

The Canadian COURIER

The
National Weekly

Orientizing our Pacific Province

By WALTER W. BAER



On the Trail of Krag

By BONNYCASTLE DALE



A City Owned by Citizens

By FRANK MORGAN

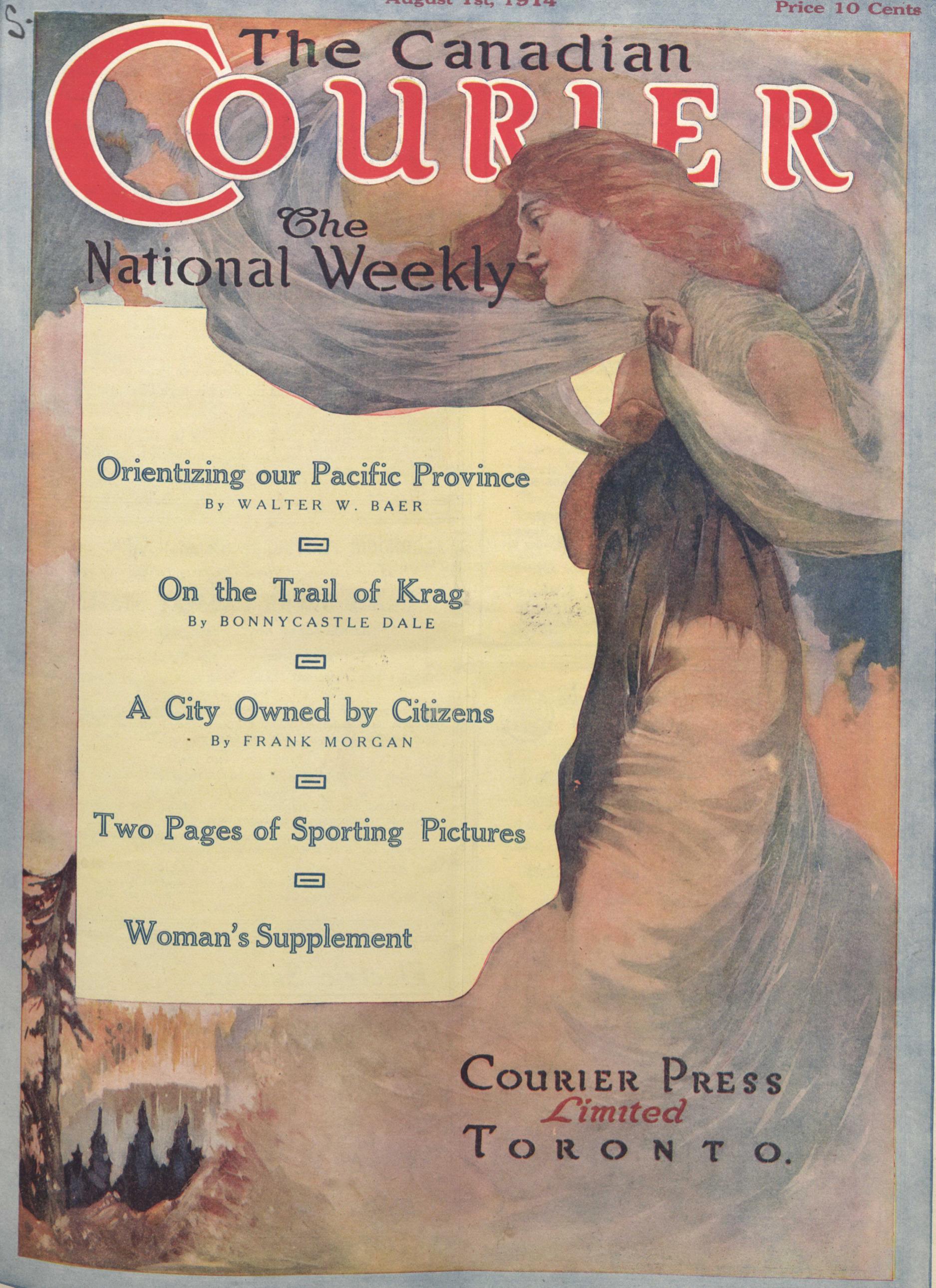


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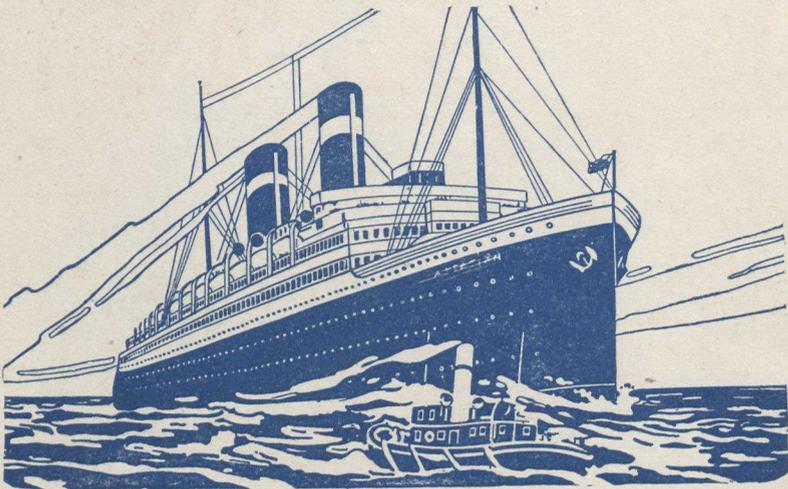
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A National Weekly

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

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 9



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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" is Mother Wit's own daughter in her paragraphs dealing with "Gifts to the Bride," "The Threatening Crinoline," and other topics. The Lady of Shalott, in "The Mirror and the Web," presents a picturesque page of interests including a British Columbian rose revel. In Alice Wetherell's contribution entitled "A Woman Brought Up by Boys," is recognized a portrait of Mrs. A. J. Broughall, founder of the Georgina House, Toronto. And the news in brief is amassed for busy readers.

- Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
- The Fifth Wheel Our Serial Story.
- Reflections By the Editor.



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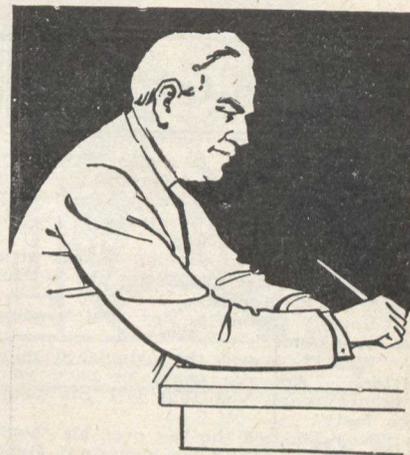
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In Lighter Vein

Of Two Evils . . .—The little boy was evidently a firm believer in the old adage, "Of two evils choose the least." Turning a corner at full speed he collided with the minister.

"Where are you running to, my little man?" asked the minister, when he had regained his breath.

"Home!" panted the boy. "Ma's going to spank me."

"What!" gasped the astonished minister. "Are you eager to have your mother spank you that you run home so fast?"

"No," shouted the boy over his shoulder as he resumed his homeward flight, "but if I don't get there before pa he'll do it!"—*Minneapolis Journal.*



No Cause for Excitement.—Bishop Boyd Carpenter, formerly of Ripon, and now Canon of Westminster, on one occasion was to officiate at a fashionable West End wedding. As usual, a great crowd of people stood outside the church doors. Magnificent carriages and motor-cars rushed up with the splendidly dressed guests, and at the end of a long string of fine equipages came a ramshackle old four-wheeler. A couple of policemen dashed at the cabby. "Here, hi!" they shouted, "you can't stop here. The bishop's just coming." "Keep your 'air on," retorted cabby; "I've got the old duffer inside."



Elusive.

Some things on earth are very strange; The mysteries thereof are many. They say this is a world of change, And yet I cannot borrow any! —*Judge.*



A Weighty Reason.—The old gentleman's wife was getting into a carriage, and he neglected to assist her.

"You are not so gallant, John, as when you were a boy," she exclaimed, in gentle rebuke.

"No," was his ready response, "and you are not so buoyant as when you were a gal!"—*Sacred Heart Review.*



Mebbe.—There was a certain bishop who had a pleasant habit of chatting with anybody he might meet during his country walks. One day he came across a lad who was looking after some pigs by the roadside, and the bishop paused to ask him what he was doing, that being his usual opening to conversation.

"Moindin' swoine," the lad replied, stolidly.

The bishop nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Ah, is that so?" he commented.

"And how much do you earn a week?"

"Two shillin's," was the reply.

"Only two shillings?" remarked the bishop. Then he continued, pleasantly,

"I, too, am a shepherd, but I get more than two shillings."

The lad looked at him suspiciously for a minute, then he said, slowly:

"Mebbe you gets more swoine nor me to moind."—*Tit-Bits.*



Easy.—Georgia Lawyer (to coloured prisoner)—"Well, Ras, as you want me to defend you, have you any money?"

Rastus—"No; but I've got a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two."

Lawyer—"Those will do very nicely. Now, let's see—what do they accuse you of stealing?"

Rastus—"Oh, a mule and a few chickens, and a hog or two."—*Kansas City Star.*



Forestalled.—Grace—"If it was a secret why in the world did you tell that girl?"

Gwendolyn—"It won't do her any good, my dear. I'd already telephoned it to all the girls she knew."—*Puck.*



How It Works.

A boat and a beach and a summer resort, A man and a maid and a moon; Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the real

Psychological moment a spoon. A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,

And they part in hysteric despair— (But neither returns in the following

June For fear that the other is there.) —*Exchange.*



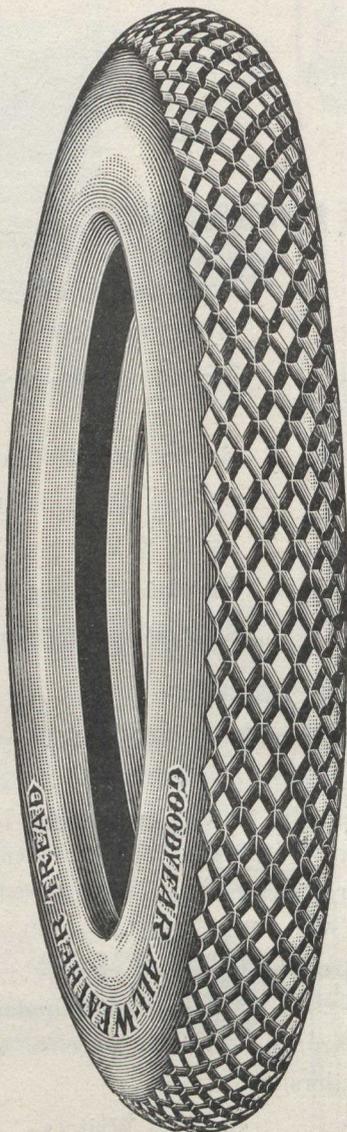
Might Be Worse.—Diogenes was looking for an honest man.

"What luck?" asked the wayfarer.

"Oh, pretty fair," replied Diogenes. "I still have my lantern."—*Life.*

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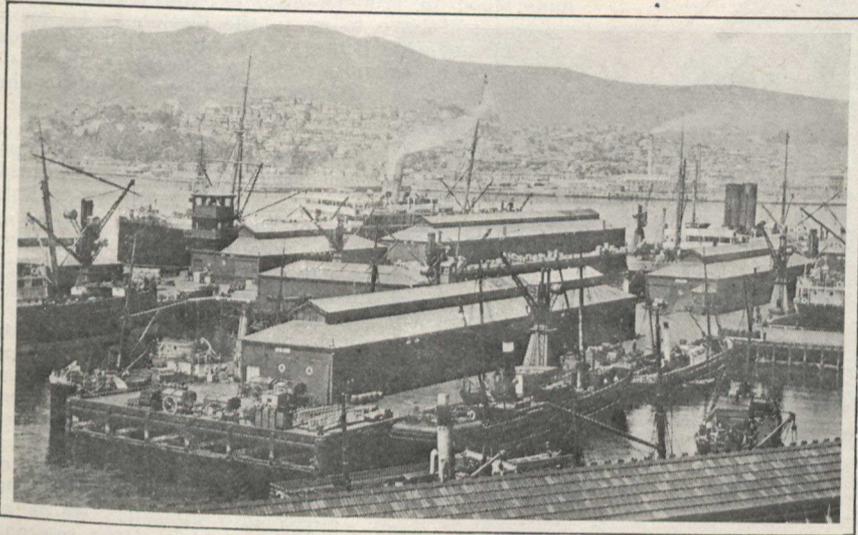
The National Weekly



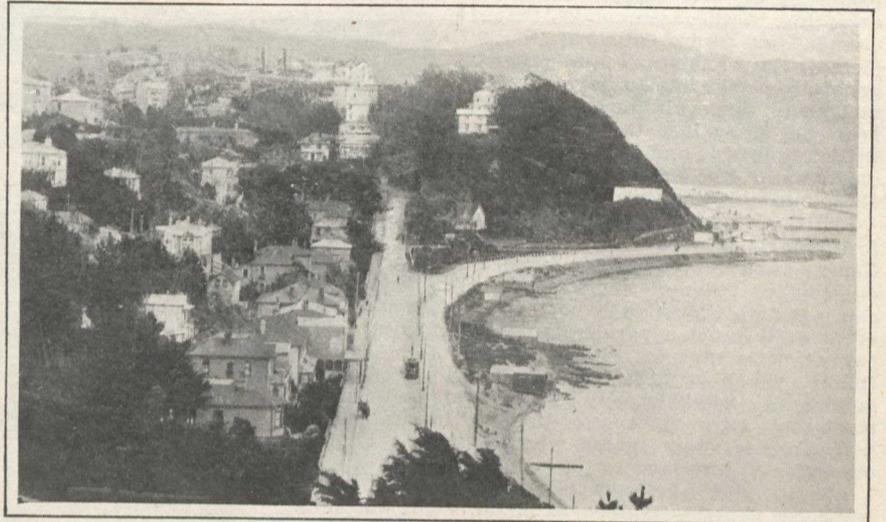
Vol. XVI.

August 1, 1914

No. 9



Wellington, a seaport town, the commercial as well as political capital of New Zealand.



Wellington, whose handsome residences give some idea of the wealth and prosperity of this Antipodean city.

A City Owned by Citizens

Wellington, N.Z., a Small Rival to Berlin, Germany, for Civic Thrift

By FRANK H. MORGAN

HAD an aboriginal (Maori) resident on the shores of the waters of Poneke, in the year that Queen Victoria ascended the English throne, been gifted suddenly with prophetic vision, he would probably have found the possession dangerous. For if, looking across the narrow, fern-clad flat of Te Aro, on to the sunlit bay, whose surface was broken only by a lonely fisherman's canoe, above which wheeled and screamed the ever-watchful gull, he had described the scene as it would appear within the brief space of a man's lifetime, he would have been regarded by his fellows as "porangi" (mad), and they would no doubt have taken suitable measures to render him innocuous without delay. The natives were not wholly unused, even at that day, to the presence of white men; whalers and a few other adventurous spirits had visited these coasts since Captain Cook's time; but the Maori, judging the foreigner by the standard of the whaler, was not favourably impressed.

HAD our seer told of great smoking ships that could carry the people of a score of "pas" or "kaingas" (settlements) floating where then came only the fishing canoe or the occasional war craft, with its fifty glistening brown-skinned warrior-paddlers; or how a new race of men had come and made wonderful roads and "whares" (houses) on the narrow bit of valley and the fringe of level by the bay's edge, and, greedy for room, had turned the sea into solid land to carry yet more houses; while strange shapes flitted about the roads like sentient (but odourous) beings, or hovered overhead with the birds; his picture could to-day be presented in real form and colour. Out of the ashes of the fern and flax and forest clothing the fringing flats and hills of Poneke has arisen the city of Wellington, political and commercial capital of the Dominion of New Zealand. Into the deep, spacious waters of Port Nicholson come ships of all nations, and there are none so big that they may not enter.

WELLINGTON was founded in January, 1840, the first settlers landing on a level stretch of country in a valley at the head of the harbour. This was soon abandoned as a site for the main settlement of the New Zealand Company, which colonized the district, and the village was established on the south-western side of the bay. Here there was deep

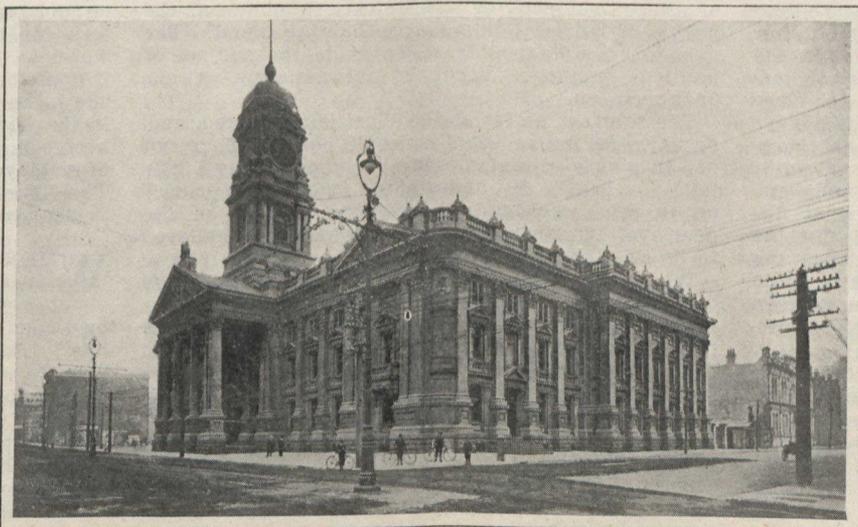
water close inshore, and less danger from floods, which had threatened the pioneers at Britannia, as the first settlement was named. This designation became merged in the Maori "Pito-one," now corrupted to Petone, the name borne by the considerable town occupying the site once abandoned.

WELLINGTON'S early years were fraught with many anxieties. True, the people had not the same troubles with the natives that those in other districts had; no serious wars threatened extinction; yet progress was slow. Port Nicholson was isolated, and was surrounded by hills that barred access to splendid lands lying not far away. The central Government was at Auckland, away at the other end of the North Island, and jealousy reigned. In 1863, however, Wellington became the seat of government, and made better headway. Then, as railways pierced the circling hills, and roads stretched their tentacles into the country, Wellington's natural advantages as a port for big ships became available for the export of the products of the soil. Since then her march forward has been uninterrupted. To-day we find a city of 67,000 inhabitants, or if adjoining suburbs be included, 74,000, well furnished with all modern conveniences such as good streets (the main thoroughfares wood-blocked), electric light and tramways, water supply, motor fire brigades, drainage systems and refuse destructor, libraries, baths, parks and abattoirs. All these are controlled by the municipality, which is also represented in the management of the harbour. This has many wharves, splendidly equipped with the latest appliances for the quick handling of cargo, and ocean liners ply to the principal ports of the world, while a fleet of smaller vessels is engaged in an extensive coastal trade.

The capital value of the city, covering 9,505 acres, was last year £19,161,000, and the annual revenue of the corporation amounted to over £443,000. Formerly the city snuggled under the hills on a narrow strip of beach, but as it grew it spread over an adjoining flat space till that was occupied. Then the sea front was filled in with spoil from the hills. To-day the wharf line is a quarter of a mile from Lambton quay, the leading thoroughfare, which once was washed by the tide. Where traders used to lie at anchor or tie up to small private wharves there are now miles of streets and fine blocks of public buildings, offices, and warehouses.



Wellington—The Botanical Gardens.



Wellington—the Town Hall is English in design—the overhead wires are purely Colonial.

Orientizing Our Pacific Province

The Problem of Assimilating Asiatics Seen Through British Columbia Spectacles

*"For East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."*

—Kipling.

WHAT is truly said is true no matter who says it, and Rudyard Kipling, who is not necessarily a good politician or an economist, long ago, gave profound expression to a profound principle. He saw much farther than others saw at that time; an unwittingly inspired prophet.

It is the "Oriental" problem that is troubling the people of Canada to-day. I am, perhaps, mistaken excepting in the assumption that the "people of Canada" are represented by the men whom they elect to Parliament. I am quite sure that people generally would like to have a reliable statement of fact as to the evolution of the resistance that has been urged against the admission of Hindus into British Columbia and as to the general and persistent objection to the admission of Orientals of every class into this country.

British Columbia, at the present moment, has, unfortunately, become the "storm centre" for all Canada, and for the whole empire as regards the question of Oriental immigration. This is not because British Columbia is not a part of Canada, nor because it is not a part of the British Empire, but because it is the part of Canada and of the British Empire which is most vitally affected by the incursion of Orientals. By the last phrase I mean much more than the "competition" of Oriental labour with that of other classes, both Anglo-Saxon and otherwise "European."

The conflict between European and Asiatic standards of living is the crux of the whole business. It does not matter from which "European" country immigrants come into British Columbia. These immigrants have always seemed capable of "rising" to something approachable and recognizable as the "European" standard of living. It is true that some classes from several of the provinces of Europe have been able for a time, and are still able, to subsist, and to be content, with less wages than the recognized standard of Anglo-Saxon peoples. Those who would enter, critically, into an analysis of the labour situation and the labour problems of the West must take heed to this important item in the evolution of the present situation. But the "interlopers"—if I may be permitted to make a new application of an old term—have been the first to seize their opportunities and to "compel" wages and other emoluments which have enabled them to spend money (whether in vices or virtues) that have brought them within the pale of "Anglo-Saxon" civilization. Unfortunately, if a man will spend his money among the people from whom he earns it, there is little question asked as to his nationality or whether he is from here or there. If he becomes a "leech"—hoarding and sending away—he is an outcast, not of us nor belonging to us.

All "Orientals" have, therefore, placed themselves in a class by themselves. They earn money, earn it honestly, if that term is to be interpreted as the rendering of "comparative value" for the money they obtain as wages under our "wage" system.

MAKE no mistake! It is not idle fancy, pro-Oriental sentiment nor preference for the "Yellow" as compared with the "White" element in our labouring classes, that makes and establishes the hold the Oriental labourer has on the presently unhappy labour market of this province. It is the close deduction which the "industrial magnate" is always compelled to make "for value received" that gives the Oriental a preference over the white man.

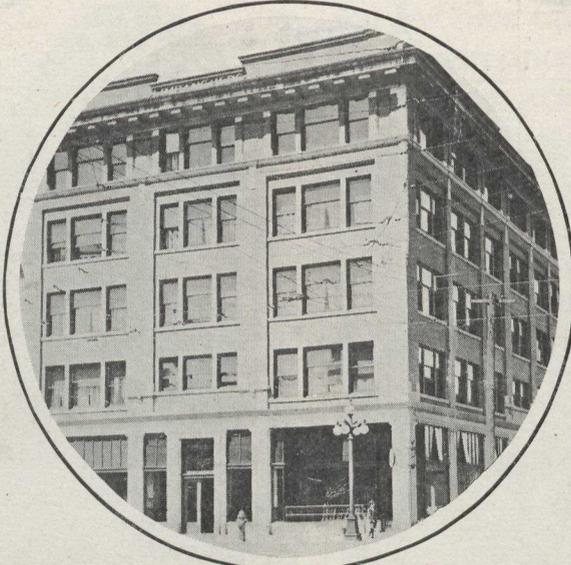
But the Orientals spend their money among themselves. They maintain the most rigid racial distinctions. They establish their own stores for the negotiation of the commodities they need as the imperative perquisites of life, and they buy, within the limits of their need, from their own countrymen only. They are like, and unlike, the early Christians, "In the world but not OF the world."

Asiatics, without distinction of country from which they emigrate into Canada, do not fraternize. Claiming an indissoluble right under the unquestionable doctrine of human brotherhood, they limit their brotherhood to the class conscious and racially ostracized distinctions of the country from which they came. They buy from Canadian houses only those purchasable supplies which the "vices" of the White man have seduced them into buying, and they maintain the class distinctions, as between them-

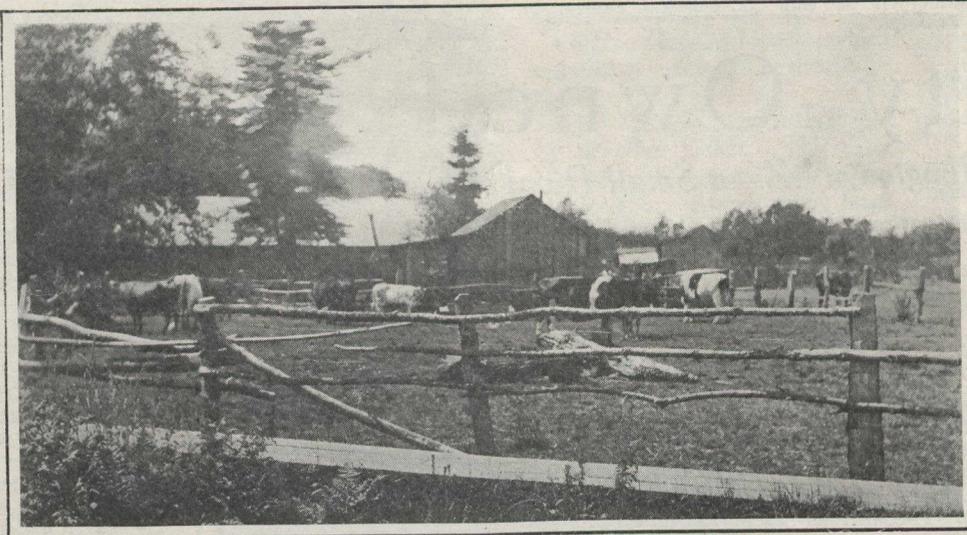
By WALTER W. BAER

selves and Europeans, which exist in their own country.

This sort of thing was all right in the early days in this province, when nobody cared or nobody really knew, but it is different to-day. The slant-eyed Oriental has been more far-seeing than his usually



Hotel owned by a Chinaman in Victoria.



A Dairy Farm owned by a Hindu near Victoria, B.C.

slower-visioned brother of the White class, but the awakening of the latter has come.

That is, perhaps, the explanation of the awakening of this Western country to its danger; an awakening which, unfortunately, is finding its climax and its culmination in a revolt against the invasion of that particular branch of His Majesty's subjects known as the Hindus.

Let me speak for British Columbia—and challenge me who will—the revolt of the Western people of the Dominion of Canada is NOT against Hindus, but against "Orientals," whatever nationality they may claim. The present impact of the Hindu subjects, or alleged subjects, of His Majesty, is not what the people of British Columbia are fighting about. The question is one too big to be made the subject of political badinage, although, unfortunately, it has been made so.

The solution, as far as the West is concerned, and, perhaps, as far as the Empire is concerned, is not one in which politicians may exclaim, "heads I win, tails you lose." My undertaking is to "show cause" or, in other words, to justify the attitude of the people of British Columbia against what is believed to be an "Oriental" invasion.

When, in the early '80's, during the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the Rockies, it was found advantageous to import "coolie" labour from China, there were few Anglo-Saxon people in the province. The Orientals, once having gained a foothold, saw their opportunity and have, ever since, assiduously prosecuted every advantage that the peculiar conditions and traditions of the province afford. The earliest populated part of British Columbia (Vancouver Island) was a Crown colony. Some of the traditions of the "feudal" system still remain with the "people of parts" in the former Crown colony and the distinction between "menials" and those of the "classes" is rigidly maintained. The

Oriental supplies a long-felt want, for he is peculiarly adapted to the role of a menial.

The term "menial" is rarely employed East of the Rockies for the reason that there is no such thought in the mind of anyone as the thought of a "slave." In the older provinces the term "wage-earner" means one of two things—either an industrial employee or an "hired man." The distinction is between the class of employment in industrial centres and in the rural districts. In British Columbia there are certain classes of employment which are never engaged in excepting by "menials." The term "helotry" is not understood in Eastern Canada, and most of your readers will have to go to the dictionary to get a clear idea of what it means. Yet in British Columbia helotry is the absolute condition and class status of the Oriental, no matter from what country he may hail.

WE have, in this province, that heritage of sentiment which survives from the days of the Crown colony, and the plutocrats are unable to relieve themselves of the swaddling clothes of that heritage. Many wealthy citizens employ Chinese gardeners because they will work for about a dollar a day, a place to sleep and their board. No Anglo-Saxon will do this.

But from a condition of helotry the more astute among the Orientals have evolved into something better. It is not altogether the "coolie" who has been a curse to the country; it is his "boss." One of the characteristics of the Oriental is that he sees no incongruity in being both a labourer and a capitalist at the same time. And he is both of these, not because he is all things to all men, but because he is all things unto himself. He is as

shrewd as the Anglo-Saxon in scenting a bargain in real estate, in speculative stocks or in a business opportunity. The Oriental capitalist invades every sanctuary of Anglo-Saxon plunder, and plunders as shrewdly and unscrupulously as his White brother. The labourers were the first to feel the competition made intolerable by the lower standards of living of the Asiatics, but during later years the business concerns of the province are beginning to realize that what has happened in other countries is about to happen here. Granted unrestricted admission into the country, the Asiatic is going to ply his wits, business talent, speculative genius, capital and everything else against the Anglo-Saxon. There can be but one result: the gradual crowding out of the Anglo-Saxon people and the gradual surrendering of the whole country to the Oriental hordes.

In Victoria city there is an immense hardware store owned and operated by Chinese capital, and there are Anglo-Saxons on the payroll of this Oriental hardware magnate. The government buys many of its supplies from this store to outfit its marine and other equipments in the public service of the country. There is also a magnificent hotel in the city owned by a Chinese capitalist.

Not far from the city is a Hindu dairy-farm, which affords the subject of another picture. The Hindu capitalists operating this dairy have fifty milch cows and one hundred hogs as constant stock. Fifty milch cows and one hundred hogs would keep an English-speaking—and Anglo-Saxon-acting—family in affluent circumstances. A large quiverful of sons and daughters could be educated in the best schools of the world on the proceeds of such a farm. Yet all that it does for the country in the way of development is shown in the picture. The "shack," easily noticed in the foreground, is the single building in which the herdmen, milkers, delivery drivers and entire corps of employees eat, cook, sleep and spend their leisure. The byres and outbuildings are as unkempt and as unclean as an Hottentot kraal.

WHEN Sir Ian Hamilton was in New Zealand recently, he told the story of how the Malaysians, a fine people, were being displaced in their own country by Chinese coolies—"low-class materialists." So, he had seen in Ladysmith, fine shopkeepers vanish before bunyahs and coolies who exist on a couple of meals a day. He concluded in terribly ominous words:

"If people with high ideals and standards are forced to live cheek by jowl with people of low standards and low ideals, they must either become slave drivers or sink to the level of those by whom they are surrounded and thus be beaten."

The sting of Sir Ian's deliverance is in its tail and
(Concluded on page 27.)

The Complacent Little God

Easy-Going Enough to Arrange a Love Affair Through a Crooked Deal of a Pack of Cards

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

Illustrated by Fergus Kyle

DOCTOR ROBERT CORLISS alighted on the tiny platform, and frowned. There was no one to meet him. There were few occasions in his daily life that gave him cause to chafe at delay. The people that made up his world—nurses, orderlies, reverent young medical students, patients even—obeyed him instinctively, sometimes before he spoke. For precisely this reason, a wave of resentment swept over him. Impatience showed in each rough-hewn line of his young face; his long, lean body was aquiver with it. Turning toward the track, he gazed longingly after the flying train, which was becoming a rapidly diminishing streak far down the shining rails. He drew a deep breath into his barrel of a chest, frowned again, strove for an adequate expression of his disgust, and found it in one short, sharp word.

"I don't blame you, Doctor Corliss! It was perfectly, entirely inexcusable of me to keep you waiting."

The voice came from the doorway of the little station. There was a singing lilt to it, a medley of cool tones and warm tones that seemed analogous to the cool-warm airs of the October afternoon.

Corliss swung around. The motion might have been termed a swift slowness, or equally well a slow swiftness, so perfect was his poise. He beheld a feminine young person emerging into the clear-washed sunshine that flooded the platform. The feminine young persons that had hitherto come into his life had worn prim, white-cuffed-and-collared uniforms, or had been in a satisfactory state of anesthesia, which rendered them about as personal as a block of marble. This one was different.

He gazed into a pair of wide-set grey eyes so intently that the slim hand held out to him in greeting was unnoticed until too late. A vague sense of an incompletely understood emotion thrilled him. On account of its very newness, he mistrusted it. He really wished to say something, but saying things was not his strong point. Therefore, he merely kept on gazing.

"It was inexcusable of me," persisted the girl, as if he had contradicted her. She was perfectly at ease; evidently, she was quite used to being gazed at—respectfully. "You are a busy man, and should not be kept waiting by an idle girl, who drives with her head in the clouds, and ditches her motor. By the way, I'm Marjorie Lyndon."

Corliss ignored the introduction. "How's Mr. Lyndon?" he rasped, reverting to his hospital manner.

A cloud of resentment hovered over the girl's face. It was only momentary, however. With a little careless laugh, she said:

"Oh, Father's all right. He's a bit run down and nervous. It was just a whim of his to telegraph you to come up; he wanted the brilliant Doctor Corliss all to himself during his little under-the-weather spell, just as other people want something special at times, something exciting like truffles—or a new frock."

CORLISS' brows came together sharply; his hands clenched. Those two interesting cases at the hospital! And that railroad chap who had been knocked pretty much to pieces, and who really seemed to take a new grip on life during the daily five minutes that the young doctor was able to spare him! He had raced away in answer to the urgent telegraphic behest of a man whom he knew only by reputation merely to find that he was not needed. Angry thoughts flashed through his brain. Entirely lacking in the power of expression, he began, heavily:

"If Mr. Lyndon isn't ill, I must—"

"You haven't much respect for the whims of millionaires?" interrupted Marjorie, quickly.

"When does the next train leave?"

The cloud of resentment settled once more on the girl's face; her eyes grew black, stormy. She bit her lip, turned away, then faced him again, her eyes holding a smile, and behind the smile, a strange light. Had Corliss been more conversant with un-anesthetized femininity, he would have recognized

a danger signal, a challenge. As it was, he took her next remark in good faith.

"How very rude," she said, lightly. "Now that you are here you might as well enjoy it. Do you think you can?" She turned on him eyes that had become grey again, and guileless. "You haven't even asked me if I was hurt in my accident—and you a doctor!"

"Were you?" His frown was fading gradually.

"Brakes on?" he queried, over his shoulder.

"You're ridiculous!" she burst out.

"Are they?" he insisted.

She nodded, and he began to lift. Great ridges and corresponding hollows corrugated his arms. His strong neck swelled until it filled his collar to overflowing. He began to straighten up slowly. The rim of the wheel that hung in space appeared over the edge of the log, the bulge of the tire came into view, then the upward motion ceased. Marjorie clenched her hands, pressed them to her cheeks, and ceased to breathe. The car began to sink again; the movement was almost imperceptible. The girl's eyes were riveted on the straining figure before her. Suddenly, the sleeve of Robert's shirt burst where it joined the shoulder. He straightened his back sharply, and the wheel cleared the side of the bridge. He took a staggering step to the right, relaxed an inch, and set the car on the road.

"Get in," he invited

MARJORIE put her foot on the step, and turned to look at him. She was on the point of speaking, when she checked herself.

"Well?" queried Corliss.

"I suspect you of being a bit of a mindreader," she said, a trifle breathlessly, "so I might as well say what I started to: You're—rather a wonderful person!"

"Same to you," grunted Robert, realizing with a shock that a new experience had come to him—he had paid a woman a compliment, such as it was.

Marjorie climbed into the car and sat down. "What do you find wonderful about me?" she asked, her eyes opened innocently wide.

Robert considered the question gravely. Finally, with utter ingenuousness, he answered: "I don't know."

As the little car chugged valiantly up the steep incline, Corliss sat in rapt silence. He was vividly conscious of the feminine young person at his side, who was giving her undivided attention to driving. At the back of his mind lay her last question, and his inadequate answer. What did he find wonderful about her? There certainly was something, some attribute; but what? The road ran level for a space along a wide shelf. Above them, and below, were stretches of autumn-painted woods, iridescent, brilliant beneath a cloudless sky. There was a tang in the air that made the young man's pulses leap with the mere joy of living. His voice broke in suddenly on the smooth purr of the motor.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed.

Marjorie turned, an amused question in her eyes.

"It's just come to me," he continued, throwing out his arm with a wide, sweeping motion. "You're a little sister to all this!"

She followed his gesture, her eyes resting on sun-drenched valley and sparkling river and reddening maples bathed in blue-gold light. Wherever she looked was beauty.

"If you mean it," she said, in a still, little voice, "thanks—awfully."

She drove in silence for some moments. Her mood changed as a cluster of summer cottages came in sight far up the road. When these had been left behind, she turned to Corliss with a quizzical smile.

"What a talkative person you are!" she rallied him.

CORLISS knit his brows. "I have been thinking," he said. "It's not been my habit to talk much.

Besides, I don't know how you'll take my next utterance. I'm not used to women, you see."

"Go ahead," she encouraged, two dimples playing a merry little game around the corners of her mouth. "I want you!" he said.

It was like him not to elaborate. He had said just what he meant; no more, no less. He let the words stand as they were, bare, elemental. The car swerved dangerously, but Marjorie recovered herself in a moment. With the utmost composure, she said:

"That's a perfectly proper frame of mind; but—"

She gave her attention to the wheel, guiding the car between two granite posts into a flower-bordered



"Brakes on?" he queried, over his shoulder.

"No; but I might have been. How are we going to get home?"

"You might show me the car," he suggested.

"Showing you the car won't do any good; we need a jack—and things."

As if to prove her assertion forthwith, Marjorie led the way around the small station and a short distance along the road that ran over the hills.

"There! What did I tell you!" she cried, triumphantly, pointing to the runabout.

It stood on a railless, log bridge, that spanned a small brook. Its weight rested drunkenly on rear wheels and forward axle; one front wheel hung in space, perilously. Corliss glanced at the steep hill whence the car had come, at the car itself, and then the girl, standing coolly at his side. He refrained from making the obvious remark.

"What do you need a jack for?" he growled, instead.

Marjorie shrugged her shoulders. "If you think I'm going to let you start the engine to back out with the front axle scraping, you're mistaken," she said, half laughing, half in earnest. "It's my new car. We'll walk!"

"We won't!"

Corliss stripped off his coat and laid it neatly on the seat. With serious deliberation, he rolled up the sleeves of his negligee shirt, and walked to the front of the car. Marjorie regarded him with an enigmatical smile. He bent down and grasped the axle.

driveway, at the farther end of which stood, far flung, the wonderful summer home of Herbert Lyndon.

"But?" queried Robert, with indrawn breath. "But, you're too late!" She flashed an impish glance at him. "And there's Father!" she cried. The millionaire came toward them slowly, ponderously, his ruddy face glowing with health behind the curling smoke of his big cigar. The doctor gave a grunt of impatience, and the next moment responded to his host's genial greeting.

DINNER, the other guests, bridge, and not least, Herbert Lyndon himself kept Corliss from hurling at Marjorie the "why" that was on the tip of his tongue. He went to his room at last, and to bed, a veritable living question mark. Restlessly, he tossed to and fro, the ever-recurring question torturing him. "Too late!" she had said. Why? He fell asleep finally, with the little teasing word, half-whispered, on his lips.

The next morning, Corliss was up and out of doors before any of the other guests in that pleasure-loving house had thought of waking. The trees and lawns were asparkle with frost as he sauntered across a wide terrace in the direction of the tennis court.

Marjorie was standing on the back line, a basketful of balls beside her. One after another, she sent them whizzing over the net with a smashing, businesslike serve toward an imaginary opponent. So intent was she on her practice that she was unaware of his presence until Robert stood close beside her. Without a word, he picked up the basket, reached for the racket, which, in her surprise, she relinquished without knowing why, and strode toward a settee in the shade bordering the court. Marjorie followed, assuming a meek, little-girl air.

"Good morning," she said, demurely. "Do I infer that you wish my attention?"

Corliss turned. "Oh, good morning," he said; it was evident that he was unused to the simpler amenities of life. "I do."

He looked at her as she stood before him in the morning light, her sleeves rolled up, her waist slightly open at the throat, the level sun-rays turning her brown hair to gold. He drew his breath sharply.

"Why?" he said.

"Why what?" she parried.

"Why did you say that I was too late?"

A burning wave of colour swept over the V of her white throat, suffusing her cheeks and brow. She refused to lower her eyes, however.

"Because I am engaged," she said, quietly.

"Oh—is that all?" Corliss breathed a sigh of relief. "I thought you might be married."

"How absurd!" she cried, a glint of anger darkening her eyes. "Didn't I tell you I was Marjorie Lyndon? I always play fair."

"Yes, but"—he hesitated—"one has queer fancies sometimes—when it's a matter of life and death. By the way, who is it?"

"Peter Bush."

"The gambler?"

"The what?"

"I know," said Corliss, hastily, "he calls himself a stock broker—so he is—but, to my mind, faro's just as good a game."

"What a queer view to take of it," laughed Marjorie. "Most of the men I know are on Wall Street."

"What do they get out of it?"

"Why, money, I suppose. Isn't that enough?"

"Do you think money is so very important?"

"Don't you?"

"No; I don't. I make a lot; but it doesn't stick, somehow."

"What do you do with it?" she asked, with sudden interest.

"Oh, I don't know," said Robert, carelessly. "Give most of it away, I guess. All my patients aren't millionaires, you know."

Marjorie regarded him with open-eyed surprise. The men in her set were sometimes guilty of boasting about the money that they spent lavishly on idle pleasures. Peter Bush had done so on occasion, she recalled. But that a man, poor, according to her standards, should speak casually of giving it away impressed her. A pucker of thought creased her brow.

"Don't look so disapproving," laughed Corliss.

"I'm not!" she declared, indignantly. "You merely made me think."

There ensued a pause, which Robert broke awkwardly.

"I wonder," he said, "just how poor a man you could marry and be happy with."

"Why do you ask?"

"Because you're going to marry me," he asserted.

"Doctor Corliss!" protested Marjorie, frowning.

"Are you offended?" he asked, casually.

She glanced at his face, and dropped her eyes.

"I should be," she declared, in a vexed tone; "but, somehow, you're different." She raised her head again defiantly. "See here," she said, evenly, "I am a perfectly normal girl, not at all averse to flirting; but there are some things that you must not say."

"Then I have your permission to flirt with you?"

She nodded, a mischievous sparkle in her eyes.

"Thanks; but that is just what I don't want to do." Robert stood in silence for some moments, his eyes on her flushed, up-turned face. "You're adorable!" he breathed, at last.

"That's better!" she laughed. "Of course, I am!" Turning from him, she ran toward the terrace. "Breakfast!" she called, mockingly, over her shoulder.

Corliss tried in vain the rest of the day to get a moment alone with Marjorie. Whether by intention or accident, she was always with one or another of her guests. As the day wore on, his impatience grew with each successive failure. He was in a self-confessed execrable humour when, after dinner, Mr. Lyndon drew him aside.

"Come to my study, and discuss my case," bade the millionaire, leading the way to his den.

When he had seated himself in his deep chair, lighted a cigar, and moved a decanter within easy reach, he said, abruptly:

"Now, Doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"Nothing," replied Corliss, succinctly.

"Eh! But—I don't feel well!" exploded the other.

"Naturally."

MR. LYNDON had a suspicion that the doctor was joking, but a glance at the young man's grim face disabused him of the idea.

"What do you mean? What shall I do?" he asked, almost plaintively.

"Eat less, drink less, smoke less, and exercise more," said his adviser, without a moment's hesitation.

The old gentleman cleared his throat once, angrily; a second time, with less choler; he hemmed, hawed, chuckled, and burst into a genial guffaw.

"Young man," he said, "you've got sense! I guess I don't need you any more in your professional capacity. Can't I tempt you, though, to stay as my guest?"

The doctor accepted with alacrity, and decided that the day had not been a failure after all.

It was not until the next afternoon that Robert

(Continued on page 16.)

On the Trail of Krag

Near the New Hunting Grounds of the Tete Jaune Cache

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WHEN you buy a ticket to Prince Rupert via the Yellowhead Pass and Mt. Robson and the Skeena, you will remember having read in this issue of the CANADIAN COURIER probably the raciest and most humorous description of that country ever written—and by a naturalist. Mr. Bonnycastle Dale was pounding round in that undiscoverable country years before any railway company dreamed of laying a steel road under the eaves of Mt. Robson. His guileless story of how he roughed and toughed it in the land of Krag the goat, along with his inimitable Fritz and the Tsimshian Indians should become a classic in the literature of travel.

WHAT a world of adventure lingers about the name—"Tete Jaune Cache"—or literally, the "Cache on the Yellowhead Pass." What a tale of heroic labour is that of the pioneers that trod this perilous trail that skirts the now world famous Mt. Robson! Listen to the names that tell of the wonders of the trail—"Interlaken on the Athabasca," "Rainbow Canon," "Snowbird Pass," "Valley of a Thousand Falls," "Grizzly Peak," all in a land of upthrown pinnacles, swiftly rushing rivers—for do not the Fraser, the Lennan and Sand Creek meet at this cache of the yellow-headed man? All about are the tops of the Fiddle Back Range, the tops also of "Terrace," "Reef" and "Mural Glaciers"—a veritable sea of flowing frozen rivers, and domineering them all like a monarch on his throne—the mighty Robson, a terraced giant, each step outlined in snow. Here is the ancient feeding-ground of the fearsome scented "Billy" and the mighty-horned Rocky Mountain Sheep. Here they may climb and feed and play for generations yet to come, for all the land from Obed on the east to Tete Jaune on the west, from Fortress Lake on the south to the wide waters of the Smoky and the Hay is now the celebrated Jasper Park of B.C., a game sanctuary, where the furry ones may breed and spread out over the Canoe River and Fraser River districts—where I would advise the man that wants a few good skins and heads to hunt.

We are many of us familiar with the wonderful scenes that meet our view along the magnificent Kicking Horse Pass, and the Crows Nest Pass farther south. Here is a new scenic route opened to the big game hunter, this valley of the Yellowhead, this Yellowhead pass. Oh! how I envy the chap that goes in now—we took twenty days once—

days of fording a river that incessantly corkscrewed, that raised its flooded waters many feet in a single night and made us poor trail-beaters build great, unwieldy rafts that always threatened to part amid-stream. And why will a swimming band of pack horses always land right up against an impenetrable forest and make the unfortunate owners wade in and lead them splashing? Oh, yes; they always splash you when the day is nice and cold. Now, as our guide says, "Hyak yaka chaco, Ikt moo-sum mokst klose-nan." Which, being translated, means, "you



A mighty hard chase—but "Billy" was worth it.

do it in one sleep and two looks on the railroad," in this case the Grand Trunk Pacific.

Westward of Jasper Park, all the way to Fort George, you can get your heart's desire satisfied with big game hunting—aye, and shooting at them, too—of course you've got to hit them, I can't. I am trying to head you there—here lies the famous Caribou district, with many a game range yet unhaunted. Moose and caribou are liberally distributed over this huge district. Bear roam it, "billies" scent the air on almost every range, the sheep are shot along the Peace and the Liard. To the man that loves wild fowling, or thrills all over at the click of the reel here is a ground for his adventure. I hold no retainer by the Province of British Columbia, but I know that the Caribou and Cassiar districts attract the big game hunters of the entire world, and now when our Ontario woods have a hunter at the foot of every tree, it is well to know that a four-days trip will take us to the edge of the hunting grounds. Remember that while they let us shoot one another for a couple of dollars apiece in our Ontario forests, the price is raised in the western hunting grounds, and really you are more likely to get a good head than a poor man there. You can get all information from the Provincial Game Warden, Vancouver, B.C.

HOW often I have wished that I could take up some of the rich lands that form the valleys of the Nechaco and the Stuart! They were then covered with wild vetch, a sort of wild pea that grew rankly all over. I have seen it higher than the heads of the Indian children playing in it. Much of this is for sale now at fair prices, and the crops can be disposed of conveniently—taxes half of one per cent.; price-purchase \$10, or pre-emption \$1 per acre.

Did you ever get lost? No! Well come with us in this topsy-turvy country, when the trails were all made by the four-footed ones and you toted and cached your way from Alberta to the Pacific.

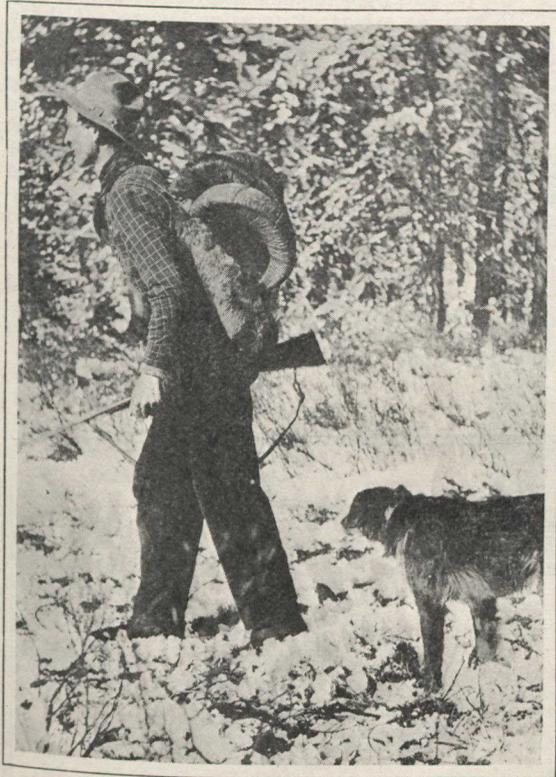
We had left Tete Jaune. We had also left the lower Nechaco—an error, gentlemen, for which I blamed Fritz, Fritz blamed me, and we both blamed the two silent guides. We had foolishly turned north into the Stuart, and our main party was steadily heading westward for Fraser Lake—along the true road, the Nechaco. The trail was well defined—for a trail was then very faint. There were mighty few motor road signs in those days to tell a chap which way led to a cache and which to

finish—for be he ever so good a hunter and fisherman, he cannot support a moving camp with his rifle and rod, even in a good game country like the northern B.C. trails and ranges. Anyhow, we turned north at the Stuart; made the heart-breaking loop—this river is an erratic S, pronounce it as you will. We did not cache at the mouth of the Stuart, as we were the rear camp and our load was very light—four horses, four men, no extras, the trail had these, as we had discarded every useless article to make a dash of the last hundred miles to Fraser Lake.



The trout you catch in the Yellowhead are fine, when the sauce is hunger!

THE morning I write of we were in camp six days up the Stuart and living on fish, or no fish; we called it "point." We had found a good meadow for the horses in the bend of the river, lush with grass and sparkling with rime, as the season was getting late and the nights very cold. In a little brawling stream I had found a lot of trout, but the Nechaco had swallowed up my fishing outfit, and the khaki fly, ravelled from the frayed bottom of my trousers, did not tempt the beauties. Pork there was none. Our meals were becoming monotonous. Breakfast—clear, sparkling water and "point" and a pilot biscuit; ditto dinner, ditto supper, unless I could hike faster than the camp and fish for a living by the way. For the first time on many trails, Fritz did not whistle. The Tsimshian men were more silent than ever, if that was possible. Smoking, "ki-nootl" (it literally was; this is the Chinook jargon



A trophy in the shape of a pair of horns.

next day. Darkness fell and no sign of Fritz. At ten, our camp rule time for stragglers, we fired three shots. No answer. Again at eleven we signalled. Silence everywhere. Those mighty ranges are deathly still after nightfall—save in avalanche time. Early next morning we started over the lad's trail. We passed up through the heavy timber and out onto the dried grass slopes of the "Caribou Range."

We easily tracked him over this and found where he crossed a light snowfall. Then he had walked along the arete, slid down, rested his rifle—these guides are excellent sign readers—and fired. We found the empty case. Then he slid or fell down into the valley below. As we could not get a single footmark on the exposed rock, there seemed no way that mortal man could safely get down that dizzy, piled-up precipice, fully five thousand feet of sheer descent. My ankle forbade it, but both guides started down, and later funked it, and I retraced my steps slowly to the camp.

of fern and vetch. I stepped inside and lifted the smaller one and carried it out to the dim evening light. It was a wee Indian boy, now hushed into silence. We entered the dark shack again and I reached and lightly shook the other figure. It fell back into position in a most wooden manner. Instantly Fritz struck a match—for we were filled with vague alarm. Something uncanny was in this darkness about us. In the flare of the match we saw a dead Indian, dead, without doubt, several days, and the poor little starving child had been cuddling up to this cold form for the heat it never more would give. Later we buried the wanderer and turned the child over to some North Thompson men we met—poor little unknown waif!

THERE was Fritz, and Daisy, making an excellent meal on toasted goat. It seemed that he had spied an old "billy," and an extremely tough one he proved, airing himself on the tip top of the lower arete. Fritz fired as soon as he could get an aim and the goat sprang up, pawed out into the thin air and plunged a mile down the side of the sheer precipice. Of course Daisy yelped once and started down, and the big boy, Fritz, must needs start after. He told me it was just the worst he ever tried. He did much of it in the perpendicular cracks weather warped in the face of the cliff. Daisy did most of it, backwards, a sign of dangerous descent, and made some nasty falls. When, torn and breathless, they arrived at the foot of the mighty cliff, they found the goat just a mass of broken bones. Fritz said it lifted like a bag. So out came his knife and in an hour both dog and boy were breathless again—this time from overfeeding on broiled goat. Then night fell and he built up his fire higher and slept like the little fat top he is. We are very seldom eaten alive by bears out here—except in magazines.

We ate goat broiled and fried, stewed and roasted, and hiked it back down those six days' trail off the Stuart, and ten days more along the Nechaco, killing deer and bear by the way, to our head camp at Fraser Lake. Those "guides" (?) were as completely lost in that wilderness off the Stuart as any white man I have ever been astray with. We would have been going north yet if I had followed their advice.

There was one incident in that trip through the Yellowhead Pass that made us healthy, jovial animals pause and consider. Its gloomy effects I can feel now as I write these words, after many years and several thousand miles intervene between me and the Tete Jaune Cache. We were seeking a trail on the banks of a little glacial stream that pours into the Nechaco. It was a very wilderness of tall, sombre pines and flaming autumn maples. The sandy spits bore the arrow-pointed impress of the blacktail, the big pads of the black bears—and sometimes a bigger one still that told a huge grizzly was wandering along this lonely creek. It seemed highly probable that a white man's foot had never entered this scene.

"Look!" called Fritz, "the footmarks of a child!" There, firmly imprinted among the medley of wild animal trails, was the clear mark of a child's naked, stubby foot. I remember we squatted about it and lighted our pipes and held a tobacco council. There were no lodges of the plains Indians so far west. Rarely, very rarely, a coast Indian penetrated so far east. True there were some "river Indians" on the main trail hundreds of miles off. We knocked out the ashes and resumed our work.

Towards nightfall I heard Fritz give my private camp-call—the "COO-eee" of the Marois of New Zealand. I at once plunged off up the little creek that led into the larger stream. Here I found the lad standing, staring at a little rude hut—half-tepee, half-cache, bark shack—from it came the wailing calls one hears a panther make. We never carry a weapon on the trail, so I hesitated a moment.

"It's a kiddie crying," whispered Fritz; so we lifted the swinging bark curtain and looked in. We finally made out a couple of dark figures resting on a heap



Ch, the delight of it, on the trail!

word for tobacco), I fired up now on a little withered leaf that looked like "kinniknec," the "Ahsamah" of our old eastern guides, the Ojibways. This morning we had a wee bit of snow and a suspicion of ice in the dead water. Our compasses showed the river to be flowing due south, and our maps, corrected up to the first of the then present year, told the same tale, while the lower Nechaco showed west by northwest. "We will not break camp to-day, we must hunt," I announced. So I took Fritz with me and bade the guides ascend the opposite slope in search of goat or sheep, deer or bear, anything with flesh along its ribs. We left water level at daylight, and at noon I was directly above my band of horses, so directly, that had the spur of rock I was leaning out over given way I would have "glided" two thousand feet right kerslap into that bunch of feeding mares. Once we had seen bear, a black chap scuttled away from a half-devoured carcass of a fish on the edge of the lower river. Many tracks of moose and caribou were crossed, we jumped a band of, I think, blacktail, but lost them in the dense cover—so we made a nice, skimpy lunch of one more "pilot"—Fritz called them "round shingler"—and lots upon lots of water. I found some "bear berries."

ALL back at camp at night and not a hair or a feather amongst us all. A gentleman called Swift, in Chicago, had put up a nice little pound of meat some time ago and we divided it, the last one, that night. Less than twenty pounds of "pilots" in camp, no flour, tea or beans, everybody on short allowance, six days off the trail—was it really probable that in the midst of a game country we would have to kill a horse? Off we all set next morning—north and south along the river, bound to make a kill above that game-tracked valley.

Fritz reached the snow line about noon, and I heard his rifle go "tack" in the clear air. My twisted ankle made me nurse my way back to camp. Neither guide brought in meat, so I decided they were "malingering" and made up my mind to strike south

Through a Monocle

Universities Should be Free

VARSITY wants more money, I notice. It should get it. When McGill was pushing its campaign for funds, a few years ago, I was of the same opinion. There are mighty few ways in which a community can invest money with a surer hope of dividends than in education—and this applies to higher as well as to the commoner branches of education. Everybody will agree with this theory as applied to the common school; but there are some who boggle over it when applied to the university. That is because of a mistaken belief that the university is a luxury of the well-to-do. It is nothing of the sort. It is a door of opportunity for the ambitious and the determined and the plucky and the industrious. It is of far greater value, indeed, to the poor than to the rich. Without it, the sons of the poor might never get an opportunity; while the sons of the rich would have their flying-start in life in any case. Moreover, the sons of the poor almost always make far better use of it. Many a rich boy finds his ruin in the university. That is not the fault of the college, but usually of the parent who loves the ostentation of giving his son more money than is good for him.

MANY of the men whom I knew when in college were working their own way through. Rich? They hadn't a penny that they didn't earn in vacation-time. It was not wealth that brought them to college, but courage and determination. What they would have done, if there had been no college to go to, I can only conjecture. Undoubtedly, young men with such good stuff in them would have emerged somewhere. I am not a prig who holds that a college education is a necessity to a good man. But every good man I have ever talked with asserts that it is a great help. The open-door of the university offers to many a young fellow the only way of escape from an otherwise sordid life of drudgery,

so that he has the driving-power to get himself through college, but he lacks the genius to make his way in life without a college training.

ONE of the alternatives suggested in lieu of getting more funds for 'Varsity, is to raise the fees. That would be a crime. What should be done, indeed, is to abolish all fees. There is no reason in the world why a provincial university like 'Varsity should not be absolutely free to all-comers. The great University of the Sorbonne, in Paris, is free—not only to all Frenchmen—but to all foreigners. You, who are reading these lines, can go to Paris and enter your names for the free courses in the Sorbonne, where you will hear lectures by the first professors in France on all the subjects of a university course. Neither poverty nor race nor age is any bar. Some of the more popular academic lectures in this splendid university are crowded to the doors—a tribute alike to the generosity of the French nation and the appetite for knowledge of the French people.

THE continental universities are not much bothered by the "prankishness" of our college population this side of the water. They are far too serious. Life is too much of a struggle over there—competition is too severe—the rare opportunities of college training too highly esteemed. A Harvard professor, who "exchanged" with a professor of the Sorbonne, was amazed at the wonderful earnestness of the students he taught. After lecture, it was the customary thing for many of them to follow him to his quarters to ask him questions about his lecture and to eagerly discuss anything novel he had said. His experience in Harvard had never given him a parallel to this. We will get this spirit in our colleges when our economic conditions out here tighten up a bit; but one step toward it, which might be taken at once, would be to abolish fees and throw the doors open wide to the "climbers" among out

young people. It is the gilded student, who looks upon his college course as a sort of decently disguised holiday, who indulges in "pranks" and is willing to risk being "sent down."

TO abolish all fees and make the universities free would be to increase the proportion of serious students attending them—and to help create a public opinion within the student body which would frown successfully upon "prankishness." I would be in favour myself of a public fund to assist students from outside municipalities to pay their board and other expenses incidental to living in a university city and attending lectures. I dare say that communal common-sense will not go that far for some time; but we can at least make a beginning by throwing open the doors of our colleges to all-comers in the fine French fashion. To say that those who want a university education should pay for it, is to say that the poor boy usually must do without it; and that is neither democratic, patriotic nor decently just. It is not the poor boy's fault that his parents are poor. He did not choose them. He might have elected to be born in the Rockefeller household if he had been consulted. But he was pitch-forked into his "station in life"—exasperating and blasphemous words—without his consent.

MOREOVER, the lack of qualities which has kept his parents poor is very likely to be bequeathed to him, as a sort of negative legacy. If there be anything in heredity, he ought to start life under a handicap. It is true that the assinine policy of most rich men toward their sons tends to overcome this handicap—or, rather, to neutralize it with a far deadlier handicap on the "poor rich boy." But the fact remains that, so far as nature goes, the poor boy is likely to be in more real need of the artificial help of a college course than the rich boy; and consequently, if there be anything in the brotherhood of man, he ought to get it. In the family, we do not starve the lean child and stuff the fat one. Why should we do it deliberately, as a matter of settled policy, in the human family? Let us keep before us, as a desirable goal, a free university and a public scholarship fund for all poor lads who need it.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



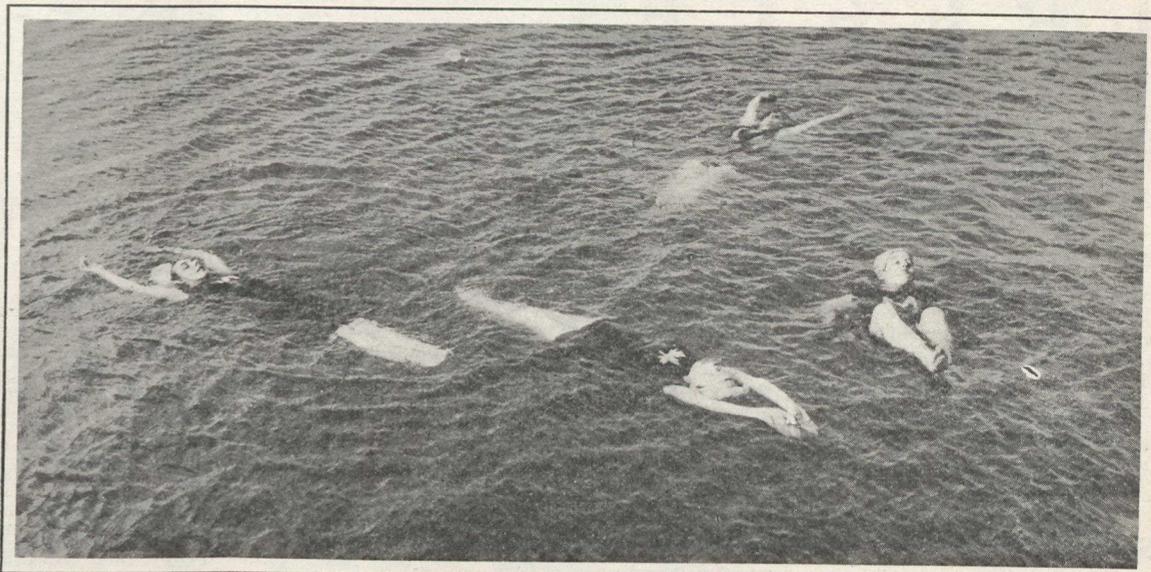
A POLICE CRUISER

MISS CANADA (AS THE RAINBOW ESCORTS THE SIKHS BEYOND THE 3-MILE LIMIT):—"WHILE OUR NAVAL PROGRAMME IS PENDING, WOULD'NT IT BE ADVISABLE TO KEEP THE POLICEMAN STEADY ON THE JOB?"

WHEN IT IS NINETY-FIVE IN THE SHADE



Miss Gertrude Aird, of Montreal, a winner in many swimming contests.



Some members of the Montreal Swimming Club at St. Helen's Island showing how easy it is to rest in the water if one is not burdened with a heavy bathing suit.

SWIMMING is fast becoming a necessary accomplishment. Travel by river, lake and ocean has become so general that the ability to swim is as necessary as an accident insurance policy, both for men and women. Several women who escaped from the "Empress" accident owe their lives to their ability to swim. The other day two wives near Kingston saved their husbands from drowning by swimming to their rescue.

The time to learn to swim is when one is young. The boy of eight or nine, and the girl of eleven or twelve, is the fittest subject. Then the art comes naturally, easily, and quickly. Once learned by a youth or maid, it is never lost. Thousands of Canadian children are being taught to swim by parents who, had they been parents of a previous generation, would never have thought of such a proceeding.

The school authorities in the towns and cities are coming to recognize that swimming is as important as manual training, drawing or domestic science.

Aside from swimming for the sake of being able to save one's life in time of danger, there is the value of swimming as a beneficial pastime and as an ex-

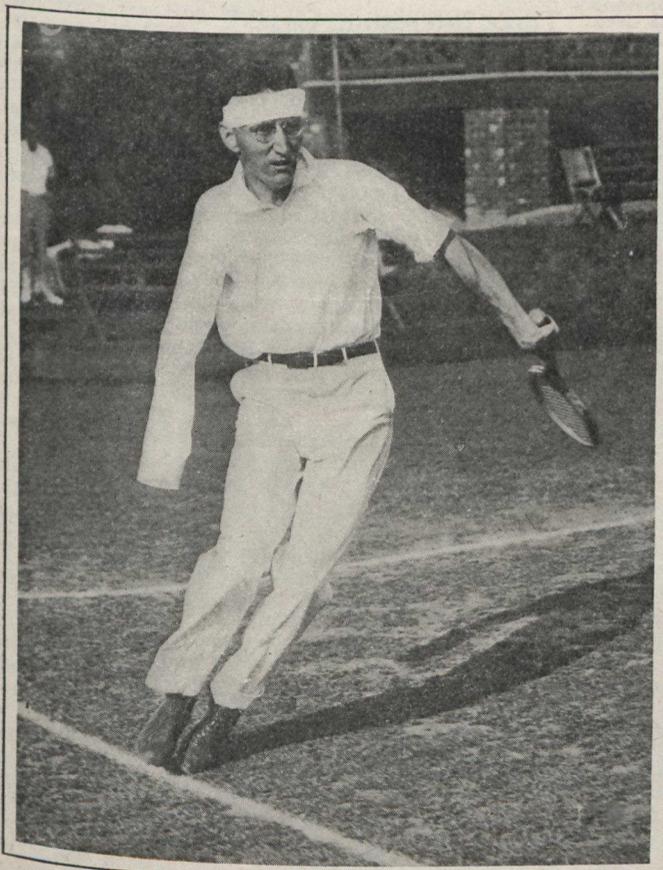


A group from the same swimming club snapped at the time of a competition in life saving, which is held annually at St. Helen's Island.

hilarating sport. It is one of the most pleasurable plays in which a pleasure-loving person may indulge. Children who are taught to swim by careful and thoughtful parents continue to swim because they take a joy in the pastime. In this respect it ranks with skating, snow-shoeing, boxing and all other exciting and muscle-developing sports.

THE swimming clubs of to-day are numerous. They have done much to develop the art, to banish the breast-stroke in favour of the side-stroke, the crawl-stroke and the other easier motions. They have also improved the ideas of what a swimming suit should be. Perhaps our grandmothers of the crinoline age would be horrified at the women shown in these pictures, yet these women—members of well-known swimming clubs—are probably more valuable members of society than even our grandmothers were. They may wear single-piece bathing suits, but they are more modest than the lady who goes down to the beach to wet her toes clothed in the latest design from the aristocratic "Vogue" or the plebeian pages of the "Ladies Home Journal."

WINNERS IN THE QUEBEC TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP



C. M. CHAREST,

The one-armed player, who was beaten by A. S. Cassils in the semi-finals of the "Open Singles," which practically carries with it the championship of the Province. Later, Charest turned the tables and defeated Cassils in the finals for the Montreal Cup.



A. S. CASSILS,

Who was in the finals for the Quebec championship which was won by Mr. Suckling. He was also in the finals for the Montreal Cup which went to Charest.



HEDLEY M. SUCKLING,

Who won the Open Championship of the Province of Quebec in five sets 3-6, 6-1, 3-6, 6-3, 8-6. He was beaten by Charest in the semi-finals for the Montreal Cup. The latter result was a general surprise. He and his partner were also beaten in the finals of the mixed doubles.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

And Now They Begin

AS the wise owls prophesied, there will be weeping and wailing and smashing of stub pens. One Calgary oil company got down 1,510 feet and did not find any oil. And now the shares that were up around \$50 are down to \$12. Unless there is better luck, they will be 12 cents in a few days.

And when all the present oil stocks get down to 12 cents on the dollar, then we will all come out and admit that some day there will be an oil field in Alberta making barrels of money for a few millionaires. But the millionaires have not come in yet—so we merely say: "They are wild-cattling in Calgary." And this is the truth, and the whole truth.

Sunday Golf

A WRITER, signing his name "Lofter," writes a long letter to the Montreal "Gazette" advancing reasons why golfers should "play the game" and eliminate Sunday golf. He does not say it is wrong; he simply asks: "Is it wise?" Is it fair to the wife, to the children, to the home, to the neighbour, to the Church, to the spiritual in every man?

Sunday golf is a form of selfishness, not a form of iniquity. But selfishness, if carried too far, is likely to envelop too much of a man's best. Selfishness thinks only of one's own pleasure and desires, and kills the consciousness of duties owed to others. The man who allows his pleasure to fill up too great a part of his life is committing a crime against Canadian citizenship, for no great citizenship was ever founded except on the basis of unselfish service, the one to the other.

A Message From Obed

JUST when we were all worrying a little about the drop in immigration and wondering if the people of Britain and Europe had really discovered how hard a man must work for a living in this country, there came a cheering message from Obed. His real name is Obed Smith, but the latter part is so common that it is not absolutely necessary. Besides there is only one Obed in the front line of Canada's nation-building. It ranks with Wilfrid, Clifford and "W. D." in the minds of all who have studied immigration work. There was a "W. T. P." once—but that is another story.

And the message from Obed, dated at London, July 21st, is this: For the half-year ending June 30th Great Britain sent out to the world 53,300 people, as against 128,496 last year. It was, therefore, not Canada's fault that those to come this way numbered 31,548, as against 80,959 last year. Australia got only 7,607, as against 21,882; and the United States toll dropped to 13,449 from 40,014. What is true of Britain is true of Europe, says Obed; this is a non-emigrating year.

Mr. Obed Smith, Canadian Commissioner of Immigration, in London—we thank thee.

Two Cheery Knights

CERTAINLY, the Knights of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir William Van Horne, are two cheery individuals. Both are busy giving out interviews that Canada is as sound as the proverbial dollar and that C. P. R. stock is as good an investment as it ever was. All of which is true. The only difficulty is that the immigration of people and capital into this country is not as active as it was—and the inactivity hurts.

A story is going the rounds that at a club dinner given to a few prominent people in Montreal at the time of the manufacturers' meeting, a certain prominent financier, recently returned from London, talked rather pessimistically. This nettled Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, who was present. Finally, unable to contain his righteous anger, he said, quite audibly, "Rot."

While this is splendid evidence that Sir Thomas is optimistic, it must not be forgotten that some of his predictions have not been realized. This is not his fault, of course—the whole financial world, Paris, Berlin and London, has got out of joint. The wheels simply will not turn round.

Nevertheless, all Canada is thankful for the optimists of to-day. If they had only been pessimists in 1912, some of our millionaires would have more cash on hand. It is too late for warnings, so let us all be optimists.

Our Big Hotels

CANADA is proud of its big hotels, and more of them are needed. This statement is made to encourage those who are worrying at the moment because the rich American and the rich Englishman have not visited us this summer. It is a long time since the head waiter in Quebec, Mont-

real, Ottawa and Toronto got a five dollar tip. There has not been a single meeting of a Canadian Club to welcome some "big gun" from New York or London, except one for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—and there is a suspicion that he travelled "D. H." Otherwise, why did he write that poem?

The big hotel is having its troubles this year. Only Canadians are travelling in any numbers, and they are not trained to the prodigality which makes the big-hotel machinery go at top speed. Perhaps it may be a lesson to one or two managers, not to despise the frugal but regular customer who is content with just a little less than the best.

Travel Changes

ALL the continental hotel-keepers are complaining that the English people are not filling up their places of entertainment as they were wont to do. The resorts of Europe are filled with



ONE FOOT IN THE GRAVE AND SWORD IN HAND.

IF anything remained to complete the cumulative tragedy of the Emperor Franz Josef's career it must be the possible prospect of a general European war caused by the Austro-Servian complication over the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand, heir-apparent to the throne of Austria. The lunatic who did the deed was a Servian of Bosnia. That he did it on behalf of a large section of Servia is proved by the refusal of the Servian Government to make the amends asked for by Austria. Servia has designs of national greatness contrary to the Pan-Germanic idea. The Archduke Ferdinand had proved himself to be in favour of a Pan-Germanic consolidation across Europe against the Slav empire. He was the actual ruler of Austria. He was the protagonist of a greater Austria which should include a union of all the Slav provinces into a triple government, the third part to contain Bosnia and Herzegovina annexed in 1908 through his influence, along with Croatia, Dalmatia, Slavonia, Istria and Krain. He was behind the movement to exclude Servia from the Adriatic in 1913. He was as much hated in Servia, which had its own dream of national expansion as the Emperor Franz Josef was beloved in Austria and respected by Europe. Mainly owing to the pacific tolerance of the Emperor, Austria had dealt more leniently with Servia than most other powers might have done under similar circumstances. Ferdinand had the iron hand. His assassination by Gabre Princip, the Bosnian, on June 28th, was followed by the abdication of King Peter, who was foisted to the throne of Servia after the shooting of King Alexander and Queen Draga in 1903, because they were too friendly towards Austria. Facing a possible Pan-Germanic alliance against Russia with Servia as the pretext, and a remotely possible European war with France and England aligned with Russia against Germany, it seems likely that the aged Emperor might wish that his life of tragedies had been finished by his own taking off. With one foot in the grave Franz Josef has no personal wish to have one hand on the sword.

Americans, north and south, with Russians and Germans—but few English. "Milord" is not travelling so much. Some ascribe the change to Lloyd George's taxes, some to the motor-car, which also compels economy, and some to a growing habit of staying at home. Certainly the English and Scotch resorts are not suffering from lack of patronage.

So in Canada. The great growth of railways and steamships in Canada has opened many new avenues and new opportunities to the explore-our-own-land traveller. Every railway office displays an attractive pamphlet about the "Cool Resorts" of the Maritime Provinces or "Walking Tours in the Rockies." There was once only one Muskoka, but now there are fifty places offering equal attractions. The "Summer Resort News" page of a Toronto or Montreal daily is an atlas in itself.

New transportation routes play havoc with yesterday's ideas of travel—whether in England or Canada or any other country. Therefore those who cater to tourist traffic must be ever watchful lest a new rival steal away ancient customers. Besides, whereas we once travelled only in the summer-time, we now travel in January, February, and all the other months in the year.

Corruption in New Brunswick

SYMPATHY from most students of politics will be extended to New Brunswick in this hour of trial. Its sore, a long hidden festering sore, has been laid open to the public gaze. For years and years, the province has suffered from corruption and log-rolling among its so-called "statesmen." This corruption has been so bad that the commercial life-blood of the province was sapped, except in the city of St. John. Mentally, socially and commercially there could not be progress when such low political ideals existed. Hence the disclosures, though severe, and trying, must have a beneficial effect.

The Valley Railway has been the milch cow of all the politicians, and the lumbering industry a mere side-line in comparison. But it is not so much the particular way of collecting money which labels the politicians of this unfortunate province, it was the universality of it. Indeed, every leading politician in New Brunswick for more than a generation has been forced to play the part either of a corruptionist or a hypocrite. When the present investigating commission reports, the air will be cleared and the consequent discussion will no doubt benefit the political life of the Province enormously.

Pari-Mutuels

A PROMINENT student of horse-racing states that no mile racing-track in the world has substituted the betting machines for the book-makers, and then abandoned them. At the Woodbine, Toronto, they are found most satisfactory to all except the book-makers, who can only do betting on the sly, and the real gamblers.

In brief, the people who go to the races may be roughly divided into two classes—bettors and gamblers. The bettor is a man who is interested in the horses, likes to seem them go, and wants to put up a few dollars now and again to prove his judgment and incidentally to show that he is a sport. A gambler is a man who wants to bet large sums on a crooked race, and thus get the "suckers'" money. Bettors like the machines; gamblers hate them.

This may or may not be a true distinction. In any case, we commend it to Attorney-General Bowser, of British Columbia, who has been asked to discover if Minoru Park is entitled to run races for three months without intermission. The broken-winded Miller Bill says racing shall not last more than two periods of six days each on any one track, but in British Columbia they distinguish between "says" and "means." Their defence is that pari-mutuel betting is not gambling.

Three Interesting Cases

AT the last session of the Ontario Legislature it was found necessary to pass a special Act to prevent a member from being unseated because he had acted as a commissioner to investigate certain matters at the request of the Dominion Government. For this he had accepted a fee. There are three other equally interesting cases in the new Legislature.

A member of the Legislature, who is president and manager of a mining company, has been selling stock to hotel-keepers all over the Province, and to people in his own constituency who do business with the Government. The Opposition papers have been telling the story, and asking Sir James Whitney to punish the member. It is not clear that the Premier has any right to take notice of what a member does in his private capacity. The case will, however, be discussed when the Assembly meets, and much will depend upon the evidence produced.

Another case is where a member of the Legislature admits that he did considerable poker-playing at a Toronto hotel and lost large sums of money. This is recorded in his defence of a suit brought on a note of hand given the hotel-keeper.

A third is the case of a member who, last session, was accused in the Legislature of having offered to accept a fee for special services in connection with certain legislation. He resigned and thus saved himself from expulsion. At the general election, held subsequently, he again offered himself for re-election and won out in a three-cornered contest.

It seems probable that the Government will refuse to take any notice of any of these cases, as being purely private matters to be dealt with by the members' constituents. The English House of Commons rejected Bradlaugh five times, but was finally forced to accept him as a member. An election seems, according to British practice, to condone any misconduct of which a candidate may previously have been guilty. There is no doubt, however, that at least two of these three members are unworthy of the positions they hold.

The Bisley Championship

THE King's Prizeman, who takes the blue ribbon in the National Rifle Association, is, this year, Sergeant J. L. Dewar, of the Royal Scots Territorial Regiment. In the final round, he made 309 out of a possible 355, tying with Private Fulton, who was the King's Prizeman in 1912. Sergeant Dewar's score of 309 is 21 points below that made by Private Hawkins, of Toronto, who was last year's prizeman. This year's top score is the lowest since 1902.

Canada's chance for the prize when it was narrowed down to the third round was six in a hundred. Col.-Sergt. J. Stoddard, who was thirtieth in the final round, was the best of the six. The six names—and order of their place—are: 30th, Col.-Sergt. J. Stoddard, Hamilton; 49th, Gunner Noble, Montreal; 53rd, McLean; 65th, Lieut. A. Brooks, Okanagan, B.C.; 67th, Sergt. A. Martin, Calgary; 86th, Sergt. T. Laman, Halifax.

The Battle of Vancouver

CANADA has been fairly free of wars and battles, but at last we have had a near-battle which will live in our historical annals. Three hundred and fifty Hindus, mostly Sikhs from the cold hill country, arrived on a Japanese collier and anchored in Vancouver Harbour. The immigration officials refused to allow them to land because they were Orientals and had not come direct from the land of their birth. Then the trouble began.

For most of the time, the police officials kept the enemy at bay—that is, on the vessel. But the gentle, subtle Hindu remained unmoved.

Finally, it was decided to use force. A tug-load of policemen drew up alongside the collier and began to play streams of water on those innocent seekers after new homes in the land of Christian freedom. The confined Hindus responded with chunks of coal, billets of wood and iron, and such-like innocent but effective weapons. The police retaliated.

Then the Government took sterner measures. They ordered the dismantled "Rainbow" into commission, and the smaller half of the Laurier tin-pot navy was hurriedly rushed from Victoria to the scene of action. The crew was reinforced by two hundred naval men from the "Niobe," also dismantled at Halifax, being the other half of the said tin-pot navy. In reserve were several companies of militia.

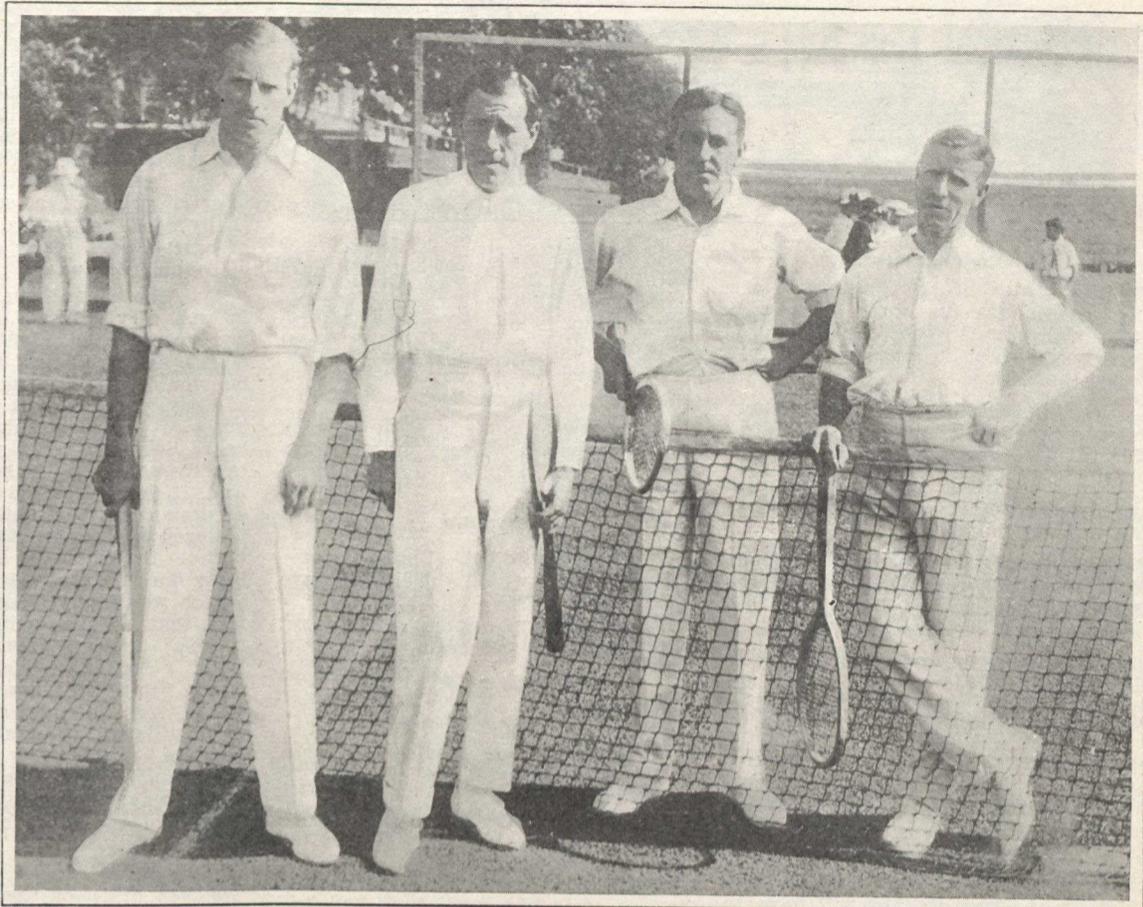
The situation looked bloody. But the wily Hindu was matched by an equally wily government. Before firing a shot the representative of His Majesty tried another device. He offered money and food, beer, sheep and chickens, if the Hindus would but be good and let the Japanese captain take his dirty old vessel outside Canadian waters. Finally, the Hindu yielded and on Thursday of last week, the battle ended without a flash of smokeless gun-powder. The collier sailed away, escorted by the Canadian navy. So ended the mimic warfare—so ended the bloodless battle. If the man-less acres of British Columbia shall lie untilled another century, these yellow Hindus shall never be allowed to enter upon the heritage the White Man took, or received, or preempted from the Red Man. Those sturdy patriots, Sir Richard McBride, Mr. Stevens, M.P., and Sir Robert Borden, have so decreed—and it is the law.

The matter rests there for the present. If another ship-load arrives, the scenes may be re-enacted. But the result will be the same. Reports from Ottawa state that the matter will come up at next year's Imperial Conference, and that Canada, Australia and South Africa will join in demanding that the British Government shall restrain the Hindus from seeking homes in other parts of the Empire. Like the modern ocean-liner, the Empire is to be divided into water-tight compartments. There shall be Imperial citizenship for all who live in the British Isles and self-governing Dominions, if they are not now or ever have been natives of British India.

Another Sort of Battle

FOR five years, the Dwight L. Davis Cup for International Tennis went to the Australasians. Last year it went to America. For several years the cup was contested for between America—that is the United States—and the British Isles, but as time went on, and tennis fans all over the world became more numerous and more enthusiastic, other countries came in.

It was felt on all hands that, while the contests this year would be strenuous, Australasia had the best chance of winning the cup. Such a combination as A. F. Wilding, Norman E. Brookes, Stanley N. Doust and A. W. Dunlop has never been bettered in the history of the championship, not even when the great Doherty brothers carried all before them. Wilding, a New Zealander, has heaped success upon success for several seasons now, and even McLoughlin, "the great American," who played so brilliantly last year, lost to him in 1913 after three very tight games. Doust's prowess is well known. He is an old hand at the game. Norman E. Brookes, too, is a star, and his form is evidenced by the fact that two or three weeks ago, he beat Wilding in the Gentleman's Single Championship of England. Dunlop is



ARE THESE THE FOUR BEST TENNIS PLAYERS IN THE WORLD?

This picture of the Australasian Tennis Team was taken since their arrival at Chicago to play for the Davis International Cup. They defeated the Canadians last week. Left to right:—A. F. Wilding, Norman E. Brookes, A. W. Dunlop, S. N. Doust (Capt.).

the only weak member of the Australasian four, and "weak" is only a comparative term in his case.

Of the seven countries competing this year two, Belgium and France, have already been eliminated. British Isles beat the former by winning the doubles and two of the four singles. T. W. Mavrogordato won from Watson and J. C. Parke won from De Borman. In the doubles, Mavrogordato and Roper Barrett trounced Watson and Du Vivier.

France also went down before British Isles, by reason of the fact that they lost four singles, though they beat the Britishers in the doubles.

From the outset, it was thought, even by Canadians, that our team had little chance against the Australasians, and so it proved. It would have been better had the draw been kinder, and put the Canadians opposite the Americans. McLoughlin and Williams would have had a harder time beating R. B. Powell and B. P. Schwengers than did Brookes and Wilding the Canadians. Powell lost to Wilding by three sets; and Schwengers lost to Brookes

by three sets. The other two reserve members of the Canadian team were G. H. Mayes and Sherwell. Both Powell and Schwengers are mighty good players, and make a good combination. They play entirely differently, Powell, trained by Englishmen, relies upon placing and accuracy in his strokes, rather than excessive speed or smashing. He plays from the back of the courts. Bernard Schwengers, on the other hand, is more an understudy of McLoughlin. He plays close to the net, and his smashes are hard to return. Canada lost the doubles to the same pair by three sets.

Incidentally, as a way for spectators to fill in their time between sets, they might speculate as to how many of the representatives of each country really belong to the country they are playing for. Shakespeare intimated that there's nothing in a name, and perhaps it's as well that there isn't, for British Isles has a Mavrogordato—a name which might belong to any dusky nation—while Belgium rejoices in a Watson, which is Scotch enough, isn't it? H. S. E.



VANQUISHED BY WILDING.

R. B. Powell, Canada's champion tennis player, who was defeated at Chicago last week by A. F. Wilding, of New Zealand. The scores were: 6-1, 6-2, 6-2.



EXPERT SAILING CANOEIST.

This picture of Ralph Britton, of Gananoque, was taken in New York recently, when he competed against Leo Friede, and lost in two straight drifting matches.



Courierettes.

THAT idea of the Baptist congregation in St. Louis of wearing calico and overalls to church will be all right so long as the ladies wear the calico.

Heading in a Hamilton paper: "Jesse Sipes Tried to End His Life." No wonder, with a name like that!

Mrs. Pankhurst has now been in jail twelve times. Will thirteen prove an unlucky number?

When you read the number of editorials nowadays on the fool and the boat, you understand how it is that editors never get drowned.

Now expect the anti-abolitionists to issue solemn injunctions about the tank of ginger ale that blew up last week in Windsor, Ont.

The shark that swallowed the alarm clock off the Fruit Liner Metapan did what many a man has felt like doing and didn't.

If revolutions and talk of revolutions don't begin to abate, either Mexico or Great Britain will have to be taken in hand by a foreign power.

In British Columbia they are trying to prove that the Pari-Mutuel system of betting is gambling. A chief justice of the Supreme Court says it is not. He's been putting his money on twenty-to-one shots at least.

From all over the country come reports of the invasion of the army worm and of farmers starting out in force to meet them. Fiddlin' work for husky farmers, killin' caterpillars.

The first breath of autumn blew over Toronto last week. We felt it when a man came into the office selling "Exhibition Tickets, Six for a dollar!"

Poetic Inversion.—Twisting poetry to make paradoxes is sometimes as much a modern pastime as juggling with the Bible used to be with certain covenanting persons. One of the neatest on record makes a hybrid verse of Scott and Pope:

"O woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy and hard to please—
But seen too oft familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A Doubtful Compliment.—Philosophers of the witty variety usually manage to contrive bon mots about the fair sex. One of the most epigrammatic on record is:

"God made women beautiful in order that men may love them—and foolish in order that they may love the men."

Another Name for Them.—The little son of a school teacher was accustomed to see his father bringing home examination papers for correction. The father coming home one day met his little son at the gate with a large roll of papers under his arm. The father asked him what he had there. The reply was, "Daddy, dese are my damnation papers."

Must Have Been a Pippin.—Bilkins—"I hear you sang a solo in the first act last night. Did you get an encore?"

Milkins—"No, I got an apple core."

The Problem.—The statesman is not so much concerned about finding something new and interesting to say to his constituents as to find some way of reconciling what he has already said with what he has done.

An Impertinent Query.—The On-

tario Reform Association has moved its offices so that it can be closer to the Ontario Club in Toronto. Has the now famous "wine list" of the Ontario Club anything to do with this latest move in the political world?

He Knows.—Boots are now being made of paper. Every father of a growing family quite agrees with this statement.

The Ready Retort.—Phrenologist—"Miss Auburn, would you like to have your head read?"

Miss Auburn—"Sorry, Professor, but Nature has preceded you."

Proverbs Up-to-Date.

More hurry—less feed.
Better to serve in hell than reign in Mexico.

Every man may be the architect of his own fortune, but his wife is often the contractor.

There may be sermons in stones, but we often get them from "sticks." Whatsoever a man seweth that shall he also rip."

My Neighbour Defined.—"You ask what the family next door is like? Well, to-day they borrowed the garden rake, a pound of butter and the monkey-wrench. I guess they're going to be neighbourly all right."

Putty "Put."—He—"Man is but as putty in the hands of a pretty woman!"

She—"A substance woman delights to wash her hands of!"

Some "Safety First" Axioms.

Avoid automobiles and corners' juries.

Swat the fly—ere he swats you.

Let sleeping dogs lie.

Let others lie also—but be sure you don't.

Wear rubber-soled shoes, particularly when you expect to be returning home in the early morning.

Keep away from a canoe, especially if it contains a woman.

Keep your eye on the fellow who tells you how honest he is.

Described.—"Woman's costumes nowadays," remarked the cynic, "always remind me of the last chapter of Revelations."

Ambiguous.—Toronto Globe Headline: "March of Militants to See Mr. Asquith Broken Up."

Which was broken up?

THE LI(F)E EVERLASTING.

HOW many good, new stories are turned out each year? How many good, new stories are there to turn out? There can't be a very great number, judging by the stack of old ones that are resurrected every silly season.

There was a friend of my youth who was an adept at telling stories—tales, I mean. I don't think he made a practice of telling the other sort of stories, because he was a gentleman of the cloth, and had been for many years, when I knew him first. I think he was the best story-teller I ever knew. He once "warranted"—of course, he couldn't bet—that he would

tell sixty stories in as many minutes, and he won his "warrant," for he told sixty-three.

He was a cynical old man, too, and particularly on the subject of new stories. I remember he had a stunt, something like Morton's Fork, which was such a help in filling the coffers of the first Tudor King. He would offer a prize of a sovereign for a really good, new story. "But it must, of course, be a really good new one," he would conclude.

And, for a gentleman of the cloth, he was very wily. If, by any chance, you got hold of a story that was clever, and retailed it to the old man, he would gravely pull at his beard, and say, "Um, yes. It is a good story, but you know it isn't new. Why I heard So-and-so tell a yarn which had exactly the same point," etc., etc. And, if you despaired of earning the sovereign by that method, and manufactured a story on the spot, feeling certain that nobody had ever heard it, or one like it, before, the reverend doctor would say, "Well, I must confess that that is quite a new story to me. I have never heard it before." (And here your hopes would rise.) "But, you know, it's a wretched thing! It's so thin that it couldn't raise a laugh from a lady prone to hysteria."

So you couldn't win that sovereign either way. It remained safe in the pocket of the modern Cardinal Morton.

This resurrection of stories becomes a pest. A cat may have nine lives, but some stories I know have ninety-nine point nine recurring, particularly the recurring. You can take them to the 'nth power. Here's an instance. Last year "Lippincott's Magazine" had the following story:

"WHO'S LYIN' 'ERE?"

Richard Harding Davis had an amusing experience while on a recent visit to England. Whilst motoring through the country, his party stopped to see an old church. The native guide was showing the party through, explaining all the points of interest after his own style.

"In the far corner of this 'ere church," he said, "lies William the Conqueror; be'ind the organ, where yere can't see, are tombs of Guy Fawkes, Robin 'ood, and Cardinal Wolsey. Now, sir," he said, addressing Davis, "does that there guide book as I sees you 'ave in yer hand tell you 'os lyin' 'ere?"

"No," replied Davis, candidly, "the book says nothing of it, but I can guess."

Two weeks ago the "Saturday Evening Post" contained this:

SUSPICIONS WELL GROUNDED.

An English caretaker was showing a party of American visitors through an ancient English cathedral.

"Be'ind the altar," he said, "lies buried Richard the Lion-hearted. In the churchyard outside lies Queen Rosamund. And 'oo"—halting above an unmarked flagging in the stone floor and addressing a man from Pittsburgh—"oo do you think, sir, is a-lyin' 'ere on this spot?"

"Well," said the American, "I don't know for sure, but I have my suspicions."

This "Who's Lyin' 'Ere?" story is an evergreen. It was finding its way into half-penny journals (after a long lease of life, or lives, in more expensive ones) when I was a boy. Whoever invented that story would have made a mint of money if he had been paid a cent a word for its every reproduction. In every version, the caretaker is English, and the visitor who scores is American.

I have got to the point now when, every time I see that story, I want to know, "Who's lying here?"

A. PAPERKNIFE.

Some Inducement.—From Calgary comes the word that one-third of the school teachers in that city get married every year. Now watch the rush of the eastern school ma'am.

Answered.—He—"Did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

She—"Yes, and it's rather remarkable that she didn't laugh out loud."

Unnecessary.—In this modern day of slit skirts and other eye-attracting devices, it is no longer necessary to "hold the mirror up to nature."

Mismatched.—Many a man who asserts that he is wedded to his art is clearly mismatched.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Nova Scotia Swallows Metropolitan

APPARENTLY Canada is to have no small banks. As soon as one gets thoroughly established one of the big fellows comes along and gobbles it up. The "merger" is the fashion of the day even among banks. This is only one explanation for the purchase of the Metropolitan Bank by the Nova Scotia.

The Metropolitan shareholders commenced business in November, 1902, with a paid-up capital of one million and a rest of one million. The stock was issued at \$200, or \$100 premium. In 1896 the stock was selling around 192 and paying 8 per cent. Since then there have been very few sales, the price ranging from 190 to 211. This sale gives the stockholders \$232 a share, of which \$100 is in cash and the rest in Bank of Nova Scotia stock.

The paid-up capital of Nova Scotia is thus increased from six to seven million and its "rest" from eleven to twelve and a quarter million. The total deposits will aggregate sixty-seven million, and the assets ninety-four million. Nova Scotia now compares as follows:

	Capital and Rest.	Assets.
Montreal	\$32,000,000	\$247,000,000
Commerce	28,500,000	250,000,000
Royal	24,120,000	187,000,000
Nova Scotia	19,250,000	92,500,000
Imperial	14,000,000	77,000,000
Merchants	14,000,000	82,000,000
Dominion	13,000,000	77,500,000
Toronto	11,000,000	61,000,000

Mr. S. J. Moore, president of the Metropolitan, and Mr. W. D. Ross, general manager, will join the Nova Scotia board. The Metropolitan had no branches outside Ontario, while Nova Scotia's branches were in the other provinces.

Changes in Insurance Circles

LAST week important changes took place in insurance circles. Mr. H. C. Cox became President of the Canada Life, in succession to his brother, the late Edward W. Cox. He also becomes President of the Imperial Guarantee and Accident Company. Thus the mantle of father and brother has fallen on him. He will be a worthy successor to both of them. His withdrawal from the chief office in the Imperial Board created a vacancy which is now filled by Mr. George A. Morrow, the former Vice-President. Mr. Morrow, though only thirty-six years of age, is an important member of the Toronto business fraternity. He was born in Ontario, and educated at Peterborough and Toronto. As the second in command to Mr. E. R. Wood in the Dominion Securities, and assistant manager of the Central Canada Loan and Savings Company, he is a financial figure of note. He is a director of several large financial concerns. His new appointment will bring him into more active touch with insurance work. In him the company over which he will preside will have an earnest and shrewd organizer. Both Mr. Morrow and the Imperial Life are to be congratulated on this appointment.



MR. GEORGE A. MORROW.

Mr. E. T. Malone, who was already a director of Imperial Life, now becomes its vice-president in the place of Mr. Morrow. Mr. J. F. Weston joins the board.

June Bank Statement

FOR once there are a greater number of plus signs than minus signs in the bank statement. Taking it as an index, business and economic conditions are better than for some months past. Savings deposits are over forty millions better than a year ago, and though demand deposits are down some seven millions, total deposits are nearly thirty-three millions ahead. They stand at \$1,018,656,459.

The money in circulation showed a slight increase over last month, but is still six millions less than at this time a year ago.

The banks increased their call loans, both in Canada and elsewhere, during the month, and those outside the Dominion show a big increase for the year. Loans to the commercial community, while showing reductions for the month, are considerably ahead of last year.

Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

A SLUMP all round was the outstanding feature of last week's market. Only three out of the fourteen stocks quoted below either maintained their level or registered a gain, and even there the gain was very little. The week end news made things worse. Actual hostilities in Ireland and threatened war in Europe smashed securities on foreign changes. C. P. R. touched a new low level at 177½. Saturday was the worst day for Canadian stocks since 1907.

	June			July		
	20	27	4	11	18	25
Barcelona	26	24¾	23	17⅞	18¾	17½
Brazilian	78¾	77½	77½	73¾	74¾	69½
Bell Telephone	146½	145	144	146	147	147
Canada Bread	30¾	30½	30½	30	29	30½
Canada Cement	29	28½	28½	30¾	30	29
Can. Gen. Electric	99	98¼	97½	95	96	93¾
C. P. R.	194¾	194	194¼	190½	187	179¾
Dom. Steel Cor.	23½	22½	23	22½	23	21¾
Lake of Woods	128	129	128	129½	130½	130
Laurentide	179	175	179	182	180½	177½
Mackay	80⅞	79½	80	x.d.80⅞	80½	79
Montreal Power	227¾	225½	231¼	232	230¼	229
R. & O.	87	84	88	85	86½	83
Toronto Railway	130½	127½	127½	126½	124½	118¼
Average	103.9	102.8	103.2	102.9	102.8	99.

Safety of Principal, Certainty of Interest

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8

A Complacent Little God

(Continued from page 8.)

was able to inveigle Marjorie into a game of tennis. When he finally had her to himself on the court, he made love to her shamelessly, both during and between the sets. He had a shrewd idea that her engagement to Peter Bush was attributable to Mr. Lyndon, rather than to Marjorie herself. Therefore, he felt no compunction in undertaking to overthrow the arrangement and to put himself in the absent Peter's place.

The meetings on the tennis court became a daily occurrence. Robert felt that he was gaining ground. It was becoming harder and harder for Marjorie invariably to meet his serious remarks with her light badinage. On occasion, he found himself breaking through her prettily impersonal manner, and striking fire beneath it. The proverbial drop of water was at work on its hollowing process.

One afternoon, after a hard set that Robert had won with difficulty, they were bandying words across the net. Little by little, the raillery died out of their voices. The doctor's thoughts turned to his neglected work, to the termination of this unwonted playtime.

"I'm leaving soon," he announced abruptly.

Marjorie came close to him. Unconsciously, her face assumed a wistful expression. Corliss leaned across the net.

"Marjorie," he said—it was the first time he had used her name—"Marjorie, when are you going to marry me?"

HER face went very white. She swayed slightly as she stood before him. In the eyes that she raised to his was a look of bewilderment—and something else.

"How can I?" she murmured piteously. The words were barely audible.

"I love you," continued Corliss doggedly. "And what is more"—he paused—"you love me!"

There came no denial from her white lips; they were locked in mute misery. Silently, she struggled with herself, and won. There remained, however, the dominant, masterful personality of her impetuous wooer to combat, and she felt herself being swept off her feet. She rushed into speech.

"Oh, we're not playing fair!" she cried passionately. "We're not playing fair! And I always have, so far!" She clenched her small hands, and stiffened with a sudden resolve. "Good-by," she said, in a hard, calm voice. Then, "Good-by, Doctor Corliss!" she choked.

Without giving him her hand, she turned, and walked toward the house with a listless step.

Corliss stood gazing after her. The light seemed to go out of his life, leaving his face hard and grim. He could not lose her after all! She was his! There must be some way to enforce the claim of his new-found love. Suddenly, his face lost its expression of hardness; a whimsical smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

"Marjorie!" he called. "Wait!"

She turned, and came slowly back. "No need of any good-bys between us!" he exulted. "And you may still play fair." He emphasized the pronoun strongly. "Suppose Bush were to give you up of his own free will?" "Ah, supposing's no good," she said, shaking her head sadly. "My engagement is an incontrovertible fact—and—I must—I must play fair!" Then, catching the spirit of excitement that showed in Robert's manner, she demanded: "Why should he give me up? What do you mean?"

"Did you know that Peter had arrived this afternoon?" he asked banteringly.

The vivid flush that dyed her cheeks answered him.

"I should have gone to greet him," she stammered. "I'm going now—I—"

"Wait!" implored Robert tensely. "Before you smash our two lives all to bits, give me just half an hour more. Wait for me here until I come back. Will you promise?" he asked eagerly. She nodded, a question in her eyes.

Robert strode across the lawns in a fever of impatience, his shoulders braced back, his chin thrust forward aggressively. In the hall he encountered a servant, of whom he inquired where he could find the latest arrival. The man directed him to the billiard room.

Peter Bush was knocking the balls about in a precise, puttery way. He was a slight, little man, with a good-natured, round face, and thin hair, graying slightly at the temples. His chief characteristic was the air of being excessively well dressed. One noticed his clothes first; afterward came a realization of the discrepancy between his rather vacuous face and his shrewd, restless eyes. He looked toward the door expectantly, his expression changing as Robert crossed the threshold.

"Hello, Doctor! You here to put Mr. Lyndon in shape?" he said, a nuance of patronage in his tone.

"That's what I came for, but it seems I wasn't needed. I've been promoted to the status of a guest," said Corliss dryly. "By the way, Bush, I want to speak to you about Marjorie."

The other started and frowned slightly. "Ah, yes! Miss Lyndon," he said in a detached voice. "It's not announced yet; but evidently she has told you. I presume you wish to congratulate me?" he ended, a trifle fatuously.

"Not so that you'd notice it," cut in Corliss with his almost brutal curt-ness. "Fact is, you can't have her."

"Bless my soul! Why?" sputtered Bush. Feeling that his remark had been inadequate, he sputtered further: "Why? What do you mean? Why can't I have her?"

"Because I want her myself," said Robert, with an air of finality.

"But—but—I never heard of such a thing!" protested the abused fiancé. "She's promised to me! She—"

"No such thing. There is merely a tentative arrangement between her father and you."

"But, I'm fond of her!" wailed Peter.

"Fond of her!" rasped Corliss. "Fond of her! Why, man, dear! I could imagine myself being fond of the dog she pats, or the dress she wears, or the earth she treads on; but when it comes to my feeling for her own adorable self—well—I shouldn't exactly describe it as being fond of her!"

BUSH stirred uneasily. His round face betrayed his embarrassment; he was plainly out of his depth. As he offered no remark, Robert went on:

"I feel no enmity toward you, Bush, so long as you keep out of my way. It's mighty lucky for you, though, that we're in the twentieth century instead of the eighteenth."

"Why?" asked Peter dispiritedly. "Because I'd probably shoot you up."

"Bless my soul, Corliss! You have a nasty way of putting things." The little man tried to laugh, but his effort was abortive. He cleared his throat, and said, a trifle more aggressively: "The fact that you happen to be fond of her—or—to have fallen in love—does not appeal to me as being sufficient reason for my calmly giving up Marjorie."

"It's not. There's a better reason."

"What, may I ask?"

"She loves me."

Peter moistened his dry lips, and winced perceptibly.

"You see," declared Robert, "my claim is just as good as yours—better, even." He pondered a moment; then, as if the inspiration had been born that instant, he added: "There's just one way of settling it."

"How?" asked Peter, against his will.

"We'll throw a cold hand to see which of us gets Marjorie. Just one hand—no draw. High hand wins."

Peter's shrewd eyes lighted with a momentary gleam. Robert had spoken truly when he dubbed him a gambler. Behind his mask of respectability lay all the cold-blooded passions of the gamester. It was his predominant trait. The gleam in his eyes died quickly, however; convention inter-

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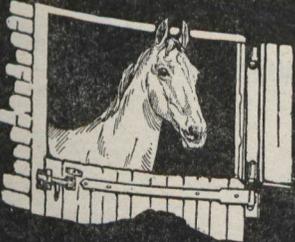
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posed her gray, eminently, respectable countenance.

"Oh, I say!" he protested virtuously. "It's the only way," urged Robert. He walked to a card table in the corner of the room, opened a drawer, and brought forth a pack of cards. Turning, he said: "There need be no explanations. If I win, you won't have to speak to Marjorie again."

"But if I win?"
"Ah, yes—" A peculiar expression crossed Robert's face. "If you win," he said musingly. "In that case I shall leave without speaking to her, and all will go on as though my visit had not occurred."

Bush unconsciously approached the billiard table. His face was preternaturally grave, but his twitching eyelids betrayed an inner emotion. His hands were clenched at his sides.

"All right?" queried Robert. It was more a command than a question.

At Peter's nod, he began slowly to shuffle the pack, which his large hands concealed. With his deft surgeon's fingers he drew the outside cards from the pack and inserted them in the centre, drew out those that were uncovered and inserted them in their turn. Over and over he repeated the operation, holding Peter's eyes the while with his gaze. The little man stood motionless, except for his pudgy hands, which opened and shut, opened and shut. His eyes were on the other's; he could not force them away. When he could stand the suspense no longer, he cried:

"For Heaven's sake, Corliss, deal!"

Robert shot the cards on the green cloth so fast that it seemed to the man who was feverishly watching them as if they had all fallen at once. He pounced on his hand, scanned it eagerly, and gave a little suppressed cry of exultation.

"I always was lucky!" he said, with a return of his fatuous manner.

"What have you?" drawled Robert.

"Four kings! One, two, three, four!" Peter held out the cards with a shaking hand.

"You are lucky," admitted Robert.

"But—" he smiled enigmatically—"so am I. I have a lot of aces. There's the heart and the diamond, the club and the spade." He flicked the cards on the table in pairs.

Peter stared, passed his hand over his eyes, and stared again. Finally, he burst out furiously:

"I say! What kind of a deal—"

But there was no one to heed him.

MARJORIE was sitting beside the court where Robert had left her.

Her eyes still held their questioning look. She raised them quickly as he came surging toward her, his radiant face proclaiming victory.

"You're mine, Marjorie!" he cried. "I've won you!"

She arose unsteadily, her hands clasped at her breast. "Won me? From Peter?" Her voice, wondering as a child's, besought him for an explanation.

"It's very simple," he said, the words beliving the emotion that seethed within him. "We threw a cold hand to decide it."

"You won me at cards?" she breathed.

"What does it matter how?" exclaimed Robert. He leaned toward her eagerly. "Can't you forgive?"

For a long moment she stood silent before her voice rippled into laughter. "Oh, I suppose so!" she said happily. A sudden thought knitted her brows in a quick frown. "But," she hesitated, "suppose Peter had won. How dared you take the chance?"

"No fear! I dealt!"

"Robert!" Her tone was pregnant with reproach — and an underlying triumph. She came quite close to him, and he calmly put his big arms around her.

"First offence," began Robert, the words rushing out in a happy, excited flow—"Rotten trick, though—cheating at cards. Can you forgive that?"

She stood very still in the protecting circle of his arms. "Rotten trick," she acquiesced. "I couldn't forgive it."

Robert started.

"But Love — that's different. It seems that he can. That little god is a very complacent fellow," she whispered against his shoulder.



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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

The Gifts to the Bride

THE grandmother of the bride looked rather doubtfully at a table laden with cut-glass and silver and centred with an electric lamp.

"Dear me," she said, with a mixture of benevolence and doubt, "it seems to me that girls nowadays have a great deal to start housekeeping with."

"What did you have, Granny?" said the bride-elect. "You must have had some lovely old china. That cup you gave me is one of the nicest things I have."

"Yes, there was china, and there was the best of linen and there were a few pieces of good furniture—but, as for five o'clock tea sets and curates," with a contemptuous glance at the tiered wicker receptacle for little cakes and muffins, "we didn't bother with them at all. Of course, I don't say that it's all wrong for you to have a limousine and a cabinet of silver, but it's hard for a young man in business to live up to those things."

"When we can't run the limousine, we'll rent it to some of our friends," said the bride-elect, cheerfully. "What was your wedding-dress like, Granny?"

"The finest white muslin," was the prompt reply, "it had a billowy skirt—none of your slit skirts in those days—with a long sash of blue silk—and I wore my hair in ringlets, tied with blue ribbon."

"You must have looked lovely," said the bride-elect, wistfully. "And didn't you have a bouquet?"

"Just a homemade one of moss roses and mignonette that John's mother sent me from her own garden. It was a beautiful day, too. I remember how the sun was shining on the bay when we drove off to take the afternoon train for Montreal."

"And that dear old home on the Bay of Quinte is given up," said the bride-elect, mournfully. "I think it must have been a delightful wedding, even if there was no newspaper account of a charming bride with a court train. But don't you think Harry and I have a chance of happiness, too, even if we're going to have a limousine and a vacuum cleaner, to say nothing of the teawaggons?"

"I don't doubt it, my dear," said the grandmother, generously, nodding approval at the photograph of a good-looking youth in a silver frame. "Your Harry has a chin that reminds me of my John. He can fight his own battles and yours, too, and that's the best kind to marry. I've no opinion of these society young men who can't do anything but tango and 'hesitate.' I don't suppose the presents really matter, if the man is worth while."

The Lady With a Career

AT least forty novels must have been written, in recent years, about the heroine who does not know whether she desires to become the wife of the hero or to have a career. If she marries, she is sure to lead the hero the life of a dog—and a very dull dog at that—and, perhaps, in the end, she departs from home and husband in search of a nebulous career. Then there is the other heroine, who has no hesitation in appropriating the career, leaving an honest rural lover to mourn her ambition. She becomes, of course, a famous actress, a great artist or a prima donna of surpassing range. Then, all of a sudden, at the height of her celebrity joys, she is seized with a pathetic yearning for the simple home happiness which she had scorned, and, true to the traditional temperament of the "careering" lady, goes into violent hysterics over the honest rural lover, who now has a beautiful home on the farm, with honeysuckles over the porch and a loving wife to share his daily toil. We refuse to sympathize with the careering lady or with the lady who chose domesticity and then pined for fame. Is it not time for the dear ladies, both in fiction and in fact, to recognize the truth of the homely proverb which tells us that we cannot both eat our cake and have it. So many neurotic women, of this first quarter of the most energetic century that has been, seem desirous of devouring their cakes, in a quick-lunch fashion and then bemoaning themselves that the cake, with pink icing and all, is not

on the plate before them. There are only crumbs left, and, however cunningly one may mix the ingredients of another cake, there will never be that particular cake again. It is difficult to say which is the greater bore—the married woman who speaks regretfully of the many diversions she has been obliged to give up and the few opportunities she has for developing the mind, or the whining spinster, who discourses on her loneliness, and hints coyly of the many suitors of her youth.

Then there is that most unpleasant heroine, such as the "Lady Mary" of one of Mr. Wells' recent novels, who calmly chooses a rich husband rather than the man who is so fortunate as to win her



AN INTERPRETER OF TREES.

Elizabeth McGillivray Knowles, of Toronto, whose landscapes in oil, including as a specialty miniatures, go far to establish the fact that trees have spirits. "The Pines" is a typical work from her hand in which this mystic feeling is apparent. Both Mrs. Knowles and her artist husband are particularly kind to budding talent, and "The Studio" is a Mecca to students in art.

love. The same and aforesaid "Lady Mary," however, is not at all superior to a cheap and sordid flirtation after she has secured the wealthy and trustful husband. In fact, all these grasping and exhausting creatures, who demand a little more than the earth are a weariness to the soul, whether we meet them in the popular magazine or in what we call real life. The woman who has elected a career and is cheerfully interested in the same is a being to be admired. So is the woman who, like Cornelia of old, boasts of her juvenile "jewels" and looks well to the ways of her household. But the plaintive person, who is sure that marriage has blighted her artistic achievements, or the desolate damsel whose career has ruined all prospect for domestic bliss are alike to be shunned. Eat your cake and enjoy it, if you will, but do not make life uncomfortable for your dear, unforgiving friends by regretting your devouring deed.

The Threatening Crinoline

WE may just as well admit that woman is in bondage to the Powers which make the modes. Is there a woman in the Dominion of Canada (Galicians, Doukhobors, and other newcomers excepted) who has taken a free step during

the past year? Of course not, for the skirts which Poiret, Premet, Cheruit and other French authorities decreed forbade anything like an unrestrained movement on the part of the unfortunate wearers. Our knees were confined in a most distressing fashion and then we went to church and heard about those dreadful Chinese who bind the women's feet, and otherwise oppress the feminine half of the population.

Now we are assured that the skirt is to be wide once more—flowing, in fact—and crinoline is more than darkly hinted. The large waist and bulgy blouse are to disappear, and the wasp waist, which charmed the 'sixties, is again to be the fashion. But at the mention of the hoop skirt, the modern woman falters and almost resolves to fly in the face of a fashion so absurd. The rush of business life will probably forbid such a vogue, as it would be impossible to reconcile crinoline with street cars or bargain days. So, in spite of the rumours which are coming westward from Paris and northward from New York, we refuse to believe that crinoline will literally be upon us before November.

It is all very well to exclaim over the faded photographs of ladies of the 'sixties and call those voluminous skirts, "so deliciously quaint," but to take care of such a garment in the modern tea-room or shopping expedition would be enough to send us all to rest cures. We may tolerate the basque with scallops and the rows of frills with cording on the edge, but crinoline is not for this generation.

ERIN.

A Voice of Consequence

MADAME PAWLOSKA, the Montreal soprano who first won her way to fame with the Montreal Grand Opera Company, has been studying for several years in France and has just returned, a full-fledged prima donna. She has undertaken to star in "Sari," on the invitation of Mr. Savage who, out of compliment to the newly-acquired member, will send his company to Montreal some time during the coming spring, at the end of March or in April.

"Sari," pronounced by the prima donna "Shari," is Kalman's latest Viennese operetta which was produced in English for a short while last year for the first time on this side of Atlantic. But according to the notion of Madame Pawloska, the music and orchestration throughout are not really comic opera, but grand opera in lighter form, while the opportunities for stage and costuming effects along "futurist" lines are marvellous. Her part, that of a Gypsy girl, is full of delightful lyric music, much of which, according to her statement, makes quite as severe a demand on her voice as any grand opera.

The singer's studies in Paris were pursued under the guidance of Signor Bal Delli, the famous Italian teacher, and were mainly along grand opera lines. She will probably return to her repertoire, but meanwhile is highly enthusiastic at the prospect of starring with Mr. Savage. The company will open on August 18th, at Philadelphia, and will then go to Boston for a six weeks' season, after which they will go West as far as San Francisco. The star is most sanguine as to her future and confesses to no nervousness whatever, save what she is likely to experience next spring, when she returns to sing to the folk of her own home city. She declares she rejected recently a tempting offer in Europe in favour of the Savage undertaking.

Between Ourselves

BY M. J. T.

O SISTERS dear, was Rudyard right,
Who wrote those awful verses
About a lady's power to bite
And scorn her victim's curses?

A thing of beauty should she be,
Whose loveliness increases.
More deadly than the male is she,
The female of the species?

I hunted up a simple thing
That turned out quite contrary:
The she-mosquito has the sting—
It's in the dictionary.

The Mirror and the Web

By THE LADY OF SHALOTT

Beauty and the Beach

THE season is here when Beauty at large and the rest of the fair sex, also at large, have betaken themselves to the beaches to disport. So that what woman wears there, and especially what she doesn't, since the one-piece bathing-suit is increasingly in favour, is coming in now for a deal of comment. It amounts to much ado about (practically) nothing.

For the one-piece suit is a genuine godsend to the true sportswoman of the liquid element. Her limbs should be free from voluminous drygoods if she is to achieve successfully stroke or plunge or other move demanded by aquatics for modern woman.

It is a question of suitability simply. A modest woman does not become immodest by the mere donning of a one-piece garment any more than does an immodest female become at once modest by the miraculous assumption of an eight-piece suit—not counting rubber posies.

As for those dutiful "darling daughters" who are carefully not going "near the water" although in the proper (?) costume—Die Lorelei in the (more or less) flesh as is deprecated by the pained reporter and also by the sensitive snapshotter—those fair amphibians are chiefly creatures of the August magazine covers which aim at coolness. That is to say, on this side the Atlantic. And even trans that bring dominion. "The Bystander" artist was put to it hard to supply a page of the so-called sea-side sirens.

So the Aphrodite who neglects the sea-foam is, on the whole, but an airy invention—a perversion like "the short and simple flannels of the poor," which were also believed to have shrunk from the touch of water. Beauty at the beach, in the one-piece habit, and the rest of the sex who have accompanied her thither are sensible sportswomen, ten to one. So why not overlook the naughty siren?

Charity de Luxe

NATURAL it is that the Sunset Province should have gilt-edged notions on a variety of subjects, including the raising and dispensation of alms. So that it was not in the least surprising when recently Victoria, B.C., or that part of the far-west city which is represented by the Camosun Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire and its regent, Mrs. Croft, undertook a rose fete in the name of the organization, the affair was an instance of charity de luxe.

A prodigality of entertainment was provided by a resourceful and artistic group of workers for the hundreds who patronized their endeavour in aid of the slum children of a London parish. An episode was the paying of homage on the part of a score of rose-wreathed fairies before the enthroned and sceptred Queen of Summer. Music accompanied a maze of dancing, the participants being in the similitude of flowers or butterflies with the gifts of rhythm and reason. One wondered that Pan could remain in hiding when he might so easily have peeped from the bridge that spanned a dreaming pond of water-lilies, or out from between the boles of the trees, his hoofs twitching to join this outdoors revel. For the whole took place on the spacious lawns and beneath the overshadowing trees and amid the fragrance of the rare gardens of Mount Adelaide and the home of Mrs. Croft.

Which park, for two days running, was the

setting of the aesthetic dances mentioned above and also of a sham encampment of gipsies, who told good fortunes for better cash, and in Romany ways outdid the wool-dyed Romans, of needle-work arbours, of sweetmeat booths and of numerous other artistic devices for separating patrons from their money. There was also, indoors, a vaudeville performance, which realized the desired amount of profit.

And the finest of British Columbian weather attended the endeavour like a skilled factotum—blackening the shadows on a sun-drenched greensward, unbuttoning buds for impatient gardens, waiting hand and foot, in brief, on the general function. And perhaps it was this gilt lackey of the rose fete which prompted the heading we chose to give this copy.

"Seeds of Pine"

THE wild country which challenges the tamer, the Canada of those heroic enterprises before which mountains have become as mist, Muskeg has grown solid and forests have been felled, has attracted at least two Edmonton women as the happy hunting-grounds for "stuff" for books. Miss Katherine Hughes wrote "Father Lacombe," a tale of the doughtiest of pioneering when the West was buffalo-woolly and Indian-wild. And the many writings of "Janey Canuck," otherwise Mrs. Arthur Murphy, president of the Canadian Women's Press Club, are all, like her new book, "Seeds of Pine" (Hodden and Stoughton, London), calculated to enthrone the reader with feeling for the bold "rough-hewers" of our country who are also the "providence which shapes our ends."

"Seeds of Pine" is less a story than a chain of



INDUSTRIOUS MEMBERS OF THE I. O. D. E. Had added a needlework booth to the devices for separating patrons of the recent rose fete, held by the Camosun Chapter of Victoria, B.C., from cash.

stories; as one reviewer puts it, it is "an Odyssey of the wilderness of Alberta." Gangers, policemen, doctors and missionaries are heroes alike in the eyes of "Janey," whose questing journey takes her to Grouard in the Peace River country. It is a tale of travel by motor, river-boat and also portage-wagon, which is rich in incident, vivid in description, and interpretive of a rough but tender country. An ebullient wit enlivens the pages, and interspersed are instances of pathos with a suddenness which has one by the throat.

Mrs. Murphy, in brief, is a fascinating author, and her "Seeds of Pine" increases her reputation. It is a book which "natives" will read with gusto, as will all other Canadian lovers who are capable of seeing the giant trees in pine-cones—the Future in Now.



HOMAGE PAID TO THE GODDESS OF SUMMER.

By a score or so of garlanded girls whose dance was one of the many attractions at the rose fete held at the home of Mrs. Croft, Mount Adelaide, Victoria, B.C., lately.



THE SWEETMEATS ARBOUR

Was an attractive and paying feature of the recent far-west revel of roses for the benefit of the poor of a London parish.

Women in Winnipeg Stores

A SPECIAL report in the Labour Gazette on women employees in departmental stores in Winnipeg says that in four such establishments there are 2,432 to 3,200 women and girls, according to the season. A few of the women are highly paid, one receiving \$50 a week, and half a dozen others receive almost as much. As a rule, however, the highest wages paid to saleswomen are \$20, while the average is between \$15 and \$18, though they start at \$6 or \$8. No girls are employed under 14 years, and the lowest wages paid are \$3 per week. The largest store has three nurses, of whom one has charge of the store hospital and the other two visit the homes of the employees who are ill. The same store has a pension system, and any woman after 15 years' service can retire at the age of 40 on a pension ranging from \$8 to \$40 a week. Reports from factories as well as stores may show an improvement soon in Manitoba—a woman inspector being appointed.



AT THE CARLTON PLAYGROUNDS, WEST TORONTO. The (more or less) formal opening here pictured was distinguished by speeches from several of the civic dignitaries and by a simultaneous demonstration in support of Charles Darwin by two boys. Children from other playgrounds attended and took part in games and exercises.

The News in Brief

COLONEL FARQUHAR, military Secretary to the Duke of Connaught, his wife, Lady Evelyn Farquhar, and his wife's sister, Lady Norah Brassey, are accompanying the Duke and Duchess of Connaught on the trip they have undertaken to Vancouver.

The Hon. Colin and Mrs. Campbell, of Winnipeg, have returned from abroad, but before going West have been visiting at Palermo, Ont., the former home of Mrs. Campbell.

It is expected that the Countess of Aberdeen will come to Canada in the early autumn to attend the annual meeting of the National Council of Women.

A pleasant event of an outdoors character was the tea and bridge for the benefit of the tuberculosis fund given by Mrs. Arthur W. Adams, regent of the De Monts Chapter, I. C. D. E., of St. John, N.B., at her charming country house, Qui-si-Sana.

The facsimile of the "Santa Maria," which was built by the Spanish Government and presented to the United States for the World's Fair at Chicago in 1892, is at present en route through the Great Lakes and down the St. Lawrence to Panama. While it was lying at Toronto the Ladies' Guild of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, of which the president is Lady Willison, were permitted a private view of the interesting vessel.

The proposal made by Mrs. Rose Henderson, probation officer of the Juvenile Court of Montreal, to have child labourers in the city take part in the forthcoming parade on Labour Day was rejected by the Labour Day

Committee of the Trades and Labour Council, on the ground that the aim was to eradicate child labour and not by any means to organize it.

Miss Margaret Anglin, the Canadian actress, has concluded an arrangement with the University of California, whereby she will present at the Greek Theatre during the Panama-Pacific Exposition, one or more revivals of the Greek classics on a scale larger than anything ever attempted before in this line.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, of Toronto, will be one of the speakers at the forthcoming Canadian Conference of Charities and Corrections. She will report on the recent Congress of Women in Rome. The social workers this year will confer in Toronto.

Captain and Mrs. Rivers-Bulkeley, who were recently the guests at "Headley," London, of Sir Adam and Lady Beck, returned to Ottawa, in order to accompany the party of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to the West.

Quebec equal suffragists are counting it a grievance that Mrs. Annie McDonald Langstaff was refused permission by the Bar Association to write in the recent provincial law examinations. The Montreal lady has presented a petition to Mr. Justice Paneton, requesting that she be authorized by the court to enter suit against the Bar Association with a view to compelling that body to let her write.

A forthcoming wedding in Montreal is that of Miss Dodge, the accomplished daughter of Mrs. Lionel Guest, that city, to Mr. W. T. Rosen, of New York. The bride-to-be is a grand-daughter of



A PUBLIC SCHOOL GIRLS' GARDEN. Being that made and tended this summer by the second book maidens of a Hamilton school under the guidance of the principal, Miss Savage. The only improvement possible to it was to add the gardeners "all in a row"—a hint from the plan of Mary Quite Contrary.

Keep the baby's skin sound and healthy



Read what this trained nurse says:

"I attended a baby six months old whose little skin was completely covered with the oozing and scaly eczema, so covered that I had to use linen shirts and caps and keep mittens on his hands.

"No medicine of any kind was used inwardly, and Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder was used freely.

"I know that the medical qualities of the powder told upon the child's body, and it was very gratifying to see the result from its use on the child, not only in healing, but in giving quietness and rest."

The experience of this nurse is typical of hundreds which have come to our attention.

If your baby has any skin trouble which does not yield promptly to simple home treatment, by all means call in your doctor, for healthy babies should have healthy skins.

But, no matter whether the trouble is trivial or serious,

always apply Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder frequently and freely. It will soothe and comfort the little one, and its medicated properties will aid greatly in effecting permanent relief.

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School Re-opens September 9th, 1914. For Calendar apply:

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Men who know real chocolate quality
would indignantly refuse a substitute.

Ganong's Chocolates

the late John Bigelow, one time Ambassador to France, and one of America's foremost diplomats. Mr. Rosen is a graduate of Harvard.

In the recent Quebec championship tennis tournament Miss Hague beat Mrs. Harcourt in the ladies' singles, the scores standing 13-11, 4-6 and 6-2. In the mixed doubles, Mrs. Archibald and Mr. Mills were victors over Miss Hague and Mr. Suckling.

A Letter from Ethel McDowall
PERHAPS one of the most-praised members of the company of Stratford-on-Avon players who were recently in this country with F. R. Benson, is Miss Ethel McDowall (Mrs. Murray Carrington), who is charming in "Ophelia" and other roles, and who in a recent letter to the writer has confided some facts of her history as follows:

"I always wanted to play, and my father and mother, who were very sweet about it, sent me to study with Miss Kate Rorke, one of the best dramatic teachers in London. I also had special training in Shakespearean parts from William Haviland, a very well-known English actor.

"My first engagement was in a melodrama on tour. I played the ingenue and it was a wonderful experience. I then walked on at His Majesty's Theatre, London, with Sir Herbert Tree. After that I didn't play any more for two years on account of ill-health. When I got strong again I went to Mr. Benson. That was four years ago. And I have been with him ever since.

"My home is at Loughton, Essex, right in the centre of Epping Forest. I have one sister and one brother, both younger than myself—I am twenty-four. My sister had every intention of being a public singer—she has a beautiful voice—but she is being married this year instead!!

"I haven't any particular hobbies. I read a tremendous lot. I would rather be doing 'acting' than anything else in the world, and it is so wonderful for me that my husband shares all my views on this subject and that we are able to be together. I met my husband in Mr. Benson's Company, and we have been married two years and a half. My husband's mother was Miss Cecil Cromwell, a very popular actress on this side. She played a great deal with Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Doubtless you read of her death last year in London."

An Incomplete Order

Reproduced from "Life"

A LADDIN rubbed the lamp. Almost immediately there was a sound at the door and the slave entered.

"Bring me the prettiest girl in New York," said Aladdin, "and get a move on you, too."

The slave vanished, and almost in an instant the door opened, and the slave, bearing in his arms the prettiest girl in New York, entered and put her down in a chair. Aladdin looked at her in astonishment. She had on a shabby dress. Her hair was tousled.

"What are you trying to do?" he said to the slave. "Why don't you fill your orders correctly? I asked for the prettiest girl in New York."

"Here she is, your honour."

"Impossible!"

"I never make a mistake."

Aladdin looked at the girl a little more carefully.

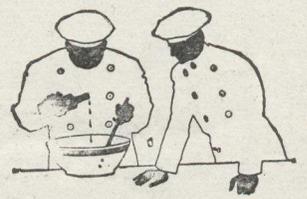
"Well, you old jenny," he said, "why does she come in such a wrapping?"

"You said nothing about that, your honour. You asked me to fetch you the prettiest girl in New York. I have done so. I grabbed her out of the slums. She happened to be living there."

"Well, yank her up to Fifth Avenue and rig her out in a couple of thousand dollars' worth of the latest and best clothes."

The slave disappeared with the girl. In a few moments he returned. Aladdin looked at her.

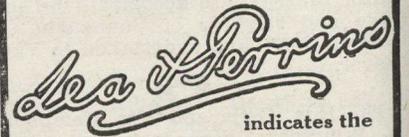
"There's no doubt about it," he said. "She is the prettiest girl in New York."



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The FIFTH WHEEL

By *Beatrice Heron-Maxwell* and *Florence & Eastwick*

CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued.)

TUBBY, erect and cool, though a trifle pale at the lips, contrived to smile at him and utter his thanks. Mr. Hudson let them pass out and then closed the door again, and Fenella left her seat where, until that moment, she had remained silent and palpitating.

"What does it mean, Mr. Maul-everer?"

"It means I've been a great fool, Fenella." He turned to the Inspector. "I suppose it's to do with the Canal Crime?"

"I must caution you, sir, that anything you say may be taken in evidence."

"Thank you. I've no need to be cautious. I know perfectly well what I'm about. But this young lady—you don't need to detain her here longer. I suppose she can go."

"Miss Fenella Leach is also under arrest."

"Under arrest! You don't surely mean to make her an accessory also?"

"I am sorry to say that is my painful duty." He continued speaking, but only two words remained in Fenella's mind—"Arrest—accessory!"

With a sobbing cry she swayed and fell forward in a swoon.

They lifted her gently on to a couch. The boy Teddie leant nearer to look at her face.

"Why that's Miss Pridham's lady-friend! I've seen them together at home. Surely you've got no call to take her. She ain't got nothing to do with it."

No one answered him, but Tubby lost his customary coolness and blazed out an angry oath, while the other men seemed for the moment almost as if they felt ashamed.

CHAPTER XXII.

In two twos, in less than no time, you can encircle the world with an electric current, revolutionize an empire, or sink a mighty ship.

It seemed to Fenella as if the world had come to an end when Inspector Lawson informed her that she would have to return to England with him and must consider herself under arrest. She felt stupefied, paralyzed by this sudden trend of events. For the last three weeks she had been schooling herself, disciplining her heart to overcome the burden of sorrow weighing it down. She had put all her strength of mind and resolution into the new life opening before her. The past was rolled up like a scroll and laid aside, yet it was ever present to her memory, and she had only hope to sustain her that some day she would bring it out again and find its letters living gold.

Placed under arrest! Taken back to England beneath the grim shadow of the law. What did it mean? And why had Theodor Mauleverer been made her companion in disgrace and humiliation? A suspicion that had always lurked deep down in her mind rose up now to confront her. Tubby had left home hurriedly; he had quitted London and eventually England with astounding impetuosity; he had thrown in his lot with a company of actors of whom he knew little or nothing, apparently for the sole reason that their Bohemian life appealed to his tastes. He admitted that he was totally ignorant of acting himself; and certainly the paltry sum offered to him as pay could not weigh in the balance. Thirty shillings a week, to Lord Brismain's son must

be a trifle towards cigarettes, nothing more, although he had confessed to her that he was considerably pushed for money. But surely a young man in his position could always obtain monetary assistance somehow, and in any case he seemed to have plenty of ready cash at hand.

It was more and more mysterious and baffling. She had heard Tubby say, at the moment of arrest, "Is this in connection with the Canal Crime?" and the Inspector had answered in the affirmative, warning him that anything he said might be taken in evidence. "And Miss Leach—is she also viewed as an accessory?"

The Inspector had replied that particulars of the charge would be stated when they landed in England. After that, there seemed nothing more to be said. They were transferred from the Spartan to the Lausanne, home-ward bound. A certain amount of freedom was permitted to them both, save that Lawson himself was always with Tubby, and Fenella had to endure the enforced companionship of a stewardess. But there were no shameful handcuffs to remind them of their impending ordeal.

The first night out at sea Fenella lay awake in her cabin, with wide-open eyes fixed upon the round outline of the port-hole, wondering, thinking, grieving, until her heart ached as if it must break. People talk of a broken heart with a sneer and say there is no such thing; but none the less, death comes to the heart and soul when hope is crushed and despair breaks down resistance.

Her sorrow was too real for tears. She had arrived at the point when there seemed nothing left but to turn her face to the wall and let life slip away from its fragile envelope. She was young—barely twenty years of life! and already she was prepared to yield it up.

There is no tragedy so terrible as the sorrow of the young; old age may be serious but it is seldom sad, for the years have brought with them so many trials that the soul has hardened with experience and lost the capacity for intense suffering.

FENELLA lay there thinking to herself, "If only I could die and end it all! Oh, Laurie, I have tried to help you, dear, and it seems as if I had failed. But they can never force me to say anything to injure you. They may question me as much as they please, but I will not answer. Only you and I were in the hall that night and no one but you or I can tell what happened then. You need not speak, and I never will!"

Then quite suddenly illumination came to her, and she turned sick and faint with horror. Tubby! they were taking him home—they suspected him.

Was he the guilty one, and had Laurie been sacrificed to save his friend? They were such great chums, Laurie might have known something, seen something—he was putting the Chinese knife back in its place. Instinctively she covered her face with her hands. What would the world think and say of her? For now she saw quite plainly the tangle in which she had involved herself by being found in Mr. Mauleverer's company, travelling to America. The play-acting would be viewed as a mere excuse, and even Theo might look upon her as a false friend, persuaded thereto by Mrs. Pridham's strictures. She had considered Theodor Mau-

leverer as a perfectly straightforward and honourable man. Now her faith in him began to crumble, and she recalled the aversion he had displayed on the "Spartan" for talking about Lis home and friends.

"I will put him to the test," Fenella said to herself. "I will wait until there is an opportunity of speaking to him. It is certain to come some time, and then I will ask him straight out if he knew Lisbeth Bainton. He will not be expecting the question, and I will know by his face whether he is an innocent or a guilty man. If he is guilty, then Laurie, my Laurie, must be cleared from suspicion. But oh! the misery of discovering that this man, Theo's lover, whom I have liked and believed in, is callous, cruel, and capable of so fearful a crime."

The next day was thick and hazy, but the prisoners were allowed to go on deck and take exercise, walking backwards and forwards at no great distance from each other. The discipline exercised towards them was so unobtrusive that most of the passengers were quite unaware of their being under any duress. Tubby waved his hand to Fen, with an encouraging gesture, and called out a greeting in a voice unaltered by his reverses. In fact, he seemed to be in quite good spirits and talked continually to the Inspector, who was on excellent terms with his charge already, and became encouraged to relate many experiences on sea and land which were sufficiently entertaining to arouse the young man's mirth.

COULD he laugh like that if he had killed Liz Bainton? Fenella told herself. No, it was impossible, and so the former restless questioning of herself returned with renewed persistence.

The opportunity which she had been longing and watching for came towards evening. The haze had developed into a thick fog. They were going dead slow, and Fenella was in the saloon, with a book in her hand. Fier attendant stewardess had fallen into a doze over the newspaper.

Fenella saw Tubby going towards the deck. Inspector Lawson had stopped to speak to the purser. Without making a sound, she ran to join Tubby and laid her hand on his arm. He looked down at her, reading aright the agitation she was enduring, then stooped towards her. "What is it?" he whispered.

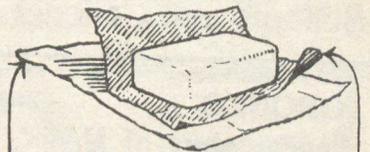
"I must know—tell me the truth—did you say those words to Lizbeth Bainton, or was the boy lying?"

Theo's face grew troubled under the entreaty in her eyes. "Yes, I said them. I was with her that night, but not by my own wish. Fenella, you believe in me. You cannot credit that I would have hurt her?" Their common trouble had brought them so near together that her name came naturally to his tongue.

Before she could answer, the Inspector intervened.

"Miss Leach, I don't want to have to be more severe than I can help, but this is against orders, you know."

Fenella went back to the saloon, more troubled than before. As she took up her book again, a terrific crash resounded through the ship, which rocked and trembled, then began to lurch forward strangely. Overhead Fen could hear the sound of men rushing and calling—a stam-



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St. Thomas Ont.

pede of feet tearing backwards and forwards, as if in wild alarm, while the whole air was filled with increasing noise and confusion. The stewardess was on her feet now, wide awake in earnest.

"There's been an accident; we've struck something!" she said, hurrying towards the saloon door. Before she reached it, a steward thrust his head in, and the blanched aspect of his face seemed like that of a dead man.

"Call all your ladies, Mrs. Moon, and bring them on deck. Make haste!" he told the stewardess. The woman went to her duty with wonderful self-command. Already doors leading off the saloon were being opened and the occupants came rushing out, asking questions, running back to fetch some prized possession or dashing towards the deck without any thought, except for escape. Some of them shrieked hysterically, but the greater part were self-possessed and actuated only by a common desire to place themselves in safety.

ALL this happened in a moment or two, and Fenella sat there watching her fellow passengers, feeling as if she were merely an onlooker who could be unaffected by any event. Uppermost in her mind was the thought, "If I am drowned and Mr Mauleverer, it might be well for Laurie!"

Just then a young American woman, rich and pretty, who was travelling to Europe with her two little children and maid, came from her cabin, where she had been resting with her little ones, after sending the servant to amuse herself with the second-class passengers. The poor lady was dressed in a filmy tea-gown which trailed round her and impeded her feet. She had unloosed her long dark hair and it hung over her shoulders, far below her waist, veiling a livid countenance distorted with terror. She carried her baby of a year old and ran past Fen moaning. The other child, a perfectly charming little creature of three, who had captured Fen's heart by her innocent advances towards friendship, came running after her mother, but at the instant of passing the cabin-door, the ship listed at a greater angle and the door swung to with a bang, striking the little girl on the arm and imprisoning her by the back of her loose frock, which was shut in the door, and held her immovable.

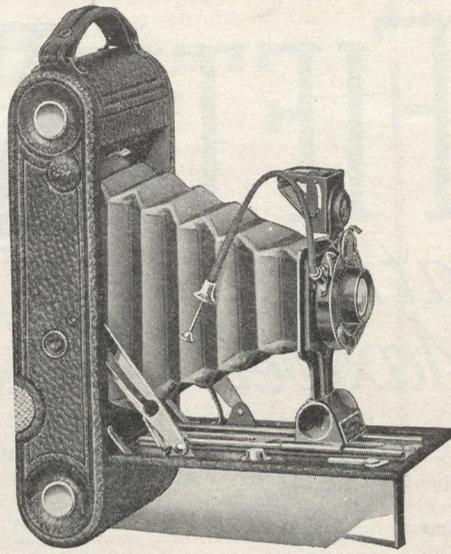
"Momma, Momma!" the little one cried out, but the mother ran on, unheeding, only calling back without looking, "Come, Eve! Come quickly!"

Fen ran to help the child, who was whimpering, and saying "Eve's caught fast; she can't get away," Fen pushed at the door with all her strength. But it was wedged tightly, with the list of the ship, and held its little victim as in a vice.

"Don't cry, little darling!" Fen told the child. But the noise above and all round them now was so terrific that she could not make herself heard and could only stoop and kiss the sweet baby-face, wet with tears, to give little Eve reassurance. Fen could not hear Tubby's voice calling to her from the other end of the saloon, nor was she aware of his presence until he was close beside her. By that time she was striving vainly to get the child free from her dress; it was the only possible means of liberating her. But the dress fastened up at the back and all that part was shut in the door, drawing the garment so tightly that Fen could not even insert her hand, and the stout white linen defied her efforts to tear it.

Tubby grasped the situation immediately. He set his shoulder against the door and battered at it with all his might, but to no avail. His lazy manner had vanished entirely and now he flung himself down by the child and set his strong white teeth into the little garment. The linen slit in a three-cornered opening, through which he could thrust his fingers and rend the material in twain.

Fenella's eyes had travelled, in fascinated terror, to a stream of water issuing from some of the cabins half way across the saloon. Then she re-



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alized the child was free and in Tubby's arms, and they were all three scrambling towards the deck. The tilt of the ship made progress difficult, but Tubby helped her with his one free arm, while with the other he clasped little Eve, who clung tightly to his neck.

Along the slippery deck, in the grey mist, shadowy forms moved in the distance like huge ghosts. The roaring and hissing of escaping steam, in their ears, mingled with the dash and swirl of the sweeping Atlantic waves, as the "Lausanne" dipped her face lower and lower, in her dying anguish.

Then Fen found herself staring down into what seemed an interminable abyss, with a faint outline of mere ghosts, far, far below them.

"You must drop," a sailor told her, and took her by the arm to help her swing over the side.

She and Tubby looked into each other's eyes, with a mutual farewell, then she was falling, falling, and was scarcely conscious of the blow which left her senseless as she came in contact with the boat. Nor was she aware that Tubby, with little Eve in his arms, had followed her safely in the dangerous descent.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Chosen according to the Twenty-third Article of religion—sent as a Minister in the Lord's Vineyard.

JOHN HASSALL stood in the drawing-room of Spinney Chase, looking out on to the blaze of colour that the garden beds made under the summer sun, reflecting on the chances and changes that Time brings.

His preoccupation and a touch of sadness in his face were not unnoticed by Agnes when she came in to see him, with an apology for her mother, who was in the sick-room upstairs.

"I came," said Hassall, "to say good-bye to you all, for some months. I am going to Bristol this week."

His honest eyes, avowing sentiments which he had no intention of expressing in words, told her that this farewell was a distress and an effort to him; and for the first time, Agnes dimly realized that this steadfast, unaffected nature was ready to lay a tribute of unselfish devotion at her feet.

The thought stirred her a little, for though her saintliness was absolutely genuine, she had a tender, gracious temperament that disliked causing pain to others.

"Is it some new work you are taking up?" she asked gently. "If so, I suppose we must not grudge you to it. But everyone here will miss you, Mr. Hassall."

"I shall be glad to be missed," he said; "one's life need not be too lonely, if one has friends who think of one sometimes. I have exchanged with the rector of St. Ethelwulf's, Mr. Butler, for a time. He needs a rest and I shall be glad of some strenuous work."

He did not say what his reason was for wishing this; yet instinctively Agnes guessed. Never before had the idea of any special friendship existing between Hassall and herself occurred to her. But there are moments when the strength of a concentrated and sincere emotion conveys itself, with telepathic ease and clearness, and such a moment had come to them both now.

Under the words and manner that convention demanded, there was the vibration of deep feeling, and though there was renunciation with it, on Hassall's side, and no thought of surrender on Agnes', they felt strangely and sympathetically drawn to each other.

With both of them, however, the Creator came first in their hearts, and they were willing to sacrifice any appeal to their senses by the created.

"I rather envy you your hard work," said Agnes. "I seem so useless here now. If Laurie could only recover, I should take up something away from home. But I feel I cannot leave until he is better."

"Naturally." He paused, then, after a moment's reflection, resumed, "Miss Pridham, before I go, I want to take

you into my confidence on a certain point connected with this recent tragedy."

"Yes?" She looked at him with surprise and some anxiety.

"I have been trying to decide whether I should mention it at all and, if so, to which member of your family. I do not wish to add to your parents' grief, and it seems to me that you are the best person to confide in. You have such strong faith, and that is one's only bulwark in times of stress."

"Please tell me," Agnes said simply.

"I had occasion some weeks ago, to walk along the canal path, to visit a cottage about two miles off. About half a mile from here, I came upon a girl who was lying on the grass, sobbing. She seemed almost distraught with grief. I spoke to her and, after refusing at first to answer any of my questions, she told me that she was Lisbeth Bainton—therefore one of my parishioners, though, as she never came to church and had been out each time I called on her grandmother, I had never yet seen her.

"I tried to gain her confidence and to offer her some consolation, telling her that if she took her trouble to God, He could help her. But though she dried her tears, she seemed impatient of being spoken to, and finally, when I was leaving her, she exclaimed: 'There's no cure for Love except Love. God should have made us all equal, if he wanted us to be happy.'

"I BEGGED her not to doubt the Divine power to make us happy, if we would yield our wills to Him, but she retorted that the only way to give her happiness would be to make her a lady and that could never be. And then she turned and walked quickly away from me, back towards Fleet. Now, it seems to me that this poor girl must have been in love with someone in a higher rank of life, and there are rumours that this was so. Obviously the man did not return her affection, and it is possible that someone who loved her was jealous of him. If your brother should regain his memory and you could persuade him to speak, the mystery might be cleared up, and his share in it, if he had any, exonerated from blame."

"You think," asked Agnes, "that it might have been Laurie for whom she cared?"

"I think it might. And some other man who was jealous may have attacked them both. That is my theory. I have spoken to no one on the subject, as you may be sure."

It was another slight link in the long chain that connected the dead girl with Laurie's illness.

"I leave it to you," concluded Hassall, "to tell your father if and when you think best. I should like to see Mr. Pridham, to say good-bye. Would that be possible?"

Agnes said she would go and see if her father was in his library and, returning in a moment, brought the message he would be pleased to see Mr. Hassall there.

"Then this is good-bye," the vicar said, taking her hand. "I shall be away some months and, if your brother recovers and you keep to your project of taking work elsewhere, we may not meet for a very long time. May I say just this—that if it had been God's will to let us work together, you and I—if we had been of one Church and one persuasion, I should have had no dearer hope on earth than that of your companionship in our life pilgrimage."

She lifted her eyes to his, crystal-clear, their steadfastness quite unchanged, though the stir of feeling roused by his eloquent words had sent the colour into her pale cheeks, and said gently, "My dearest hope is to be accepted by God, for His special service. I do not seek happiness in any other way."

"I know," he rejoined; "I wish it could have been otherwise. I shall remember you in my prayers always. Good-bye—Agnes." He was still holding her hand in his firm, close grasp, and as he read her eyes and

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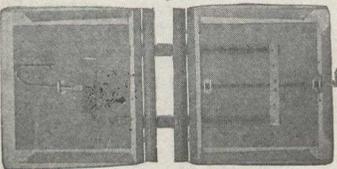
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saw no trace of anger, only a womanly, pitying tenderness, he lifted it to his lips and kissed it reverently. Then with a murmured, "God keep you always," he left her.

His first and last love affair was ended, and to him Agnes was from that moment a memory set apart from common things and enshrined.

He found Mr. Pridham walking up and down the library, as was his wont latterly, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground.

"Ah! Hassall," he exclaimed, as the Vicar entered, "I hear we are to lose you for a bit. Bad news for the parish—that!"

"I think my successor will be a great acquisition," Hassall answered, "and I feel sure you will all like him. How is your son, Mr. Pridham?"

MR. PRIDHAM stopped, stared at him for a moment, and then said, "Hassall, I've never had the slightest sympathy with the idea of confession or any other Romish practices. But there are times when one feels that the dark thoughts in one's mind want airing—that one would be the better for an open, honest avowal to a friend whom one can trust. May I speak to you freely without fear of your breaking confidence. Can I trust you?"

Then Mr. Pridham sat down, leant his head on his hand, and carefully, methodically, went through the whole story as he knew it, sparing no details and suggesting neither theories nor excuses.

He related the incident of the finger-prints and wound up with, "Now, Hassall, tell me candidly—in your opinion is my son innocent or guilty?"

"Innocent," replied Hassall; "I feel the strongest conviction on that point. In crimes of this sort, I have noticed there is always a combination of pieces of circumstantial evidence against more than one person, pointing in each case to guilt. Yet when it is all sifted at the trial, any judge who knows his business puts aside the mass and fastens on one or two vital points. These settle the whole question. I do not think anyone has hit on these vital points yet. I shall think of you all in your terrible suspense and remember you in my prayers."

And John Hassall took his leave. Meanwhile, in the garden, Agnes retreating to the rosery, in its thickest laurel hedges, for a spell of quiet thought, found Theo, a basket in her hand, wandering from bush to bush, clipping the dead leaves and gathering here and there one of her favourite damask roses, to set in vases on her dressing-table. She was passionately fond of colour which represented to her part of the joy of life, and the grey blankness of these summer days, devoid of gladness, had grown almost unbearable to her.

For the county—a capricious, rural deity at all times, hard to please and easily offended—had turned a cold shoulder on the Pridhams since rumour had played with Laurie's name, and, after a formal call, followed by a card of enquiry, had withdrawn itself from all association with them.

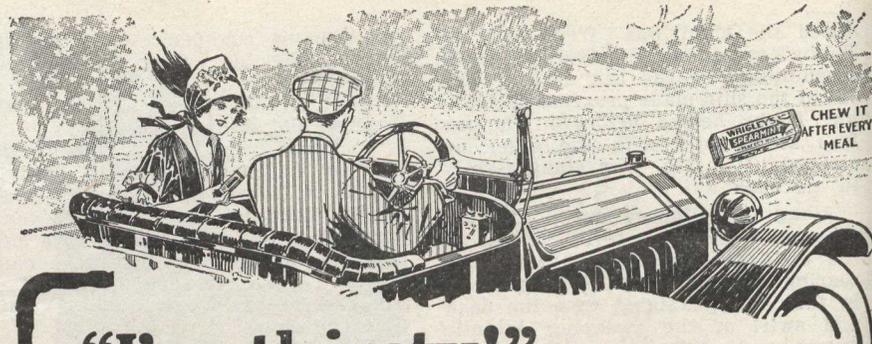
The absence of Tubby Mauleverer was looked upon as due, in some way, to the unfortunate happenings at Spinney Chase, and when Sallie followed her brother's example and left home, the gossip increased.

People were annoyed that two houses usually very hospitable were closed doors to society for the time being, and their displeasure showed itself in an avoidance of the feminine members of the Pridham family, on the few occasions when a walk or drive took them outside their garden gates, while Mr. Pridham himself, although not cut, was no longer sought out by the local magnates or deferred to on urban subjects, as of yore.

So the uneventful, spiritless days lagged on, and Theo, learning her lesson of life, kept herself from showing outwardly the chafing, restless disquietude of her girlish heart.

"Well?" she said, as Agnes came into view. "When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?" Agnes was



"I'm thirsty!"

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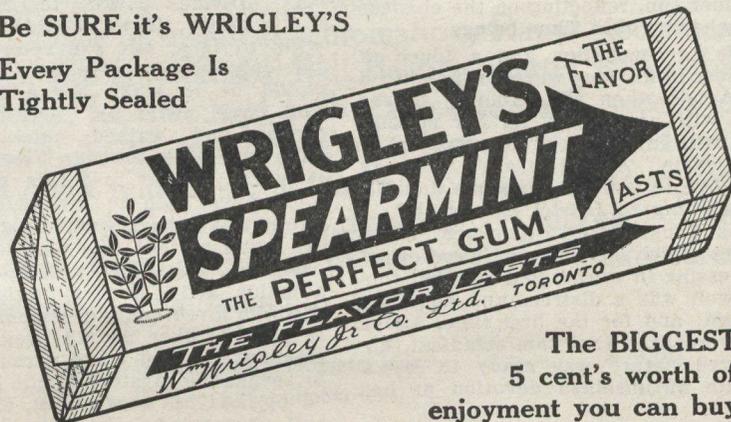
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genuinely unconscious of her sister's drift.

Theo hummed the wedding march and broke off to say, "Will you have to be married in two churches?"

"Theo!" Agnes' face glowed and her eyes lost their usual calmness. "What makes you say such a thing? I shall never be married at all—you know that well. And I cannot imagine why you should think that Mr. Hassall—"

She broke off, for Theo, throwing down her basket and scissors, seized her arm, and shook it playfully.

"Don't be in a paddy," she said. "I know you don't care a jot for him. But anyone with half an eye could see that he was gone on you, and I felt sure he had come to tell you so to-day. I caught sight of his face as he was coming up the drive. Like this—see?"

She imitated the Vicar's walk and expression, and burst out laughing at Agnes' horrified face.

"What was he talking to you about?" she demanded, "if it wasn't the 'higher emotions'?"

She put a touch of Hassall's tone into the last two words so cleverly that Agnes smiled, in spite of herself, and then grew grave.

"He was telling me something about Laurie," she said.

"WHAT? Tell me—there's a dear. I would rather hear anything than bear this horrible deadly silence."

Agnes repeated what Hassall had told her, and Theo, reflecting over it, said, "I wonder if that was why Laurie and Tubby were so edgy to each other about the letter. I've never mentioned it to anyone for fear of making trouble, but perhaps you had better know."

"It was about a week after Fen came here, we four—Laurie, Tubby, Fen and I—had been playing tennis all the afternoon and had tea under the trees. You and mother were both out that day. Fen and I were looking about for a ball that got lost, and the two boys were having a cigarette before starting play again. I was quite near them when Laurie pulled out his fusee case to light up and a letter fell from his pocket on to the grass. He didn't notice it, but I did, and darted forward to pick it up. Just to tease him, I read out aloud, 'Yours until death, L.' Laurie held out his hand for it and said, 'Thank you, Theo,' and as he seemed a bit starchy—which is unusual in dear old Laurie—I gave it him at once. Then, to my utter surprise, Tubby, looking as if he'd got a pin in his nose, said, 'Excuse me, old chap, is that a letter of yours?' Laurie answered, 'I don't quite take you. If you mean, did I write it, certainly I did not.' Upon that Tubby said, 'Do you mean someone wrote it to you?' And as they both seemed getting a trifle warm, I called out to Fen to come and begin play again. Do you think, Agnes, that letter could have been from that wretched girl to Laurie?"

"Why to Laurie?" Agnes asked, in her low contralto. Theo stared at her.

"Of course to Laurie; it couldn't have been to anyone else. I was only wondering if Lisbeth Bainton wrote it."

"Possibly she did, but all the same it may not have been sent to Laurie. Perhaps she wrote to Tubby."

"Tubby?" Theo, with wide-open, unbelieving eyes, regarded Agnes as if her sister had suddenly lost her senses. "What on earth had Tubby to do with it?"

"I don't know, Theo, but he wouldn't have been so annoyed about the letter unless he knew or cared something about it, would he?"

"Oh, Agnes, you don't understand. Tubby! why it's insane, it's—oh, how I loathe and detest the whole hateful business. I wish I could get away from this place, escape somewhere to forget the detestable suspicions and mysteries that are all round us."

"I don't suspect anyone, Theo—least of all dear Laurie. He is above suspicion in my eyes. I trust him implicitly. In all his life we have never known him do anything that was mean or dishonourable."

"And do you think that Tubby

Mauleverer would be mean or dishonourable?"

Theo's cheeks were blazing. She was up in arms for her absent lover, although the perplexity of the whole situation troubled her sorely.

"No, dear," Agnes said gently, "Mr. Mauleverer may be careless and foolish about some things but he's quite straight."

"I should think so indeed—and if anyone dared to suggest to me that he isn't, I'd never speak to them again." Then, touched with sudden remorse at Agnes' grieved expression, she threw an arm round her sister, and kissed her. "I'm a beast to vex you, Aggie darling. Don't notice my bad temper—but you know I do like Tubby Mauleverer—and it's all so confoundedly worrying." Then with the irresponsibility of a temperament that refuses to dwell on any unpleasant topic, she went back to her roses and Agnes heard her singing,

"Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will meet together 'neath a summer sky."

Her thoughts had flown to Tubby, whom she pictured at that moment on his way to New York.

(To be continued.)

Orientizing Our Pacific Province

(Concluded from page 6.)

the people of British Columbia—excepting "certain influential classes," to quote Victoria's representative in the House of Commons, are becoming alarmed. They see, already, the hand-writing on the wall and shudder to think of what may happen if the Asiatic invasion continues.

As for the Hindus, whose case is in the immediate melting pot, they are in a peculiar category. Japanese come pretty freely into the country, and Chinese, by paying the "head-tax," have still wider privileges of entry. The poor Hindu, British subject, no better nor worse than any other class of Asiatics and on a higher level than many European immigrants, is refused admittance.

To do him justice, the Hindu wants no more than "fair play." On the ship in Vancouver harbour in which some 300 Hindus were "marooned" while the immigration authorities made individual inquiry respecting every intending immigrant the marooned Hindus, finally refused admittance, had the unimaginable vexation of witnessing the landing of both Chinese and Japanese from steamers arriving at the port long after their own. The law as it applies to Japs and Chinese is simple, that applying to Hindus is complicated, and statesmen have still a long way to travel before they establish an equitable system.

Now is it no idle boast to say that—in the minds of the Hindus—it is not Anglo-Saxon civilization that is in the crucible; it is Christianity itself. Our pious, church-going statesmen might as well realize that fact first as last. We send missionaries to India, "Where every prospect pleases and only Man is vile," to teach the universal brotherhood of man, and to declare that "God hath made of one flesh and blood all the nations of the earth." The Hindu does not believe this, but we are trying to convert him to the dogma.

The misfortune is that the ecclesiastical dogma together with the theories related to it or begotten by it must go down in this province before the higher law of self-preservation.

While I believe that the doctrines of Christianity are indissoluble and the foundations of the Christian Faith are unshaken, I agree with the Hindu that it is time these doctrines are put to the test. I have no doubt as to the ultimate result, but we are not yet in the Millennial age. In the meantime the Hindus who are knocking at the doors of this country are simply taking a great "Christian" nation at its word. It is the people who profess and teach these doctrines who are now on trial.

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