defence of Canadians who have been accused by a writer in *Cornhill* with not being a reading people. Mr. Lane's testimony is that "Canada consumes more books per head than any English-speaking country in the world"; and he attributes this partly to the fact that the main British settlers of Canada were Scotch. Mr. Lane's evidence is the evidence of an expert. His business in life is to study the sales of English books; and he ought to know where they are sold. Our libeller in *Cornhill* said that Toronto had but four book stores of unequal merit. Mr. Lane says that it has six good book stores, not counting the book sections of the "departmentals." And he furthermore points out that Bristol, with a larger population than Toronto, has only two book stores, and one second-hand establishment.



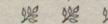
THERE is one thing to be said for the British Islands in contrast with Canada on this score; and that is that a great many of their people get their reading from subscription circulating libraries, such as Mudie's—a custom little known on this continent. They have, of course, in addition, public libraries to at least the extent we have. The consequence is that there should be more "reading" to the single copy in Britain than in Canada. Another thing to be remembered, in considering the reading habits of the United Kingdom, is that they have a large "slum" population there which probably never buys a book from year's end to year's end. We have nothing similar here at all. Very few of the native-born in Canada are not readers; and the great majority of our immigrants are in the same category. And, while a dry-as-dust statistician might insist upon counting in "slum" dwellers when casting up the reading average of a nation, we must admit that it is hardly fair to arrive at the comparative reading habits of two so dissimilar peoples by this method.



WHEN it comes to book stores, I have myself a decided preference for the Canadian variety. Nothing disappointed me more on my first visit to London than the book stores. I said to myself—"Now, I am going to the metropolis of the English-speaking world. There I will be able to find in the book stores all the strange and rare books which in Canada I can only see mentioned in the catalogues." I thought I would wander at will through these immense London book shops, taking down from the shelves volume after volume and seeing for myself whether they were worth purchasing. I would not be compelled to "gamble" on the strength of a review or two, and the name in the catalogue, as I am at home. I could see any book I wanted; and tell quickly enough whether I wanted it at the price. Well, I set out to find these mammoth book shops. I wandered all over the city in search of them, dropping in occasionally at one of the little one-aisle shoplets which put a lot of their stock out on the sidewalk. But I could never find the big shops. And at last I learned that the "hall-way" shops were practically all there were.

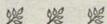


IT is true that Mudie's has quite a shop; but most of the books on sale are "used." If you do not mind reading a book which a hundred invalids had sent home to them when they were laid up with the influenza or were just getting over diphtheria, why you can buy it at Mudie's and buy it cheap. Second-hand shops, too, offer you bargains. But I would just about as soon have a second-hand beef-steak as a second-hand book; so these shops brought me no relief. And after long marching about the dismal streets of London—usually in a gentle drizzle—I came to the conclusion that I knew at least two book stores in Toronto and three in Montreal where I had rather shop than at any I found in the world's metropolis. It is a solemn fact that I had rather go shopping for English reading in Brentano's on the Avenue de l'Opera in Paris than in any shop I found in London.



REASONING *a priori*, Canadians ought to be about the greatest readers in the English-speaking world. We have a high average of edu-

cation. We have good books and cheap books in plenty awaiting our choice. I am amazed at times, when I look over a cheap book counter in one of our stores, to find what excellent editions of splendid works one can buy for a price which when I was a boy would secure nothing but yellow-covered trash. A man would have to be a very mild smoker and a very persistent reader if his cigars do not cost him more than his books. That is, of course, I mean the man who reads the books he buys. Now, I have nothing to say against the man who lays in a stock of reading against "a rainy day." I like to see men buy sets of good authors and put them on their shelves where they can dip into them at will, and where their families have them at hand. The joke about "furnishing a room with books" is cheap and frivolous. There is no better "furniture." But I myself—because of my roving habits—have been very largely a hand-to-mouth sort of reader, and usually buy only the books which I intend to read in the near future.



ANOTHER advantage which the reading Canadian has, is his long winter evenings and his long winter of long evenings. He has more time when he simply must read than most civilized peoples. When a man can sit out of doors for much of the time during which a nipping air drives him in-doors in Canada, you can hardly expect him to stay in a stuffy room and read. We know how it is ourselves in the summer. We do not think of attempting any serious reading until we light our fires and gather about the library table. Thus if by any means summer were extended and winter contracted, we would certainly do less reading. In Spain, Italy, Southern France and such countries, winter is very much contracted. It is shorter even in Northern France and Southern England. We must go to Northern Germany and Russia to get anything like our winters; and the Germans would probably run us close—if they would not beat us—as readers. But the German is distracted by another

influence. He has far more means of amusing himself away from home in the evenings than we have. Canadian cities are relatively empty of amusement, and Canadian towns are deadly dull. The German has our theatres and more than our opera; and, on top of this, he has an abundance of places where he can listen to excellent music for the price of a glass of beer and a small admission. One complaint that people, accustomed to Europe, always make in Canada, is that there is "nothing to do"—no place to go. That being so, we naturally stay at home and read. It may be better for us; and it certainly ought in any case to increase our book purchases.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Barr and Lodore

MANY good stories have been told by and about the late Robert Barr, one of the most prolific writers ever born in Canada; more versatile than Sir Gilbert Parker, who, like Barr, also left Canada as soon as he became famous, to live in England. Barr was a famous character in the Western Ontario Peninsula. It was there, while school-teaching in Windsor, that he got his *entree* into public print in "A Rough Ride Round the Lakes," a series of sketches in the *Detroit Free Press*, depicting Barr's rollicking experiences on a summer vacation on the northern lakes. For years afterwards Barr was a regular contributor to the *Free Press*. He was a close friend of Dr. James Samson, now of Windsor, who has often told the story which Barr told him and which Barr told about himself at the dinner given to Premier McBride in London in 1907. R. E. Gosnell, another old Kent county boy, now proprietor of the *Victoria Times*, tells the story in a recent issue of his paper, and it runs as follows:

"He had read in his schoolbooks about the cataract of Lodore, and readers will remember the description in Southey's well-known poem, a portion of which reads:

'And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing—
And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar—
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.'

Then and there he made up his mind that when
(Concluded on page 24.)

The London Lord Mayor's Show



One of the Features of the Lord Mayor's Show This Year was the Different Bodies of Boy Scouts Representing the Various Parts of the Empire. Photograph by L. N. A.

News to Order

And a Piece of Fine Work by a Clever Newspaperman

By REDFIELD INGALLS

Illustrations by Leo P. Dowd

GEORGE SHARTLE, star reporter on the Syracuse, N.Y., *Telegram*, snatched up a morning paper and forgot all about his appetite for a minute. "Kenneth G. Elkins Kills Himself!" shouted a scare head. "Hulett of *Telegram* May Know Why! Coat and Hat Found on Bridge with Letters from Heat-Crazed Architect. Police Drag River!"

Now, Syracuse had been the biggest place on the map for nearly a month. Despite the fact that this was the hottest part of the summer when things are usually dull in the extreme, the city had produced more freak newspaper stories in that time than any other place in the country. The usual morning greeting of the citizens had become, "What's happened now?"

To start with, there had been the burglary of a big jewelry store. The police had found all the doors and rear windows flung open and the whole place ransacked—yet not so much as a postage stamp was missing when an inventory was taken. Three nights later there had been a pitched battle in the freight yards, revolver shots and yells of mortal terror bringing out the reserves on the jump; yet all was quiet when they arrived. Then, among many other happenings, a masked burglar had held up fourteen men in succession at the point of a pistol in the course of an evening and had begged a single match from each; the leading hotel had been panic-stricken by a "ghost," and a mysterious and handsomely gowned young woman had been kidnapped, shrieking, in broad daylight in the shopping district. And the police were utterly at fault.

"Well, that's the limit," murmured Shartle, dropping his paper. "Oh, Mrs. Johnston, will you break me a couple of raw eggs in a glass of milk, please? I've got to get out on the jump."

Used to her boarder's three-second meals the landlady hastily did as she was asked, and the reporter, full-fed, finished the story on the down-town car.

It seemed, after the announcement of the important facts in the lead, that shortly after midnight the watchman on duty at the N. Y. C. trestle had noticed a man wandering aimlessly down State Street. He had approached the tower, and in reply to a greeting had muttered something about the heat. The man had then gone towards the traffic bridge and had been lost in the darkness. A few minutes later the watchman, startled by a heavy plunge, had run with a lantern and had found a hat and coat tumbled in a heap near the middle of the bridge.

Pinned to the coat was a folded piece of paper and in the lining of the hat was another. At police headquarters it had been found that both bore writing in pencil—messages obviously written by a man whose brain had turned. They had been carefully transcribed by the reporter. The first read,

"May chairs am he lay sure know. She vows ah sure cuss eh trays amuse aunt vow wire park our ear law fill an see share shan't low tare dizzy's affairs mystery ooze day cement paw say. Jenny paw bees wine dizzy beaut an; am use eh vows have ache. Voter be an day vow eh. K. Elkin. 11 p.m. "It is so hot, so hot to-day and my head hurts."

"Kenneth G. Elkins, the architect, is beyond question the unfortunate man," the reporter had written, "for his address is 11 Post Monroe apartments, as was learned by a *Tribune* representative."

The second note was as follows:

"To the police: My dear friends poor vow dun eh on corps dell amuse him on, voice he an address: No. 175 Broad St. Jenny lame paw, Mr. Hulett. Maybe he knows why."

"The number given, 175 Broad Street, is the address of Stephen V. Hulett, owner of the *Telegram*," continued the story. "Mr. Hulett, when seen by a representative of the *Tribune*, would say nothing more than that he knew of no reason for Mr. Elkins's action."

"At the unfortunate man's home no reply could

be obtained by telephone, and a visit by the *Tribune* representative was equally fruitless."

There was little more of importance; the rest of the hastily written column and the corresponding section of the report in the other morning paper were simply conjectures as to the possible meanings of the wildly-jumbled, yet suggestive, words and the cause of the suicide's break-down.

At the deserted office Shartle threw off his coat, turned back his cuffs and got to work. There was a lurking suspicion in the back of his mind that all was not as it should be; but that must wait.

"That you, Mr. Shartle? No, I really don't know a blessed thing that could connect me with this sad affair," came in Hulett's voice over the telephone. "I hadn't seen him in some time, but we have always been the best of friends."

"Pardon for asking, Mr. Hulett," said the young man, drawing squares and circles on the copy-paper before him, "but there are two women's names in the messages, as I suppose you noticed. Do you know of any 'May' or 'Jenny' that Mr. Elkins might have known?"

"I do not," was the reply. "I wish you'd make that as strong as you can in your story. The 'Jenny' seems to refer to a dog whose paw was injured, but I didn't know that poor Elkins had a dog."

The police had nothing further to report. They had dragged the river all night, said the inspector at headquarters, but had found no trace of a body. The river was swift, however, and it might have been carried a considerable distance.

"How about the coat and hat?" asked Shartle. "Any marks on them?"

"Not a darn thing. Both well worn, though."

"Get anything at Elkins's home?"

"The neighbours say the family's gone to their country house for the summer."

"Unh-hunh. Well, much obliged, inspector." The reporter hung up, hunted through the directory and got long distance. After a wait during which the paper before him became a mass of circles and lines as pencil kept time to impatient thought, a sleepy voice answered, "hello!"

In the dialogue that followed the reporter was nearly as much surprised as the man to whom he was talking. At the end of a few minutes he went to his typewriter, studying the two messages with



"Shartle opened the letter and read . . ."

growing suspicion.

"Kenneth G. Elkins, the architect, who was reported this morning to have committed suicide by drowning in the Iroquois River, is alive and well at his summer home at Pettyville," he wrote. "There is every reason to believe that the letters found with a coat and hat on the State Street bridge are a clever—"

"No, by jingo, I won't," he muttered, and pulling out the sheet, tore it up. Then he wrote the story on the lines that the unfortunate man who drowned



"Snatched up a morning paper and forgot all about his appetite for a minute."

himself was doubtless a stranger in Syracuse, overcome by the sultry weather, and that something as to his identity would be discovered soon by the energetic police.

A few minutes later when the city editor hurried in he found the young man frowning over an abstruse problem that had filled several sheets of paper with scrawled words and numbers.

"Say, get at that suicide right away, will you, George?" he requested, opening his desk.

"Here you are, Conny," Shartle murmured abstractedly, reaching over some folded copy-paper. "I've cleaned up on it as far as I can for the first edition."

"Good work, old man." The editor whistled as he scanned the first lines, read the story through and looked up sharply. "Doesn't the whole thing smell kind of fishy to you?"

"It certainly does," said the reporter, lowering his voice as others of the staff began to come in for the day's work. "I think it's a hoax, pure and simple."

"Then why not—?"

"Because I want to catch the perpetrator of it, that's why." Shartle had more than once refused the city editorship, preferring the freedom of the street, and this the other knew. They worked together, therefore, the best of friends, the star reporter supplying genius and judgment and the editor authority.

"It's just like this," Shartle went on earnestly. "We've been having enough sensations lately for a city ten times our size, and the police have become pretty much of a laughing stock. There was the 'burglary' of Hopkins's store! there was the 'match highwayman'; there was the 'ghost' in the Palace Hotel—"

"Yes, but that was an accident pure and simple," protested Conboy. "Their new commercial dictagraph got mislaid and cross-circuited with the telephone exchange."

"Accident nothing. Accidents don't happen so artistically as to keep a whole hotel in a panic for three days and bring on a spiritualist revival. I'll swear that they're one and all to be traced to the same source—which is the man who wrote these ciphers."

"Those jumbles of words ciphers? You're crazy with the heat, man!"

"No, by jingo, I'm not. I've tried 'em in every combination I could think of and didn't get any result; but there's something in them or—" Shartle broke off, staring at the *Tribune* story, which he had clipped out for convenience of handling.

"Say," he whispered, his voice shaking with excitement and eagerness, "read that over to me

(Continued on page 28.)

Dr Aram

By

Effie Adelaide



Kalfian

Rowlands

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

DICK EMBERSON, aged twenty-five, of Ardwell Court, Sussex county, England, has become engaged to Enid Anerley. Her father approves of the match and congratulates Dick on the fact that Ardwell Court, sold by Dick's grandfather, was bought back by his father.

Dick is summoned to London by a letter from Denise Alston, a widow, whom he had loved and who still loves him. He tells her of his engagement but she says that she will not give him up.

SHE paused and waited for a reply that did not come. Dick was silent because words failed him; his tender heart ached with pity for the woman who was thus laying bare her own weakness, and he asked himself miserably what he could say, what he could urge, which would make her realize how worse than useless was all further protest. To insist upon his love for another woman seemed sheer brutality; and yet in self-defence he must do so. Heaving a deep sigh, he raised his eyes to those burning ones fixed so intently upon him; but before he could speak, as if guessing the words hovering upon his lips, Mrs. Alston interposed hastily with uplifted hand.

"No," she said, "before you decide, you must hear all. You must realize to the full what this means to me. I had given you up. I was resigned to never seeing you again. Then my husband died, suddenly and unexpectedly." Mrs. Alston paused and shivered as if with sudden cold; her voice took a tone of dreamy retrospection as she continued: "Under the awful shock of that sharp, swift severance of a tie I had always respected, I forgot the long years of estrangement and indifference. I remembered only that the dead man was the father of my boy, and that he had loved me once; in that moment of revived memories and half-remorseful regret, had I had the power, I would have called him back to me. Do you believe me, Dick?"

He bent his head acquiescently, and she continued.

"Am I a hateful and a wicked woman because later I realized all my new-born freedom meant—that it was no longer a sin to love you—and that I might let my thoughts linger upon a future spent by your side? I was so sure of you, Dick," she said, wistfully, "so sure of your truth and fidelity that when the days and the weeks, and the months sped by without word or sign from you, I said to myself, 'He is right to respect the memory of the man whose name I bear! I can wait patiently.' But all the same my heart ached and hungered for news of you, and so I made enquiries. Ted could tell me little; but from others I heard that you had settled down into the life of a country gentleman; and that rumour coupled your name with that of your nearest neighbour's daughter." Mrs. Alston paused and drew a long breath between her half-closed teeth. Her voice had changed to a dull grating tone as she proceeded. "When I returned home dazed and bewildered—scarce knowing what to believe—I found a letter awaiting me containing other news—news it was of vital importance for you to know—and I wrote you to that effect. Now what do you say?"

"Tell me your news and let me go," he replied in a low, miserable voice. "Denise, you shame me in my own eyes—you make me feel a mean and miserable cur, unworthy the love of any good woman. I can urge nothing in my defence but that I mistook admiration for love; and that, knowing you were bound in honour to another, I considered myself free to fix my attentions elsewhere; that they are so fixed—unalterably fixed—is more the cruelty of fate than any fault of mine."

Denise sprang to her feet and paced to and fro, her face aflame, her hands tightly clenched. Suddenly she came to a halt, facing him.

"You talk glibly of Fate!" she cried, scornfully; "it is the way of cowards, who think thus to avoid the responsibility of their own actions. But if you think that I will tamely submit to be thrown aside like a worn-out glove, you are deceived. What if I tell you that your fickleness may cost you dear? That I have it in my power to make you rue the day you insulted me by flaunting your love for another

woman in my face?"

"You will make my going easier, Denise," he replied, gently; "but you will not change my resolve."

He moved towards the door; she barred the way. "One moment," she said, and her voice once more had grown ominously calm. "I will not detain you longer. You shall know the nature of the danger which, like the sword of Damocles, hangs over your head, and then you shall make your choice; you will give up Miss Anerley or—you will take the consequences."

Drawing from the bosom of her dress a letter, she handed it to him. Silently he took it and read it through. As he did so his face faded into a ghastly grey.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRE AT ARDWELL COURT.

IT was nearly midnight when Enid Anerley, throwing wide the window of her bedroom, leant out into the night. The morrow for which she had been so impatient had come and gone, bringing with it only disappointment and disillusion.

In the morning her father had brought back a message from the Hall that Dick had been obliged suddenly to go up to London on business, but would get back as soon as he possibly could, and would, at any rate, be round in the evening. She had wondered what the business could be of which he had had no previous warning; and she secretly thought him a little remiss for not having written her a line instead of contenting himself with a bare message; but she had looked forward joyously to his coming later in the day. When, however, the evening also had fled by without bringing any sign of her absent lover, Enid could scarcely keep her tears from falling. It seemed so strange, so inexplicable! Her parents tried to jest away her tears; saying she must not show herself too exacting. No doubt Dick had been detained in London longer than he had anticipated; and knowing what early birds they were at the "Lindens," had thought it too late on his return to come on.

The explanation had not satisfied Enid, though she affected to acquiesce in it; her heart was oppressed with a sense of fear of she knew not what, so that when she had at last retired to her room, sleep seemed impossible to her.

The soft night air fanned her hot cheeks, bringing with it the scent of the flowers from the gardens below. It was like the touch of a cool, perfumed hand to her aching head; the stars shone out brilliant and clear, studding the blue vault of heaven as if with diamonds. A sense of the beauty and immensity of Nature gradually quieted and soothed the girl's ruffled nerves, till she began to chide herself for having been unreasonable.

Suddenly, just as she was drawing back from the window, her quick eyes caught the outline of a man's form standing back amongst the trees on the opposite side of the lawn. She could not see the face, which was in deep shadow, but the head seemed to be turned in her direction; and she jumped at once to the conclusion that it was Dick, who, having returned too late to see her, had come in lover's fashion to gaze up at her window. She leant forward and called him softly by name; but the figure shrank back still further into the shadow of the trees; she called again, louder this time; and it moved off and was lost to view.

"I am sure it was Dick," Enid said to herself, knitting her brow with a perplexed frown; "it was just his height and figure. What can he mean by behaving so oddly? He might have come forward and said a few words, if it was only to wish me 'Good-night'! I shall scold him well to-morrow!"

Still the fact of the man she loved having been so near to her was in itself a comfort; it showed at least that she was as much in his thoughts as he in hers. It was with a smile on her lips, therefore, and a tenderly murmured, "Silly fellow!" that she finally laid down and went to sleep.

She had left the blind high; and a few hours later

she was awakened by a glare of light. At first she thought she was dreaming, and rubbed her eyes to dispel the illusion; but when she opened them again the glare was stronger than ever; and she saw that the whole sky was illumined with a lurid red light. Springing from her bed and rushing to the window, she perceived a tongue of flame shoot up from behind the line of trees which separated The Lindens from its neighbours; and with a horrified cry of "Fire!—fire at the Court!" she threw on a dressing gown and flew out to give the alarm.

In comparatively a few minutes, Colonel Anerley and the men-servants of his establishment were on the scene of the conflagration. They were literally appalled when they saw what a hold it had already got upon the old building, the inmates of which were apparently sleeping in utter unconsciousness of the danger which was upon them. The windows of Mr. Emberson's room on the second floor were positively outlined with fire; the wood-work of the frames was crackling and falling; it was clear that no living being could be behind them. Whilst some of the men tore round to the back of the house where the servants slept, to give the alarm, the Colonel sent a rousing shout of "Fire!" up under Dick's window, which was in a side wing. A moment later the latter appeared at the open casement, his face pale and bewildered like that of a man aroused suddenly from heavy sleep.

"Your father, Dick! My God, your father!" cried the Colonel, and the young man with an inarticulate cry, sprang back from the room. After a few seconds he re-appeared. "The staircase has gone!" he said; and, swinging himself through the window, let himself down gradually by working his way along the thick knotted stems of the old ivy. He staggered like a drunken man as he followed the Colonel round to the front and gazed with white, strained face up at the windows of his father's room, through which the flames were now bursting in sheets. The servants had been all aroused; and appeared in every stage and variety of undress; messengers were sent flying in all directions to procure assistance; and, whilst waiting for the arrival of the fire engine and hose, men and women formed a chain, passing buckets of water from hand to hand and throwing them upon the burning building—but the conviction was strong on everyone that the old Hall was doomed.

"His funeral pyre! His funeral pyre!"

THE words fell almost unconsciously from Dick's stiff lips as he stood like a man in a dream whilst all around were working hard to save what could be saved, and to bring out whatever was of most value on the ground floor.

"Rouse yourself, man!" cried the Colonel, catching him by the shoulder as he went past. "Rouse yourself and take a hand with the buckets; we must save what we can!"

"Let it all go!" answered Dick, gloomily. "What do I care—now!"

The Colonel's tender heart ached as he read the white despair of the young man's face. Understanding that it was the shock of his father's tragic fate which made him indifferent to all else, he put forward the argument he thought most likely to touch him.

"Ah, but think how it would grieve him," he said, "that the old place should be utterly destroyed!"

So urged, Dick added his efforts to the others. Soon after the solitary fire engine of the neighbourhood came clattering up, and the hose was brought to play up on the burning pile.

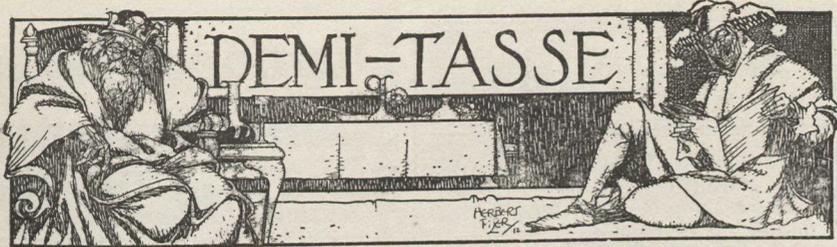
It was too late, however, to save Ardwell Court. By the time the flames were extinguished only the outer walls were left standing, the interior being completely gutted.

Enid and Mrs. Anerley stood with a group of women a little way back from the workers; and when it was plainly apparent that no more could be done, the young girl stole up to her lover and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Come away, dear," she said, "come away with me and rest; you can do nothing more now."

He yielded, allowing himself to be led away with the docility of a child; but he spoke no word; he seemed stunned. Enid took him into the first room they came to, and he sank into a chair like one broken with fatigue, staring straight before him with miserable, unseeing eyes. When the others had slipped away, however, rightly judging that the young girl was the only person who could comfort him, he let his head fall forward on his hands, and his whole frame was convulsed with great, dry sobs, which seemed to rend him, the agony of a strong man, pitiful to hear and see; and she, encircling him with her arms, wept with him.

(Continued on page 25.)



Courierettes.

THE Lord's Day Alliance declares that Sunday band concerts are sinful. Some concerts would be that any day of the week.

Claude Grahame-White expects to fly across the Atlantic in from twenty to thirty hours. If he has the usual luck he will get quarter way across and then be lucky if he can get back for repairs.

"That's one way to clean up the town," said an Ontario man upon hearing that a Montreal water main had burst and flooded the streets.

A man who stole brass was given a three-year term. Quite right. He didn't know when he had enough.

At Kingston a doctor found a two-thousand dollar pearl in an oyster—almost enough to tip the waiter.

By Way of Contrast.—Because of one American girl's death fourteen Chinamen were beheaded at Hankow.

We have known more than fourteen men to lose their heads over the life of one Canadian maiden.

Dan Cupid and the Piano.—Dan Cupid is credited with a romance a bit out of the ordinary in the lives of a prominent Canadian piano manufacturer and his better half.

The story goes that, when a young man, the hero of the tale was sent by his firm to take a piano out of a home because a few payments were overdue and the money was not in sight.

When he arrived at the house and entered the drawing room he saw a young lady seated at the piano, playing in a pleasing manner. Right there cupid seized the psychological moment and sent his barbed arrow home to the heart of the piano man.

There was some diplomatic discourse, and the net result was that the piano remained in the home. But the fair player did not.

Grace George's Little Jest.—Miss Grace George, the clever comedienne, who last week gave in Toronto the premiere performance of her new play, "Carnival," tells a little jest which is somewhat at her own expense, and she told it to some of her Canadian friends with evident enjoyment.

It was just when she had blossomed out as a star that Channing Pollock, reporter, press agent, author and dramatist, was sent out to spread the name and fame of the actress in advance. He landed in a Canadian city (Miss George refuses to name the town) and went straight to the theatre where she was booked to appear a week later.

Up he walked to the box office window and asked for the manager. "I'm ahead of Grace George," he announced to that gentleman.

The manager's face assumed an interrogative expression.

"Grace George," he said, "I never heard of that show. Who's playing it?"

Trying to Cure Him.—"It's a fine evening," said Harrington, as he dropped in, a few nights ago, at the home of Adamson, where they two and Talbot and I were accustomed to sit about a grate fire—and have a great time, as Harrington said—talking pretty nearly everything except politics and religion. "Yes, it's evening up for the wretched day we had," replied Talbot.

Harrington waited for Adamson and me to sit on Talbot. He waited in vain and at last remarked, "I brought in an

evening paper." Silence greeted that remark until I asked, "Did you pay for it?"

Again Harrington waited in vain for a "vile punster" to be sat on, as had often happened to him for the same offence. He was beginning to look as if he scented a plot.

There was another awkward pause. "I hear they're going to raise the fees at the club," remarked Talbot.

"Do you think it's feasible?" asked Adamson, solemnly.

Harrington pretended not to notice that question, but he looked jealous.

"Don't you wish we had a gramophone?" I asked.

"No," said Talbot. "I heard gran'ma phone this afternoon."

Harrington winced.

Talbot and I glanced at Adamson; we feared he had missed his cue.

Adamson yawned and said, in bored tones, "Cut out the phoney stuff."

Harrington looked terribly pained. While Harrington remained silent, the rest of us got off many more painful



"O'll work no more for thot man Dogan!"
 "Why not?"
 "'Tis on account av a remark he made to me."
 "What did he say?"
 "He says, 'Mike, ye're discharged!'"

puns. Most of them had been thought out in advance and well rehearsed, but occasionally some one of us three plotters would spring one right off the bat.

A deep gloom settled on Harrington. He had soon realized that we had arranged the whole matter in an effort to break him of his habit of constant punning.

At last he rose limply, and we amateur punsters hoped to hear him declare that he was cured.

"Boys," he said weakly, "I have been pun-ished enough."

And next night he was nearly as bad as ever.

An Old Favourite.—With the name of nearly every British or Canadian legislator or United States Senator there has, at one time or another, been something of the humorous attached.

"Reminiscences" by Sir Richard Cartwright, just published, brings to mind a story in which Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Richard Cartwright are said to have figured. It is probable that the same story has been told about other Parliamentary lights.

At any rate it is related that Sir Richard wagered five dollars with Sir John that the latter could not say the Lord's Prayer.

The bet fully arranged Sir John proceeded: "Now I lay me down to sleep

Whereupon Sir Richard quickly broke in with this remark: "Never mind, Sir John. The money is yours. I didn't think you knew it."

Positively the Last of This.

MARY had a little lamb, Which often was contrary; It followed her to school one day— "That gets my goat," said Mary.

Will Please Flies.—Because some people were breeding flies in order to win prizes for fly-swatting, the fly-fighting committee of the American Civic Association has decided that there will be no more fly-swatting contests, and that the proper thing is to starve the fly.

"Swat the fly" as a slogan must give way to 'starve the fly,'" says the chairman of the committee. "The latter is more euphonious and infinitely more practical."

Certainly, if there must be either slogan, the fly will prefer the "more euphonious" one.

Still Young.—On his birthday recently Sir Wilfrid Laurier was said to be "seventy-one years young."

This recalls what Mark Twain said of himself when he had come to the three-score-and-ten mark—that he had "reached years of discretion."

Might Hurry Things.—President Chamberlin, of the Grand Trunk Railway, may be knighted.

Toronto would probably like to see him benighted among the still standing ruins of the fire of 1904—the site for its long-delayed Union station.

What He Says Goes.—Brown—"There's a man whose words often carry conviction."

Jones—"Who is he?"
 Brown—"The police magistrate."

Puzzlers.—Judging by what the Liberal papers say, the members of Premier Borden's Cabinet are due for the kind of unpleasant time that the inquisitive small boy gives his father.

There are over three score inquiries on the order paper, and some of them are said to be just as hard to answer as "How old is Ann?" "Why does a chicken cross the road?" and that old reliable one about the unfortunate frog in the well.

Polite Journalism.—"The forked tongue in politics" is the phrase the Toronto "Globe" uses in paying its respects to the "Mail and Empire." Now let some other paper use "the cloven hoof" in referring to an "esteemed contemporary."

A Neat Retort.—Rex Beach was at the dress rehearsal of one of his plays, and he was there to see that everything was done exactly right. In one scene a member of the cast failed to pull down his cuffs as was stipulated in the stage directions.

"Wait one minute!" exclaimed Beach, prancing out to the middle of the stage and interrupting the rehearsal. "Halt right where you are! Haven't I told you to pull down your cuffs? Doesn't the book tell you to pull down your cuffs?"

"Yes, sir," said the actor.

"Well, you haven't done it," objected the playwright. "Pull them down! Down, down, down! Every gentleman pulls his cuffs down."

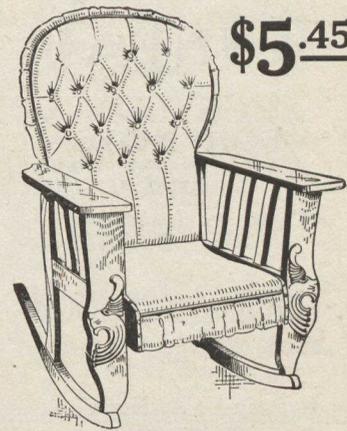
"I fear," said the actor, coolly, "you go too much on hearsay."

A Queer Address.—The following is how the latter part of the address on a letter from a Massachusetts town to a firm in Toronto read: Toronto, Ont., Providence of Quebec.

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Second Critic—"I did. I sat through the whole thing."

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General.

Lord Durham's Report on British North America. Edited by Sir C. P. Lucas. Clarendon Press.
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Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, Vol. 11. J. Castell Hopkins. Annual Review Publishing Co.
The Ethics of Freedom. Prof. G. P. Young. Edited by Prof. Hume. University Press.
The Christian View of the World. Prof. Blewett. Briggs.
Wolfe. William Wood. Morang.
Montealm. William Wood. Morang.
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The Selkirk Mountains. A. O. Wheeler and Mrs. Parker. Stovel, Winnip g.
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Correspondence Between Lord Elgin and Lord Grey on the Affairs of Canada. Edited by A. G. Doughty and A. Shortt. Macmillan Co. of Canada.

Just Before the Dawn. R. C. Armstrong. Macmillan Company of Canada.
Making Good in Canada. F. A. Talbot. Macmillan Co. of Canada.
Ranching in the Canadian West. A. B. Stock. Macmillan Co. of Canada.
Census of Canada, Vols. 1 and 2.
Third Report Conservation Commission.
Province of Alberta. Leo Thwaite. Musson.
Among the Eskimos of Labrador. S. K. Hutton. Musson.
Canadian Trails. E. G. F. Walker. Musson.
Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon. E. Stewart. Musson.
In Northern Labrador. W. B. Cabot. Musson.
Story of Tecumseth. N. S. Gurd. Briggs.
Canadian Men and Women of the Times. Henry Morgan. Briggs.
The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. Charles Sheldon. Copp, Clark Co.

Fiction.

The Street Called Straight. Basil King. Musson.
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The Woman in the Case. Clifford Smith.
The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Vingie E. Roe. Briggs.
Rayton: A Backwoods Mystery. T. G. Roberts. L. C. Page.
The Man at Lone Lake. Virna Sheard. Cassells.
Open Trails. Janey Canuck. Cassells.
Rory of Willow Beach. Mrs. Patriarche. Cassells.
The House of Windows. Mrs. MacKay. Cassells.
A Diana of Quebec. Jean McIlwraith. Bell & Cockburn.
Chronicles of Avonlea. L. M. Montgomery. L. C. Page.
The Consort. Mrs. Cotes. Stanley Paul.
The Long Patrol. H. A. Cody. Briggs.
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The Black Creek Stopping House. Mrs. McClung. Briggs.
Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town. Stephen Leacock. Bell & Cockburn.
The Best of a Bad Job. Norman Duncan. Frowde.
The Wildcatters. S. A. White. Briggs.
Marcus Holbeach's Daughter. Alice Jones. McLeod & Allen.
The Sheriff of Badger. G. A. Pattullo. Appletons.
Man in the Open. Roger Pocock. McLeod & Allen.
Crossed Swords. Mrs. Alloway. Briggs.
The Lad Felix. Henry Milner. Briggs.
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The Woman Hater. J. A. H. Cameron. Musson.
The Amishman. Judge Smith. Briggs.
Pickanock. Bertal Heaney. Bell & Cockburn.
A Wilderness Wooing. W. V. Cook. Bell & Cockburn.
The Toll of the Tides. T. G. Roberts. Bell & Cockburn.
Mrs. Spring Fragrance. Sui Sin Far (Edith Eaton). McClung.
A Rebellion. F. D. Reville. Hurley, Brantford.

A First Novel.

A REMARKABLE first novel by a young Canadian writer, Miss Anna Preston, was published last week by Bell & Cockburn, of Toronto, and B. W. Huebsch, of New York. It is called "The Record of a Silent Life." It is a realistic, vivid story, somewhat sombre in treatment, and at almost every point unusual. The woman who tells the story was born without powers of speech, but is able to make herself of infinite service to a number of people. The scene of the story is laid in Toronto. The scene, however, is of no importance. It is the psychology of the story that counts. Miss Anna Preston is the daughter of Mr. Sydney Preston, author of "The Abandoned Farmer," and "On Common Ground," two books of delightful humour.

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Our experience of over thirty years has proven that no one dye will successfully color every fabric.

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics: Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

Vegetable fibres require one class of dye, and animal fibres, another and radically different class of dye. As proof—we call attention to the fact that manufacturers of woolen goods use one class of dye, while manufacturers of cotton goods use an entirely different class of dye.



Made over from grey homespun dyed navy blue.

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Recent events in the domain of life insurance afford another illustration of the superiority of the Fixed Premium system, under which the regular legal reserve companies operate.

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We usually have odd Municipal Debentures of small amount and continually have sound Industrial Bonds of \$100 Denomination.

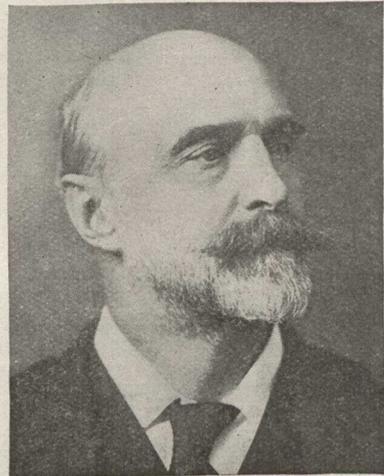
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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Loss of Sir Edward Clouston.

THE sudden death of Sir Edward Clouston removes a peculiarly apt figure from the financial circles of Montreal. Sir Edward was never a merely brilliant financier; but he came near to being a great bank manager. For several years he was active head of the greatest bank in Canada and one of the greatest in the world. For the rest of his career—he was born in 1849—he was engaged in banking. All but a very few of his early years he spent with the bank of which he still remained a vice-president up till the time of his death, and in the general managership of which he was succeeded by Mr. H. V. Meredith last year. In that bank he served through all grades of apprenticeship.



Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., who Died Suddenly Last Week.

There is no doubt that the peculiar individual character of the Bank of Montreal did a great deal to make Sir Edward the sort of man he was; quiet, reserved, tremendously dignified and in the main intensely conservative in progress. At the same time the man who rose from the position of junior clerk to that of general manager did a great deal to impress his personality on the bank. Both the man and the bank were peculiarly suited to Montreal, which, in common with the railways and the shipping companies, may have helped to make the commercial metropolis and chief financial centre of Canada. Sir Edward belonged to the regime which developed many of our most remarkable financial figures. His dropping out of the group calls attention to a change which has been coming for some years—the general breakup of the old system dominated by a comparatively few big figures and the inauguration of democracy in finance which is in need of just such cautious, experienced counsels as those of Sir Edward Clouston.

The Business Outlook.

THE business outlook in Canada was never better. True, money is scarce and the stock brokers are finding it difficult to finance. This is largely due, so far as local causes are concerned, to the window-dressing by the banks. A great many of them close their fiscal year on December 31st, and they are anxious to make a good showing. Hence the restriction of loans. Manufacturing conditions, however, are exceedingly good. The domestic demand for all classes of manufactured goods is excellent. The Canadian manufacturer is getting the full benefit of this because the United States manufacturer is so busy with his own demands that he has not time nor inclination to look for Canadian business. Now that the presidential election is over and everybody seems satisfied that President Wilson will not seriously disturb conditions in the United States, the Canadian manufacturer is looking forward to a four-year period during which he will not have much cut-throat competition.

There is no doubt that the railways and shipping interests have handled the big Western grain crop with unusual dispatch and satisfaction. They have done better than in any previous year, due to forethought and the most elaborate system of preparation. This has had a most beneficial effect upon financial conditions in the West with a natural beneficial effect upon financial conditions in the East. The only unfavourable feature of the situation is the manifest collapse in the real estate situation in respect to outside subdivisions in towns and cities in Western Canada.

On and Off the Exchange.

Automatic Train Control.

FOR some time advertisements have been appearing in the Montreal dailies advertising the stock of The Dominion Automatic Train Control Company, Limited. It seems surprising that papers like the Montreal Star and the Montreal Gazette should allow such advertisements to appear. A somewhat similar company was floated in Toronto about six years ago and the public have heard little of it since. As a matter of fact there are about a hundred automatic train control companies in existence, and it is doubtful if more than one or two of them are good investments. We would strongly advise every reader of the CANADIAN COURIER to steer clear of all stock companies dealing in automatic train controls. When the railways want a system of this kind they usually work out systems of their own. If there is one thing that a railway objects to it is to make any payments for the use of a patent. They prefer to have something similar and "just as good."

Features of New C.P.R. Stock.

THERE are those who claim that the dividend on C. P. R. will shortly be increased from 7 to 10 per cent. on traffic account with the usual 3 per cent. additional on special account. This would make a total of 13 per cent. Such unfounded rumours explain to some extent why C. P. R. stock has held strong in recent markets and why the public are quickly absorbing the rights for the new stock. An increase from 7 to 8 per cent. alone would justify present buying. An increase from 7 to 10 per cent. would ensure present holders making from 25 to 50 points on present purchases.

On the new stock which is now being issued, 7 per cent. per annum will be paid; at 175 this means that the actual interest payment will be \$12.25 per share, which is a higher rate than is now being paid on the old stock. Indeed,

Municipal Debentures

Present market conditions make an interest return of

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The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of \$10 \$20 \$50 \$100 \$200 and the exact amount payable in the principal countries of the world is shown on the face of each cheque.

These cheques may be used to pay Hotels, Railway and Steamship Companies, Ticket and Tourist Agencies and leading merchants, etc. Each purchaser of these cheques is provided with a list of the Bank's principal paying agents and correspondents throughout the world. They are issued by every branch of the Bank.

J. W. FLAVELLE, President
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Toronto Canada.
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American Plan, \$2-\$3. European Plan, \$1-\$1.50.

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TORONTO CANADA
H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor.
Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00.

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.
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HOTEL MOSSOP

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

THE NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

(European Plan)
One Hundred and Fifty Rooms.
Single rooms, without bath, \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day; rooms with bath, \$2.00 per day and upwards.
St. James and Notre Dame Sts., Montreal.

THE NEW RUSSELL

Ottawa, Canada.
250 rooms.
American Plan, \$3.00 to \$5.00
European Plan, \$1.50 to \$3.50
\$150,000 spent upon Improvements.

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\$2.50 to \$4.00. American Plan.
300 rooms.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada.
—Fireproof—
Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
American and European Plans.

THE TECUMSEH HOTEL

London, Canada.
American Plan, \$3.00 per day and up. All rooms with running hot and cold water, also telephones. Grill room open from 8 to 12 p.m.
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LA CORONA

A Favorite Montreal Hotel, 453 to 465 Guy St.
Room with use of bath, \$1.50 and \$2.
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Cafe the Best. La Corona and its service acknowledged Montreal's best, but the charges are no higher than other first-class hotels

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

as the *Financial Times* points out, it might be profitable for present holders to sell their own stock and buy the new

The details for the issue of new stock and the details of the subscription therefor are as follows:

New shares are offered to shareholders of record Thursday, January 2, 1913, and their right to subscribe will expire Thursday, February 13. Payments to be made at the Bank of Montreal in London, New York or Montreal, in 5 equal \$35 instalments, the first on subscription, on or before February 13, the others on April 14, June 16, August 18, October 20. Interest at 7 per cent. will be paid in October on all instalments duly paid, from the due date to September 30; after which date the shares rank for the quarterly dividend accruing for the last quarter of the year. Warrants of subscription will be mailed about January 15.

Excess Currency in October.

UNDER the law a bank may issue currency in excess of its paid-up capital to the extent of 15 per cent. during a limited part of the year. This excess currency is apparently not very popular and the banks used it very little in October. The Provinciale and the Standard ran up to 7 or 8 per cent., but all the rest were below 5 per cent. It may be that the issue of \$10,000,000 worth of the new Dominion five-dollar bills made the excess bank circulation less requisite.

A Busy Month.

THE bank statement for October is the story in figures of Canada's busy season. October is the month when the farmer and the grain man look to the banks for cash. Also, it is the time of financial manoeuvring in the board rooms of manufacturers and merchants all over the land. September bridged the gap between the dog days of summer and the vigorous autumn reawakening in the world of industry and commerce. October is the month when all the resources of the country are summoned for a grand climax to the last three months of another year of Canadian development. What money the banks have conveniently at call in New York and other cities is brought home to satisfy the intense domestic demand for capital.

The bank statement for October shows that call loans outside of Canada have been withdrawn to the extent of eleven million dollars over September. And there is twenty million dollars more money in current loans in Canada than there was in September.

Xmas Boxes for Stockholders.

THOSE fortunate people who own stock in Canadian chartered banks will get a nice Xmas box. December is the month that several of the chief banks pay out a quarterly dividend. Holders in Commerce will get 2½ and 1 per cent. bonus for quarter on Dec. 1; Hamilton, 2¾ per cent. for quarter on Dec. 2; Hochelaga, 2¼ per cent. for quarter Dec. 2; Home, 1¾ per cent. for quarter Dec. 2; Merchants, 2½ per cent. for quarter Dec. 2; Montreal, 2½ and 1 per cent. dividend and bonus for quarter Dec. 2; Northern Crown, 3 per cent. for half year Dec. 2; Ottawa, 3 per cent. for quarter Dec. 2; Quebec, 1¾ per cent. for quarter Dec. 2; Royal, 3 per cent. for quarter Dec. 2; Toronto, 2¾ per cent. and 1 per cent. dividend and bonus for quarter Dec. 2; Union, 2 per cent. for quarter Dec. 2.

That Steamship Merger.

A FEATURE of the market last week was the merger yarn about R. & O. According to the story, outside interests had an option on 18,000 shares of R. & O. stock owned by the late Lord Furness, whose death occurred the other day and who was honorary president of the big company. These people were said to have control of a fleet of boats which they proposed adding to the R. & O. equipment after they had bought out the stockholders at 125.

This story gained such persistence that Chairman George Caverhill, of the R. & O., came forth with lengthy denials. The stock rose several points. Mr. Caverhill dismissed the story as ridiculous on three grounds. In the first place, no outside interest could buy out R. & O. at 125. The stock sells now at 115, but it would aviate with heavy buying to lofty altitudes. Secondly, such a merger as that proposed could profit no one. R. & O. now controls all but a dozen or so steamers on the lakes. Thirdly, the company had planned all the extensions possible at the present time.

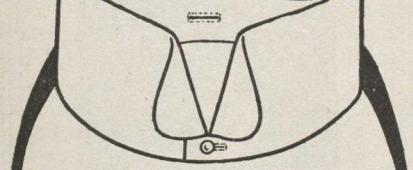
Logically the merger last spring which created the present status of R. & O.—one of the greatest inland steamship systems in the world—should be given a chance to prove itself a fortunate organization for the public and a happy one for the stockholders before there is further merger talk.

A Lesson in Values.

PRICES of land in this country advance with such rapidity that they stagger conservative, old country firms with an eye to investment in Canada, who have not a man on the spot. The follower of the Canadian real estate market in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, who depends for his dope mainly on figures, loses all sense of values. We know that there is something intrinsically unreal about the fact that a foot of Canadian soil should be quoted at \$1,500 in a town of a few thousand which he locates with microscopic difficulty on a map. His efforts to unravel the irrefutable logic of the boomster is often amusing to Canadian eyes.

Last week an incident of this kind was brought to the notice of the writer. A firm in Scotland had a request for a loan of \$50,000 offered from a Toronto man. They were offered a mortgage on down-town property as security for the money. The valuator whom they employed said that the property was worth \$150,000. The mortgagor prized it at \$200,000. After the loan was made, the canny manager of the Scotch company became alarmed. He had noticed a marked discrepancy in the value of the property and the assessment, which did not much exceed \$40,000. He wrote to Toronto for information and became reassured when he was told that property in Canadian cities was often assessed at less than one-half of its actual value. He has made the illuminating discovery that the efforts of assessors to raise assessments on business corners are often frustrated by the owners, wealthy and influential speculators, who engage expert counsel to plead injustice in the Court of Revision.

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Here is the newest, smartest, collar style, produced by the Canadian makers whose product you KNOW. Very natty for day or evening wear.

Cut so the curve fits the neck without pinching. The Clifford is 2 in. at back, 2 1-8 in. at front. Colton is slightly higher. Two for 25c, quarter sizes. 28

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The Heroine in Bronze

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Goddard's Plate Powder



The best polish for all silverware. Made and used for over 80 years in England. 25c. a box at your dealer's, or post-paid from 4 F. L. Benedict & Co., Montreal.

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The Champlain Society

THE Champlain Society, organized in 1905, is the most exclusive cult devoted to book-publishing in Canada. Its aim is to publish "valuable and practically inaccessible material relating to the history of Canada." Its president is that indispensable head to financial and art associations, Sir Edmund Walker. The volumes published by the society are not sold to the public. The actual number sold is 500, which go to subscribers only—men of means as it may be surmised, who can afford the luxury of high-class works on Canadian history. There are two secretaries—Prof. G. M. Wrong and Eric Armour. The latter is a lawyer with considerable musical aptitude, and a strong interest in financial affairs. The former is well known as senior professor of history in Toronto University. The treasurer is A. H. U. Colquhoun, Deputy Minister of Education, for many years a most able journalist, a man of ripe scholarship in a general way, and much interested in the needs of the general public. Vice-Presidents are: Sir Louis Jetty, Sir D. D. McMillan, Sir Richard McBride, President Falconer, and C. W. Colby. Councillors: A. G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist; Adam Shortt, chairman of Civil Service Commission; James H. Coyne, of the Elgin Historical Society; H. H. Langton, University Librarian, and Walter C. Murray.

Seven volumes have already been published at the rate of one a year.

The History of New France, Vol. I., by Marc Lescarbot, with English translation and appendices by W. L. Grant, and an Introduction by H. P. Biggar. (To be completed in three volumes.) The Description and Natural History of the Coasts of North America (Acadia), by Nicolas Denys, translated and edited with a memoir of the author, collateral documents and a reprint of the original, by Prof. William F. Ganong. Documents Relating to the Seigneurial Tenure in Canada, 1598-1854; edited, with historical introduction and explanatory notes, by Professor Bennett Munro. The Logs of the Conquest of Canada, edited, with an historical introduction constituting a history of the naval side of the British conquest of Canada, by Colonel William Wood. New Relation of Gaspesia, by Christien LeClercq. An interesting study, hitherto untranslated, of the Gaspé region and of the North American Indians, translated and edited by Prof. W. F. Ganong. Samuel Hearne: Journey from Prince of Wales Fort, in Hudson Bay, to the Northern Ocean, 1769-1772. A new edition edited by J. B. Tyrrell. The original, published in 1795, is now difficult to obtain. The History of New France, by Marc Lescarbot. Vol. II. Several more are in course of preparation.

Captain John Knox: Historical Journal of the Campaigns in North America, 1757-1760; edited by A. G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist. This work, now very scarce, is by far the fullest account of the events of the time, including especially the two sieges of Quebec in 1759-1760. The Works of Samuel de Champlain: An English translation with the French text. Edited by H. P. Biggar. With Mr. Biggar will be associated a number of scholars who have made Champlain's period a special study. The Journals of La Verendrye: An English translation with the French text. Edited by Lawrence J. Burpee. These Journals make an interesting narrative of the discovery of the Rocky Mountains. Louisbourg: From its Foundation to its Fall, 1713-1760. Edited by J. S. McLennan. This work will contain much new material about the famous fortress and its sieges. The Canadian War of 1812. An important work upon the War of 1812 extending to three volumes and containing much hitherto unedited material, is also in preparation by Lieut.-Colonel William Wood. Diereville: Acadia and New France, 1708-1710. Edited by Professor W. F. Ganong. An interesting work relating to the early history of Nova Scotia. The Journals of David Thompson. Edited by J. B. Tyrrell, assisted by W. S. Wallace. The Journals, hitherto unpublished, relate to the writer's journeys and discoveries, chiefly in Western Canada. A volume relating to the administration of General Murray in Canada is in course of preparation by Mr. D. A. McArthur, of the Canadian Archives. A volume relating to the administration of Sir Charles Bagot in Canada is in course of preparation by Professor Kylie, of the University of Toronto.

Canadian Poetry Appreciated

THE Literary Digest has this appreciation of the work of the late George Murray, a Canadian poet: "Metrical translations of verse are not, usually, satisfactory. However skillful the rendering may be, it frequently seems that the spirit of the original poem is lost. There are exceptions to this rule—many of them are found in the work of that too little-known Canadian poet, the late George Murray. Mr. Murray had a thorough command of the French language, and his translations of Gautier, Theuriet, and others are remarkably good. His

Improve Your English



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THESE GREAT BOOKS POINT THE WAY FOR YOU TO Advancement---Success---Prosperity in Commercial and Professional Life

With the mighty advances which are being made in every branch of business and professional life there has come a demand for a higher standard of intelligence—of proficiency. The time is past when illiteracy or slipshod methods of speech and correspondence are looked upon with tolerance. The man who can express himself with force and clearness is the man who is in demand everywhere.

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original poems show the effects of his familiarity with French, for they are written with Gallic deftness and wit. From his "Poetical Works," a memorial volume recently published in Montreal, by E. G. O'Connor, we take the following verses, which are fairly representative of Mr. Murray's distinguished talent."

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God"—New Testament.

ONCE, at the self-same point of time, Two mortals passed from earth: One was a King of caste sublime, But base the other's birth: And each had led a stainless life Amid this sinful planet's strife.

Upward the spirits took their flight Enfranchised and elate, Till soon they reached the realms of light And paused at Eden's gate, Where, waiting them, with joy they see The Fisherman of Galilee.

He oped the Gate, one lustrous stone, And ushered in the King, While the poor peasant, left alone, Heard songs of welcoming And strains of harps, divinely sweet, Poured forth the Royal Guest to greet.

The music ceased, the Heavenly Guide Flung back the Gate again And bade the peasant at his side Join the seraphic train; But, strange to say, no Angels sang, No harps through Heaven symphonious rang!

"O Saint revered!" the peasant cried, "Why chant no choirs for me As for you Monarch in his pride? Am I less dear than he? Can aught but equity have birth Here, in high Heaven, as on the earth?"

"My Son," the Saint replied, "thou art As dear as kingly clay; But men like thee, of lowly heart, Come hither every day— While Dives at the Gate appears Once only in a hundred years!"

Barr and Lodore

(Concluded from page 16.)

he was old enough and had money enough he would go to England and see the waters that had so excited the poet's admiration. "Them are falls," he mentally cogitated. "Well," added the humorist, "I did grow old enough and did get money enough and I took the first opportunity thereafter to gratify my ambition. Upon arriving in London I took the next train for Cumberland and a ticket for the nearest station, and as I handed my bag to a clerk at the inn to which I had been directed, I asked breathlessly, 'Where are the falls of Lodore?' 'If you take the road, sir, and follow that stream for a bit, five or six miles, sir, you will come to them, sir,' he replied. It was a warm, muggy afternoon in August and I started out to walk. After walking for what appeared to be an interminable distance, I was hot, sweaty, tired and footsore. Taking off my boots and socks, and rolling up my trousers, as I used to do long ago, I decided to wade into the stream and ease my aching feet. Just ahead of me was a rock in midstream with a swirl of water about it, and I went forward to rest myself and wait for some passer-by who could give me definite and quieting information on the subject of my quest. Presently a pedestrian, one of the farm labourer class, hove in sight, and when near enough I megaphoned to him: 'Can you tell me where are the falls of Lodore?' In blank, stupid amazement, he gazed at me and finally recovering his wits, he shouted back, 'you fool; you are sitting on them.'"

Not stylish.—Dr. Boyd Carpenter was to perform the ceremony at a very smart wedding in a London church. As usual, a great crowd of people stood about the doors and lined up on either side of the strip of red carpet. Magnificent carriages and motor-cars rolled up and disgorged the splendidly dressed guests, but at the end of a long string of fine equipages came a deplorable ramshackle old four-wheeler. It drew up, gloomily opposite the strip of red carpet.

A couple of policemen dashed at the cabby. "Here, hi!" they shouted. "You can't stop here! The bishop's just coming!" The old cabman regarded them with a scornful eye. "Keep yer 'air on!" he said. "I've got the hold buffer inside!" And Dr. Carpenter opened the door and stepped out.

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CORPORAL CAMERON



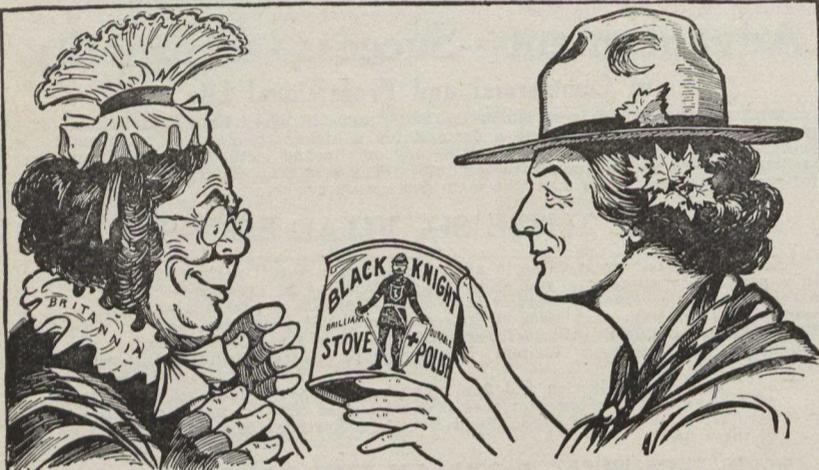
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Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

Meanwhile, for miles around, everyone was discussing the catastrophe, and speculating as to its cause. It was clear to all that the mischief must have originated in the bedroom of the master of the house; the general theory being that he must have been reading in bed, and the curtains had caught fire. This explanation held good till, the ruins being searched, the remains of the unfortunate master of Ardwell Court were found. Then a gruesome element of horror and mystery was brought into the affair by the discovery that the head was missing from the body—had, in fact, completely disappeared!

CHAPTER IV.

What Lay Hidden in the Ivy.

IT was late on the evening of the day following the fire. A deep gloom had been cast over the whole district by the tragedy which had cost the owner of the property his life; and when the new element of mystery was added to the affair, surmises and suspicion ran riot: the local police, superintending the work of examining and clearing the debris, wagged their heads portentously and spoke under their breath of foul play; and the chief constable, with a solemn face and a pleasant feeling of importance, made his way up to "The Lindens."

He asked to speak to Mr. Emberson, and the Colonel showed him into the little study, where the two young people had spent the greater portion of the day. Mrs. Anerley followed, anxious to know what the constable's visit portended.

The latter told his tale, and a murmur of horror escaped the lips of all but the person most concerned—the son of the dead man.

After the one wild burst of grief, Dick had collapsed into a state of dull inertia most painful to behold, speaking only when forced to do so; and apparently impatient of observation or sympathy. He was past reasoning, past thought, past aught but a dumb suffering. Enid's was the only presence which did not jar upon him, chiefly because she made no attempt to frame her sympathy into words; but would slip her hand into his or lean her head upon his shoulder, sitting thus by his side for hours, feeling instinctively that her mute companionship was a help to him, that her proximity, her touch, soothed his strained nerves as nothing else could.

He had listened at first apathetically enough to the constable's story, but towards the close straightened his limp figure with a sudden jerk, a spot of angry colour flaming out on each pale cheek as he said sharply—

"Surely this matter is bad enough Pollard, without your trying to make it worse by bringing in an element of utterly unfounded and absurd suspicion?"

The chief constable was not a man of brilliant intelligence, and this reception of his news disconcerted him considerably. With the idea of mystery had come the hope of distinguishing himself by its elucidation—of proving to the world in general, and an unappreciative Scotland Yard in particular, what his hitherto unsuspected talent was, what his powers in a rural district; the words "foul play," though horrible to others, were to him pleasant and fair sounding, serving as they did as a basis for day-dreams of rapid promotion; and young Mr. Emberson's remark pricked the bubble of his self-importance and made him doubtful of himself and his opinions. Scratching his head in a bewildered fashion, he replied in a crest-fallen tone—

"Then you don't think, sir, as there's cause for suspicion in what I've told you?"

"None whatever!" came the reply, with the same uncompromising sharpness as before. "I have not the slightest doubt that the—the circumstance to which you allude is the result of purely natural causes, and as the person most concerned in the matter, I beg—nay, I insist—that you will do your utmost to prevent any such absurd idea getting afloat. You will please make it generally understood that such idle gossip is painful to me in the extreme."

This was too much for Pollard's feelings; he had expected to be thanked for his zeal and complimented on his perspicacity; and behold, he was held up

B **B**

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to reprobation as a disseminator of idle gossip.

"You've no call to say that to me, Mr. Dick," he said, reverting in his indignation from the ceremonial to his usual, more familiar, form of address. "I thought it my duty to lay certain information before you, and I have done so."

"Quite so, quite so, Pollard; and we are much obliged to you," interposed Colonel Anerley, who had been listening silently to the discussion. "Mr. Emberson is much obliged to you, I am sure; but you must remember how painful all this is to him!"

"I do, sir, I do! and no one's more sorry than myself for the young gentleman—which I was a-saying at the station just now."

"Yes, yes, that's all right, Pollard!" said the Colonel, unceremoniously cutting short what threatened to be a long and rambling discourse; "but let us keep to business please. You must not be angry with me, dear boy," he continued, laying his hand kindly upon Dick's shoulder, "if I confess that I partly agree with our good friend there."

"Your views may be right—no doubt they are; but I have a constitutional objection to taking things I don't understand for granted."

Dick leant his elbows upon the table and rested his head upon his hand in such a way that his face was hidden from view. He remained in this position a few seconds as if struggling for composure—then answered slowly—his voice sounding strained and tremulous—

"Naturally, I should be the last person to wish to stifle inquiry; but I know how my father would have hated the idea of his name being bandied about from mouth to mouth, allied to all sorts of sensational reports and surmises; and, therefore, convinced as I am that there is nothing in this unhappy affair for which I cannot in my mind account, I strongly deprecate the idea of foul play being started; and I beg all those who have a friendly feeling towards me to assist in checking it at the outset."

Colonel Anerley, if not altogether convinced, felt that he had no option but to respect his young friend's wishes, and murmured words to that effect. Pollard also acquiesced, although with not too good a grace.

"I will bear what you say in mind, sir," he replied gruffly; "but I fancy at the inquest you will find many of my way of thinking. I wish you good evening, sir," touching his hat to the master of the house; "good evening, ladies."

He tramped stolidly off, and for a moment there was silence between those left behind—silence broken only by the sound of the heavy tread passing through the hall and crunching along the gravel paths; by the garden gate squeaking on its hinges as it opened and fell back again. No one spoke, for no one exactly knew what to say in the face of the abnormal sensitiveness Dick seemed to have developed on the subject uppermost in all their thoughts. Enid, who had risen to her feet on the constable's entrance, and remained standing during the subsequent interview, stole her arm softly across the young man's bowed shoulders—his hand crept up and met hers, pressing it almost convulsively; then with a brusque movement he rose saying—

"I think I will go to my room; I am just—played out!"

His face, his voice were those of a man mentally and physically broken with fatigue; but long after he had retired to the room placed at his disposal, which was just over the study, those below heard his step pacing to and fro; to and fro with scarcely a moment's cessation.

The sound got on Enid's already overstrained nerves; for some little time she had been struggling against an hysterical lump in her throat which threatened to choke her; for she felt that Dick had been anxious to escape even from her, and that wounded her deeply. She tortured her tender heart by picturing him above wrestling miserably with a grief she was powerless to alleviate, until she finally broke down herself and sobbed piteously.

"Poor little girlie," said her father, gathering her into his arms and tenderly stroking the golden head as it lay like a broken flower upon his broad breast—"it is rough on you that such a grim shadow should fall upon the opening of your young life's romance; but it will

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pass, dear, as all shadows do, and you will come out with the sunshine again, you and your boy lover. Only have patience and courage."

"It was the remembrance of his—his face when he said good-night which upset me," sobbed Enid. "It looked so hopeless, and as if his mind were miles away from us; it is almost as if the shock had turned his brain."

"It is not to be wondered at, darling," said her father reassuringly, "when you think what the poor lad has gone through; the awful suddenness of the catastrophe was enough to make any man's brain reel, and Dick was evidently very much attached to his father."

"But why should his sorrow make him turn from those who love him?" sobbed Enid. "As I hear his step above I can see his face still plainly before me; and it seems to me as if suddenly a great gulf had yawned between us, and that, stretch out my arms as I may, I cannot reach him."

"You are overwrought, my pet, and that makes you fanciful. The fact is, we are all overdone, and shall be the better for a few hours' rest. Take her to our room, mother," he continued, turning to his wife. "I will make shift for to-night on the dressing room sofa. Good-night, childie—to-morrow you will be able to show a brave face again to Dick. You must remember no one can comfort him but you, so keep strong for his sake. He will gradually return to his sane, normal self—never fear!"

But although the Colonel thus strove to comfort his little daughter, he was but half convinced by his own arguments. He shook his head dubiously when he passed into his dressing room and closed the communicating door between him and the women, murmuring under his breath—

"There's something I don't understand about this; something more than natural grief behind the lad's strange manner, or I am much mistaken. What can it be?"

It is probable that no one slept very soundly that night at "The Lindens." Pollard had found time on his arrival to whisper his tale in the ear of the pretty parlour maid, who had carried it down to her fellow-servants. They had talked it over until long past their usual hour for retiring, and until the women were so nervous that they were afraid to go upstairs by themselves. Each wanted a masculine arm as a protection—against what was not quite clear; and, as there were three of them, and only the Colonel's groom and body servant to represent the bolder sex, the position had its difficulties. One thing was certain, with the best will in the world he could not oblige them all at the same time. His first suggestion that he should escort two up and return for the third was received with screams of dismay. Who did he think was going to stop downstairs alone to be murdered? His second that he should proceed upstairs with one and come back for the other two, met with no better reception; the dangers lurking in the attic seemed to be quite as great as those in the basement. It was a flattering but embarrassing position for the groom—a good-looking fellow of about twenty-five who had served under Colonel Anerley out in India.

"Arrange it between you—please yourselves, and you will please me," he said at last, and seating himself in resigned fashion whistled a slow and reflective air.

The younger women cast scornful glances back at him over their shoulders—each thinking he ought to give her the preference; whilst the cook, an elderly woman of round and comfortable proportions, breathed hard, and mentally vowed that if he took one of those hussies before her, she, as chief of the commissariat department, would make him rue it.

Suddenly the groom had an idea. "Toss for it, my dears," he said in lordly fashion; "the first one who loses must be content to follow behind and hang on to my belt."

The idea was received with acclamation—the situation was saved. A few minutes later Yates gallantly offered an arm to the two winners, the cook and parlour-maid, and marched upstairs with them, whilst the housemaid in the rear hung on so convulsively to his belt that he had some difficulty in making head-way against her.

(To be continued.)

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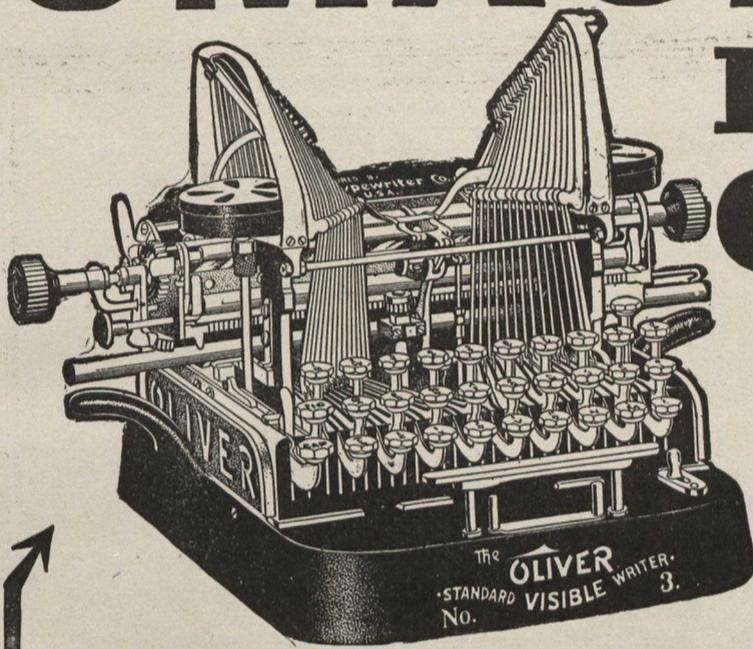
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News To Order

(Continued from page 17.)

quickly, will you? Slur the words a little."

Conboy stared, but read obediently, "May-chairs-am-he-lay-sure-know-she-vows-ah-sure-cuss-eh-trays-amuse-aunt—"

He stopped short and they looked fixedly at each other.

"Holy sufferin' cats, it's French!" whispered Shartle at last. "Here, gimme that. Say, talk about a scoop—!" He retired precipitately to his desk and sweated for half an hour. Then he returned and laid a sheet of paper before the editor.

Conboy tossed aside the re-write he was editing and read. Then he shook hands solemnly, his eyes glistening.

"We'll save it for the last edition, eh?"

"Not on your sacred tintage," Shartle almost wept. "I've got it all doped out how to catch Mr. K. Elkin; but if we publish that to-day it'll be 'good night.' We'll just have to take our medicine, same as the other papers. But if we wait we'll have the scoop of the year—that is, if I can catch that smart Aleck. You see, he's been into malicious mischief within the meaning of the criminal code."

"How do you make that out? He hasn't destroyed any property."

"That doesn't cut any figure; he has made the police a lot of trouble and that comes under malicious mischief."

"Now listen; he as much as boasts in here that he's the man who has been kicking up all this excitement. He's evidently a genius in a way—very eccentric, at all events. Am I right?"

"Sure thing."

"Well now, did you ever yet meet an eccentric man who didn't suffer from inflammation of the egotism?"

The editor ran over a wide and varied experience of the cranks who haunt the newspaper office and shook his head.

"In other words, every bug thinks he's the only, original it. Well, our friend K. Elkin has dug the pit for his own feet in these crazy and ingenious ciphers. We're going to catch him through the very fact of their ingenuity."

"How, for the love of Mike?"

"Why, just this way—" and Shartle spoke low and earnestly for several minutes.

"I get you," grinned Conboy at last. "But if the other papers get wise to this?"

"We'll have to chance it. I don't think they will."

"You'll talk to Mr. Hulett about this? It's not in my department."

"Of course. But let the first edition story stand until I see him. You notice that I didn't make much of those letters."

"Now I'm off on a little gum-shoe work. But first I'm going to put the inspector wise that he can call off his men with the drag-nets and grappling hooks. He's a good scout and won't squeal on us."

"All right," said the editor and plunged into a pile of manuscript.

Shartle put in a busy forenoon. He first visited the State street bridge and went over the ground carefully. At the far side of the river from the watchman's tower he found a hollow, the fresh earth of which showed that a small boulder had been rooted up within a few hours. Marks on the sod and the bruised wood of the bridge showed where it had been trundled out nearly to mid-stream and then pushed over the edge.

"That was the big splash," the reporter murmured, grinning. He went to the tower and got the address of the night watchman, then visited police headquarters, where he examined the discarded apparel. The hat, of soft felt, was of good make and bore a New York label. It had seen considerable service. The coat was almost threadbare and belonged to an ordinary business suit. The maker's name had been carefully removed.

"Anything in the pockets, Murph?"

"This is all, not a darn thing worth while," returned the detective, emptying a large envelope on the table. There were a half-empty package of cheap cigarettes, a few matches and three

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short pencils. At sight of these Shartle whistled.

"What you got?" queried the detective, all attention.

"Ever see pencils like those before, Murph? Notice how thick the leads are."

The detective looked very profound.

"Looks as if the guy did considerable writing, doesn't it?" suggested the reporter. He examined the two letters, which were on ordinary notepaper; sniffed them, held them up to the light, decided that the writing was disguised—written with the left hand, perhaps—and finally took his leave.

Routed out of bed at his home the sleepy night watchman, mollified by a couple of good cigars, described the suicide. He was a tall man with a long, white face, he said. Yes, he was sure he could recognize the fellow again. Had they found the body yet?

"No, not yet," said Shartle dryly and went back to the office.

Hulett nodded cordially as he entered the private sanctum and closed the door behind him.

"I want to congratulate you on your excellent work this morning," he smiled. "Mr. Conboy told me about it. What was in those letters again?"

Shartle pulled the clipping from his pocket. "Mes chers amis les journaux," he read. "Je vous assure que c'est tres amusant vous voir parcourir la ville ainsi cherchant l'auteur de ces affaires mystereuses des semaines passes. Je n'ai pas besoin de ce butin; amusez-vous avec. Votre bien devoue, Quelqu'un." '11 p.m.' refers, of course, to the time of writing.

"I'm afraid my French is rather rusty," suggested the other.

"My dear friends the newspapers," translated the reporter. "I assure you that it is very amusing to see you run around the city like this hunting for the author of these affairs mys—these mysterious affairs of the past weeks. I have no need of this—er—this junk; amuse yourselves with it. Very devotedly yours, Somebody."

"And every single word is English," commented the chief admiringly. "How about the other?"

"He says, 'to give you some more amusement, here is an address.'"

"But the reference to myself?"

"Well, he says he doesn't like you."

"H'm. Now, who in thunder could it be?" Hulett wondered. "And you have a plan to discover his identity?"

"It's simply this: The man is deeply interested in secret writings, else he wouldn't have evolved this. If I read his character aright, he prides himself on his ability to solve them."

"Now, we'll publish a fairly difficult cryptogram ourselves with an offer of a prize to the man who can read it. If Mr. 'Somebody' doesn't bite I'll cheerfully refund the prize money."

"But where will we get a cryptogram?"

"That's easy," laughed Shartle, "I can fix you one in a few minutes."

Hulett looked up with an odd expression and the reporter flushed.

"I know what you're thinking, Mr. Hulett," he said earnestly, "but I'm not the man, upon my honour. It isn't so difficult to make or unravel ciphers as most people suppose."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Shartle. It did look a little odd, though, you must admit. But how are you going to establish the fellow's identity if he does reply?"

"There won't be any difficulty about that," said the reporter, and explained.

The cryptogrammatic message was published next day as having been sent in by a mythical correspondent, and \$25 was offered for its solution. The following morning Shartle was called into the chief's sanctum.

"Here's your man, all right," said Hulett, tossing over a letter. "You certainly have vindicated yourself, Mr. Shartle."

The reporter looked eagerly for the name and whistled, wide-eyed.

"Jimmy Marquand, of all people under the sun!" he gasped. "I had no idea he was back in Syracuse. But what was his idea of making all this commotion? I'm afraid it's too much for me."

"I believe I understand," said Hulett musingly. "When Marquand came back

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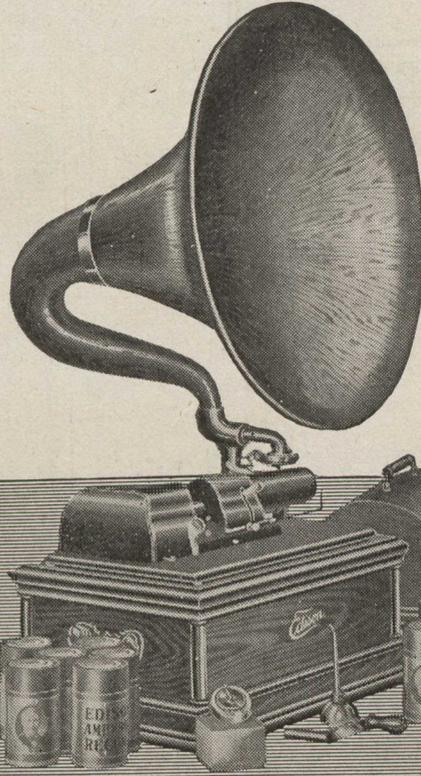
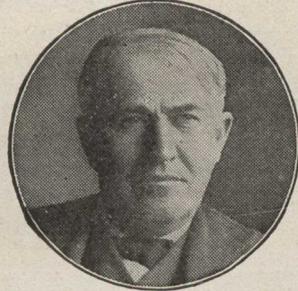
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here from New York a month ago looking for a job I turned him down on the ground that there is too little doing here in the summer for us to think of taking on another man. I imagine that he got much the same answer in the other newspaper offices. We all know his record, of course—in fact, he told me that he'd come back here to rest up."

"And he set to work to make things lively so he could get a place, eh?" exclaimed the young man. "Well, by Jingo, of all the unmitigated—! There wasn't any news to report, so he proceeded to manufacture it. Good Lord!"

"I guess that's about the size of it. In fact he was in here again a few days ago looking for a position with just that plea. I'm afraid I was a little short with him.

"I don't care so much personally," Hulett went on, nervously rubbing his chin, "but he's getting rather obnoxious and there's no knowing what he'll do next. I think it will be wiser to squelch him, Mr. Shartle. The case need never come to trial."

"Do you know, I'm just a little inclined to be sorry," grinned the young man. "He certainly put Syrchester on the newspaper map!"

He hurried to the district attorney's office and got a warrant, then to headquarters and got Murphy. Together in a taxi they drove to the home of the night watchman and then the three sped to the address given by Marquand.

But the bird had flown.

"Mr. Marquand said as how if any gen'lemen called to-day I was to give 'em this letter," said the frowsy woman at the door.

While the disgusted detective went in to search the house Shartle opened the letter and read, "My compliments for clever work. You're too bright for this small-time town, whoever you are; and I guess Shartle. I never suspected the hook until I'd bitten; but I'm not waiting to be landed. It seems that even I can make mistakes; I shouldn't have let that railroad man see me. Use my name all you want to, brother. You've got a dandy story at all events."

"Yes, that's one consolation," muttered the young man. "And now, back to humdrum routine again. Ah, well, such is life!"

New Plays of the Week*(Concluded from page 15.)*

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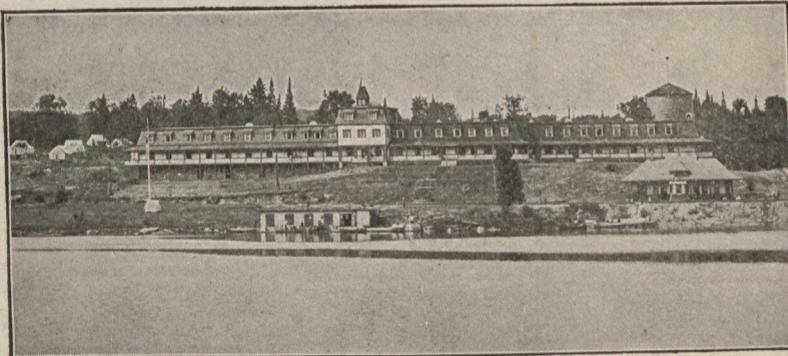
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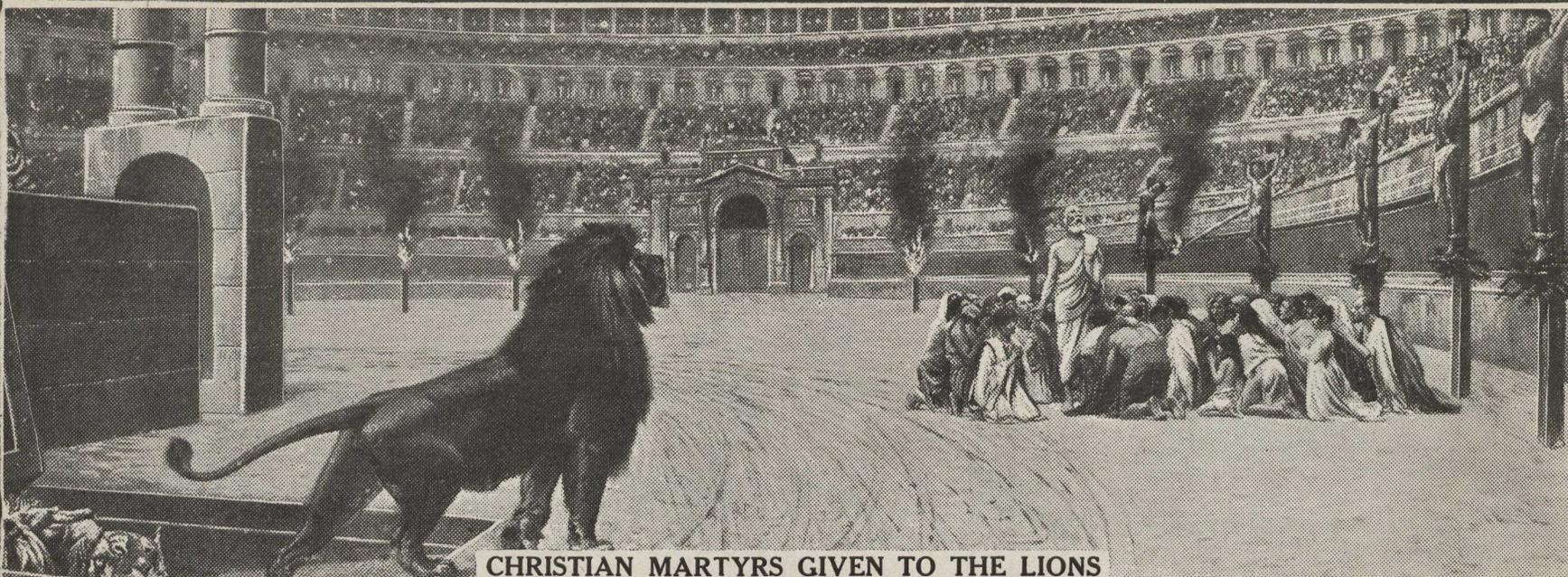
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