

Vol. XIV. No. 10

August 9th, 1913

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The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



**THIS WEEK**

**When Nova Scotia  
Had a Navy**

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

**Municipal Finance**

By W. H. STEWART

**A Page of Tennis**

From CAMERA AND PEN

**Maskwa, the Backslider**

By MADGE MACBETH

And Other Features

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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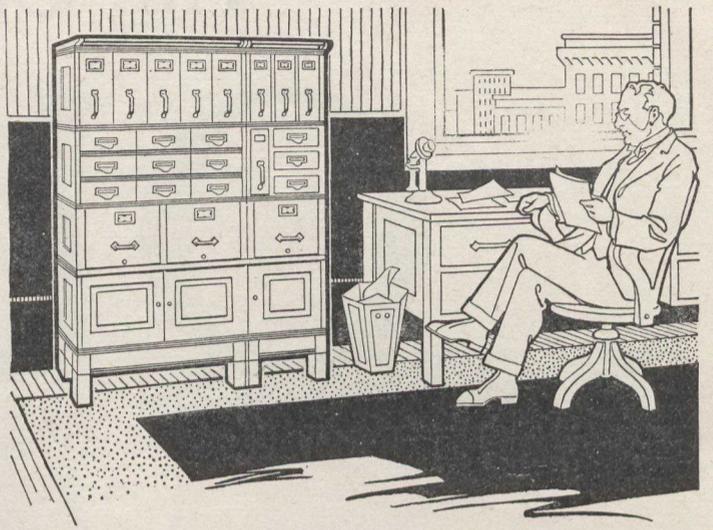
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# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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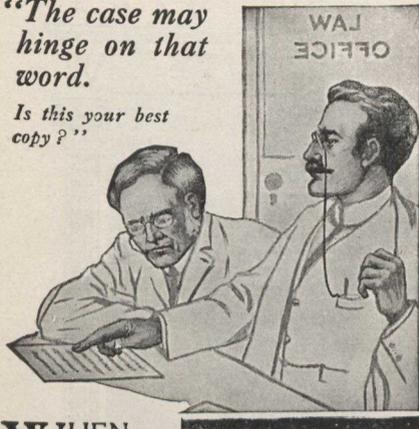
VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 10

"The case may hinge on that word."

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## CONTENTS

- Tennis and Other Championships .. Illustrated.
- Maskwa, the Backslider, Story .... By Madge Macbeth.  
Illustrated by Arthur Heming.
- When Nova Scotia had a Navy .... By Archibald MacMechan.
- Municipal Finance ..... By W. H. Stewart.  
And the Collecting of Taxes.
- If the U. S. Invades Mexico ..... By Norman Patterson.  
Illustrated by Special Photographs.
- Occasionalities ..... By J. W. Bengough.
- All Prisoners and Captives ..... By Virna Sheard.
- London Letter ..... By "Caledonian."
- News of a Week ..... Illustrated.
- The River of Stars, Serial ..... By Edgar Wallace.
- For the Juniors ..... Illustrated.
- A Page of Country Life ..... By E. T. Cook.
- Sign of the Maple ..... Illustrated.
- Demi-Tasse ..... By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates ..... By the Financial Editor.
- Reflections ..... By the Editor.

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## In Lighter Vein

**Politeness Restrained Him.**—"You are getting very bald, sir," said the barber. "You, yourself," retorted the customer, "are not free from a number of defects that I could mention if I cared to become personal."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Evanescent Joy.

I MET her in a crowd;  
She sweetly smiled at me;  
I felt extremely proud,  
For she was good to see.

Alas, my gladness died  
Almost ere it began;  
I heard her ask (aside):  
"Who is that nice old man?"  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Also Ran.**—"Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George were present at a performance of 'La Boheme,' given at Covent Garden on Monday night, when Melba and Caruso were never heard to such good advantage. The King and Queen were also present."—Carnarvon Herald, as quoted by Punch.

**First Aid.**—"John, those burglars are in the pantry, at my pies and cake. 'Phone for a policeman quick!" "I'll 'phone for a doctor—they won't need a policeman."—Life.

**Convalescent.**—Hubbard—"Simpkins has got over his nervous prostration." Pease—"How can you tell?" Hubbard—"Why, I met him on the street last night, and he wanted to borrow twenty dollars."—Puck.

**A Matter of Taste.**—Lady Tree, discussing the revival of fringes for women, said to an interviewer last week, "Women with really intellectual foreheads should not wear them." Personally, we always wear ours.—Punch.

**Busy Alike.**—"It seems strange that he could plunder a great corporation like that for years without being found out." "Well, you see, the corporation was pretty busy itself."—Chicago Journal.

### Hobbies.

**THOUGH** prone to dodge all labor  
That tries to come his way,  
Man always works the hardest  
At things that never pay.  
—Judge.

**Too Much "Pye."**—The poet Pye, we are told in The Observer, was the most conscientious of the Laureates. He used to turn out Birthday Odes with the precision of clock-work, and these were read out to King George III. at his birthday parties. His Majesty ultimately became insane.—Punch.

**Indifferent Success.**—Griggs—"Did that deal of yours turn out a paying investment?" Briggs—"Oh, yes, only I wasn't the payee."—Boston Transcript.

**Faithful Fam'ly.**—Fourthbell—"Your cook has been with you a long time, has she not?"

Brownstone—"We have been with her for five years."—Puck.

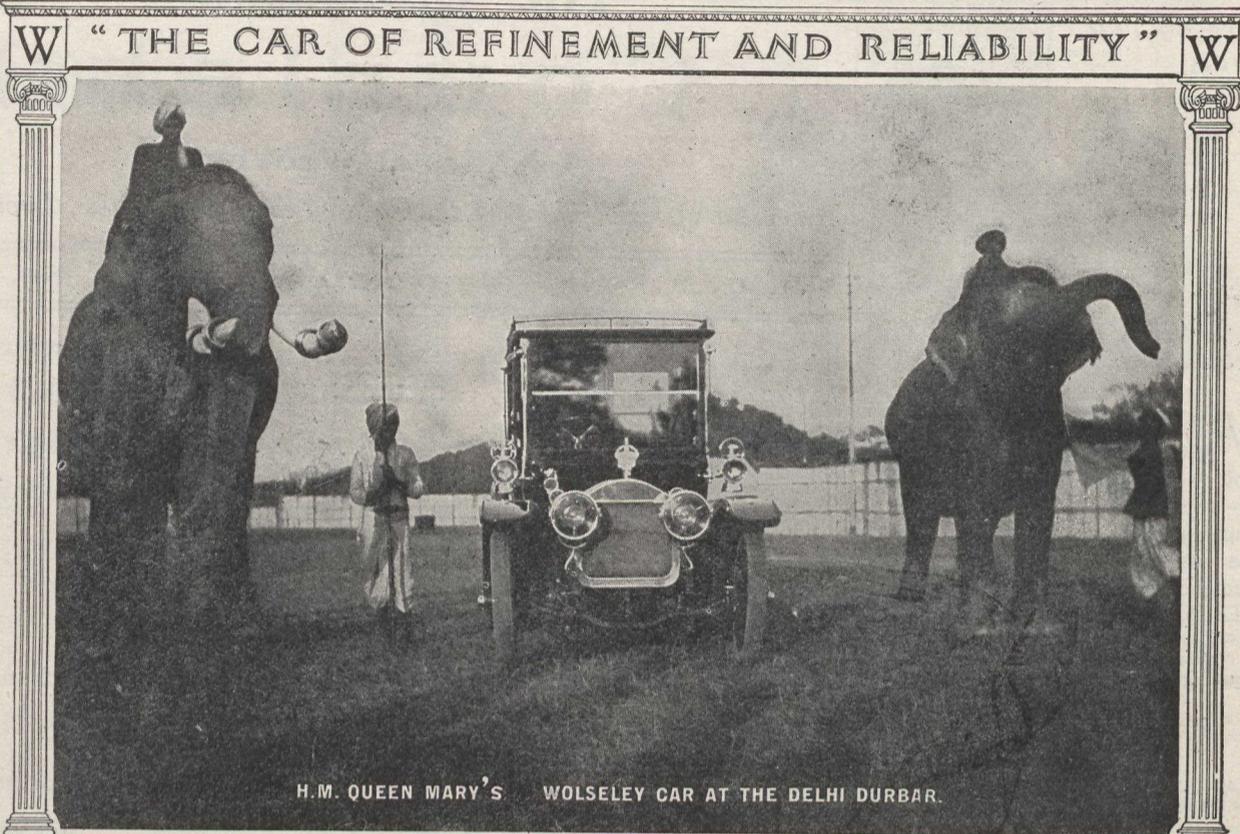
**Just a Listener.**—Irate Intruder—"Look here, you've been in there half an hour and never said a word."

Man in the Telephone Booth—"I am speaking to my wife, sir."—Sketch.

**Proverbial Fear.**—Aunt Cindy was running around the yard in the rear of her cabin seeking to drive into the henhouse a dozen or so of chickens that seemed anxious to go anywhere but in the henhouse.

"Why do you go to all that trouble, Aunt Cindy?" asked a passer-by. "Don't you know that chickens come home to roost?"

"Sho', I knows it, white folks," answered Aunt Cindy, "an' dat's de trouble—dey's goin' home to roos'!"  
—New York Evening Post.



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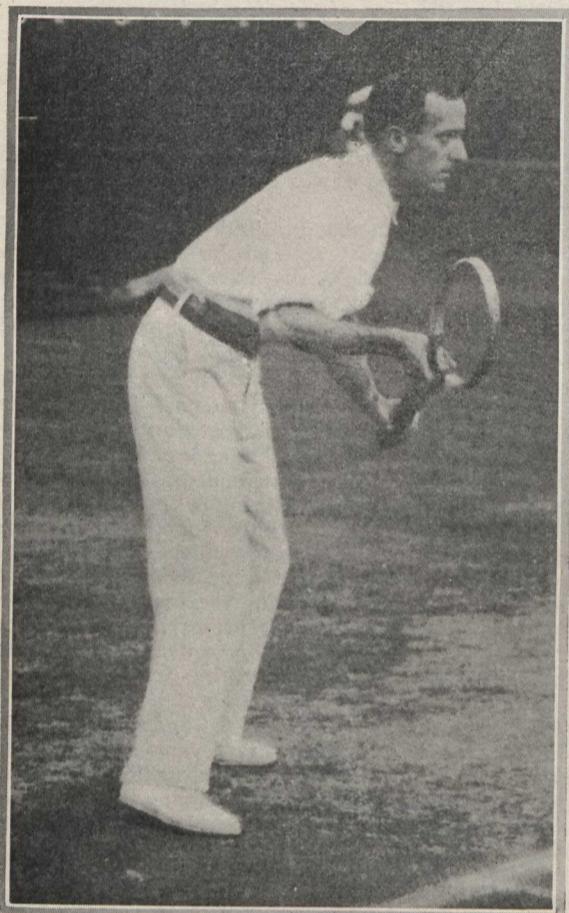
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The Canadian Courier commends for the perusal of its readers the advertisements in the Classified Directory. These little business announcements should be of interest to most of our readers.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

# Tennis and Other Championships



"Pat Ball" Powell, Captain of the Canadian Team, Who Was Defeated in Davis Cup Competition by McLoughlin, United States, 10-8, 6-1, 6-4.

TENNIS and cricket are growing in popularity in Canada—and may some day occupy the place here which they do in England. The explanations are easy—Canada is growing in wealth and with wealth comes a less break-neck pace in business and sport. Further, the English migration of the last few years has made Canada less American and more European.

For the first time, Canada sent a team to compete in the Davis Cup games in Britain. The United States also sent a team. Hence there has been much American and Canadian interest in these games. The cup for teams goes to the winners of one double match and four single matches. The winners of the finals in the general matches then have the right to challenge the holders, who in this case were Englishmen.

It is doubtful if the four Canadians who went over expected to win the Cup; they simply went to show that the game in Canada is progressing. Three of them were English-born and only one was a native of what the London space-writer loves to call "our colony." However, they made a good showing and got into the finals with the Americans, who slaughtered them. The United States team then challenged the English holders and beat them by the narrowest possible margin.

THE story of the finals between England and the United States teams is briefly told. The first day, two singles were played, each getting a game. Parke (E.) defeated McLoughlin (U.S.), and Dixon (E.) lost to Williams (U.S.). The next day came a doubles match, when Roper-Barrett and C. P. Dixon (E.) lost to McLoughlin and Hackett (U.S.). This gave the United States a vantage

The third day came the two other singles; Dixon (E.) lost to McLoughlin (U.S.), and Parke (E.) winning from Williams (U.S.). Thus of the five matches, the United States won two singles and a double. The Americans are now holders of the Davis Cup for tennis teams.

How close this match was! Each country won



Williams, One of the United States Players, and Schwengers, of the Canadian Team—Both Young Players. The English Cracks Are Much Older Than These From This Continent.

two of the four singles. Thus the doubles was the deciding game. In this match the Englishmen won the first set by 7-5. The United States won the second 6-1. The Englishmen then rallied and won the third 6-2. In the fourth set, the Englishmen were within one point of winning when the Americans rallied and won out 7-5. In the fifth set the latter did better and won 6-4.

There is no doubt that the star of the year is McLoughlin, the young United States player. He



Powell and McLoughlin—a Good Picture of the Canadian Captain With the Star of the United States Team. McLoughlin Was Beaten for the Championship of England by Wilding, of New Zealand (Holder).

is not a consistent player. He is brilliant in spots. When he beat Parke, the Irish champion, in the individual championship, many thought he was to be the world's champion. But when he came up



Schwengers, British Columbia Champion, Who Was Defeated in Davis Cup Competition by Williams, United States, 6-4, 6-2, 6-4.

against Wilding, the New Zealand holder of that title, he fell rather easily. Wilding's steadiness enabled him to win three straight sets, 8-6, 6-3 and 10-8. Then, later on, in the team games, Parke got his revenge, McLoughlin going to defeat by 10-8, 5-7, 4-6, 6-1, 5-7—a hard contest. In this match, Parke excelled on ground strokes and general steadiness. In the final singles, however, the young Californian again showed form, beating the veteran Dixon in three straight sets, 8-6, 6-3, 6-2. His service is very swift and his smashing above the average.

WITH a Canadian rifle-man winning first place at Bisley this year, a Canadian tennis team taking third place among eight countries, and a Canadian eight-oared crew making the champions of the world go the course in record time, Canada has every reason to be proud of her showing in international sport in 1913.

Hawkins' win at Bisley was due to his own steadiness and to Ommunsden's hard luck. The latter was leading when the third stage was reached, but missed his seventh shot at 1,000 yards and went to pieces. Hawkins, though shooting for the first time in this big competition, was steady as a rock and finished strong six points ahead of Ommunsden, 330 and 324.

IN yachting, there has been nothing extraordinary. The R. C. Y. C., Toronto, won the George Cup with the *Nirwana*, and the *Gardenia*, a new R. C. Y. C. boat, did well at Put-in-Bay in Lake Erie. Otherwise the international season has not been notable. The Canada Cup is still "hogged" at Rochester, N.Y.

# Maskwa, the Backslider

*An Indian Trapper who Tried the White Man's Religion, with Dramatic Results*

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrations by Arthur Heming

**M**ASKWA was not like other Indians who succumbed to the persuasion of the missionaries and inherited the consequent possession of food and blankets, who lightly discarded the faith of their forebears and became Christians at least in name, if not in practice, who could be depended upon to attend service on Christmas and Easter when the welcoming warmth of the little chapel made religion easy and the anticipation of gifts was a further lure. Maskwa was not one of these! He was the soul of uprightness, his honour was impeccable and he took life in all its aspects with stern seriousness. He was highly respected among his own people and among the whites, the trader at Fort Chipweyan never refusing him a little *massina-hi-gan* (credit) when others would ask in vain; he was often called upon to mediate in affairs of a delicate nature, when the heavy hand of the law might only serve to render the situation more ticklish, and he was used as an example to many a wayward creature. Thus it was that Maskwa's conversion became a matter of no small moment to the missionaries, who rightly foresaw that with the old chief's acceptance of the faith—his earnest acceptance of it—slack devotees who were Christians in the Settlement and abandoned heathens in the bush might be won to worship with less hypocrisy and to consider their religion in a properly reverential light.

But Maskwa was steadfast; he acknowledged the Great Spirit and all the lesser gods as had his ancestors for unknown ages before him, and the old missionary of the English Church, who sleeps at rest from his labours in the little graveyard behind the chapel, died with the knowledge of his failure bitter within him. Even the Oblate Fathers pronounced Maskwa a hopeless heathen. And that says enough!

Not that he was deaf to them or that he scorned their arguments and overtures; he would sit immovable, wrapped in deepest thought after a conversation with one of the missionaries trying to pierce the fog of bewilderment and see what he was expected to see. He desired passionately to do what was right, but theology as presented from sectarian angles was too complex a subject for his simple mind, and he would not accept a thing he could not understand. The Trinity was a sore puzzle to him; the fact that the white man's God allowed the wicked to flourish and punished those He loved, was beyond Maskwa's powers of comprehension. Yet, he argued, the White God must be all-powerful, for His children have plenty while the Red Men starve. And in a dim way right and might were synonymous to the offspring of generations of braves.

In his bewilderment he turned to Sergeant Seers, the lonely North-West Mounted Policeman who represented law and the power of Her Majesty the Queen, throughout a thousand-mile territory, asking for help and advice. But Seers, apparently, was as much in the dark as he; in spite of holding so much earthly power in his hands, he was a poor enough authority in matters spiritual. Desperately, Maskwa sought out Cornwall, the trader, who by virtue of his office was a man to consult in a time of perplexity.

"I AM like one who has lost his sight," said the old chief, slowly, as he squatted before the trader and smoked. "I am like a man stumbling in the dark, unable to see, trying to find the trail which is hidden, and feeling his way with his feet, because his eyes will not help him! How can I decide? The Old Country Prayer Man, he says Maskwa must come to him, and after—after this life, I shall be in heaven where my fathers, my brothers, and my sisters may not go. The French Prayer Man, he says No! Worse for Maskwa, by far, to follow the Old Country Prayer Man, than the Great Spirit! What more says he? That only by walking in the trail of his church shall I and my wife and my children reach the heaven where trouble is no more. But how now, Trader?" he queried, with burning earnestness, "how now, when our own Medicine Man lifts up his right hand, and reminds Maskwa of his ancestors who have lived and died in the Great Spirit, who even now are happy in the Big Hunting Ground, where they wait for me and mine. Tell me, how can I decide?"

Cornwall smoked in silence, not knowing what to answer.

"True," the old chief spoke again. "the white man's God is great and powerful. He is good to

His children. Have they not plenty with which to feed and clothe themselves, while the Red Men go hungry and cold? Has not the White God taken from us the land which was ours and given it unto His own people, so that we must go to them for food? You know it is the truth I speak! But even so, shall Maskwa turn his back on his gods in their time of need? Is he not a coward who always chooses the winning side?"

Cornwall kept silence; while he had his own ideas about religion, and although he was usually ready to give advice upon any subject ranging from infant diseases to the trading of a sleigh dog, he realized that this was a case for diplomacy—that he traded



Maskwa.

with equal profit between the English and Roman Catholic Missions; he must not influence Maskwa.

When Maskwa and his family came back to the Settlement one summer, the old English Church missionary had died and his place was taken by a young man, burning with religious fervour and impatient to gather Maskwa, of whom he had heard much, into his fold. His way was, in a measure, made easy. The old chief fell ill. All the herbs and simples his faithful squaw administered failed to help him; even the patent medicines which he tried in rotation and which, according to their labels, were guaranteed to stamp out any sickness known to man, brought no relief. He tossed on his blankets in a delirium of fever and grew rapidly worse.

Then the young missionary, armed with the "Doctor's Book," which stays at the mission and seems to hold the powers of witchcraft between its covers, visited the tepee and prescribed anew. Daily, he sat with Maskwa praying for both his body and his soul, and as time went on and he saved the one, he bent all his energies upon the salvation of the other.

"The Book," he impressed upon the old man, "is powerless to save you without the will of God behind it. Because He loves you. He put forth His hand to save you, so that you would not die without believing in Him and His wondrous works."

There were no theological mazes in the young man's teaching; his faith was as simple and understandable as Maskwa's own. He explained the puzzling parts with a straightforwardness impossible to deny; in brief he said, that the Great White

God loved all His children—to those visited by reverses a time of joy would surely come. There was no thought of punishment or revenge or hate; there was sometimes a test of their worthiness, but young braves must pass through a trial, likewise, in order to win respect, power and distinction in their tribes. And faith, trust and love were the watch-words—no call upon Maskwa's physical strength (a thing he dreaded and feared in his weakened condition), nothing but blind, unquestioning faith and a whole-souled belief in the Power of Prayer.

**T**HE gratitude of an Indian expresses itself largely in gifts, and day after day Maskwa wondered what he could bestow upon the Prayer Man which was of sufficient value to show how warmly his heart turned toward him. Some fine skins when the time of trapping had come, perhaps; or beaded moccasins or a moose hide. But the troublous question was what to give the Great White God in return for his life!

At last he saw his course with blinding clearness; he and his squaw and papooses must go to the chapel and follow the trail of the white Prayer Man. That would repay both the missionary and his God.

So it came about that gratitude formed the wedge by which Christianity entered the tepee of Maskwa and one day as the birds were flying south, the whole family was baptized in the little chapel at Fort Chipweyan, on Lake Athabasca, four hundred miles from the nearest telegraph pole and post office.

The beautiful, lazy Indian summer had come to an end, and winter held all the country in an icy embrace. The Red Men had gone far from the little settlement and were encamped at sufficient distance apart to avoid interfering with one another's traps. It was a cruel winter for them; the fish catch, upon which they largely depended, was unusually poor, for frost had come suddenly upon the heels of a glorious autumn, freezing the rivers in a single night with a thin crust of ice—too thin to travel upon, and following this, a heavy snow storm had acted as a blanket, preventing further freezing and therefore making the setting of nets impossible. Rabbits, generally so plentiful, had mysteriously disappeared, as they do every seven years, no man knows why or where. Caribou, which were expected to cross the country, coming from their summer quarters in the Barren Lands to heavier-wooded districts, had for some strange reason travelled by a different route, and moose, the last resort, had fled the section, probably from being hunted too much. Conditions were desperate for the Indians.

Every now and then a native, hollow-eyed and starving, would stagger into the Settlement, dragging his snowshoes and a few miserable skins behind him. These were, for the most part, musk-rat, scorned at other times and left for the women and children. But this winter necessity pressed too hard for them to be particular. The mission houses, the trader and even the Mounted Policeman did all they could to relieve the hunger which stalked through the tepees, leaving gaunt figures to face death by slow starvation. But what they could spare from their meagre supplies availed little, and the Happy Hunting Ground received many newcomers to swell its ranks.

**M**ASKWA had fared somewhat better than the rest. He was the best hunter in a tribe of which every member excelled in hunting, and early in the autumn he had killed two moose, the flesh of which his squaw had dried and put away for future use. By the time that was consumed, he found a bear asleep in its winter bed and thus staved off actual want for another few weeks. Food was scant, of course, but there was always something. He was camped on the bank of a small creek where it entered Lake Athabasca, and felt that if he could only hold out until the thaw he would be able to supply his family with an abundance of fish—though as a matter of fact no catch worth mentioning is made in the summer, while upwards of a hundred thousand fish are brought to Chipweyan through the winter. Maskwa was a hard worker, ranging the forest daily, and praying, as the Prayer Man had taught him, for food. The little store grew smaller, however, and there was nothing to replenish it.

Spring came! Spring, the time of the year about

which poets sing, when men are thought to have naught but gladness in their hearts! Spring came, the hardest part of the whole year in the North Country and the bane of savage life; the days when the gods of heat and cold wrestle to the death for supremacy. The warm beams of the sun unloose, during the day, the bonds which nightly grip the country at the frost king's bidding, and they melt the little trickling streams along the rivers and lakes, rotting the ice and making it impossible to travel. Then at night the frost king struggles to regain that which he has lost during the day, freezing the water and putting a thin crust of ice over the thawing snow. And, as in all mighty conflicts, the humbler creatures bear the greatest suffering, so in this struggle between summer and winter, Maskwa and his family bowed and crouched as under the weight of a heavy hand. Trapping was impossible, for the snow upon which his steel traps were set became water during the day, and at night that water became ice, binding the springs so tightly as to make them immovable. And hunting was a foredoomed failure, for the larger animals, if by chance they happened to come within range, were speedily warned of their danger by the sound of snow-shoes breaking through the thin crust of ice. The birds had not yet come.

EVERY day at the first glimmer of dawn, Maskwa left the tepee in search of food, and every night he stumbled back weary, discouraged—empty-handed. One by one the train dogs were killed and eaten, which was more of a kindness than a sacrifice, for the unhappy creatures were starving no less than their masters. But to an Indian, killing his dog is as much of a sacrifice as that of an Arab killing his horse. True, the latter rises to poetic flights of eulogistic song about his beast of burden, while the former, inheriting the virtue of undemonstrativeness for generations, apparently treats the dog with indifference and cruelty. A mere matter of climate and temperament! The Indian is sincerely attached to his dogs, as can be well proven by any one who has the temerity to ill-treat one of them.

The day came when Maskwa left the tepee hungry in the morning, and as the sun climbed higher in the heavens, he scrambled with increasing weakness and difficulty across fallen trees. Toward evening he sank often to the soggy earth and lay absolutely still for a long time. He was able to traverse but a small number of miles, and each morning that number grew smaller. His squaw and the papooses had eaten the sinews of their snow-shoes in the agony of their hunger, and when the tired chief returned empty-handed at night, the

family gnawed their moose-hide moccasins in a futile attempt to beguile their burning stomachs from such ceaseless torment. For several days they had eaten the willow buds and stripped the outer bark from the spruce, nibbling at the tender inner bark and finding momentary comfort in feeling something between their teeth. But they cried for food!

Maskwa sat in the middle of the tepee beside a small fire wrapped in his blanket, apparently unmoved. The thought that for days he had looked closer in the face of Death than any of his family knew was wonderful comfort to him—it argued that he was still strong. But that one day soon, he



And lo, stood a band of moose.

would go off into the sodden, stirring wastes and not return, he also knew full well. He watched the smoke as it found its way upward through the opening in the top of the tepee, and beyond that he was dull conscious of the pitiless light of a million stars. For two hours he sat thus, listening to the incessant moaning of his squaw and the elder children, to the piteous appeal of the smaller ones as they begged for food, and he watched with immovable features but burning eyes Esque-sis, the child of his old age, tossing in convulsions of starvation.

Suddenly something within him snapped, and with a mighty cry, Maskwa cast aside his mask of indifference. He rose to his knees and with tears streaming down his lined cheeks, he raised his hands and cried.

"Oh, Great White Spirit, who sees us with the

eyes of a million stars, look down upon Your Red Children and send us food! I, Maskwa, have kept faith with You and believed in You even as the white Prayer Man commanded; I know that not a bird falls to the ground unless You will it, and I know that everything happens just as You say. But Great White Father, have mercy here, now! I am a man and a hunter, I am a brave of the Crees and I do not fear to starve and die. I am ready to suffer for my family, if You will it so. But on them, have mercy! Take pity on my wife and children—look You upon Esque-sis, my youngest, behold her in her great agony, and send us food! Ugh, Jesu, notti-cottan-myin-mitzuen!"

Still trembling with emotion which he did not seek to hide, Maskwa called his squaw to stir up the fire, fill the camp kettle with snow and set out their few plates in readiness.

"I have prayed to the Great White Father," he said, "prayed as the Prayer Man taught me. I have called Him in our last need, and He has seen that I did not worry Him without striving to fight against hunger, alone. I have sent a message of love and faithfulness to heaven"—he waved his hand toward the ascending smoke—"I have asked for a little food, and I know that He will surely send it."

THE moaning ceased; each person in the tepee felt that a crisis had been passed and that relief was at hand. The snow in the kettle melted, it steamed and began to boil, and Maskwa, crouching beside the fire with a wolfish look upon his gaunt features, watched the plates in turn—the plates upon which he implicitly believed food would, at any moment, appear. They all sat tense and watched and waited.

And waited.

And waited!

A smothered sob from one of the children roused the chief. He looked slowly round the starving, strained faces and nodded confidently.

"Go to sleep, wife! Go to sleep, my children," he admonished, softly. "See, the White God does not like us to watch Him work His charms. I will call upon Him again and tell Him that we understand, that we will sleep, and in the morning, then we will surely find food!"

The fire burned low; one by one the embers died out, leaving the tepee in darkness save for the light of the stars which shone on in eternal silence. Only a moan from the squaw, or the whimpering of a little child broke the crushing stillness.

Hunger and the anticipation of having food stirred them up in the icy dawn of a gray morning. With one accord they reached out toward the kettle

(Concluded on page 22.)

## When Nova Scotia Had a Navy

Will those who think that the "Colonies" have not yet taken part in the Defence of the Empire, read this Historic Tale of Captain Tonge, by a Professor of Dalhousie University?

By ARCHIBALD MacMECHAN

ON the eastern coast of Cape Breton lie two small islands called Isle Madame and Petit de Grat, known to all sea-captains as "Peter the Great." The narrow inlet between them was the scene of a fight which deserves to be remembered, because the victory went with the weaker side. It was courage, skill and resolution pitted against long odds; and, for once, Providence was not on the side of the big battalions.

In the year 1781 France had come out openly in aid of the revolted British colonists in America. From the first, she had supplied Washington with the munitions of war, and now French soldiers and sailors were fighting like the colonists themselves for American independence. It was the French fleet which compelled Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown. All through the conflict little Nova Scotia stood by the mother country with unshaken loyalty, and the province suffered in consequence. Her coasts were constantly attacked by the enemy's privateers; and settlements were taken and sacked by landing parties from them. On the 19th of July,

1781, two fine French frigates of the largest class were cruising in company off Cape Breton, near Spanish River, where the busy steel city of Sydney now stands. They were notable ships. The *Astree*, of forty-four guns, was commanded by the famous explorer, La Perouse, who captured Fort Prince of Wales, and was destined, like Captain Cook, to find death in the islands of the Pacific. Her sister ship, the *Hermione*, of forty-two guns, had for captain Latouche-Treville, who rose to the rank of admiral, and whose name is borne by a French battleship of the present day.

Towards evening the French cruisers fell in with a motley little squadron of some twenty-one English vessels, and immediately cleared their decks for action. The odds were not as formidable as the figures might seem to imply, because sixteen were mere defenceless sloops and schooners chartered to Spanish River for coal to keep the huge Halifax garrison warm in the winter. Convoying

them were five small English ships of war. The largest was the captured "rebel" frigate *Boston*, renamed the *Charlestown* in honour of that notable British "victory," which the Americans call Bunker Hill. She mounted twenty-eight guns, and was commanded by a fine young officer, well liked in Halifax, named Evans. Two were sloops-of-war, that is, three-masted, square-rigged vessels of the class below the frigate; they were the *Allegiance* and the *Vulture*, with seven guns a side. The latter carried men of the 70th regiment, who had been detailed to dig coal, and now waited with fixed bayonets for an opportunity to board which never came. The other two were armed ships, not on the navy list, the *Vernon* of fourteen guns, and the *Jack*, a province vessel belonging to Québec, but re-commissioned by the government of Nova Scotia; for in those days the Mayflower Province had a miniature navy of her own, with Dreadnoughts of fifty tons and more. The connection with Québec is interesting, but the reason for the presence of the *Jack* in these waters does not appear. She was

a little thing of 160 tons, mounting ten 9-pounders and four sixes. Her commander was R. P. Tonge, who may or may not have belonged to Halifax. All together, the five English vessels were not a match for the two Frenchmen in size of crew or weight of metal.

THE July day was drawing to its close. Evans signalled his convoy to make for the harbour, and, ranging his five ships in line ahead, with the *Charlestown* in the centre, bore down on the enemy to cover the retreat of the colliers. It was like five terriers attacking two mastiffs. The battle began about seven o'clock, and the last shot was fired about eight. Within that hour sixty-two British sailors and forty-two Frenchmen had been killed or wounded. More than half the British loss occurred in the *Charlestown*, which shows that she bore the brunt of the conflict. Gallant Evans was killed by a cannon shot some time after the action began, but the fight was kept up with the greatest coolness and bravery by his first officer, Mackay, under the direction of Captain George of the *Vulture*. The body of Evans was taken back to Halifax and buried with every military honour under historic St. Paul's, where a mural tablet still preserves his name and the memory of his last fight. All the English ships were severely handled and the *Jack* was forced to strike her flag, after losing only three men. The *Charlestown* had her maintopmast shot away and was almost helpless. The French say that she surrendered, but night came on and, in the morning, the foes were far apart. The sorely battered British squadron altered course and reached Halifax in safety. The *Astree* was so damaged in her rigging that she could not pursue, and the two frigates made their way to Boston with their single prize. The French naval historians represent La Perouse as fighting against odds and gaining the victory, and a French artist, Rossel, made a picture of it; but the truth is that the battle was indecisive.

Why did the *Jack* surrender? Those were the days when fighting captains went into action with their flag nailed to the mast, so that in no event could it be lowered. The *Jack* lost only three men, which goes to show that she was not fought very long. One of them, however, was James Gormory, the helmsman. If he were struck down, it is quite possible that the *Jack*, engaged at close quarters, might drift helplessly right under the guns of the enemy and have to choose between surrender and being blown out of the water. At all events, Tonge went to Boston as a prisoner, and the *Jack* was sold as a prize in Salem. Next year she was retaken at the mouth of Halifax harbour by the *Observer*

privateer, Captain Crymes, after a desperate fight of two hours, in which the Americans lost twenty-one out of a total crew of fifty-eight men. Tonge, himself, was soon exchanged and given a new command.

This was a cutter of six guns named the *Little Jack*. Perhaps it is not fanciful to read in her christening a sailor's affection for his floating home, and likewise an allusion to the vessel he had lost. In less than three months after his first fight he left Halifax on October 6, bound for Quebec, whence the *Jack* had originally sailed. What his errand was is not known.

CUTTERS were swift sailers, like yachts in those days, and were employed in carrying despatches. From the evidence, it is possible that the cutter was transferring arms or stores. Four days after leaving Halifax, Tonge made the eastern entrance of the Gut of Canso, the strait which separates the peninsula of Nova Scotia from the island of Cape Breton. It is a narrow and picturesque passage, with sheer cliffs rising abruptly from the water's edge, almost like the mouth of the Saguenay. As Tonge was going in, he met two sail coming out—sloops or schooners—flying the "rebel" flag. At any rate, whatever their rig, they were two privateers from Marblehead, and each by herself was more heavily armed and manned than the *Little Jack*. The odds were too great for battle, so Tonge altered his course and ran for it. The entrance to the strait was barred, so the cutter fled eastward. The chase did not continue long. Either the *Little Jack* was overhauled too rapidly for hope of escape, or else her captain changed his mind and formed, as he ran, a desperate plan of fighting.

His mental processes are conjectural; what actually happened was this. Petit de Grat inlet is only twelve miles from the entrance of the Gut of Canso, and into this narrow defile Tonge ran the *Little Jack*. He may have thought he could get through, and then found that he could not; he may have fancied that the Marbleheaders would not dare to follow him into an unknown channel; but the Americans were skilful and daring sailors, and where he went, they went. So Tonge prepared to fight. The measures he took show plainly that he was determined not to haul down his flag twice in three months without the best of reasons. He anchored the cutter with a spring on her cable. This means a second rope was made fast to the anchor when it was dropped, and this "spring line" was carried to the stern of the vessel. By "heaving on the spring" the vessel could be warped round till she lay broadside on to the entrance of Petit

de Grat, and her deadly battery of three guns (probably carrying two-pound shot) could rake the inlet. In all likelihood, her position was near the present lighthouse, where the channel narrows. To attack the *Little Jack* here was like following a bear into a cave.

Tonge did another interesting and original thing, which shows both resource and resolution; he landed a gun. As this piece of ordnance was a nine-pounder, it is highly improbable that it formed part of the cutter's own armament. She could not possibly carry six nine-pounders on her tiny deck. Such a heavy gun was probably in her hold, being conveyed with its carriage, tackle and ammunition to Quebec. Now, it was sweated out of the hold and over the side into a boat and up a rocky eminence. As it could not have weighed less than half a ton, the magnitude of the task may be imagined. All the coast is bleak and bare, and near the present lighthouse the shore rises in a knob of rock about 140 feet high. From this height, Tonge could obtain a plunging fire on the defenceless decks of the enemy.

THERE could not have been much time to spare. The minutes before the fight began must have been filled full with back-breaking toil and deep-sea language; but Tonge succeeded in getting his big gun with its carriage, tackle, quoins, cartridge and shot into position on the hill, and the *Little Jack* below swung across stream into a posture of defence before the Marbleheaders came within range, poking up the inlet. Then the fight began; the *Little Jack's* two-pounder pop-guns barked and recoiled and were loaded and run out again; the big gun on the hill boomed at intervals and the Marbleheaders replied as they manoeuvred. The narrow strait was filled with black powder smoke and echoed to the explosions of cannon.

How long the fight lasted is not recorded. The Marbleheaders pounded and Tonge pounded, but Tonge pounded longest. Evidently, also, luck favoured him this time, for in the end one Marbleheader limped out to sea and the other was so badly damaged that she hauled down her flag. Evidently Tonge could not have carried her by boarding; he could not spare the men. No matter how damaged, she might still have made sail like her consort and escaped to the open. What probably happened was, that manoeuvring up a narrow, unknown channel she took ground, and so presented a helpless stationary target for the nine-pounder on the hill. Tonge took possession of her, paroled all his prisoners but one, to preserve as a specimen, I suppose, and proceeded with his prize in triumph to Quebec, where he was received with great eclat.

## Municipal Finance

By W. H. STEWART

IF you put the financial statements of large Canadian cities side by side with the financial statements of equally large United States cities you will be struck with surprise at the big debts of the one as compared with the small debts of the other. When you cross the border you enter the arena of small civic obligations. Our neighbours would never dream of letting their councils pile up the mortgages on their cities as ours do. Toronto has a debt of fifty millions, Montreal a debt of sixty-seven millions of dollars. Montreal is looking to borrow thirteen million more this summer. Turn to Detroit, a town of many large and well-kept parks, wide, solidly paved streets, kept as clean as new paint, and what do you make out her debt to be? Only about six and a third millions. Other large American towns of 370,000 to 566,000 people have low debts, too. The average indebtedness of Buffalo, Baltimore, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Newark, Pittsburg, San Francisco, is \$24,996,000.

How comes this great debt disparity? Are the rulers of our cities the more extravagant? The inequality in obligations is not owing to this. It chiefly lies in a narrower range of the improvements on loans and a wider policy of pay as you go. Our American neighbours keep close watch on the appropriations and even contest in the courts any improvements which the council has charged to loan account, but the legality of which admits of dispute. Detroit and other United States cities make their ordinary revenue finance public works that are ordinarily paid for with borrowed money in Toronto and Montreal. Many big towns in the States do not give the proprietors concerned ten or forty years to pay for their permanent sidewalks and roadways as Toronto and Montreal do, but they make the period of payment considerably shorter. Suppose that three years are allowed to

pay for these. If a city spends two million dollars a year on sidewalks and paved roadways on these terms, its debt on account of them would never go beyond six million dollars. If it gave but two years for settlement, the debt on this branch of works would never run over four millions, and if there was always a handsome surplus in the city treasury, the administration might never have to borrow any money for this work at all. This is just what Detroit is doing.

If the money market continues stringent and even grows more so as appears not improbable, let me recommend to Toronto and Montreal a study of this method of meeting the cost of improvements until conditions get better. A heavier burden would be thrown upon the shoulders of the ratepayer, but he would have the pleasure of knowing that he would get rid of his obligations all the sooner.

THUS it comes that the cities in the States do not go so deeply in debt as cities of corresponding size and importance in Canada. So their borrowing powers can be lower. They are sometimes only five or six per cent. of the assessed valuation. They are more rarely even less. Detroit has her loan line drawn at two per cent. Turn to Montreal and Toronto. Montreal had a limit of fifteen per cent. till a year ago, when her gross assessment was five hundred millions, and now has a limit of twelve per cent. The dead line of Toronto is twelve per cent. of the first hundred millions and eight per cent. thereafter.

Have these two Canadian cities a worse plan of financing their improvements? In Montreal everything that can be classed as an improvement is paid for by borrowed capital. Detroit pays for much that is commonly classed as improvements from

the ordinary revenue. The weak point in this system is that assessments, owing to a fall sometime in real estate values, may not increase for two or three years. Montreal had her improvements put almost to a standstill some years ago when the Prefontaine administration borrowed too much money for the opening of new streets and the widening of existing ones. It took her ten years to recover from this setback. On the other hand, the British investor has given much better terms for municipal than for other classes of bonds, and while the bank rate has stood at seven per cent. citizens could have their public works done on loans at four per cent. and only of late at four and a half per cent. They thus saved a considerable sum in interest in having their improvements carried out with borrowed capital. This system has helped the struggling business man and the citizen who is paying for his home.

The high debts of Canadian cities are not such a handicap as some people imagine to the floating of further loans. New York, with her low borrowing powers, has been the spoiled child of investors in municipal stock and bonds, yet her glittering securities brought a little over par and no more at four and a half per cent. a few weeks ago. At the same time Montreal sold twelve millions of her bonds and stock at par in London at this interest.

Paying for their improvements on a different system United States cities impose heavier taxes. Detroit had a net rate of 19.93 mills last year, and she will have one of 21.43 mills this year. Montreal has her tax rate fixed by the Quebec Legislature at ten mills for ordinary revenue, five mills for Protestant, and four mills for Roman Catholic schools. Contrast this with Chicago and her rate of twenty to twenty-three mills as the Park impost falls.

The fiscal year of Montreal begins on January 1.

The city charter stipulates that the Board of Control has to make out the annual appropriations by December 1. These are only for expenditure on revenue account. Outlays on loans can be sanctioned at any time. Detroit has her appropriations brought down in the City Council not later than March 1. These go before a board of estimators by March 28 and back to the council for the final vote by April 30.

Each year's assessments in Montreal are finished some time in August, and five per cent. interest per annum is charged on arrears after November 1. This is no penalty, for heavy tax-payers, if in need of money, can use their tax money for other purposes and save two per cent. on the seven per cent. they would have to pay to a bank for a loan. Still collections come in fast. Usually three-quarters of the total taxes are paid in by January 1.

Detroit collects her taxes more rapidly. July 1 is the date set for collections to begin. Thirty days are allowed for payment at par and ten days additional for ratepayers who file lists of property with the city treasurer by July 25. One per cent. a

month is added to arrears till January 1, then six per cent. is put on the unpaid bill, and interest charged on the whole amount at ten per cent. per annum. Tax sales of real estate are advertised on

May 1 and take place on June 1. About eighty-seven per cent. of the whole tax levy is paid in the forty days after July 1, and this gives the city a large sum of money, saving bank overdrafts.

## Canada Out Of It

A SIGNIFICANT paragraph appears in a despatch from Victoria to the *Winnipeg Telegram* in connection with the visit of the *New Zealand* to the capital city of British Columbia. The writer says:

"The prevailing feeling in Victoria is that Canada seems to be out of it. If you talk to blue jackets from the 'New Zealand' fresh from their triumphant receptions in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand, they want to know why Canada will not do anything. If you try to show them that the fault lies with the Senate, it goes above their heads. They reply that Australia has gone ahead and built a fleet unit in Great Britain, manned for a start by British sailors and that New Zealand has given the ship on which they serve, and, when it comes

down to rock bottom, these seamen speak the truth. But British Columbia, at all events, intends to show them that the Pacific province is with them, and believes in the principles of the Dominions under the Southern Cross."

The fault is as much with the people as with the Senate. Neither the Conservatives nor the Liberals of Canada are as much in earnest on the navy question as the people of Australia and New Zealand. There are thousands of good Canadian citizens who think that Canada needs no navy and owes no debt to British defence. They are wrong, of course, but this is the chief reason why the Conservatives and Liberals should unite again, as they did in 1909, on a non-partisan policy which will have the whole nation behind it.

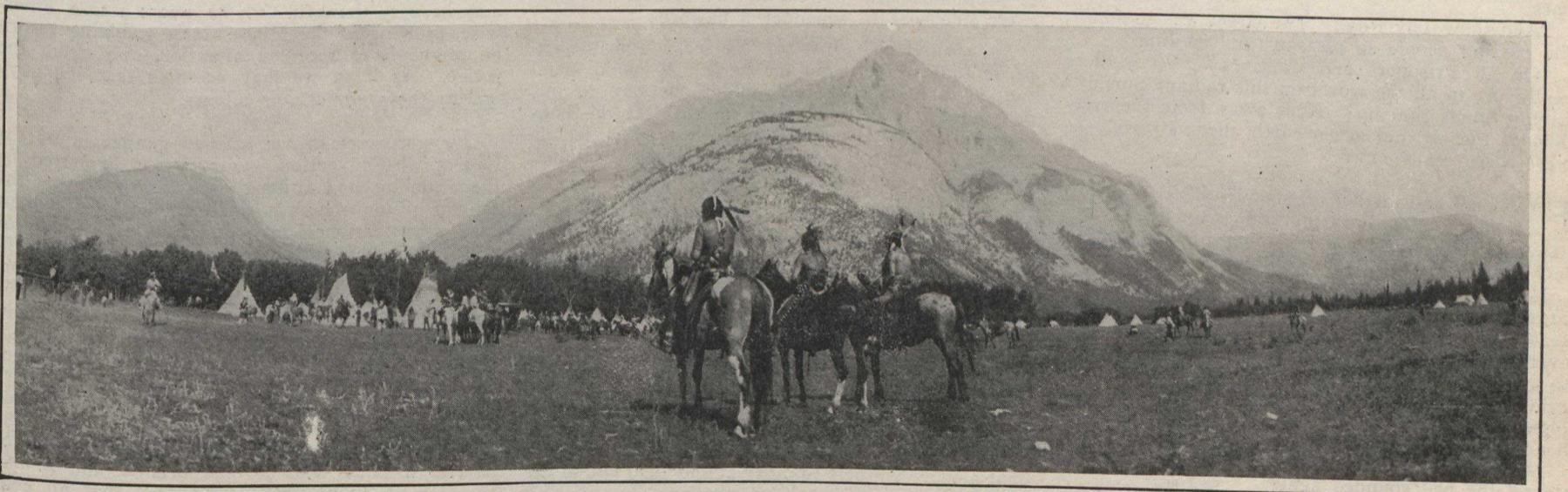
## Indian Day Celebrations at Banff



On July 18 at Banff, Alta, the Stoney Indians, Off-shoots of the Great Sioux Nation, Celebrated Indian Day. The Chiefs of the Stoney Indians, Parks Superintendent Clark in the Centre.



Buffalo Park on Indian Day. The Beautiful Hill-circled Pasture Ground of the Last of the Bisons, Fittingly Peopled for Two Days, at Any Rate, by the Bison's Hunters, the Indians.



The Diversions Included Wrestling on Horseback, Bow and Arrow Shooting, Broncho Busting, and All Sorts of Feats of Horsemanship. This Picture Shows the Chiefs Stripped to the Buff—in Full Fighting Order.

# All Prisoners and Captives

By VIRNA SHEARD

THE Litany of the Church of England is—if only viewed as a piece of literature—so beautiful a thing that it is small wonder the learned and polished gentlemen of the pulpit read it aloud with pleasure. When it is given a fine setting on the fragrant calm of a summer Sunday morning, it is easy enough to understand the reader being uplifted on the wings of a purely esthetic delight—even should nothing deeper carry his soul heavenward.

Given the cool sun-shot silence of a cathedral—the dappled colours from painted windows sprinkled against grey stone and carven wood, the dim spaces between high arches, almost as sweet scented and seductive as the airy spaces between forest trees—the dusky gold of the pipes of music, the white of lawn and black of cassock touched into life here and there by purple and red, the apparently purified faces of a worshipping people and the pink and white beauty of boy singers, their voices akin to no other human voices—but of an alien and unearthly quality. Given all this it is not strange that a man ritualistically inclined should occasionally be swept away on a river of sound—the said sound being that of his own mellifluous voice intoning a combination of words so compelling and emotional that they stir even the most worldly of hearts.

The responses of the people swaying towards him in supplication takes him irresistibly onward through the pathetic petitions to the great culmination at the very close.

This prayer must surely reach to heaven, coming as it does from so many lips every Sunday morning, and led by the intense voices of so many white-souled men of "The King's Church."

And yet—I have wondered. A certain phrase of the Litany would return again and again to my mind one Sunday when, after the benediction, we all went out into the summer sunshine.

I did not want it to return—but like the Ghost in Macbeth, it would not "down." The homeward-turning people wearing their "homeward" faces were enough to banish it, one would have thought.

They were all so outwardly satisfactory, and the homeward-turned face was so content. It is undeniably different from the churchward-turned face. Often it expresses a subtle satisfaction, generally a mild relief. A person cannot note it and think there are at present many who would really enjoy a heaven such as we used to sing of in the old, devout hymn, "Where Congregations ne'er break up nor Sabbaths have an end."

That hymn has outlived its usefulness, very largely.

The service over a delectable mid-day meal looms near, and following on its heels a long, warm, golden afternoon of dreamy pleasure and peace. The faces express anticipation, at least.

But that little persistent sentence came back, while I watched them. It rang like a bell somewhere in my brain. A melancholy bell turned to a minor key. A tiresome bell.

"And show Thy Pity—Upon All Prisoners—and Captives."

God in Heaven! What it must mean to be a prisoner, on a mid-summer day! What it must mean to be a captive! To know that the earth is abloom, to feel the call of the woods and water—the fascination and enticement of it all from behind bars.

"And show Thy Pity." The street was so sunny, the passing people so pleasant and smiling;

"On all Prisoners and Captives." Were there really any in all the world on this radiant Sunday? Living things shut up? Kept away from the freedom of the air and green earth and wide water—were there really any?

FAINTER and farther off sounded the minor bell; fainter and still farther off. And then right above my head came the singing of a robin. I looked up, for there were no trees near by.

He was in a cage hung out of a window—a little cage against the bars of which he had broken his feathers—but he sang. It was the April song everyone knows. The flute-like notes of it come to us in the earliest spring dawn; we hear it in the rain sometimes and sometimes even in the moonlight. I listened to him until I passed out of hearing.

"And show Thy Pity upon all Prisoners and Captives." the bell sounded again.

"Captives?" O yes there are Captives. Many of them. I realized it now. Out in the parks they are kept in stone-paved prisons and great cages.

Bears—grizzly bears, who love the still places in the hills; the wooded, green, quiet places where berries grow and where they can hide in the underbrush and trouble no man, and belong to themselves.

Polar bears, fretting in the heat and longing wordlessly for the blue-white reaches of snow and ice, and the twilight that is blessed to their eyes.

WOLVES and coyotes, untameable and unhappy—the very tramps and vagabonds of the wilds—these are shut into spaces a few feet wide; perhaps they are the most pitiful of all, these loveless beasts that will not accept their fate or come to the bars to eat from your hand, but draw back shudderingly and hate you with their eyes.

And there are the elephants, the queer, left-over things that are like the big, crude, unfinished beasts made when, as Kipling says, the world was "so new and all."

The elephants that have survived while all their friends and relations passed on. Who wouldn't be

sorry for the captive elephants? Long ago there was a tiny verse in *St. Nicholas*,

"An elephant to a city came,  
Poor old elephant!  
And all day long he would stand and dream  
Of the jungle shade—and the jungle stream,  
Poor old elephant!"

It went something like that. I know I always think of it when I see one of those huge, crumpled-looking fellows rocking softly backward and forward, one queer leg bound with the leg-iron and held fast to a stake in the ground. He is such a strong thing to be held meekly there; he belongs so altogether to the wild, free days of the old world, when might was right, and strength, physical strength alone, ruled.

"And show Thy Pity," rang the little bell.

There is a great cage out at the Bronx, New York, where once I saw some eagles. One thought is always associated with the eagle. It is the thought of liberty. The eagle is the very emblem of freedom. His home is on the mountain crag and at the edges of rocky sea walls. He knows and loves the far places where no man can follow, and his flight is wonderful and beautiful beyond words. His eyes

(Concluded on page 18.)

## Occasionalities

By J. W. BENGOUGH

IT is reported that Harry Lauder is going to run for Parliament. In the meantime, while he is finishing his career on the vaudeville stage, he ought to have a characteristic song on the subject. I venture to submit something that might suit him:

WHEN I GET INTO PARLIAMENT, YE KEN!  
Ye've maybe heard the news that's goin' about—  
A'm goin' to rin for Paurliament, ye ken;  
A've got a new ambection  
To tak' a high posection  
Among the Breetish Empire's public men;  
Ye've seen it in the papers, I suppose,  
An' so the gospel truth it's sure to be;  
I'll retire frae Music Halls an' Vaudeville Shows  
An' write the letters to ma name—M.P.

Spoken—Aye—A' hae the maitter under ma serious consideration the noo. But it's no a nice thing for folk to say that A'm wantin' to be a member o' Paurliament because A'm noo a laird wi' plenty o' silla like ma freen' Andra Carnagie an' the ithers. That's what A' ca' a slander. Ma ambection is no' a selfish thing. A'm feelin' the ca' o' public duty, that's what it is—

Chorus—  
There's mony things to do,  
An' A'll help to pit them through,  
When once A'm ane o' Britain's leadin' men;  
At nicht an' matinee  
Heid-liner A' wull be,  
When I get into Paurliament, ye ken.

To get the seat A' only need to rin—  
In fact, A' winna' need to mair than walk,  
The thing's beyond a doot,  
They couldna' keep me oot—  
Wi' the masses A'm as solid as a rock.  
Whichever pairty was to pit me up  
Would make nae diff'rence, folk would vote for me;  
A' wouldna' need to treat to bite or sup,  
Or itherwise to squander a bawbee!

Spoken—Hech! Just so. Ye see, it's no the expense that would haud me back. A' could stand that a' richt, for there wouldna' be ony to me, pearsonally. An' when A'm in, A'll get the laws passed that we're needin'—mair wages to comic singers for a'e thing, an' Home Rule for Scotland. A' wull rise an' say, Mister Speaker-r-r-r!

There's mony things to do  
An' I'll help to pit them through—  
Etc., etc., etc.

This is certainly an unjust world. Take it in the distribution of honour and fame, for example. We know of an editor right here in our own country who has for years slang-whanged his political opponents, in an honest effort to build up a national reputation for keen wit. He regularly calls Sir James Whitney "the old Bourbon," and Premier Borden "old putty-spine," and applies equally brilliant abusive epithets to other public men, but so far the only result is that he is regarded as suffering from a poverty of ideas. But look at Henri Rochefort, late of Paris. He is being extolled as the

founder of a new journalism, who achieved world-wide fame through the sharpness of his editorial thrusts. Some of the epithets he invented for political enemies are quoted as gems of biting humour, as "the old drunkard," "the old crocodile," "our national farmer," "our national wine-grower" and "our piano-playing war minister." These phrases do not strike us as being superior to the Ontario editor's. Why, then, this rank partiality in the handing out of bouquets? But perhaps there was something more to Rochefort's journalism than the labels which, we are told, "caught the public fancy and fired the imagination of the multitude."

"A man may chat, but a woman only chatters."—  
Eminent medical authority in current controversy.

By Jove, old man, I've noticed that;  
Ethel, for instance, cannot chat  
On any sort of matter;  
Although she has an easy flow  
Of language, yet—well—don't you know,  
It isn't chat, it's chatter!

She's awf'ly nice, but it's too bad  
When such a girl takes up a fad  
And runs to pitter-patter  
On suffrage, hygiene, and such rot—  
It's wearing on a fellow—what?  
Why can't she chat—not chatter?

Love her? Oh, rather! Like the deuce!  
But on such subjects I'm no use;  
My brains all seem to scatter;  
But she won't have a decent chat  
On dancing, tennis, golf and that—  
She can't—jusy bally chatter!

We read that there will doubtless be formal honours extended by the United States Government and navy to Prince Albert of Monaco on his early anticipated visit to the Republic. The gentleman may be very thankful that he wears a title, otherwise, as King of the Monte Carlo gambling resort, he might have received attention only from the police. As it is, we may presume that the navy will fly the *rouge et noir* colours.

Our greetings to the learned gentlemen of the Geological Convention. Our city is honoured by them coming, and although we are aware that the finding of faults both normal and major is in their case a professional duty, and that every man of them carries his little hammer, we trust there will be no occasion for knocking. Toronto prides herself on her accommodation for visitors. The folded and faulted structure, well furnished with conglomerate beds, are so numerous that they are not likely to pinch out on this occasion, and no distinguished guest need anticipate exposure to any sharp anticline. We are sure the visitors will be suitably entertained by the city's representatives in the official strata, for which purpose a sufficiency of palaeozoic rocks will be appropriated, and it may therefore be confidently anticipated that all connected with the convention may have a very gneiss time.



The United States Army and Navy Are Making Preparations for Two Possible Wars—One With Mexico, the other With Japan. Here is Heavy Artillery en Route to Hawaii.

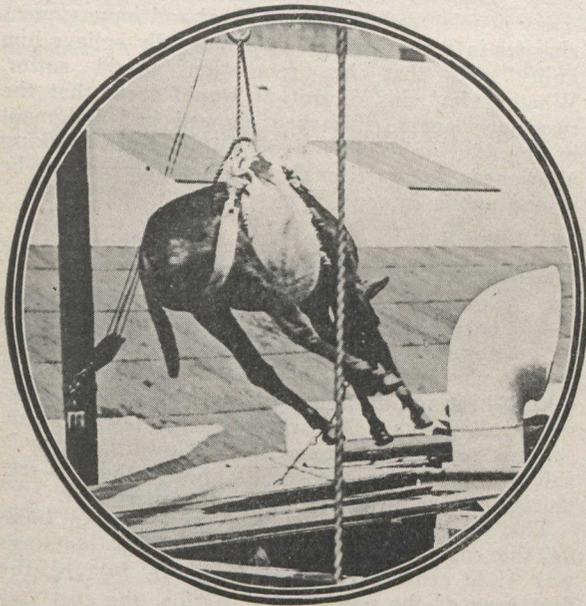
# If the United States Invades Mexico

By NORMAN PATTERSON

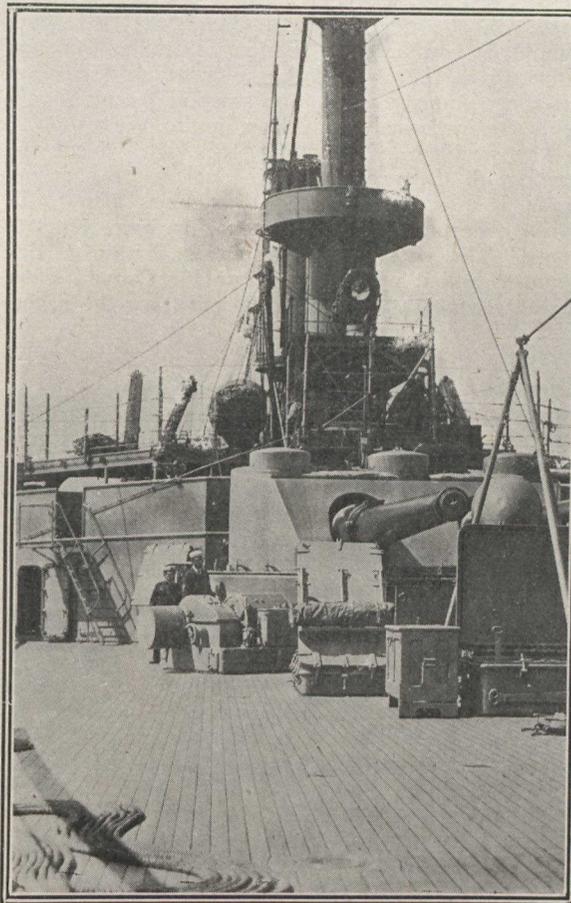
**A** GITATED by newspaper reports, the United States people went to war with Spain and the same course of events may lead to war with Mexico. In all the wars of conquest in which the United States has been engaged, with the possible exception of the attempted conquest of Canada in 1812-13-14, the people have forced the hands of the executive. This is interesting, because it would

10,000 men are to be concentrated at the new fortifications of Oahu. The General Staff is anxious to have at Oahu a garrison that will hold out against all assaults until the American Atlantic fleet can arrive in Hawaiian waters—a matter of perhaps forty days.

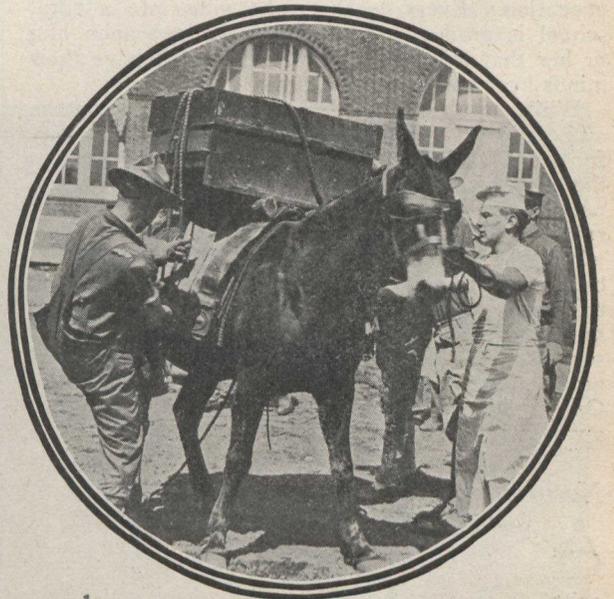
Likewise, the aeroplane division of the army has been keyed up to great activity. A number of ex-



The Mule is a Necessary Part of the U. S. Army. Loading Him on a Vessel.



Peaceful Just Now; But Always Ready for Trouble. Deck of the U. S. Cruiser "Tennessee."



"Packing" an Army Mule Preparatory to the March.

seem to offer fairly convincing proof that the democracy of to-day is not vastly superior to the oligarchy of the middle ages in regard to international struggles. History may repeat and Mexico may be invaded. Then Canning's principle, known as the Monroe doctrine, must needs be enlarged.

Canada is interested in Mexico. There are a large number of Canadians living there and there is considerable Canadian capital invested in rails and power plants. So far as the material interests of the Canadian people are concerned, a United States protectorate over Mexico would not be displeasing. Internationally, there might be a different view.

opportunity to make him uncomfortable and perhaps to drive him along a road he hates.

**T**HE threatened trouble with Japan had already produced great military activity. Two battleships were ordered home from the Mediterranean. Several companies of artillery were sent to Hawaii, which is being fortified as the key to the Pacific. To make this a secure naval base, not less than

perienced airmen have been added to the force, and many new machines are being constructed.

**A**LL this preparation for a possible Japanese adventure puts the United States in a position to make short work of a Mexican occupation if such should be necessary. Great Britain, Japan, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia and Austria-Hungary have recognized Victoriano Huerta as provisional president of Mexico. The United States alone refuses, and Huerta is angry. The Powers are saying that the United States must either recognize Huerta or step in and restore order. President Wilson is trying to evade both horns of the dilemma.

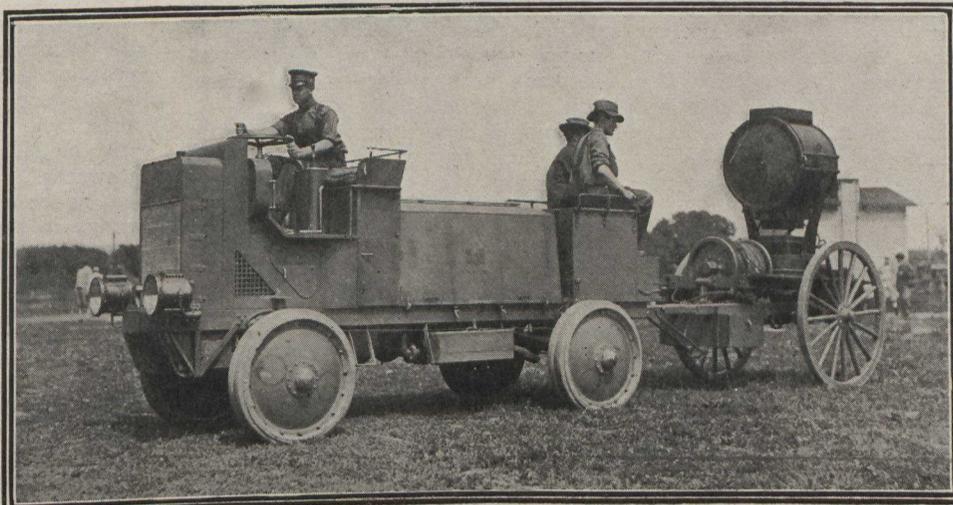
Because of non-recognition, the position of Americans in Mexico is insecure. Further, the Wilson administration is being accused of a deliberate desire to allow Mexico to be ruined and wrecked preparatory to occupation and annexation. It was so in Texas, and New Mexico, why not in the case of Old Mexico?

The El Paso Herald, a leading Texan newspaper, sizes up the situation thus:

"Bad as things were under Taft and Knox, the Washington end is being even less intelligently and less forcefully handled under the present Administration. . . . The United States has lost as heavily in prestige, influence, friendship, property, and trade during the last four months as during the year preceding the change of Administration."

**P**RESIDENT WILSON is in favour of non-interference. In the recent diplomatic struggle with Japan over the anti-alien legislation in California, he worked hard for a peaceful solution. The military and naval branches of the government were in favour of open preparations for war. The joint army and navy board recommended that the major portion of the Atlantic battleship fleet be sent immediately to the Pacific Coast. President Wilson put on the soft pedal, and no spectacular move was made. He is pursuing the same plan with Mexico. There will be no spectacular moves unless the great necessity arises.

Whatever President Wilson's good intentions may be, it is quite clear that the war party in the United States has an excellent



Up-to-date Equipment—a Massive, New Searchlight Truck, Many of Which Are Now Used by the United States Army.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## Equality

**E**VEN the suffragettes are not prepared to accept equality of men and women under all circumstances. Neither are the suffragists nor the anti-suffragists. All three classes will quite approve of the action of the police department of Toronto in cancelling two motor licenses of men found guilty of picking up young women in the street. The fact that these young ladies were equally guilty does not count with the police department. The men alone are punished. If equality or mutuality was the basis of our attitude towards such offences, the social fabric would become sadly torn and frayed. No matter how keenly the women may demand equality in some matters, it would be disastrous to carry their demands to the logical conclusion.

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## Reforming Rural Schools

**O**NTARIO is making an earnest effort to reform its rural schools, by adapting the teaching to rural needs. A summer school is being held at Guelph Agricultural College to give inspectors, normal school leaders and others a broader view of the possibilities of agricultural education. Every teacher who goes into a rural school is gradually having it impressed upon him or her that the farmers' children should have their minds kept upon farm problems.

While all this is good and reflects credit on the authorities, it would seem that the chief necessity for rural education is being over-looked. This is the need of consolidated schools. Agriculture cannot be taught to any great extent in a one-roomed rural school-house. The graded country school which gathers the pupils from four or five sections by means of school vehicles and which is set in the midst of a ten-acre plot of cultivated land is the ideal. Manitoba has now over thirty such schools. South Dakota, Iowa and other states have practically eliminated the one-roomed school-house. Ontario must do the same. It is expensive, but apparently is the only solution.

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## Naturalised Canadians

**A**CORRESPONDENT in St. John wants to know if an alien, naturalised in Canada, is a British subject. Unfortunately one is compelled to answer in the negative. A citizen of the United States naturalised in Canada is not a British subject in the sense that a man born in the British Isles is a British subject. There are thousands of such Canadians who, if they went to Russia or Australia, cannot claim legal rights as British citizens.

A Russian who comes to Canada and is naturalised is not a British subject when he returns to Russia, according to the Russian view. And the Russian view seems to be upheld by the jurists who have made a specialty of international law. What is even more curious, a Russian naturalised in the United States may still be a Russian if he returns to the land of his birth. This has been a constant point in dispute between the two countries, and led to the termination, two years ago, by the United States, of a treaty with Russia that had been in existence for sixty years or more. So far as the writer knows, the point is still in dispute.

The whole question of naturalisation and its relation to international law is in a state of flux. The nations do not all take the same view of naturalisation and its effect. But Canada's position is more anomalous than any non-British nation. A naturalised Canadian has no legal rights outside of Canada. When he visits the other parts of the Empire, he is a man "without a country."

The subject has been engaging the attention of the British Government, but progress is blocked by Canada and Australia refusing to recognise that the people of India are British subjects, and hence have the right to settle in Canada and Australia if they so desire.

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## The Canadian Wheat Route

**O**NE-HALF of the wheat which left Port Arthur and Fort William for the seaboard in 1912 was carried in United States vessels to United States lake ports and thence to United States ocean ports. Canada lost the benefit

of that carrying trade. On the forty-two million bushels which we did not carry, we lost business to the extent of \$2,100,000. This sum might have been earned by Canadian boat-owners and Canadian railways if we had had the necessary equipment.

Of course, our ships and railways are doing an increased business every year. Tremendous progress has been made. A few years ago twenty million bushels would have been the limit of Canadian export capacity; last year it was forty-five million. Canada has done well, but there is still much to be done.

What we need is more ships on the Great Lakes, a new Welland Canal, deeper St. Lawrence canals and improved facilities for exporting at Montreal, Quebec, St. John and Halifax. The Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways will be completed to tidewater at an early date and the result will be beneficial. A beginning has been made on the new Welland Canal, and the work should be completed in five years. The Canadian shipping on the Great Lakes is growing fast. But all these improvements are scarcely keeping pace with the increased production in the West.

The problem of handling our own wheat and getting all the profit possible out of the carrying trade is most important. It promises also to be fairly continuous and permanent for many years to come. The carrying trade makes Britain a rich country, and it will do the same for Canada if we take the necessary precautions and have the necessary enterprise.

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## Our Maritime Needs

**T**HOSE who claim Canada is not a maritime nation and hence should not have a Canadian navy, will be hard pressed to approve the Borden policy of spending millions on drydocks. The new drydock at Levis is to cost nearly three million dollars. It will be 1,150 feet long and 120 feet wide. Similar drydocks will be constructed at Halifax and Esquimalt. Besides these three huge affairs, the Government is aiding a drydock at St. John, now being built by the Norton Griffiths Company.

These works would indicate that our maritime interests are of some importance, despite the depreciations of the "Little Canada" politicians. Such excellent enterprises go far to make up for the dismantling of the *Rainbow* and the *Niobe*, and for the many speeches based on the theory that Canada has no interest in the world's great water highways.

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## Carelessness and High Prices

**P**RODUCERS of foodstuffs are careless. They do not take care of their chickens, nor spray their trees, nor pack their fruit intelligently. Consequently they make little profit from their work.

On the other hand, the housewife who purchases is equally careless. If celery is high in price, she pays the high price instead of taking a substitute. She is a poor buyer, and knows neither the cash-value nor the food-value of what she buys. Her husband is just a little bit worse.

So by the carelessness of the producer and the utter recklessness of the consumer, we have high prices and hard times. High prices lessen the savings account and when the savings account is not growing money gets "tight" and times grow bad. When the bank account ceases to grow, trouble is in sight.

Several volumes might be written on this subject, but the elementary facts are as stated. Canadians are horribly extravagant and careless.

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## Racial and Religious Influences

**S**LOWLY but surely the French-Canadian is dominating Quebec. The only race which can come any way near holding its own are the Irish Roman Catholics. The English-speaking Protestant offers little resistance. The latter apparently have not enough influence now to get a representative in the Dominion Cabinet—Hon. Sydney Fisher being the last of a long line of distinguished representatives.

The St. Johns *News*, a leading Eastern Townships journal, states that in Montreal, no English-speaking young man may hope for much in public life. It adds that these young men plunge into

business or move west—even when university graduates they never consider public service. The *News* says that "creed and nationality" are determinate of position in regard to the Montreal civil and public service.

Curiously enough much the same remark is occasionally made in Toronto. The Roman Catholic complains that there is no chance for him in that city, where the Orange Order, not the Protestant Church, exercises considerable civic influence. Probably both statements are rather strong. The fair-minded, ambitious Protestant can get along in Montreal as the fair-minded Roman Catholic may do in Toronto. Perhaps the Roman Catholics crowd a little bit harder in Montreal than the Protestants do in Toronto, but if so it will be the worse for themselves in the long run. This country must be built on religious and race toleration or else go into the melting-pot.

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## A New Decision Coming

**A**POLITICAL point is to be decided in Winnipeg this year. A protest was filed against E. L. Taylor, K.C., successful Conservative candidate in Gimli, and in it all sorts of corruption was charged. This is the usual custom throughout Canada, although the petitioners may have only a shadow of a case against the member. It is no libel to file such a petition, even when there is no proof of any charge. But in this case, the petition was published by two newspapers, the *Winnipeg Free Press* and the *Winnipeg Tribune*. Mr. Taylor claims that this publication constitutes libel and he has entered suit for \$50,000 against each journal.

Mr. Taylor's action is based on the ground that many people reading these formal and inconsequent charges in a newspaper would naturally believe him guilty and that his reputation would suffer. Whether he wins or not, it would seem that the two newspapers concerned showed bad judgment in reproducing such a document. Even making allowances for partisanship, such action cannot be in the public interest.

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## Heating Groups of Buildings

**A**N economic question of some importance has been disturbing University of Toronto circles for some time. There are twenty-six buildings in the group and it was decided to have one central heating and lighting plant instead of twenty-six small plants. The work was undertaken and proved tremendously expensive. Now that it is in full working order and results known, there is less uneasiness as to the result of the experiment.

The superintendent's reports show that in 1908-09, the cost of heating and lighting the buildings was 41.32 cents per square foot. In 1911-12, the first year of the new central station, the cost was reduced to 38.27 cents. During the past season, with all of the twenty buildings connected, the cost was further reduced to 24.15 cents. This means a saving of \$25,000 a year.

While this saving is not startling, other universities avoiding the mistakes in Toronto could probably do better. Toronto's saving would probably liquidate the cost of the plant in twenty-five years, but it is doubtful if the plant will last that period without considerable renewal and improvement. Central heating and lighting of groups of buildings is undoubtedly one of the economic improvements of the future.

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## Fireweeds on the St. Lawrence

**T**HIS is the season of the fireweed. Along the St. Lawrence now, miles of these uncultivated purple-red blooms make the shore-line sing with colour an hour or so out of Montreal. These weeds are a wonderful note of colour. They are also a source of speculation to the un-Canadian tourist who has to depend upon the elderly man with the side-whiskers to explain why the name "fireweeds." He learns that though the weeds bear no resemblance to fire, they were so called because in the days of land-cleaning they came up in great numbers on the spots where log-heaps had been burned.

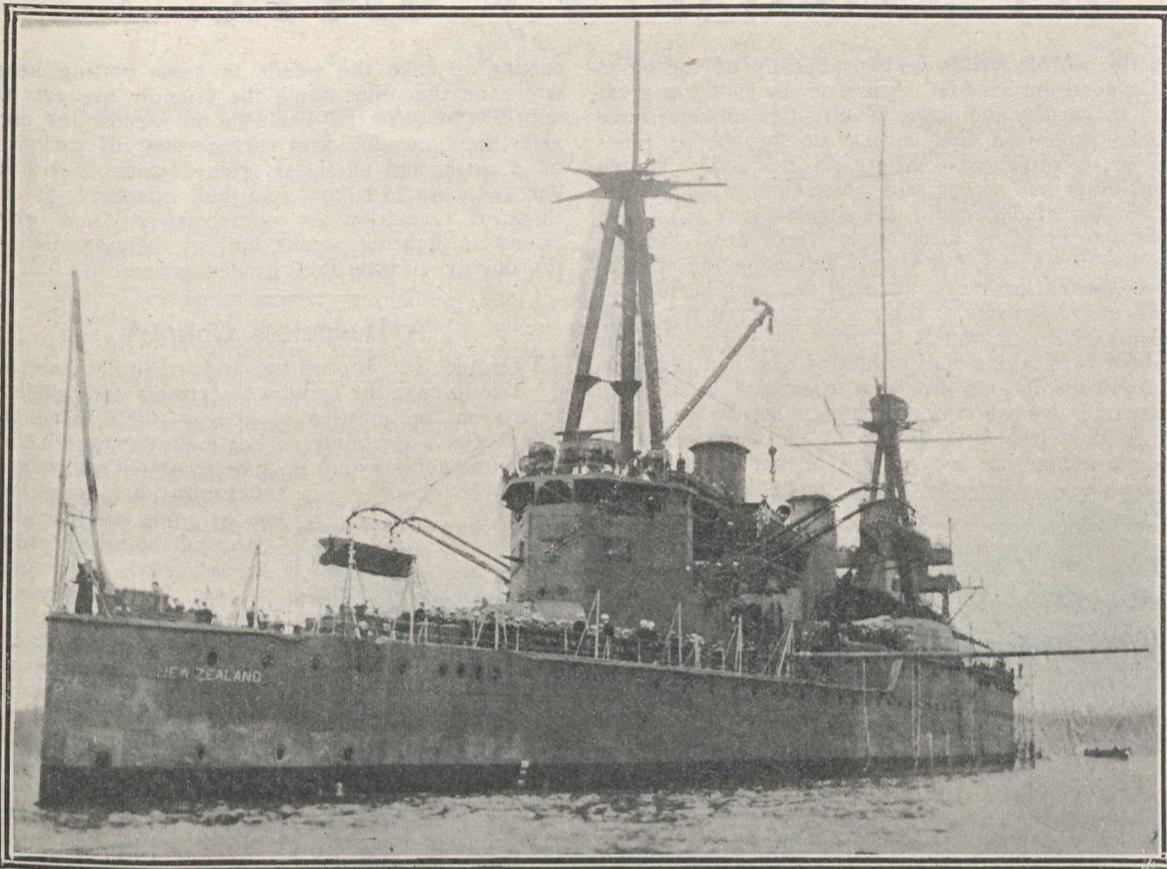
But though the average tourist need not be expected to know a fireweed from a sunflower, there is a limit to innocence. In the dining-room of a St. Lawrence steamer a very citified young man with a group of maiden aunts looked at some brilliant red blooms on the table and said:

"Are those golden-rods?"

"No!" said one of his aunts, disdainfully. "They're gladioluses. Golden-rods—are yellow!"

A better knowledge of both Canadian wild-flowers and garden bloom is much needed. Canada is a land of flowers.

THE "NEW ZEALAND" AT ESQUIMALT, B.C.



Capt. Lionel Halsey About to Land and Pay an Official Visit to Lieut.-Governor Paterson. This Gives a Good View of the Upper Works of the "New Zealand." Guns Everywhere; Eight 12-inch Guns, Sixteen 4-inch Guns—and Guns Protruding from the Pilot-house. The Total Crew of the "New Zealand" is 800 Men.

New Zealand's Battleship Anchored in Esquimalt Harbour, B.C., July 25. This New Imperial Warship is 555 Feet Long, With an 80-foot Beam, and a Displacement of 18,800 Tons.

The New Zealand Dreadnought

By W. S. HENDERSON

NEW ZEALAND, little more than a name to many Canadians, was brought immeasurably nearer to this Dominion by the appearance in British Columbia waters on July 25 of H. M. S. *New Zealand*, most modern product of British shipyards, the gift of the little Dominion to the British Admiralty.

The conception of the community of interests between Canada and New Zealand which hitherto for the average Canadian citizen has been based almost solely on the importation to this country of agricultural products, was extended to embrace a realization of the common responsibility of both nations to share in the defence of imperial interests in the world's largest ocean.

The vessel indicated as no other agency could the fact that New Zealand has already awakened to a sense of her duty in the imperial family. While isolation may have hastened this awakening, the sight of the ship impressed upon Canadians a new grasp of the splendid virility of the small nation, which, though boasting but a million people, has added an effective unit to the fighting strength of the Empire's navy.

It was peculiarly fitting that the battle cruiser should make port after her long voyage at the beautiful harbour of Esquimalt, which for fifty years previous to 1905 was the base for the North Pacific squadron. Little changed from the time when Spanish navigators furrowed its waters, Esquimalt is steeped in naval tradition and romance unrivalled on the Canadian Pacific coast. Gone are the vessels which rode at anchor in the landlocked harbour, and departed are the sailors who manned them, but for a brief space the old spirit hovered over the scene, as jolly tars jostled each other in the streets, and pinnaces hurried between ship and shore to the rollicking strains of deep sea chanties.

The "long white cloud," as the *New Zealand* is known in the picturesque tongue of the Maories, found an anchorage beside H. M. C. S. *Rainbow*, sirens, whistles, and flags joining in the signals of welcome from the assembled flotilla of steamships, yachts and motor boats. Then followed the quaint exchange of courtesies between Captain Halsey and Lieut.-Governor Paterson, which tradition has prescribed for these occasions. The official welcome from the Dominion of Canada, borne by Hon. J. D. Hazen, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and the welcome of British Columbia, offered by Sir Richard McBride, ensued, but not before the little municipality of Esquimalt, urged on by pride in its naval traditions, had despatched its reeve on board to be first with an address of greeting to the officers and crew.



A SIGNIFICANT VISIT. For the first Time in History a Representative Body of British Parliamentarians is Visiting Canada. Amongst Them Are Representatives of All Shades of Political Opinion. Lord Emmott (Under Secretary for the Colonies) is in Charge of the Party. Photograph by Pittaway.



THE LATEST SIEGE OF LONDON. All Roads Lead to London at Present if One is a Suffragette and in Great Britain. Our View Shows One of the Numerous Bands of Pilgrims.

# A Page of Country Life

## Enemies of the Rose

By E. T. COOK

THE writings of the great authority on fungoid and insect pests, Mr. Geo. Massee, are always worthy of close study, and at this season one's thoughts turn in a special sense to the Rose. His experiences are given in a little book issued by the National Rose Society, of England, and the remedies recommended to be adopted for exterminating pernicious insects are herewith given. They consist of washes and are perfectly safe. There has been much loose talk and writing on the most important question of fungi and insect enemies and remedies advocated in some publications will have the effect of destroying the plant, too, hence the following preparations:

Amongst the various methods of coping with insect attacks, the spraying or washing of the plants with some insecticide or fungicide has year by year become more popular. When we have to deal with a delicate plant like the Rose, we must proceed with great caution, as any caustic substance is very likely to do more harm than the pests themselves. For this reason we wish to discourage the use, in any form, of paraffin as an insecticide, and it is only advised as such in very exceptional circumstances. The washes of greatest benefit for Rose pests are (1) soft soap and quassia; (2) tobacco wash; (3) hellebore wash; (4) arsenate of lead; and (5) liver of sulphur.

(1) **Soft Soap and Quassia Wash.**—This or tobacco are by far the best for aphid or green-fly, and young scale insects. The quantities to use for Roses are as follows: Soft soap, 1-2 lb.; quassia, 1 lb.; water, 10 gallons.

(2) **Tobacco Wash.**—This is especially useful for thrips, leaf-hoppers, and cuckoo spit, but also kills aphid and young Rose maggot and sawfly larvæ. The quantities are: Tobacco, 1-2 lb.; soft soap, 1 lb.; water (soft), 12 gallons. Steep the tobacco in water for some days and then allow it to simmer over a fire for an hour; pour off the liquid, well squash and proceed again as before, and then add the second extract to the first. This extract may then be mixed with the dissolved soft soap. Pure nicotine (98 per cent.) may be used, mixed with water and a little soft soap. It has been found that 3-4 oz. of nicotine, 2 ozs. of soft soap to 10 gallons is quite sufficient for thrips, green-fly, and 1 oz. to 10 gallons for maggot.

(3) **Hellebore Wash.**—This is useful for sawflies. Hellebore is used as a fine powder to dust over these insects, but it is far best, especially for Roses, used as a spray. It is made as follows: 1 oz. of fresh ground hellebore, 2 oz. of flour, 3 gallons of water. The hellebore and flour are mixed together with a little water and then mixed with the rest of the three gallons. It must be constantly stirred and sent out as a fine spray. Nicotine wash is just as good.

(4) **Arsenate of Lead.**—This is the only poisonous wash for caterpillars that can be used on Roses. It may be made as follows: Arsenate of soda (98 per cent.), 1 oz.; acetate of lead (98 per cent.), 23-4 oz.; water, 10 gallons. Place the two in water and stir until both are dissolved, then add to the rest of the water and apply as a fine spray. *Paris green*, which is sometimes recommended, will do more harm to the Roses than the insects.

(5) **Liver of Sulphur.**—Sometimes useful in attacks of red spider, and has fungicidal properties. For Roses, no more than 1 oz. should be used to 10 gallons of water.

## Fire as a Cleanser

ONE of the most famous landscape artists of the day and who in the evening of a long and useful life is giving much of his knowledge

to the world, writes very practically of the value of a good garden fire. A fire on the spot is a great aid in garden and farm when active changes have to be made and foul borders or shrubberies renovated or replanted. Where, in stiff soils, Twitch and other bad weeds take possession, with perhaps a number of old shrubs, the simplest way is to burn all, not trying to disentangle weeds from the soil in the usual way, but simply skimming the surface two inches, or more, if need be, and burning it and the vital parts of the weeds, first removing any plants that are worth saving. In light soils the labour of cleaning foul ground is less than in heavy, adhesive soils, but fire is a great aid in all such cases. If we are removing useless shrubs we should burn them root and branch at the same time, the result being that we get rid of our worst weeds

carting to take the weeds to some rotting heap, while, on the other hand, the friendly fire eats up and kills at once the whole of the weeds, and converts them and the burnt surface they infested with good earth, and all this is gained at once, without barrow or horse labour. So that, whatever we may think of cremation for ourselves, it is a good friend in fighting weeds and in helping us to thoroughly cleanse foul garden ground."

## A Hedgeless Country

IT would be interesting and certainly instructive to have the opinion of farmers and horticulturists on the question of hedges—their value and drawbacks. Certainly a horticulturist purchasing hedgeless acres would at once plant with a view to sheltering his crops and encouraging early production, and the farmer would benefit, too, in many cases. The fences on many homesteads are neither useful nor certainly ornamental, and the wholesale destruction that has gone on in former years presumably through a notion that a shadow is inimical to all vegetable life is in many cases a cause of serious regrets. A discussion on the benefits or otherwise of hedges, the relative values of live and dead protective lines, and their usefulness in market gardening and farming will be a source of much interest to readers.

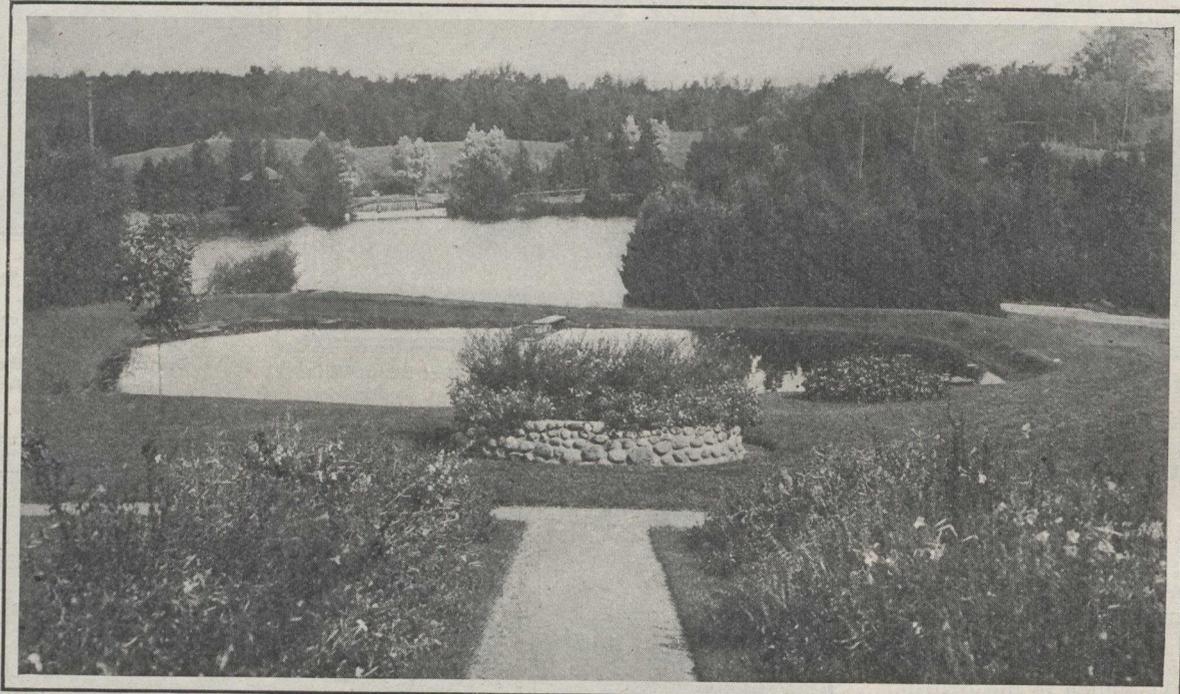
## Value of Hoeing

THE hoe is one of the greatest antidotes to drought and should be busy throughout the summer months, especially in such prolonged dryness as we have experienced lately. It has the effect of opening out, so to say, the pores of the soil, to let in sun and moisture, which is out of the question when the surface is baked as hard as a pan. Small cultivators may be purchased that are a saving in labour, but have not the same value in the garden, for the reason the work is not accomplished so thoroughly as with the old implements. Destruction of weeds is, of course, one object, but not all. Aeration of the soil should be accounted much, and this is essential in periods of dryness. Not only in the kitchen garden should the hoe be at work, but near newly-planted shrubs and flowers also, just loosening the surface to give, as we have said, entrance to moisture and air.

## A Flower for Slumland

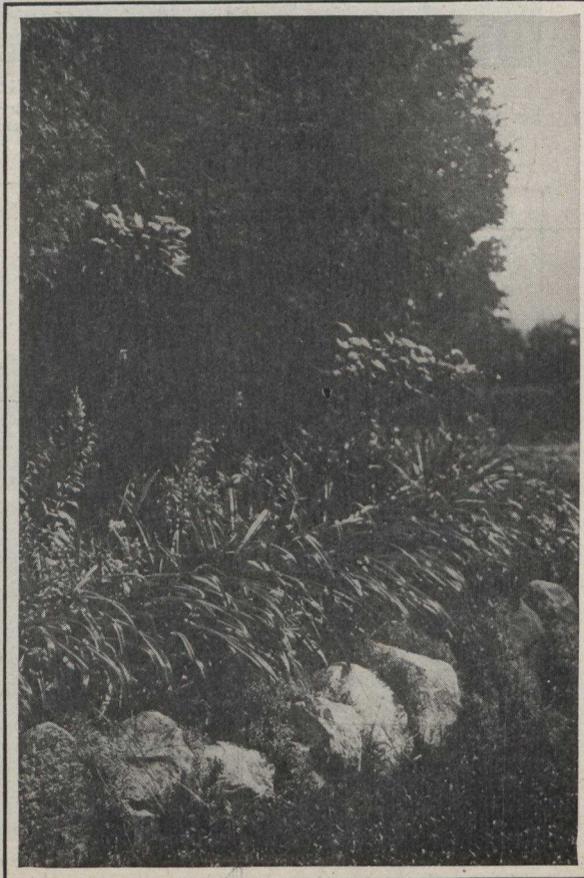
A BRIGHT, cosmopolitan little flower that the workers amongst the poor in great cities should make friends of is the Golden Moneywort, or Creeping Jenny, which bears the name of *Lysimachia Nummularia*. I remember an ill-smelling, dank, sunless street in the most squalid district of London, England—a street thick with waifs, dishevelled women and sottish men, but in some rooms there dwelt those who loved flowers, just to remind sad eyes of the fragrant gardens of their childhood and perhaps their youth. Window boxes were draped with the golden curtain of Creeping Jenny, a trailing, fresh green plant, smothered in summer with flowers as golden as a guinea, and living on year after year with little help from a renewed soil. It may be grown in Toronto and other cities of the Dominion, but I have never seen it. Not only is it a flower for the slum, but for all gardens, running over stones on the rock garden or by a pathside, and enjoying some shade from the hottest sun. A cool soil and place will promote a quick, vigorous growth, and frost has no terrors.

It is true that the cities of Canada have very few slums, and they are fortunate in being so situated. But this flower is just as good for the garden of the magnate as it is for the window-box of the cottage. And in this country of prosperity there seems to be as many magnates as cottagers—maybe more.



A Picture of the Flower Borders—and Some Inviting Trout Pools—Seen at Caledon Trout and Country Club, Inglewood.

and turn them into ashes. This weedy surface of garden ground is often some of the best of the soil, and it is much better to keep it where it is, but purified. Regular cleaning will keep down all young weeds, but it is a struggle to get the old and bad weeds out of the soil, owing to the broken roots of Twitch and other pests which escape the closest forking and sharpest eyes. Next there is



A Combination of Shrubs, Flowers and Stone Border, at the Caledon Trout and Country Club, Inglewood.

# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## A Charming Old Picture in a New Frame

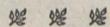
UNDENIABLY, some women have charm which others lack, but often it is an artificial charm which depends largely on environment for its existence. Transplant the naturally charming woman, however, and you will find that she has lost nothing of her attractiveness but rather have the new surroundings added to it.

She was transplanted, the little lady whom we met in the most unexpected corner in the world, and she was charming. Rather plump, smooth-skinned, with faint pink colour in her cheeks, she wore a dress of soft black stuff, the skirt a little long and rather full. The waist was cut a trifle low at the neck and finished there with a filmy bit of lace and a delicate cameo. On her graceful hands, firm and round as a girl's, there gleamed a few white stones in fine, old-fashioned settings. And she was not young, this little lady. A pretty lace cap covered her white hair and she told us in soft English accents that her hearing was not what it used to be. But she had met the years so gracefully that you could not think of her as old.

She poured tea for us into the finest of china cups and fed us with slender fingers of toast and sugar-wafers and chocolate cake, and laughed gayly with us over the doings of the militants (for when do five women find themselves together without discussing the Great Question of the day), and captivated us all by her natural charm.

And where do you think we met her! Not in a drawing-room in Mayfair in Londontown. No, indeed; but a long day's journey from the main line of the C. P. R., in the Nicola Valley of British Columbia. We had just driven over ten miles of the sparsely-settled country round-about where she was living, and on that drive most of the women we had seen were Klutchmen or squaws from the nearby Indian reservations, and those others the dreary, hard-worked wives of settlers. But out in that lonely country, with a gasp of surprise, we found her, in the cosy sitting-room of her son-in-law's home, and there we had tea with her. She had left her home in England, she told us, come over the ocean and crossed the continent to make a visit on a real ranch in Western Canada. And she was loving the experience. Everything was so interesting and new to her. The mountains, the valleys, and the great silences; the Indians and their villages; she would have enough to think of for the rest of her life after she went back to England. She came down to the road and saw us into the motor when we were leaving and waved us a gay farewell. It had been delightful to find her there, this charming woman in the unexpected place. But Western Canada has delightful surprises waiting round every corner if you only look for them.

M. H. C.



## The Order Outspeeds the Turtle

"SLOW and steady" being disproved in the case of the turtle serum, it's a comforting record *Echoes* gives us concerning the work of the I. O. D. E., with aim to arrest the spread of tuberculosis. The progress, by comparison, is hare-like.

To quote the report of Miss M. H. Collett, who, by the way, has resigned her office of National Secretary: "The work achieved for the alleviation and prevention of tuberculosis stands out with magnificent results." And the itemized account of the big work follows:

"A sanitarium undertaken by the Border Chapter, Windsor (for the plan of which refer to the *COURIER*, issue March 15th), is now in course of erection, and the handsome amount of eighteen thousand dollars, collected by the members of the chapter for this purpose, is to be increased to

twenty-five thousand dollars.

"The Municipal and Primary Chapters, in Kingston, as well as furnishing the Mowat Memorial Hospital, have built and equipped a Cottage in their grounds; the United Empire Loyalist Chapter, Napanee, has furnished a Ward in the same hospital, and will provide for its yearly maintenance.

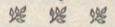
"The King Edward Memorial Cottage Hospital, at Ninette, the splendid work of the Fort Garry Chapter, Winnipeg, assisted by several other chapters there, has been finished, and the complete fur-

surroundings injurious to their health, is a splendid work recently undertaken by the Municipal and Primary Chapters in Toronto.

"Chapters in Halifax, Brantford and Picton, are raising funds for tuberculosis hospitals to be built in their respective towns.

"The Municipal Chapter, of Vancouver, forwarded, through Head Office, an application to the Dominion Government to inaugurate a National Campaign against tuberculosis.

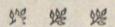
"In Calgary, Edmonton, Portage la Prairie, Fort William, Quebec, Sault Ste. Marie, London, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, and Goderich, chapters have undertaken the equipment and maintenance of cots and wards, and in a general way have done much to assist in this most worthy cause."



## Princess Patricia a Caricaturist

IF the law says "laugh" at the jest of a king, it all the more says "smile," at least, at caricatures by an extra-pretty Princess. And extra-pretty is the Princess "Pat," the Duke of Connaught's daughter; and extra-clever (with a name like that) the caricatures which she is fond of making should be—no doubt are. At least, they are all the rage just now in London. As is the Princess. Among the more notable of her suitors is the Prince Adolph Friedrich, heir to the Duchy of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, to whom it is persistently rumoured the Princess is, or soon will be, engaged.

One of the Princess' humorous drawings, entitled, "He was hungry!" presents a likeness of the late King Edward rising from table and more than mortally smiling with satisfaction. "The Charge of the (not too) Light Brigade" depicts very mischievously the late King Edward, Prince Christian, and the late Duke of Fife, descending the steps of the Marlborough Club, with formidable umbrellas in their clutches. The billiard-room at Bayshot Park, the country home of the Connaughts, has its walls literally covered, it is said, with specimens of the merry Princess' talent. And, as one would expect from a Royalty born on the feast day of St. Patrick, the mockery throughout is quite good-humoured. March 17th, 1886, was the date of birth of the Princess called "Patricia."



If

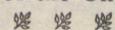
By Marjorie Jones.

THE path through life is a twisting road,  
Sun-shot, shadowed and wet with dew,  
Joy merged into sorrow as day into night—

Hearts would grow weary if youth but knew.

Sometimes the road is lonely and bare,  
Our hopes, like dead leaves, the pathway strew,  
We know not if the flowers will blossom again—  
The way would seem easy, if youth but knew.

Never lose heart, all the shadows will die  
When the clouds roll back and the sun shines through;  
You will gain your reward when you reach the gate  
And see the face of the One who knew.



## Edmonton's New Hostel

A HOME to accommodate fifty girls is at present being provided by the managing board of the Edmonton Y. W. C. A. A splendid site is already selected and plans are being brought to completion with all possible speed. Miss Lukes, the capable secretary, is being minutely consulted as to needs, she having studied in various cities the lay-out of "Y" buildings. The home will be ready early in September.

## CAUGHT SNAPPING



## THE OBJECT

Recently Queen Alexandra and the Dowager Empress of Russia graciously posed for the Girl Students of "Queen Alexandra's Home" in Kensington Gore. The School is a Hostel for Students in Science and Art.



nishing undertaken by the Fort Garry, Lord Selkirk and Earl Grey's Debutante Chapters.

"The Brandon Chapters, Brandon, collected the sum of one thousand three hundred and ninety-four dollars in one day for the Ninette Sanitarium, and the Prairie Gateway Chapters, Portage la Prairie, has also assisted this sanitarium with the substantial sum of six hundred and fifty dollars.

"In Hamilton, the Municipal and Primary Chapters have as usual continued, with most satisfactory results, their invaluable work at Mountain Sanitarium.

"The members of the National Chapter of Newfoundland, through their efforts in beginning in a small way to combat this much-dreaded disease, are instrumental for the princely gift of one hundred thousand dollars for sanitariums which are to be established in various parts of their island.

"The National Chapter, of Bermuda, is endeavouring to have their government take steps to check the spread of tuberculosis in Bermuda and the surrounding islands.

"The establishing of a Preventorium in Toronto, for children, who will be taken from homes or



### Courierettes.

SOME people are driven to drink when they look at their water rate bills.

Alberta boasts of 72 different religious denominations and yet seems to prosper.

The Temperate Zone is that part of the earth where it is hot part of the time and freezing the rest of the year.

Bryan gets \$250 for each lecture. The United States isn't getting a red cent for the lecture it's giving Bryan.

Burrian, the German tenor, goes to jail for a month. His treatment of his family was rather base.

Daily paper in Montreal is conducting a tombstone competition. That's rather rubbing it in on the eastern metropolis.

British naval officer highly praises the Canadian cadets. Did somebody say we couldn't man our own ships?

Pittsburg judge says a man may be a gentleman and go coatless in hot weather. Occasionally we do get evidence of wisdom from the bench.

"Torontonians at Sea," says a heading in the Toronto Star. That's not news.

A New Yorker who was rejected by his lady love, tried to suicide and blew off his great toe. Some men are so careless!

So far nobody seems to have guessed that Col. the Hon. Sam. Hughes led the revolt of the Swiss Guards at the Vatican.

Queen Alexandra cannot get along on an income of \$800,000. It is clear that her daughter-in-law will have to take her case in hand.

### Ten Terse Truths.

Everybody listens when money talks.

The successful man is too busy to stop to tell his troubles. Keep your eye on the chap who boasts of his honesty.

Some men think they're clever, and some think they're handsome, but save us from the fellow who thinks he's both.

If there were more babies in the world the worship of matinee idols would go all to pieces.

Many a full-grown thirst costs more than a growing family.

Some self-made men are too easily satisfied with the job.

The turning point in a woman's life is the moment she sees a new costume on another woman whom she meets on the street.

Imported cigars are the ones they can't sell in some other country.

It's pull rather than push that makes a dentist succeed.

### A Pair of Couplets.

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please—

Yet seen too oft, familiar with thy face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

### Then—and Now.

"In days of old the warrior bold  
Sang merrily his lay"—  
But now it seems the magazines  
Buy all he has to say.

Conversation Note.—Since Toronto's by-law for early closing of the barber

shops came into force it has been noted that there is a decided decrease in the flow of conversation.

### The Tragedy of It.

He called her the light of his eyes,  
And swore he could not live without her—

She alone could guide his destinies—  
He was dreadfully daffy about her.  
"I would go to the ends of the earth  
If you but suggested it, dearie—  
Our lives shall be music and mirth  
And those eyes shall never be teary.  
Hand in hand, down the love lanes of life

We shall wander, dear, smiling and happy."  
So he swore ere he made her his wife—  
This exceedingly ecstatic chappy.

They were married. Alas and alack!  
What a terrible blow to Dan Cupid!  
Lost his temper completely, did Jack,  
And called Jennie "silly old stupid!"



Missionary (to Cannibal)—"What makes your chief so talkative to-day?"  
Cannibal—"Oh, he ate a couple of barbers this morning."

Said he, "Will you never get sense?  
Use your brains, if you chance to have any.

There's no pardon for such an offence—  
And I'm simply ashamed of you, Jennie."

And the cause of this terrible, tragic disgrace,  
Why!—they needed a trick and she'd trumped his good ace.

The Hint.—Jack and Jill were playing a little game in the parlor.  
It was late.

The stern father came to the parlor door, and turning a stony stare on the young man, remarked, "Isn't it your move?"

### Longfellow Up-to-date.

Lives of statesmen all remind us  
We must sprint to beat the band,  
With the militants behind us,  
Or we'll go to glory land.

The Tippler's Parody.—"Abolish the Bar," the well-known battle-cry of Mr. N. W. Rowell, the Liberal leader in Ontario, has been heard of all over the country, but comparatively few have heard the little story of the parody on it that a half-tipsy roysterer in Northern Ontario made on it during Mr. Rowell's visit to the North country some time ago.

There was a rather heated debate on the question in progress in the

barroom, when the Northerner finally decided that he must have his say also. But his tongue was a bit thick. "That's what I say," he exclaimed. "Polish the bar!"

A Quick Answer.—"How do you find business these days?" queried the complaining merchant.

"I advertise for it," returned the busy chap.

The Darwinian Theory.—Darwin may have been right.

We human beings may have sprung from monkeys.

But some of us sprang farther than others.

Pardon This One!—Over in Britain they are asking Premier Asquith to consider anew the Channel Tunnel scheme.

What a beastly bore that must be?

Modern Adventure.—An ambitious chap has climbed Mount Ben Nevis on a motorcycle.

Now let's call for volunteers to drop down a mining shaft in a monoplane.

The Consistent Socialist.—"In California," Arthur Johnson's new book, the following interesting anecdote appears:

"I and my country host had been amusing ourselves by an attempt to guess the occupation of various transient guests, and we had usually found the task a difficult one. One day a comparatively smart four-in-hand drove past. In it were seated a man, his wife, and maid, and a Japanese servant. He might have been an English aristocrat, some Vanderbilt abroad with equipage and retinue. But imagine my consternation when I learned that he was none other than Mr. Jack London, in other words, 'The Great Socialist!' My host and I, who had derived no little interest of a competitive order in trying to guess the nature of the respective callings of the visitors to the 'flat,' gave the sport up after that. It was, as he put it, a 'clean knock-out.' I don't know how a 'Great Socialist' ought to travel, but possibly a home-made, self-propelled wheelbarrow would be the most consistent form of conveyance."

A Feminine Trick.—Some women are awfully extravagant in their hats, but try hard to economize in the matter of their dresses nowadays.

Can the King Climb?—The Liverpool Echo tells us that the Royal Standard is the king's personal flag and should be used only where His Majesty is.

Will His Majesty please climb the flag-staff?

The Proper Solution.—When a man needs a rest what should he do?

"Take a vacation" is the answer of most of you.

Nay. Not so. The wise man will send his family on a vacation. Then he'll be sure of the rest.

A Sure Sign.—Whenever you hear it said that "he is a man of few words," you can bet your hat on it that he's married.

Revised Version.—Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some marry women who tell them what to do.

Precept vs. Practice.—"Stick to the farm," advises George Ade.

That's all right, George. After we, too, have made our little pile by writing fables—more or less—we will be able to buy a farm and stick to it.

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Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.

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### RATES:

Rooms without bath ...\$1.50 up.

Rooms with bath .....\$2.00 up.

### THE TECUMSEH HOTEL

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

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## London Letter

LONDON, July 14, 1913.—In the city of Manchester, the most Lancastrian of Lancashire cities and towns, the king and queen brought to a climax the eighth day of their tour through urban Lancashire. Their Majesties' visit has been a boundless success.

The idea of the progress was a most happy one. Outside London and a few seaport and garrison towns, King George has not been known to his people, in person, as King Edward and Queen Victoria were, immensely to the increase of their popularity. King George has been, to most of his subjects, an idea, an image evoked by thought only, not a living man with concrete, individualizing little traits of his own, as all the great objects of popular affection are. Contact, at least the contact of eyes, was needed to warm a dutiful friendliness into something more. That measure of mutual contact has been given in one week to the king and several millions of English men, women, and children.

It is unlikely that any English king and queen have ever before been seen by so many of their people in so short a time, even in the week of a Coronation; for there are more persons living within fifty miles of Manchester town hall than within the same distance of Charing Cross, London, and the less populous southern area has never been the scene of such a sustained public appearance of the Crown. Inevitably, it must have had its fatigues for the king and for the queen, but if these fatigues have not been too great, the progress has, in the fullest sense, been steadily worth making.

When one hears of King George and Queen Mary entering the mills and seeing work done even, in some small way, participating in it; and hears of their entering some lowly cottage; or of their conversing with an artizan, or, again, taking the hand of an aged and worn labourer—then it is that we feel the force of the fact that royalty is resolved to understand democracy; and that democracy has a double reason for manifesting its loyalty. In these events we perceive history in the making; the dawning of a new era, when barriers once deemed unsurmountable are broken down, and when the sharp severances between class and class are being erased. Distinctions there will always be; divisions there need not be. The connecting link is sympathy, and sympathy proceeds from understanding. Centuries ago haughty monarchs might have deemed their honour in jeopardy if they met the commoners on level ground; now their honour is enhanced, not forfeited, when they mingle with their subjects and inspire them with increasing devotion, respect, and attachment.

TWO of the many pretty incidents which occurred in the course of the royal tour deserve narration. There is no doubt, e.g., that the domestic influence of Their Majesties mingling with their subjects has begun to spread. In every Lancashire home which is blessed by a new baby it is the proper thing now to call the lucky mite George if it is a boy, and Mary if it is a girl. The Lancastrian family of little Georges and little Marys is growing at an alarming rate, but Mrs. Morris's baby, for instance, will be the queen of all the Marys.

It happened this way. Mr. Joseph Morris, a young cashier at the Duxbury paper mills near Bury, Lancashire, was standing in his garden on the Saturday when the royal motor came in sight. His wife was with him nursing her baby girl, and they had been so busy lately decorating their front cottage and front garden with flags and flowers for the king's visit that they really hadn't found time to give the baby a name.

The king reached the outskirts of Bury a little before time and the motor slowed down. The queen was the first to notice Mrs. Morris. Then she saw the baby being rocked to and

fro in quite a fairy bower of flags and festoons.

"What a charmingly decorated garden!" said the queen, "I should like to see it," and immediately Their Majesties stepped out of the motor.

Addressing Mr. Morris, the queen said: "May we have a look at your cottage?" "Why certainly," said Mr. Morris. "We should be very 'appy." The queen passed through the garden into the front room, followed by the king and Lord Derby. It was a typical Lancashire home. It is a five-roomed cottage, with a rent of a dollar and a quarter. A horsehair sofa stood in one corner. On the wall hung the text, "Abide With Me." The weekly washing drooped from a line suspended across the room.

But it was Mrs. Morris's baby that interested the queen most, and she asked how old it was. "Six weeks," said Mrs. Morris, "and we were going to call it Freda," she added with a smile, but I think now we shall have to call it Mary." The queen laughed heartily. "How many children have you?" was the next question. "I have two other little girls. One of them goes to school, and she is among the school children to-day in the streets who are waiting to cheer Your Majesty."

After thoroughly inspecting the room the king and queen bade the cottagers good-bye, and the royal motor passed on, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Morris glad that they had forgotten to name the baby.

AN equally delightful little episode of the tour of inspection occurred in the speed and drawing frame department of the famous Platt Brothers, Oldham, a textile machine firm which finds employment for 12,000 people, where the king and queen watched the working of the firm's latest production, a magnificent intermediate frame. The machine was worked by Mrs. Elizabeth Jones, who had been selected for the honour of working it before royalty out of many applicants, and the workmen in the speed and drawing frame department rightly thought that the presentation of a little gift to her should signalize the occasion. Accordingly, they subscribed a sum of money and purchased a pretty gold pendant, jewelled with rubies and small pearls. The queen, having heard that it was the foreman's intention to present the pendant to Mrs. Jones after the departure of Their Majesties, thoughtfully offered to make the presentation. The men heartily concurred, and an eager crowd watched the queen hand the pendant to Mrs. Jones.

"I have a nice little present for you," Her Majesty said smilingly as she slipped the gift into the hands of the astonished cardroom operative. Mrs. Jones was too confused to reply. "It was very good of Her Majesty to give it to me. I never expected it, and can hardly think it is true," she added afterwards.

During the final days of this wonderful royal tour through the County Palatine, in the course of which Their Majesties visited nearly every part of it and nearly every town of any size within it, the youthful Prince Albert had the pleasure of joining his royal parents.

The prince's handsome appearance and engaging manners made him quite popular. His fair hair, clear skin, blue eyes, and well-knit figure caused a murmur of admiration whenever he mounted a platform. He is a little taller than the Prince of Wales and a little more self-possessed. He had an observant, sailor-like glance. He does not miss anything; there is a gleam in his eye and a quiver round the corner of his mouth which suggest that he sees the humorous side of things. Several times he and the queen enjoyed some little joke of their own, indicating a charming confidence and comradeship between mother and son. All those who shook hands with Their Majesties were greeted in the same way by the prince, and were captivated by his gracious bearing. He lifted his bowler hat to the ladies with an air of grave courtesy, and showed that he has already acquired the gift so useful to royalty of ap-

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# PALE ALE

It fills the demand for a delicious, refreshing, wholesome, appetizing beverage and tonic.

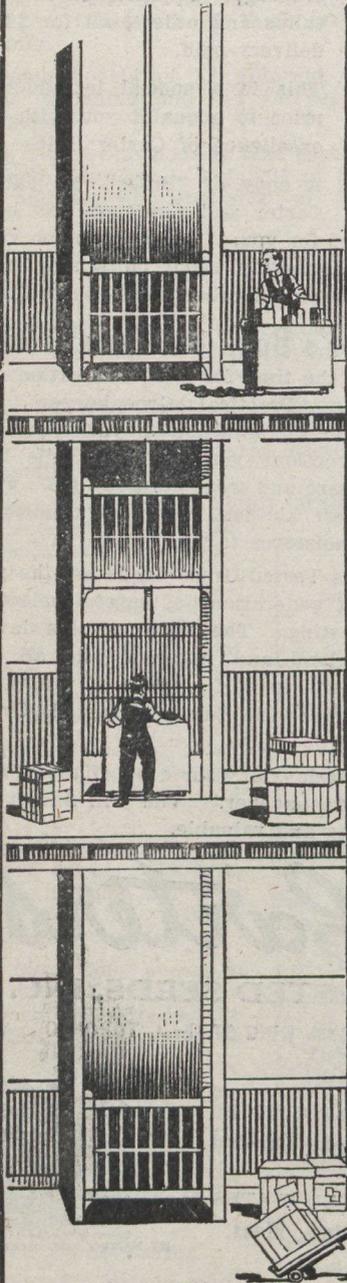
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Address ..... [4]

pearing really glad to see everyone who is introduced.

TURNING to the success of the Russian ballet, which has been the most conspicuous theatrical feature of the present century, I should be remiss if no distinct reference were made to the attraction of Lydia Kyasht at the Empire Theatre in London. A premiere danseuse, Kyasht is the adorable rival of Anna Pavlova at the Palace Theatre, and in each case, in their early Russian environment, promotion came to the ballerina almost immediately.

Kyasht's dancing is wonderful. Her beautiful figure lends emphasis to the verdict in many quarters that she is

the most graceful dancer seen on the stage for many days. Nor can there be any question that, as represented by this talented woman, dancing is something of a serious and soul-developing accomplishment and inspiration, while intensity of feeling and rhythmic sense are as necessary to the dancer as they are to the poet or musician. With Kyasht and her sister "stars" in view, the further assertion may be made that dancing is a great deal more poetical if not more religious to-day than it was in the mid-Victorian period—the 'forties and 'fifties of last century—when Maria Taglioni was at the height of her fame.

CALEDONIA.

## All Prisoners and Captives

(Concluded from page 10.)

are not blinded by the strongest sunlight, he is without fear of an enemy, and belongs to the high, open spaces alone.

When the eagle is captive and held prisoner behind wire screens, he is very pitiful, it seems to me. It cannot be worth while to cage him that a curious throng may gaze upon his distress and listen to his strange, wild cry.

And there are the circus animals. I saw them roll by in their golden chariots only the other day. The air was insufferably hot and the asphalt lined with a noisy crowd of men, women and children. The streets were filled with maddening noise—motor-horns, car-bells, the sound of rattling, heavy-laden carts, the harsh calling of voices, the glare of sunlight on wall and metal and plate-glass was blinding—and the beasts rolling by in their chariots loved quiet and shade and cool retreat at noon-day. For the most part, they sleep through the light and go abroad when night comes.

There were lions in the golden prisons—great lions, young and strong and the colour of the tawny desert sand—for they belong to the desert. Every impulse in their nature was restrained. Their eyes were like topaz in which burned a steady fire of resentment. They paced up and down in a little, little place.

The tigers paced endlessly also. Those who lay quiet had probably been drugged, or were old and worn out. The young seemed torn with a very fever of restless rage. The sun glittered on the velvet of their wonderful gold and black coats, striped with nature's own inimitable mimicry into bars of sunshine and shadow so they may more easily hide among the reeds and grasses.

On every side were the people, pointing, laughing, screaming; singling them out as the most cruel and dangerous of all the living things. Dangerous they may be—but hardly cruel. They kill their food probably less painfully than man kills his, and they rarely kill for sport, while man shoots what he does not need—often-times leaves his catch of silver fish unused, and brings down many a small bird that is simply cast away. No—lions and tigers are not cruel by comparison.

Following them came a cage in which was a mountain sheep. Mary Austin, who wrote "The Land of Little Rain," wrote a verse about the mountain sheep, that once read is never forgotten.

"The shepherd tends his gentle flock  
Down by the mountain's hem,  
But free and far the wild sheep are  
And God doth shepherd them!"

It blinds the eyes with tears to see a captive mountain goat or sheep, the small impatient feet of it, planted on the hot boards of its tiny prison. In its soft eyes is only bewilderment or fear; there is no rage or resentment. It simply does not understand—and it is homesick.

But there are other captives. Many and many of them to make holiday for us. Who has not seen the small performing dogs and monkeys of unimportant shows? They are shipped about from town to town in tiny crates like so much merchandise. Al-

ways they are cramped for room, often they must be thirsty.

But at night when they perform for the staring crowd at the cheap show, how gay they are in their red velvet coats and caps and their little spangled skirts! How they glitter and jingle, and how blithely they jump through the bright hoops and roll the bright balls. Surely it is a merry life and a joyous. The show-man tells us they love to go through all their tricks and contortions.

I saw some performing bears not very long ago, that after each performance were driven into cages very little larger than their own bodies. It was only with the greatest difficulty they could turn around. They were sent long journeys in these boxes, I was told. They certainly bore the marks of travel. But I saw them on Toronto Island—close to the City of Churches. The strangest part of it was that no one wondered—no one seemed sorry—no one interfered, or suggested any interference, but little children were brought in crowds to see these desperately wretched bears go through their so-called merry play.

And there are shops where one may buy birds in cages. Such tiny wooden cages; and squirrels and chipmunks that run around on wheels. Squirrels and chipmunks that in the woods fly without wings, through the green, high branches! The things, perhaps, the most intensely alive of all "God's little beasts."

A PERSON may also buy rabbits in these shops and many another animal that loves the open country. Of course, we are told that the living merchandise is kept clean and is well cared for. This would be the best policy. These wild things are not able to help themselves, and what shopkeeper desires to suffer loss.

It does not seem that we have in the least outgrown the old primitive delight in gazing upon some living thing deprived of its liberty. It is a savage instinct—a passion that dies hard when it dies at all.

All sorts of sophistries are used to excuse this delight; all sorts of feeble and transparent lies are told to make it tolerable.

A writer died a few years ago, who although she was very wise and brilliant, did not in life win to a high place among writers. In days to come she may do so, I am not sure, I only know I hope so.

Her name was Ouida, and if for but one thing alone I love her. Ouida always used her pen in defence of suffering and imprisoned animals. I do not know to what church she belonged, or whether indeed she belonged to any. I do not even know that she was a Christian, as the church defines that name. But I do know that she tried to help all helpless things, and loved them dearly, and it is true to-day and ever will be, that

"He prayeth best who loveth best,  
All things both great and small."

The Litany of the Church of England is very beautiful. There are times when some line of it lingers long in the mind after the Recessional has been sung, and the black-robed priests and bright-faced choir-boys have passed down the aisle.



## MARMALADE

Our Banner Brand Marmalade is made from Spanish and Italian bitter oranges and the highest grade of granulated sugar. There is absolutely nothing else in it.

It is the best Marmalade made anywhere in the world. Try it, and your verdict will accord with our statement. If your dealer cannot supply you, kindly send us his name and address.

Put up in 8-oz and 12-oz glass jars, and 2-lb and 5-lb gold-lacquered (non-corrosive) tins

Inferior oranges and marmalades are made from American oranges, glucose, apple jelly and benzoate of soda. They are unwholesome.

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Toronto

Manufacturers of Pure Fruit Jams.

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Our Bonds offer the small investor an opportunity to invest his money profitably and without risk.

We issue them in sums of One Hundred Dollars and upwards.

The Corporation was established in 1855, and the accumulated experience of considerably more than half a century is brought to bear upon the selection of the securities in which the Bondholders' and Shareholders' money are invested.

These Bonds are by law an

**Authorized Trustee Investment**

We shall be glad to send you a copy of our Annual Report and all particulars.

**Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation**

Established 1855

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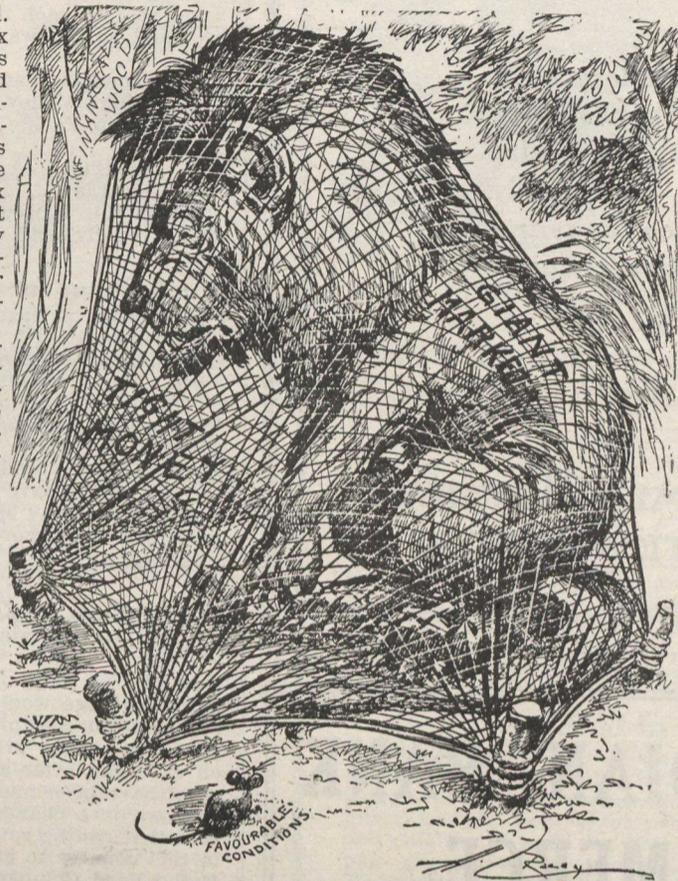
# MONEY AND MAGNATES

Faith, Hope—and Perseverance

**B**UT the greatest of these is faith, and a large quantity in the make-up of Canadians is a very desirable thing. After all, why not? Within the last two or three weeks the Winnipeg municipal bond issue, and the Grand Trunk bond issue, and the Canadian Northern Pacific debenture issue have all been over subscribed. For the first six months of this year, Lombard St. supplied Canada with \$102,187,000, which is \$30,000,000 more than the first six months of last year, and slightly more than the total of issues for British home purposes.

Each of Canada's great trans-continental railroads reports more men on construction than ever before. The directors must have faith. The crop reports which come in are increasingly promising. That bumper crop is positively coming, and the demand for harvesters accompanies it. Immigration not only continues, but increases. Britishers are coming in on the Atlantic. Americans are crossing the line at every point. All of them are bringing money, some little, some lots; in the aggregate, it must be a good round sum. British firms are locating branches in Canada; so are American concerns—the Armstrong Whitworth Company and the United States Steel Corporation being cases in point.

Are not these facts ground for faith? Don't they justify the optimist, and make hay of the pessimist? And they are "facts"—not fancies. A large faith, a defiant hope, and constant perseverance will do much to dispel the clouds of unfavourable conditions.



THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

Will the Mouse Live Up to the Tradition of the Fable?

From the "Montreal Star."

## British Migration

**A** DESPATCH from London says 507,729 British-born left for other countries in the year ending March 31st. The destinations were as follows:—

Canada .....	185,349
Australia .....	92,629
United States .....	94,176
Other countries .....	135,575

507,729

Sixty per cent. of these emigrants were between eighteen and thirty, and thirty-two per cent. were skilled trade workers.

During the same period, 15,000 Canadians settled in Great Britain, and 17,000 United States. What do you think of that? Thirty-two thousand enthusiastic Canadians and Americans went over to live in the tight little islands—can you believe it?

However, will the pessimists please note that twice as many Britishers came to Canada as went to the United States? No want of confidence in these figures!

## Vancouver's Experiment

**T**HE City of Vancouver has taken the lead in Canada in offering its citizens the chance of a cheap and safe investment. It is selling its own city bonds over the counter. The bonds, which mature in ten years, offer an excellent investment to the man with small capital—small enough to make him want to be reasonably certain of a safe buy. The par value of the bonds being an even hundred the investor gets four and a half per cent. on an investment of ninety dollars.

The cities over the line have been selling their bonds to their own people for some time. When Mayor Hocken, of Toronto, was down in Baltimore, he saw bonds being sold over the counter in small denominations. Asked by the "Courier" what he thought of the experiment, he replied, that on the face of it, it seemed that Toronto could do the same with advantage.

If Vancouver makes good at this new way of placing its bonds, no doubt the other large cities of Canada will follow suit. It might be much more economical to save brokers' fees in London, and let Canadian brokers have them.

## Canadian Foreign Trade

**J**UDGING by the howling of the pessimists Canada's foreign trade should have fallen off in June. On the contrary, it showed a reasonable increase. The total trade in that month increased seven millions, or 8 per cent. Better still, the exports showed a greater increase than imports. Domestic

## Correct Investment

The best and safest plan is to diversify your investments—divide your capital among several different securities of solid worth.

1. You then strike an average of solidity and safety.
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A request will bring you our letter on diversified investments. It will be of undoubted value to you.

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ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



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Paid-up Capital . . . . . \$6,758,900  
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Profits . . . . . 6,820,189

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**THE CANADIAN BANK  
OF COMMERCE**

Head Office : TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$12,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L. .... President.  
ALEXANDER LAIRD ..... General Manager.  
JOHN AIRD ..... Assistant General Manager.

This bank having branches in all the important cities and towns in Canada, as well as in the United States, England and Mexico, is enabled to place at the disposal of its customers unsurpassed facilities for the transaction of every legitimate kind of banking business.

**Remitting Money To Foreign Countries**

All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.)

These drafts provide an excellent means of sending money to different countries.

**Security of Savings**

INTEREST at the rate of four and a half per cent. is paid on sums amounting to \$500 or more when placed with this Company for investment for a period of 3 to 5 years. Repayment of the principal with interest is guaranteed.

**National Trust  
Company Limited**

18-22 KING STREET EAST - TORONTO  
Montreal Winnipeg Edmonton Saskatoon Regina

goods exported amounted to \$33,619,000, as against \$29,246,000 last year, or an increase of 11 per cent.

During the first three months of the fiscal year, April to June, exports showed a steady increase. This increase was at the same rate per cent. as imports, but, of course, the totals are smaller. The increase in exports was seven millions, as against an increase in imports of fourteen millions. We are selling more and buying more.

The pessimists should ponder these figures. Those who think business is bad and are frightened should give them long and earnest consideration.

**On and Off the Exchange**

**Three Big Earners**

THE three biggest earners among the railways of America are Canadian Pacific, Lehigh Valley, and Union Pacific. Each pays dividends of ten per cent., but the Canadian road leads in percentage of earnings. The fiscal year of each ends on June 30th, and it is figured that the results will be about as follows:—

	Dividend.	Earnings.
Canadian Pacific .....	7+3	19.42
Lehigh Valley .....	10	13.74
Union Pacific .....	10	15.58
Next in Order:		
Reading .....	8	18.86
Soo Line .....	7	16.20

From this it would appear that the leading railways have had a splendid year. No dividend cuts are in sight.

\*\*\*

**Stock Bonus for Spanish River**

HOLDERS of Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills stock are notified of a common stock dividend, which will amount, roughly, to ten per cent. of the holdings of preferred stock and twenty per cent. of the holdings of common stock. The distribution will be made to holders of record July 28th.

The Dominion Bond Company, of Toronto, has arranged with the syndicate from which the Spanish River Company purchased the shares of the Lake Superior Company, to distribute this common stock, which represents what Spanish River holders get out of the recent re-organization bargain. So far the public have not shown any tendency to get excited over this promotion, but this may be accounted for by the money-tightness. The more careful investors want more information than has been given the public so far in this merger.

\*\*\*

**Motor Cars at \$5 Profit**

SOME talk has started as to the possibility of a motor car factory making money turning out cars at a net profit of \$5 each. The Ford Company claim to be shipping 800 cars a day from their factories. At \$5 profit the day's earnings would be \$4,000. A year of 300 days would net the company \$1,200,000 on a capitalization of two millions. Their average profits for the past three years are four times that, so that they must make about \$20 net on each car, after allowing for all overhead expenses. Last year their profit must have been much higher, as a 500 per cent. dividend was paid.

Here is a chance for a \$2,000,000 Canadian company. If they will make cars that can be sold retail for \$500, there should be enough demand for them in this country to give a profit of 25 per cent. or more on the paid-up capital. If the Ford Company can make 500 per cent. in one year, a Canadian company should make at least 25 per cent. over and above all overhead expenses. But such a company would need to work on a large scale, sell cheap cars, and be exceedingly well managed. The \$500 car is the car of the future.

\*\*\*

**Union Life Investigation**

ENGLISH shareholders of the defunct Union Life want an investigation and the Canadian shareholders are also anxious to see it. The mess should be cleaned up for the moral benefit to the community and the life insurance business. If there has been wrong-doing, the guilty should be punished.

This matter is up to the Minister of Finance. Hon. Mr. White did the policy-holders a good turn when he arranged to have their policies taken over by a strong company. Let him go farther and do the public a good turn by investigating the history of the company's failure. The shareholders will benefit and so will the people who are interested in knowing all about industrial insurance, its difficulties and its possibilities.

\*\*\*

**One More Boost**

A CABLE despatch from England announces the success of yet another Canadian flotation, the four million dollars four and a half per cent. terminal debenture stock of the Canadian Northern Pacific Railway being fully subscribed, and that before the advertised time for closing. The scrip was quoted at 1-4 premium. These debentures are guaranteed by the British Columbia Government and are an attractive investment.

On the other hand, the five million dollar issue in London of the South Australian Government bonds has met with an extremely poor reception. Seventy-eight per cent. of the amount was left with the underwriters.

\*\*\*

**Another Large Issue**

A NEWS item of interest to Canadians is that the Cuba Company, of which Sir William Van Horne, of Montreal, is president, has sold in London \$1,953,200 seven per cent. cumulative preferred shares. The total outstanding preferred issue, including the present offering, is \$2,500,000. The issue price is 104. The Cuba Company owns the whole of the ten millions common stock of the Cuba Railway Company, which in 1912 paid a dividend of 4 per cent. on common. This rate, it is believed, will soon be increased. Net earnings for the year to June 30 are estimated to have equalled 7½ per cent. on common.

**Enquiries**

Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:  
Are visitors allowed in the Toronto Stock Exchange?  
Toronto. E. M. F.  
(Yes, a special gallery is provided for them. The local exchange is a very interesting institution these days. Those brokers who have read the latest fiction may be seen matching pennies for keeps on hot days and playing tag on cool ones.—Editor.)  
Financial Editor, Canadian Courier:  
Would you be good enough to give me a line on Keystone Cement Co., Blairmore, Alta? Would you consider their bonds a good investment? I have a chance to get in right on this stock.  
North Bay. SUBSCRIBER.  
(This company was to be floated nearly a year ago by Mr. W. T. Budd, of Calgary, who has had experience with cement mills at Owen Sound and elsewhere. The flotation does not seem to have been completed, possibly owing to the money-tightness. We are writing Mr. Budd, and will let you have further particulars.—Financial Editor.)

# FOR THE JUNIORS

## Where Provinces Meet.

Do you remember the story of the little boy who was asked to give a definition of the equator? He said it was "a menagerie lion running around the earth." Of course he meant an imaginary line, but he liked to think of it the other way, it was so much more exciting. Not long ago I was journeying over the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway on a west-



The Little White Posts That Separate the Provinces.

bound train which was to carry me to the Pacific Coast, and as we passed from the Province of Ontario into the Province of Manitoba, then on to Saskatchewan and into Alberta, I heard a little girl who was sitting near me in the observation car ask her father:

"Daddy, how do we know that we have passed from one province into another? I didn't see anything to tell us that we were in Alberta, and yet you say we left Saskatchewan only a few minutes ago. Is it only an 'imaginary line' that separates them?"

"No, dear. If you had been watching closely enough," the father told her. "you would have noticed a sign-post quite close to the railroad, indicating that the boundary line had been reached. It was only a little post about ten feet high, with a number of rough stones piled around the base of it. The upper part was white, with the names of the two provinces which it separates painted on it in clear black letter. But if you are really interested, I will try to show you one to-morrow when we pass from Alberta into the Province of British Columbia."

The little girl was interested, and so was I. So the next day when, much to her delight, the train stopped immediately alongside the little white sign-post that we had been watching for, we jumped out to have a really good look at it. I brought my camera with me and took a snapshot of it, so I am able to show you on this page just what it was like. The little girl thought it awfully interesting, and made us all laugh by running over to the post and planting one small foot on one side of it and one on the other.

"There!" she cried, "now I can tell the boys and girls when I go back to my home in Ontario that I was in both British Columbia and Alberta at the same time."

M. H. C.

\*\*\*

## How to Build a Camp Fire.

THERE are several ways of building a camp fire that an ordinary rain will not put out. This is one:

Lay two sticks on the ground parallel with each other and from two to four times as far apart as the diameter of the sticks. Across these two lay

two more, as if you were starting a cob house. If necessary drive stakes into the ground to keep the sticks in place.

For the next story of the cob house use only one stick, and place that on the side on which you are to be when the fire is burning. These five sticks may be green. Dry wood makes a better fire, but it needs rebuilding sooner.

Roof over the cob house with any kind of dry wood. The harder the rain the more there will have to be if this roof is to shed the water. Each stick of the roof should rest on the back log and on the last—the fifth—stick of the cob house and be kept in place by the side sticks.

Fill the inside of the house with kindlings and set fire to them. The roof will burn on the under side, where the heat of the fire keeps it dry. As each stick burns through it falls into the fire that fills the interior of the cob house. The camper watches the fire and cooks through the opening between the fore stick and the top stick that supports the roof. He also feeds brands and small kindlings through this opening, but puts the large sticks on the roof.

It is surprising to see in how hard a rain this kind of fire will burn.—Youth's Companion.

\*\*\*

## Baby Swans Out for a Ride.

ONE day a lady was walking in the Jamaica parkway in Boston when she saw one of the prettiest sights that can be imagined. She was watching the great white swans that float up and down the waters there, and thinking how stately and graceful they looked, like fashionable ladies who walk out in their best clothes. The swans arched their long necks and smoothed their white feathers with their bills, quite as if they wanted to look their very best. But presently one came along who showed that she was something more than a fashionable lady on parade. For she had her two little baby swans with her. They are called cygnets. But the funniest thing about them was not their long necks, that seem much too long for their bodies. No; it was the way they were riding. How do you think it was? The mother swan had taken them on her back and was gliding along the quiet waters with two cygnets cuddled in the soft nest made on her back by her two big folded wings. Their heads peered up out of the feathery whiteness as if they found nothing strange in sailing about the world like that. Some day we are sure that the mother swan shook the two children off into the water and made them paddle themselves about, just as the big swans do.—Christian Science Monitor.



My Summer Girl.

## How Very Strange!

My romper girl, with her parasol, is a very cunning sight as you can see. One day when strolling on the beach when the tide was out of reach, she heard a crab say, "Come and play with me."



# A Million People

Give these stockings and socks the hardest wear hose know. They

Buy Them for Style and consider the 6 months' wear merely an extra advantage. Could any but the best in a product gain such an overwhelming preference?

We are making a wonderful hose in Holeproof. Walk in them, dance in them, play tennis or golf in them.

**Holeproof Hosiery**  
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Every stitch is guaranteed for six months; not just heels and toes. Here are hose that will stand the most strenuous sports. We even guarantee, for men and women, three pairs of silk Holeproof Hose for three months.

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## 74c Cotton Yarn

We could buy ordinary cotton yarn for as low as thirty-two cents per pound. Yet we pay an average of seventy-four cents. Our inspection department alone costs us \$60,000 a year.

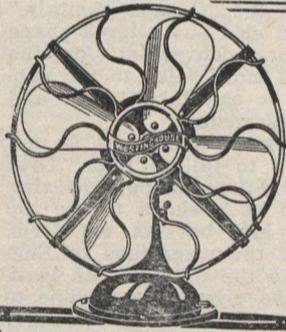
For the past thirteen years, since Holeproof were first made, 95 per cent have outlasted the guarantee. The above figures refer to Holeproof as made in the States and Canada. Try it—buy six pairs of Holeproof today. See how they are wearing six months from today.

## Sold in Your Town

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose guaranteed six months, for men, cost \$1.50 to \$3 per box; for women and children \$2 to \$3 per box; 3 pairs for children, \$1 per box, three pairs guaranteed three months. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk Holeproof guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost \$2 a box for men, and \$3 a box for women. All colors. Medium Cashmere Socks for Men, 6 pairs \$2—fine Cashmere 6 pairs \$3. Women's fine Cashmere Stockings, 6 pairs \$3. 6 pairs of Cashmere are guaranteed six months. Write for free book, telling all about Holeproof.

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H. G. ELLIOTT,  
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## THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

### NOTICE OF QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Seven per cent (7%) per annum upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the three months ending the 31st August, 1913, and that the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Monday, September 1st, 1913. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st August, 1913, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

JAMES MASON,  
General Manager.

Toronto, July 16th, 1913.

### Western Assurance Company

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Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers & Hotels.

## Maskwa, the Backslider

(Concluded from page 7.)

and meat. The fire was black and the kettle empty except for a piece of ice which covered the bottom!

In the night Esque-sis had died.

Maskwa looked with uncomprehending eyes from the kettle to the lifeless form of his little papoose, and as he looked and wondered and understood, his face became distorted with awful fury. In a voice which hushed the questioning cries of his agonized family who had placed implicit faith in his promise, and set them trembling, he rose, lean and tall, and spoke.

"The White Prayer Man, he lied!" thundered Maskwa. "He lied! He said that his God loved the Red children and would hear their cries! He cheated me, is it not so, Oh, Spirit of my fathers? Did I not cry in my hour of need, and did He not take from me that which I held dearest? I was blind—in my gratitude I stumbled along the wrong trail and could not see. But now, Oh Great Spirit, God of my people and mine, my wandering feet have found the path. Forgive me and look down upon us in mercy!"

He paused, exhausted, and would have sunk into his blankets again, but the terrible anguish of his family and the sight of the one cold, still figure were more than he could bear. So groping blindly for his gun, he staggered from the tepee into the open and raised his eyes to heaven. And lo, close to the edge of the river, nibbling unconcernedly at the willow buds, stood a band of moose!

## The Modern Magazine

THERE are fashions in magazines and periodicals just as there are fashions in women's clothes. It is true that they don't change quite as often, but nevertheless they do change.

Where are the magazines of yesterday? Several that we once read and enjoyed are now merged or changed beyond recognition. The latest fashion in magazines is much larger than the old style. Many of the American magazines are altering from the usual size of about 9 inches by 6 inches, to the size of about 10 by 8, or even longer than 10. The "American" magazine is one of the most important examples. The latest periodical to follow suit is the "Canada Monthly." This enlarged size and altered shape is much more convenient for the reader and of more value to the publisher, since it can take larger and better advertisements.

But the English magazines do not seem inclined to fall in line. They prefer the old-time shape and size, and it would be a shock to see the "Strand" in any but its old form. For many of the magazines in England are—like the "Times"—an institution, and the proprietors decline to adopt a new custom, particularly when it comes from the other side the herring-pond.

It is not only in outward form that the magazine of the twentieth century differs from those of the 'sixties and the 'seventies. The matter presented to the public is very different in character. The fiction nowadays deals—paradox though it may seem—with the truth more often than formerly. The one time melodramatic story finds less representation in current magazines than ever. Indeed, its only outlet seems to be in the penny weekly papers which do not circulate amongst thinking people.

The magazine story of to-day deals with things as they are. It tells of daily happenings, and for its plot takes the daily round and the common task. And, on the principle of the proof of the pudding being in the eating, this sort of fare is better than the old-time fiction, for the better quality magazines have a larger public than ever. Nor is this trend towards reality in fiction confined to short stories. It is the same with books. The novel which is the best seller is the novel which deals with probabilities, and not the one which imagines all sorts of high-faluting and extraordinary people and things. And no one will deny that it makes better reading.

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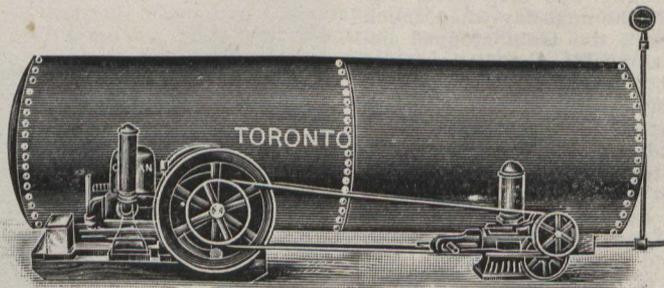


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# THE RIVER OF STARS

BY EDGAR WALLACE

## A NEW SERIAL STORY

### SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The preface and chapters one and two introduce several characters: Sutton, an explorer; Commissioner Sanders, of Central West Africa, the witch-doctor of the Alebi country, and Amber, the mysterious and educated gaol-bird. Then come Lambaire and Whitey, the arch conspirators who had sent Sutton, with a false compass, to find a diamond mine. And old Peter Musk, friend to Amber, and a slave to yellow romance. Finally comes Sutton, the younger, whose father had discovered the diamond mine but had lost himself in the doing. Lambaire promotes a pseudo-diamond mine. He proposes that Sutton the younger should go out to it. This the boy agrees to do, though against his sister's advice. Amber discovers that Lambaire and Whitey have been in the "coining" game. He burgles Lambaire's office, and removes two of the plates used for issuing false notes. Then he goes to Scotland Yard, and showing the plates to a "chief" there offers to find the gang, but the Chief refuses to make an old lag into a detective. Sutton goes to see Lambaire and Whitey, and promises to go in search of the "River of Stars" mine. Cynthia still objects, but is over-ruled.

### CHAPTER X.

ALPHONSE LAMBAIRE was a man of many interests.

In his forty-two years of life he had collected them as another man might collect old prints. That he started forth at the outset, and of perversity chose the shadier walks of life, is a supposition which need not seriously be entertained, for it is not in accordance with the rule of things that a man should deliberately set himself in opposition to the laws of civilization.

All that Amber had said of him was true, and more.

He was a coiner in the sense that, with the notorious Senor Villitissi, and the no less notorious companions of that sometime senator, he had to do with the alarming increase in the silver coinage from which the markets of the world suffered.

It is a known fact that one "batch" of coins which was distributed in Spain, brought the rate of exchange from twenty-eight pesetas ten to thirty-one pesetas in a month.

There was nothing about him which suggested the strutting villain of melodrama, yet he was a well-defined type of criminal.

Whitey—Cornelius Josiah White, to give him his full title—was a lesser man in point of originality, greater when measured by the standards of daring and crude villainy.

Whitey said as much one afternoon, about a week after the interview.

"What you want, Lambaire, is Dash," he said. "When the least little bit of trouble comes along, instead of Swelling up to it, you get Shrunk."

Lambaire grunted something.

He was in no mood for psychology. They were on their way to Warwick Gardens for a final interview with Sutton and his sister.

"AFTER Amber's 'give away,'" Whitey said "you'd have chucked the whole business; you would, Lambaire! You'd have chucked it for a hook like Amber . . . your big schemes too, Imperial I call 'em . . . along comes a feller fresh from gaol, a swell thief, and you start looking round for Exits-in-case-of-Emergency."

"I was afraid Sutton would turn me down."

"Bosh!" said Whitey unsympathetically, "he couldn't turn you down without turning down himself: don't you know that chaps of his age will do anything to prove they are right?"

"Well, the girl isn't convinced," objected Lambaire.

"And never will be," said Whitey,

"you're the Devil to her." Lambaire's face went unaccountably black at this frank expression, and Whitey, who had forgotten more about human nature than Lambaire was ever likely to learn, was wise enough to leave the subject unpursued.

They were admitted to the house and ushered into Sutton's room.

The youth sat amidst a litter of catalogues, maps, and samples of equipment. He was sitting in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe, and was obviously and most absurdly pleased with himself.

He greeted his visitors with a cheerful smile.

"Come in, and find a place to sit down if you can," he invited. "I will let Cynthia know that you are here." He leant back and pushed a bell by the side of the fireplace.

"We had better fix up the question of the chart," he said; "that confounded man Amber has upset everything; you know how suspicious women are, and the dear girl suspects you good people of all sorts of sinister plans."

He laughed heartily at the joke of it.

A servant appeared at the door and he sent a message to his sister.

"I have succeeded in persuading her," he went on, "to let me have the chart."

Lambaire breathed an inward sigh of relief, and the twinkling eyes of Whitey danced with glee.

"It will surprise you to learn that, save for a momentary glimpse, even I have never seen it," he said, "and really, after all the bother that has been made about the thing, I shall be disappointed if it is not the most lucid of documents."

CYNTHIA SUTTON came into the room at that moment.

She favoured Lambaire with a distant bow, and ignored the extravagant politeness of Whitey, who was the only one of the party that stood.

Lambaire, with an eye for the beautiful, and having for the first time leisure to observe her, noted with a pleasant feeling of surprise that she was more than ordinarily pretty. Her features were perfectly modelled, her eyes were large and grey, she was slender and tall, and her every movement betrayed her supple grace.

For the first time, Lambaire viewed her as a woman, and not as an antagonist, and he enjoyed the experience.

She stood by the table where her brother sat, her hands behind her, looking down at him gravely.

Whitey derived no small amount of satisfaction from the fact that from where he sat he saw that in one hand she held an envelope of a large size. He guessed that therein was the chart which had been the subject of so much discussion.

This proved to be the case, for without preamble, she produced two sheets of paper. The first was a discoloured and stained little map, drawn on thick cartridge paper.

It was blistered by heat, and bore indications of rough treatment. The second sheet was clean, and this she placed before her brother.

He looked at it wonderingly, then raised his eyes to the girl's face with a puzzled air.

"Yes," she said, in answer to his unspoken question, "this is a copy, but I have brought the original that you may compare it." She laid the discoloured plan by its side. "The copy is a perfect one," she said.

"But why on earth should you want a copy?"

For answer she slipped the original into the envelope again.

"The copy is for you," she said, "the original I shall keep."

Sutton was too pleased to secure the plan to care overmuch whether it was the original or a copy. As he pored over it insensibly the two men were drawn to the table.

"It is a rum-looking map—my father seems to have gone in a half-circle."

"What I can't understand is this dotted line," said the youth, and indicated a straight line that formed the base of an obtuse triangle, the other two sides being formed by the travellers' route.

"I think this is a favourable moment to make an explanation," said Lambaire in his gentlest voice. He addressed himself to the girl, who shifted her gaze from her brother's face to his.

"On the occasion of my last visit here," he continued, "there was a painful scene, which was not of my seeking. A man I can only describe as a—a—"

"Dangerous bloke—fellow," said Whitey, correcting himself in some confusion.

"A dangerous fellow," repeated Lambaire, "who made wild and reckless charges against my honesty. That man, who has been an inmate of every gaol—"

"I do not think you need go into particulars of Mr. Amber's career."

There was the faintest touch of pink in her cheeks as she changed the course of Lambaire's speech.

"As you wish." He was irritated, for he was a man of no very great gift of speech, and he had come prepared with his explanation. "I only wish to say this, that the man Amber spoke the truth—though his—"

"Deductions?" suggested Whitey sotto voce.

"Though his deductions were wrong; the compass your father used was a faulty one."

The girl's eyes did not leave his face.

"It was a faulty one," continued Lambaire, "and it was only yesterday that I discovered the fact. There were four compasses made, two of which your father had, and two I kept locked up in my safe."

"Why was that?" questioned the girl.

"That is easily explained," responded the other eagerly. "I knew that even if Mr. Sutton succeeded, another expedition would be necessary, and as a business man, I of course bought in a business like manner—one buys these instruments cheaper—"

"By taking a quantity," murmured Whitey.

"In a sense," continued Lambaire impressively, "that precaution of mine has made this expedition of your brother's possible. We are now able to follow in your father's track—for we shall work by the compass he used."

He felt that his explanation was all that was necessary. More than this, he half-believed all that he had said, and felt an inexplicable sense of satisfaction in the realization of his forethought.

Cynthia said nothing. She had gone beyond the place where she felt the duty or inclination to oppose her brother's will. It could be said with truth that her brother and his project had faded into the background, for there had come a newer and a more astounding interest into her life.

She did not confess as much to her-



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self. It was the worst kind of madness.

A convict—with not even the romantic interest of a great conviction. A mean larcenist, for all the polish of his address, and the gay humour of those honest eyes of his.

Her brother would go to the coast in search of the River of Stars. Possibly he might find it: she was sufficiently blessed with the goods of this world not to care whether he did or not. She would like her father's judgment vindicated, but here again she had no fervency of desire to that end.

Her father had been a vague shadow of a man, with little or no concern with his family. His children, during the rare periods he stayed in the same house with them, had been "noises" to be incontinently "stopped."

All her love had been lavished on her brother, her struggles, in the days before the happy legacy had placed her beyond the need for struggling, had been for his comfort and ease. She had been willingly blind to his follies, yet had been frantic in her efforts to check those follies from degenerating into vices. She remembered she had been on the verge of tears the first time she met Amber, and almost smiled at the recollection.

Francis would go out, and would come back again alive: she had no doubt about this: the tiny ache in her heart had an origin foreign to the question of her brother's safety.

All this passed through her mind, as she stood by the table pretending to listen to a conversation which had become general.

She became alert when Lambaire returned to a forbidden subject.

"I don't know why he has interfered," he was saying, answering a question Sutton had addressed to him; "that night he came into the Whistlers—" A warning caught from Whitey brought him on to another tack. "Well, well," he said benevolently, "it is not for us to judge the poor fellow, one doesn't know what temptations assail a man: he probably saw an opportunity for making easy money," another cough from Whitey, and he pulled out his watch. "I must be getting along," he said, "I have to meet a man at Paddington: would you care to come? I have one or two other matters to talk over with you."

Sutton accepted the invitation with alacrity.

What impelled Cynthia Sutton to take the step she did it is difficult to say. It may have been the merest piece of feminine curiosity, a mischievous desire to hinder the free exchange of ideas; the chances are that another explanation might be found, for as Sutton left the room to change his coat she turned to Lambaire and asked—

"What is Mr. Amber's history?"

Lambaire smiled and glanced significantly at Whitey.

"Not a very nice one, eh, Whitey?"

Whitey shook his head.

"I am a little interested," she said; "should I be a bother to you if I walked with you to Paddington—it is a beautiful afternoon."

"Madam," said the gratified Lambaire, "I shall be overjoyed. I feel that if I can only gain your confidence—I was saying this morning, wasn't I, Whitey?"

"You were," said the other instantly.

"I was saying, 'Now if I could only get Miss Cynthia—'"

"Miss Sutton," said Cynthia.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Sutton, to see my point of view . . ."

"I won't promise that," she said with a smile, as her brother returned.

He was inclined to be annoyed when she walked ahead with his patron, but his annoyance was certainly not shared by Lambaire, who trod on air.

" . . . Yes, I'm afraid Amber is a bad egg—a wrong 'un, ye know. He's not Big."

Her heart sank as she recognized the echo of her own thoughts. It was absurd that the mediocrity of Amber's criminal attainments should fill her

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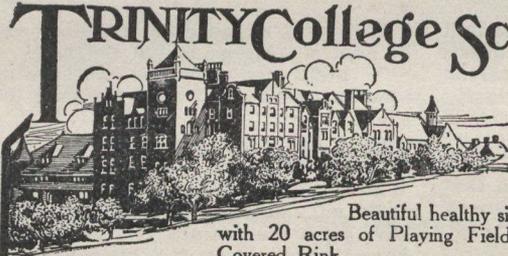


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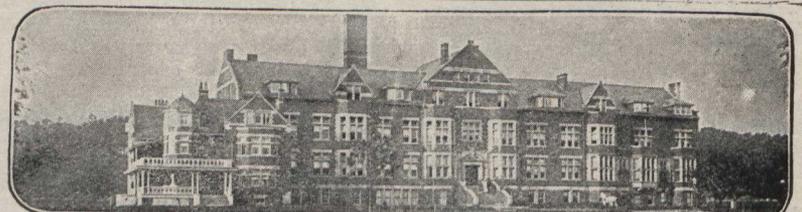
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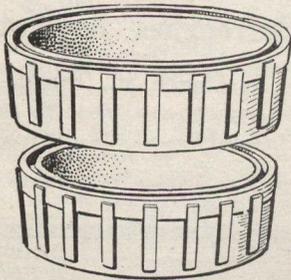


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with numb despair, but so it was.

"No, he's not Big—although," said Lambaire hastily, "I've no sympathy for the Big Mob."

"With the—?"

She was puzzled.

"With the Big Mob—the high-class nuts—you know what I mean—the—" He looked round helplessly for Whitey.

"I think I understand," she said.

They walked on in silence for another five minutes.

"Do you think that if some good influence were brought to bear on a man like Mr. Amber—"

"No, absolutely no, miss," said Lambaire emphatically, "he's the sort of man that only gaol can reform. A friend of mine, who is Governor of Clemstead Gaol, told me that Amber was one of the most hardened prisoners he'd ever had—there's no hope for a man like that."

Cynthia sighed. In a vague way she wondered how it came about that such a man as she judged Lambaire to be, should have friends in the prison service.

"A bad lot," said Lambaire as they turned into the station.

On the platform Cynthia took her brother aside, whilst the other two were making inquiries regarding the arrival of a train.

"I shall go back to the house—I suppose you are determined to go through with this expedition?"

"Of course," irritably; "for Heaven's sake, Cynthia, don't let us go into the matter again."

She shrugged her shoulders, and was about to make some remark, when Lambaire came hurrying along the platform, his face eloquent of triumph.

"Look here," he said, and beckoned.

Wondering what could have animated this lymphatic man, she followed with her brother.

She turned a corner of the station building, then came to a sudden stop, and went white to the lips.

Under the care of two armed warders were a dozen convicts in the ugly livery of their servitude.

They were chained wrist to wrist, and each handcuff was fastened to the next by a steel chain.

Conspicuous in the foremost file was Amber, bright, cheerful, unaffected by this ignominious situation.

Then he saw the girl, and his eyes dropped and a scarlet flush came to his tanned cheek.

"My Lambaire," he murmured, "I owe you one for this."

#### CHAPTER XI.

Introduces Captain Ambrose Grey.

"YOU'RE for the governor, 634," said the warder.

"You surprise me, my warder," said Amber ironically.

"Less of your lip," said the man shortly, "you've lost enough marks in this month without askin' for any further trouble."

Amber said nothing. He stepped out from his cell and marched ahead of the warder down the steel hall.

Captain Cardeen sat behind his table and greeted Amber unpleasantly.

Exactly why he should take so vindictive an interest in his charge, could be explained.

"634," said the governor, "you've been reported again for impertinence to an officer of the prison."

Amber made no reply.

"Because you spend half your life in prison I suppose you've an idea that you've got a sort of proprietorial right, eh?"

Still Amber made no reply.

"I have tamed a few men in my time," the governor went on, "and I don't doubt but that I shall tame you."

Amber was looking at him critically.

"Sir," said he, "I also am something of a tamer."

The governor's face went purple, for there was an indefinable insolence in the prisoner's tone.

"You scoundrel," he began, but Amber interrupted him.

"I am tired of prison life, my governor," he said brusquely, "and I'll take a thousand to thirty you do not know

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what I mean: I am tired of this prison, which is Hell with the lid off."

"Take him back to his cell," roared the governor, on his feet and incoherent with rage. "I'll teach you, my man—I'll have you flogged before I'm through with you."

Two warders, truncheons in hand, hustled Amber through the door. They flung rather than pushed him into the cell. A quarter of an hour later a key turned in the door and two warders came in, the foremost dangling a pair of bright steel handcuffs.

Amber was prepared about obediently as they snapped the irons about his wrist, fastening his hands behind him. It was a favourite punishment of Captain Cardeen.

The door clanged to, and he was left alone with his thoughts, and for Amber, remembering his equable temperament, they were very unpleasant thoughts indeed.

"I'll teach him something," said the governor to his chief warder. "I know something about this man—I had a letter some time ago from a fellow-member of the Whistlers—one of my clubs, Mr. Rice—who gave me his history."

"If anybody can break him, you can, sir," said his admiring satellite.

"I think so," said the governor complacently.

A warder interrupted any further exchange of views. He handed a letter to the chief warder with a salute, and that official glanced at the address and passed it on to his superior.

The latter slipped his finger through the flap of the envelope and opened it.

The sheet of blue foolscap it contained required a great deal of understanding, for he read it three times.

"The bearer of this, Miss Cynthia Sutton, has permission to interview No. 645 [c.c.] John Amber. The interview shall be a private one: no warder is to be present."

It was signed with the neat signature of the Home Secretary and bore the Home Office stamp.

The governor looked up with bewilderment written in his face.

"What on earth is the meaning of that?" he demanded, and passed the paper to the chief warder.

The latter read it and pushed back his head.

"It's against all regulations—" he began, but the governor broke in impatiently.

"Don't talk nonsense about regulations," he snapped. "Here is an order from the Home Office: you can't get behind that. Is anybody with her?"

He addressed the question to the waiting warder.

"Yes, sir, a gentleman from Scotland Yard—I gave you his card."

The card had fallen on to the floor and the governor picked it up.

"Chief Inspector Fells," he read, "let us have him in first."

A few seconds later Fells came into the room, and smiled a cheerful greeting to the governor.

"Perhaps you can explain the meaning of this, Mr. Fells," said the governor, holding the paper in his hand.

Fells shook his head.

"I never explain anything," he said. "It's the worst waste of energy to attempt to explain the actions of your superiors—I've got an order too."

"To see the prisoner?"

"Yes, sir."

He groped in the depths of an under pocket and produced an official envelope.

"I have spoken to the young lady," he said, "and she has no objection to my seeing Mr. Amber first."

There was something about that "Mr." which annoyed the governor.

"I can understand many things," he said irritably, "but I really cannot understand the process of mind which induces you to refer to a convict as 'Mr. Amber'—a man with your experience of criminals, Inspector."

"Habit, sir, habit," said Fells easily, "a slip of the tongue."

The governor was reading the new order, which was couched in similar terms to that which he had already read.

"You had better see him first," and made a sign to the chief warder. "The beggar has been grossly imper-

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continent and is now undergoing a little mild punishment."

"M—m—yes," hesitated the detective; "pardon my asking, but isn't this the gaol where the man Gallers died?"

"It is," said the governor coldly; "he had a fit or a something."

"He was undergoing some punishment," said Fells, in the reflective tone of one striving to recollect a circumstance.

"It was stated so by irresponsible people," said the governor roughly.

He took down his hat from a peg and put it on. "It was said he was being punished in the same manner that Amber is—that he became ill and was unable to ring the bell—but it was a lie."

"Of course," said the polite detective.

The governor led the way through the spotless corridors up the steel stairs to the landing whereon Amber's cell was situated. He turned the key and entered, followed by the detective. Amber was sitting on a wooden stool when the cell door opened. He did not trouble to rise until he saw Fells. Then he got up with difficulty.

"Now, Mr. Fells, if you have anything to say to this man, you had better say it," said the governor.

"I think," Fells spoke hesitatingly, deferentially, but none the less emphatically, "I think I may have this interview alone—yes?"

The governor stiffened.

"If you would prefer it, of course," he said grudgingly, and turned to go.

"Excuse me," Fells laid his hand on the official's arm. "I would rather the irons were off this man."

"Attend to your business and allow me to attend to mine, Mr. Inspector," said the governor. "The code allows me the right to award punishment."

"Very good, sir," replied Fells. He waited until the door clanged and then turned to Amber.

"Mr. Amber," he said, "I have been sent down from the Home Office on a curious mission—I understand you are tired of prison?"

"Mr. Fells," said Amber wearily, "I have never found prison so dull as I do at present."

Fells smiled. From his pocket he produced a sheet of foolscap paper closely covered with entries.

"I've discovered your guilty secret." He shook the paper before the prisoner's eyes.

"A list of your convictions, my Amber," he mocked, but Amber said nothing.

"Never, so far as I can trace, have you appeared before a judge and jury." He looked up, but the man in front of him was silent, and his face was expressionless.

"And yet," the detective went on, "to my knowledge, you have been committed to seventeen gaols, on seventeen distinct and separate orders, each signed by a judge and counter-signed by the Home Office."

He waited, but Amber offered no comment.

"In 1901, you were committed to Chengford Gaol on an order signed at Devizes. I can find no record of your having been brought before a court of any description at Devizes."

Still Amber did not speak, and the inspector went on slowly and deliberately.

"At the time of your committal to Chengford, there had been all sorts of stories current about the state of affairs in the gaol. There had been a mutiny of prisoners, and allegations of cruelty against the governor and the warders."

"I remember something about it," said Amber carelessly.

"You were admitted on May 10. On August 1 you were released on an order from the Home Office. On August 3 the governor, the assistant governor and the chief warden were summarily suspended from their duties and were eventually drummed from the prison service."

He looked at Amber again.

"You surprise me," said Amber.

"Although you were released in August, and was apparently a free man, you arrived in the custody of warders at the Preston Convict Establishment on September 9. There

had been some trouble at Preston, I believe."

"I believe there was," said Amber gravely.

"This time," the detective continued, "it was on an order from the Home Office to complete sentence. You were six months in Preston Prison, and after you left, three warders were suspended for carrying messages to prisoners."

He ran his fingers down the paper.

"You weren't exactly a mascot to these gaols, Mr. Amber," he said ironically, "you left behind you a trail of casualties—and nobody seems to have connected your presence with gaps in the ranks."

A slow smile dawned on Amber's face.

"And has my chief inspector come amblin' all the way from London to make these startlin' and mysterious communications?"

The detective dropped his banter.

"Not exactly, Mr. Amber," he said, and the note of respect came to his voice which had so unaccountably irritated the governor. "The fact is, you've been lent."

"Lent?" Amber's eyebrows rose.

"You've been lent," repeated the detective. "The Home Office has lent you to the Colonial Office, and I am here to effect the transfer."

Amber twiddled his manacled hands restlessly.

"I don't want to go out of England just now," he began.

"Oh yes, you do, Mr. Amber, there's a River of Stars somewhere in the world, and a cargo of roguery on its way to locate it."

"So they've gone, have they?"

He was disappointed and did not attempt to disguise the fact.

"I hoped that I should be out in time to stop 'em, but that racket has nothing to do with the Colonial Office."

"Hasn't it?"

Fells went to the wall where the prisoner's bell was, and pushed it. Two minutes later the door swung open.

"There's another visitor, who will explain," he said, and left the exasperated Amber muttering rude things about government departments in general and the Home Office in particular.

In ten minutes the door opened again.

Amber was not prepared for his visitor, and as he sprang awkwardly to his feet, he went alternately red and white. The girl herself was pale, and she did not speak until the door closed behind the warders. That brief space of time gave Amber the opportunity to recover his self-possession.

"I fear that I cannot offer you the courtesies that are due to you," he said. "For the moment my freedom of movement is somewhat restricted."

She thought he referred to his presence in prison, and half smiled at the politeness of a speech so out of all harmony with the grim surroundings.

"You are probably surprised to see me, Mr. Amber," she said. "It was in desperation that I went to the Home Office to endeavour to secure an interview with you—there is one else in the world knows so much of this expedition and the men who have formed it."

"Did you find any difficulty in obtaining permission?" There was an odd twinkle in Amber's eye which she did not observe.

"None—or almost none," she said. "It was very wonderful."

"Not so wonderful, my lady," said Amber. "I'm an old client: anything to oblige a regular customer."

She was looking at him with pain in her eyes.

(To be continued.)

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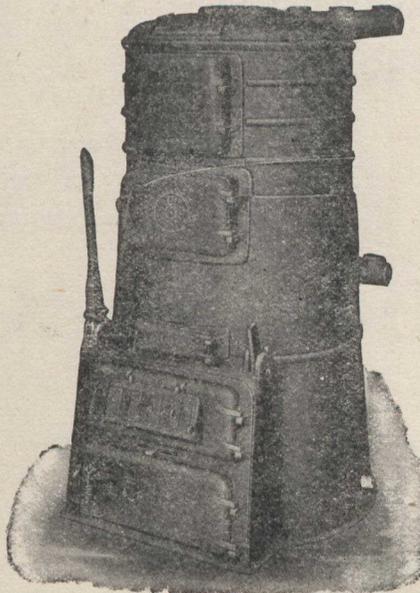
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