

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

THIS WEEK

Assembling of the Brethren

By AUSTIN L. BUDGE

The "Censor" Idea

By THE MONOCLE MAN

Mercenary Marriages

By M. J. T.

Civic Lessons from Germany

By J. O. MILLER

People on the Wall

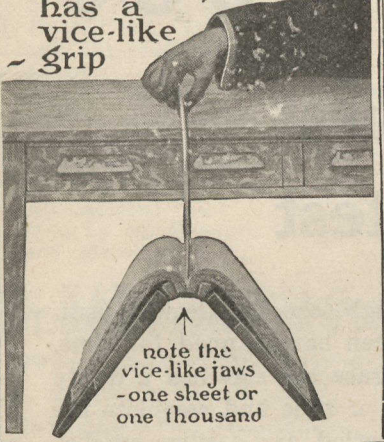
STORY by EDWIN A. BURNS

*Woman's
Supplement*

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A National Weekly

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TORONTO

NO. 1

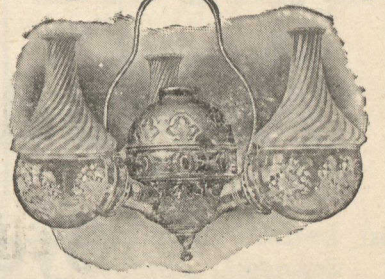
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- Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
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A Gain of Almost 70,000

Sydney, N.S., Candidate Takes First Place in Canadian Courier Contest

THE largest individual gain yet made in The Canadian Courier Contest is noted this week. Miss Blanche F. Bourque, the Sydney, N.S., candidate, has sent in almost 70,000 votes during the week, and this advances her from third to first position. Her standing last week was 101,500, and this has been increased to 170,250. It will not take long for her to reach the 200,000 mark. Sydney has certainly given its candidate excellent support, and will undoubtedly continue to do so until its candidate is awarded either the trip or the year in college.

The next largest gain of the week was made by Miss Esther Downey, of Comox, B.C., who gained over 35,000 for the week. Miss Downey has had splendid support in her district and her work has been most satisfactory. Her friends have assisted loyally and will continue to do so until one of the chief prizes has been awarded to this popular candidate.

Another important advance is that made by Miss M. Augusta McLeod, of Goderich and Roxeter, who has gained over 30,000 for the week. Miss McLeod has had a successful campaign to date, though limited for time to put into the work. However, when the summer vacation comes she will have more time and will make rapid progress.

Other splendid gains were made by Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.; Miss Minnie B. Wentzell, Denholm, Sask.; Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.; Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.; Miss Annie B. Huestis, Sussex, N.B.; Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.; Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.; Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto; Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.; Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.; Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C., and others who have made slighter but encouraging advances.

Many of the candidates are in high school, collegiate institutes, or are teaching, and have been handicapped for time. Practically every candidate in the race has signified a desire to take advantage of the extension of time and complete the work during the summer vacation period, and a large number of new candidates have signified a desire to enter the race during the vacation and earn a college course by this means.

Their desire will be granted, and it will be a very interesting campaign during the holidays, when all the candidates will have time to devote to the work.

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TO THE CONTEST DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN COURIER,
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(Signed) Present Subscriber.

The standing follows:

Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	170,250
Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	153,150
Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	151,800
Miss Esther Downey, Comox P.O., B.C.	132,100
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	104,550
Miss Minnie B. Wentzell, Denholm, Sask.	70,950
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	66,650
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask.	53,650
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	52,500
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	48,100
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	47,950
Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.	37,650
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	36,800
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	35,600
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	32,500
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	31,350
Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	24,450
Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	23,200
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	22,750
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto	22,150
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	20,500
Miss Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S.	19,700
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	19,150
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	17,650
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont.	17,400
Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	17,050
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	16,600
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	16,350
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B.	16,050
Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.	15,450
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto	15,000
Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	14,650
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	13,700
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto	13,500
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	13,450
Miss Elizabeth Swallow, Edmonton, Alta.	13,250
Miss Etheline Schleifauf, Iona P.O., Ont.	12,850
Miss Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont.	12,700
Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	12,450
Miss Olive Groux, Pembroke, Ont.	12,250
Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	12,200
Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury	11,850
Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que.	11,850

Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal	11,600
Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B.	11,600
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C.	11,500
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	11,500
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	11,400
Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	11,150
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont.	11,000
Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,950
Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,950
Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,800
Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B.	10,800
Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,750
Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,550
Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal	10,450
Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont.	10,400
Miss Alice Hammond, Meaford, Ont.	10,400
Miss Kathleen Platt, Toronto	10,100
Miss Muriel Boulton, Quebec	10,100
Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont.	10,000

Ballot No. 15

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Editor's Talk

THE contents of this issue are, to say the least, not monotonous. The illustrated article by Rev. Austin L. Budge, on the Presbyterian General Assembly and Moderator McQueen, goes to print just as the Assembly meets in Toronto, and as Synods and Church Conferences are coming together all over Canada. The Monocle Man, with his usual discerning aptitude, discusses the folly of "Bib" censorship of plays, as evidenced by the recent fate of "Deborah" in Canada. There are pictures of public men at the races, and other men who have received senatorships. The article by Dr. J. O. Miller is a serious, constructive note on civic government, as seen in Germany. "Mercenary Marriages," as discussed by M. J. T., in the Woman's Supplement, is very appropriate to the month of many marriages. The story, "People on the Wall," is a strongly imaginative piece of work.

On June 28th we shall publish our regular Educational Number, which, we hope, will deal with educational problems as interestingly as the Tourist Number last week pictured the places of travel interest in Canada. Further announcement of the leading features in this Educational Number will be made next week.



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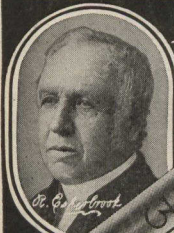
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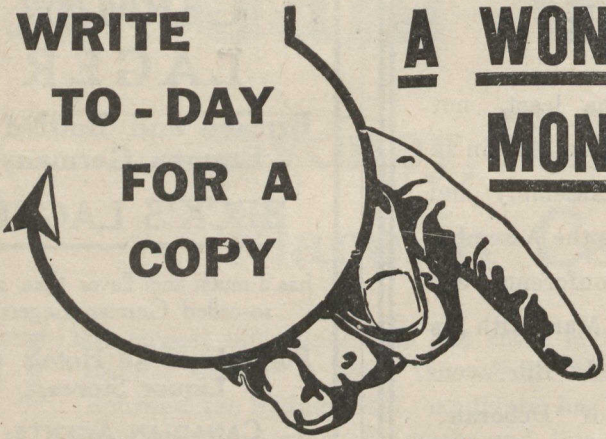
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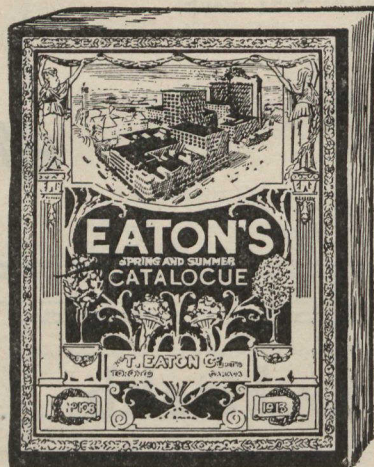
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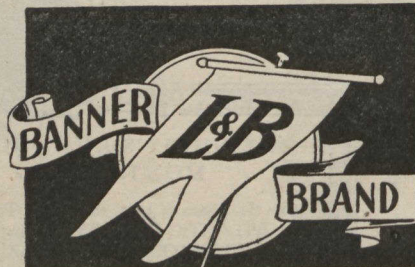
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIV.

June 7, 1913

No. 1

Men of To-Day

Horses and Horse Lovers

THIS is the season when horses and horse-lovers are somewhat in the public eye. The racing season and the trotting season have begun, but there is a broad line of demarcation between the two. The real racing man is the



AT THE WOODBINE.

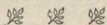
Hon. W. T. White (top hat) Talking With a Friend.

owner or admirer of "running" horses. He rather looks down upon his brother who fancies trotting and pacing horses. Moreover, running races bear about the same relation to trotting races as rugby football does to soccer, or as professional baseball does to amateur baseball.

The first running races of the Canadian season take place at Toronto. Not that Toronto is the first place in Canada, but simply because Toronto is the greatest horse centre in Canada. It always was so, and it will probably remain so for many years to come. The Ontario Jockey Club is the most ancient of all such institutions in this country. Moreover, for nearly forty years it has been patronized by royalty itself, in that the Sovereign of Great Britain, Ireland, and the Dominions Overseas, has periodically contributed fifty guineas as

a prize in one of the races. This fifty guineas is only a small percentage of the stake now hung on this annual race, but it is the most important part. The guineas that come by letter of credit across the ocean have almost the value of diamonds.

The patronage of the Sovereign has been further accentuated by the patronage of his ruling representative in Canada. The Governor-General of the Dominion is promptly told when he comes to Canada that he has two important engagements each year, one to open Parliament and the other to drive in state to the opening day of the Woodbine Race Course, Toronto. This year, unfortunately, H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught is in England, and the people missed the usual pageant.

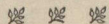


A Canadian Bred Sportsman

CANADA has been blessed with several good sportsmen, with sporting standards as high as those of the typical English gentleman. Some of these have inherited this sporting blood, or even brought it across the water with them. Nevertheless, there are some good sportsmen who have been born and bred in Canada, and are as much the salt of Canadian life as the sporting gentleman of England is the salt of English life.

One of the most typical and best-beloved sportsmen of Canada is Mr. Robert Davies. While he was born of English parents, his birthplace was Toronto, and his place of education Upper Canada College. As a manufacturer and investor, "Bob" Davies has shared in the growth of Toronto and the profit resulting therefrom. Whether he was a brewer, a manufacturer of clay material, or a land owner, most of the things which Mr. Davies has touched have turned to gold. Unlike some of Canada's fortunate men he never made gold his god. Of what he received he gave freely to his friends and to the community. On his farm, in the outskirts of the city, he has for many years maintained a private racing track, and the annual gymkhana at the Davies' track has always been a popular event.

Away back in 1871 "Bob" Davies had a horse which won the Queen's Plate at Kingston. Many times since he has attempted to duplicate his performance, but unsuccessfully. Undismayed he has gone on raising colts which would be eligible for this race and will probably continue to do so for years to come. Though unsuccessful himself he is usually the first to congratulate the winner. He loves the sport, and believes that the breeding of race horses is a good thing for the country. He has been President of the Canadian Horse Breeders' Association, President of the Clydesdale Horse Association, Hon. Director of the Toronto Exhibition Association, and Vice-President of the Ontario Jockey Club. These offices prove the esteem in which Mr. Davies is held by his fellow-men, and also exhibit the breadth of his sporting sympathies.



Canada's Finance Minister

DOMINION Cabinet Ministers have not been averse to lending their patronage to the best racing meets, and the accompanying picture of the Hon. Thomas White was "snapped" at the Woodbine on opening day. Mr. White has been very much in the public eye during the past few weeks with his Budget speech, his explanation of the supplementary estimates, his handling of the new Bank Act, and his relations to the question of a special grant to the Canadian Northern Railway. Upon his shoulders Canada has placed her financial burden. His remarks are closely read by the great

financiers of New York and London. And this situation is more important than it may seem. There is an impression in these outside financial centres that Canada has been growing too fast and that her present rate of prosperity cannot be maintained. There is no reason why this fact should be suppressed. It has been Mr. White's duty to keep it in mind when framing his estimates and making speeches in regard to them. It has been his duty to try to reassure the British and foreign investor with regard to Canadian financial conditions—and the duty has been well performed.



AT THE WOODBINE.

Mr. Robert Davies (top hat), a Prominent Horse Breeder and a Patron of the Turf.

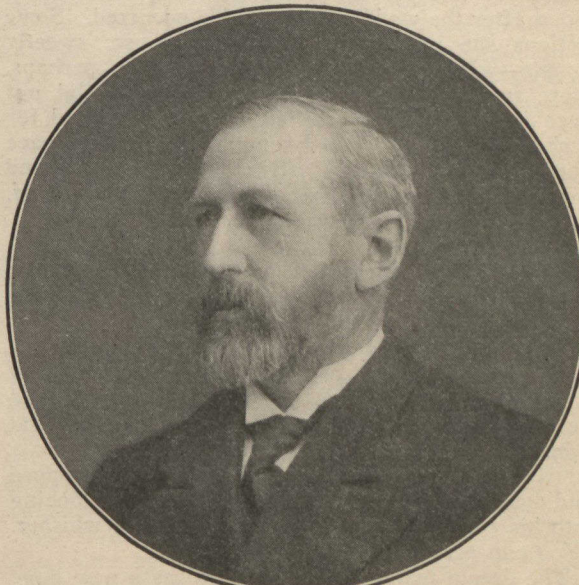
But there is another side to the public's interest in the Honourable "Tom" White. He is the only ex-Liberal in the Conservative Administration, and as such has been more or less a curiosity to the general public. They have wondered whether he would find his post sufficiently congenial to keep him enthusiastic. They have wondered if he might find the business of a politician so irksome that he would want to return to the world of finance in which he spent the best years of his life. Apparently, however, Mr. White finds his duties not uncongenial. He enjoys the debates in the House, and is quite at home in the Committee Room. He has not given the slightest sign that he intends to abandon the

(Concluded on page 20.)



A NEW SENATOR.

Col. James Mason, General Manager Home Bank.



A NEW SENATOR.

Mr. E. D. Smith, Ex-M.P., Fruit Grower and Canner.

The People on the Wall

A Study of the Point Where Imagination and Reality Meet

By EDWIN A. BURNS

THE tall monk in the red cassock slipped into the room quite un-noticed and stepped silently to the side of the dream man, who was sitting motionless beside a small oaken table.

"Why so dejected, friend?" he soothed, in a rich, full voice. "Come, be of good cheer. Some day everything will turn out even better than we can hope for."

The dream man shook his head sadly and sighed. A moment later he arose and turned to the monk.

"Come with me through the snow-covered country lane that leads to the distant twin pine trees," he urged. "There all is peaceful."

Together they left the room and plodded away through the glistening, spotless snow.

In reality there was no solemn-faced, stalwart monk wearing a brilliant cassock adorned with golden lace, and no snow-kissed country lane in which two shaggy oxen sauntered lazily. They were merely small framed pictures hanging upon the walls of the dream man's room.

For almost a year—ever since he had come to live alone—the picture people had been his only friends and had become constant companions. When he returned to his room each evening with a heavy heart he would seat himself beside the small, oaken table, rest his weary head upon his hand and gaze at the pictures on the wall. Then, presently, the people would seem to smile at him, and they would come out of their frames to talk and walk with him in the room. Or, perhaps, they would beckon to him and he would step inside the frames to his friends. Then life would be bright again. They were the most delightful companions and the dream man ever longed to be with them.

But there was one picture person who did not come to walk in the room with the dream man, and did not beckon to him, nor smile, nor even speak to him. It was a large photograph of a beautiful woman wearing a wedding dress. A light shawl was thrown about her shoulders, as though she had grown cool waiting. She reclined gracefully in a roomy, easy chair, and watched the dream man incessantly, her big, sad eyes—they were such sad eyes—following him, wherever he went. The other pictures were jealous of her beauty and called her proud because she never spoke to them nor came out of her frame. There was a tradition among them that if she once left her frame she would never again return to it.

The dream man and the monk reached the end of the snowy lane, turned and strolled toward the room. They advanced slowly, with heads bent in earnest conversation.

"And so our happiness faded away before the honey-moon had set," the dream man was concluding. "We did not know each other long enough to have married. We were engaged such a short time! It was her wish that it should be so brief. Soon after the wedding the trouble occurred. Some actions she misunderstood—she was so sweetly simple—a few words, spoken too hastily, perhaps, were sufficient to cause her to believe I did not care for her. We quarrelled. We were parted for a short space, and when I sought her to make peace she was gone. Shortly after I came here I found her in the frame that hangs above the book-shelf, but she refused to know me.

"WHY not go to her and explain all as you have just told me, and ask her to come back to you?" suggested the monk.

The dream man hung his head.

"Because I am a coward. Time has made it harder and now I have not the courage," replied he, despairingly. "You know, brother Lemont, that I have done all else in my power."

"Not all," the monk corrected, kindly. He stopped and held the dream man at arm's length, looking into his eyes. "Not all," he repeated, in a whisper. "You can pray!"

The dream man's face brightened as a new hope awoke within him. He raised his head and smiled, exclaiming: "That's so. I shall."

They passed into the room and the monk slipped away as silently as he had appeared.

The dream man glanced at the beautiful woman above the book-shelf. She was watching him intently—she was for ever watching him—but she did not move nor smile in recognition of his nod. So he sighed heavily and turned away, going in the direction of a wide, black frame in which squatted pretty, little Ki-ku-san, who, dressed in a red kimona, was pouring tea. She welcomed him with a sweet smile. She, at any rate, was glad to see him.

"Has Mr. Edward come to drink tea with Ki-ku-san?" she greeted, as he entered her frame, and she extended to him a cup of steaming tea. She spoke the English language really remarkably well.

The dream man made himself comfortable upon the floor—there were no chairs in the picture—and accepted the dainty, china cup.



"Your hot water," announced the landlady.

"The tea is good, but I came chiefly to see my little, dark Ki-ku-san," he replied, pleasantly. "Do you know, during the tedious day I often think about my little Jap girl who refuses to give up foreign customs and become an American woman!" He was saying this quite loud enough to be heard above the book-shelf.

"Mr. Edward likes to flatter Ki-ku-san," the little girl retorted, watching him over her tea cup. "During the day he has thought of drinking tea with lots of American ladies. He has not thought much about Ki-ku-san. Eh! I know!"

The dream man did not reply immediately. He had turned his head away and was studying the beautiful woman. He always did so on like occasions, as if saying to her, "You do not care any more, but see how much other women think of me." She was watching him calmly as ever, but he thought her eyes had become a trifle sadder.

"Ki-ku-san is right. That's so!" the Jap girl giggled when the dream man failed to speak.

He turned, placed his cup on the tray and moved quite close to her.

"I am afraid you know too much, my little Jap girl," he smiled. He took her small, yellow hand in his. "Ki-ku-san," he began, tenderly, "you like Mr. Edward, don't you?" Here he stole another glance at the woman over the book-shelf.

"I don't know," mused the little ball in the bright kimona, casting her eyes to the ground.

"Yes you do," urged the dream man, his eyes still over the book-shelf. "Surely, just a little!"

Ki-ku-san nodded several times.

"Then," exclaimed the dream man, triumphantly, "suppose some day when you have grown a little older Mr. Edward should ask you to give up being a Japanese girl and become his wife, what would you say to that?" He patted her hand tenderly and turned to see the effect he had made on the woman over the book-shelf.

"Oh, oh, oh!" gurgled the little, dark girl. "You do not understand. I could not marry you, because I go back to Japan soon, also because—"

"Because why?"

"Because you know you do not care for me as much as the American ladies." She withdrew her hand, and, picking up a large fan, hid her face.

WHEN the dream man gained sufficient courage to look at the beautiful woman she had turned her head away, and, yes, he was sure of it, a big tear rolled down her cheek. Something swelled inside his throat.

"I believe you do not care for me, Ki-ku-san," he sighed, rising hastily. "You prefer to sit here in Japanese costume and pour tea all your life." He patted her upon the head and stepped out of the frame.

In the centre of the room stood a long, thin man, dressed in evening clothes. His cheeks were hollow and his face wore a hard, stubborn expression. This was the former self. His frame hung alongside that of the beautiful woman. He was one of only two persons to whom she would speak. It was whispered that he was about to marry her.

The former self and the dream man were the worst of enemies and seldom ever spoke. To-night, however, the former self stood motionless as the dream man advanced, an angry light gleaming in his eyes. The dream man nodded coldly and turned away. Feeling a tap on his shoulder, he turned sharply.

"I wish to speak to you," requested the former self. "Perhaps you are aware of what I am about to speak," he scowled hatefully.

"I have no idea what you want, what is more, don't care," retorted the dream man, crossly. "Kindly be brief, when we converse long trouble arises." He sat down and motioned the former self to a chair at the other side of the table.

"I came to speak about her," commenced the former self, sternly, as he raised his eyes to the woman over the book-shelf.

The dream man's face twitched, but he said, quite calmly, "Yes."

The former self leaned over the table, glaring horribly.

"I am going to marry her," he snarled between his teeth. "Do you understand, she has promised to become my wife!"

"You have allowed me to assume as much before," commented the dream man, his face colouring.

"Very well," continued the former self, his nose now within a few inches of the dream man's. "You have no right to pay her any attention. You must not smile at her. You must stop nodding to her. You must not look to her for applause. Do you understand?"

FOR an instant the dream man was confused. Then a stronger impulse grasped him and he leaped to his feet. He clutched the small table with both hands and leaned far over it, his face livid with rage.

"Sir, you forget yourself," he roared. "In future, sir, attend strictly to your own affairs!"

The other had arisen also and the two stood close together glaring into each other's eyes.

"Be careful," snarled the former self. "Say nothing you will regret."

"I shall regret nothing," returned the dream man, clenching his fists. "Since you take that attitude, sir, we shall settle this as men. I request you to apologize or leave my presence at once."

"Apologize, never!" hissed the former self.

"Then, by heaven, I'll make you!" shrieked the dream man, flinging off his coat.

At that instant there was a loud rap at the door. The picture people darted to their frames and the dream man found himself sitting quietly beside the

little, oaken table.

"Come in!" called he, turning to the door.

"Your hot water," announced the landlady, poking a jug at him. "Is your neuralgia better, sir?"

"Thank you, Mrs. Hobbs. Quite better. Were we making too much noise?"

The dame's eyes grew larger.

"Noise!" exclaimed she. The idea of the dream man making a noise was incomprehensible.

"Oh!" ejected the dream man, suddenly. "Of course, there was no noise. I am alone."

The old lady peered into the room suspiciously.

"It is all right, Mrs. Hobbs," he assured her. "I was referring merely to a dream I had. Yes, I dreamed I was felling mighty oaks in a great forest. Of course I was not, you know, and so there was no noise."

The landlady withdrew, shaking her head.

A GAIN alone, the dream man settled down beside the small, oaken table. On the wall beside him hung a portrait of a curly-headed boy of eight. It was a photograph of himself taken at that age, but he did not look upon it as such. He called it his son. He had always longed so much for a son. The child smiled and came to him willingly. He came regularly the last thing every night.

The dream man lifted the child to his knee. The beautiful woman watched him keenly. She seemed to be pleased when he was with the child. He stroked the child's curls silently. Presently he leaned over him and whispered in his ear:

"How is mother, son? Is she well?"

"Poor mother is sad because no one loves her," replied the child, simply.

The dream man blinked. After a pause he questioned:

"Does she ever speak of me, son?"

The boy shook his curls.

"But she likes me to talk about you," he offered. He turned abruptly and faced the dream man. "You know she loves you," he cried. "Why, oh, why won't you love her and make her happy! I do so want to see her smiling and happy!"

The dream man could not speak. He buried his face in the child's curls.

"I did not think she could love me still," he moaned, after a space. "If I were only sure she still cared for me. Ask her, son, if I may go to her." Then he dropped his head to the table and

covered his face with his hands. Deep sobs shook his frame repeatedly. A profound silence ensued and when he raised his head it was almost morning.

Next evening when the dream man entered his room he found the monk in the red cassock awaiting him.

"Look!" whispered the monk, pointing above the book-shelf. "She is sleeping. It is the first time she has been known to sleep. She had a long talk with the child to-day and deep sleep followed."

The dream man raised his eyes and beheld the beautiful woman—more beautiful than ever before—with her head drooped gracefully in peaceful slumber.

"It is strange," he muttered, hoarsely.

"The Almighty is hearing your prayers," reminded the monk.

The dream man stepped closer to the beautiful woman. She awoke and commenced rubbing her eyes. While he was regarding her a little sharp cry of pain attracted his attention.

Over in the wide, black frame all was trouble and confusion. The former self, who had been drinking again, was heartlessly dragging little Ki-ku-san across the floor.

In an instant the dream man dashed forward, his blood fairly boiling at the brutal sight.

"How dare you!" he roared, hurling himself upon the blackguard.

"Fool!" raged the former self, releasing his grip on the girl in order to struggle with his assailant. "She shall obey my wishes. She must come with me. What affair is this of yours?" He was in a dangerous condition.

The men attacked each other viciously. They swayed back and forth, from side to side, grappling and wrestling, shouting angrily. Now one had the upper hand, next the other. Each effort became feebler as the fierce struggle lasted. Then the former self managed to grip the other's throat and they both tumbled in a heap.

"Oh, oh!" wailed Ki-ku-san, wringing her hands.

THE dream man heard the exclamation through the noise of the strife and he noted the anguish in the tone. It seemed to give him new strength. With difficulty he gained his feet, lifting also the former self, still clinging to his throat. He tore him away with a wild effort, and, using all his remaining might, lifted him up, and with the strength

of fury dashed him to the ground.

"Fool! You shall pay!" gasped the former self, as the dream man hurled him down. But the threat was never completed, for he struck the floor with awful force. A squad of soldiers standing by picked him up and carried him away. No, not dead, but terribly crippled and disabled for the rest of his life.

The dream man staggered to the little girl in the kimona. She stood trembling in a corner amid broken china and spilled tea.

"You are so good to save me!" she cried, falling into his arms. "Oh, he tried to kill you!"

The dream man held her in his arms. He was aware that he had fought this battle for her sake alone and not for the applause of the beautiful woman. Indeed, he had not so much as glanced over the book-shelf all this time.

The Jap girl looked up at him coyly.

"If Mr. Edward wishes, Ki-ku-san will give up being a Japanese girl," declared she.

THE dream man caught his breath. A thrill passed through him. For a moment he thought of marrying this delightful little thing and forgetting all his troubles.

"Ki-ku-san does like Mr. Edward, lots," murmured the Jap, fingering the lapel of his coat. "Will she give up Japanese customs for him? Yes?"

He opened his mouth to reply. Suddenly he was conscious of a pair of big, sad eyes beaming on him, almost penetrating his very soul. He drew his arm from the little dark girl. Holding her face between his hands, he looked into it for a long time.

"Mr. Edward likes you very much, Ki-ku-san," he said, with an effort, "but he must never marry you."

A little cry escaped the girl and she fell upon her knees before him.

"Because," continued the dream man, as he raised his eyes above the book-shelf, "Mr. Edward is already a married man and no matter what attitude his wife bears to him he must always be loyal to her."

Ki-ku-san wilted, but he did not notice her. At his decision the beautiful woman's face had become so bright and happy! She smiled lovingly at him and nodded her head.

Instantly he sprang across the room and knelt
(Concluded on page 31.)

Civic Lessons From Germany

First of Three Articles of Special Value to Civic Reformers

By J. O. MILLER

THE man on the street seems to have awakened to the fact that there is something amiss with our system of municipal government. All over this continent experiments are being tried, in the way of improvement upon present conditions. Some very interesting articles and letters have recently appeared in the CANADIAN COURIER in explanation of these new ideas in city management. We read of the appointment by municipalities of business managers to conduct their affairs, and government by commission is a popular cry. In every city there are many people who advocate a change from our present methods; places like St. John and Westmount are now trying experiments, the former with a commission and the latter with a business manager in control of civic affairs. Doubtless other places will soon follow their example. The wisdom of these changes has yet to be proved. Professor Munro, of Harvard, and other eminent experts, are opposed to government by commission.

The point is that our present system of municipal government seems to be in danger of breaking down. Where that is the case, the tendency is to try some new plan, perhaps as a makeshift, in the hope of evolving a better system that will have in it the elements of permanency. In the meantime, what is needed is discussion, so that our civic authorities may deal with the problems involved intelligently. In opening its columns to this discussion the CANADIAN COURIER is doing public service.

It is not unreasonable to ask why is it that this municipal unrest is not found in English and German cities? If they are wisely governed; if their affairs are prudently managed, and their resources husbanded; if they have freed themselves from the sinister influence of the political or civic boss; if there is no waste of the people's money; if the citizens of these cities are contented, and take pride in their cities, can we learn anything from them? Are there any fundamental lessons in the art of civic government that they can teach us?

The German cities are a highly modern product. Many of them date back to the ninth and tenth centuries, but most of them began to grow only after the Franco-Prussian war. Almost every German town of importance has been made over since 1871. In that year only twenty-six per cent. of the whole German population of 41,000,000 lived in the towns and cities. In 1905 this percentage had risen to forty-five. Hamburg, Munich, Leipsic, Dresden, Frankfort, have grown much faster than Boston, Baltimore, Buffalo, New Orleans and Pittsburg. Their problem of rapid expansion is, therefore, the same as our own.

AS to their form of government. The German city is managed by a burgomaster (mayor), an administrative board, called the magistrat, a municipal council, and, in the larger cities, a body of citizen deputies. The fundamental difference between their system and ours is that the German city council has little or nothing to do with the actual government of the city. Our cities are ruled by a body of aldermen, elected on account of personal or political popularity, from year to year. They give to the serious problems of municipal administration, what time they can spare from the pressing calls of private business. In the German city the council is chiefly a deliberative and advisory body. It handles no civic funds, and is not liable to the charge of graft. Its members do not depend for election, or re-election, upon promises that virtually amount to bribes. Alderman A. does not pledge himself to vote for an expenditure of money in the ward of Alderman B. in return for a like pledge to himself. The whole question of patronage is blotted out. The German council deliberates on all questions relative to the management of the city, and makes recommendations to the magistrat, in whose hands lies all actual administration. These councillors are elected for six years, or, in some cases, three, and one-third of the whole retire

biennially. This gives to the German council a solidarity which ours does not possess. The first great note of difference that strikes the visitor to European cities, English, French and German, is that their real governing bodies are permanent, while ours are constantly changing. It requires but little intelligence to discover that you cannot have good municipal government, where your chief officials go out of office every year or two. The German city council, then, is a deliberative and advisory body. The real administrators are the mayor and the magistrat.

THE mayor is a municipal expert. He is usually chosen by a large place from among the successful mayors of smaller towns. Sometimes he is appointed from a number of applicants, in answer to the city's advertisement. His appointment is generally for twelve years, with an understanding of a second twelve-year period, if satisfactory. In some parts of Germany there is a trial period of three years, followed by appointment for life, or retirement on pension. Mayor Adickes, of Frankfort, who has a European reputation, has occupied his position for twenty-five years. The mayor is elected by the city council, but his election has to be approved by the state government. He becomes the presiding officer of the council, and has the power of veto, which may only be set aside by the higher authorities in the state. He is the chief magistrate. His salary is from \$1,000 to \$9,000 per annum, with a liberal pension on retirement. He is the chief executive agent of the magistrat. He has the power to fine, suspend, or even imprison any member of that body, but may not finally deprive him of his position on his own initiative. He has control of the police force, in cities where there is no state appointed police commissioner. He is obliged to perform the duties of inspector of all municipal departments to see "that an active spirit prevails throughout the service." It is possible for the mayor to become the centre of all civic activity, and the real inspiration to the growth and progress

of the city over which he presides. Some of the German mayors have made great reputations.

In German cities the administrative body is called the magistrat. It numbers from one-fourth to two-fifths of the whole council, according to the size of the city. Its members are chosen by the council, the paid magistrates for a term of twelve years, and the unpaid for six years. The usual custom is that one-half shall retire triennially, but they are eligible for re-election, and under ordinary circumstances are re-elected. In the case of paid magistrates, confirmation of election must be obtained from the higher authorities. Unsalaries magistrates must be members of the municipality they serve; but paid magistrates are not under this restriction.

The paid magistrates are professional administrators, chosen for their special skill, who give their whole time and energies to the service of the city. They are well paid, as salaries go in Germany, and are entitled at the end of their service to pensions. Security in office, and pensions on retirement, make the post of paid magistrate attractive to men of administrative ability. Every member of the magistrat is selected because of special aptitude in some department of civic administration. One is the *Kammerer*, or head of financial affairs; another is the *Syndikus*, or head of the legal department; there are the *Schulrat*, or chief of primary education; the *Baurat*, or head of the department of works; the *Sanitätsrat*, manager of the city's sanitary system; and so on. The unpaid magistrates fill the minor posts, and assist their paid colleagues, and give much time and energy to the work of good government without reward.

The powers of the magistrat are considerable.

1. It is the agent of the national government, and is entrusted with the enforcement of all national laws within the city. This method does away with the appointment of commissions, our present Canadian makeshift.

2. It prepares the business which is to come before the city council, and carries the joint resolutions of council and magistrat into effect.

3. It supervises all municipal undertakings, and the different departments of the city's business, without consulting the council, except where there is a special grant of money required.

4. It has charge of municipal revenues, collection of taxes, monthly and yearly audit of the city's books, and the preparation of financial statements.

5. It has the care of all city property, including public franchises, and control of public-service corporations. When new franchises are to be granted the magistrat and council act together. There is no such thing as a vote of the property-

owners required for the ratification of by-laws of this kind.

6. The magistrat appoints all the paid employees of the corporation. This doing away with ward patronage and consequent corruption of municipal politics, is one of the chief causes of the economical and efficient government of German cities.

There are other minor functions of the magistrat, such as the distribution of work among civic authorities and officials. In the city of Munich the work of the magistrat is divided into twelve main departments. Some of these are the sections dealing with finance; primary education; public works; city property, including questions of taking in new lands; commerce and trade; provision for the poor; fire, water and building; police; gas, electricity and power-houses; hospitals, public baths, coal and wood yards; and so on.

THE outstanding feature of the government of German cities is permanence. The guiding spirit and the inspiration of civic activity is the mayor, who is practically appointed for life, and who looks upon his position as a life-work, with a pension at its close. The real managers of the corporation are a body of men, that he has much to do with selecting, who are to be his colleagues for life, each one a specialist in his own line. Along with the mayor and magistrat is the city council, the body from which they receive their appointments, whose chief function is to deliberate with them upon matters affecting the welfare and progress of the city, and generally to act in an advisory capacity. The council derives its authority from the civic electorate. Its members are not elected by voters hungry for the spoils of office, because there are none. Take away the opportunity for personal gain; remove the necessity that the average Canadian councillor is under to do something for his constituency, and to find soft jobs for ardent supporters, on pain of defeat at the next election; make the position unattractive to the "boss" and the "grafter"; and you at once encourage a better type of man to come forward to the service of his city. If our city councillors could be sure of a reasonably long tenure of office, and not be obliged to canvass the electors every year; if they could be free to exercise their best judgment on all questions, without fear of interference from the ward-boss, the best business men would willingly make sacrifice of time to serve the municipality, out of civic pride. The wonder is that under present conditions our city councils are not worse than they are. To make them better we must give them permanence and freedom from a sinister environment.

because they were not fit to govern themselves, you will find Censors of Public Morals. It is the oldest device known to tyranny for keeping the "lower classes" in harness and under the dog-whip—and at the same time convinced that it is good for them to be there. That is the trick. No despot, no matter how powerful, can long keep human beings under the lash if they think that they ought to be free. No slavery was ever a very secure investment which did not imply mental slavery on the part of the enslaved. The poor devils under the Car of Juggernaut have to be made believe that they ought to be there. So that is where the "moral" Censor comes in. He bosses us for our moral welfare. And so over-awed are we by the word "moral" that we don't dare to whimper.

THEY have a Censor in England; and every lover of liberty in that land is fighting against it. And yet we reach out gleefully and lay hold of this hoary old joke, and fasten it upon our young shoulders. We are providing now for "censoring" almost every thing in the way of entertainment; and the idea is bound to spread, for it provides padded nests for those who like them. Any idea which proposes to add to the already enormous number of public offices will never lack for "booming." Presently, we shall be told that it is necessary to "censor" the books which we can read. The police do it now in some cities. Next, we shall have a Censorship of the Press; and, when that comes about, I am going to apply for the job—salary no object. All I want to do is to be able to prevent the publication of articles with which I do not agree personally. I know some fellows who might as well stop writing on the day of my appointment. I will just put in a permanent order that none of their contributions are to be printed. Any paper, disobeying the order, will be automatically suspended. I tell you, Russia will have nothing on us, when I get to be Censor.

THAT'S no joke. That is exactly what every Censor must do. He has to take his own judgment. What appears to him to be immoral, is immoral, so far as he is concerned. And he is there to prevent the spreading of immorality. The consequence is that we find the Censor in London prohibiting the playing of Brioux's "Damaged Goods," and a minister of the gospel in Geneva inviting the author to read it from his pulpit. Of all "fool" ways of arriving at a right public standard of morals, the naming of a poor, little, prejudiced human being—though no poorer or more prejudiced than the rest of us, but about the same—to judge for a whole nation, is about the most foolish. What we have got to do, is to trust to liberty. Of course, some things will happen that are injurious. That is the price of liberty. But liberty is abundantly worth it. The suppression of liberty works immensely more mischief than its wildest abuse.

BUT the Young Person—you say. Quite so. The Young Person must be sheltered until he or she has grown to years of discretion. And the people to do the sheltering are the parents of the Young Person. Just because we on this Young Continent have chosen to give the Young Person his liberty at the ripe age of ten, and to present him with "the freedom of the city" with a thoroughness which his father would blush to accept, that is no reason why it is good for the adult to turn the whole world into a Nursery. The cure is not to appoint a "governess" for the Universe; but to put the Young Person back once more into the Home. This is an Adult World; and, if we are to have a manly and womanly race, it must be treated as such.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Ottawa's Racing Debut

OTTAWA will pass into the Montreal and Toronto class as a racing centre on June 14th. The Connaught Park Racing Club has been building a complete racing plant for more than a year, and has appointed Mr. A. R. Loudon, secretary of the Hamilton Jockey Club, as racing manager. Of the \$200,000 capital only \$30,000 has been supplied outside of Canada. As the New York Bankers' Association will meet in Ottawa on the 13th and 14th, there will be some prominent men present on the opening day. These will include most of the Dominion Cabinet Ministers and other prominent Canadians, Mr. August Belmont, of New York; Mr. John W. Schorr, of Minneapolis, and Mr. Harry Payne Whitney, of polo fame. Racing men will welcome this new institution, and the man in the street will not be behind-hand with his appreciation. If racing is the sport of kings it is the delight of every true sportsman. It is given to the few to provide the sport. It is the part of the many to support it.



THE "CENSOR" IDEA

HAS the Censor passed this week's issue, Mr. Editor?

Did you submit that hot editorial of yours to him?

Did he see Madame Squeezem's corset ad? And that awful stuff of the Monocle Man?

Oh! I see. There isn't a weekly-paper Censor appointed yet. Well, don't cry. There will be. We have got the Censor habit as a people. Every few days I pick up my paper and read that a new Board of Censors has been named to look after some section of the people's morals. And they get paid good money for the job, too. They are our official "tasters"—they get their "wine" free and a salary for drinking it. But they save the rest of us from the awful fate of seeing or reading or hearing it—whatever may be the method of imbibing the particular form of "wine" they are hired to sample. What puzzles me is how the Censors themselves ever survive? If it would be so deadly for the rest of us to semi-occasionally get a spattering of this "poison," well diluted with lots of other interests, what must be the effect upon these noble martyrs who are deluged with it constantly, and have no other business to distract their attention? If the semi-hemi-occasional sprinkling which we would otherwise receive would fatally corrupt our morals, what must be the condition of the morals of the Censors?

I HATE to suggest it—for it would take most of the bloom off the peach of this Censor job—and it is a peach of a job—but still the thought will occur to me that the Censors should be frequently changed. They must become saturated in time. Their nice sense of the moral must be blunted. They must soon fall into the condition of professional "readers" for publishing houses, not knowing a good thing or a bad thing when they see it. That is only human nature. Consequently it seems to me that the public safety requires that they be relieved of their perilous posts frequently, and new "sponges"—no *double entente* is intended—placed where they will take up all the corrupt matter. I think, of course, that it would be only just and humane to pension the soaked sponges. They have been crippled in the public service. They have saturated their systems with poison that we might escape. So we should, at least, establish a Home for Chronically Corrupted Censors. It would have to be isolated and quarantined and fumigated, and no scraps of paper allowed to escape from it—and the Young Person kept at least a mile away.

THIS Censor idea—while new to Canada and other free countries—is as old as the pharisaic and suffocating Fraud of a "benevolent despotism." Peer into the sand-covered ruins of the dead, dessicated and embalmed Past; and, wherever you find a set of men who imagined themselves placed above their fellows, and commissioned to govern them



A GERMAN WEDDING IN REGINA.

The Ceremony May Belong to the Fatherland, But the Bride and the Groom and Their Friends Are All Canadians.

The Western Melting Pot

New Canadians of Many Flags, Languages and Customs

By ISABEL C. ARMSTRONG

WE haven't any foreigners in the west, immigration figures to the contrary. We are all Canadians.

The Easterner, and particularly the newcomer from Ontario or the Maritime Provinces, is struck with the variety of types of human beings seen in the street and the variety of tongues and accents. There is a certain tea-room where the trim waitresses in black frocks and dainty white aprons only address customers in the broad Scotch tongue. The proprietor is Scotch and he makes a point of securing Scotch girls for his service, with the best imaginable results. The Englishman is omnipresent, from the Oxford and Cambridge graduate, the charming fellow who has seen service in India and has a penchant for amateur theatricals to the coster, minus the "pearlies." There's a liberal sprinkling of very polite people, betrayed by a brogue, be it ever so slight. The states to the South are well represented and there are citizens all the way from the antipodes. These all know the tune of "God Save the King," even if they have been accustomed to different words.

The conformation to a single type known in many places in older Canada is entirely lacking here.

From the "British" or "American" born, the visitor turns to look with interest at a group of men in sheep-skin caps and coats, notwithstanding the fact that it is getting well on in the spring. A man on a waggon is shouting in a strange tongue at the horses that find it difficult to pull the load on the slippery street. Two women come out of a store, women with kerchiefs on their heads and shawls on their shoulders, the broad-shouldered, robust-looking women of a European race. One, perhaps, is wearing an apron or shawl, gaily embroidered in the "Bulgarian" hues, so popular this season. The women of the country from which she has come and also adjoining countries are clever with their needles, and in her little east-end home, no doubt, there are piles of linen, woven by her own hands; exquisite embroideries and laces that represent many hours of toil.

SCHOOLS just let loose and scores of small girls, replicas of their mothers, are chattering together. There are small boys by the dozens, who, except in stature, are as like their fathers as they possibly can be. Then there are babies. One only needs to take a walk through the "East End" some fine Sunday in summer, to get some estimate of how many babies there are at the present time and how many there have been within the past few years.

Two or three years ago these citizens were all classed as "Germans" by the unthinking and the ignorant who had not taken the trouble to learn that in one class in one school twenty-two nationalities were represented. "Germantown" is now "the east end," and the residents thereof, "foreign-speaking citizens," not by any chance "foreigners."

In the past year, in Regina, no organization has experienced greater success and progress than the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Two new flourishing branches have been added to the

original Union, the largest in the two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and four Loyal Temperance Legions, now numbering over three hundred members, have been organized among the boys and girls.

But for a long time previous to these twelve months of prosperity, there was a desire to reach with temperance education the east end, where local option was defeated.

When the Dominion president of the W. C. T. U. visited the west, last fall, one thing impressed itself upon her, namely, the impossibility of giving instruction along the lines of temperance to the newcomers without first teaching them the English language. When she made her report to the board, it was decided to appoint as soon as the right person could be found, a representative to organize educational classes among the foreign-speaking citizens in a number of the western towns and cities. The choice fell upon Miss Forman, of Stratford, Ontario, who early in the winter spent several weeks in Winnipeg, studying the methods used there in settlement work.

Her first independent effort was in Brandon, where, in six weeks, she organized large classes among both men and women.

IT was late January when she reached her large constituency in Regina. But the work here was to be divided. Just at the time of her arrival, successful steps were taken by the Young Men's Christian Association to organize classes among the foreign-speaking men. Quarters were secured which proved cramped the first night, and so inadequate the second, it was necessary to carry out all the furniture but the stove.

To Miss Forman and the W. C. T. U. was left the work among the women and girls. The pioneer work consisted in calling upon the women in their

homes, the stranger women who never have their names in calling lists in a society page and who, almost without exception, welcome visitors with open arms. Usually an interpreter could be found near at hand who would make it clear that "a class was to be held in the Earl Grey School, Tuesday night, eight o'clock. Teach English." The "teach English" was an open sesame in most of cases.

Not only was there to be an educational class Tuesday night, but another on Thursday night; a "Kitchen Garden" for the little girls on Monday and Wednesday afternoons after four; a Saturday afternoon class for the girls in service in restaurants, hotels, etc.; and a Friday night regular romp for the women. Two busy women, who knew Kitchen Garden methods from A to Z, each gave up an afternoon a week to training classes.

As a grand windup for the season, the other night, the City Fathers granted to the W. C. T. U. the use of the City Hall auditorium for a benefit in aid of the east end educational work. The event was a specially significant one from the fact that for the first time in the history of the capital city, and, as far as is known, of the province, the "Little New Canadians" had an equal part in the programme with boys and girls of English, Scotch, Irish and Canadian origin.

The small sons and daughters of foreign-speaking parents occupied rows of chairs on the platform. Their part was to give a "Kitchen Garden" demonstration, and very demure little maidens they were, in their best frocks, protected by fascinating little white aprons, diminutive white muslin caps completing their costumes.

In class, a day or so before, the question had been asked of one dark-eyed little girl who had been born in Roumania, "What are you?" Promptly the reply came, "I'm a Canadian." And from the vivacious little Jewish Sarah; the little daughter of Russia with the long braid; the flaxen-haired Gretchen and the wee child of Ruthenian parents, had come always the answer, "I'm a Canadian."

It was with great fervour and tunefulness that these little ones and their class-mates sang "O! Canada" as an opening number.

A GOOD many people who went to that Benefit Concert scarcely knew what to expect. They were undecided whether a Kitchen Garden was a flower garden, a vegetable garden, or a box of parsley growing in the kitchen window. Before the evening was far advanced they learned that a Kitchen Garden is to Domestic Science what the Kindergarten is to more advanced schools. To the accompaniment of songs to impress the different processes, work is made play, and almost before she knows it, a small girl learns exactly how to set a table; to serve; to clear a table; to wash dishes; to sweep; to dust; to make a bed (after being most particular about airing it); to wash and to perform all the duties of a household according to the customs of Canadians and the most up-to-date and scientific methods.

These newcomers have a large share of artistic appreciation, and if opportunity is given them they may yet give us riches of poetry, music and art. If the strangers who are thronging to our shores and on to our wide prairies are to contribute to the wealth of the nation and the strength and beauty of the Empire, we must deal with them as brothers and sisters. In their numbers, they are a force to be reckoned with. In the west we are realizing this. We haven't any foreigners. We have New Canadians.



MOST OF THE CIVILIZED COUNTRIES IN THE WORLD, IN A SINGLE WESTERN SCHOOL. Here Are 22 Nationalities From the Earl Grey School in Regina; "and it Was With Great Fervour and Tunefulness That These Little Ones and Their Classmates Sang 'O Canada!'"



A DISTINGUISHED GROUP WITH A HISTORY.

Left to Right—Rev. J. D. Byrnes, Superintendent of Missions in North Ontario; Prof. J. D. Robertson, of Knox College; Prof. W. G. Jordan, of Queen's; and the Late Rev. S. Childerhouse, of North Bay, Who, When Superintendent of North Ontario Missions, Was Killed in the Train Wreck at Spanish River, Four Years Ago.



AT THE OUTPOSTS OF THE CHURCH.

Left to Right—Rev. H. H. Morton, Son of the Missionary in Trinidad; Rev. John Taylor, in Mhow, India; Dr. Fraser Smith, Retired as Medical Missionary From the "Goforth Band" in China; Dr. Annand, in the New Hebrides; Rev. John Griffith, at Chang To Ho, Honan, China; Dr. Nugent, Medical Missionary at Ujjain, India; Rev. Dr. Coffin, of the Theological College, at San Fernando, Trinidad.

The Assembling of the Brethren

High Court of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, Meeting in Toronto this Week

By AUSTIN L. BUDGE

TORONTO is the Mecca of Canadian Presbyterianism for 1913. Knox Church, on Spadina Avenue, has the honour of being the temple of solemnities. The annual Holy-day is "the first Wednesday of June," for on that evening, as regularly as the year revolves, the "Fathers and Brethren" of the Presbyterian Church meet together.

It is transcontinental in its boundaries. One-

sixth of the widely scattered ministry, together with an elder, are commissioned. As to authority, it is supreme. It holds the "keys of Peter" for the Presbyterian folk. Its dignity and honour are jealously guarded. The name is woven in the annals of the Church and every meeting becomes historic.

Its constitution is simple. Its Head or Moderator is practically a chairman. He retains the office for a year and no one has had a second term. There are two permanent officials who would be called Secretary and Treasurer, in a secular organization. No one wants them changed, because Rev. Dr. R. Campbell, Montreal, and Rev. Dr. Somerville, Toronto, have indeed been the "Elect of God." Ambition can play little part in gaining membership, because it is almost a universal rule, that it is by rotation. A few, however, of the "Fathers," out of respect, are by their presbyteries given commissions every year.

Thus men like Dr. Milligan, Toronto, are present at almost every General Assembly. Because it would take a goodly number of his brethren to kindle the fire of interest, he usually creates. Nova Scotia has the honour of being represented from year to year by Dr. Sedgwick, Tatamagouche, who is the embodiment of the Confession of Faith and the Blue Book. Dr. DuVal comes annually from the West. He has encyclopaedic knowledge of the Kirk and everybody likes to hear his breezy speeches. Dr. D. D. McLeod, Barrie, is also in the cabinet of leaders, and a very able debater.

There are elders, also, who are returned to their seats in every meeting. The proceedings would lack not a little spice, without Judge Forbes, St. John. The wholesome humour of Mr. Walter Paul, Montreal, is an annual pleasure. Things would be dull without the brilliant epigrams of Mr. G. M. Macdonnell, Kingston. And ministers might lag by the way, were it not for the well-known spur of Mr. J. K. Macdonald, Toronto. While the

Fathers and Brethren usually hold their breath at the western pluck of Mr. Edward Brown, Winnipeg.

Unlike the constitution, the work of the General Assembly is very complex. It legislates for nearly five thousand employees. And any one who calls himself a Presbyterian can bring his appeal to this Supreme Court, without money and without price. The total revenue of five million dollars comes under its eye, although it has no power to seize a single lamb upon "the thousand hills," to make good any loss. It takes even more stock of the spiritual state of the Church and is itself a great revival.

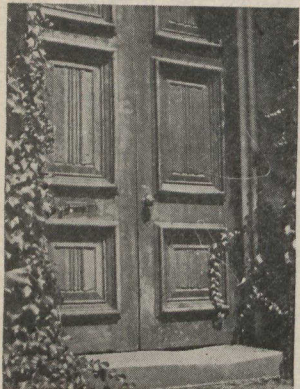
The present year marks a new departure. It is a real meeting of all "the tribes of our Presbyterian Israel." The lonely watchmen from the frontiers are brought home. They are to be honoured and encouraged. The Church will both see and hear its heroes. Men are to take counsel together of their difficulties and opportunities. The outlook is not simply national, but world-wide. Thus at Massey Hall there is a great Council being organized to run parallel with the "acts and deliberations" of the annual Court.

The Moderator

THERE is no need of giving an elaborate description of Rev. D. G. McQueen, D.D., the minister for twenty-six years of First Presbyterian Church, Edmonton; nor of "Citizen" McQueen, an old inhabitant of that fair capital. Little could be added to what is known of Home-Missionary McQueen, whose field for many a long year covered half a province. But it is of Moderator McQueen that we attempt to draw some lines.

Twenty-five years ago a graduating class in Knox College "got their pictures taken." This, of course, is always the rule. "The boys" all want such a memorial of student life, and besides, there are young ladies. One group is to be hung in the College Hall of Fame, the dining-room. Many people have looked over those faces since that class of seventeen men went through the gate of service. Judges of character have discussed their special features and prominent "bumps." Presbyterians, forsooth, have such a privilege by divine right, for these young ministers were soon to "preach for a call."

There was one face about which the devotees of cabinet albums had trouble. The eyes were as steady as the muzzle of a rifle. They made one blink. There was something also about the mouth which was suspicious that eloquence might burst out as fire from a volcano. The chin and nose were



Footprints on Stone. The Front Door of Old Knox.



A Workers' Corner in the General Assembly at Hamilton, 1909. Prof. Dyde, Kingston; the Postmaster; Dr. E. D. McLaren and Dr. Ramsey, of Ottawa (Standing).



A Presbyterian Brother Calls This Corner of the Knox College Library "the Fortress of Theology." There Was a Time When the Young "Theolog" Burned to Read All These Tomes of Orthodoxy. But Many an Old Fortress Has Been Rebuilt in an Age of Criticism.



Dean Richardson, of Knox College, Dressed "tae the heels."

equal parts of the strong countenance. As to his name and parish there was little to detain the critic. Both were soon forgotten as the leaf was turned with a Requiescat in pace! Buried in the wild and woolly West!

Fellow students, however, had long become familiar with that face and figure. They had paid a college man's tribute to a hard and studious theolog. They knew the sterling silver of his character. Nor yet had they missed the secret fire of devotion which burned on the altar of his soul. To one they would say, McQueen is a good fellow! To another who was passing the photo too quickly, keep your eye on the Home Missionary under the Northern Lights!

Thus Graduate McQueen followed the western star of duty and fortune. Without doubt it was the former that impelled his wearied feet to finish the journey to the far-off outpost of the church. Doing his duty was his idea of a minister's fortune. Nor yet has he changed it. Although to few have such high honour and good fortune come during the course of twenty-six years.

He went to Edmonton, then a lonely fur-post; to a little wooden church, overlooking the Saskatchewan gorge, whose homely pulpit had been occupied by Rev. A. B. Baird, now on the faculty of Manitoba University. The nails in that old church cost twenty-five cents a pound. The lumber was sawn in the flats below the log village. The church itself was a powerful centre of religious life for Scotchmen and fur-posters and a good many half-breeds. It was, as the new church is now, the chief church in Edmonton. On his home missionary journeys the minister travelled thousands of miles on the trails, especially between Edmonton and Calgary, all of whose unrailed stopping places were

known to McQueen's stout roan horse, "Jim," as well as to the stages that preceded the railway.

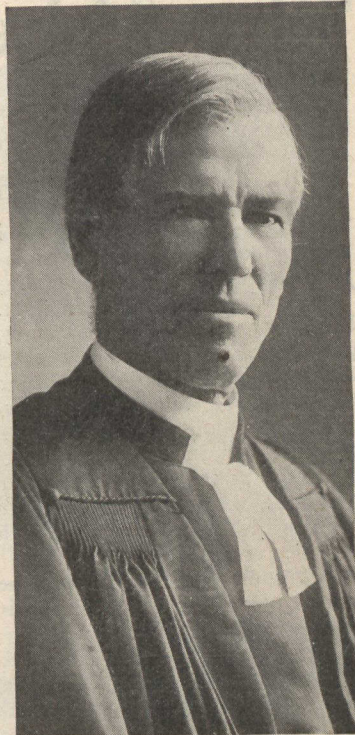
For years, McQueen had charge of all the students that went out in summer from old Knox College or from Edinburgh and Glasgow to mission posts on the prairie. He helped buy horses for them at the corrals. He was inspector of schools—for at that time there was little educational machinery in the North-West. And he preached then, as he does now, the strong gospel of uncompromising righteousness. He knew the half-breeds and the Indians, the Mounted Police and the fur-posters, and all the people who, after the railway went up from Calgary, began to dribble in to the fur-post towns. And he worked as he preached, to keep the lamps of faith aglow to all people, especially to such as might think to regard the West as a place where they might lose their respect for the established order of things.

THUS about two months ago, D. G. McQueen became a strong keeper of faith, and the Fathers and Brothers began to hear a new voice in the General Assembly. Those were the days when it was not easy for a stranger to get a hearing. For going to the Supreme Court of the Church was to sit at the feet of Caven and Grant, King and MacVicar, Cochrane, Warden and Robertson. But there was an emphatic ring about these new notes. He did not mumble over forms of overture or terms of Barrier Act. There was no courting a Moderator's favour or ambiguity in presenting his case. But old men began to see visions and young men dream dreams. Here was another prophet in the clerical garb and bronzed skin of the frontier calling the church to repentance.

It was not only at the big nights of the General

Assembly this ringing voice was heard, but it resounded in the chief temples on the Sabbath Day. It summoned men to judgment. The "Dies ira Dies illa," he made plain would be a great Canada neglected by those who had "become at ease in Zion." There were again the same unnerving eyes. And his eloquence resembled the hammering out of arguments upon an anvil of steel. There were no sky-rockets in either speeches or sermons. No discount was levied. McQueen had come to stay. He had made his own place among the Fathers and Brethren.

Such was indeed his only reward. He gave his annual reports as if he had been a bishop, but he had no title. What is more strange to our age, he had no remuneration. He only drew a "minimum stipend."



REV. D. G. McQUEEN,
Moderator of the General Assembly.



Spot-Light on the Senate

THIS week the Commons has been deserted, and crowds sat daily in the rubicund glow of the Senate. Never in the history of Canada, had that highly respectable body been called upon to decide so weighty a question. Political factions were keyed up to a high pitch of speculation and the little word "if" took a prominent place in everybody's conversation.

The Government leader, the Hon. Mr. Lougheed, moved the second reading of the Naval Aid Bill, and in a meaty speech some hours in length, which touched every phase of the question, he urged the Senate not to take the responsibility of rejecting the measure.

"If you do . . . you not only invite, but practically announce, separation from Great Britain!" warned Mr. Lougheed. He summarized the whole situation from what he considered an Imperialistic standpoint, taunting the Opposition with stubbornness in refusing to see an emergency. With fine irony, the Senator cried,

"I am aware that that which has been pronounced an emergency by the Admiralty authorities, by the Imperial Government, by the press of Great Britain and by public opinion in the overseas dominions does not meet the view of an emergency entertained by the Opposition. To satisfy them . . . they would require rival fleets to be in the line of battle, they would want to hear the booming of guns, the tearing noise of shot and shell, the swish of the torpedo, the crash of colliding ships and the agonized cry of the wounded!"

To emphasize this realistic picture of warfare, Mr. Lougheed went over the ground so often trod, of Canada's obligation, its responsibility as a part of the British Empire. He pictured loyal British Canadians hanging their heads in shame because Canada had refused to come to England's aid, and he closed with a plea that party considerations should be laid aside.

"The bill is bigger than any political party; dwarfs in its significance all party considerations; it is not bounded by the walls of Parliament, nor even by the boundaries of Canada."

He declared that the Bill was the expression of the direct representatives of the people charged by the electorate of Canada to give voice to the public wish that Canada should participate in the naval defence of the Empire.

SOME ladies entered the elevator on the ground floor of the Senate wishing to go to the third floor. They had just started when the bell rang imperiously—I nearly said Imperially, the word has grown to be a regular obsession!—from the gallery landing.

"Up!" said the autocrat of the lift, as he hove in sight.

"Down!" contradicted a white-haired old man in a wheel chair. "Down at once!"

And down the whole party went.

As the door closed and the lift again took its way upward, the man at the wheel turned apologetically to his passengers.

"He don't wait for nobody, that one!" he said.

"Who was it?" asked one of the ladies, slightly ruffled.

"Sir George Ross!"

No, Sir George waits for nobody; he goes right ahead. He said that the Senate should prevent the Second Reading of the Bill, and prevent it they did. He threw the Government arguments back in their teeth. "You call us disloyal and separatists," cried the Opposition leader, in effect, "because we want a Canadian Navy, want our coasts patrolled, because we want to take our place beside the mother country and take steps toward the foundation of a navy of which the whole Empire may be proud! We have remained steadfast to the policy which we saw eye to eye (with the Conservatives) in 1910; you have broken away! There is no need for this Bill—all that we resolved under the Laurier Naval Service Act will suit your present purpose."

"Did we send empty uniforms to South Africa?" he asked, "or did we sit smugly at home and make a contribution? Why should we send money to England, or why should we send 'empty shells' when we might man them with bones and flesh and blood?"

Unlike Senator Lougheed, who asserted that the members were not mere pawns (to be moved at the will of those who played a party game), Sir George confessed to being but a pawn—not of a party, however, but of the people. "The people of Canada are greater than we are," he said, "and we are here to do their will."

One of the strongest reasons for his rejection of the Bill was the belief of the Opposition leader that

its passage would lead to friction between Canada and the Empire. In that, he said, he and the Prime Minister were of the same opinion!

The speeches which followed the two leaders varied in force and originality. That of Senator Pope smacked of the House of Commons. His similes and metaphors called forth a protest from Senator Belcourt, who did not like that tone adopted in the Senate, and who placed the position of the French-Canadian in regard to warfare in an earnest and reasonable light. Echoing his Chief's words, Senator Belcourt said that the gift to England, as proposed by Mr. Borden, was unconstitutional without the sanction of the people at the polls, and he brought in the position in which Canada would place herself with Australia, did she break the agreement made in 1908 for the protection of the Pacific. In this way, if no other, would we be endangering the solidarity of the Empire. Then Senator Legris steps to the fore. Senator Joseph H. Legris can hardly be called a party man. He took his stand with Senator Lougheed against his party in 1910, when the latter wanted to go to the people with a referendum. To-day Senator Legris boasts that he is consistent, for he still believes that the measure should go before the Canadian people.

Mr. Borden repeatedly stated that he would undertake no permanent policy without the consent of the people, said the Senator, and if he has forgotten it, it is the duty of the Senate to remind him. He pointed out that the percentage of the contribution was higher per person in Canada than it is in the mother country itself; that Canada is not called upon to make so great a sacrifice—merely on an emergency scare.

THE Conservative senators who made the last stand in defence of the Bill before it went down to defeat, were the Hon. E. D. Smith and Sir Mackenzie Bowell. Senator Smith, making his first speech after his appointment, denied that the Naval Bill was a contribution. It was simply a proposal to contribute thirty-five million dollars to defend Canadian shores and Canadian commerce.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell was almost the last speaker. He repeated the war cry of his party that the policy of the Conservatives makes for unification of the Empire and the policy of the Liberals for disintegration. He, too, emphasized the Canadian function of the proposed new vessels. Indeed, he went farther and declared, "I am emphatically in favour of manning the ships with Canadians."

At one o'clock this (Friday) morning, by a vote of 51 to 27, the Senate approved the amendment submitted by Sir George Ross and Hon. Mr. Bostock. This amendment states that the Senate is not willing to pass the Bill until it is submitted to the judgment of the country. They do not say whether they are in favour of a referendum or a general election; they have left that point to be decided by the Government.

The "Abe" Lincoln of Canada

Andrew Broder at Home and Abroad—His Quebec Boyhood—Interesting Career as Merchant, Farmer, Legislator and Story-Teller

By J. SMYTH CARTER

IF it's a good story, they say it's "Andy" Broder's. It matters not whether it is Irish, Scotch, or Bohemian, for the Dundas M. P. has variety in his anecdotal catalogue. His strong forte, however, is the Irish story. Born of Irish parentage, his native wit thus follows along the lines of least resistance. Apparently his stories are not tabulated, but he instinctively knows the right one to trot out to suit the temperament of his hearers. In his own constituency he is on one occasion addressing a group of Scotch citizens, again he is talking to the Orangemen of Matilda, then to his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens at Cherterville, and once again to the Dutch of Williamsburg; sometimes he is the speaker at a Sunday-school picnic, or a church anniversary. He always knows which story will "bring down the house."

Putting story-telling in the background, Mr. Broder is a deep thinker, a man of strong convictions; but the serious side of his nature his friends sometimes forget. Speaking on one occasion before a group of Epworth Leaguers, he exclaimed, "Some people think I cannot be serious. Why, I'm the most serious-minded man you ever knew." Whereupon the leaguers very naughtily laughed.

Franklin, in the county of Huntingdon, Province of Quebec, was the birthplace of Mr. Broder. He was born in 1845. Furthermore, he is the seventh son of the family. Considerable importance is placed on such a fact by many people, who, although claiming not to be superstitious, yet believe it is unlucky to be run over on a Tuesday or killed on a Friday. Perhaps there was a seventh son ancestral chain, but whether or no, I am sure Mr. Broder took no reckoning of it. Admiring his democratic views in so many ways, some of Mr. Broder's Liberal friends wonder at his firm and assertive stand on the Irish Home Rule question, forgetting for the moment that his father was a native of Kilfree, county of Sligo, Ireland, while his mother came from the city of Belfast.

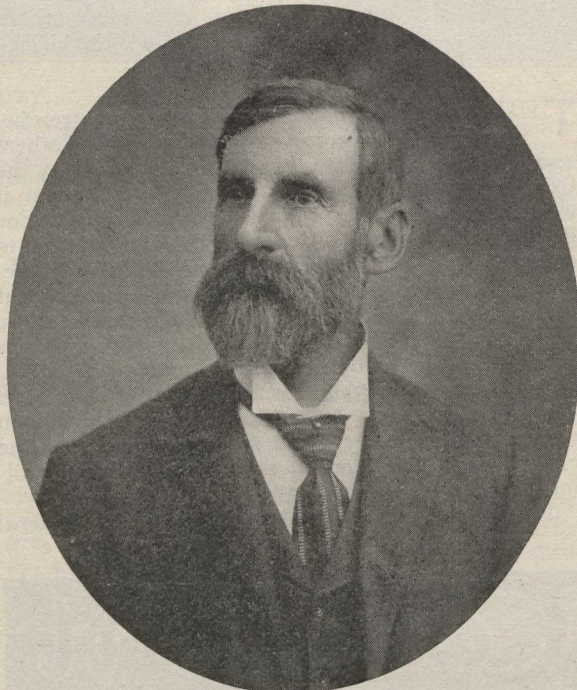
Mr. Broder for a number of years was a pupil at the Franklin public school. At the age of seventeen years, with that quality of grit and determination which has always characterized him, he left home resolved to fight life's battles as best he could. Taking advantage of the friendly relations existing in those days of reciprocity, Mr. Broder went over to Massachusetts and engaged in farm work not far from the city of Boston. That was a means to an end. Almost every dollar he earned was saved in order that he might increase his education, which he did by attending Huntingdon Academy, in his native county, and Malone Academy, New York.

BUT suddenly the arts of peace were forsaken for those of war. We find the Huntingdon lad of twenty-one years hurrying home to join the Franklin company in repelling the attacks of the Fenians. Like most of the Fenian Raid veterans, his escape was, of course, miraculous.

In 1868 he came to Dundas County and, at (West) Winchester, entered business as merchant and farmer. His straightforward dealing, unflinching courtesy, and high sense of honour, soon won for him a permanent place in the affections of the people. So popular did he become that the Conservative party chose him as their standard-bearer, and from 1875 to 1886 he was the county's representative at Queen's Park. His efforts there bore fruit during those years of the Mowat Government. Among other accomplishments he secured valuable amendments to the Drainage Act, a subject of vital importance to the whole province, and particularly to his own county of Dundas, with its turbulent river, the Nation, an annual scene of trouble.

Sitting at the receipt of Customs we find Mr. Broder for four years (1892 to 1896) doing service at the town of Morrisburg. While faithful to duty, he always tempered justice with mercy. No pound of flesh exactions were practised. Indeed, about the pretty St. Lawrence town, from whence also hails Ontario's own Sir James Whitney, many stories are told of the days when "Andy" Broder was Customs Official and cautioned the boys as to smuggling. Whereof it is related that on one occasion a woman stepped from the ferry boat carrying with her a fine, large rooster, which she had brought from Uncle Sam's domain. Straightway to Mr. Broder's office she went and began to retail the story of the bird, wondering how much duty, if any, would be exacted. It was Mr. Broder's

opportunity, and it was taken advantage of. Carefully he examined the fowl; critically he inquired as to the former home of the bird, its proper classification, the market value, its age, pedigree, etc. Then with a visage of apparent seriousness, he exclaimed: "Madam, now that I have this information before me I have decided to let the bird go through



"Abraham Lincoln and Myself May Each be Termed Very Good-looking."

duty free, on one condition, however." "And what might that be?" asked the woman, on whose countenance was depicted bewilderment mingled with delight.

"That is," replied Mr. Broder, "that you never permit this Yankee rooster to crow on a Canadian farmyard."

BUT the position of Customs Collector soon became much too tame for his temperament. So, in 1896, when there were wars and rumours of wars politically, Mr. Broder once more donned the armour and was elected the representative of Dundas County in the Canadian House of Commons. He is still the sitting member. Furthermore, Dundas, like Toronto, having a strong flavour of Toryism, Mr. Broder is likely to remain the county's representative unless assigned a place in the Canadian Senate, or appointed to the chairmanship of some commission in the gift of the Government. In that event there are one or two, possibly more, of his lieutenants in Dundas who would willingly sacrifice their lives on the altar of their country's welfare.

Mr. Broder's parliamentary career (not much short of thirty years) in provincial and federal arenas has been spent almost wholly in the cold shades of opposition. The only occasion when he has been privileged to sit to the right of Mr. Speaker is since Sept. 21st, 1911, and already Dr. Michael Clark claims to have a sort of premonition that Mr. Broder will soon be back in his accustomed place. Such views, however, are quite foreign to the positive knowledge possessed by the Minister of Public Works.

In the House of Commons Mr. Broder is held in very high esteem, and his utterances on any public question command closest attention. His appeal is to the intelligence and good judgment of his hearers rather than to their prejudices and passions. A keen debater, a ready thinker, he ranks as one of the best platform speakers and campaigners in the ranks of the Conservative party. During Mr. Borden's tour of Western Canada, in the summer of 1911, Mr. Broder related the evils of reciprocity to the Western farmer. Recognizing his ability, his long and varied parliamentary experience, it was very generally expected that the member for Dundas would be chosen as Minister of Agriculture; but to say it the Kipling way, "that is another story." Perhaps the answer to the non-fulfilment of such a hope was Mr. Broder's manly refusal to camp on the Premier's door-step during those weeks of Cabinet-making.

True and honest devotion to duty, his efforts

given unceasingly and ungrudgingly in the interests of the Canadian people, Mr. Broder is known about the House of Commons and throughout the whole country as the "Abe Lincoln of Canada." On one occasion, at a public gathering, Mr. Broder, when asked to address the audience, was thus referred to, whereupon he offered the following explanation:

"There are times when my friends do me the exceptional honour of connecting my name with that of the great American statesman and reformer. I cannot see any cause for such comparison outside of the fact that Abraham Lincoln and myself may each be termed very good looking."

IN the new role of Government supporter, Mr. Broder, like many another M. P., has found no dearth of applicants for positions. Apropos of this a well-known Liberal of Morrisburg related to the writer the following incident:

"Coming down town on the morning of Sept. 22nd, 1911, a few hours after the close of the battle, he encountered Mr. Broder chatting with several of his faithful political friends. Stopping for a moment, Mr. Liberal jocularly remarked, 'What about my job, Mr. Broder? You won't forget me.' Mr. Broder's ready wit came to the rescue and he quickly replied, 'Never mind that, my man. Don't worry. You'll have plenty to do looking after the wounded.'"

While the name of Andrew Broder is associated chiefly with the Canadian Parliament and the array of national interests which focus there, let us go with him back to his own constituency. Perhaps there is no place which Mr. Broder more enjoys than the environment and atmosphere of his farm and residence, adjacent to the town of Morrisburg. There, in rural attire, he can lead the simple life, and, like Peter McArthur, can enjoy to the full the natural beauty about him far away from the strife and hurry of public life, safe from navy discussion and closure bills.

Following him from his home out through the townships and villages, mingling with the people who vote for him and those who don't, one is deeply impressed with the bond of good will and good fellowship prevailing. This is not confined to Conservatives; but people of both political complexions have learned to respect and honour him. The secret of his popularity is his true sincerity, honest, outspoken. There is no veneer. The hand-shake of Andrew Broder is not something created for election campaign. It is a spontaneous expression of a heart full of good wishes and helpfulness for every individual. It is ever present and effective. Perhaps unconsciously it has won him some Grit votes.

The Naval Contribution

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—I have read with interest Mr. Charleson's replies to various contributions on the above subject, amongst which was the writer's, in your issue of May 3rd, and I shall be glad to be allowed to animadvert on same. The question is a live one, and will be so in Canada for a long time to come, and further discussion may help to elucidate the problem which all must desire to see solved in an amicable manner.

Mr. Charleson's article contains many debatable points from an Old Country point of view, and it is desirable to hear both sides of the question. In the first place, I must protest against the use of that new word "centralist" lately come into vogue. Whence its origin I am not aware. Certainly it did not come from the wise men of the East. Perhaps the Toronto Globe is sponsor, or may be further west, the Manitoba Free Press. It is a term unknown in Canadian or English politics, and seems to hail from foreign parts, France or Germany. Be that as it may, I do not think it is quite fair that those who approve of Mr. Borden's policy should be stigmatized as centralists, in the sense that they wish to see all authority centred in London. So far as the writer is aware he does not know of any such; the retort would just be as easy that those who are called autonomists desired separation, which would be equally untrue. What is desirable in Canada is a policy which will allow autonomy in local affairs and yet permit of a participation in the general defence, and surely such is possible without the use of strange names. Mr. Charleson seems to think that the centralist, so called, has continually before his mind the idea of a revived Roman Empire, in which all authority was centred in Rome—without entering into the historical question as to whether this was really the case with ancient Rome. I can assure Mr. Charleson as a Scottish Liberal that nothing of the kind enters our minds; in fact, such is entirely opposed to Liberal principles, and, further, that there can hardly be any possible comparison between ancient and modern times. This mode of thinking is common to some writers, but it is shallow reasoning, and without saying more on this point, it is only necessary to mention that the introduction of Christianity alone sufficiently differentiates pagan from Christian times to prevent any possible (legimit) legitimate comparison. Again, Mr.

Baseball Artists at Play

Snapshots of the Montreal Team Practising on the Diamond

Charleson thinks that the centralist considers that the Empire is held together by bonds of self-interest, such as tariff preferences would furnish. That may be the view of tariff reformers of the school of Mr. Chamberlain, but it certainly is not that of the Liberal party of Great Britain.

Regarding this matter it may be said that the home view is that the Empire is held together by sentiment, trading and the feeling of prestige, a desire to see as much red on the map as possible, thus exhibiting to the outside world the extent and magnitude of the British Empire. On the part of Canada it is one also of sentiment, and, moreover, of self-interest. It is, I think, a matter much more of self-interest to Canada that it should remain a part of the British Empire than vice-versa, as Canada hitherto at least has had almost everything done for it without much or any adequate return. Again, so far as Great Britain is concerned, it may be said to have the feeling that it has done its duty towards the North American continent. It made this part of the world Anglo-Saxon, and that is no slight thing to have achieved, and may well rest content, leaving it in the hands of its own race to perpetuate what has been accomplished—Anglo Saxon, it mainly now is, and as President Cleveland said it must remain so. Again, it is a matter of very great self-interest to all patriotic Canadians that they should remain in the Empire, as outside of it they would be very much in danger of losing their nationality, and become, to use the now almost hackneyed expression, a mere adjunct of the United States.

Another comparison that Mr. Charleson has made is one that I do not think at all apposite, and that is South Africa. The Boers, it is said, have become loyal because they have been allowed to develop in their own way, and General Botha says that South African interests are the first consideration. Between Canada and South Africa, however, surely Mr. Charleson must see there is no parallel. South Africa lies on the way to India, and must belong to or be dominated by Great Britain. It is not many years since she expended some two hundred million pounds sterling and sacrificed many valuable lives, to conquer that country, and most certainly all that was not done for naught. South Africa will be allowed to develop itself as it pleases up to a certain point, but not beyond that point, as, like India, it is really in the last resort held by the sword. As to Canada, there is nothing of this kind, as if she desired to leave the Empire tomorrow, there would not be a single gun fired to prevent it, and Great Britain would still remain that great power it was before Canada was much thought of.

Mr. Charleson says that the writer is much shocked to learn that any one wishes Canada to choose whether or not to take part in the wars in which Britain engages. The word is rather strong; I am not so much shocked as amazed. It is said that the British Government fully acquiesced in the claim made in 1909 that each part of the Empire should assist in its defence should they so desire.

There seems, however, to be a misunderstanding on the part of Canada in particular on this point, and it is this; Great Britain has never as yet asked any of the colonies to take part in a common defence, but what it has not requested out of deference to their feelings and from that non-interference with domestic politics which has always characterized her policy, it certainly expects. Great Britain assuredly anticipates and desires that the component parts of the Empire should bear their proportionate share of the burden, although it has not expressly said so. It is a delicate position, and must be left to the good sense of the various Dominions. New Zealand has realized this desire with the greatest emphasis of all, supported by little Malay and South Africa, Australia more locally.

As to Canada the position taken by Sir Wilfrid Laurier that it may or may not participate in a great war, is one that cannot be seriously discussed. In any little war that Great Britain may be engaged in, such as the chastisement of some frontier tribe, no help is needed, but in a European conflagration, endangering the safety of the Empire, Canada must make up its mind once for all, either to assist, or to dissolve partnership. To act otherwise would be humiliating to Canada, and farcical to Great Britain; at the very least it would be an anomalous position, and could not endure indefinitely. And now, as to the particular point at issue, an immediate naval contribution. I do not at all see what any Canadian has to complain about, and why the Liberal party in particular should have so distorted itself in Parliament. It is agreed that autonomists and centralists are alike loyal to the Empire. This is well, from a moral point of view alone, and from that point of view, as it has been well said, it is worth more than the proposed ships themselves, and yet the reiterated cry of the Liberal party is that there is no emergency, but since when, I ask in astonishment, is Duty not emergent? All admit the duty, then why not discharge it as speedily as possible. A contribution is not a tribute, but a free-will offering, given on certain conditions, and these conditions that the proposed contribution shall form part of a Canadian navy still to be, but sure to come. And, above all, let the Canadian people understand that Great Britain has not the slightest intention or desire to interfere with the autonomic development of Canada, either as to tariffs or anything else. She has her own domestic problems, but she does desire and expects that Canada will take its proper share in the maintenance of that Empire which means so much for the welfare of the world at large, and that it should be done now and not in an indefinite future.

DOUGLAS ROSS.

Montreal, May 26th.



Frank Betcher, on Second Base, is Just Too Late to Tag Batten, Who Has Got His Foot on the Sack and, Incidentally, Has Raised a Fine Cloud of Dust.



"Mike" Murphy, the Reserve Catcher, Sliding to First. George Batten Defending the Sack.



Batten, Defending the First Base, and Betcher, on the Ground.



Hon. Mr. Roche (seated), Minister of the Interior, Who Has Gone Abroad For His Health, Was Tendered a Luncheon by the Lord Mayor of Cardiff (Standing Third from Left). On Mr. Roche's Right is Miss May Roche.



Canadian Boy Scouts Will be Interested in This Picture of Lord Beresford, the Chief Sea Scout, Who Took Part in the Dedication of Two Boats Provided for the Sea Scouts at Hampstead.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

The High Point Passed

FOR the time being, the high point in United States migration into Canada has been passed. More than 130,000 people came in last year, and a few thousand returned. In April, there was a decided falling off as compared with last year. The comparison is as follows:

FROM THE UNITED STATES IN APRIL.		
	1912.	1913.
Males	14,121	11,848
Females	3,769	3,868
Children	3,604	3,544
Total	21,494	19,260
Decrease, 2,234, or 10 per cent.		

The increase in British immigration was 16 per cent., and from countries other than Great Britain and the United States it was 47 per cent. These gains more than made up for the loss in United States immigration and made a total increase of 10,000, or 16 per cent.

United States migration to Canada will continue, but not in such large proportions. The American farmer finds it less easy to secure cheap land than he did five years ago. Prices have advanced considerably all through the West, and the "bargains" are not quite so attractive. Moreover, the immigration has got beyond the means of transportation and many Americans will wait until the railways catch up.

Bourassa Revelations

MONSIEUR HENRI BOURASSA has been tearing away the veil of obscurity which has hidden the relations between the Nationalists and the two regular political parties. Summarized, he says: Sir Wilfrid Laurier catered to the Nationalists for years and helped to create the opinions they hold; Sir Wilfrid broke with them when he went in for a naval policy; then Mr. Borden and the Conservatives catered to them in 1911 and made a working arrangement; when the Conservatives got into power they "hurriedly disengaged themselves" and were enabled to do this "owing to the baseness and the treachery of three Ministers and of a dozen Conservative members who have openly violated their obligations."

This is probably near the truth. There was once "an unholy alliance" between the Liberals and the Nationalists. This was broken when Sir Wilfrid agreed with the other representatives of the Empire to do something for the naval defence of the Empire. Then came "an unholy alliance" between the Conservatives and Nationalists, which was again broken when Premier Borden agreed to do something for immediate naval defence without first submitting the question to the people.

As politics go, there is little that is discreditable in either alliance. Political alliances come and go under party government just as international alliances do among the Great Powers of the world. Mr. Bourassa has helped us all to a better understanding, by telling us much interesting truth—or the truth as he sees it. The only result can be to prove that the Nationalists are the enemies of both political parties at the present time.

Abolishing City Taxes

LAST week, addressing a municipal association in Toronto, Dr. J. O. Miller, principal of Ridley College, St. Catharines, stated that in about 1,500 German towns and cities no general taxes are paid. In several hundred towns, dividends are paid to the property owners. This is due to wise investments in civic utilities, special taxes, and wise investments in property. All subdivisions are made by the city, and the profit goes into the city treasury instead of the pockets of real-estate subdividers.

The people of this continent know little about governing a city. This is one of the great causes of high wages. If a man pays no city taxes, a low fare on street cars, gets his electric light, gas and water at a nominal price, and pays a low house rent, he can afford to work for 15 cents an hour and still live as well as a Canadian or United States workman getting 30 or 40 cents an hour. This is a point this continent has overlooked.

For example, had Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg managed their own street car systems as efficiently as these franchises are managed in Germany, each city would have made a profit of from ten to twenty-five million dollars in the past twenty years. Because they were rented out to private corporations, a certain number of individuals have made this profit. That many of them are private citizens of their respective cities does not affect the argument.

So if any one of these cities had got one-half of the increment in real-estate values created during the past twenty years, the general rate of taxation would be one-half what it is now. Indeed, it seems quite clear that in Winnipeg the profit from the new subdivisions in the last ten years would have sufficed to pay all civic expenses during that period.

Dr. Miller is writing a series of articles on this subject for THE CANADIAN COURIER, and these should do something towards convincing the citizens of Canadian municipalities that we are mere novices in municipal affairs as compared with the people of Europe.

A Wonderful People

TRULY, Canadians are a wonderful people. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir George Ross, with the aid of the Liberal majority in the Senate, have killed the Government's naval bill, and there will be no "emergency" order sent to Britain this year. On the other hand, Premier Borden and his colleagues, while confessing sympathy with an ultimate Canadian navy, are slowly but surely throttling the naval service which has already been established. While the Conservatives are professing their desire to begin on a Canadian naval service, the two training ships, the *Niobe* and *Rainbow*, are being put out of commission.

Are Canadians to be forced to the conclusion that neither of the political parties is fit to govern? Are we to be compelled to believe that among the leaders of the two political parties, there is not one whose patriotism rises above his party allegiance?

Read this quotation from a Victoria daily paper of May 22nd:—

RAINBOW IS STRIPPED OF HER WAR APPAREL

Once Famous Cruiser of British Navy will Soon be Like Peaceable Merchantman.

CREW READY TO GO HOME.

Vessel will be Handed Over to a Watch Crew in Course of a Few Days.

H. M. C. S. *Rainbow*, one of the two cruisers of the Canadian navy, is rapidly beginning to look like a peaceful merchant vessel and is every day being robbed of her war-like instruments at the dockyard of Esquimalt. It is expected that by next week she will be handed over to a watch crew, while her officers and bluejackets will be on their way to England in a few days.

The whole of the ship's complement were busily engaged removing the four-pounders from the deck of the cruiser on Saturday and preparations are now under way for the removal of the other large quick-firing guns. All the ammunition has been removed to the magazine on Coal Island, and altogether, fourteen big guns have been removed to be taken ashore before the warship is completely dismantled of her gunnery equipment. It is quite an unusual sight and the inhabitants of Esquimalt are taking a keen interest in the proceedings.

The full complement of the *Rainbow* is at present 104 officers and men and the greater percentage of this number are naval pensioners who are due back in England by the middle of July, at the very latest. Four hundred tons of coal were taken on board the cruiser last Saturday for cooking purposes while the ship is being dismantled and until she is totally abandoned.

Is this the kind of progress towards a Canadian naval service which Premier Borden intends to give us? Because his naval bill has been held up by the Laurier party in Parliament, is he to retaliate by destroying every vestige of the Canadian naval service which the Liberals established? Will the people of Canada permit the two parties to play a

schoolboy's game with a great national and imperial issue?

Likewise the Egeria

WHEN it was decided three or four years ago to lay the foundations of a Canadian naval service, some enthusiasts in the Vancouver Navy League got a little vessel from Great Britain known as the *Egeria*. On this vessel the League members and others were to get amateur knowledge of naval work. It was to be a tangible evidence of the desire on the part of Vancouver citizens to serve their country and their Empire, if danger threatened. And now, these same Vancouver patriots have decided that money-making not Empire-defending, is their forte.

Here is a clipping from a Vancouver paper:—

Exit Egeria.

To-morrow's meeting of the Vancouver Navy League will decide the fate of the *Egeria*. The following offer for the ship will be submitted to be decided:

"An offer of \$10,000, \$5,000 to be paid to the treasurer forthwith on the signing of an agreement and the balance when demanded; and further, the purchaser agrees that when the ship has been broken up and the material sold, that if the receipts shall exceed the sum of \$10,000, the surplus shall be paid over to the league less the cost of breaking up and sale."

Has this turn in the policy of the Vancouver Navy League been made at the order of the Conservative leaders on the Coast? Or has the League been impressed by the Bourassa pamphlets on the navy question? Is the long-vaunted imperialism of the British Columbia people merely a little red paint on the shield, to be washed off whenever the politicians so decide?

Prosperity and Reason

OCCASIONALLY one hears of men who having become suddenly rich have lost their good judgment and some who have even lost their reason. Can it be that Canadians through tasting of prosperity in a large way, have temporarily lost both their judgment and their reason? Apparently we have come to the position where neither country nor empire, neither patriotism nor loyalty makes any appeal to the politician. The two political parties are so busy fighting for mere party advantage that the interests and the honour of the country do not count. They are so busy pummeling each other that they don't care who gets the prize money. The largest budget ever put through the Dominion Parliament has been passed with only a perfunctory debate.

Perhaps the best thing that could happen Canada at the present time would be a financial crisis, or two or three years of hard times. It may be that the reappearance of the municipal soup kitchen to feed the "out-of-works" would bring the people to their senses, and teach the mendacious and unscrupulous party politicians the error of their ways.

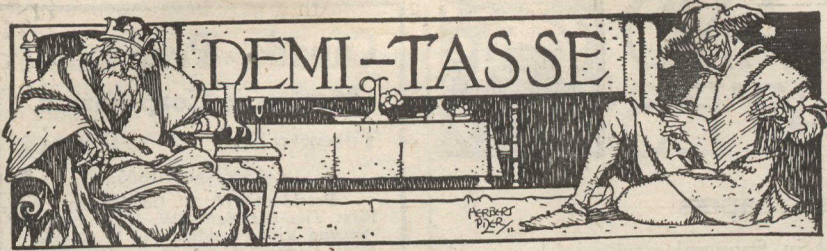
Mad Partisanship

HOW high partisanship is running in this country just now is illustrated by a little incident. Last week some reader clipped the first page of our issue of May 24th, containing five portraits of "Men of To-Day." He wrote across the face of it some remarks to the fact that four of these being Liberals and only one Conservative, this was a "Grit" weekly not a "national" weekly. Can you beat that for pettiness?

On the first page of this week's issue, by accident—not design, there are pictures of four Conservatives. Will some Liberal please write in and tell us that this is a "Tory" paper. We would like to think there is at least one fool in the Liberal party now that we know there is at least one in the Conservative ranks.

Three Possible Courses

OF the courses open to Premier Borden in connection with the navy, three are most prominent. First, he can appropriate a sum of money, as large as he wishes, under the Naval Service Act, and order the three dreadnoughts. Sir George Ross has indicated that he and his fellow Liberals in the Senate would not oppose this. Second, he can consult with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and work out a compromise policy to which both the House and the Senate could agree unanimously. This is the best course, but perhaps the most difficult. It is the course suggested last October by the three hundred prominent citizens who signed the "Non-Partisan Navy Memorial." Third, he can let the session close without doing anything. This is the easiest course, the least advisable course, and the one most likely to be adopted.



Courierettes.

NEW YORK found its champion baby in the slums. Nothing remarkable in that. If the kiddie had been found on Fifth Ave. it would have been a real news item.

These are the balmy days when you begin the day by sending for a block of ice and end it by kindling the furnace fire.

Some Canadian M.P.'s are asking for a seasonal indemnity of \$5,000. However, there are no indications of the House of Commons going on strike because the figure is a measly \$2,500.

Teddy Roosevelt testified in court that he never mixed his drinks. What's the good of having a servant if a man has to mix his own drinks?

A playwright challenged Toronto preachers to public debate on the morals of his play. That dramatist is also a good press agent.

Prince Albert preferred to play tennis rather than ride in a state procession through Halifax streets. Seems to be a sensible little prince.

"The Ragtime Ride" is the novelty at the Military Tournament in London. What a giddy old town the world's metropolis is becoming!

So far the greatest arguments against votes for women are the hobble skirt, the "Debutante Dip," and the question mark hat plume.

There are those who "prate of the blessings of peace," but universal peace would not usher in the Golden Age. Like the poor, the prudes and the politicians are always with us.

Beware of some of those "paying investments." You may have to do all the paying.

The genius of some men consists of an ability to use the genius of others.

If everybody does as the Medical Health Officers suggest, and swats flies early and often, there may not be enough of the little pests left to put in the proverbial ointment.

Moral reformers had a play called "Deborah" suppressed in Toronto. If they had said nothing about it the play would have died for lack of attention. Now it will be taken to New York and will net its producers a fortune.

The average girl who goes to a ball game does not take long to learn what the "squeeze play" is.

The Governor's Joke.—Rev. Dr. A. B. Chambers was once a Methodist minister. Now he is the governor of that grim, old, grey castle beside the Don river, known as Toronto Jail.

Years of residence in the gloomy, grey building has not blunted Dr. Chambers' sense of humour, however.

Recently he was present at a gathering of Methodist preachers, and they were all relating their experiences with their flocks and comparing notes as to the progress of the work in their respective charges.

After all had told their story of results and efforts, the jail governor chipped in with the remark that he had a record that could eclipse them all.

"I have several hundred men in my charge," said he, "and they are all under conviction."

An Apt Retort.—A Canadian editorial writer who went to a big American city to attend a convention recently, brought back a rather amusing yarn about an interruption in a political speech. He thinks it quite the cleverest in that line that he has heard.

The story goes that a well-known American politician was making an important speech. He was a big, burly man in a physical sense, built somewhat on the Taftian plan. In fact he

was more noted for his size than his statecraft.

But in this speech he was pleading for the confidence of the people. He pointed to his past and urged that it entitled him to consideration. Finally he grew almost pathetic in his peroration.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am now nearing the sunset of life. Soon my public career will close and I shall pass into the great Beyond."

It was here that the rude interrupter got in his deadly work.

"Then the fat will be in the fire," said he, to the evident discomfiture of the orator.

Time Tells.—He was desperately in love.

She was the only little woman in the world as far as his vision was concerned.

He often wondered why she did not wear wings.

He married her.

Now he worries because she doesn't wear wings.

'Tis a Sad Sight.—One of the saddest things in life is to see a sweet young society bud, unplucked, grow into a wall flower.

Just a Tip.—It's all right to quote proverbs and pose as a philosopher, but the wise man does not burn his bridges behind him until he learns to swim.

Not That.—Many a literary man complains of writer's cramp, but you never hear him kicking about it when signing his cheques.

That is, if he happens to have a bank account.

The Modern Maid.

THE maid was wooed by two young men—

And one of them had saved her life. The other—he just saved his yen— Of course he won her for his wife.

One Reason.—Some men like to look up to woman.

Perhaps that is why so many of us keep our seats in the street cars.

The Natural Deduction.—Some writer has defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains."

Which convinces us that the world is full of geniuses when we listen to our friends tell of their pet ailments.

He Wisely Waits.—Many a man is nery enough to contest his wife's will—but not while she is alive.

The Great Complaint.—Billie Burke, the actress, declares that resting is an art.

We rise to protest that we don't get time to cultivate the artistic side of our nature.

Defined.—Imported cigars—the kind they cannot sell across the line.

Men With a Pull.—"There's one class of men in this country who make a great deal of money simply by their pull."

"And who are they?"

"The dentists."

Turning Points.—There are many turning points in the life of the average woman.

In fact there's one every time she meets another woman wearing a new hat.

The Point of View.—They were discussing men.

Said the dreaming girl: "I am waiting for my ideal man."

Said the engaged girl: "I have found mine."

Said the married woman: "He isn't!"

"PINNACE" NAVY CUT TOBACCO



Letters From a Deep Sea Smoker—

"AN' I'auls the bird into a pub, and there was a soljer there wot 'ad been in 'Alifax and Vancouver, an' w'en the bird sings out, 'Give us a pipe of PINNACE, Bill,' blest if the soljer doesn't up an' 'and me the tin, which I passes on to the bird, jokin' like.

Then the soljer, 'e says: 'That's the best tobacco wot ever went into Canada, or any other country, from old England.' An' I say: 'I know it, an' the parrot knows it, an' blow me, if the Hadmiral isn't learnin' it too, for 'e was the man wot taught my parrot, 'e comes around to me that frequent for a pipeful.'"

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Financiers and Newspapers

NUMEROUS rumours are floating about in financial circles with regard to the control of certain newspapers in Montreal, for reasons which relate to other things than politics. Mr. J. S. Brierly, who has been in control of the Montreal *Herald* for many years, is leaving for twelve months in Europe, and it is currently reported that he and Mr. Abraham have sold their interests to a financial group, headed by Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon. As the *Herald* is the leading Liberal paper of Eastern Canada, it was natural that the Liberals should look for an organ to take its place. Rumour had it that the Hon. Sydney Fisher, who was formerly interested in the *Herald*, had secured a controlling interest in the *Witness*, also a Liberal paper, but not a party organ. But there are those who doubt this story and state that another financial group has secured the *Witness*, and that the Liberals will soon be without a single English paper in Montreal. Among the latter group the names of Sir Hugh Graham; Pres. Robert, of the Montreal Tramways, and Hon. Mr. Pearson, of Halifax, are mentioned. Time alone will reveal the truth of all these rumours, but an important question is raised, are financiers justified in trying to control the press of the country? What would happen if this were done on a wholesale scale? Might not such action be a direct blow at the free speech which has always been the privilege and proud boast of the Britisher? If these papers had been bought by unscrupulous financiers, it is possible they would be made the means of advancing the financial interests of the owners, and, what is more important, subduing the voice of popular opinion against them. If papers are bought by financial interests for an investment, a purely money-making investment, and the public can rely upon their presenting live financial and political issues untinged and unbiased by the personal wishes and aspirations of the men who own them, it is all right, and there can be no complaint. But is this possible? Does it not stand to sense that if these financier-newspaper proprietors were unscrupulous and wanted certain legislation, the papers which they owned would come out in strong support of that legislation, and would give no publicity to the plaint of those who are against it?

The identity of the present owners of the Montreal *Herald* and the Montreal *Witness* should be disclosed. In the States a disclosure of identity twice a year is compulsory under the postal regulations. Montreal and Canada ought to know who have bought these two press organs. The purchasers owe it to themselves, in order that the people of Eastern Canada may be assured of impartial and unbiased presentation of any and every affair which touches the common weal.

Exports and Imports

NOT the least interesting part of Hon. Mr. White's budget speech was that referring to the Dominion's revenue. Any consideration of this leads necessarily to an examination of Canada's trade. In 1912-1913, the exports totalled \$393,000,000, and the imports, \$691,000,000. In other words, imports equalled 64 per cent. of the total foreign trade. Five years ago the figures were: Exports, \$280,000,000; imports, \$370,000,000; that is, the imports totalled 56 per cent. of the total.

What are the causes of the apparent disparity between exports and imports? Hon. Mr. White made them clear. He pointed out that during the last few years a vast amount of productive capital has been poured into Canada, for railway development, for the construction of great public works and for the carrying on of provincial and municipal undertakings. A great part of this capital has come from England and Europe in the shape of commodities of various kinds, and Canada is having, roughly, \$20,000,000 a month in the form of new issues floated in London. Immigration, too, is partially responsible for the country getting more than it gives. So long as development so phenomenal goes on, Canada is bound to find the scales hanging unevenly. But those who are pouring money into the country are not doing it for the love of the thing. They have proved again and again that things Canadian are exceedingly lucrative.

On and Off the Exchange

Another Steel Merger

ANOTHER amalgamation of Canadian steel industries is announced. The Gananoque Spring and Axle Company, the D. F. Jones Manufacturing Company, Limited, and the Dowsley Spring and Axle Company are no more. They are merged in the Steel Products of Canada, Limited. The new concern will have a capital of \$2,100,000, divided as follows: Six per cent. bonds, \$600,000; seven per cent. preferred stock, \$750,000, and common stock, \$750,000. Seventy-five per cent. of the securities in the new company have been taken in lieu of cash by the holders of stock in the consolidated companies. The remainder will shortly be offered for public subscription. Mr. W. T. Sampson, lately manager of the Gananoque Spring and Axle Company, will be managing director of the new company.

Maple Leaf Looking Ahead

THE annual meeting of the Maple Leaf Milling Company, of Toronto, is significant, for an announcement was made which shows that the company is taking note of the signs of the times. Mr. Hedley Shaw, General Manager, said that on account of the great growth of Western Canada, and the probability that when the Panama Canal is open for traffic, some of the company's western products would find an outlet by the Pacific Coast, the directors have secured property in Medicine Hat, where a new milling plant is to be built. This will put the company in a position to do a trade in the far east. The mills and general plant at Port Colborne are to be extended. The work will be completed in time for the new crop.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Toronto St. - Toronto

Established 1855.

President—W. G. Gooderham.
First Vice-President—W. D. Matthews.
Second Vice-President—G. W. Monk.
Joint General Managers—R. S. Hud-
son, John Massey.
Superintendent of Branches and Secre-
tary—George H. Smith.

Paid-up Capital \$ 6,000,000.00
Reserve Fund (earned) . . . 4,000,000.00
Investments 31,299,095.55

Deposits Received
Debentures Issued

Associated with the above Corpora-
tion and under the same direction and
management is the

CANADA PERMANENT TRUST
COMPANY

lately incorporated by the Dominion
Parliament. This Trust Company is
now prepared to act as Executor,
Administrator, Liquidator, Guardian,
etc. Any branch of the business of a
legitimate Trust Company will have
careful and prompt attention.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited,
Chief Toronto Agents

DOMINION BOND
COMPANY, LIMITED

GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL
CORPORATION BONDS

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

TORONTO MONTREAL
VANCOUVER LONDON
[ENG.]

Bank Account

How about that Bank Ac-
count of yours? Has it a
good healthy balance, or, like
most of us—rather slim?
There is one way to create
an immediate Estate for the
benefit of your family; take
out a Policy with the

Federal Life Assurance

Company

Hamilton, Ontario.

**British America Assurance
Company**

(Fire)

INCORPORATED A.D. 1833

Assets over \$2,000,000.00
Losses paid since organization over
\$36,000,000.00.

W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager.

Telephone Company's Year

AT the annual meeting of the New Brunswick Telephone Company, of St. John, gross revenue for the year of \$386,006 was shown. The amount of expenses and depreciation is \$297,326, leaving a balance of \$88,680, as net revenue. On profit and loss account, \$14,473.68 is carried forward to credit. Assets are shown to the value of \$1,647,916.

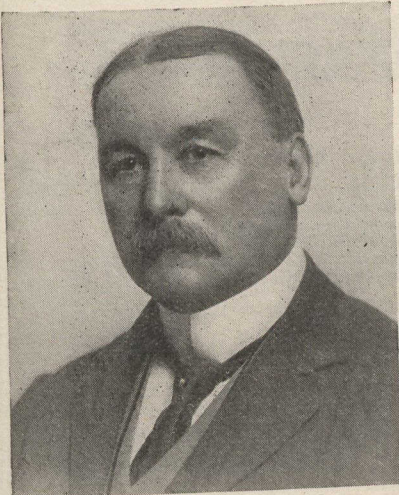
During the past year, 1,624 new telephones were installed, bringing the total for New Brunswick to 13,000.

Mr. Wilkie's Defence

THE Imperial Bank of Canada has had another good year. Net profits of \$1,125,971 are shown, compared with \$1,004,340. The profits represent 17.2 per cent. upon the paid-up capital, though calculated on capital and surplus combined, they represent 7.6 per cent. The reserve account now stands at \$7,000,000. Paid-up capital is \$6,788,169. Deposits are \$56,802,111, and show an increase for the year of nearly two millions.

Replied to the criticism that the banks are making too much money, and that their profits must be curtailed, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, President, said:

"It is a fact that banks are not making enough money considering the risks, the responsibilities and the turnover of the business, the indispensable assistance they are called upon to extend to the country—to the west in particular—and the severe competition with which they have to contend from within, and from all kinds of licensed competitors from without, who are free from unreasonable restrictions and can attract deposits by the offer of high rates of interest, with no obligation to maintain cash reserves, and who can charge rates



MR. D. R. WILKIE,
President of the Imperial Bank, and President of the Bankers' Association.

proportionate upon loans. The situation seems preposterous; it is certainly unfair."

Increased Sales of Dominion Textile

THE financial statement of the Dominion Textile Company, of Montreal, showed profits for the year of \$1,230,705. To these have been added dividends received from the Dominion Cotton Mills, Limited, and the Merchants Cotton Co., which brought the total profits to \$1,351,129. After meeting bond interest and other charges there is a surplus of \$149,723, making the total at credit of profit and loss account \$779,958. Sales for the year amounted to \$9,824,101, which is an increase over the preceding year of \$785,637. The company employs 7,500 hands, and is paying in mill wages, \$350,000 per annum more than three years ago. Mr. C. B. Gordon said, that in view of the high price paid for cotton during last year, the statement was very satisfactory, and the outlook for this year's business is better than ever before.

An Up-to-date Prophet

MR. JAMES CARRUTHERS, President of the Richelieu and Ontario lines, and director of the St. Lawrence and Chicago Navigation Company, has been indulging in prophesy. He predicts that the annual wheat output of the Dominion by the year 1920 will be half a billion bushels. Mr. Carruthers bases his prediction upon the fact that the Panama Canal, when opened, will afford greatly increased facilities for moving the grain, and also that the completion of the new Welland Canal will simplify the exporting of Canadian grain.

While believing that the opening of the Panama would play a large part in the movement of crops, Mr. Carruthers declared that it would not have any adverse effect upon the Great Lakes freight service. On the contrary, he thought that more and bigger boats would have to be built.

Fluctuations in C.P.R.

THE bears have found one more reason for despondency in the fact of the April earnings of C. P. R., which showed the first monthly net loss in years. Pessimistic prophesies are again being indulged in; C. P. R. gains are a thing of the past, and so the bottom is going to drop right out of the market! Such are the groanings of the bears. But they omit to point out that against the April net loss there must be balanced the fact that both gross and net profits for April were the largest of the year. Moreover, April, 1912, was an unusually good month for this railroad, and in view of the restricted condition of trade, C. P. R.'s performances should be regarded as highly satisfactory. It is, of course, the more than ordinary expense of operating that is responsible for the decline in net.

The New York view, as set forth in the *New York Globe*, is that the only thing that is really bullish on C. P. R. stock for the moment is that so many people are bearish on it.

The high for the week was 237, and the low 225 $\frac{3}{4}$. It opened this week at 217.

Another New Issue

THE directors of the Nova Scotia Car Works, of Halifax, have decided to issue \$200,000 of additional first preferred stock. This is offered to holders of the ordinary stock at par, with a six per cent. commission, making \$94 net.

Meetings Next Week

THE Toronto Stock Exchange, the Canadian Converters Company, and the Montreal Water Company hold their annual meetings next week.

Which Part of Toronto Do You Prefer as an Investment?

We have selected properties in several parts of Toronto which offer the large or small investor a rare opportunity to make a good turn in real estate. We can give full particulars of these propositions on application.

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W. S. DINNICK, President

84 King Street East - - Toronto

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

OUR JUNE LIST OF
BOND OFFERINGS IS
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A Copy Sent on Request.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS

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

The Safety of Trust Funds

THE greatest precaution should be taken to safeguard funds that are held in trust. This company is prepared to offer to trustees and fiduciary officers many helpful conveniences and much valuable assistance.

**National Trust
Company Limited**

TORONTO

Montreal

Winnipeg

Edmonton

Saskatoon

Regina

Men of To-Day

(Concluded from page 7.)

political position to which he was so spectacularly called in September, 1911. If there were any doubts in the public mind as to whether Mr. White was a wise choice as Cabinet Minister in 1911, there are fewer doubts in 1913. While some may regard and do regard his Budget as being somewhat extravagant, they are quite agreed that his presence at the present time is an assurance to the financial community of Canada and elsewhere that Canada's treasury is being handled on up-to-date principles. If there should come dull, grey days in Canada's commercial, industrial and financial life, the Honourable Mr. White will probably meet them with all the skill that Canada has any right to demand from her Finance Minister.

The New Senators

APPARENTLY the Borden Government has found considerable difficulty in making choices for the vacant senatorships in Ontario. The vacancies have been of long duration. However, on Tuesday of last week four appointments were made as follows: Colonel James Mason, of Toronto; Mr. E. D. Smith, ex-M.P., of Winona; Mr. Alexander McCall, ex-M.P. for Norfolk; and Mr. J. J. Donnelly, M.P. for Bruce. Colonel Mason and Mr. Donnelly are Roman Catholics.

Colonel James Mason, general manager of the Home Bank of Canada, has never exhibited any considerable interest in Canadian public affairs outside of things military and things financial. He is not the type of man who would seek such a position as this, and, therefore, one must credit him with having responded to a call of duty. Consequently he should make a good senator. If it should happen that Canada needed a new Minister of Militia, Colonel Mason could handle the portfolio with distinction. On matters financial his advice should be extremely valuable, and there are not too many financial experts in the Upper House.

Mr. Ernest D. Smith has had some experience in public life. He sat for Wentworth County in the House of Commons from 1900-08. As a fruit grower and fruit canner he is the head of a very large business. Therefore, he is a man fitted by experience and circumstances to perform the duties which are demanded of a senator of the Dominion of Canada. He is also "some" debater.

Mr. Alexander McCall has served his time as mayor of the town of Simcoe, and as a Conservative candidate. He represented the Conservative party in Norfolk at the general election of 1911, and was defeated by the Hon. W. A. Charlton. In business he is a successful lumberman.

Mr. James J. Donnelly is the sitting member for South Bruce, and is also a lumberman. After serving as county councillor and warden he was elected to the House of Commons at a bye-election in February, 1904. In the general election of that year he was defeated in South Bruce. In 1908 he was more successful, and was re-elected in 1911. Mr. Donnelly will be a strength to the agricultural element in the senate, and will no doubt strongly support Mr. Burrell's bill, which is the most progressive agricultural measure yet brought before Parliament.

Where To Fish

THE angler is again getting out his tackle, and is wondering where he can catch a five-pound bass. He knows there must be scores of likely waters, but the trouble is to locate them. Anglers have the patience of Job—they have to have, but even Job's patience didn't last forever. The latest and most up-to-date brochure on this subject is "Where to Fish." This booklet indicates likely waters, and gives a lot of useful information to fishermen. It is the work of Mr. C. Price Green, an official of the Canadian Northern Railway, who is one of the best known anglers and huntsmen in Canada.

The booklet is exceedingly comprehensive, and will be a real help to anglers. A postal card to the C.N.R. will secure a copy.

Imperial Bank of Canada

PROCEEDINGS OF THE

Thirty-Eighth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders

The Thirty eighth Annual General Meeting of the Imperial Bank of Canada was held, in pursuance of the terms of the Charter, at the Banking House of the Institution, 28th May, 1913.

There were present:—Messrs. D. R. Wilkie, Hon. Robert Jaffray, Wm. Ramsay, P. Howland, C. Mulock, W. H. Merritt, M.D., W. J. Gage, H. Crewe, James Bicknell, K.C., C. M. Gripton (St. Catharines), Wm. Crocker, H. Vigeon, Hon. Richard Turner (Quebec), S. Jeffrey (Port Perry), J. K. Fiske, R. W. Thompson, A. A. Thompson, M. Robinson, J. G. Boyce, F. McPhillips, J. Tower Ferguson, A. P. Burritt, Rev. T. W. Patterson, L. H. Baldwin, M. E. S. Baldwin, A. E. Ames, E. Hay, O. F. Rice, W. Gibson Cassels, G. Howland, James McIntyre (Whitby), M. Morrison, R. H. Davies, E. K. Scoley, Major Keefer, J. K. Niven, B. Pontifex, T. Armstrong, G. Osler, Colin Osborne, G. G. Le Mesurier, A. A. McFall, Andrew Semple, J. H. McIntosh, David Kidd (Hamilton), J. H. Hallam (Port Hope), A. Foulds, J. C. Black, J. W. Beatty, F. H. Gooch, R. Carswell, F. Roper, J. C. Moore, A. Boyle (Niagara Falls).

THE REPORT

The Directors have much pleasure in submitting to the Shareholders the Thirty-eighth Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the affairs of the Bank as on 30th April, 1913, together with Statement of Profit and Loss Account, showing the result of the operations of the Bank for the year which ended on that day.

The net profits of the Bank after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts, for interest on unmatured bills under discount, and for payment of all Provincial and other taxes, amounted to \$1,125,971.61 being at the rate of 17.28% upon the average paid-up Capital, or rather, of 7.61% upon Capital, Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, all of which sources of profit must, of course, be taken into the calculation in determining the actual percentage of profit earned upon Capital from the operations of the year. There was received from Shareholders by way of premium upon new stock (issue 1912) the sum of 788,169.18 which, with the balance of Profit and Loss carried forward from 1912 1,022,787.88

makes a total available surplus as on 30th April of \$2,936,928.67 This surplus has been applied as follows:

(a) Dividends have been paid at the rate of 12% per annum, amounting to	\$ 780,668.91
(b) Special contribution to Officers' Pension Fund, as per By-law No. 20	20,000.00
(c) Annual contribution to Officers' Pension and Guarantee Funds	7,500.00
(d) Transferred to Reserve Fund	1,000,000.00
(e) Written off Bank Premises and Furniture Account	124,771.21
Balance carried forward to Profit and Loss Account, 1913	1,003,988.55
	<u>\$2,936,928.67</u>

New Branches have been opened during the year: In Ontario—At Aurora, Fort Frances, Sparta, and a second sub-branch at St. Catharines. In Saskatchewan—At McLean. The Branch at Golden City (Porcupine) has been closed.

The desire of your Directors to establish the Pension Fund of the Bank upon a firm and substantial basis, and the advantages to the Bank which your Directors believe will accrue therefrom, induce them to ask your authority to grant a further special contribution of \$20,000 to the Fund. This sum will do little more than keep the Fund abreast of the probable requirements of a steadily-increasing number of employees and maintain a proper proportion of the one to the other.

The Bank Act is undergoing its periodical revision by Parliament; several important changes have been made, additional powers of a minor character have been granted, restrictions have been introduced and safeguards have been provided by way of the establishment of a system of audit which will add to the strength and security of the Chartered Banks without interfering with legitimate sources of profit nor with the best interests of the Shareholders. It is intended that the new Act should come into operation on 1st July, 1913.

The Head Office and Branches of the Bank, now numbering 125, have been carefully inspected during the year, and your Directors have much pleasure in testifying to the faithful and efficient manner in which the staff have performed their respective duties.

The whole respectfully submitted.

D. R. WILKIE,
President.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

Dividend No. 88, for three months at the rate of 12% per annum (paid 1st of August, 1912)	\$ 182,678.88
Dividend No. 89, for three months at the rate of 12% per annum (paid 1st November, 1912) ..	195,298.22
Dividend No. 90, for three months at the rate of 12% per annum (paid 1st of February, 1913) ..	199,689.85
Dividend No. 91, for three months at the rate of 12% per annum (paid 1st of May, 1913)	203,001.96
	<u>\$ 780,668.91</u>

Special contribution to Officers' Pension and Guarantee Fund	20,000.00
Annual contribution to Officers' Pension and Guarantee Fund	7,500.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund	1,000,000.00
Written off Bank Premises and Furniture Account	124,771.21
Balance of Account carried forward	1,003,988.55
	<u>\$2,936,928.67</u>

Balance at credit of account 30th April, 1912, brought forward	\$1,022,787.88
Profits for the twelve months ended 30th April, 1913, after deducting charges of management and interest due depositors, and after making full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and for rebate on bills under discount	1,125,971.61
Premium received on new Capital Stock	788,169.18
	<u>\$2,936,928.67</u>

RESERVE FUND.

Balance at credit of account, 30th April, 1912 ..	\$6,000,000.00
Premium received on new Capital Stock	788,169.18
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account	211,830.82
	<u>\$7,000,000.00</u>

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

LIABILITIES.

Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 5,803,794.00
Deposits not bearing interest	\$12,201,587.23
Deposits bearing interest (including interest accrued to date)	44,600,524.63
	<u>56,802,111.86</u>
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	224,075.56
Total Liabilities to the public	\$62,829,981.42
Capital Stock (paid up)	6,788,169.17
Reserve Fund Account	\$7,000,000.00
Dividend No. 91 (payable 1st May, 1913) for three months at the rate of 12% per annum	203,001.96
Rebate on Bills discounted	138,967.00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward	1,003,988.55
	<u>8,345,957.51</u>
	<u>\$77,064,108.10</u>

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin	\$ 1,624,796.87
Dominion Government Notes	10,830,331.75
	<u>\$12,455,128.62</u>
Deposit with Dominion Government for security of note circulation	307,424.50
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	4,171,844.16
Balance due from other Banks in Canada	977,551.62
Balance due from Agents in the United Kingdom ..	2,497,522.89
Balance due from Agents in Foreign Countries ..	2,345,084.93
Cash Reserves—36 1-5% of Liabilities	\$22,754,556.72
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	\$ 566,986.99
Loans to Provincial Governments ..	1,519,307.72
Canadian Municipal Securities and British or Foreign or Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	4,197,948.27
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stock	730,152.68
	<u>7,014,395.66</u>
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds in Canada	3,135,507.37
Call and Short Loans on Stocks and Bonds elsewhere than in Canada	2,000,000.00
Total Liquid Assets—55 1/2% of Liabilities ..	\$34,904,459.75
Other Current Loans, Discounts and Advances ..	40,502,609.92
Overdue Debts (loss provided for)	71,105.93
Real Estate (other than Bank premises)	97,252.72
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	468,597.25
Bank Premises, including Safes, Vaults and Office Furniture, at Head Office and Branches	1,900,000.00
Other Assets not included under foregoing heads ..	20,082.53
	<u>\$77,964,108.10</u>

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager. E. HAY, Assistant General Manager.

The sum of \$20,000 was contributed to the Officers and Employees' Pension Fund of the bank.

The Directors elected for the ensuing year were the following:—Messrs. D. R. Wilkie, Hon. Robt. Jaffray, Wm. Ramsay (of Bowland, Stow, Scotland), Elias Rogers, J. Kerr Osborne, Peleg Howland, Sir Wm. Whyte (Winnipeg), Cawthra Mulock, Hon. Richard Turner (Quebec), Wm. Hamilton Merritt, M.D. (St. Catharines), W. J. Gage.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. D. R. Wilkie was re-elected President and the Hon. Robert Jaffray Vice-President for the ensuing year.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Holiday Habit

"WHERE are you going for the summer?" is the query at teas and garden parties and even at springtime weddings. The established summer vacation has come about rather slowly. Twenty years ago, there were comparatively few families, in our smaller towns and cities, who knew a yearly summer holiday, with its change of "camping out" or long water trips. A two weeks' holiday was considered a long breathing space and there were few business men who managed to go away for even that brief fortnight. Now, as soon as the first buds are seen, the plans for "getting away" are discussed with a taking-it-for-granted attitude which even the head of the family finds it difficult to resent. Saturday afternoon finds us in the woods or by the creek, and there we plan for still farther excursions afield.

"I can't afford to take a holiday" is the sentiment frequently expressed by those who imagine that constant work is an economy, and that there is something wickedly extravagant about a change of air and scene. There is another side to the question of holiday expense. Those who absolutely refuse to consider the necessity for holidays and who imagine that there is a lofty virtue in keeping one's nose eternally to the grindstone, will discover some fine morning that Nature is in a state of rampant rebellion, that the wheels simply will not go round and that a hospital holiday is the prospect ahead of the foolish person who insisted on all work and no play. There is nothing drearier than being absolutely idle, except having too much to do—and the Canadian citizen of to-day finds that a holiday is an absolute economy as well as a diversion.

The Pleasure "Exertion"

THAT rural humourist who wrote the "Josiah Allen" books tells of how she and her husband once went to a picnic which proved in the end a sad trial to nerves and patience and was described by the writer as "a pleasure exertion." We can all look back on such picnics which proved from the moment we entered the train or the carriage on a broiling day to the late hour when we reached home in a thunderstorm, downcast and drenched, nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. The mercury just climbed higher and higher until Old Sol seemed to be grinning at our perspiring efforts to find amusement, the mustard pickles and custard pie became involved in an unhappy union, the raspberry vinegar leaked over the salmon sandwiches and somebody had forgotten the salt—so the hard-boiled eggs had to be eaten in savourless disappointment. Yes, there have been such scenes in life when the hardest toil in the world seemed light in comparison with the pursuit of a little innocent pleasure.

But what a joy was the Sunday School picnic, with its announcement for three Sundays in advance, so that every small person was on the tip-toe of expectation before the happy Wednesday dawned. How we regarded with suspicion those youngsters who joined the class just a few weeks before the picnic took place! Our favourite trip was from London to Port Stanley, and we awoke about four o'clock in the morning in order to be ready for the early train. Neither Atlantic City nor Palm Beach can at all compare with the Port Stanley of the Sunday School picnic days. Never was there such a fairy sheet of water as Lake Erie, nor such delectable dinners as we had at the Fraser House, with ice cream for dessert. Also, there was a brass band which played patriotic selections on

the hottest afternoons and made the holiday riotous with the strains of "The Red, White and Blue." It may have been an anxious day for parents and teachers, but never was the day too hot nor the band too loud for the rejoicing children. It was a picnic worth having, even if your nose was sunburned, your hair-ribbon was missing and your hat was crushed out of recognition by the end of the day.

A Variety of Faring

BUT where to go, in this Canada of ours, is the question—with due regard, of course, to such trifles as the bank account and the summer wardrobe. The Old Country is the natural touring spot for those whose gaze is fixed steadfastly across the



CANADIAN SECRETARY OF AN IMPERIAL LEAGUE.

Mrs. H. S. Strathy, of Toronto, is known for her interest in many philanthropic and patriotic activities, and of late years, as Hon. Secretary for Canada of the League of the Empire, has been an enthusiastic worker in this Educational Movement. Mrs. Strathy is a daughter of the late Principal James George, D.D., of Queen's University, and is a sister of Mr. W. K. George, of Toronto.

sea. France, Italy and Germany, not to mention the low-lying charms of the Netherlands, are all becoming known to the Canadian tourist. But in our own Dominion, there is an inexhaustible wealth of scenery and sport to explore for those who are not bent upon going abroad. There is the East with its Evangeline country, its seaside resorts and Cape Breton's wonderful stretch of Bras d'Or Lakes. Then we can go on to the ancient colony of Newfoundland and find rest with its wholesome fisher-folk, and let the briny breezes blow away a year's accumulation of business worries. Prince Edward Island is a veritable garden paradise in July and August, while the Province of Quebec has an unrivalled river and an endless chain of mountain lakes for the joy of the gypsy-hearted traveller. It is no wonder that Dr. Henry Van Dyke has found inspiration for some of his most charming

stories and essays along the streams of Quebec. Then, in Ontario, we have ever so many playgrounds, both to the south and the north. Along the Gatineau, up the windings of the Magnetawan, on the wide steel-blue expanse of Georgian Bay, or among Muskoka's myriad islands—you may find all that the heart of the nature-lover might desire—except the sea and the mountains. Long ago, I gave my fancy to Muskoka, and it has never wavered, in the many summers that I have watched from the car window to see the rocks push through the soil and the march of the pines begin. I know just what it is beginning to look like on a certain far island, where there is a white cottage with a green verandah—and—but what is the use of knowing about it? "Here" is a pile of copy paper, and "there" is Muskoka. "The song my paddle sings" is the most alluring in the world and it echoes all the way from Lake Joseph.

Then there is all the rare and radiant West waiting for you to come and have the merriest time of your life—where matchless Lake Louise smiles up to the perfect sky—or on to the Pacific where "West meets East beside our land-locked blue." This reminds me that the members of the Canadian Women's Press Club go to Edmonton this month for the triennial meeting—and will have the happiest gathering of scribes that ever was—for is not Mrs. Arthur Murphy the presiding genius of the Edmonton Women's Press Club, and the planner of many wonderful things, including an excursion to Jasper Park?

A Folk Lore Fete

SUCH gay revels as there were on one of Toronto's most picturesque lawns one Saturday in May when the players of the Margaret Eaton School gave a Folk Lore Fete in aid of the League of Empire. The ancient games of Nuts in May, Sally Walter, London Bridge and half a dozen other fondly familiar diversions were played by lads and lasses, whose charming costumes and graceful steps made the scene a bit of Merrie Old England of Robin Hood traditions. It did not seem very far from Queen's Park to Sherwood Forest, and we modern folk watched the Mummies' play of St. George and the Dragon, and the varied movements of morris dances and sword dances with a feeling that the "jingly-jingly nursery rhymes were true." Then Professor Maurice Hutton, President of the Canadian Branch, League of the Empire, told in charming fashion of the historic meaning of these dances of olden days, and brought the England of the country games close to the busier world of to-day. It was a most quaint and artistic spectacle, with music of ancient melody, costumes of old-time grace and colouring, and a setting of verdant terrace, branching elms and a velvet stretch of lawn, with Queen's Park away to the west. It was a pleasant bit of historic masquerade, which reminded us of the grace and merriment of the past, and which linked the game of to-day with the customs and fashions of immemorial tribes.

The pageant of historic nature, which has been revived in England during the last five years, has no doubt brought about a renewal of interest in these games of olden days. The rustic dance, as re-produced by the modern players, is full of joyous and charming movements, and compares most favourably with the ungraceful and repulsive fashionable dances of to-day, which have lately been so generally condemned. The dance around the Maypole has been revived, and the physical culture department of our modern girls' schools could present no more attractive diversions than these games which made merry the springtime of our forefathers. Let us have more of these Folk Lore Fetes with their historic gambols.

ERIN.

The Green Market of Daughters

Presenting How Matrimony for Gain is Related to the Prevailing Demand for Divorces

By MARY JOSEPHINE TROTTER

JUNE once more—and the blooming bride. And what must we do—for the whole world loves a lover, does it not?—but make again the perennial choice 'twixt the berry-spoon (you have heard of it), and the fish-fork? "The blooming bride!" My profane friend pronounces the phrase with equivocal stress on the "blooming."

However you view it, the blooming bride, by the gardenful, is among us. There are gardens and gardens, of course, as the tedious bromide has it. The more sulphitic "Jean Paul" hints, there are also, incidentally, *market-gardens*. In "The Green Market of Daughters," he says:—"Every owner of a very beautiful or very rich daughter keeps, as it were, a Pitt Diamond under his roof, which to himself is of no further service and which he must put to its first use, after it has long lain idle, by selling it to a Regent."

Certainly the humourist was writing as a German. And of Teutonic marriages a lecturer on the nation once made an observation in my hearing, to the effect that a German daughter submissively will marry any man (to be understood, of course, as a man of substance) with whom, in her parents' opinion she can be happy, whereas an American girl (Canadian also intended) will refuse to wed with any but the man, whether or not that man be wealthy, apart from whom she believes she cannot be happy.

It sounds a nice distinction enough; but how to reconcile it with conditions in, if not Canada, well then, let us say the United States?

THE divorce habit grows in the country to the south. There broken marriages have become so common as to necessitate the insistent urging of "uniform divorce laws," in behalf of the legal status of the child. An American writer of the month suggests as a more effective measure

"the prevention of marriages which, because they are inadvisedly made, make subsequent divorce advisable." A step in this direction is the movement in Chicago to revive the old custom of publishing the banns for a reasonable period preceding a wedding. It is not to be thought that Uncle Sam monopolizes this problem. A similar step in Canada was the passing, recently, of the Marriage Act amendments. Which, however, is by the way.

ARE mercenary marriages among the "inadvised" which are likely to end in divorce, or at least separation? The author of "The Green Market of Daughters" inclined to the positive answer. Here is his opinion on the subject:—"It is a common objection of so-called sensitive hearts that this sort of transaction very much constrains, or in fact crushes love; whereas nothing perhaps makes so good a preparation for it as this very thing. For when the bargain is once concluded and entered by the book-keeper (the parson) in his ledger, then does the time truly come on when the daughter can consider and provide for her heart—namely, the fair season after marriage which is universally assumed in France and Italy, and is gradually coming to be in Germany also, as the more suitable time for the female heart to choose freely among the hosts of men." You guess the issue—conditions pointing, collectively, to broken marriages, or, that resource forbidden, to broken hearts.

History and fiction (which is history in the abstract) is plenteous in the examples it offers of victims of these matrimonial bargains. There was George Eliot's Gwendolyn, married to Mr. Grandcourt and madly and vainly in love with Daniel Deronda. There was the wisp wedded to Barnes Newcome, pining for her lover. There was Ruskin's wife who married the writer and afterward was courted by Millais. At present there is the familiar example of Emily in the modern drama "Milestones." The list would defy the attempt to give in detail.

The parental attitude, in the main, is what is attacked by Richter. Naively the same is ridiculed by Tennyson in his verses, "The Northern Farmer." The urge in the latter case is applied to a son. Here are three of the verses:—

"Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as bean a talkin' o' thee;
Thou's bean talkin' to muther, an' she bean a tellin' it me.
Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's lass—
Noa—thou'll marry fur luvv—an' we boath on us thinks tha an ass.
"Seea'd her to-daay goa by—Saaint's day—they was ringing the bells.
She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soa is scoors o' gells,
Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower that blows,
But proputtly, proputtly sticks, an' proputtly, proputtly graws.
"Doan't be stunt: taake time: I knaws what maakes tha sa mad.
Warn't I crazed fur the lasses mysen when I wur a lad?
But I knaw'd a Quaaker feller as often 'as tow'd ma this:
'Doan't thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is!"

THE philosophy may or may not have checked the emotional state of "Sammy." Filial acquiescence was the fashion in those days. And indeed in the light of a recent item such filial concurrence can scarcely be said to have lessened in this regard. Says the item from Boston:—"An organization of girls of Wellesley College have resolved to marry no man with an income of less than five thousand dollars a year." And to keep old Boston from shortly becoming the shunned and only Peculiar City of Spinsters (hang the culture!) the item informs that these businesslike fair ones are endeavouring now to persuade the girls of other colleges to follow their (so-called) unique example.

Now, whereas one quickly excuses a mother who urges a contract upon her daughter in order to spare her a grind of existence which she herself may rebelliously have gone through, while one can forgive, in such a case, neglect of the romantic, a



ONE OF THE SAMPLES

Of Fine Featherism Who Studied the Races—and Weather Signs—at Toronto, Victoria Day.

saving disgust, thank fortune, arises at an act like the sordid act of the Wellesley students—if it happened. And the feeling should be as thoroughly, as formidably, in order at the mercenary intentions which are none the less disgusting because they lack the courage to be avowed.

For my part, I rather regret that the love lyric has vanished and that few among the present-day women would rue what the bride of Burleigh regretted—to find that her home was the castle in place of the cottage; that modern air castles, in other words, have something about them that's almost forbiddingly—solid. And yet, for practical purposes (and it must be admitted that marriage is not my habit), perhaps the students of Wellesley College are wise. Men should "get busy," there's not a doubt. For there *has* been a mountain of talk on the "cost of living"—or rather, an ant-hill.

Neighbourliness in the Concrete

A UNIQUE celebration in settlement annals was the recent spring festival, held outdoors, of "Central Neighbourhood House," Toronto, a settlement workers' headquarters. One of the public playground spaces provided accommodation, and the settlement children delighted themselves, their parents, and their trainers, with graceful dances and games in the folk lore manner. Miss Neufelt, a Jewess, has charge of the work, the key-note of which is neighbourliness—irrespective of race or religion.



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Shirriff's True Vanilla

First Ship's Matron

THE official supplanted the officious recently when the Canadian Northern Steamship Company created the novel office of Ship's Matron. The matron wears the official uniform—peaked cap and braided suit of navy blue—and has the rank and authority of an officer on the vessel.

The whole duty of Ship's Matron is to look after women travellers, especi-



MRS. BURRINGTON HAM,
Ship's Matron Aboard The Royal Edward.

ally after young women coming out in third or second class, whether alone, or in parties personally conducted by the steamship company. These parties are selected from different points in England, and are met en route to Avonmouth and Bristol by a London office immigration agent, and are given cards of introduction to the Ship's Matron, she being supplied with a special list of all young women on board. It is the office of the Ship's Matron to immediately become acquainted with each of these young women and to be practically their companion for the voyage.

The ship to make the experiment has been the Royal Edward—on which ship Mrs. Burrington Ham, an English woman, is matron. Mrs. Ham is bright-faced, capable, wholesome, kindly, and what is surprising—young. Every afternoon she meets the girls, questions them, and supplies them with practical information about their individual destinations. One of the Ship's Matron's duties is to see that all people are off the decks by a certain hour at night. This Mrs. Ham achieves without offence.

The appointment, criticized at first, has demonstrated its value. A second appointment is soon to be made aboard the Royal George. And the new office, no doubt, will become a permanent feature. The move has been made at the instigation of Mr. Thomas Howell, commissioner of the Canadian Northern Steamship Company. Mr. Howell advocates, very strongly, a similar office to Ship's Matron, on trains.

Girl Guides' Development

FORTY-TWO companies of Girl Guides is the creditable total reported to be arrived at after one year's extension work by the aggressive Dominion Council of that body.

These same forty-two thriving companies are distributed through the provinces as follows: In Ontario, twelve in Toronto, two in Ottawa; two in Belleville, two in Hamilton, one in Brantford, one in Owen Sound, one in Bradford, two in Peterborough, four in Chatham, one in St. Catharines, one in Massey, one in Sudbury, and one in Windsor; in Quebec, one in Montreal; in Saskatchewan, one in Moosejaw and one in Indian Head; and in British Columbia, four in Vancouver, two in Chilliwack, one in Sardis, and one in Victoria.

In the following places companies are in the process of formation: Ridgeway, Thamesville and Alton, in Ontario; Sherbrooke and Quebec, in Quebec; Canso, in Nova Scotia; Cochrane, Diamond City, High River, Strathcona, Calgary and Edmonton, in Alberta; Killarney, Dauphin and Portage la Prairie, in Manitoba; Regina, in Saskatchewan; and Shannigan Lake and Vancouver Island, in British Columbia.

That the work appeals to all classes of girls in Canada is evident, for com-

panies have been organized in connection with Public and High schools, the Y.W.C.A., Sunday schools, settlements and factories. Also, a corps of Senior Guides has lately been organized from among the under-graduates of Toronto University, with the purpose of training for officers.

Among the recent activities of the Girl Guides' companies were: A combined demonstration and social event by the Chilliwack Girl Guide members, their attractive part in the New Westminster May Day exercises, an exhibition in Ottawa, and a largely attended concert given in Chatham.

Talent Honestly Come By

A CANADIAN born, though shrewdly abstracted and then made famous by Uncle Sam, is Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner, novelist and playwright.

"She was born in Stanley," says a recent account, "a little Bret Harte town in the gold fields, where her parents lived. Her parents, indeed, were pioneers in the fur-trading and gold country of Cariboo, in the northern interior of British Columbia.

"The writer's father was R. T. Skinner, of an old English family. The famous novelist, Charles Reade, was his mother's cousin. Her mother was Ann Lindsay and she is a descendant of the historic Lindsays of Scotland, who numbered amongst them Sir David Lindsay, the poet and historian, and Lady Ann Lindsay, who wrote 'Auld Robin Gray.' Descended from such stock, it was perfectly natural that the artistic instinct should be strongly developed in Constance Lindsay Skinner."

Twenty Pounds of Cat

"SOME CAT!" said a small boy who stopped to watch Teddy having his photograph taken.

And no wonder. This magnificent animal, owned by Mrs. Ruddick, wife of J. A. Ruddick, Esq., Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa, looks and acts like a small tiger. He weighs twenty pounds and has more idiosyncrasies than any cat off the stage.

To begin with, Teddy is gentle and very affectionate. When he is being carried



AN ARMFUL.

Being the Twenty-Pound Pet of Mrs. J. A. Ruddick, of Ottawa. Only a Dairy Commissioner's Cat Could Hope to Attain Such Fatness.

about, he sits up as a child would, one paw about the person's neck. He seems to have more fondness for the human family than other felines exhibit. He is more feminine than masculine in one peculiar respect—his fondness for hats. Unless a hat-box is securely tied he can open it and get into it, whether it is on the floor or a shelf. However, Teddy is generous to a fault, taking his fish or catnip into the yard and inviting creatures of mangy coat and battered features to share his delicacies—which they readily do.

In the matter of independence Teddy is more like a dog than a cat—walking with stately mien about the streets at his own sweet will, and a dog who has the temerity to accost him seldom repeats the offence. Yet, Teddy is no prince of the realm; he is not descended from the sacred cats of Persia. In his veins runs the blood of the proletariat—he is just cat.



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News in Nutshells

OR in eggshells, pardon, to begin with. A movement is afoot to increase the production and better the quality of Canadian eggs, through the adoption of an improved system of marketing. The results of a recent experiment by the Poultry Department of the Ontario Agricultural College were quoted to show that it would pay dealers to pay a premium for high-grade eggs.

However the notion might strike a country of "outragettes" like England, the chances are it will find much favour here in Canada, whose women seldom consider the egg—as a missile.

THE Board of Education of London, Ont., recently held special meeting and acceded to the request of the Playgrounds Association to engage supervisors for the playgrounds during the school term. The association will remove the equipment to the parks during the vacation. During school days, one male and one female supervisor will be chosen from the teaching staff of the schools where there is playground equipment, the board standing the extra expense.

HAVERGAL College, Toronto, was en fête the other day, when a garden party was given in the honour of his Grace the Primate of Australia and Mrs. Wright, who were, for a few days, visiting the school.

TO-DAY is the day of the civic dinner arranged in Winnipeg, in honour of the eastern delegates of the annual convention of the Canadian Women's Press Club, at Edmonton. The dinner is due to take place at the Royal Alexandra. Miss E. Cora Hind and Mrs. Bale acted as a committee from the local Women's Press Club and explained to the members of the civic committee the importance of a visit to Winnipeg of all the leading newspaper women, authors, and other members of the club.

The newspaper men of Winnipeg will entertain the members, the entertainment to take the form of an auto drive with tea at Assiniboine Park.

"**M**Y moon of poets," said Browning of his wife; so, if one should apply the epithet to Miss Marjorie Pickthall, Canadian poet, there surely is little offence against politeness. The collected poetry of Miss Pickthall, entitled "The Drift of Pinions," is shortly to be published by the University Maga-



RENOWNED AS A LECTURER.

Mrs. Henshaw, of Vancouver, whose address, "Canadian Mountain Trails," was recently a feature of the I.O.D.E. convention in Winnipeg.

zine. Characteristic of the poet's work and expressing its usual trend to be unsubstantial, are the lines:

"Beauty is still immortal in our eyes,
When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
When the wild grape shall build
No more her canopies,
When blows no more the moon-grey
thistle seed.
When the last bell has lulled the white
flocks home,

When the last eve has stilled
The wandering wind and touched the
dying foam,
When the last moon burns low, and
spark by spark
The little worlds die out along the dark.
Beauty that rosed the moth-wing,
touched the land



MRS. VAN WART,
Of Fredericton—Provincial President for New Brunswick of the I. O. D. E.

With clover horns and delicate faint
flowers,
Beauty that bade the showers
Beat on the violet's face,
Shall hold the eternal heavens within
their place
And hear new stars come singing from
God's hand."

SETTING aside precedent fixed by the Royal Society of Great Britain, and the Academie Francaise, the Royal Society of Canada recently voted to admit women to its councils. The chief champion of the move was Professor J. G. Adami, of Montreal, and the chief opposer was Colonel Denison, of Toronto.

The Y.W.C.A. in the West

MISS UNA SAUNDERS, National Secretary of the Y. W. C. A., has just completed a tour of the west, undertaken in the interests of her office. She has visited branches of the extensive association at Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton, Saskatoon and Prince Albert, and reports an amazing progress everywhere.

"Everywhere the association is going ahead," she said, "and everywhere the cry is for more accommodation. Brandon will not build this year because of the financial stringency, but will rent houses. Regina is under such pressure that girls are only allowed to stay six months in the home, and are only taken in when strangers in the city. The city council has given the association two lots in the warehouse section, and a cafeteria and club room, with rooms for transients will be built there. Moose Jaw laid the corner-stone of a new Y. W. C. A. building while I was there. It will hold sixty girls.

"Calgary has a most encouraging outlook. They have sixty girls in the residence and forty-five in the annex. A feature there is the employment bureau. They placed eight hundred girls during the last nine months. Edmonton is planning a new home to accommodate one hundred. Edmonton has to recommend one hundred girls a month to other boarding places.

"Saskatoon has a very fine house, with room for fifty, but the pressure is very heavy, and boarders are only allowed to remain six months.

"Prince Albert is the newest home, having been open only six months. It holds thirty, and is full. They are securing city lots and purpose building.

"All over the west the women are wonderful achievers. No scheme or financial proposition seems too big for them.

"Of course, the Winnipeg association leads, as it should, being the oldest. The other cities are all eager to hear how Winnipeg is getting on, and how Winnipeg does things.

"The national triennial meeting," stated Miss Saunders, "will meet in Winnipeg in November."

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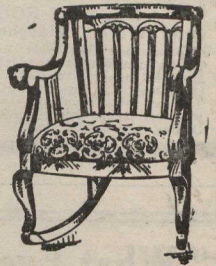
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THE IMPOSTOR



CHAPTER XX.—(Continued.)

WITHAM was in the larger room next moment, and saw, as a startled girl had evidently done, a face that showed distorted and white to ghastliness through the window. He also recognized it, and running back through the hall was outside in another few seconds. Courthorne was leaning against one of the casements as though faint with weakness or pain, and collapsed when Witham dragged him backwards into the shadow. He had scarcely laid him down when the window was opened and Colonel Barrington's shoulders showed black against the light.

"Come outside alone, sir," said Witham. Barrington did so, and Witham stood so that no light fell on the pallid face in the grass. "It's a man I have dealings with," he said. "He has evidently ridden out from the settlement and fallen from his horse."

"Why should he fall?" asked the Colonel.

Witham laughed. "There is a perfume about him that is tolerably conclusive. I was, however, on the point of going, and if you will tell your hired-man to get my waggon out, I'll take him away quietly. You can make light of the affair to the others."

"Yes," said Barrington. "Unless you think the man is hurt, that would be best, but we'll keep him if you like."

"No, sir. I couldn't trouble you," said Witham hastily. "Men of his kind are also very hard to kill."

Five minutes later he and the hired-man hoisted Courthorne into the waggon and packed some hay about him, while, soon after the rattle of wheels sank into the silence of the prairie, the girl Maud Barrington had spoken to rejoined her companion.

"Could Courthorne have seen you coming in?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girl, blushing. "He did."

"Then it can't be helped, and, after all, Courthorne wouldn't talk, even if he wasn't what he is," said the lad. "You don't know why, and I'm not going to tell you, but it wouldn't become him."

"You don't mean Maud Barrington?" asked his companion.

"No," said the lad with a laugh. "Courthorne is not like me. He has no sense. It's quite another kind of girl, you see."

CHAPTER XXI.

Colonel Barrington is Convinced.

IT was not until early morning that Courthorne awakened from the stupor he sank into, soon after Witham conveyed him into his homestead. First, however, he asked for a little food, and ate it with apparent difficulty. When Witham came in, he looked up from the bed where he lay, with the dust still white upon his clothing, and his face showed grey and haggard in the creeping light.

"I'm feeling a trifle better now," he said; "still, I scarcely fancy I could get up just yet. I gave you a little surprise last night?"

Witham nodded. "You did. Of course, I knew how much your promise was worth, but in view of the risks you ran, I had not expected you to turn up at the Grange."

"The risks!" said Courthorne, with an unpleasant smile.

"Yes," said Witham wearily; "I have a good deal on hand I would like to finish here, and it will not take me long, but I am prepared to give myself up now, if it is necessary."

Courthorne laughed. "I don't think you need, and it wouldn't be wise. You see, even if you made out your innocence, which you couldn't do, you rendered yourself an accessory by not denouncing me long ago. I fancy we can come to an understanding which would be pleasanter to both of us."

"The difficulty," said Witham, "is that an understanding is useless when made with a man who never keeps his word."

"Well," said Courthorne, dryly, "we shall gain nothing by paying each other compliments, and whether you believe it or otherwise, it was not by intention I turned up at the Grange. I was coming here from a place west of the settlement and you can see that I have been ill if you look at me. I counted too much on my strength, couldn't find a homestead where I could get anything to eat, and the rest may be accounted for by the execrable brandy I had with me. Anyway, the horse threw me and made off, and after lying under some willows a good deal of the day, I dragged myself along until I saw a house."

"That," said Witham, "is beside the question. What do you want of me? Dollars, in all probability. Well, you will not get them."

"I'm afraid I'm scarcely fit for a discussion," said Courthorne. "The fact is, it hurts me to talk, and there's an aggressiveness about you which isn't pleasant to a badly-shaken man. Wait until this evening, but there is no necessity for you to ride to the outpost before you have heard me."

"I'm not sure it would be advisable to leave you here," said Witham dryly.

Courthorne smiled ironically. "Use your eyes. Would any one expect me to get up and indulge in a fresh folly? Leave me a little brandy—I need it—and go about your work. You'll certainly find me here when you want me."

Witham, glancing at the man's face, considered this very probable, and went out. He found his cook, who could be trusted, and said to him, "The man yonder is tolerably sick, and you'll let him have a little brandy, and something to eat when he asks for it. Still, you'll bring the decanter away with you, and lock him in whenever you go out."

The man nodded, and making a hasty breakfast, Witham, who had business at several outlying farms, mounted and rode away. It was evening before he returned, and found Courthorne lying in a big chair with a cigar in his hand, languidly debonair but apparently ill. His face was curiously pallid, and his eyes dimmed than they had been, but there was a sardonic twinkle in them.

"You take a look at the decanter," said the man, who went up with Witham, carrying a lamp. "He's been wanting brandy all the time, but it doesn't seem to have muddled him."

Witham dismissed the man and sat down in front of Courthorne.

"Well?" he said.

Courthorne laughed. "You ought to be a witty man, though one would scarcely charge you with that. You surmised correctly this morning. It is dollars I want."

"You had my answer."

"Of course. Still, I don't want very many in the meanwhile, and you haven't heard what led up to the demand, or why I came back to you. You are evidently not curious, but I'm going to tell you. Soon after I left you, I fell very sick, and lay in the saloon of a little desolate settlement for days. The place was suffocating, and the wind blew the alkali dust in. They had only horrible brandy, and bitter water to drink it with, and

I lay there on my back, panting, with the flies crawling over me. I knew if I stayed any longer it would finish me, and when there came a merciful cool day I got myself into the saddle and started off to find you. I don't quite know how I made the journey, and during a good deal of it I couldn't see the prairie, but I knew you would feel there was an obligation on you to do something for me. Of course, I could put it differently."

Witham had as little liking for Courthorne as he had ever had, but he remembered the time when he had lain very sick in his lonely log hut. He also remembered that everything he now held belonged to this man.

"You made the bargain," he said, less decisively.

Courthorne nodded. "Still, I fancy one of the conditions could be modified. Now, if I wait for another three months I may be dead before the reckoning comes, and while that probably wouldn't grieve you, I could, when it appeared advisable, send for a magistrate and make a deposition."

"You could," said Witham. "I have, however, something of the same kind in contemplation."

Courthorne smiled curiously. "I don't know that it will be necessary. Carry me on until you have sold your crop, and then make a reasonable offer, and it's probable you may still keep what you have at Silverdale. To be quite frank, I've a notion that my time in this world is tolerably limited, and I want a last taste of all it has to offer a man of my capacities before I leave it. One is a long while dead, you know."

Witham nodded, for he understood. He had also during the grim cares of the lean years known the fierce longing for one deep draught of the wine of pleasure, whatever it afterwards cost him.

"It was that which induced you to look for a little relaxation at the settlement at my expense," he said. "A trifle paltry, wasn't it?"

Courthorne laughed. "It seems you don't know me yet. That was a frolic, indulged in out of humour, for your benefit. You see, your role demanded a good deal more ability than you ever displayed in it, and it did not seem fitting that a very puritanical and priggish person should pose as me at Silverdale. The little affair was the one touch of verisimilitude about the thing. No doubt my worthy connections are grieving over your lapse."

"My sense of humour had never much chance of developing," said Witham grimly. "What is the matter with you?"

"PULMONARY hemorrhage!" said

Courthorne. "Perhaps it was born in me; but I never had much trouble until after that night in the snow at the river. Would you care to hear about it? We're not fond of each other, but after the steer-drivers I've been herding with, it's a relief to talk to a man of moderate intelligence."

"Go on," said Witham.

"Well," said Courthorne, "when the trooper was close behind me, my horse went through the ice, but somehow I crawled out. We were almost across river, and it was snowing fast, while I had a fancy that I might have saved the horse but, as the trooper would probably have seen a mounted man, I let him go. The stream sucked him under, and, though you may not believe it, I felt very mean when I saw nothing but the hole in the ice. Then, as the troopers didn't seem inclined to cross, I



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went on through the snow, and, as it happened, blundered across Jardine's old shanty. There was still a little prairie hay in the place, and I lay in it until morning, dragging fresh armfuls around me as I burnt it in the stove. Did you ever spend a night, wet through, in a place that was ten to twenty under freezing?"

"Yes," said Witham dryly. "I have done it twice."

"Well," said Courthorne, "I fancy that night narrowed in my life for me, but I made out across the prairie in the morning, and as we had a good many friends up and down the country, one of them took care of me."

Witham sat silent a while. The story had held his attention, and the frankness of the man who lay panting a little in his chair had its effect on him. There was no sound from the prairie, and the house was very still.

"Why did you kill Shannon?" he asked at length.

"Is any one quite sure of his motives?" said Courthorne. "The lad had done something which was difficult to forgive him, but I think I would have let him go if he hadn't recognized me. The world is tolerably good to the man who has no scruples, you see, and I took all it offered me, while it did not seem fitting that a clod of a trooper without capacity for enjoyment, or much more sensibility than the beast he rode, should put an end to all my opportunities. Still, it was only when he tried to warn his comrades he threw his last chance away."

WITHAM shivered at the dispassionate brutality of the speech, and checked the anger that came upon him.

"Fate, or my own folly, has put it out of my power to denounce you without abandoning what I have set my heart upon, and after all it is not my business," he said. "I will give you five hundred dollars and you can go to Chicago or Montreal, and consult a specialist. If the money is exhausted before I send for you, I will pay your hotel bills, but every dollar will be deducted when we come to the reckoning."

Courthorne laughed a little. "You had better make it seven-fifty. Five hundred dollars will not go very far."

"Then you will have to husband them," said Witham dryly. "I am paying you at a rate agreed upon for the use of your land and small bank balance handed me, and want all of it. The rent is a fair one in face of the fact that a good deal of the farm consisted of virgin prairie, which can be had from the Government for nothing."

He said nothing further, and soon after he went out Courthorne went to sleep, but Witham sat by an open window with a burned-out cigar in his hand, staring at the prairie while the night wore through, until he rose with a shiver in the chill of early morning to commence his task again.

A few days later he saw Courthorne safely into a sleeping car with a ticket for Chicago in his pocket, and felt that a load had been lifted off his shoulders when the train rolled out of the little prairie station. Another week had passed, when, riding home one evening, he stopped at the Grange, and, as it happened, found Maud Barrington alone. She received him without any visible restraint, but he realized that all that had passed at their last meeting was to be tacitly ignored.

"Has your visitor recovered yet?" she asked.

"So far as to leave my place, and I was not anxious to keep him," said Witham with a little laugh. "I am sorry he disturbed you."

Maud Barrington seemed thoughtful. "I scarcely think the man was to blame."

"No?" said Witham.

The girl looked at him curiously, and shook her head. "No," she said. "I heard my uncle's explanation, but it was not convincing. I saw the man's face."

It was several seconds before Witham answered, and then he took the bold course.

"Well?" he said.

Maud Barrington made a curious little gesture. "I knew I had seen it before at the bridge, but that was not all. It was vaguely familiar, and I felt I ought to know it. It reminded me of somebody."

"Of me?" and Witham laughed.

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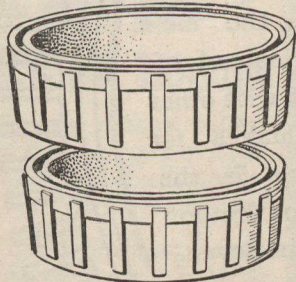
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"No. There was a resemblance, but it was very superficial. That man's face had little in common with yours."

"These faint likenesses are not unusual," said Witham, and once more Maud Barrington looked at him steadily.

"No," she said. "Of course not. Well, we will conclude that my fancies ran away with me, and be practical. What is wheat doing just now?"

"Rising still," said Witham, and regretted the alacrity with which he had seized the opportunity of changing the topic when he saw that it had not escaped the notice of his companion. "You and I and a few others will be rich this year."

"Yes, but I am afraid some of the rest will find it has only further anxieties for them."

"I fancy," said Witham, "you are thinking of one."

Maud Barrington nodded. "Yes; I am sorry for him."

"Then it would please you if I tried to straighten out things for him? It would be difficult, but I believe it could be accomplished."

Maud Barrington's eyes were grateful, but there was something that Witham could not fathom behind her smile.

"If you undertook it. One could almost believe you had the wonderful lamp," she said.

Witham smiled somewhat dryly. "Then all its virtues will be tested to-night, and I had better make a commencement while I have the courage. Colonel Barrington is in."

Maud Barrington went with him to the door, and then laid her hand a moment on his arm. "Lance," she said, "if there was a time when our distrust hurt you, it has recoiled upon our heads. You have returned it with a splendid generosity."

Witham did not trust himself to answer, but walked straight to Barrington's room, and finding the door open went quietly in. The head of the Silverdale settlement was sitting at a littered table in front of a shaded lamp, and the light that fell upon it showed the care in his face. It grew a trifle grimmer when he saw the younger man.

"Will you sit down?" he said. "I have been looking for a visit from you for some little time. It would have been more fitting had you made it earlier."

WITHAM nodded as he sat down. "I fancy I understand, but I have nothing that you expect to hear to tell you, sir."

"That," said Barrington, "is unfortunate. Now, it is not my business to pose as a censor on the conduct of any man here, except when it affects the community, but their friends have sent out a good many young English lads, some of whom have not been too discreet in the old country, to me. They did not do so solely that I might teach them farming. A charge of that kind is no light responsibility, and I look for assistance from the men who have almost as large a stake as I have in the prosperity of Silverdale."

"Have you ever seen me do anything you could consider prejudicial to it?" asked Witham.

"I have not," said the Colonel.

"And it was by her own wish Miss Barrington, who, I fancy, is seldom mistaken, asked me to the Grange?"

"It is a good plea," said Barrington. "I cannot question anything my sister does."

"Then we will let it pass, though I am afraid you will consider what I am going to ask a further presumption. You have forward wheat to deliver, and find it difficult to obtain it?"

Barrington's smile was somewhat grim. "In both cases you have surmised correctly."

Witham nodded. "Still, it is not mere inquisitiveness, sir. I fancy I am the only man at Silverdale who can understand your difficulties, and, what is more to the point, suggest a means of obviating them. You still expect to buy at lower prices before the time to make delivery comes?"

Again the care crept into Barrington's face, and he sat silent for almost a minute. Then he said, very slowly, "I feel that I should resent the question, but I will answer. It is what I hope to do."

"Well," said Witham, "I am afraid

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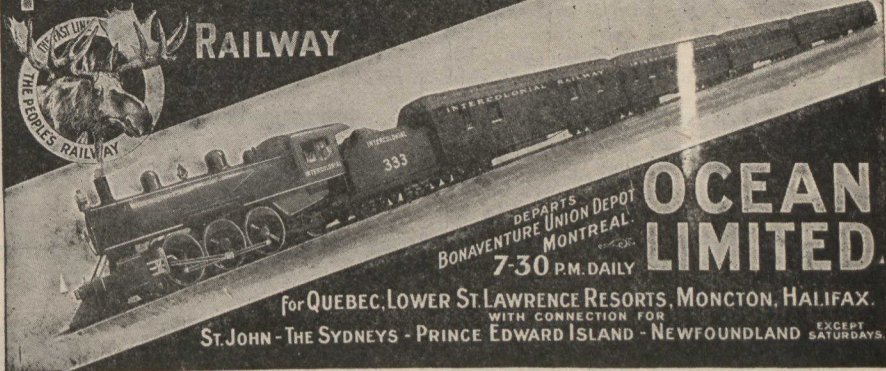
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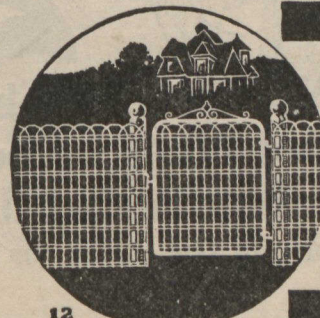
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Barrington could not controvert the unpleasant truth he was still endeavouring to shut his eyes to. "The demand from the East may slacken," he said.

Witham shook his head. "Russia can give them nothing. There was a failure in the Indian monsoon, and South American crops were small. Now, I am going to take a further liberty. How much are you short?"

Barrington was never sure why he told him, but he was hard pressed then, and there was a quiet forcefulness about the younger man that had its effect on him. "That," he said, holding out a document, "is the one contract I have not covered."

Witham glanced at it. "The quantity is small. Still, money is very scarce, and bank interest almost extortionate just now."

Barrington flushed a trifle, and there was anger in his face. He knew the fact that his loss on this sale should cause him anxiety was significant, and that Witham had surmised the condition of his finances tolerably correctly. "Have you not gone quite far enough?" he said.

Witham nodded. "I fancy I need ask no more, sir. You can scarcely buy the wheat, and the banks will advance nothing further on what you have to offer at Silverdale. It would be perilous to put yourself in the hands of a mortgage-broker."

BARRINGTON stood up grim and straight. There were not many men at Silverdale who would meet his gaze.

"Your content is a little too apparent, but I can still resent an impertinence," he said. "Are my affairs your business?"

"Sit down, sir," said Witham. "I fancy they are, and had it not been necessary, I would not have ventured so far. You have done much for Silverdale, and it had cost you a good deal, while it seems to me that every man here has a duty to the head of the settlement. I am, however, not going to urge that point, but have, as you know, a propensity for taking risks. I can't help it. It was probably born in me. Now, I will take that contract up for you."

Barrington gazed at him in bewildered astonishment. "But you would lose on it heavily. How could you overcome a difficulty that is too great for me?"

"Well," said Witham with a little smile, "it seems I have some ability in dealing with these affairs."

Barrington did not answer for a while, and when he spoke it was slowly. "You have a wonderful capacity for making any one believe in you."

"That is not the point," said Witham. "If you will let me have the contract, or, and it comes to the same thing, buy the wheat it calls for, and if advisable sell as much again, exactly as I tell you, at my risk and expense, I shall get what I want out of it. My affairs are a trifle complicated, and it would take some little time to make you understand how this would suit me. In the meanwhile you can give me a mere I O U for the difference between what you sold at, and the price to-day, to be paid without interest and whenever it suits you. It isn't very formal, but you will have to trust me."

Barrington moved twice up and down the room before he turned to the younger man. "Lance," he said, "when you first came here, any deal of this kind between us would have been out of the question. Now, it is only your due to tell you that I have been wrong from the beginning, and you have a good deal to forgive."

"I think we need not go into that," said Witham, with a little smile. "This is a business deal, and if it hadn't suited me I would not have made it."

He went out in another few minutes with a little strip of paper, and just before he left the Grange placed it in Maud Barrington's hand.

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"You will not ask any questions, but if ever Colonel Barrington is not kind to you, you can show him that," he said.

He had gone in another moment, but the girl, comprehending dimly what he had done, stood still, staring at the paper with a warmth in her cheeks and a mistiness in her eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

Sergeant Stimson Confirms His Suspicions.

IT was late in the afternoon when Colonel Barrington drove up to Witham's homestead. He had his niece and sister with him, and when he pulled up his team, all three were glad of the little breeze that came down from the blueness of the north and rippled the whitened grass. It had blown over leagues of sun-bleached prairie, and the great desolation beyond the pines of the Saskatchewan, but had not wholly lost the faint wholesome chill it brought from the Pole.

There was no cloud in the vault of ether, and slanting sunrays beat fiercely down upon the prairie, until the fibrous dust grew fiery, and the eyes ached from the glare of the vast stretch of silvery grey. The latter was, however, relieved by stronger colour in front of the party, for, blazing gold on the dazzling stubble, the oat sheaves rolled away in long rows that diminished and melted into each other, until they cut the blue of the sky in a delicate filigree. Oats had moved up in value in sympathy with wheat, and the good soil had most abundantly redeemed its promise that year. Colonel Barrington, however, sighed a little as he looked at them, and remembered that such a harvest might have been his.

"We will get down and walk towards the wheat," he said. "It is a good crop, and Lance is to be envied." "Still," said Miss Barrington, "he deserved it, and those sheaves stand for more than the toil that brought them there."


"Of course!" said the Colonel with a curious little smile. "For rashness, I fancied, when they showed the first blade above the clod, but I am less sure of it now. Well, the wheat is even finer."

A man who came up took charge of the horses, and the party walked in silence towards the wheat. It stretched before them in a vast parallelogram, and while the oats were the pale gold of the austral, there was the tint of the ruddier metal of their own North-West in this. It stood tall and stately, murmuring as the sea does, until it rolled before a stronger puff of breeze in waves of ochre, through which the warm bronze gleamed when its rhythmic patter swelled into deeper-toned harmonies. There was that in the elfin music and blaze of colour which appealed to sensual ear and eye, and something which struck deeper still, as it did in the days men poured libations on the fruitful soil, and white-robed priest blessed it when the world was young.

Maud Barrington felt it vaguely, but she recognized more clearly, as her aunt had done, the faith and daring of the sower. The earth was very bountiful, but that wheat had not come there of itself; and she knew the man who had called it up had done more than bear his share of the primeval curse which, however, was apparently more or less evaded at Silverdale. Even when the issue appeared hopeless, the courage that held him resolute in face of others' fears, and the greatness of his projects, had appealed to her, and it almost counted for less that he had achieved success. Then, glancing further across the billowing grain she saw him—still, as it seemed it had always been with him, amidst the stress and dust of strenuous endeavour.

Once more, as she had seen them when the furrows were bare at seed time, and there was apparently only ruin in store for those who raised the Eastern people's bread, lines of dusty teams came plodding down the rise. They advanced in echelon, keeping their time and distance with a military precision; but in place of the harrows the tossing arms of the binders flashed and swung. The wheat went down before them, their wake was strewn with gleaming sheaves, and one man came foremost, swaying in the driving-seat of a rattling machine.

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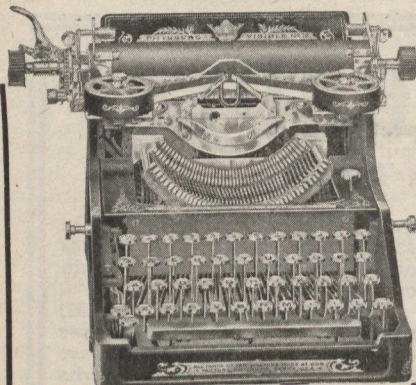
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His face was the colour of a Blackfoot's, and she could see the darkness of his neck above the loose-fronted shirt and a bare blackened arm that was raised to hold the tired beasts to their task. Their trampling and the crash and rattle that swelled in slow crescendo drowned the murmur of the wheat, until one of the machines stood still, and the leader, turning a moment in his saddle, held up a hand. Then those that came behind swung into changed formation, passed, and fell into indented line again, while Colonel Barrington nodded with grim approval.

"It is very well done," he said. "The best of harvesters! No newcomers yonder. They're capable Manitoba men. I don't know where he got them, and, in any other year, one would have wondered where he would find the means of paying them. We have never seen farming of this kind at Silverdale."

He seemed to sigh a little, while his hands closed on the bridle; and Maud Barrington fancied she understood his thoughts just then.

"Nobody can be always right, and the good years do not come alone," she said. "You will plough every acre next one."

Barrington smiled dryly. "I'm afraid that will be a little late, my dear. Any one can follow, but since, when everybody's crop is good, the price comes down, the man who gets the prize is the one who shows the way."

"He was content to face the risk," said Miss Barrington.

"Of course," said the Colonel quietly. "I should be the last to make light of his foresight and courage. Indeed, I am glad I can acknowledge it, in more ways than one, for I have felt lately that I am getting an old man. Still, there is one with greater capacities ready to step into my shoes; and though it was long before I could overcome my prejudice against him. I think I should now be content to let him have them. Whatever Lance may have been, he was born a gentleman, and blood is bound to tell."

Maud Barrington, who was of a patrician parentage, and would not at one time have questioned this assertion, wondered why she felt less sure of it just then.

"But if he had not been, would not what he has done be sufficient to vouch for him?" she said.

BARRINGTON smiled a little, and the girl felt her question was useless as she glanced at him. He sat very straight in his saddle, immaculate in dress, with a gloved hand on his hip and a stamp which he had inherited, with the thinly-covered pride that usually accompanies it, from generations of a similar type, on his clean-cut face. It was evidently needless to look for any sympathy with that view from him.

"My dear," he said, "there are things at which the others can beat us; but, after all, I do not think they are worth the most; and while Lance has occasionally exhibited a few undesirable characteristics, no doubt acquired in this country, and has not been always blameless, the fact that he is a Courthorne at once covers and accounts for a lot."

Then Witham recognized them, and made a sign to one of the men behind him as he hauled his binder clear of the wheat. He had dismounted in another minute and came towards them, with the jacket he had not wholly succeeded in struggling into loose about his shoulders.

"It is almost time I gave my team a rest," he said. "Will you come with me to the house?"

"No," said Colonel Barrington. "We only stopped in passing. The crop will harvest well."

"Yes," said Witham, turning with a little smile to Miss Barrington. "Better than I expected, and prices are still moving up. You will remember, madam, who it was wished me good fortune. It has undeniably come!"

"Then," said the white-haired lady, "next year I will do as much again, though it will be a little unnecessary, because you have my good wishes all the time. Still, you are too prosaic to fancy they can have anything to do with this."

She pointed to the wheat, but though Witham smiled again, there was a curious expression in his face as he glanced at her niece.

"I certainly do, and your good-will has

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made a greater difference than you realize to me," he said.

Miss Barrington looked at him steadily. "Lance," she said, "there is something about you and your speeches that occasionally puzzles me. Now, of course, that was the only rejoinder you could make, but I fancied you meant it."

"I did," said Witham, with a trace of grimness in his smile. "Still, isn't it better to tell any one too little rather than too much?"

"Well," said Miss Barrington, "you are going to be franker with me by and by. Now, my brother has been endeavouring to convince us that you owe your success to qualities inherited from bygone Courthornes."

Witham did not answer for a moment and then he laughed. "I fancy Colonel Barrington is wrong," he said. "Don't you think there are latent capabilities in every man, though only one here and

there gets an opportunity of using them? In any case, wouldn't it be pleasanter for anyone to feel his virtues were his own and not those of his family?"

Miss Barrington's eyes twinkled but she shook her head. "That," she said, "would be distinctly wrong of him, but I fancy it is time we were getting on."

In another few minutes Colonel Barrington took up the reins, and as they drove slowly past the wheat his niece had another view of the toiling teams. They were moving on tirelessly with their leader in front of them, and the rasp of the knives, trample of hoofs, and clash of the binders' wooden arms once more stirred her. She had heard those sounds often before, and attached no significance to them; but now she knew a little of the stress and effort that preceded them; she could hear the exultant note of victory.

(To be continued.)

The People on the Wall

(Concluded from page 8.)

before her.

"Margaret," he cried. "I have come back to you to ask you to forgive me and to beg for your love again. Oh, Margaret, if you knew how I loved you now!"

The beautiful woman's face was radiant and happy, but she did not come to him.

"I have forgiven you from the first," she said simply. "I have loved you always and I love you now." She leaned forward and lowered her voice. "I have been waiting for you to love me," she stated. "I was afraid you did not love me. I am not quite sure yet."

The dream man sighed. He was anxious to show that he loved her now.

"What must I do to prove my love?" he asked. "I think I can do anything you say."

A tear welled in the beautiful woman's eye as she said:

"You wrote me a letter once telling me you did not love me nor want me to be your wife. You must write again and say you do love me. You know, you never have written me a love letter, not even when you thought you loved me."

"It shall be done at once," cried the dream man, arising and darting to his little table. Feverishly he grasped pen and paper. Scarcely could he find words to express his burning thoughts. He was impatient to complete the letter.

And such a letter! Never before had one like it been written. The perfect lover was expressed in more than words. He was apparent between the lines, everywhere. Four pages were filled with the most glowing and sincere words. Then the writer was not satisfied he had written all he might. He addressed an envelope, a thing he had many times dreamed about but never before completed. That night when the child left he gave him the letter to carry to the beautiful woman.

It chanced that when Mrs. Hobbs came to tidy the dream man's room next morning she found a sealed, addressed envelope upon his table.

"How forgetful!" she exclaimed, and she took a stamp from his box and carried the letter away to post.

The dream man was impatient to reach his room that evening. He wondered what the beautiful woman thought of his love letter. When he seated himself beside the oaken table she smiled on him. He felt very happy, for he knew she loved him. He went to her and she arose, holding out both arms. Gallantly he took her hand and bent with the intention of embracing it.

She drew away with a little laugh and sank again into the chair.

"No," she laughed, blushing prettily. "You must not—yet!"

The man felt a trifle hurt.

"You did not get my letter?" he faltered.

She nodded and smiled.

"It was good of you to write it," she whispered.

"Then all is right? You still love me enough to forgive me and be my wife?"

She laid her finger on her lips and nodded again.

The dream man felt very happy and he glanced over at the monk in the gold frame to assure him that everything was coming out well.

"Come with me, Margaret, we shall walk along the rugged shore," he proposed, pointing to the opposite wall, "I want to be all alone with you."

She hesitated. Next moment someone knocked at the door.

"Come!" growled the dream man from his seat beside the little, oaken table.

"A telegram, sir."

He threw it, unopened, upon the table. Whatever it might be it must wait.

He persuaded the beautiful woman to comply with his wish and led her from her frame. Together they walked along the shore for a great distance, each enjoying perfect happiness.

"Do you know now that I love you?" the dream man was asking as they re-entered the room. "Don't you understand that I love you perfectly at last!" He drew her to him. "You will be my wife and stay with me always, always," he continued, happily.

The beautiful woman gave a soft laugh and broke away. She turned to stroke his head soothingly. The man's blood tingled at her touch. He longed to hold her in his embrace, but she would not let him.

"I cannot be your wife," she breathed. "You must remember. I am not who you think I am, but merely her photograph."

The terrible truth of this statement slowly penetrated the man's brain and tormented him cruelly. His happiness, then, was but a dream.

A step was heard outside and someone knocked at the door. Immediately the beautiful woman stepped up and kissed him on the brow. Then she sped hastily toward her frame.

In ecstasy the dream man pursued and stood before her.

"No," he cried. "You must not go. I cannot let you go now."

She gave a little, sharp laugh and darted away.

In great excitement he overtook her and forced her to the wall.

"You know the tradition," he shouted. "that if you once left your frame you should never again return to it, and—you shall not!"

With one hand he held her struggling against the wall, while with the other he reached for the vacant frame. Two steps away was a window which overlooked a paved lane three stories below. In mad haste he threw open the window, and a second later the frame, with a faint crash, was shattered on the pavement.

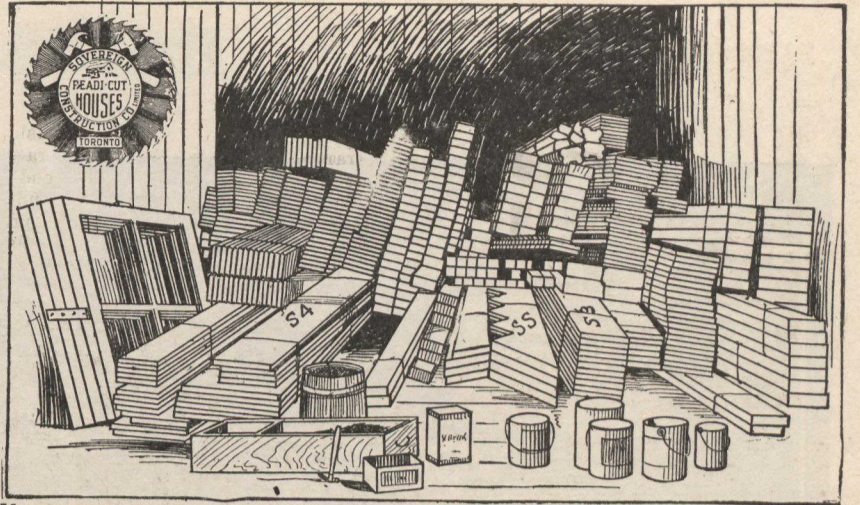
In the meantime the person in the hall had become impatient and stepped inside the room. There she hesitated beside a weary, silent man seated before a table.

The dream man turned his eyes from the window half fearfully lest the beautiful woman should be gone. But she was there still, smiling forgiveness and love. He rubbed his eyes. But she seemed changed and did not try to move nor fade away. Realizing this he cast aside his dream, sprang from the little, oaken table and darted to her.

"Margaret, you have really come to me at last!" he cried passionately as he threw his arms about her. "Oh, my wife, how I wanted you to come!"

She cuddled herself snugly in his breast.

"How I longed for you to want me!" she murmured softly.



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