

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

George Washington Stephens

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

The Middle Span

STORY BY JUSTIN H. DIGBY

National Council of Women

BY MARGARET WALKER

Fashion at the Races

A PAGE OF PHOTOGRAPHS



Read in
Nine
Provinces

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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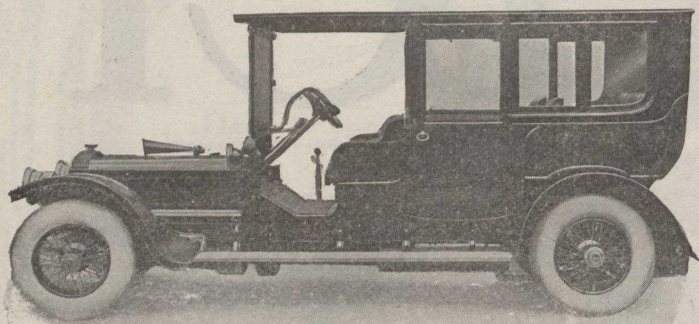
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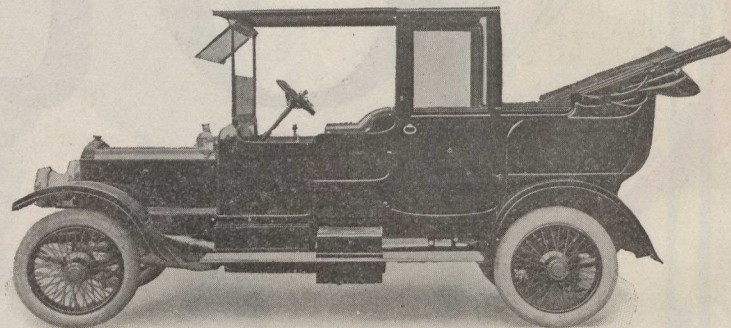
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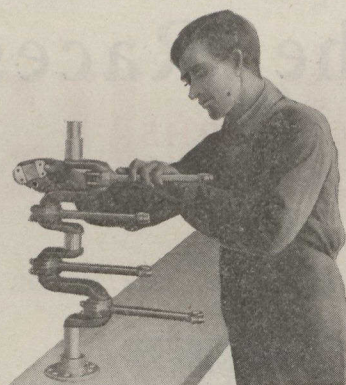
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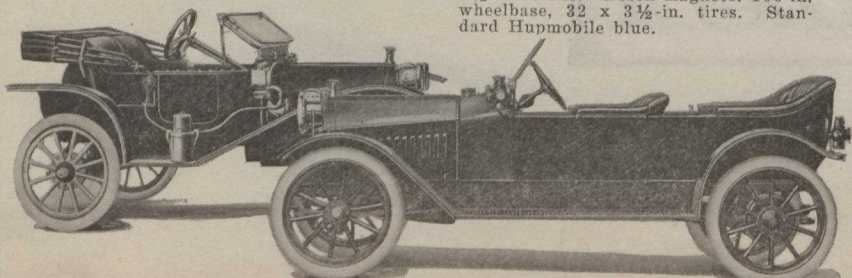
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 3

CONTENTS

George Washington Stephens By Augustus Bridle.
 Forecast of Canadian Rowing By J. T. Stirrett.
 News Features Photographs.
 The Sin of Ananias By the Monocle Man.
 Fashion at the Races Photographs.
 National Council of Women By Margaret Walker.
 June Brides Illustrated.
 Women's Press Club News of the Work.
 The Matinee Girl By Margaret Bell.
 The Middle Span, Story By Justin H. Digby.
 Lord Lockington, Serial By Florence Warden.
 Money and Magnates By Staff Writers.
 Reflections By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

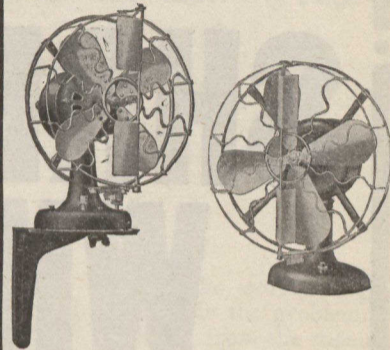
WE begin this week a series of special personality and problem articles by one of our staff writers, Mr. Augustus Bridle. Most problems that interest the public are sure to have interested first the men who have helped to create them and are concerned in their working out. It often happens that a set of conditions is the making of a man. It is no less certain that the right kind of man reacts powerfully upon the conditions. And it is sometimes a speculation where the problem leaves off and the man begins. These articles make no attempt to settle any problems. They are merely an attempt to delineate what the problems are and what kind of men are working them out. The articles, all based upon interviews, will be as various in character as the human side of the men. They will appear once a week from now until further notice.

On June 29 we shall publish our annual education number. It was a cynical poet, partly a philosopher, who wrote away back about Queen Anne's time:

" 'Tis education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

In Canada we still seem to be wrestling with a great variety of conditions in the business of bending the twigs. In most civilized countries the task of educating youth has become more complicated than it was even at the close of last century. Progress has knocked to smithereens a great many of the old methods and arguments concerning education. The kind of college and school pabulum that made young men and women fit to tackle the world twenty years ago, has been rehashed and befrilled and obsessed with faddisms, based upon the necessity for changing the practical application of truths to the riddle of education. A hundred years from now civilization will be wrestling with this enigma. Science has upset the world. And there are a lot of people who have been bamboozled by an imperfect knowledge of science. In the march of making millionaires we have somewhat lost track of the school-teacher. But the dominie is always with us and while we believe that no editor is qualified to teach teachers how to teach, journalism owes more than passing attention to the work of education.

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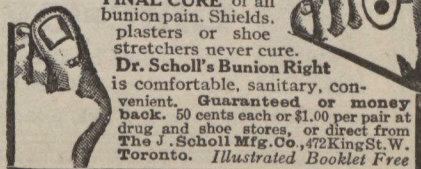
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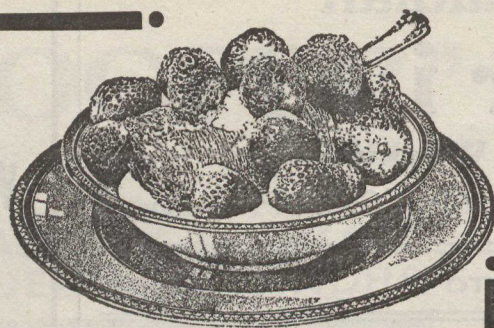
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IN LIGHTER VEIN

Obvious.—Bessie—"Wonder if Maude knows that we are looking at her new gown?"

Jessie—"Certainly; what do you suppose she is walking down this street for?"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Getting Stiff.—Colonel Faulkner of Texas was walking along the road one spring morning when he met an old darkey proceeding slowly on his way to the village, whither he was bound to secure his stock of tobacco for the coming week.

"Well! Uncle Primus! How are you?" asked the colonel.

"Yas suh, yas suh, thank you suh, Marse Faulkner, yas suh. Ah is feelin' good dis spring. Ah suttinly is feelin' fine. Ah doan remember as Ah evah felt no bettah in mah life, but sum way ruther Ah seem to be gittin' tu de tahn of life w'en Ah's lookin' fer de low spots in de fence."—The Argonaut.

Can You Imagine It.—"There is nothing that women can not do as well as men."

"Of course," assented Mr. Meekton earnestly. "But, Henrietta, I do hope that none of you will insist on pitching for the home team in a close game."—Chicago Tribune.

In the Suburbs.—"Is Mrs. Gillet a well-informed woman?"

"Well, she's on a party wire."—Life.

The Only Fear.—New Merchant—"How big an 'ad' would you advise?"

Advertising Man—"That depends on how many tons of customers your store floor will sustain. You wouldn't want 'em to break through into the cellar, of course!"—Puck.

Less Formidable.—Edith—"Pa is immensely pleased to hear you are a poet." Ferdie—"Is he?"

Edith—"Oh, very. The last of my lovers he tried to kick was a football player."—Denver News.

A Clever Ruse.—Two Germans were walking one cold day on the banks of a large pond, when one of them fell in. He could not swim and screamed for aid. The other, who was an officer, did not feel inclined to take so cold a plunge, and calmly watched the struggles of the sinking man.

All at once the man in the water began to sing a verse of the "Marseillaise," and the officer jumped in forthwith, for his strict orders were to arrest any person whom he heard singing that famous song. The unfortunate citizen was imprisoned for eight months, but that was better than drowning.—The Argonaut.

A Social Custom.—"What's the matter, my dear?"

"Oh, I'm trying to tell that Gotrox person how perfectly beautiful we think her horrid old wedding present is."—Life.

One of the Old School.—Lawyer—"Your honour, I ask the dismissal of my client on the ground that the warrant fails to state that he hit Bill Jones with malicious intent."

Rural Judge—"This court ain't a graduate of none of your technical schools. I don't care what he hit him with. The p'int is, did he hit him? Perceed."—Minneapolis Journal.

We All Appreciate It.—"Were you not scared when the masked highwayman came through the sleeping-car and demanded your money at the point of a revolver?"

"Scared? No, I thought it was a mighty good joke on the porter."—Buffalo Express.

Deserved Liberty.—"Prisoner at the bar, I find you have been sentenced to prison twice before. What have you to say why I should not send you there again?"

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XII.

June 15, 1912

No. 3

Personalities and Problems

I---Major George Washington Stephens

The Man at the Head of the Port of Montreal

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IF you go to Montreal on an ocean liner, Major George Washington Stephens is officially the man who gives you the freedom of the city. The visitor to the farthest inland great ocean port in the world who has not seen the Major, has failed to see adequately the one biggest thing about Montreal—which is the Port. And the Port of Montreal, if you take it from the Lachine Canal a thousand miles to the sea, stands for a total aggregate investment of about fifty-five million dollars, which is a little more than one-fifth the capitalization of the greatest transportation company in the world, the C. P. R., whose headquarters at Windsor St. and ocean fleet docked at Montreal were determined by the St. Lawrence route.

The Harbour is to Montreal rather what Parliament Hill is to Ottawa. And if you see the port without Major Stephens you have missed one of the most genial commercial personalities that ever advised a government or received a delegation. The name George Washington was copied from his father, the Hon. G. W. Stephens, whose father came to Montreal from Vermont. But if there is a more enthusiastic all-Canadian anywhere than the President of the Harbour Commissioners he is not known to the newspapers.

It was the third week of shipping when I called to see him. That morning he had been busy showing the Duke over what Chief Engineer Cowie has declared the best-equipped harbour in the world. Now he was out again whizzing about in the Commissioners' motor that has replaced the over-docks buggy; getting over the docks and the sheds, upstairs and down, at an average speed of ten miles an hour, while ocean liners unloaded and coaled up, and the ferry from Longueuil let off its crowd of marketeers at five cents a head and teams at ten cents. The old-style stone offices at 57 Common St. were quiet. A big door, first floor up, with a green baize door inside it, was the President's.

HERE he came up the stair—there is no elevator. A stout-built, swift-moving man, with conglomerated sunbeams shooting from a pair of great nose-glasses; a braided morning coat, a black cravat and an atmosphere of enthusiasm—he dodged into the big office; the green door went shut. He hustled to his desk, one of three next the windows; a room big enough for a small legislature; high corbeled ceilings, immense plans and maps of the harbour, a big oval table with twelve ducal chairs, one of them a foot higher than the rest—a survival of the days when the Port of Montreal was managed by a motley commission of a dozen men. And from this seigniorial hall the genial President looked out at the moving picture of the ships, as he does every day. He pulled out a box of cigars.

"Now what do you want to see me about?" as he held a match.

"Mainly about Major Stephens and the problem he represents. The man who has a few millions, no need to work for a living, and acts as the Genie of the Port of Montreal because he has a constructive imagination and—"

He gave me a beaming glance.

"And what else?"

"Enthusiasm. I think you have it."

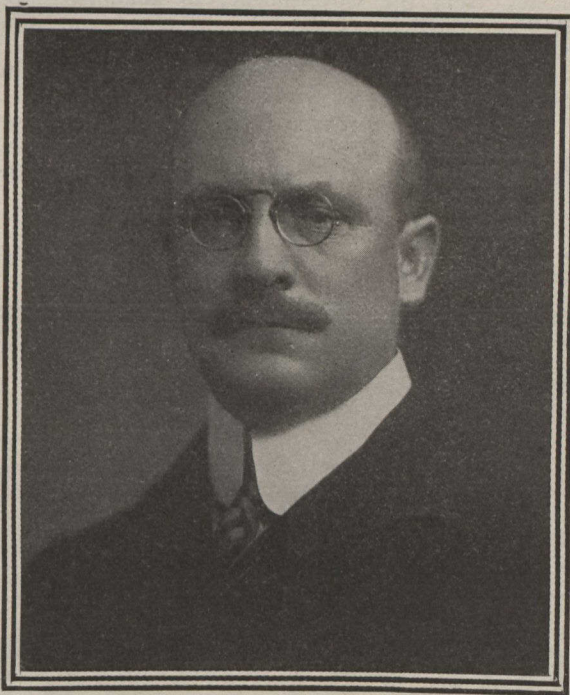
He looked out at the ships and the St. Lawrence.

"Well with a job like this—who wouldn't?"

He was as happy as a boy at a coon-hunt. His work was so brimful of cumulative optimism that

it looked to the other man like play. But every day of seven months in the year between ice slumping out and ice packing in, an average of more than a million dollars' worth of cargo moves in and out of the Port of Montreal. Season of 1911 somewhere about 500 ocean liners docked there with an aggregate tonnage of just about two million tons; about 400 lower St. Lawrence and coast ships, aggregating the best of three-quarters of a million tonnage; and inland vessels approximating 15,000, with tonnage of more than five millions. One season in that port represents easily the grand average of two hundred million dollars' worth of goods in and out; lacking sixteen millions of quarter the entire import and export trade of the Dominion of Canada for 1911-12.

"On a basis of investment compared to traffic, we are by long odds the first port in America," said the Major. "This harbour, not counting the St. Lawrence route, has cost to date about fifteen mil-



Major Stephens looked like this when he became President of the Harbour Commissioners in 1907.

lion dollars. New York harbour has cost hundreds of millions. She is our main competitor."

By the blink of his spectacles you knew he was dreaming of the Erie Canal, of the enlarged Welland, of the Georgian Bay Canal, of the completed Grand Trunk Pacific converging on Montreal for more than half its trackage, of both the other transcontinentals, of the everlasting increase in the wheat areas of the West, of which somehow in the Harbour Commissioner's office, at desk No. 1 by the window, there seems to be a knack of getting the focus of the picture.

"And on a basis of population we beat them all," he added, flinging himself back in his chair. "That's something. On a basis of investment, population and tonnage this port happens to be growing at a

bigger rate than any other in the world. I guess that's the most inspiring factor in the problem."

It was evidently not Montreal from the mountain to the river; but Montreal focussing Canada from the Rockies to St. John, of which he was thinking; on which he had been pondering now these many years, travelling and taking notes, investigating problems of shipping when other men were engaged in production; concerned in enlarging the main spout when the combined efforts of hundreds of millions in capital and investment are absorbed in shunting population in and trailing wheat and other things out.

"By Jove!" he observed suddenly, with a glance at the creaking boom of a crane yanking things out of a steamer hold, "that liner from Amsterdam there had a million dollars' worth of gin in her when she warped in to the dock."

And he remembered that it was now only about two weeks since the big shuffle of the ships started up again after the long, nailed-down winter of ice. The daily average of more than a million dollars in and out was just beginning to crawl to the early-summer crescendo when the upper lake grain bottoms would come drifting down with the hold-over of last year's wheat. With a map of the Port under his thumb he was seeing it all; to the Major an old story now, but everlastingly new in development. And he was using his imagination; because arithmetic was too cold; enthusiasm that makes the driest statistics dance with colour and life.

THE Major was born in Montreal in 1866; son of Hon. G. W. Stephens, who made a pile of money out of lumber and became a member of the Quebec Cabinet; born wealthy and never needed to work, but as he said emphatically:

"Now is there anything more miserable than a rich man out of a job? I suppose if I hadn't this Port to look after I'd find something else to do. But of all businesses in the world give me this."

Mackenzie and Mann building railroads and Hammerstein creating new opera houses never could be more interested. Incidentally the President gets seven thousand a year for the work. But that's only a fraction of the interest on his own personal wealth; and the work he does on the Port of Montreal if put into any one of the consolidations of which Major Stephens is one of the head forces would mean tremendously more income.

But he doesn't need the income. Somehow when you hear other men talk about the evolution of G. W. Stephens you realize that he never needed it. When he graduated from McGill he might have begun to settle down to a life of ease, travel and culture. But he didn't. Some time in his early career he took a notion to journalism, and for a while he was a reporter on the Montreal *Herald*. He would have made a first-class journalist. He went to Heidelberg for post-graduate work. Fluent in French, there he learned to speak German almost as well as he does English; and the Major is one of the most polished of after-dinner and stump speakers. Leaving Heidelberg he took a year at the University of Geneva. Somewhere in his travels the young millionaire from college bumped into one of the Steidtmans, forwarders of Hamburg, who said to him:

"I'm looking for a man that wants a job."

"Well I guess that's me," said the millionaire.

He talked shipping. He went to Hamburg; into

the office of Steidtmans at a scrimp salary for the joy of learning what it feels like to study shipping at first hand. He came back to Montreal. While still a young man he got into politics, member in the Quebec Legislature for the St. Lawrence division of Montreal, where he showed that he was no back-bencher, but a real constructionist.

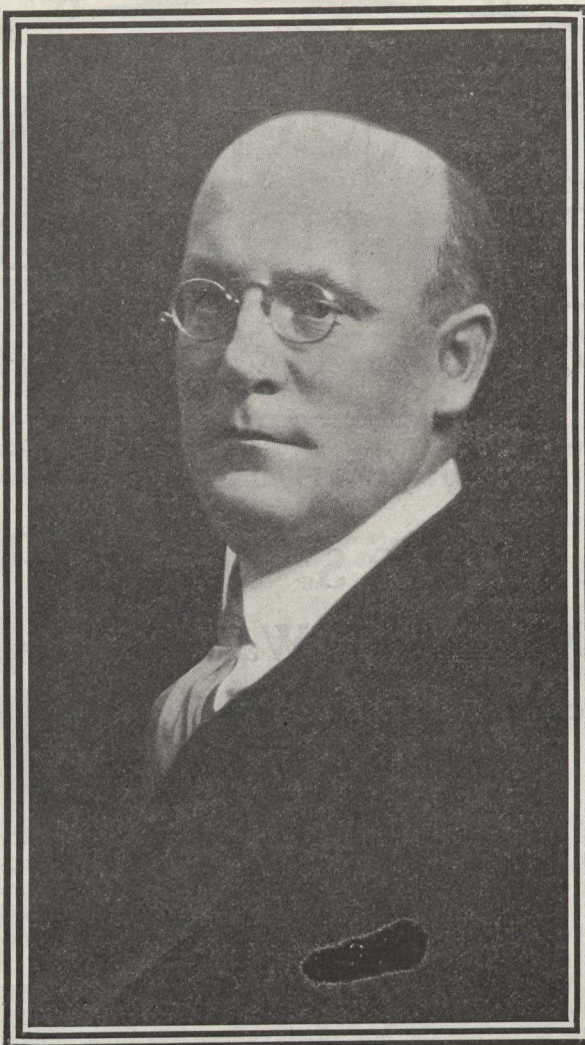
In 1907 the Laurier Government took hold of the Port of Montreal and the St. Lawrence route. Gridironing the west with railroads and pumping in immigrants by hundreds of thousands a year had left the big Port out of the race. Practical comparisons begin with the century. In 1900 the Port of Montreal had a few docks, some ships, wooden sheds, disorganized railway tracks, mud ankle-deep, more traffic than it could capably handle, and several hundred per cent. less traffic than it had room for. The St. Lawrence route was a narrow channel 27½ feet deep, capable of carrying ships to 5,000 tons. The old Commission put in a few years at some effort to improve the muddle. The Commission was too big; too much obsessed with politics both local and general; lacking concentration—and administration. The Commissioners mapped out part of the present scheme of improvements. They mapped out more than they could achieve. The Commission gradually went to pieces. It was too much of a Board and too little of a Commission. The system, or the lack of it, far more than the men, was to blame. The country behind Montreal was ten times too potentially big for the Port. New York and Boston and Portland were grabbing the transports. Montreal was known as a glorious bit of landscape and water-front, with a great river, a lot of church towers and a few ships. With some signs of expansion in shipping, and the headquarters of two great railway systems, it was still considerably the melancholy picture of mediaeval Canada.

BEFORE 1907 G. W. Stephens had got his eyes opened. Before he was appointed President of the Harbour Commission he went abroad and made a comparative study of European ports. He visited London and Liverpool, Hamburg and Paris and Amsterdam, Glasgow and Southampton and Bristol, and as many more as he could find. When he got back he wrote a series of twelve letters to the *Montreal Herald* on, "European Ports Seen Through Canadian Eyes."

"Well," he said, "when I went away from here I used to think what a magnificent harbour we had in Montreal. When I got through with that trip, I realized that we were away back in the woods of shipping; that ports of the world with far less natural facilities and much less potential business behind them were making us look by comparison like—"

He did not say Toronto Bay.

When it became necessary to get a real administration of the big harbour, public opinion inde-



The President of the Harbour Commissioners as He Looks To-day After Five Years of Organizing Enthusiasm.

pendent of politics united to say that G. W. Stephens was the one best man for the head of it. The three were appointed in 1907. They are still there—Stephens, C. C. Ballantyne, and L. E. Geoffrion. They were given an absolutely free hand by the Liberal Government to develop the Port of Montreal on a national basis by borrowing money from the Government; to administer the Port on a revenue basis to make money—as it is doing every year.

The turn came. No longer was it true that the railways were hopelessly outdistancing the big Port. All the improvements mooted by the old Commission were carried out—and augmented. The disjunctive, ramshackle old Port which for seventy-seven years

had been more or less feebly trying to get its hooks on to the ships of the world began to consolidate and unify. It began to be administered by a trio of business men who regarded our first national port as a phase of national business.

Major Stephens is the one of the three who is constantly on the job. The other two are at their desks every day, but not all day. They have other business. One has so much business that he may offer to retire from the Commission. It is a problem whether with the expansion of the Port it will not be necessary to make the Commission exclusive—but including Major Stephens.

IN 1908 he retired from the Legislature. He had the one job that all his life he had been studying, just because he was interested in shipping. He had the time to give it the benefit of a big experience, the wealth to give him a standing in the commercial community as good as any man in Montreal; and he had the enthusiasm and the constructive imagination to organize the big Port. In 1909 he went abroad again, when his friends said something radical might happen to him before he got back. Something did; and it was more radical than being head commissioner. He married a Signorita of Naples. As an incidental to the same trip he prepared a report on the drydock situation. Here the Major fished up a photograph of the completed structure which this summer will float across the Atlantic to be installed five miles east at the present end of the harbour. A mere detail, but a distinct phase of progress; for the ports of Canada are in the matter of drydocks—behind the times.

"See here," he said, waving an arm at the busy enchantment of the harbour. "Doesn't it touch your imagination to realize that here a thousand miles from sea the ships of the world tie up?"

"Is there any other big seaport so far from the sea?"

"None. But remember—that thousand miles of protected and commercially productive river is less than half the immense inland waterway tributary to Montreal."

He pointed an imaginative finger at the great lakes.

"Heavens! what a benevolent conspiracy of nature!"

He proceeded to show what the continents of the world would look like if the waterway system tributary to Montreal, both before and behind, were laid down—at New York, at Hamburg, at Rio Janeiro, at Capetown, at Hongkong or Calcutta.

Imagination! We had the biggest thing of its kind in the world. And as yet we had just begun to develop it.

He spoke of the future. Leaving out all consideration of cargoes that come in from what port soever—always increasing, since by trade reports

(Continued on page 30.)

Festival of Welcoming Summer in British Columbia



Scene at Queen's Park, New Westminster, Where the Royal City's Annual May-Day Fete Heralded Summer in Recently. Thousands of Visitors Witnessed the Exercises—the Parade, the Various Manoeuvres on the Green, and the Twining of the May-pole. Happy Children Were the Chief Participants, and Youth, Mirth and Carnival Held Sway. The Gala Day Eclipsed Every Former Success—Though a Forty-two Years' Institution.



Argonaut Eight (Toronto) which will Represent Canada at the British Henley and at the Olympic in Sweden.

Forecast of Canadian Rowing for 1912

A Year that May Be a Great One for Canada in This Sport

By J. T. STIRRETT

AFTER struggling against the frost, fogs and cold winds of an unusually late spring, oarsmen are now settling down to the hard but stimulating discipline of summer practice. The voice of the coxswain is heard on the deep. His megaphone competes with the storm signal and the steam siren. The coach assumes a deeper shade of pessimism and the oldest member breathes drab-coloured prophecies concerning the certain failure which lack of vigilance entails. Meanwhile, the patient crew men train and strain, catch and swing and drive, recover and catch, and swing and drive again, and yet again till ambition fades into the physical inertia of complete exhaustion.

This year may be a great year in the history of Canadian rowing. Canada will be represented at the British Henley, at the Olympic in Sweden, at the Canadian Henley on the Welland Canal, and at the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen's regatta in Illinois. The victories of last year may be repeated and excelled.

Last year the Argonauts of Toronto won practically all the American and Canadian championships. The Ottawas beat the Belgians in England and were only defeated in a close race by the Englishmen. The Winnipegs swept away all the trophies in competition with the crews of the Middle States; and the Maritime Province clubs overwhelmed the New England oarsmen.

WHAT are the high hopes of the Canadians this year? The Argonauts will represent the nation in England and Sweden with an eight-oared crew, a single sculler, and perhaps a four-oared crew. Although they have a mighty eight, perhaps the best that has ever represented the Double Blue, the task of winning the championship of the world against the crews of England and Europe is stupendous. Like Horatius, they are "facing fearful odds." Up till the present, crossing the Atlantic seems to have been as fatal for an eight-oared crew as for a cup challenger. The voyage and change of climate combine to rub the bloom off their condition. The Argonauts will have good material, eight men six feet or over in height and averaging about one hundred and seventy-five pounds. They won the American and Canadian championships with these frail creatures last year. Early in January they exiled them to the machines in winter quarters, where they pulled oar handles against a chain and spring screw. They have been on the water for six weeks in wind, snow, hail and rain. They have the best coach in America, Captain Joseph Wright. Can they win? Experts say they will at least win heats, and perhaps reach the finals. The eight-oared crew will probably sit in the shell as follows: G. B. Taylor, stroke; R. J. Gregory, 7; B. R. Gale, 6; A. Sinclair, 5; W. E. G. Murphy, 4; A. E. H. Kent, 3; P. E. Boyd, 2; C. F. Riddy, bow; and W. O. McCleary, coxswain. J. A. Wickson and George Wright will go as spare men. If the four-oared race can be contested without sacrificing the chances of winning the eight-oared race, the crew for the former will be made up as follows:

G. B. Taylor, stroke; A. Sinclair, 3; B. R. Gale, 2; and A. E. H. Kent, bow.

E. B. Butler, of the Argonauts, will compete in England and Sweden for the single sculling championship of the world. He has the championships of America and Canada, which he won last year without difficulty. Can he win? He's six feet high, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and has wonderful skill.

THE entry for this year's Olympic Regatta leaves that of 1908 far in the rear, and there are a number of new countries in the list. In 1908 the entry totalled 23; the present reaches 64. The



E. B. Butler, of Toronto Argonauts, who will Compete for the Single Sculling Championship of the World.

countries then competing were: United Kingdom (2 scullers, 2 pairs, 2 fours, 2 eights); Belgium (1 sculler, 1 eight); Canada (2 scullers, 1 pair, 1 four, 1 eight); Germany (1 sculler, 1 pair); Hungary (2 scullers, 1 eight); Italy (1 sculler); Holland, (1 four); Norway (1 eight).

The entries for this year are as follows:

Single Sculls (22 entries): Australasia, 1; Austria, 2; Belgium, 1; Bohemia, 2; Canada, 1; Denmark, 2; Finland, 1; France, 1; Germany, 2; Great Britain, 2; Hungary, 2; Italy, 1; Russia, 1; Sweden, 2; United States, 1.

Fours (outriggers, best boats with coxswains), 22 entries: Australasia, 2; Austria, 2; Belgium, 1; Bohemia, 1; Canada, 1; Denmark, 2; Finland, 1; France, 2; Germany, 2; Great Britain, 1; Italy, 2; Netherlands, 1; Norway, 2; Sweden, 2.

Fours (inriggers, sliding seats with coxswains), 7 entries: Denmark, 2; France, 2; Norway, 1; Sweden 2.

Eights (outriggers, best boats with coxswains), 13 entries: Australasia, 1; Canada, 1; France, 1; Germany, 2; Great Britain, 2; Hungary, 2; Italy, 1; Norway, 1; Sweden, 2.

THE Ottawas and Winnipegs considered sending eights across the Atlantic, but abandoned the proposal. This decision leaves them free for the Canadian Henley. Ottawa, Winnipeg and Detroit in the senior eight race would provide a soul-stirring contest, with the odds slightly in favour of Ottawa, if the crew are well trained. It is doubtful if the Argonauts will be represented by good men in the senior events, as the club will be drained to furnish contestants for England and Sweden. The junior races should bring forth good crews this year. Ottawa, Winnipeg, Argonauts and Detroit will probably be represented.

Winnipeg can be trusted to take care of all the North-west regattas without assistance.

CANADIANS and Americans look forward expectantly to the N. A. A. O. regatta, which provides the real international tests of the season. The races are keenly contested but the spirit of fair-play is always in evidence. Officials, contestants and spectators take courteous interest in the Canadian crews and treat them most generously. It is safe to say that the N. A. A. O. regatta is an annual medium of interchange of good-will between the rowing men of two great nations. A striking example of this is the David and Jonathan attitude of the Argonauts and Detroit. The members of these two clubs practice together, travel together, cheer each other's victories and sympathize with each other's defeats.

Rowing is a time-honoured sport. It forces its devotee out on the water, in the bright sunlight, under the blue dome of the sky. Half naked, he is tanned and tempered by wind and sun to the colour and hardness of mahogany. It teaches industry, inculcates patience, encourages virtue and cures spiritual depression. It is a man's game and Canadians will play it well this summer.

The Middle Span

Trickery Concerning a Bridge Contract

By JUSTIN H. DIGBY

THE Golden Calf Mining Company had at last come to terms. President Alfred Cleve, of the Interstate Consolidated, read with satisfaction the letter from the G. C. Co. (as it was universally called), which brought long and tedious bickering to a close. It ran in part:

"... and referring to your tempting offer . . . we have reconsidered the advisability of erecting a smelter at the mine and will be glad to consider your proposition of shipping ore across the state, upon the condition that you are prepared to handle our output in the early spring—say April first."

All of which was eminently gratifying and advantageous to the Road, but which involved the immediate construction of a bridge across Stony Creek.

President Cleve was not the man to waste valuable moments; he phoned at once for his Chief Engineer.

"Morning, Newman," he said, tersely, as the young man entered. "This is a letter from the G. C. Co., announcing their intention to abandon the idea of a smelter, and ship ore via the Interstate if we can fill these conditions," he tapped the letter significantly, "by April first."

Lawrence Newman considered a moment.

"It will mean some tall hustling, sir," he replied. "This is now nearly the end of September; the excavations must be made and the concrete laid before the frost."

"Call for tenders, at once, then," advised the President. "Call for tenders to be in by the 29th."

Newman busied himself for the rest of the day getting out specifications, which he sent to a number of contractors, the most prominent among whom were George Gordon and Dave Kennedy and Company.

Gordon was a young man whose unflagging energy and conscientious fulfillment of his obligations had won him the esteem of many such men as Cleve. In discussing the proposition with him, the President had often expressed the hope that if the deal went through Gordon would get the contract, as it would be such an impetus to him in his career.

When he received the specifications he was fairly staggered by the time limit allowed for the completion of the work. He realized that bridging Stony Creek (which was, in reality, a turbulent, treacherous mountain stream) would be a day and night job, but the idea of hard and constant work held no terrors for him, so throwing aside the remainder of his correspondence he devoted his whole attention to this matter. Calling his assistant he told him of the proposition.

"So, Moncton," he said, in conclusion, "I want you to take some men, and go over the ground at once, for this tender must be in on Friday. Be sure to get me all of these particulars."

Moncton took the slip of paper his chief handed him and was soon on his way to the site of the proposed construction. As he and his men passed out of the main street, they met the rival contractor, Dave Kennedy, and his colleague, Barrett, just going to their office. For them it was plainly the "morning after."

Kennedy was a cunning business man. By fair means or foul he managed to get several large contracts and win for himself quite a reputation for handling them, although the actual work was done either by sub-contractors or by clever young men he seemed to have a knack for finding and training—until they learned too much to please their chief, at which point they were dismissed. Barrett, his partner, was the same type of man, with perhaps a shade more genius for detail.

"Where the devil can he be going with those men out East Street?" asked Kennedy, with a frown, as Moncton turned out of their path.

"Looking for mushrooms, maybe," sneered Barrett. "I know for a fact that Gordon is strapped for funds at present."

Finding the specifications at the office, however, Moncton's errand was patent to both men.

"The early bird, eh?" said Kennedy, contemptuously, handing Newman's communication to his partner.

Barrett bit his moustache and frowned.

"This proposition strikes us at the wrong time, now that Hudson has cleared out. He could have worked it up for us, but we have no one else just now, and as matters stand, Dave, it looks as though we were up against it. We can't send in a comprehensive tender by Friday."

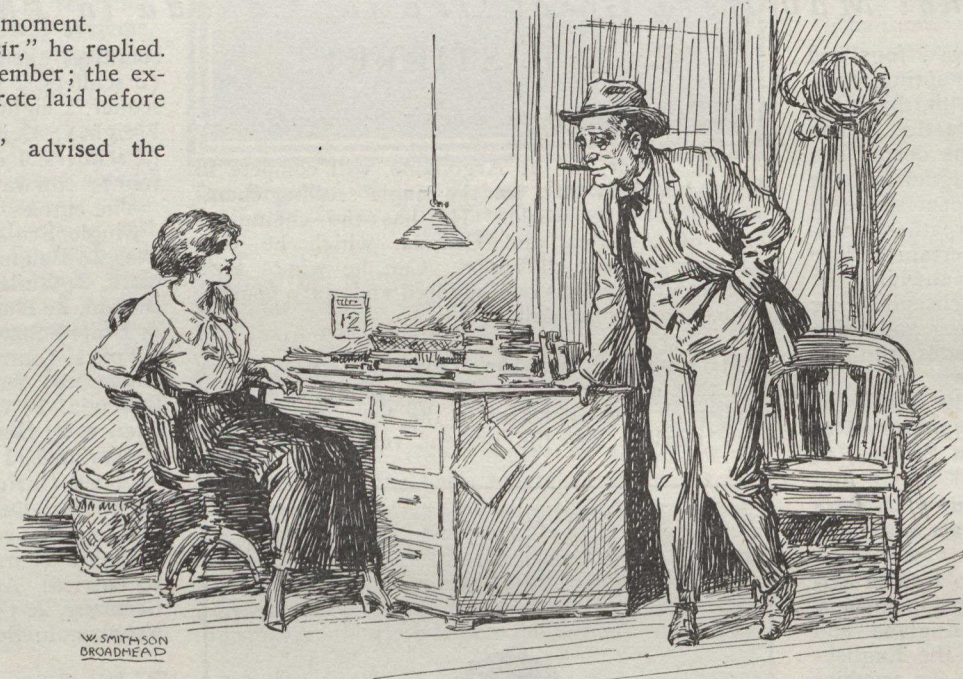
"It's the devil's own luck," said the other. "We have waited so long for this to go through, and now— But I'll be d—d if Gordon shall beat me out!"

Barrett shrugged his shoulders; he knew that his partner had other than business reasons for wishing to get the better of Gordon and that in this line of competition he had made little progress.

Dave Kennedy lit a fresh cigarette and closed his small green eyes to mere slits.

"Do you think that Gordon could have his quotations prepared by—er—say Thursday morning?"

The manner in which the question was put caused



Drawn by W. S. Broadhead.

"You look especially charming to-day," muttered the visitor. "In fact, I never saw you look sweeter—in fact, I don't care a d—er—hang whether Gordon comes back or not."

Barrett to look keenly at his partner's face. There was no need for further explanation—these two knew one another excellently well.

"Ah—yes—Thursday! Very likely! Only—only—you see, Moncton sticks so d— close to him!"

"The noon hour?" suggested Kennedy.

"It is worth trying," answered the other, after a pause. "Leave it to me, Dave, and in the meantime, let's have a drink to the success of the deal!"

"WELL, it's something to have accomplished it, even we have not had our seven hours' sleep for a couple of nights," announced Gordon, stretching his lean, muscular figure to its full length. "Better go home to bed, Arthur," he urged, "I shan't need you any more to-day."

"I don't think I care about leaving, unless you are going too," replied the young fellow. "It is after noon, now, and we have worked up all our figures. Couldn't you take forty winks and let us both be back here at three o'clock, just to see that we have the sheets in perfect shape?"

"The proposition appeals to me," Gordon said, smiling. "I verily believe I was waiting to be urged! Miss Hunton," he called to his stenographer, "we are going to try to catch up for two nights' lost sleep, and will be back at three o'clock."

Shortly after the two men had left, Reginald Barrett swayed into the office. He seemed disappointed at not finding Gordon and assured Miss Hunton that there was nothing she could do—he particularly wanted to see the contractor.

"If you are going to be alone, I will wait until

he comes," said Barrett, thickly. "May I smoke?"

The girl nodded assent. With something akin to alarm she noted his unmistakable condition and tried to think of a way to be rid of him.

"You look especially charming to-day," muttered the visitor; "in fact, I never saw you looking sweeter—in fact, I don't care a d—er—hang whether Gordon comes back or not!"

He pushed his chair from the desk and bent over her, but she rose quickly and ran to the door before he could prevent it. As he lunged unsteadily toward her, the girl uttered a frightened cry and fled swiftly down the corridor. Just then a gust of wind blew the outer office door shut, the spring lock caught—and Barrett was alone!

Instantly his manner changed. He made the distance between the desk and Gordon's private office in one leap. His eye, losing its indefinite, wavering glance, swiftly took in the details of the room. There were numbers of telegrams from cement and steel companies, there were pages covered with columns of neat figures, there were several drawings. But toward all these the man gave only a passing glance; he put his hand seemingly by instinct upon an envelope addressed to Newman, which was unsealed, and spread out the papers it contained, jotting down some notes, hurriedly.

The handle of the outer door turned, but refused to unlock. Barrett still wrote.

"She has no key," he muttered with satisfaction.

The door was rattled impatiently. "Let me in!" called a peremptory voice.

"Come in," answered the man inside, with maudlin affability. His head was bent low over the paper and his fingers flew.

The command was repeated angrily, accompanied by a jingling of keys.

Sliding the papers back into their envelope, Dave Kennedy's partner moved to the door and opened it.

"W'AT you want?" he demanded of the man who knocked. His manner, aided by his reputation and Miss Hunton's story, forced the other to jump at conclusions.

"I want you to get out—in a hurry," was the intruder's retort, "or I'll soon make you!"

"All right—jush you pleash—come back again—give m'love t'the lady!" called Barrett, swaggering down the corridor.

One afternoon early in the following week Gordon and his young assistant sat smoking in their office; business was suspended for the afternoon and disappointment was writ large on the faces of the two men. The Stony Bridge contract had been awarded to Kennedy.

"I simply can't understand it," said Arthur Moncton, for the fifth time. "It isn't possible that he could have underbid us."

"Not only possible but a certainty," replied Gordon, slowly. "For that is the only way he could have got it. I hope I don't flatter the firm, Moncton, when I say that Cleve had nothing against G. Gordon and Co."

"Oh, right you are," was the young man's prompt answer. "I know if the Chief could have given it to you, he would; but how a closer bid was possible beats me—I don't care who put it in!"

There was silence for a few moments, except for the click of the typewriter in the adjoining room. For some reason best known to herself, Miss Hunton had never mentioned the visit from Barrett—the only thing which would have thrown light on the puzzle Gordon was trying to solve. Presently Moncton spoke again.

"Are you going to take the cement contract?" he asked.

He had touched a sore spot and he knew it. Not only was the whole contract denied him, but an added hurt had been given him in the proposal Kennedy had just made—that he undertake the cement work under the rival firm.

Gordon laughed without much mirth.

"I suppose we may as well have a shot at it," he said. "Using the cement that Hudson is making—the man they discharged, you know—"

"They didn't discharge him," interrupted the other, "he told me he had a row with them over the specifications for the Landor Cut, and not caring about their methods, he left."

(Continued on page 28.)



Through A Monocle

THE SIN OF ANANIAS.

YOU may have noticed that an Atlantic City Councillor, who was lately proven guilty of "grafting," gave his reasons for yielding to temptation. The most significant was that he "only did what practically everybody else in the Council did at one time or another." That is, it was the usual thing. This is a statement which it is well worth our while to consider. If we permit a sort of concealed public opinion to grow up in our representative bodies, that all politicians are more or less corrupt, and that "every man has his price," we may be very sure that, sooner or later, the majority of chosen legislators will fall in line. It is hard for a man to be honest when he sees men all about him pocketing dishonest profits on the very "goods" he possesses; and sees, further, that this dishonesty, so far from losing them the respect of their fellows, appears to augment it. Where a member of Parliament, or a municipal Councillor or any other man in a position of trust, "gets rich quick" amidst a shower of winks and innuendoes, and still holds his position and the right to speak for the people, other men come to think themselves fools to remain poor, honest and—despised for lack of cleverness.

WHAT the people of this continent—especially—must do is absolutely to kill and bury the corrosive, cynical, insanely tolerant theory that we cannot expect our public representatives to serve the nation with a single mind. This is a false toleration which lowers our standards of public morals and degrades public life and opens the door to the grossest embezzlements and robberies. The public man is precisely the man whom we must not permit to step an inch aside from the straight path of honest-dealing and sensitive honour. Where we send a sneak-thief to jail for a year, we should send a public representative, guilty of a similar crime, to prison for life. The private thief has taken only our property; the public thief has dynamited a large part of the foundations of our system of government.

DID you ever stop to think why Ananias and Sapphira suffered "capital punishment" for a "white lie"? You must have been conscious of the fact that you tell bigger lies yourself every day; and yet Divine justice does not demand your life. Consider what it was that these two people did. They sold "a possession"—the presumption is that it was all they had—and gave by far the larger part of it to the Church. Wouldn't you think that an exceedingly generous act? Do such things happen often in your neighbourhood? But they did not

give it quite all to the Church. They kept some of it for themselves. And they had the vanity to pretend that they gave up the whole price. That was their "lie." If you happened to be building a church in your district, and one of your fellow worshippers did that, would you think him worthy of death? Certainly not. You would want to put in a stained-glass window to his honour, deeming it quite prudent in him that he kept back some of his "possessions." As for not mentioning it, that would surely be a trivial weakness in so generous a man.

BUT Ananias and Sapphira died for it. Why? Turn back a chapter or two, and read—"And all that believed were together, and had all things in common; and sold their possessions and goods and parted them to all men, as every man had need." And, again, "Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

HERE was a form of communism established; and it rested upon the complete good faith of the members of the young church. If any one of them pretended to sell all that he had and put it in the common fund, out of which he would draw as he had need, but kept back a part of his possessions for his private use, and this act of bad faith became known, the whole communistic structure would be undermined. He would have to be dealt with summarily and severely to prevent other members from taking the same canny precaution. If men were going to come on the common fund, while holding out a little purse of their own, the whole Apostolic plan would fall to the ground like a house of cards. Thus the sin of Ananias and Sapphira was not a "white lie," or even stealing a little money, but of laying dynamite at the foundation of the proposed system of Government. And the Divine penalty was death.

SURELY there is a hint here for us in our responsibility when dealing with betrayal of trust in high places. So far from cynically winking at it as what we have to expect from "politicians," and so regarding the taking of a "rake-off," or the pocketing of a little "graft," as a far less degrading and dangerous crime than burglary or pocket-picking, we should hold exactly the opposite view, and insist that a dollar stolen from the public by a public trustee is worse than a thousand dollars stolen from a private till by a dishonest clerk. The place

for a member of Parliament who takes a bribe in any form is the Penitentiary; and public opinion should make the very suspicion of betrayal of trust finally fatal to a public man.

WHAT we want to escape from is the era of cynicism regarding our elected representatives. It is the worst possible spirit we could permit to exist regarding them. Instead of expecting little and being agreeably disappointed when we get more, we ought to expect everything and act like astounded and mightily indignant people when we get less. A "politician"—so far from being a term of mild opprobrium—should be a badge of high honour; and no one suffers more from the fact that it is nothing of the kind than the foolish people who shrug their shoulders and think it "knowing" and clever to assume that all "politicians" are "on the make." THE MONOCLE MAN.

The High Cost of Living

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir,—To the convinced free trader who is also convinced that free trade is out of the question, the answer is still to seek. A glance at the ground plan of this Dominion might convince even the unwilling that, "the great first cause, least understood," of the high cost of living, is the idle holding of land by private or corporate owners.

Does society, which gives and protects the title, grant absolute and unconditional ownership to the individual? Or what does the grantee on his part undertake to do in return? Clearly the essence of the agreement is that he shall utilize the land to approximately the same extent that the surrounding land is utilized. And what then?

Why, then, it remains that society wake up and provide statutes to guide the land owner in carrying out his obligations under the contract.

From the reflections of a reader,

HANOVER.

C.P.A. at the Chateau Laurier

THE Canadian Press Association was re-engaged last week on its occasional business of rediscovering Canada. The convention of the C. P. A. this year was held in the Chateau Laurier, Ottawa. Now the Chateau was opened to the public only about a week before the Association arrived.

A few years ago the C. P. A. took a pre-railroad trip to Temiskaming before Cobalt was discovered or Porcupine dreamed of. Some years before that they explored the Canadian West before the Saskatchewan Valley was known to many but fur-traders and mounted police. They have jaunted through Quebec and the Maritime Provinces; seeing Canada wherever railroads or rivers run, and at the same time transacting business of great interest to the Association. On this recent trip to the Capital the C. P. A. toured Ottawa, visited Hull, inspected the great match-works of the Eddy Co., attended theatre parties and garden parties, and inspected Parliament Hill, all this being in addition to transacting business.

The Parliament of the Press Convening in the City of Parliaments



The Canadian Press Association in Convention Last Week at the Chateau Laurier in Ottawa.

REFLECTIONS: BY THE EDITOR

The Canadian Flag.

RATHER disconcerting indeed is the information that the Red Ensign, with the arms of the Dominion in the fly, is "intended to be used only by Canadian merchant vessels." Mr. Harcourt, secretary of state for the colonies, may be right in theory, but few of us will be inclined to accept his dictum in practice. We want to fly the Red Ensign with the Canadian arms on land as well as on sea. There is no other Canadian flag. If we desire to show ourselves Canadian by the use of a flag, there is no other which serves our purpose.

Moreover it is idle for Mr. Harcourt to maintain that all Canadians are Britishers. For example, if a Russian settles in Canada, becomes naturalized and goes to Great Britain, will he be considered a British subject? If he goes to Australia will he be entitled to all the rights of the British-born. He will not. And until he is, the British Government cannot expect that every Canadian will fly only the plain Union Jack and adhere to it as his flag.

Canada must have her own flag, and it must be one which she can use by both land and sea. A Canadian flag which may be used only by merchant vessels is not a Canadian flag in the broadest sense. Mr. Harcourt and the state officials in London had better revise their official rules. Canada will not be satisfied with a plain Union Jack. We want the Canadian arms shown in every flag we fly. We are Canadians as well as Britishers, and our flag must correctly represent us.

Ottawa's Ambition.

LAST week the members of the Canadian Press Association gathered at Ottawa for their annual meeting. This was a recognition that Ottawa is becoming more and more the social and intellectual centre of the Dominion. The meetings were well attended, a leading feature being the presence of a considerable body of French-speaking journalists from the Province of Quebec. Indeed, the gathering was exceptionally "national," in the broadest meaning of the term.

At the banquet, tendered by the corporation of the city of Ottawa, the importance of the city as a national centre was duly impressed upon the members of the convention. Mayor Hopewell spoke most convincingly and indicated that they hoped more and more to make Ottawa a model city. Not only is it to be architecturally handsome as befitting the capital city of the new northern power on this continent, but it is to be a city whose social and intellectual influence will radiate throughout the country. Its city planning is to be such that its homes will be preservative of health, morals and stamina.

Perhaps the Ottawa people do not take as broad a view of the city's future as do Mayor Hopewell and other leading citizens. Some of the talk as to its future was rather puerile. Nevertheless this meeting of the Press Association indicates that Ottawa is gaining ground. It is becoming more than a parliamentary city. It is acquiring a broader dignity, a broader importance, and twenty-five years hence may be as important socially and intellectually as Toronto and Montreal are to-day.

The Billion Dollar Period.

AT this same gathering, the Hon. W. T. White, in his banquet speech, pointed out that Canada had entered upon the Billion Dollar Period. The foreign trade of Canada for 1912-13 will reach the billion dollar mark. The deposits in the chartered banks were now over a billion dollars. The railway capitalization was over a billion and a half dollars. The investment in Canadian manufacturing was up to the billion mark. The days of millions have gone; the days of billions have arrived.

This is a new way of indicating the progress of the country—the wonderful and insistent progress of a country which is marching to greatness at a speed which makes the ordinary optimist feel his hair rising. As Mr. White pointed out, when we consider that any one of the three provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, is larger than modern Germany, we can stretch our imagination as far as we like concerning the future. All that

is required is that the people should exercise foresight and intelligence in nation-planning and nation-building, and Canada will become, if not the first, at least the second English-speaking nation of the world. Mr. White painted broadly on the canvas, but not too broadly. We shall realize all that is ours by heritage and possibility if we build wisely.

The Canadian Navy.

THOSE who believe in a Canadian parliament, Canadian courts, Canadian foreign trade, and a Canadian army, must believe in a Canadian navy. At best, a cash-contribution policy is but temporary; and many of those who favoured a cash contribution are in favour of a Canadian navy as a permanent policy.

Wealth is not the only important thing in national life. A nation may be rich and yet play a small part in the world drama. Brains, skill, courage, foresight, intelligence, physique—these are the attributes which count in international diplomacy, commerce and warfare. The man is the badge of the nation. As the Canadian militia system is intended to develop the man as a land-defender, so a Canadian navy would develop the man as a sea-defender. The one is the complement of the other.

A Canadian navy is more than ships. It includes dry docks, ship-yards, coaling stations, arsenals, coastal defences, naval volunteers or militia, training ships and war vessels. It is a complex institution for training citizens in the art of national defence against attack from the sea. It is the insurance which Canada must pay for the maintenance of its good name within the Empire.

Surely we are not a nation of money-grubbers or Red Indians, willing to trust the defence of our country to treaties which we cannot enforce, to Monroe doctrines, or fortuitous circumstances. There can be no national pride in that.

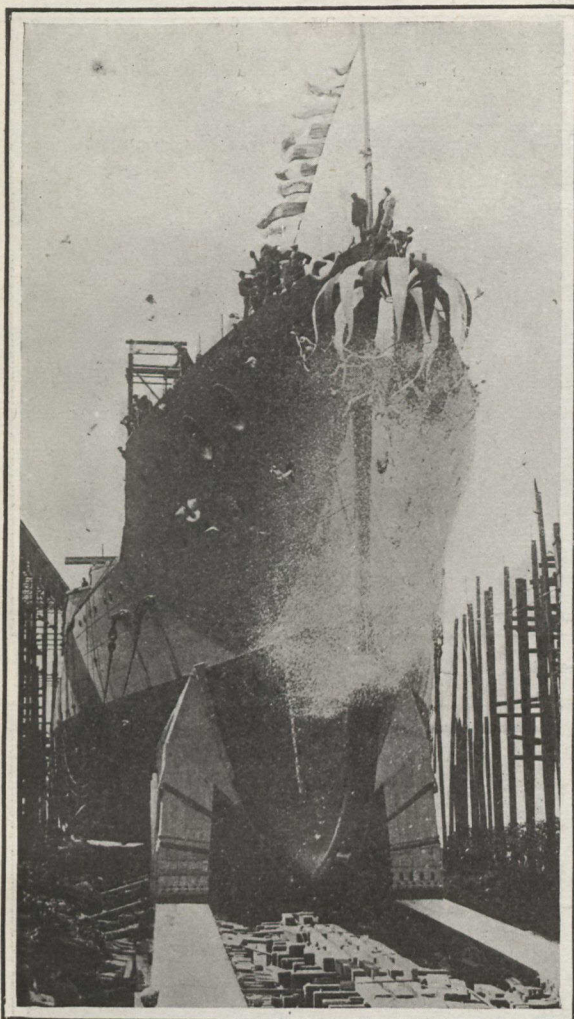
If the British Empire is to remain the leading exponent of high-minded western civilization, each of its component parts must be strong, self-reliant and capable. Every link in the chain of Empire must be well forged. Every unit must be able to offer equal resistance. A Canadian fleet unit on the Pacific and a Canadian fleet unit on the Atlantic are as necessary as an Australian fleet unit or a New Zealand fleet unit.

How Even Amusements Affect the High Cost of Living



In the Old Days Mrs. Timmins Had a Quilting Bee which Afforded Her Friends and Neighbours Plenty of Diversion, Chit-chat and Recreation, Besides Contributing to the Welfare of the Community. In 1912 Mr. and Mrs. Timmins Have Bridge Parties which— But Why Expose Mrs. Timmins When the Society Editor Doesn't? Drawn by W. S. Broadhead.

A WEEK'S MEDLEY OF DOINGS IN OLD ENGLAND



Japanese Battle Cruiser "Kongo," Launched at Barrow, Scotland. Cost \$10,000,000; Displacement 27,500 tons



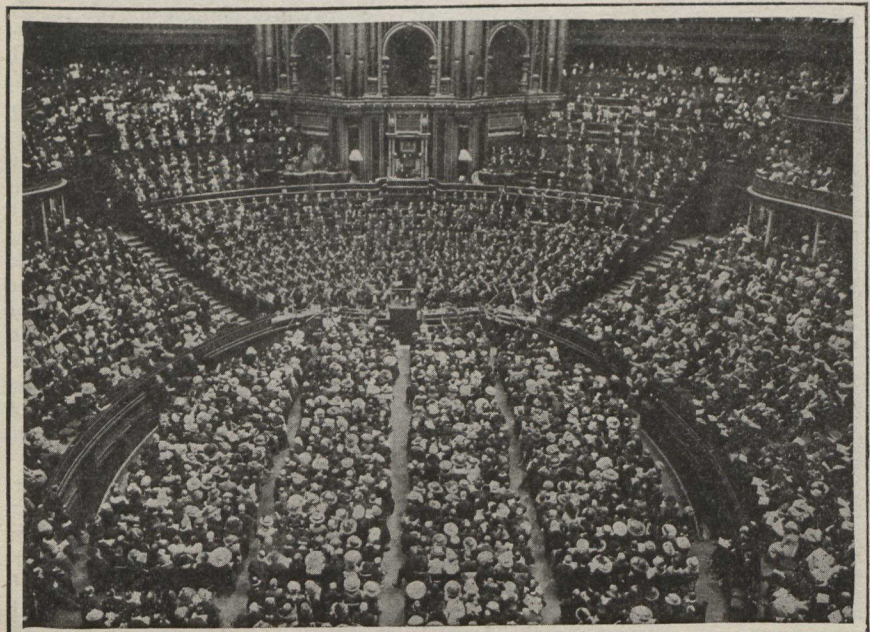
Part of an Enormous Crowd of Transport Workers Addressed on Tower Hill by Harry Gosling, of the Transport Workers' Federation, and Mr. W. Godfrey, of the Car-men's Union.



Mr. Ben Tillett and Mr. Harry Gosling, Labour Leaders, at the Government Inquiry into the Transport Strike.



Canadian Cadets in London Practising to Represent Canada in the Rifle Meeting for Imperial Cadets. Left to Right—Sergt. Merrick, Toronto; Sergt. Huggins, Hamilton; Lieut. Heakes, Toronto; Corp. Mathews, Brantford; Cadet Fox, Toronto.

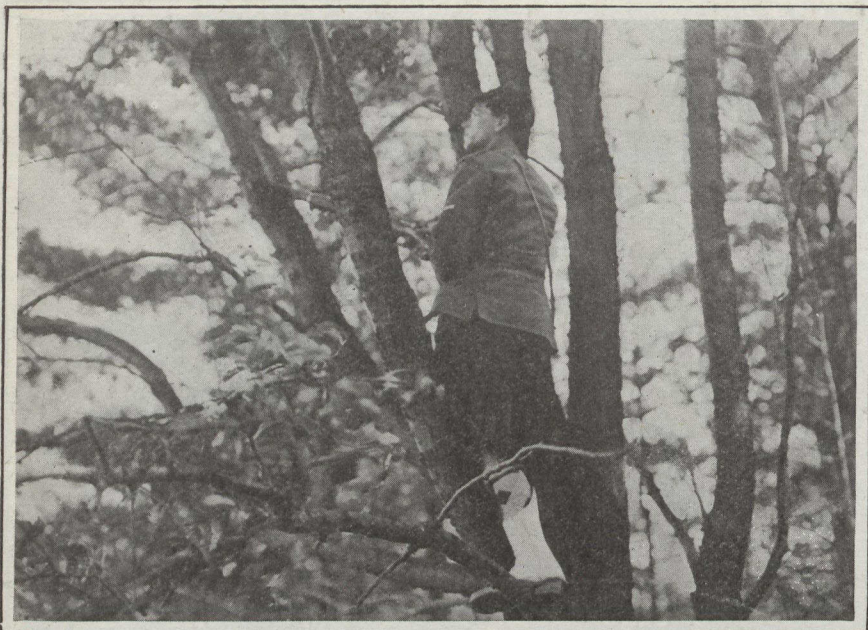


10,000 People in Albert Hall Listened to Sir Henry Wood's Orchestra of 500 Players in Memory of the Titanic Bandmen.



1,000 Children Leaving London to Take Part in the Great International Music Festival, of Which Dr. A. S. Vogt, From Toronto, was a Distinguished Auditor. Photos by Topical and L. N. A.

Scenes From the Summer Camp at Niagara



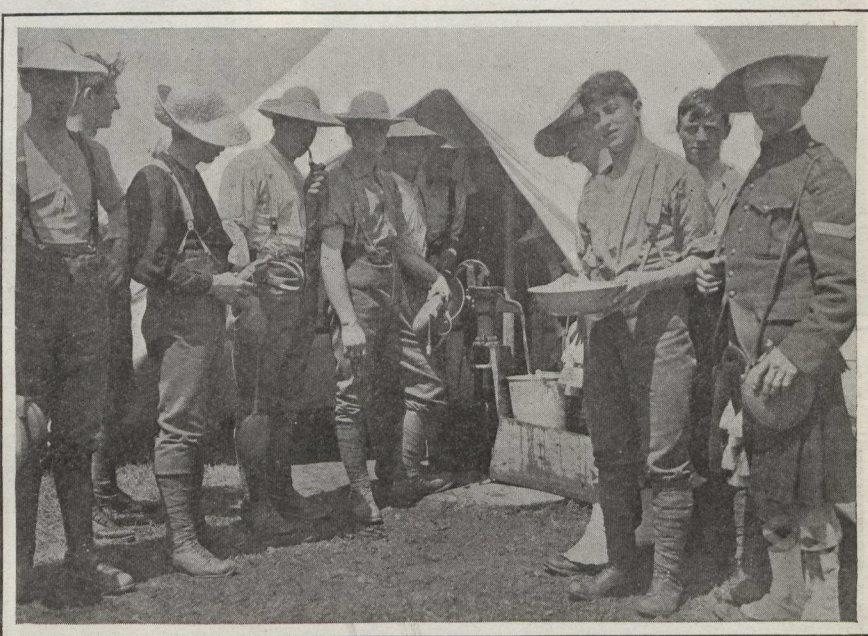
Canny Highlander up a Tree in the Sham Battle Manoeuvre.



Whist! One Good Ear's as Good as Ten Poor Ones—in Sham Battle Scouting.



Rushing the "Growler" After the Sham Battle. Strictly H₂O.



At the Wash-up the Boys are Loud in Praise of the New Hats.

A City, a Church, and a Congress

THE first general congress of any church ever held in Edmonton was the Presbyterian General Assembly, which convened in the once fur-post frontier town last week. Hundreds of delegates went from all over Canada to the young city which in 1897 was practically unknown to the outer world, and by many of those who went by the overland route to the Yukon was regarded as the last jumping-off place in Canada.

Up till 1901 Edmonton had never seen a train, and till 1905 was not on a main line. The town which in 1901 had about 2,000 population, one iron bridge and a cable ferry, has become a city of between 30,000 and 40,000, entered by two trans-continental roads, with a million-dollar bridge being built by the other railway to connect with Strathcona, which will then be part of greater Edmonton.

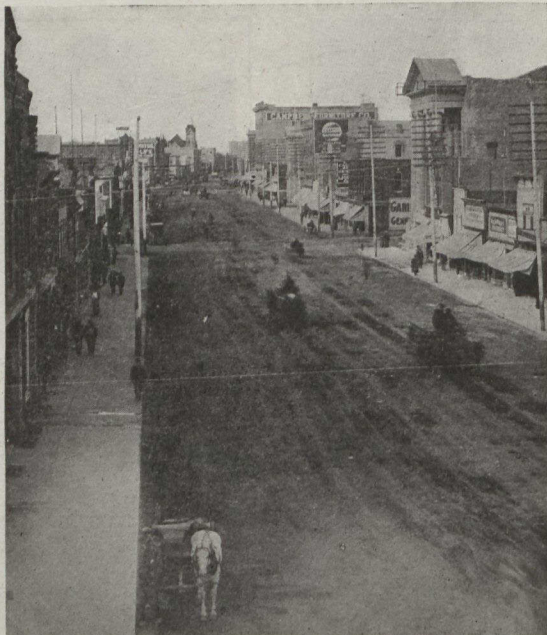
The city of the first General Assembly north of Winnipeg has under completion one of the finest Parliament buildings in Canada, a municipal street railway that pays, other public utilities, and a form of single tax. In 1901 Edmonton had five small churches. In 1912 she is a young city of churches. Eleven years ago the congregation in whose new church the General Assembly was held last week worshipped in an old wooden church, whose pastor was the Rev. D. G. McQueen, now the new Moderator-elect. In 1900 some strenuous conferences were held in the old church between some of the "old-timers" and the newcomers, on the alleged foolhardiness of buying land on the main street and building a church to cost \$20,000. The progressives won. Following summer the poplars were cut down, the excavation made and the walls went up. The new church was opened early in 1902. Six years later the congregation was offered a thousand dollars a foot for the site. The offer was refused. A year or two later the price was

boosted still further. For a sum aggregating more than six times the cost of the 1901 church and site, the congregation of 1911 sold out and built a second new church, larger and more costly than the first.

The new Moderator, Rev. Dr. D. G. McQueen, is one of the pathfinders in the West. He dates back to 1887, when in the old wooden church he

succeeded Rev. Andrew Baird, the pioneer pastor who used to write choice editorials for the *Edmonton Bulletin*, and afterwards went on the faculty of Manitoba College. Dr. McQueen knows even more about the West than did his late pioneer colleague, Rev. Dr. Robertson, who went off the trails before new Canada really began. Before the C. and E. railway went up from Calgary he used to drive his old speckled horse "Jim" on the 200-mile trail between the cow-town and the fur-post. He has been at the head of the forward church movement in Alberta; the dogged inspiration to hundreds of young "theologs" for whom he helped to buy bronchos to go over the mission trails. He stands for the old-fashioned way of uncompromising righteousness in Church and State. As Moderator of the General Assembly and a real old-timer in the West, he well represents the sturdiest elements of character that made the little old wooden kirk on the river bank a mightily inspiring place in the days of the Red River carts. Many of the old guard are still living. There remain of that old congregation at least John McDougall, once the fur-buyer; Alex. Fraser, lumber man; Donald Ross, gardener and old forty-niner; Phil Heimnck, real estate operator; Fred Ross, hardware merchant and land dealer; Hon. Frank Oliver, and many others, whom the Presbyterian General Assembly might have delighted to honour.

These pioneers have lived to see the bank clearings of Edmonton, including Strathcona, grow in a few years from nothing at all to \$83,091,989 in five months (January to May, 1912); building permits for the same period to \$5,143,307; street railway passengers carried for the same period in 1911, 2,008,577, with a revenue to the city of \$84,721; homestead entries, 2,452—the only department not showing a large percentage of increase over 1911.



Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, before the Street Railway was Built. At the Far End of the Street May be Seen the Church Built in 1901 and Sold in 1910.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

The Girl Graduate.

IN the rosy month of June, woman may fairly claim the centre of the social stage. During the last few years, most young women who are contemplating matrimony manage to have the ceremony take place in June, hoping for the sunshine which is supposed to foretell happiness. There may be a fair future ahead of the bride of April or September; but, in order to invoke the choicest blessings of Hymen, the wedding should take place in the month sacred to Juno. However, the bride is not the only girl to know an eminent position in the first of summer days. The girl graduate is also in the foreground, and seems to consider her hard-won diploma quite as worth while as a marriage certificate. The styles for graduating gowns are hardly as carefully studied as the bridal array, but, even when the particular graduate has taken a university course, she is not entirely indifferent to the fashions for Commencement Day.

We wonder sometimes what will be the educational status of woman fifty years from now. The latter half of the Nineteenth Century saw such a startling change in the ideal of feminine training and educational equipment that we have reason for many a wild surmise. Most of us can remember what a sensation the early women graduates from 'Varsity created. When a small town was the home of the girlish "Bachelor of Arts," she was regarded as a being of astonishing intellectual powers, rather removed from the ordinary feminine vanities and weaknesses. The feminine members of our university classes have become so numerous that a degree is no longer considered awe-inspiring, and the 'Varsity girl does not take herself with undue seriousness. It is noticeable that woman has arranged even the university work to suit her especial tastes. The Modern Language Department is her peculiar field for honour work, and her success in Mathematics and Classics is comparatively rare. Domestic Science will eventually prove "the" woman's course—greatly to man's comfort and reassurance.

Aviation for Women.

FLYING is likely to become a popular pastime—but it will be a slow process. The women of France and the United States are, so far, the most distinguished in the air races. Miss Harriet Quimby, who is an American by birth, has won the honour of being the first woman to fly her own aeroplane across the English Channel. Miss Quimby is said to be a dramatic critic, as well as an aviator—or should we have a feminine form, aviatrix? After she alighted in the friendly land of France, Miss Quimby was surrounded by a host of eager citizens who demanded her autograph. So, the victorious lady, calmly seating herself on the beach, proceeded to dispense autographs by the score, which were proudly carried off as the signature of the flying lady.

There is not one Canadian woman who has distinguished herself by flights to the firmament; but Miss Grace Mackenzie, a daughter of Sir William Mackenzie, became the wife of Count de Lesseps, who was in the front rank of aviators. The wife of a sailor has an anxious time while her husband is away on a voyage; but her life must be undisturbed in comparison with that of the aviator's wife. To watch for the returning sail is not always a heartening occupation; but to strain one's eyes for the descending aeroplane must be a nerve-wracking experience.

The successful American girl designed her own costume, which is necessarily without frills or furbelows. After surveying its severe and leathery plainness, the average girl will probably be

content with safer joys than aviation and proceed to order pin-tucked frocks for the summer dances and white shoes for all festive occasions.

The Vogue of White.

SPEAKING of white, I suppose everyone has noticed that the white gown is more fashionable than ever before, and that white shoes are displayed by the windowful. This generation has become so accustomed to white for wedding attire that it is difficult to believe that blue, pink, mauve and even green were worn by the brides of fifty years ago, although white was the favourite colour. It is said that the ill-fated Mary Stuart was the first bride to wear an all-white costume, on the occasion of her marriage to the Dauphin of France—and, in her case, it was an ill-omened garb.

This summer white is to be worn in almost all fabrics, from the most sturdy serge to the filmiest lace. The lace gown, indeed, is in great favour, and happy is the maiden who can afford Limerick or Carrickmacross. Then there is a bewildering variety of white shoes, the daintiest of which are fastened with crystal buttons. But white shoes are a snare. Unless you possess a foot of "medium" or small dimensions, do not experiment with the snowy-white shoe. It has a way of "spreading" in aspect, until, to the horrified wearer, her foot appears at least two sizes larger than it looks in black suede.

Warnings and Premonitions.

EVER since the dark week of the *Titanic* tragedy we have been hearing of those who were warned not to take that boat or of those who were afraid something was going to happen. While one does not wish to discard as unreliable the sense of coming disaster, it is just as well to remember how often our fears have proved groundless. A nervous person is quite sure that evil is going to befall him if he sets out across a crowded street or on a long journey. How often have you gone on an expedition with a foreboding that some unpleasant affair was going to spoil it, only to return joyous and unharmed. There are some natures peculiarly sensitive to premonition, but most of us healthily laugh off our own nervous fears. It is infinitely better so, even if it means occasional hazard. As Stevenson tells us,

it is better for life to go down in full foam over a precipice than to be straggled out over a delta.

The Queen of Denmark.

THE death of King Frederick of Denmark and the accession of his son to the throne of that picturesque peninsula has raised to the position of queen consort a princess of the royal house of Mecklenburg. The House of Mecklenburg has two branches, each of which is usually represented on a throne of Europe.

The neighbouring country of Holland will also have a Mecklenburger upon its throne in the next generation, for the small Princess Juliana, only child of Queen Wilhelmina, is the daughter of a Prince of Mecklenburg, and when she comes to the rulership of the Netherlands, she will be the first of the new Mecklenburg dynasty in the Land of Dykes. The new Queen of Denmark is charming and youthful in appearance, and is said to have a decided fondness for pretty gowns and gorgeous jewels.

CANADIENNE.



Queen Alexandrina, the New Queen of Denmark.

Winnipeg June Brides



Miss Amy Taylor, Wedding Mr. Frederick Alward Lawson.



Miss Donna Nichols, to be the Wife of Mr. Francis Norman Ruttan.



Miss Melicent Gill, who will be Married to Dr. William Seymour Hunt.



Miss Lottie MacArthur, Bride-elect of Mr. Leonard Robinson.

"Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go."

THIS couplet is proving its raison d'etre in connection with a charming group of Winnipeg June brides, the same herewith depicted. For the month of roses and bird-flitting has arrived and "the heart of a man to the heart of a maid"—Kipling's phrase—has proved to be the law in Winnipeg as, no doubt, it has "the wide world over."

Miss Lottie MacArthur, whose marriage to Mr. Leonard Robinson, formerly of Brockville, is announced to take place on June 19th, is a popular Winnipeg daughter who will reside in Nipegon.

Miss Brenda Newton is a pretty bride-elect whose marriage to Mr. Ralph Douglas will be solemnized in Holy Trinity Church, on June 26th. Miss Newton, too, leaves Winnipeg and will live in Edmonton.

A young and dainty bride whom Winnipeg will not lose, is Miss Donna Nichols, who will be united in wedlock to Mr. Francis Norman Ruttan, son of Col. and Mrs. Ruttan, on June 19.

Miss Margaret Jukes, a pretty, fair maid who has been a social favourite since debut last October,



Miss Brenda Newton, Bride of Mr. Ralph Douglas.

will be married on June 12 to Mr. Eustace Alexander Brock, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brock. Vancouver will be the young couple's future home.

Miss Amy Taylor, a charmer in musical circles, wedded with Mr. Frederick Alward Lawson, on June 4th. The pair will reside in Winnipeg.

Miss Melicent Gill, daughter of Canon and Mrs. Gill, will celebrate her nuptials on June 12. The groom is Dr. William Seymour Hunt, of Port Arthur, son of Mr. C. B. Hunt, of London, Ont. Her home, subsequently, will be Port Arthur.

"How soft she came! The snowy veil was riven
Midway before her brow a tiny space.
Her eyes looked forth like stars from out the heaven
Of her sweet face.

"Drooping, yet unafraid, the shining fringes
Of each white lid upswerved in sweet wise—
As gates of pearl swing back by golden hinges
On Paradise.

"My bride—my virgin—my wind-wafted blossom!
My little one beloved beyond all name!
Along my life and deep into my bosom,
How soft she came!"

Hymen as Touching Ottawa

Coristine-Bate Wedding

ONE of the most charming weddings witnessed in Ottawa for some time was that of Miss Morna Bate, second daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel H. Allan Bate and Mrs. Bate, to Mr. James William Coristine, of Montreal.

The ceremony took place in All Saints' Church, and the Rev. A. W. Mackay officiated. The bride was given away by her grandfather, Sir Henry Bate, K.C.M.G., and was attended by her sister, Mrs. Fred. Peters, of Winnipeg, as matron of honour, and by Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, Miss Katie Christie (a cousin of the bride), Miss Hilda Murphy and Miss Beatrice Coristine (sister of the groom), as bridesmaids. The best man was Mr. Blair Russell, of Montreal, and the ushers were Capt. Pat Edwards, Mr. Hugh Fraser, Mr. Montague Bate (brother of the bride)—all of Ottawa, and Mr. Dalziel Browne, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Coristine left for New York, where they will embark on "The Baltic."

Bate-Walters Wedding

A QUIETER, but exceptionally pretty, wedding, transpired at All Saints' Church, on Monday, June 3rd. The principals were Miss Dorothy Maude, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. MacDonald Walters, and grand-daughter of the late Joseph Doutre, K.C., of Montreal, and Mr.



The Coristine-Bate Wedding—Bridal Party. Bottom Row, Left to Right—Miss Christie, Mr. Coristine (Groom), Mrs. Coristine (Bride), Mrs. Peters and Miss Murphy. Next Row—Miss Coristine, Mr. Russell, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Browne and Miss Kirkpatrick. Top Row—Mr. Bate and Captain Edwards.

Llewellyn Newell Bate, youngest son of Sir Henry Bate, K.C.M.G., of Ottawa.

The bride, who is noted for her beauty, was attended by Miss Katie Christie, niece of the groom, and by her sister, Miss Claire Walters. Mr. Robert Hurdman supported the groom and the ushers were Mr. Cecil Doutre, uncle of the bride, and Mr. Gerald McIntyre.

Upon their return from the Continent, Mr. and Mrs. Bate will winter at Trennick House, the stately residence of Sir Henry Bate.

Lady Evelyn Grey to Wed

A QUONDAM daughter of Ottawa, of foremost rank, namely, Lady Evelyn Grey, youngest daughter of Earl Grey, for so many years the honoured and efficient Governor-General of Canada, and the hospitable host at Rideau House, is announced, officially, to be engaged to wed with Lawrence Jones, a rising young barrister of London, son of Sir L. Jones, of Fakenham.

Lady Evelyn is affectionately remembered in Ottawa for her enthusiastic interest in the Trophy Competitions instituted by her father for the encouragement of native talent in the provinces of music and drama.

The bride-to-be is a niece of Lady Minto, and is also the second Evelyn to have lived at Rideau House, the former being the daughter of Lord Lansdowne.



Passenterie and Chiffon Composed This Mantle.

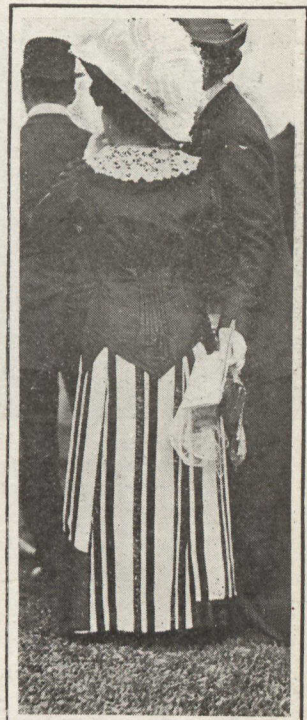


An Injudicious Wind Over-Billowed a Panniered Skirt.

ILLUSTRATING TORONTO'S ANNUAL FASHION FETE AT THE WOODBINE. FANFARE AND COLOUR WERE THE ORDER IN SPIRITS AND COSTUME



Tailor-mades Contributed Much Trigness.



Mrs. Smith, of New York, Was Semi-patriotic.



An Elegant Compromise with the Pannier.



H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught and Miss Pelly.



Exotics, Real and Embroidered, Lent Their Charm.



A Cloak that Hinted the Influence of the Durbar.



Rich Gowns Peeped from Enveloping Wraps.



The Rembrandt Hat A-top Appropriate Quaintness.



Mrs. Cawthra Mulock's Empire Gown.



Another View of a Charming Diaphanous Wrap.



Dr. Margaret Gordon and Mrs. Hamilton, of Toronto, on the Right and Left, and Mrs. Tilley, of London, in the Centre—All Active Members of the National Council.



On the Right, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, Toronto, Corresponding Secretary of National Body. And Mrs. Joseph Marshall, a London Lady, Prominent in That City's Local Council.



Representative Trio—Mrs. Torrington, Toronto, on Extreme Left; Mrs. Ritchie, Halifax, an Energetic Delegate, in the Centre; and Mrs. Perry, President of the West Algoma Council.

National Council of Women

Mirroring Its Nineteenth Annual Meeting in London

By MARGARET WALKER

"THE Hospitable" is the sobriquet which London has abundantly earned just lately. Her provision for the reception as well as entertainment of the National Council of Women of Canada during its nineteenth annual congress was hearty, complete and admirable in every way. That centre was chosen largely in deference to "London's grand old lady," Mrs. Harriet Boomer, who is president of the London Local Council.



Mrs. George Watt, Brantford, Ont., Treasurer National Council.

Particularly is credit due when it is remembered that H. R. H. the Duchess of Connaught paid the assemblage a visit on May 29th, accompanied by the Princess Patricia. H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught also was present in the city, to honour the unveiling of the citizens' monument erected to the Boer War heroes.

The city's noble welcome was a threefold one—civic, ecclesiastic and scholastic. The Mayor, Mr. Graham, bestowed the freedom of the city, the Bishop of Huron conferred the freedom of the churches, and the Principal of the Normal School extended the heartiest co-operation on behalf of both himself and the teaching staff. Mrs. Boomer's splendid address included a letter from Lady Aberdeen, first president of the National organization. It was flowery in this that it spoke of a pretty provision for boutonnières for the whole of the delegation. Accordingly, dainty nosegays tied with the Council's special shades of blue did honour to the visit of the Royal Duchess later. "Altior," her own motto, left to the National Council, concluded the letter of thanks to Lady Aberdeen.

The delegation was an extremely large and representative one and debate sparked with the life of a *National* interest. Notably brilliant were some Torontonians. Indeed, Toronto has reason to congratulate herself on being the home city of several of the foremost and ablest of the officers of the body. The President for Canada is Mrs. Torrington, wife of Dr. Torrington, well known in musical circles—who possesses in a happy amplitude the presidential graces, authority, tact and "savoir faire." The two capable secretaries, corresponding and recording, are, respectively, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings and Mrs. Plumtre, both Toronto women, the latter, wife of the Rector of St. James'. Mrs. Archibald Huestis, president of the Toronto Local Council, was frequently heard during the discussions that arose day after day and, by virtue of her practical views, most lucidly expressed, elicited an unvarying commendation. The good-will of the London people was magnificently expressed in the large gatherings that nightly attended the general public meetings.

Needs vital to the prosperity of the nation and questions of an urgency not this time to be waived were discussed



Their Excellencies of Connaught Received at the Station, London. The Elderly Lady at the Right is Mrs. Boomer.

with an intensity of ardour and eloquence in a long series of practical business sessions.

The question of caring for feeble-minded women and children was dealt with—a problem introduced some eighteen years ago by Mrs. Tilley, whose picture appears herewith. Reference was made to Dr. Helen MacMurphy's statistics, revealing officially the many appalling conditions prevalent among this class. The Council decided to make a strong appeal to the Legislature for the prompt establishment of separate institutions and for

special provision for the teaching of the young, whereby criminal tendencies may positively be stayed and mental and moral growth stimulated.

Debate was waged both hot and long over the question of admitting Sikh women into the West. Eastern delegates argued for the rights of the Hindus as fellow subjects under the British flag. Vancouver advocated the shutting of Sikh women out, advancing the information that the central school of that city is now exclusively attended by Oriental children and quoting the dissatisfaction of Western parents. Winnipeg pointed out the error of segregation as a hindrance to the new-comers' naturalization and told a pretty story of "Canadians All" of a Manitoba school of many races. The upshot was the passing of a sensible resolution to ask the Dominion Government either to permit Sikh women to join their male relatives here, or to repatriate Sikh men.

This year the anti-white slave traffic workers had a noble mouth-piece and veteran agitator in the person of Mr. W. A. Coote, of the National Vigilance Association, England. Mr. Coote has just recently, after years of arduous work, succeeded in establishing an international bureau. That Canada signed the treaty some five years ago was an item of news to many a foremost member. One clause provided for the official guarding of the usual points of danger, such as railway stations, employment bureaux and the like, in which regard nothing has as yet been done. Mr. Coote, for the splendid work which he has achieved, has received decoration at the hands of three countries, namely, Spain, Germany and France.

Patriotism in its very noblest form, which is humanitarianism, struck the keynote of the great foregathering. And this sentiment was emphasized in that it was shared in by the foremost woman of the land, the gracious Duchess, and by her charming daughter, the Princess. Their Highnesses were the recipients of several handsome bouquets, which with characteristic thoughtfulness they later on presented to the patients in Victoria Hospital.

And so ended the annals of perhaps the weightiest congress on record since the inception of the Council in 1893.

Well worthy of comment before we close, however, was the total absence of friction in the personal form. Dignity was conspicuous even during the most earnest debates.

All of which goes to prove that the National Council of Women of Canada is too big for petty altercation. The members, obviously, realize the oneness of the body, and when such an organization realizes that its objects—the emancipation and coronation of woman, the preservation of the national health, the education and redemption of the native down-trodden and the stranger—bid fair to see the grand day of realization.

The efforts of the membership have achieved, in the above regards, a foundation which already promises a magnificent super-structure, and not too great praise can the nation accord the Council—not only its splendid executive group, but also its unwearied rank and file—for the superb successes which it has accomplished.



After the Arrival of Their Royal Highnesses, the Duke, Duchess and Princess, at the Normal School, London. Mayor Graham Reading the Welcoming Address.

The Matinee Girl

By Margaret Bell

Her First Interview.

GUS THOMAS has produced a new play, "When It Comes Home," later changed to "The Model," which shows the difference in one point of view, between the French and Americans. The play was "tried on the dog" Easter week, with Chicago as the dog. As I chanced to be there, I ran over to the Illinois theatre, one afternoon, to see which of the critics to believe. The exceptional excellence of every member of the cast impressed me, but particularly of Gail Kane, the leading lady. It had been simply a case of storming the fortress and marching in triumphant.

After the play, when the lobby was filled with extravagant epithets, hurled by the playgoers, as they awaited their carriages, I stole back through the alley leading from Jackson Boulevard to the stage entrance. The model was sitting on a trunk, wringing her hands in tearful anticipation of her first interview. Her little doll-room was full of all kinds

character with all those finer attributes usually not credited to an artist's model. Gus Thomas must have looked long and carefully before deciding on so excellent a type to fill the role. Let us hope she never becomes blasé.

A Canadian Returned.

SOONER or later, they all come back, and show the home land that they can go abroad and make good. The latest to return from Thespian conquests is Miss Aileen Barr, who has spent the last six or seven years with the F. R. Benson Company, in Shakespearean repertoire. Miss Barr is the daughter of Mr. J. R. Barber, of Georgetown, Ontario, and is contemplating a summer of work in the Toronto Conservatory School of Expression. She has a beautiful speaking voice, with the real mellowness of the English artist, a keen-edged sword of humour, which comes to her rescue in all struggles of practicality, a whole storehouse of wit, and plenty of repartee.

It was my good fortune to meet Miss Barr, the other day, and hear her discuss the difference between English and American theatricals.

"The American stellar system has a tendency to make for inferior acting on the part of many of the minor characters. The star is usually a high-priced artist, who gobbles up all the profits, and may be averse to having many other good members in the cast. Sothorn and Marlowe are, I believe, exceptions to this rule. They invariably surround themselves with the best possible talent. I am speaking of the ordinary companies in America which are headed by a star. America is so very commercial, you know, the same spirit is apt to creep into the theatre."

Her face lighted up at mention of the subject which interests her most. She hugged her knees, almost ecstatically, I was going to say, and looked across the expanse of memory, as if living anew her life before the lights. In a moment, the pent-up feeling came rushing forward, and a great sigh told of the escape.

"It's such a relief to be able to talk shop to your heart's content, isn't it? Usually I make it a rule never to mention anything pertaining to shop, but there is not one of us who, deep down in our hearts, does not enjoy it. I wonder if you would like to know how I first met Mr. Benson?"

VERY naturally, my enthusiasm bubbled over. For it had been whispered to me that Miss Barr could relate a number of interesting incidents if she found herself in the correct mood. Evidently the mood was playing its part to perfection.

"I had had no training whatever for the stage. Nerve alone was to be my teacher, and believing it best always to be on the most friendly terms possible with all my teachers, I took this one along with me, when I went to call on Mr. Benson. It was Monday afternoon, and the valet was arranging the week's costumes in Mr. Benson's dressing-room. Mr. Benson himself was rehearsing. I approached the valet, who, I learned later, was a very important member of the Benson regime. I confided my ambitions to him. He was most lavish in advice, and asked me if I was interested in sports. Fortunately, I had ridden a great deal, played hockey some, and could fence rather well. The valet was profuse in his encouragement. That would have great weight with Mr. Benson. And so it happened. When I finally did gain access to him, after the lapse of two hours, the first thing he asked me was could I fence. I rehearsed all my accomplishments, and soon afterwards entered the company."

Miss Barr also played Nerissa to Ellen Terry's Portia, and tells an interesting story about Miss Terry's absent-mindedness. Miss Barr carried the play to the stage, in the trial scene, and Miss Terry seeing it, promptly forgot her lines. It was Miss Barr's duty to coach her during every speech.

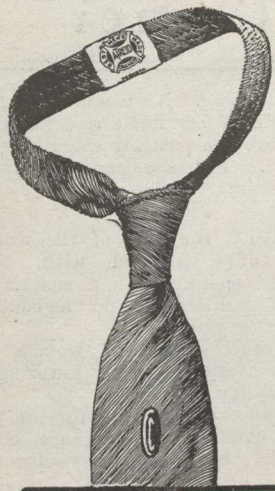


Gail Kane, starring in "When It Comes Home."

of nameless feminisms, mostly pink and fluffy. It would be absolutely impossible to describe them. And, anyway, one would not spend much time in contemplation of the feminisms, when the bit of femininity was there herself, looking radiant beneath her grease paint.

"DO you know, I used to dream of this moment," she said, in a kind of rapturous whisper, clasping her hands together, and looking far across the three-foot expanse to the other wall of the dressing room. "I would be a star, and people from papers would come and interview me. I would have a whole list of answers at my tongue's end. By the way, I asked the manager, before you came in, what you were most likely to ask. He told me to be able to tell you my favourite actress, whether I prefer poodles to Pomeranians, how I happened to go on the stage, and what is my pet hobby. Now, how can I tell you that I simply adore sewing, if you do not ask me what I like to do? And, somewhere, in an indiscriminate muddle in my head, is an answer to all those things, but ten to one, if you asked me who is my favourite actress, I should say a Pomeranian, and whether I liked a poodle better than a Pomeranian, I might say 'Julia Marlowe!' But you haven't asked me, so it is not much wonder I go on and on, making my words form themselves into a veritable steeplechase."

The fingers seemed to have lost some of their nervousness, and the trunk gradually grew more comfortable. She was so dreadfully young, you know. She had just been out of school a year and a half, and still clung to her class yells and fudge parties, as any enthusiastic girl should. She was, without exception, the most ravishing thing I ever looked at, on the mimic earth. Tall, dark, with perfectly moulded features, and quiet, dignified bearing, she made out of the model Louise, a girl, not only the acme of grace and charm, but a



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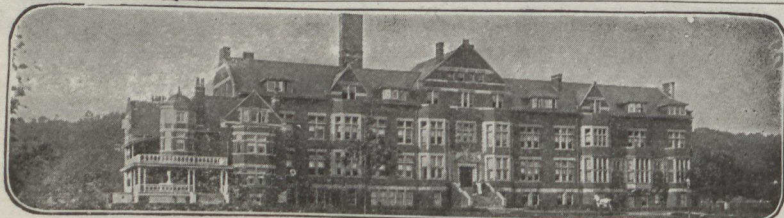
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The Franchise Corner

A Waste of Resources

By Constance E. Hamilton

THE women of Canada have been for many years doing yeoman's service in helping to build up the nation. In pioneer days they have taken an equal share with the men in establishing new outposts of civilization and are doing the same to-day. We find that as these outposts become centres, the women have taken their part in laying the foundations of preventive and moral social institutions, and have studied to develop a right standard of living. Great work is being done by such institutions as the King's Daughters, W.C.T.U., Daughters of the Empire, Women's Institutes, National Council of Women, and many other like organizations for the public benefit; it is a truism to say that women govern them with economy and financial soundness. With a latent power of so many women who have for generations faced hardship and toil, and who are in part doing the same to-day, what a resourceful country we have.

Canada is a land of great natural resources, made use of wholly or in part for the benefit of her inhabitants—a government which would overlook the power of such resources and neglect to make use of it, would be guilty of shortsightedness and waste.

DOES not our water-power light the cities, move our machinery, and penetrate our mountains for the building of great highways? Here we have a body of women, numerically and morally, a source of power in the State, but by reason of the lack of means to fully use that power, falling short of its complete sphere of usefulness. Is not a government which refuses to women a voice in the full development of their country guilty of waste of natural resources?

The present position of women in Canada and some other countries is analogous to that of a mighty river which beautifies the country through which it passes, cleanses and makes sweet the towns, bears on its bosom the men-of-war and vessels of commerce, while its greater motive power for lack of enterprise is wasted and of no effect.

The women may beautify and make sweet the homes, may bear the men of war and merchant men, but they are denied the full use of their power for good in the State by the denial to them of a voice in the government.

Woman's Place is the Home

By Isabel R. Erichson Brown

WOMEN all through the ages have cared little for "rights." Their chief concern has been with duty. The place of woman is in the home, her first duty to feed, clothe and educate her family in such a way that they may grow up healthy, useful and good.

Now, all through the ages, until the nineteenth century, the average house-keeper had practically complete control of the food and clothing supply. Milk, butter, eggs, breadstuffs of every sort, even meat, were to a very large extent produced and prepared for the family's use under her immediate supervision. She clothed her family with the products of her spinning and weaving. Upon her rested the responsibility for their education.

To-day the food and clothing supply have become matters of commerce. The supervision of these, as well as the inspection of buildings, the regulation of drainage and sanitation, the prevention of disease, the schooling and physical training of the children, the regulation of health, cleanliness and morals, all of these duties and a score of others have been taken over by the community. All of them vitally affect the home. If woman's sphere is still the home, they are still woman's duties. How can she attend to them? By helping to make and enforce the laws which regulate

them. By voting. No woman who has the interests of her home and her children at heart can possibly shirk this responsibility. For she can accomplish what she wants.

WHEREVER the vote of the women has to be reckoned with, their wishes are consulted, as a matter of course, by politicians and legislators. With these results:

The enfranchisement of women has resulted in every case in a lowering of infant-mortality.

It has improved the laws for the protection of children; for instance, child-labour laws, and compulsory-education laws.

It has protected young girls by checking the white slave traffic and raising the age of consent. (In Wyoming it is 21, in Ontario 16, and practically 14.)

It has checked the growth of gambling and saloons without abolishing either.

It has benefited the legal condition of mothers by making both parents equal guardians over their children. (In Canada the only recognized legal parent of the legitimate child is the father, of the illegitimate, the mother.)

It has increased civic patriotism, because children are taught by mothers and teachers who have developed a civic conscience.

"It has increased woman's self-respect.

It has improved her mind by broadening her environment, stimulating her intellect and training her judgment.

It has improved the character of woman by developing justice, tolerance, the co-operative virtues and socialization."

In brief:

It has made better mothers, better homes, better children, and better citizens.

Is it worth while?

*The limits of this article prohibit the insertion of statistics. They may be obtained at any suffrage headquarters.

Our Future Citizens

By Adeline C. Roberts

THE children of to-day are the citizens of to-morrow. Can any self-respecting community afford to let its future citizens grow up degenerate weaklings, illiterates, or criminals? Yet this is being done to-day, in civilized countries, and in a period which has been called "The Age of the Child."

Parents are driven, by poverty, to utilize the wage-earning capacity of every member of the family, in order to obtain the bare necessities of life. Women workers are cheap, but children cheaper, and employers, unhampered by efficient child-labour laws, or laws enforcing equal pay for equal work, are urged by competition to reduce their pay-roll by all available means.

The U. S. Labour Bureau is now publishing reports which are bringing to light startling and unsuspected conditions. From these reports we learn that thousands of children, from 4 years old and upwards, are kept at work in their tenement homes after school hours, at night, and on Sundays; others are illegally kept from school to work, and others only attend school on half-time, and 1,700,000 little children of school age are wage-earners.

In a recent investigation in Manitoba, it is shown that over thirty thousand children of school age are not attending any school. A Winnipeg public-school principal states that many children leave school before they are physically or educationally fit, to go to work in factories, stores, breweries, etc., or to keep house while their parents are out working.

In Canada children under 14 may not be employed in factories, except in the canneries during the months of June to October inclusive, but legislation for the total abolition of child labour, for raising the school age, for providing for compulsory education, and to establish a minimum wage (which will abolish sweating), should be enacted in every province of Canada.

The Canadian Women's Press Club

THE Vancouver branch had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Agnes C. Laut, the distinguished Canadian writer, at an informal tea at the Hotel Vancouver during Miss Laut's recent visit to the Coast. The room was bright with narcissi and tulips, and the guest of honour endeared herself to everyone present by her ready wit and charming personality. She was presented by Miss Isabel Maclean, vice-president, on behalf of the club, with a sheaf of red tulips. The other guests were Mrs. A. P. Watt, president of the Victoria branch, C.W.P.C.; Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, the writer of verse; Mrs. W. S. Burley, an old personal friend of Miss Laut; Miss Constance Macdonald, of the Vancouver World, and Miss Brown, of the News-Advertiser.

THE C.W.P.C. has suffered a great loss in the death of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, who passed away on May 13, in Victoria, B.C., following an operation for appendicitis, and after an illness of only a few days. Just a few months ago Miss Cameron returned to her beloved city of Victoria after two years in England of notably successful lecturing and writing about Canada on behalf of the Canadian Government. Victoria



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON
The Canadian Writer and Lecturer
Whose Death Occurred on
May 13th.

welcomed her back with a civic reception and other honours.

It is understood that Miss Cameron had in preparation a book on her two years' experience, under the title, *Through England With a Lantern*.

Miss Cameron, or "Agnes Deans," as people who loved and admired her were apt to call her, was a woman of strong personality, buoyant as the sunshine, and fresh and wholesome and invigorating as the wind. She came of pioneer stock, her father, a Hudson's Bay Company's officer, being the first white man to cross the Island of Vancouver, and her mother having made the journey from Scotland around Cape Horn to be married. Miss Cameron would seem to have inherited their energy and intrepidity.

After making exceptional success as a teacher in her home city of Victoria, about six years ago Miss Cameron decided to give up her whole time to journalism—for some years she had been writing for Canadian and American and other periodicals, such as the *Westminster*, *Century*, *Atlantic*, *Collier's*, *Geographical Magazine*, *Pall Mall*, mostly on Canadian subjects. About this time she became one of the staff of the *Canada West Monthly*.

In 1908 Miss Cameron made a six months' trip down the Mackenzie River and up the Peace. This trip is vividly described in *The New North*, a book combining in an exceptional way, information and good stories, for Miss

Cameron possessed in a notable degree the salt of humour. A fellow British Columbian says of her: "Some people attract incident, and she was one of them, though she was no stranger to drudgery and routine." How well she performed the drudgery of teaching may be gathered from the devotion of her pupils, one instance of which is that an Agnes Deans Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire is being formed in Victoria, made up of the pupils of Miss Cameron, who will adopt her motto, "Do your work as well as you can, and always be kind."

Miss Cameron was a many-sided woman, who everywhere she went attracted to herself loyal friends, to whom she gave, with full measure, tenderness and good comradeship.

First and foremost Miss Cameron was a patriot. Everything which concerned Canada touched her deeply, and she spent freely of her strength and enthusiasm to help forward its progress. A friend who saw her only a few weeks before her death says of her: "She was full of plans for work, and brimming over with the energy which makes plans come true." And then the end suddenly came—but yet not the end, for the influence of her life will have its good share in the making of her well-loved land.

MARIAN KEITH (Mrs. Donald MacGregor), with her husband, is spending the summer in the West. Her new book, "The Black-Bearded Barbarian," a life of the famous Canadian missionary, Dr. George Leslie Mackay, of Formosa, written for boys, is to appear this month. Mrs. MacGregor is now at work on another novel.

MADAME ANNIE HOWELLS FRECHETTE writes to the C.W.P.C. from Lausanne, Switzerland, where with her family she had come on from Paris to spend the winter. She speaks of Lausanne as "a city to love and dream of." Last winter Madame Frechette had an apartment in Paris in the Latin quarter. She will not return to Canada before next autumn, and perhaps not until a year from that time.

MISS MARY McLEOD MOORE has an entertaining and informing article on Canadian Writers and Their Work, in *T. P.'s Magazine* for May. Miss McLeod Moore mentions most of the writers who have made real contribution to Canadian literature. The article is illustrated with photographs of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, Sir Gilbert Parker, Bliss Carman, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, and C. G. D. Roberts.

AT the May meeting of the Toronto branch of the C.W.P.C., the members listened with delight to a talk from Miss Aileen Barr, late of the F. R. Benson Company, of London, so well known for their masterly presentation of Shakespearean plays. Miss Barr is a Canadian girl who has made a success on the stage in England, and she told the Toronto Club in a most interesting way some of the requirements necessary for an actress, and also a number of incidents connected with Ellen Terry and others with whom she had appeared.

THE MAN OF LONE LAKE is the title of a new novel by Mrs. Virna Sheard, of Toronto. It is a tale of the North country, and a brave battle which was fought and won there.

ONE of the members of the Toronto branch, Miss Maude Pettit, has been making some valuable personal investigations into the conditions which working girls meet in Toronto factories. Miss Pettit has gone in and worked alongside of the girls as one of themselves, and in this way has gained first-hand information. Some of the results she is publishing in a series of articles in the *Toronto Daily Star*. Miss Pettit is a member of the Sociological Section of the University Woman's Club.

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LORD LOCKINGTON

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER XX.

FOR the first moment Edna seemed to be stunned. This surely was proof positive that she was indeed speaking to Lord Lockington, that it was to the Viscount that she had already spoken. It was the same voice that she had heard in the library and in the shut-up drawing-rooms, the voice—full, deep, mellow—just as she had described it to Lady

Lockington.

And again there rushed into her mind the question—Could this be the same person as the Tom Kage of whom she had heard so much? Were the Viscount and he one and the same person? And was it untrue that Mr. Kage had been ill? Was that only an excuse he had given, in order not to be seen by Lady Lockington?

But then, again, if the Viscount and Tom Kage were one and the same, who was the man for whom Lady Lockington had so great a liking, and whom she had been accustomed to invite to the Hall during her visits? Was he really Tom Kage, and did he perorate Lord Lockington alternatively while appearing at his own house in his proper character?

Not one of these questions could the girl answer satisfactorily for herself, and she began to think that not one of them would she have the courage to put. For she now found that she had not expected to hear the voice she knew; unconsciously, perhaps, she had been affected by Lady Lockington's conviction that the man with whom she had previously talked was the Viscount's cousin and heir, and not himself.

So that to hear the well-remembered, pleasant voice, in answer to her question, was a shock from which it took her several minutes to recover.

In the meantime, after a short silence, the unseen owner of the voice spoke again: "I want to know whether you are ready to go through a little inconvenience, to be very brave, for the sake of doing a kindness to someone who is in need of it?"

This was vague, and Edna made no answer. The voice went on: "Have you courage enough to take a short journey?"

"A journey?" echoed Edna in alarm and amazement.

"Oh, not a very long one. Some few hundred yards only. You would be quite safe."

Edna made no reply.

The voice presently spoke again: "It is to gratify the wish—the whim if you like—of a man whom I believe to be dying."

"Oh!" burst from Edna's lips.

Knowing what she did of the event which had occurred during the previous night, it was impossible not to suppose that the man of whom he spoke was the Tom Kage who had met with the serious accident.

"Well?" said the unseen man.

"I don't understand. Will you tell me two things first? I want to know the name of the man who is ill. And I want, if you please, to know yours."

"Ah! But you have forgotten our compact. I was to appear before you within a month. That was only a few days ago. You must not be impatient."

"And the name of the other one?"

"That also I want to keep a secret for the present. I want you to take a good deal on trust, you see. But I want more than that. If you consent to go on this little journey of which I told you, you must go blindfold."

Again Edna uttered an exclamation.

"Am I asking too much? I don't think so, if you only knew more."

"Why shouldn't I be told more? I hope I don't seem more curious than I ought to be, but it seems to me you are asking such a strange thing that it's only fair I should have that question answered."

"I'll do my best to answer you, for your curiosity is perfectly natural, though it's inconvenient. I'm asking you to go blindfold, because the man who is ill and who wants to see you does not want you to know where he is."

"But couldn't I be trusted? Oh, surely you know that I might!"

There was a little pause, and then the voice

asked: "Have you kept your promise to me, not to say a word about my talks with you?"

An exclamation of guilt broke from her lips. "It's true I haven't," she admitted, in a shame-faced tone. "But I couldn't help myself. Remember how difficult it is for a girl to keep such a secret as that, when she is asked point-blank. If I had said I had not talked with anybody, and the truth had been found out, they would have thought very ill of me."

"Yes, yes, I see that. But, placed in the difficult position you speak of, I have to take more precautions, don't you see? I forgive you for having broken your word in the one case, but I can't afford to give you the chance of breaking it again."

Edna listened abashed, but then was suddenly seized with fright, and resolved to run away and not to hold further parley of this dangerous kind, which might lead to discovery on the part of Lady Lockington.

But she had not done more than take one step in the direction of the door by which she had entered, when a hand was suddenly protruded from the doors of the cabinet, and seizing her by the wrist, arrested her steps.

"No. You have to hear me out. Perhaps I haven't put the case strongly enough to you. The man who is lying ill wishes to see you, to hear your voice, and it may be that he has only a few hours to live. I think, if you realized how ill he is, you would come."

The tears sprang to her eyes. "Of course, I would come without a second's delay if only you would let me go with my eyes open, and if only you would tell me either his name or your own," she burst out in great agitation. "I will be content with that, with one name only. Tell me you are Lord Lockington, and that you want to take me to see Mr. Kage; or that you are Mr. Kage, and that you want to take me to see Lord Lockington. Or tell me really whether it's true, as Lady Lockington says, that you are—"

She hesitated, not quite sure whether she dared finish her sentence, as she originally intended to do. "Well, who does she say I am?"

Edna hesitated, drew a long breath, and flung the words at him: "She says you are Lord Lockington's cousin—his cousin J-J-Jack."

To her intense surprise, the still unseen man who was holding the doors of the cabinet so that she could see little of him but his outstretched arm, dropped her wrist with a muttered exclamation.

"By Jove!" she heard him say, in a low voice, which expressed the utmost consternation.

Edna took courage, and pressed the point: "Are you his cousin? Tell me, please," she pleaded humbly.

He laughed, rather drily and not as if really amused, she thought.

"It's a most astonishing suggestion," he said at last, "and you can tell her so. Tell her that she would be very much surprised, if she saw me, at her own notion about me."

"Well, are you Lord Lockington himself, then?"

"Don't press me with questions which I can't answer. I admit that, in refusing to tell you all you want to know, I am doing so partly to satisfy somebody's whim—whether my own or some other man's I won't say. But that is not my sole reason for caution: I am in a position of difficulty, and I have to do the best I can to gratify a dear friend, on the one hand, and to keep a secret of some importance on the other. It is, therefore, of no use at all to press me on these points of identity. I've done my utmost in promising that you shall see me within the month. As for the rest, you must either take it on trust, or refuse to do so. There's no other alternative. If you won't come with me under the conditions I've told you of—if you won't come blindfold, literally blindfold, as I've said—well then, I can't blame you, and I will only say I'm very sorry I can't let you come in any other way."

THERE was another silence. "You're asking more than anyone could do," said Edna at last, almost whispering.

"Perhaps I am. But let me ask you: supposing I were Lord Lockington—I don't say I am, or that I'm not—but supposing that I were—would you come with me blindfold then?"

"Yes," said Edna, stoutly.

He seemed rather touched, she thought. At least,

his voice was very soft as he went on, after a little pause:

"What! After all the dreadful things you've heard about him?"

"I never heard anything dreadful," said Edna, stoutly; "I don't count vague things like gossip as dreadful. But supposing I had heard dreadful things, I shouldn't believe them, for all I've ever known of Lord Lockington has been so good—nothing but good," she ended, breathlessly.

"Well, then, if you were sure that I was Lord Lockington you would come with me, no matter who the man was who wanted to see you?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"But supposing I were not Lord Lockington, but that it was Lord Lockington who was ill and who wanted to see you, would you come then?"

"Oh, of course, of course I would. How can you ask me?" panted Edna.

"Well, and have you any reasonable doubt that one or other of the suppositions I have laid before you is the truth?" persisted the unseen man, pressing his point home with an emphatic gesture of the one hand which she could see.

She hesitated. "I'll come," she said, hoarsely.

"I don't ask you, now that you have promised, to play fair right through to the end," said he, gently, "for I'm sure you will. Trust yourself in my hands, and you shall come to no harm. But first, in case you may find the experience rather painful, rather a pitiful one, I'll tell you something about the man who wants to see you."

"Lord L—" began Edna, but checked herself, and said: "Yes, yes, I'm listening."

"The man, then, who wants to see you, the man who thinks he has some reason to be grateful to you, is not quite sane."

A little cry of horror escaped involuntarily from the girl's lips.

"Do you mean that he's mad, really mad?" she asked, in a whisper.

"No, I don't mean exactly that. I believe, that is, he would pass a medical examination and tests for his sanity easily enough. But for all that, his experience has been such as to render him abnormal, morbid, savage, in fact—I think I may say—insane. Not through inability to reason, but through the maddening result of being able to reason too clearly, of seeing the logical result of circumstances too well."

IT seemed to Edna that this description applied to Lord Lockington perfectly, but she said nothing, and remained quite still, careful not to lose a word uttered by the muffled voice.

"Cut off by misfortune from his fellowmen, abandoned by those he cared for the most, he seemed to become a savage, and did indeed become something of a cynic—if you know what that means?"

"I think I do," said Edna, modestly. "It means having a low opinion of everybody, doesn't it?"

"That's it exactly. And it's an unhealthy frame of mind, and may lead to actions which the man himself would be ashamed of in a healthier, saner mood. Well, this man could not find consolation in cynicism, or in philosophy—couldn't find it at all, in fact—so he indulged in vagaries which have ended by bringing him to grief. I have told you all this because I want you to be sorry for him, I want you to feel for him, as I do. And it is because I myself have indulged his whims, his eccentricities, for love of him, knowing the man, that I want you to help me by doing the same. Now my lecture's over. Come close to this cabinet, turn your back to me, and let me bind this handkerchief"—and he suddenly produced, and passed out for her inspection, a very large, soft, white silk handkerchief—"round your eyes."

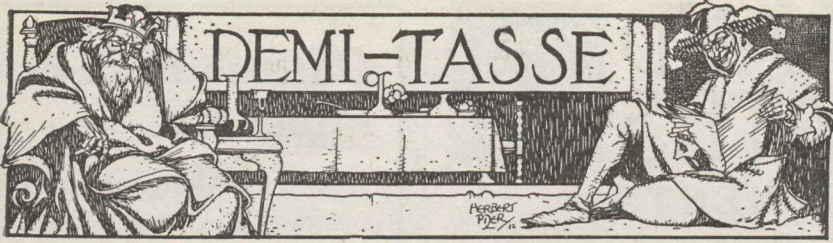
"All right," said Edna, rather unsteadily, as, with a heart that beat very fast indeed in spite of all her assumed stoicism, she came obediently up to the cabinet, and turned her back to it.

She heard the doors open, and felt a disconcerting rush of damp, cold air. But setting her teeth hard, she stood her ground, folded her hands tightly together, and drew her breath very quickly as the handkerchief was adjusted round her head by a pair of hands which she felt to be as strong as they were tender.

There was no nonsense about the tying: she could see nothing whatever when the handkerchief was knotted behind her head. Then, and not till then, a spasm of repentance, a feeling that she had promised too much, seized her and made her utter a little faint cry, while at the same time her hands went instinctively up to her face.

In an instant a hand had seized both hers and held them fast, while the voice she now began to know so well, and the tones of which she found

(Continued on page 25.)



Courierettes.

JEROME K. JEROME predicts a social revolution. "Idle talk of an idle fellow"—is it?

When an irresistible force meets an immovable object—but perhaps we are all tired of talking about Roosevelt and Taft.

Bull fighting is still popular in Spain, but the people of this continent continue to prefer umpire-baiting.

Two letters written by Oliver Cromwell were sold recently for over a thousand dollars each. If we could only cash in on ours now!

This is the season for brides to tell hubby to bring home a sponge so they'll have sponge cake for dinner.

The man who declared that two can live more cheaply than one was not the father of twins.

Who says Canadians lack a sense of humour? The Toronto Star Weekly printed a picture of a troupe of lions under the heading "Music and Drama."

Andrew Carnegie advised Aberdeen University students to "remain teetotalers until you have become millionaires." Liberal Leader Rowell would like Andrew to stomp Ontario on behalf of the "Abolish the bar" platform.

What M.P.'s Are For.—There are evidently other purposes for the existence of the Government member of Parliament than that of finding "jobs" for his loyal party constituents.

One day, at an early hour, a man appeared at the residence of Mr. W. F. Nickle, M.P. for Kingston.

"Give me a quarter for breakfast," he demanded.

"If you give me a good reason why I should do so I will," was the quick response.

"Aren't you the member?"

"Yes."

"Well, if I haven't a right to look to the member to help me, whom should I look to?"

He got the quarter.

The Cure Is Marriage.—They sat on the verandah, so close together that there wasn't even room for an argument.

Suddenly she sighed—a soulful and sizeable sigh.

"What is worrying you, dearest?" he anxiously inquired.

"Oh, Jack," she cooed, "the thought just came to me that this would be our last evening together until to-morrow evening."

Advertising Shakespeare.—E. H. Sothorn, now the leading Shakespearean actor

in America, says that Shakespeare's plays do not need now the kind of advertising they got in his early days.

It was when he was a boy in England, and was with his late father, E. A. Sothorn, on a tour through the provinces, that the troupe came into competition with a Shakespearean actor named Lee Sugg.

This Thespian found it almost impossible, however, to draw paying crowds to see him as Hamlet and Macbeth, so he decided to use an unusual style of advertising. He was desperate and had to do something drastic, so he took a brick, placed it in a shop window, and above it this sign:

"The great tragedian Sugg will swallow this brick after the second act of Hamlet to-night."

The theatre was packed. When the second act was over the audience waited expectantly to see Sugg swallow the brick.

There was a long wait.

Finally one of the actors came before the curtain and said: "I am sorry to say that Mr. Sugg, the great tragedian, has disappeared. We have looked for him everywhere but cannot find him. However, as the audience seems to have swallowed the brick, there is no need for him to do so."

Lines on Life.

WHINES won't win.

Life's the best language.

Prosperity may be a punishment.

Narrow minds do not always travel the narrow way.

Your neighbours' slips are crimes—your own are failings.

In making tracks for heaven don't trample on your fellow-travellers.

The person who says he never minces matters generally manages at the same time to make mince meat of somebody's reputation.

The Meaning of "Majority."—"So Jones is dead?"

"Yes—joined the great majority."

"Well—I wouldn't say that—exactly. He seemed to be a pretty good sort of chap."

The King and Methodism.—King George will be interested to learn that there is one preacher in Canada who does not fear to stand his trial for lese majeste.

That his Majesty is not sufficiently careful of his conduct to be a member in good standing of the Methodist Church is the statement with which Rev. J. C. Speer surprised his congregation in High Park Avenue Methodist Church, Toronto, in a recent sermon.

"The King—God Bless Him," was the pastor's subject, but he found it impossible to forgive the King for his attend-

ance at race meets, his frequent appearance at the theatre, and other similar slips, according to Methodist ideals.

But Mr. Speer gave the King a grain of consolation. He remarked in closing that there were Methodists no better than his Majesty, for they made the same mistakes.

The Family.

FATHER whacks the carpet,

Hanging on the line;

Son is playing baseball,

He is on the "nine";

Daughter's out canoeing

With some jolly friends—

Mother washes, irons, cooks,

Scrubs and sweeps and mends.

Hadn't Heard of It.—Mr. Arthur Hawkes, who made a report on immigration, claims that some prospective immigrants are not as well informed as they should be to make a success in Canada. And he obtained proof that some people in the Old Land are far from being generally well informed.

For instance, he had this conversation with a man who had lived many years in London, and who talked of coming to Canada:

"Have you ever been in St. Paul's Cathedral?"

"I don't think so."

"Have you been to Westminster Abbey?"

"No, but I know where it is."

"Then you don't know the 'Poets' Corner'?"

"What street is that?"

A Pious Wish.—A hotel waiter is now touring the world on the money he made from tips in the course of some years. Here's hoping that other waiters, ship stewards and Pullman porters wreak a sweet revenge on him.

Information.—A certain firm doing business in New York City not a thousand miles from Maiden Lane, which is given over almost exclusively to jewelry firms in the wholesale and jobbing line, had occasion to write to a firm in Chicago regarding the selling abilities of a young man who had applied to them for a position as travelling salesman. In due time the answer arrived and read as follows: "In regard to your inquiry about that young man we beg to state that his father fought in the Civil War, his grandfather fought in the War of 1812, and his great-grandfather fought in the Revolution.

"Yours truly,
"SHANK & SWIVELL"

The head of the New York firm studied this missive long and earnestly, then he wrote:

"Dear Shank & Swivell:
"Your letter to hand. Thanks. We are looking for salesmen, not breeders.
"DIAMOND & CO."

Teasing Him.—The editor of a certain Canadian monthly paper, who is a man of pronounced temperance views, admits that a good joke was played on him a few days ago.

He goes regularly to the printing office where his paper is published, and one day, when he arrived there during the noon hour, one of the printers was practising "Orange tunes" on a flute. Just as the editor arrived, the printer caused everybody to laugh by playing, in plaintive tones, "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?"

An Englishman's Opinion.—Englishmen in Canadian cities—especially the men who came out as immigrants—express their opinions sometimes with great directness.

An Englishman in a big Canadian city made the usual remark that many girls who are at work should be at home learning to keep house.

Then he added: "This country is tough on men and horses, but easy on women and dogs."

Jibing the B.A.'s.—Other crops may fail, but the universities continue to turn out bumper crops of B.A.'s.

A recent conversation among a group of men turned to the meaning of "B.A." A great many explanations were given, and the one that probably will be remembered longest was the remark of a man who hadn't had "the advantage of a university education." He said, "B. A. means 'Bad Actor.'"



Puzzle—Find the man who said, "I'd laugh if we miss it."



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

SANE INVESTMENTS

Bonds of Industrial Amalgamations.

SOMETHING should be known of the past history of amalgamating companies. The investor in industrial consolidation bonds should know the record of earnings of the individual companies combined. Supposing seven corporations to be merged, the prospectus on which the bonds are offered to the public might state that the average annual earnings of the seven were \$1,750,000, sufficient to pay the bond interest say three times over. That means anything or nothing. It is insufficient for judging the merits of the bond. The prospective buyer must know what have been the annual earnings of each of the seven companies for a period of at least five years, if the units have existed that long. If not, it is a point against the investment. The longer the earning record given for examination, the better are the chances for determining the investment's value.

How important is this matter may be judged from the fact that the earnings of several industrial consolidations have been considerably beneath expectations and below the estimates made in the prospectus. The average prospectus says that the earnings of the combined companies have been so much and that allowing for economies to be effected, the earnings of the amalgamation should be so much—enough to pay the bond interest and dividends on the preferred and common stock. The individual earnings in Canada have been mostly considered the private information of the promoters and others directly interested. This should not be the case, for these details are the property of the prospective investor. Estimates of earnings are usually based upon audits or the report of appraisal companies, a matter which will be treated in a subsequent article.

It is unfortunate that the promoters of industrial consolidations have not taken the public more into their confidence. That fact has opened the door to unusually large promotion profits, to over-capitalization, and later has led to defaults on bond interest, and finally the disgust and lack of confidence of the investor in these securities. This means that those responsible for all such bond issues in future will have to tell the investor more. He has a right to have the information and otherwise should not consider the investment.

IT must be known what was paid for the properties acquired by the consolidated company. With a record of the individual corporations' histories and past earnings, a fair opinion may be gathered as to whether too high a price has been paid for the various companies. It must be known, too, whether the consideration was cash, stock, bonds or all three. Usually the payment is in cash and preferred or common stock, and only occasionally in bonds. Supposedly, the individual companies have desired a fairly large holding of the amalgamation's bonds. Preferred stock has sometimes been accepted with, in some cases, a bonus of common stock. In the formation of these new companies during the past two years, it would seem that comparatively little cash has been paid by the consolidation for the properties of individual companies. This exchange of securities might possibly lead to undue inflation of capitalization, including the bonds issue, but there are counteracting influences. Firstly, the companies entering the trust would naturally wish to obtain a fairly large share of the bond issue, which ranks first in the matter of dividend payments. Secondly, if the bond issue were unreasonably large, it might prove a difficult task to make the earnings of the amalgamation sufficient to pay the interest on the bonds.

The stockholder is a partner of the amalgamation and the bondholder is a creditor. In a new venture, the stockholder may look for large returns. The bondholder cannot hope for more than a fixed rate of interest on his money, no matter how successful is the company. Should failure occur, both the stock and bond holder are losers, though the bonds usually bring their holders something from the sale of the plant, machinery, etc. On this account there is sometimes difficulty in selling bonds of a new and untried industry. To counterbalance that, a preferred or common stock bonus is sometimes given. If we follow again the lead of the British investor we would place little faith or value in the bonus. Financiers recognize that it is a poor policy to throw a stock bonus as bait to the British investor, who thinks that one thing assured is better than two things doubtful. This bonus of stock often looks alluring, but its large dividends have frequently proved a mirage. Count the bonus, therefore, as the sauce of your bond—it is tasty but has little value.

The assets require careful consideration. Goodwill and patents are frequently included as assets. These have little value if the company fails to prosper. The goodwill of a bankrupt company usually nets little, if any, money at foreclosure. This item varies considerably in different industries. In the case of a monopoly goodwill may be valuable, as also when the character of the product manufactured, has such an established reputation and demand that keen competition is not a danger. Some writers define goodwill as the bonded debt of a plant less its valuation at forced sale. Others, as the advantage or benefit which is acquired by the establishment, beyond the mere value of the capital, funds or property employed therein. The value of goodwill we think should be made only in reference to stock, and not to bond issues, and then very conservatively.

On and Off the Exchange.

Politics and Business.

ON this page reference has been made upon different occasions to the gradual separation of the Canadian security markets from Wall Street and the corresponding growth in the attachment between our stocks and London. We are still liable, however, to be sympathetically affected by the course of trade in the United States, and it is natural that a dull market in New York, which is due to political uncertainty, should exert an influence in restraining activity upon the Montreal and Toronto

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

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

	1886	1911	Increased
Income	\$ 272,000	\$2,450,000	Nearly 10-fold
Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,000	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

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stock exchanges. The speculative community on the other side of the line is determined to create an impression that politics are not affecting the security markets there; in other words that Wall Street is not afraid of either Roosevelt or a Democrat as president, but it has been impossible to disguise the uneasiness and the fact that sales on the New York stock exchange fell from 16,000,000 shares in April to 13,000,000 in May, of which 8,000,000 were in the first half and 5,000,000 in the second is proof enough of Wall Street's distrust. The United States, like Great Britain, is getting tired of politics, and protests are beginning to emanate from the security markets, particularly against the system which requires the devotion of one year out of every four to politics. In a public protest, Spencer Trask and Company, a stock exchange house, said this week: "We are operating year in and year out on an average of only seventy-five per cent. of efficiency. This great waste is as unfortunate as it is unnecessary, and we hope that the day may not be far distant when a president will hold office for longer than four years without a fresh election being forced on the country."

At the same time presidential elections are exerting much less influence upon business in the United States than formerly, but the stock markets there appear to be very sensibly taking in sail just now with a weather eye out to the political breeze.

The Pulp Situation.

AS forecasted in this column, the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Company and the Ontario Pulp and Paper Company will become united at a meeting early next week. The basis of the absorption, for it is practically that, gives the larger company a shade the best of the deal. Two shares of Spanish River are held to be equal to three shares of Ontario Pulp. The capital of the Spanish River Company will be increased to \$3,000,000 preferred and \$4,000,000 common, \$1,000,000 to be issued to complete the absorption and the remainder to be held in the treasury for future extensions. It is quite possible that combinations in the pulp business are not yet over. During the past few years this industry has been extremely profitable, especially in the Province of Quebec, and the gossip is that one of the largest of the Eastern enterprises may be linked up with Spanish River, which, with its 9,000 square miles of pulp mills, must have a tempting appearance to those companies that have been drawing upon their own pulp wood resources for a period of years. That at the least there will be no price-cutting in the pulp and paper business appears certain.

Our Mexican Investments.

PRESIDENT MADERO, of Mexico, having exhibited more ability in squelching his rebellious subjects than was expected of him, interest in Mexican securities held in this country which has long been dormant is reviving again. The appearance of the annual report of the Mexican Light and Power Company draws attention to the fact that profits of public utility corporations in Mexico are quite as large as in Brazil for instance. Mexican Light had a net revenue in 1911 of \$1,251,000. After paying its dividend of seven per cent. on the preferred and at the rate of four per cent. on the common it was able to transfer \$50,000 to its reserve fund and to carry forward a profit and loss surplus of \$984,000. The increase in the Mexican Light earnings has been rapid and well sustained, and apparently the company's operations were not seriously affected by the disturbances during the past few months. A period of tranquility in Mexico, however, will be necessary before there is any great speculative interest in either the Mexican Tramway or the Mexican Power securities.

A Duel in Sao Paulo.

WHEN certain market operators with ample resources behind them started Sao Paulo on its famous trip from 200 to 250 they found to their great interest and pleasure that a short interest existed. Certain other operators who were convinced that Sao Paulo was too high had sold the market and this made the manipulation of the advance comparatively easy. The efforts of the short interest to cover without too great a loss, and the ingenuity shown by the bulls in protecting their market, have been one of the most interesting features of the trading in Montreal and Toronto.

The Miller's Profits.

PROFITS amounting to \$280,000 are shown in the annual report of the Maple Leaf Milling Company, which after the preferred dividend comes out is equal to 4.4 per cent. on the \$2,500,000 of common stock. This does not mean that there will be any dividend on the common stock for some time at least, as the company will in all probability utilize its surplus earnings for extensions to its big Port Colborne mill. With this done and providing there is not too much competition earnings on the common stock should be most satisfactory. The holder of Maple Leaf common will do well to keep his eye on this Port Colborne mill, for it is the particular enterprise upon which his future depends, the earnings of the older mills of the company going to take care of the preferred dividend.

The Lake Merger.

ONE of the first reminders the public received of the fact that the Canadian lake and river passenger traffic is now in the hands of one set of interests was the announcement that Sunday business would be developed between Toronto and Niagara. The Montreal people who have successfully taken the Northern Navigation Company, the Niagara Navigation Company, the Turbine Steamship Company, the Inland Lines, and the Hamilton Steamboat Company away from Toronto can see considerably increased earnings with very little addition to costs by operating the boats which, under Toronto management, have always been tied up from Saturday night until Monday morning. It is a typical example of the difference in the Toronto and the Montreal view. The Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company are financing its most recent purchase, that of the Niagara Navigation Company, by an issue of \$1,800,000 of new stock which was sold to the shareholders at par in the proportion of one share of new stock to every four of old. This gives a value of between four and five points to the rights, but it will also probably prevent much activity in this stock for some time to

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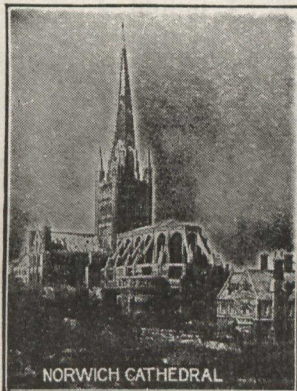
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come. There is, in fact, more Richelieu and Ontario on the market now apparently than can be absorbed, but in due course an effort will be made to create a better position for the shares than they have enjoyed during the past year.

Cheaper Cement.

AS between the Western builder, who naturally wants cement free of duty, and the Eastern manufacturer, who can legitimately make claim to his share of protection, the Government compromised by reducing the tariff on cement one-half. This is really more of an advantage to the cement consumer than appears, because, in an attempt to allay the popular clamour, the Canada Cement Company made two reductions of ten cents per barrel in the price of Portland cement within six months. This cut of twenty cents a barrel applied only west of the great lakes, where the agitation was most pronounced. In the East the reduction was ten cents. The Canada Cement Company, which the smaller concerns of course describe as a trust, declared that the West could be flooded with cheap cement if the railways could haul it there, but the railroads themselves denied a shortage of cars for this purpose. The net result of the reduction in the duty on the American product to twenty-six cents a barrel between June 12 and October 31 will be to facilitate construction work in the West, and to relieve the Western American cement plants of a great deal of their surplus product. The cement business of the United States has been in a bad way, and receiverships have been more plentiful in that industry than possibly in any other. That the Government action will affect the Canada Cement Company's earnings this year there can be no doubt, and it is just possible that it may also have some result upon the plans for formidable opposition to the existing company which are now in the course of formation.

Montreal Power's Showing.

THE market continues to hear rumours of an increase in the Montreal Light, Heat and Power dividend to ten per cent. The company has recently given its customers a little present by making a substantial reduction in the rates for both gas and electric light. This action usually precedes a dividend increase, the one taking the sting out of the other. The company appears to be amply able to do both. Its statement for the last year showed a gross revenue of \$4,969,254.52, and a net revenue of \$2,844,015.54, or at the rate of 13.87% on the stock. The gross earnings compare with \$4,404,125 last year, and the net earnings with \$2,576,340. During the year \$490,000 was applied to depreciation and renewal account. It is believed that if the company had so desired it could have shown earnings more like seventeen or eighteen per cent. The larger earnings were made after the reductions had been allowed to both gas and electric light consumers.

By Easy Stages.—“Have you a spare cigar about you, old chap?”
“Certainly! But I thought you were going to stop smoking?”
“So I am, but not too abruptly. I've already quit smoking my own cigars.”
—Boston Transcript.

Crushed.—When Robert H. Davis was young and loose in the feet he once wandered into a little Mississippi town. It was a bright day in the early spring, and he walked down the one street. By and by he came to the county jail—a two-storied affair, standing flush with the sidewalk.

There was a negro pressing his face against the barred window on the second floor, holding on to the bars and yawning. By and by an old negro came limping along the street, toting a white-wash bucket.

“Hello, Uncle Eph'm,” says the one in the window.

“Howdy,” says Ephraim, limping on.
“Wait a minute, uncle,” says this lonesome negro in the window. “What time is it, uncle?” Uncle Ephraim limped right on. He hardly looked up.
“What diffence does it make to you, niggeh?” he asked. “You ain't goin' nowhere.”—The Argonaut.



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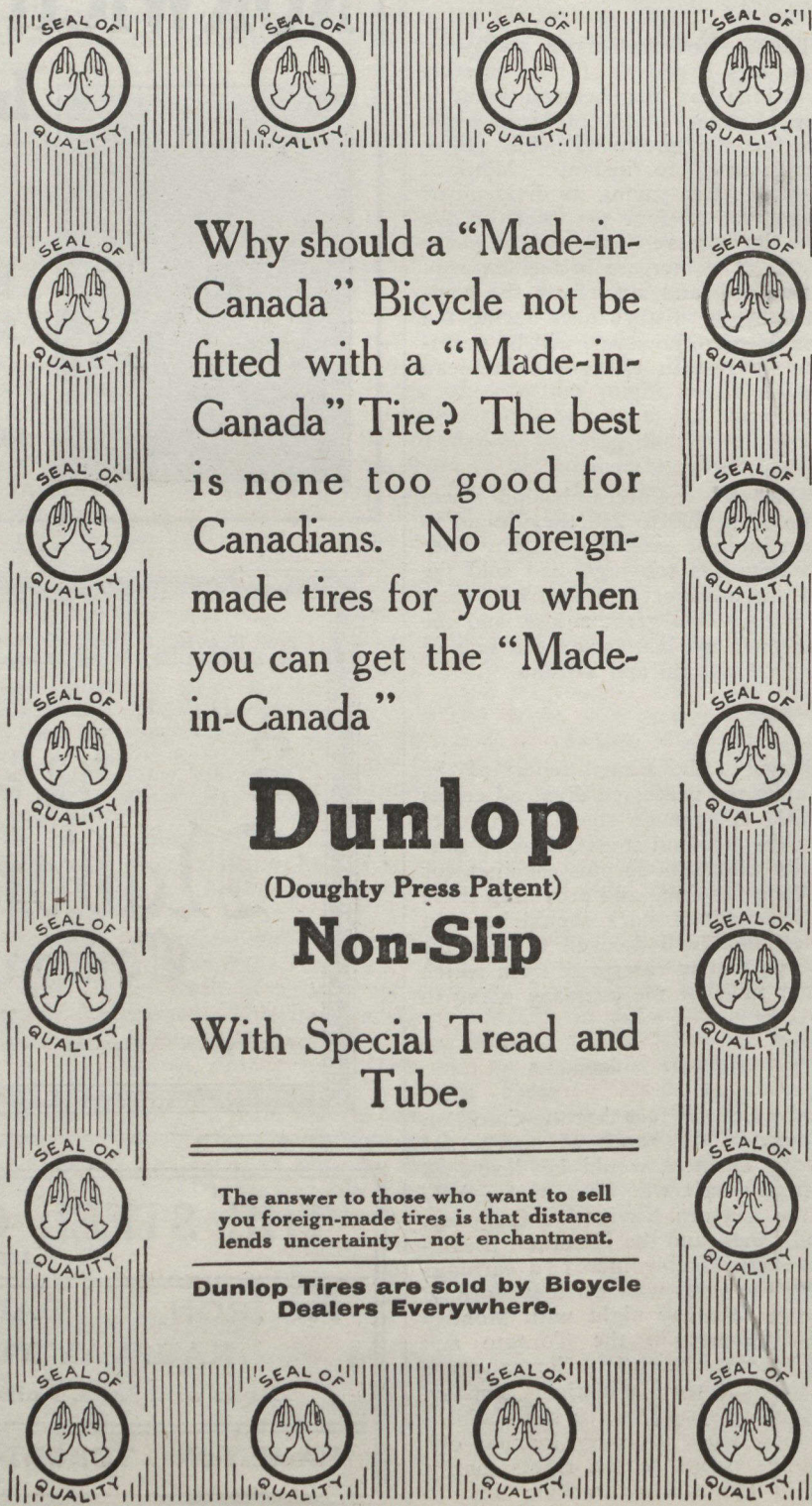
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Lord Lockington

(Continued from page 20.)

irresistibly compelling, said: "No, no, you mustn't break faith. But I'll give you one more chance. If you've changed your mind; if you feel that your nerves will not be strong enough to stand the ordeal—and I don't say it's anything but a severe one—why, then I'll let you take off the bandage, or I'll take it off myself, and let you go back to civilized parts again without another protest."

EDNA was panting, and almost sobbing. But she conquered herself, and said faintly: "No, no. If it's Lord Lockington who wants me to do this—whether you are Lord Lockington, or whether it is to him I have to go—I won't go back, I won't, I won't. Look here"—she was agitated, restless, eager, as she thrust forward her two trembling hands towards him and went on—"tie my hands, tie them, tie them. Then I shan't be able to break my promise, even if I feel frightened!"

He laughed gently, and hesitated. "I don't quite like to do that," he said. "I think I'd rather trust you. Come now, be brave. Give me your hand and let me draw it through my arm, so. And don't mind if you find the walk cold and damp."

"Oh!"
Already she had an inkling of the sort of journey she had to make. But horrible thoughts of vaults and charnel-houses possessed her and almost paralyzed her limbs as she found herself led gently forward and knew by the creaking of the hinges that she was passing through a doorway.

Then she heard the doors shut behind them, and knew that they were in the dark.

"Wait a moment," said her companion. "We must have a light."

She heard the striking of a match, and all the while she knew that they were in some place which was cold and damp, and cellarlike. She could see through the thick folds of her handkerchief that there was now a little light moving about, and her companion once more drew her hand reassuringly through his arm.

"Now," said he, "we have to go down. Two more steps and then we come to stairs. Now."

A little sigh of trouble escaped the girl's lips, but she held herself bravely, and kept her mouth, after that involuntary relief to her feelings, tightly closed.

But she felt that it was a shuddery journey all the same. The air seemed to become heavier and heavier, and the smell of damp earth to become stronger; at last she stopped short when they had reached the bottom of the stairs, and taking three or four footsteps forward, she said: "Are we in a vault?"

"No."

She dared not ask any more. In fact, her voice already betrayed the fact that a very little more excitement would bring the tears. She clung to the arm that guided her, and drew her breath in short gasps.

"Come, courage, you're so brave that you won't break down, I know."

"N-n-no," she said, and clung more tightly.

They seemed to her to walk for miles and miles, always in the same mouldy smell, the same heavy air, always with the same uncanny sensation of stepping on something soft and clammy that might be a human body, at each forward footstep.

"WHEN shall we be there?" she asked, at last, with a little break on the last word.

"Well, very soon we shall be in a different atmosphere, though not quite at the end of the journey. Come, about another fifty steps, perhaps less, will do it."

On they went again, Edna counting her footsteps half aloud. She had counted sixty-three when her companion cried:

"Halt!"
She stopped, trembling and cold, and heard the jingling of keys.

"Where are we going now?"

"Upstairs again—into the upper regions once more. Now I want you to walk very quickly, as I don't want you to be seen."

"Yes, yes. I'll walk very quickly."

Already the tone of her voice had changed, and her limbs trembled no longer. She had lost most of her nervous tremors, sure that she knew as well as he did where she was going. She mounted the steps blithely, waited while she heard the key turn in the lock of a heavy door, and the next moment a rush of cold, pure air upon her face told her that they were in the open air.

She uttered an exclamation of pleasure. Her companion now became very rapid in his movements.

"I don't mind confessing to you," he said, as he turned the key again, took it out of the lock and put it in his pocket, "that I'm now very anxious to get the rest of this journey over. I don't want to be seen in the character of gaoler, and you look a most romantic object without a hat and with your eyes bandaged. I want to get you under cover again as quickly as I can."

"Yes, of course," said Edna, gaily. For she was convinced in her own mind that, as far as she was concerned, he might have saved himself the trouble of banding her eyes, since she knew where she was going.

She was now walking quickly, still with her hand in his arm, over rough grass and sloping ground. Then they stopped when they had gone for some yards in a downward direction. There was a brushing aside of some growth which smelt like ivy, and then another key was inserted into another lock, and she asked, nervously: "Are we going underground again?"

"Only for a very little way."
Down they went again, the steps this time being much steeper and the passage in which they found themselves at the bottom being less mouldy and earthy in smell. She knew too, by the sound and the touch, that there were tiles or bricks or stones underfoot, instead of the sticky earth which she had trodden on during the longer and worse part of the journey. After what seemed a very short distance her companion said: "And now up again once more."

A FEW more steps, another door to be unlocked at the top, and then she felt upon her face, not the cold air of out of doors, nor the damp air of underground passages, but the warmer atmosphere which told her that she was again inside a building of some sort.

The smell was something like that of a stable, but faint, as if she were not in the stable itself but in an adjoining building or room. And again she felt brick flooring under the soles of her thin house-shoes.

"This way now."
Another door was unlocked, and then Edna knew that she was not only in a house once more, but in a warm, inhabited one.

"And once more upstairs."
Her companion had now lowered his voice for the first time, as if anxious not to be overheard by other dwellers in the house. She walked along a carpeted floor, and, being led a few steps forward, heard the opening of a door.

An exclamation of impatience broke from her companion, who said, sharply: "Go back!"

The door shut, and Edna guessed that somebody had had the indiscretion to look at her as she was being led thus blindfold through the house. She began to grow restless and nervous again, but her companion reassured her, saying: "Now turn, and come up this staircase, and then we shall be there."

They went upstairs and into a room which she knew to be lighted by artificial light, although it was not more than half an hour after noon.

"Now," said he, "you can take the bandage off your eyes, and if you will wait here by yourself for a few minutes, someone will come in and fetch you."

"Thank you," said Edna, as her hands went quickly up to her head.

Since he had given her permission to remove the bandage, she had at once formed the resolution to see him before he could have time to get away.

But he was more artful than she was. For in spite of her earnest efforts, first to get the bandage off without untying it, and then to untie it and whip

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it off very quickly, she was unable to rid herself of it until he had had time to disappear.

For when at last she succeeded in tearing off the handkerchief, she found herself alone in the room.

CHAPTER XXI.

EDNA smiled to herself on looking round her. Although the room, which was of fair size, was lighted by gas, while the two windows with which it was furnished were not only curtained, but shuttered as well, she knew where she was, or thought she did, quite as certainly as if the windows had been left wide open.

"This," she said to herself, "is of course Mr. Tom Kage's house."

And with that idea in her mind, she looked about her for confirmation of her surmise. It was the study of a bachelor, she felt sure, the sort of a study in which a man does no work, but smokes his pipe and reads the paper.

The smell of tobacco-smoke was strong in every direction, and, indeed, traces of the habits of the owner of the room were to be seen in tobacco-jars on the mantelpiece and the tables and cupboards, in the pipe-racks on the walls, in the collection of briars, meerschaums, of cigar-boxes, ash-trays, match-stands, and similar articles which filled every available corner.

The furniture was of leather and well worn. A fire burnt in the grate, and beside the fire-place was a chair, over the back of which was a riding-coat, mud-stained, and with one sleeve cut right out. It was roughly cut, and Edna saw, with a spasm of pity, that it must have been the garment worn by Mr. Kage when he was thrown from his horse on the preceding night, and badly, if not fatally injured.

And then again began the self-questioning, the teasing pricks of useless and yet pardonable curiosity concerning the identity of her mysterious guide.

Had she been led to this house by Lord Lockington himself? Or was it Lord Lockington who had been injured and who had sent for her?

Why should the two men desire to remain unseen by her? She knew of the Viscount's eccentricities, and understood and respected them. But, unless Lord Lockington and Mr. Tom Kage were one and the same person, which, in the face of what she knew about the latter's visits to Lady Lockington, she could not but think out of the question, why should there be another man in the same condition of anxiety to conceal from her his identity?

She could not satisfy herself on this point, and she sat in the worn leather armchair by the fire, very still, very much troubled, and very anxious to learn what was going to happen.

There were two doors to the room she was in, and one of them, at the end, led, she felt sure, into an adjoining room, in which she could hear the sounds of subdued voices talking.

It was by that door, she was sure, that she should see someone enter. She almost sprang from her chair in her excitement when the door in question did open and shut very quickly and very quietly, to allow the passage of a short, stout man, with gold-rimmed spectacles and a good-natured face, whom she guessed at once to be Dr. Pearce.

HE bowed to Edna, and said, in a very kind voice: "Miss Bellamy, I believe? I'm afraid you've been rather alarmed by the manner in which you were smuggled in here. But Lord Lockington, who is very seriously ill, I'm afraid, wished so much to hear you sing again that it had to be managed somehow, and there were reasons why it could not be done openly. This place is a hotbed of gossip, and his Lordship does not want his illness known and chattered about. I'm sure that you, Miss Bellamy, will respect his wishes, and will know nothing until everybody else knows everything."

"I will do whatever Lord Lockington wishes. I'm very grateful to him for all his kindness to me," said Edna, in a quavering voice.

"That's right, that's right. Now don't give way. I want you to be very composed, and to sing some of your little songs, here, just as you are sitting there. You can sing unaccompanied?"

"Oh, yes—if I must."

"Very well, then. I'll put the door ajar, and you can sing. And presently I'll come in and tell you what Lord Lockington wishes you to do further."

He smiled kindly and nodded to her encouragingly, went back to the door, and passed through into the next room, leaving the door ajar. "Now," said he, "if you are ready, please sing."

In a tremulous little voice Edna began, choosing to sing some of her own favourite little songs, and some of the old ballads out of the book she had found at the Hall. She had learnt these, and could sing them prettily enough. Gaining courage as she went on, she sang for some time, waiting a few minutes between each song as she used to do when singing in the old wing.

Then, when she had gone through as much of her repertory as she remembered, she said, in her clear, sweet voice: "That's all I can sing without the words or the music."

There was a pause, and then she heard a movement and whispering in the adjoining room, and this time it was a nurse who came out, a tall woman in a dark blue dress, with a neat white cap, cuffs, and apron.

"His Lordship would be glad to know, Miss Bellamy, whether you would come in and speak to him. He warns you that you will find it very difficult to understand him, but still, he would like to speak to you, if you won't be frightened."

"I should like to come very much," cried Edna, already on her feet.

"This way, then."

Edna followed the nurse into the next room, which was a large, old-fashioned bedroom, from which the daylight had been excluded by the drawing of the window-curtains, as in the apartment she had just left.

At one side of the room, standing well out from the wall, was an enormous full-tester bedstead of carved wood, with curtains of dark red damask which were drawn so far round it that only a space some ten or twelve inches wide, on the side where Edna was with the nurse, let in air and light to the sick man lying in the bed.

Edna could see no more of the patient than the fact that there was someone lying there. Not so much as a finger was visible.

"I've brought Miss Bellamy, my Lord," said the nurse, standing close to the bed-curtains, but not looking in.

A VOICE, strangely muffled, hoarse and indistinct, spoke from the bed. What the voice said Edna could not hear; but when it was silent the nurse bowed her head, and turning to Edna, whom she drew into a corner, said, in a low voice:

"His Lordship is afraid you may not be able to understand him, as his speech is rather indistinct." She looked significantly into the young girl's eyes, and added: "Will you try hard to do so?"

"Of course I will," replied Edna, nervously for the effort.

"He will be much pleased if you can," replied the nurse, rather with her lips than with her voice, so low did she breathe the words, so that they might not reach the sick man's ears.

Edna nodded with a firm look. "I will," she said, in a voice very low but very firm.

The nurse bowed her head, and, taking her by the hand, placed her in a chair close by the bed, with the dark, thick curtain between her and the patient.

"Miss Bellamy is sitting in the chair beside you, my Lord," said she, as she withdrew to the fire.

"Thank you. Leave her with me."

"Yes, my Lord."

And the nurse went into the room which Edna had just left.

Edna was clasping her hands tightly together, hoping, indeed praying, that she might be able to fulfil the sick man's wish, and understand him. She perceived already the truth that the terrible accident which had ruined his life must have had, for one of its results, the alteration of his voice, so that it scarcely sounded like that of a human being.

She sat trembling with nervousness until he spoke again. "Can you understand me?"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Heaven bless you! I want you to listen a little while. You know something about me, of course, and you've



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heard things about me, I suppose, which have alarmed you?"

"Never," said Edna, steadily. "I've heard things which I've not believed, which made me angry, and—and some things which I have believed which have made me—sorry." Her voice trembled ever so little. "But I've never heard anything else."

There was a pause, and Edna wondered whether she had said too much. Then she heard a slight movement behind the curtains, and the indistinct, broken, pitiful voice said:

"Give me your hand, child. You have given me the greatest pleasure I have known for many years." She saw a hand, large, muscular, well-shaped, and white, protrude from between the curtains, and at once slid her own little red girlish hand into it. He went on:

"You are human, you are feminine, you are lovable," said he, growing even more indistinct under the influence of the strong emotion which he evidently felt. "I knew it from your voice when you first came to the Hall. I saw it in your pretty little face at the first glimpse I caught of you. I have it confirmed now in the beautiful words you have just spoken to me, words which will comfort me as I lie here—till I am past receiving comfort any more."

Edna's little fingers curled round his large ones, for she was touched to the quick. She had never seen a man or woman die, but her instinct told her that it was to a dying man that she was now listening. Presently he went on:

"If I had known you before, I think I should have been saved from madness. I think I could have found enough delight in listening to you, and in watching you, and that you would have won me back to something like a natural life again. But it's too late for that, child. And it would have been painful to you, very painful, to have hovering about always a friend and guardian whom you could not see."

"But you would have let me see you if I'd known you longer," said Edna, regaining her confidence in the passion of pity, sympathy, and gratitude she felt towards her unseen friend.

A hollow, faint laugh came from his

lips. "You have made me try to laugh, child," he said. "I don't think I can remember when I have laughed before, except such laughter as devils might utter."

"Oh, no!"
"And so you think I would have let you see my horrible, distorted mask, do you? Well, perhaps. But you may be thankful to have been spared that trial of your kindness. And now, child, you must go away. I don't want the women to set their bitter tongues wagging at you. And for the sake of such a wretched fag-end of a life as mine. I thank you for your sweet singing: you shall sing to me again if I live long enough. In the meantime I must see your pretty little face once more. Now swear, on your honour, not to look round, not to try to see me when I tell you how you are to move."

"I swear."
"Then you are now to draw your chair about a foot away, and to keep your side-face to me, and to close your eyes, and you are not to open them till I give you leave. You will do as I say?"

"Yes."
"Move away, then."
"Edna calculated the distance, and moved her chair a foot away from the bed. Then she closed her eyes, and, with a fast-beating heart, waited while she heard the curtain drawn back, and knew that the unfortunate man for whom she felt a very passion of pity, was gazing at her face.

Then the curtain fell back again, and he said: "Now you may go. Heaven bless you, child. Give me your hand once more."

She obeyed, almost choking with unshed tears.

"Good-bye, my dear, good-bye."
It seemed to her that his voice was fainter as he dropped her hand, and she went quickly into the next room and told the nurse, who nodded gravely, and shut her once more in the room by herself.

Edna bent her head and tried hard to sob quietly. But before she had recovered she suddenly felt the bandage being tied again round her eyes.

(To be continued.)

The Scrap Book

Perhaps She Did, Too.—"Do you love me, Charles?" inquired the beautiful girl.

"Of course I do."
"Do you think only of me, by day and night?"

"Well, I'll be frank with you. Now and then I think of baseball."—Washington Herald.

The Vampire.—Maud—"When you broke the engagement, of course you returned the diamond ring he gave you?"
Ethel—"Certainly not! I don't care for Jack any more, but my feelings have not changed towards the ring."—Boston Transcript.

Unusual.—"Does your son realize the responsibilities of great wealth?"
"I fear not," sighed the eminent magnate. "He can't seem to learn auction bridge, and he shows no sign of wanting to marry a chorus girl."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Kind Carrie.—Mr. Calley—"I thought both your girls played the piano?"
Pa Hyley—"Mamie does, but Carrie never could stand to make others unhappy."—New York Globe.

Expensive.—Old Jones—"Can you give my daughter the luxuries to which she has been accustomed?"
Cholly (engaged)—"Not much longer. That's why I want to get married."—Chicago News.

Economy.—In a certain town of Nebraska lives a man who has been so unfortunate as to lose three wives, who were buried side by side. For a long time the economical Nebraskan deliberated as to whether he should erect a separate headstone for each, commemorating her virtues, but the expense deterred him.

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Christian name of each engraved on a small stone—"Mary," "Elizabeth," "Matilda"—a hand cut on each stone pointing to a large stone in the centre of the lot, and under each hand the words: "For epitaph see large stone."—The Argonaut.

Certainly In.—"Is Mrs. De Brick in?" asked the visitor, calling at the London home of the Suffragette leader.
"Yiss, mum," said Norah. "She's in for six monts, mum."—Harper's Weekly.

A Cruel Thrust.—Opera Manager (to patron)—"Can you suggest any other improvements in my house besides sinking the orchestra?"
Patron—"Yes; sink the stage also."
—Guckkasten.

Reason for Haste.—"I understand that T. A. Edison says that concrete shoes will be all the rage soon."
"Gee! I guess I'll speak to your father right away."—Houston Post.

The Modern Son.—"When I was a young man I worked twelve hours a day," said the sire.
"I admire your youthful energy," replied the son, "but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it."—Washington Star.

The Aftermath.
I stood on a chair at midnight,
But the clocks didn't strike the hour;
They were packed in the barrel with the china,
Or perhaps in the bin with the flour.
—Chicago Tribune.

Not Wanted.—Chauffeur—"Is there an ordinance limiting the speed of autos in this town?"
Native—"Gwash, no! You fellers can't git through Squashville any too quick for us."—Boston Transcript.

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(Continued from page 8.)

Gordon nodded thoughtfully. "You think he is perfectly square, then?"

"Beyond a doubt. If he says he has a good Portland cement, you can count on it being what he says."

"That's something to know!" the contractor answered. "And you think he quotes us these figures, which are suspiciously low, just for the advertising our use of his stuff will bring?"

"If that's what he says, it's true," Moncton made positive answer. "I have known him for years."

"Sufficient recommendation," said the other man laughing a little. "Now to work, Arthur! Let me see—er—yes, we have a small margin to the good owing to Hudson's offer, and if we get the cement set before frost our part of Stony Creek bridge will be finished. That is satisfactorily simple?"

Moncton looked dubious. "Is there any way—by twisting the thing about—is there any way that you could be held responsible for—well for—things if they should go wrong?"

Gordon looked up quickly. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, the truth is, that I don't put it past our friends down the street to do the cheapest work possible at the greatest possible gain, and let some one else shoulder all the trouble which invariably comes of doing cheap work."

"We will watch our p's and q's if that is your opinion," was the half-serious answer.

The bridge over Stony Creek was to be a cantilever, having an unusually long middle span. There were to be four piers on either side of the river.

Gordon's men were set to work on the morning following his talk with Moncton, and because the water was at its lowest, they worked on dry ground.

In spite of ceaseless, conscientious endeavour, the frost overtook them a day or two before the time allowed in the specifications for the setting of the concrete.

Gordon sent at once for Hudson, but he did not arrive from a nearby town before Kennedy had made things hum around the work. After bullying every one else, he turned furiously to Gordon.

"A fine mess you've made of this!" he shouted. "Not only in your part of the contract, but mine—you've ruined mine! I know your game, d—you! You didn't push the work on purpose, thinking you could hold us up!"

"There has not been an hour, day or night since the first shovelful of earth was turned, Kennedy, that the work has not gone on, and you know it! I have sent for the manager of the Cement Company, who will put it to a thorough test and let us know the worst."

Hudson made a satisfactory test before all those most deeply concerned, including President Cleve and the Chief Engineer, but Kennedy and his partner took especial pains to discount everything their former employee said and did. They had not known until that time whose cement Gordon was using, and naturally looked for a put-up job between the two.

Notwithstanding this, however, the work went on, and all through the winter Gordon watched it closely. Once in a while he talked with Foreman Yensen.

"It's not your way of doing the things, Meester Gordon," he said, one day. "Ah, weel be glad when the job is over."

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked Gordon.

The Norwegian spread wide his hands. "It ain't for me to say, sir," he replied, guardedly, "I gets my orders and doos dem. But we'll see."

The first of March brought a thaw and complicated the work, though in point of completion everything was finished except the middle span. By March fifteenth the waters had risen eighteen inches higher than ever before, and huge blocks of ice coming down from the Upper Fork jammed with dogged persistence round the piers.

Excitement ran high, and conjecture was rife. People took sides with Gordon or Kennedy and neglected all forms of amusement, flocking daily to the scene of construction. The bridge deal became a matter of personal moment. A week later owing to the fact that important work was to be done on the

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fourth and last panel of the suspended span the crowd at Stony Creek was greater than usual.

A gigantic traveller swung out slowly, powerfully, lowering its tremendous weight with magnificent precision. The lower chord was being riveted, and the men hung like flies upon the slippery truss work. Yensen, standing on a rock below, watched his gangs keenly.

All at once he raised his hands wildly, uttered an incoherent command, and leapt far up on the bank of the river. Simultaneously there was a screech of shearing rivets, a roar of falling steel, a crash of shattered panels, and the whole structure collapsed, hurling the men upon it to the rocks or into the water beneath, and covering them with its unmerciful, unrelenting arms.

"Your work!" called out Kennedy to Gordon, running up the bank to the place where Moncton and his chief were stationed. "I told you the frost had bitten you! And I repeat that I have had my suspicions all along—I now accuse you of trying to ruin me!"

He would have struck the contractor had not President Cleve intervened, and Gordon saw his accuser led away, saw the writhing forms of the men Yensen and a volunteer crowd tried to succour—saw himself possibly their murderer.

President Cleve called a meeting for nine o'clock on the following morning, and to the infinite satisfaction of two men present the consensus of opinion was that the piers had shifted. This decision, if it could be proven, would ruin Gordon and exonerate Kennedy from all blame in the matter. Also, the dispute came at an opportune time, for there was a final payment owing Gordon which could now be held over on the grounds that his work had not stood the test.

Gordon insisted upon a thorough investigation, asking the co-operation of the Interstate. A commission of eminent engineers was immediately appointed, and while waiting for the waters to subside they made a careful study of the methods adopted by the Colonial Steel Company in the design and construction of the bridge. They were, by the time this was done, able to make a complete examination of the wreck. Surveys were made, check measurements and photos taken; extensive tests upon the cement were made, and all the senior engineers connected with the work were examined.

The commission reported thus:

(1) That the measurements of the piers showed the masonry had risen very slightly when relieved of the load of the superstructure; otherwise it had remained exactly in its original position.

(The results of these surveys were accepted as proof that there were no defects in the sub-structure or foundations to contribute to the disaster.)

(2) That the collapse of the Stony Creek bridge resulted from the failure of the chords in the anchor arm near the main pier.

(3) That the stresses which caused the failure were not due to abnormal weather conditions or accident, but were such as might be expected in the regular course of erection.

(4) That the original design of the chords that failed, made by the designing engineer of the Colonial Steel Company, was returned by the contractor—Kennedy—with instructions to make a more economical design and thus reduce the cost.

(5) That the erecting foreman, Yensen, had upon several occasions advised his chief that there was positive evidence that the chords were bending and would not stand the ultimate strain.

The report was read at a meeting of the Board of Directors, and it was unanimously decided to cancel the contract with Kennedy and turn it over to Gordon. The G. C. Co., under the circumstances, was willing to hold to their agreement of a few months previous in spite of a delay.

The rivals bolted—it was the obvious thing for them to do, after Yensen had given his testimony, and Miss Hunton had decided to mention a certain unpleasant little incident. Yensen, as was also natural, offered his services to the "new boss" in a characteristic manner.

"Am ah on de yob, boss?" he asked. "Dere is a bum cantilever arm at de works, but ma own"—here Yensen drew up a muscle which looked like a healthy young pumpkin—"are to de good, yet!"



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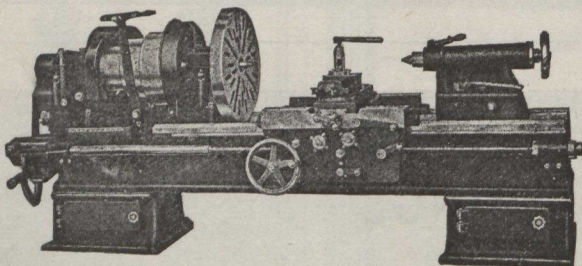
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THE WATER OF HEALTH

George Washington Stephens

(Concluded from page 6.)

our imports have increased in a much bigger ratio than our exports. Omitting all matters of trade preference; not bothering with an analysis of the home market expanding at a much greater ratio than the unfavourable balance of trade between exports and imports; merely taking into account the one huge fundamental factor in the future port of Montreal—he spoke of the grain.

"Which our captains call low class of freight," he said. "Since ships from Atlantic ports take it out at low rates for ballast. But so far as Canada is concerned, grain is basic. It must come out by at most three or four Canadian routes. What doesn't get out still reacts on Montreal in the enlargement of the home market and the increase of consumption of manufactured goods."

For the time being he was out on the plains, where internal and terminal elevators were just beginning to disgorge for the June rush down to tidewater; where granaries were still glutted; where farmers were still threshing. He pointed to the pyramids—the elevators; the Grand Trunk over a million bushels capacity; Montreal Harbour No. 1 a trifle bigger; No. 2, when it gets its storage annex completed this fall, bigger than both put together; the beginning of a new skyline in front of Notre Dame towers and old Bonsecours. Here was nearly five million bushels storage capacity; not including the elevators afloat that transfer grain from lake shipping to ocean liner direct. Here was the symbol of the fact that a year's wheat shipping from the port of Montreal has sometimes come very close to 50,000,000 bushels.

One of the Major's speeches given in Winnipeg a few years ago contained the basis of all that has happened since in this grand opera of wheat getting to the sea. He said:

"When we speak of the grain areas of Western Canada we mean: Manitoba, containing 27,000,000 acres; Saskatchewan and Alberta 144,000,000 acres; or a total area suitable for cultivation of wheat of 171,000,000 acres. Out of the 171,000,000 acres, in the year 1900 only two and a half million acres were under cultivation. In 1906 this had grown to six millions. In the year 1900 the yield was 33½ millions. In 1906 the yield was 100 millions.

"This grain was taken care of in 1900 in 533 elevators distributed at convenient points west of Lake Superior, with a combined capacity of 18,000,000 bushels. In 1906 the number had increased to 1,200 elevators with a capacity of 50,000,000 bushels.

"The wheat acreage increased in five years from 2½ to 6 million acres. The wheat grown from 33½ to 100 million bushels, and the mileage from 3,300 to 5,600 miles."

Crops since 1906 will be more or less intimately remembered; not forgetting that the total Western acreage under wheat this year is figured at 12,000,000 acres; the yield of which three trans-continental roads will haul, mainly to Montreal. The St. Lawrence route from upper lake ports to Montreal is shorter than the United States water route to New York by 110 miles; with 242 miles less of slow-speed canal navigation; which means 40 hours less time in the water-haulage for the all-Canadian route.

In 1909 the Major said:

"Yet the American railways carry through Buffalo the business that ought to go through the Canadian canals, because no adequate terminal facilities have been supplied in Canada to take care of this business.

Now he was able to say—that the wheat which used to sneak out via Buffalo, the Erie Canal and United States railroads to New York and Portland is beginning to go through Montreal. There is now a thirty-foot channel accommodating vessels of 15,000 tons; a channel 450 miles wide to Quebec, with double that width at the crooks; a hope of a speedy five feet more in depth; a channel lighting system unrivalled in the world; a vast saving of time when ships may travel all night instead of lying to till daybreak; a system of twenty-five miles of dock railway track-

age operated under a toll system by the Commissioners on behalf of the three railways; fourteen double-storeyed steel sheds; a perfect system of conveyors for grain and storage for goods; fourteen ocean berths or more—with linear extensions now under way; a storage area of up around two million square feet; a working capacity of not far from 200,000 tons a week; alongside every shed two railway tracks; lighterage reduced to a minimum and transshipment to a science; about thirty per cent. of the total tonnage handled direct between car, shed and ships—with an estimated economy of about fifty per cent. in cost.

"Oh," he said, mopping the place where his spectacles had been, "we're starting to catch up with the railroads. In fact, I don't know but what it's getting up to them to make a move—when you figure that week in and week out for twenty-four hours a day the average efficiency of a freight car in Canada is less than a mile and a half an hour. Congestion at terminals is the main trouble from our point of view."

"And you have eliminated congestion?"

"We occupy as yet about seven miles of a possible thirty-two on both sides of the river; and we own the land to a depth determinable by high-water mark."

"But you have one serious handicap."

"You mean the short season; seven months in a year against twelve in New York? Well, we shall probably increase that. The ice problem has never been grappled with. But wait—till Prof. Barnes devises a scheme to get rid of early ice at the Point above Quebec. It's just possible that keeping clear there will add a month to our season. The more business we do the more difference that will make. Yes, Barnes knows more about the dynamics of ice, so far as we are concerned, than any of the Pole men.

"But you must go over the harbour."

The docks motor-car was down at the door. We shot over the wharf rails, past lines of box cars, in among the stevedores and the cement-mixers, down the long lanes of a shed with a concrete floor; out and into a five-ton electric hoist that had just discharged a dray-load of three tons and a heavy team; up to the second deck and down the alleys of inbound freight—just for a sample of how the Commissioners get over the Port on the land side.

We got out near a walled-up cargo of oranges and lemons, and stood to watch the operations on wheat pyramid No. 2; everywhere traffic, transshipment and construction going on together without a hitch.

"But the B. N. A. clause is playing hob with the kind of shipping that used to manoeuvre a great part of the grain traffic here," said my informant.

"What's the B. N. A. clause?"

"It operates in marine policies since 1900 to exclude all but regular liners from trading at Canadian ports without an extra premium. That's the second handicap to a short season. Tramp steamers never come here now. We miss them; now more than ever. They're the handiest thing out except the harbour tugs. Regular liners don't dote on grain. Tramp steamers do. It's time the B. N. A. clause was cut out. The whole scheme of insurance on this route needs remodelling. The Government and the Commission have done their part to make Montreal one of the best equipped ports in the world, and the St. Lawrence route as safe as a mill pond. It's time the insurance people woke up."

In a few minutes we were into a launch, out past the seventy-ton floating crane, across to the Commissioners' palace tug for lunch; steaming down the harbour past the castles of wheat and the towers of Notre Dame behind them, down to the drydock basin that by mid-August will be ready to slip in the 25,000-ton floating-dock coming across from Vickers and Maxim.

From the big dredge and the concrete mixer west to the mouth of the Lachine Canal—five miles of Montreal harbour. Ten years from now—what?

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It is a time of great joy to the student let loose from school on a long vacation; it is an equally joyous occasion to mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, who find their loved ones home again on a long summer's reunion.

For several years the "Canadian Courier" has endeavoured to add to the interest of the occasion and the entertainment of its readers at this time by issuing an Educational Number.

The success that has met our efforts in previous years inspires us to produce an Educational Number this year that will be bigger, better and of greater interest than any of its predecessors.

The Educational Number

Will be issued on
June 29th

and will treat throughout of educational topics. The work of our schools and colleges during the past year will be carefully reviewed in interesting style. Other articles on higher education, the advantages of private schools, and stories about college life will be features, while the whole issue will be profusely illustrated.

The Educational Number will undoubtedly be looked forward to eagerly and read with keen interest. Because of its educational character and our readers' interest this special issue has unquestionable value, quite out of the ordinary, for the advertising of our Canadian schools and colleges.

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