

# The Canadian **Courier**

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

## Is the House of Commons Too Large?

*A Symposium of Opinion*  
By ELEVEN WELL-KNOWN PUBLICISTS

## Annuities for Disabled Workmen

By NORMAN PATTERSON

## A Run in the Turn-Over

*Among the Wrecks and Shoals in the Gulf of Georgia*  
By BONNYCASTLE DALE

## The Doctor's Strange Patient

STORY BY PEARL FOLEY



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

# SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

## LEADING FEATURES OF THE DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR 1913

ASSETS as at 31st December, 1913 .....	\$55,726,347.32
Increase over 1912 .....	6,120,730.83
CASH INCOME from Premiums, Interest, Rents, etc., in 1913 .....	13,996,401.64
Increase over 1912 .....	1,663,320.04
PROFITS DISTRIBUTED to policyholders during 1913 ..	706,424.19
ADDED TO SURPLUS during 1913 .....	421,904.26
TOTAL SURPLUS 31st December, 1913, over all liabilities and capital .....	5,752,986.08
DEATH CLAIMS, Matured Endowments, Profits, etc., during 1913 .....	4,982,553.25
PAYMENTS to policyholders since organization .....	39,385,287.91
PREMIUMS RECEIVED since organization .....	94,012,632.86
PAYMENTS to policyholders since organization and assets now held for their benefit .....	95,111,635.23
NEW BUSINESS (paid for in cash) during 1913 .....	34,290,916.79
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ASSURANCES IN FORCE 31st December, 1913 .....	202,363,996.00
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1883 . . .	274,865.50	735,940.10	6,779,566.00
1893 . . .	1,240,483.12	4,001,776.90	27,799,757.00
1903 . . .	3,986,139.50	15,505,776.48	75,681,189.00
1913 . . .	<b>13,996,401.64</b>	<b>55,726,347.32</b>	<b>202,363,996.00</b>

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MANAGING DIRECTOR and SECRETARY.

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Supervisor for Western Ontario and Michigan  
Cor. Victoria and Adelaide Sts., Toronto

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 15

## CONTENTS

- Men of To-day ..... Illustrated.
- Annuities for Disabled Workmen . . . By Norman Patterson.
- A Run in the "Turn Over" ..... By Bonnycastle Dale.  
Illustrated.
- The Doctor's Strange Patient, Story By Pearl Foley.  
Illustrated by Arthur Lismer.
- Is the Commons Too Large? ..... Eleven Publicists' Views.
- The Exaltation of the Nose ..... By Ramac.
- If the Unionists Come Back ..... By "Scrutamus."
- Moving Big Trees ..... By E. T. Cook.
- The Cost of High Living ..... By the Monocle Man.
- Motor Busses Versus Trolley Cars... By James Johnston.
- Parliamentary Pars. .... By Independent Coonskin.
- Sign of the Maple ..... By M. J. T.
- Notes on New Books ..... By A. Paperknife.
- Music of a Week ..... By the Music Editor.
- Demi-Tasse ..... By Staff Writers.
- Money and Magnates ..... By the Financial Editor.
- Behind the Picture, Serial ..... By McDonnell Bodkin.
- Reflections ..... By the Editor.



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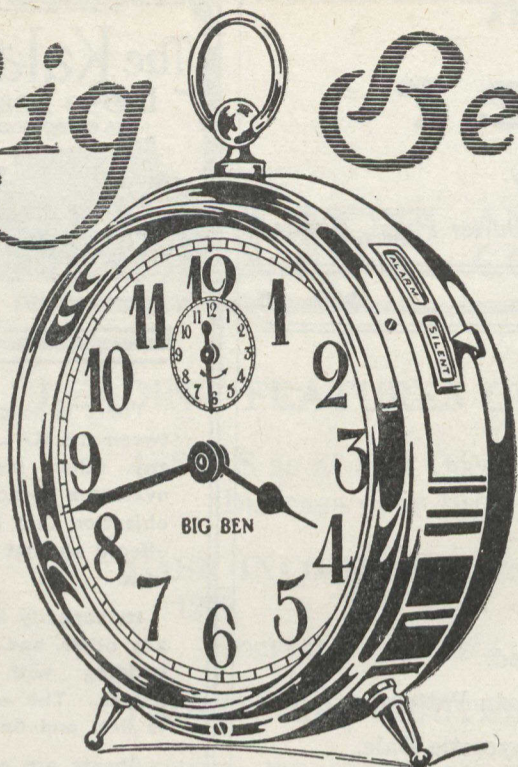
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."

## In Lighter Vein

**Explicit but Incriminating.**—A Canadian lawyer tells this story:

A bailiff went out to levy on the contents of a house. The inventory began in the attic and ended in the cellar. When the dining room was reached, the tally of furniture ran thus:

"One dining room table, oak.  
"One set chairs (six), oak.  
"One sideboard, oak.

"Two bottles whiskey, full."

Then the word "full" was stricken out and replaced by "empty," and the inventory went on in a hand that straggled and lurched diagonally across the page until it closed with:

"One revolving door-mat."

**Horrid Thought.**—The Drill Sergeant: "The bullet of our new rifles will go through twenty inches of solid wood. Remember that, you block-heads!"—Life.

**Recognition.**—The bored youth turned to his dinner partner with a yawn.

"Who is that strange-looking man over there who stares at me so much?" he drawled.

"Oh, that's Professor Jenkins," she replied, "the famous expert on insanity."—Tit-Bits.

**His Opportunity.**—At a funeral in Glasgow a stranger took a seat in one of the mourning coaches. The other three occupants of the carriage were rather curious to know who he was, and at last one of them began to question him. The dialogue went like this:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?"

"Na, I'm no' a brither of the corp."

"Weel, ye'll be his cousin?"

"No, I'm no' a cousin."

"At ony rate, ye'll be a frien' o' the corp?"

"Na, I'm no' that either. Ye see, I've no' been verra weel masel'," the stranger explained complacently, "an' my doctor has ordered me carriage exercise, so I thocht this wad be the cheapest wey to tak' it!"—The Argonaut.

**Revenge Is Sweet.**—Maid: "I've come to give notice, ma'am."

Mistress: "Indeed?"

Maid: "And would you give me a good reference, ma'am? I'm going to Mrs. Jones, across the way."

Mistress: "The best in the world, Maggie. I hate that woman."—New York Globe.

Mrs. Thompson: "My husband is seriously ill. He's having a consultation now."

Laundress: "Glory be! A consultation is just what was after killin' me own husband."—Life

**The Tree Brake.**—Trying out a new car on a country road, the demonstrator stopped to pick up an old farmer who looked as if he might like a ride and who admitted that it was his first experience in an automobile. The machine was hitting a pretty good clip when it skidded on a soft spot and ran into a tree. Nobody was hurt, but as the ruralite picked himself up he said to the motorist:

"Well, that was goin' some. But say, mister, there's one thing I'd like to ask ye. How de ye stop one of these here contraptions where there ain't no trees?"

**Left Out Rosa.**—Mr. Cyrus Green—"Molly, what is that picture called in the catalogue?"

Mrs. Green (reading)—"Cows after Rosa Bonheur."

Mr. Green—"By gosh! I see the cows, but where is Rosa Bonheur?"—Dallas News.

**A Friend, After All.**—"I wish I had taken my mother's advice when she begged me not to marry you."

"Did your mother try to keep you from marrying me?"

"Yes."

"Oh, how I have wronged that woman!"—Chicago Tribune.



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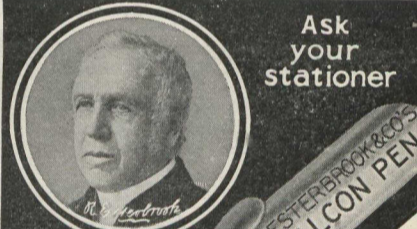


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The  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*



Vol. XV.

March 14, 1914

No. 15

# Men of the Day

*The Life Stories of Two Famous Georges*

## Sir George William Ross

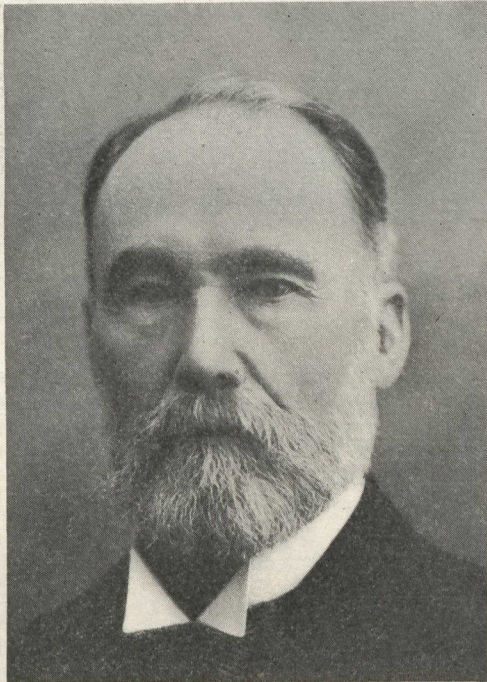
**W**HETHER or not Sir George Ross may be a memory by the time this goes to print, makes no difference to what may be said about a man that has left so unmistakable a mark upon Canadian life. No public man in this country has kept his light shining so many years after popular opinion reckoned he was due to retire. It is many years since Sir George was able to hobble about the corridors of the Ontario Legislature without a cane, or go anywhere on the streets without a carriage or his once well-remembered tricycle that used to be so familiar a sight up at the Education Department in Toronto. He has been physically half a man for many years: when the half that stayed alive was his brain that never seemed to go weary. Most men with twice his mere strength and half his ailments would have let go long ago. Sir George hung on; because he had acquired the habit, and the habit was born of an unconquerable Keltic quality in the man that never quite knew the meaning of defeat.

Had Sir George Ross lived in the days of Roderick Dhu he would have been a great Highland chieftain. But he was born in Middlesex County, Ont. His parents were Scotch. He was born almost in the bush. He knew Ontario in the rough; was a public school teacher at \$300 a year and Inspector at less than \$1,000. A man somehow born to be a sort of educator; and if he had not worked himself up in the cause of education, the once Premier of Ontario would never have left the mark on this country that he has. It was the universal instinct of the young man getting away from the Canadian bush farm to a place in the world of mind that kept Sir George always so keenly interested in problems of education. Incidentally he was a lawyer. He became a member of the House of Commons in 1872, and remained an M.P. until 1883, when he made the shift that afterwards made him famous, by entering the Ontario Cabinet under Sir Oliver Mowat, as Minister of Education.

What Sir George Ross would have achieved had he remained in the Commons it is hard to say. At least he would have added another to our diminishing minority of parliamentary orators. For when most of us may have forgotten the Ross regulations, the "Ross Bible" and the remarkable changes in the educational system of Ontario under his regime, we are likely to remember having heard the man deliver a great speech somewhere, or having read one of his speeches in the Globe, of which he was for so many years a director.

Sir George was an unmistakable orator. If he had not been an orator he would have been accorded mere recognition as an educator and as a skilled politician. Oratory was to him the breath of life. And he had the gift of making a speech because of what it contained as well as because of its style of delivery. He was most at home on constitutional and Imperial questions. He learned the former under Sir Oliver Mowat, who was no orator but a great constitutional politician and statesman. The latter he dug out of his own experience. He had a constant desire to impress a public assemblage, and the last thing he did before he went to the hospital a month ago was to make one of his customary great speeches in the Senate in the debate on the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne. Sir George will rank among the great orators of Canada because he had the gift of making a dry subject scintillate with interest and the power to make a mass of dull details work up to a magnificent climax. That gift did a great deal for his career, both as Minister of Education and as Premier of Ontario.

In some respects it was a sort of fatal gift. It sometimes made him forget how mean and miserable a game politics is likely to become; or



SIR GEORGE ROSS

School Inspector; Member of Parliament; Minister of Education for Ontario; Premier of Ontario; Leader of Liberal Party in the Dominion Senate; orator and author; born Middlesex County, Ont., in 1841.

seen to forget. It kept him ambitious to hold what he had and to keep his party intact in the Legislature when mere tactics and finesse would have been defeated. The fact that he could rise in the House and put a bright face on a gloomy episode, making the newspaper reports of his speeches bristle with brilliant sarcasm, and almost turning a defeat into a victory, kept him at the head of the Ontario Legislature when ordinary political methods would have

broken up the ancient Liberal regime before it reached the age of thirty-two years. Sir George made his reputation as a political orator while he was Minister of Education. Some of his best speeches were on the subject of education, on which he often became as enthusiastic as he did about Canada and the Empire. There were times when less oratory and more practical administration might have been better for the educational system of Ontario; but even Sir George's political detractors will admit that with all its experimental defects the Ross regime was the most brilliant epoch in the educational development of older Canada. A cynical educationist once remarked more than twenty years ago that the Minister of Education got his first-class certificate once upon a time "by the grace of God and the mercy of the examiners." And there may have been times when Sir George sympathized with Sir John Macdonald who at a memorable assemblage of the University of Toronto, when he was made an honorary LL.D., confessed that for the first time in his life he felt like a university man. But there never was an educationist in Canada, unless it was the late Dr. J. A. McLellan, who could keep any kind of audience, whether a political mob or a gathering of university men, interested so long in mere problems of education. He got his primal interest in that subject at a time when, for a farm boy to break away from the handspike to a professional career was counted one of the greatest things in the world. He never lost that kind of interest.

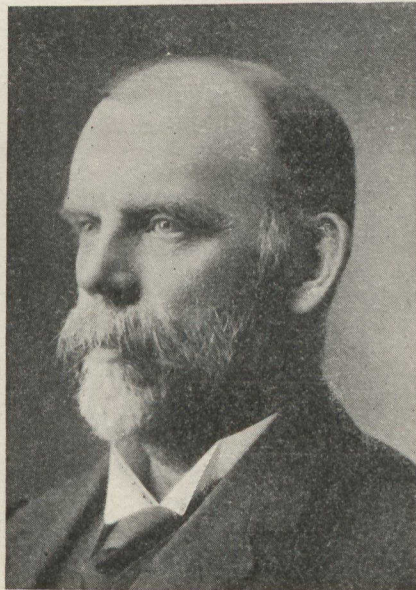
**L**ONG before he became Premier of Ontario in succession to Hon. A. S. Hardy, who succeeded Sir Oliver Mowat, George Ross had become schooled in professional politics. He knew as much as any man what had been the inside history of political Ontario. He knew as well as any what Ontario meant to the politics of Canada. There never was a time in his career, whether as Minister of Education or as Premier, when he could not have stepped into the House of Commons at Ottawa and commanded the attention of the House almost as well as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on subjects of broad national interest. His habits of reading, his Keltic sympathies and his quick understanding of men and events kept him from being provincial. In his national outlook he was as broad as Sir Oliver Mowat, with less than Sir Oliver's sagacity and much more than his obvious gifts as a public figure.

And he had a passionate regard for his party. There never was any conjunction of circumstances that could have made a Conservative or even an Independent of George Ross. He believed in Liberalism. He had such faith in Liberalism the world over that he sometimes blinked at the lame Liberalism of Ontario. There were times when he became obviously infatuated by Liberalism abroad to the extent of forgetting—or seeming to forget—how narrow and intolerant a thing Liberalism was becoming in Ontario. In his passion for the party he sometimes lost his practical perspective on local conditions. Or again—he seemed to. Whether he really did or not must be left to those who knew him most shrewdly to decide. After he became Premier, knowing to what a party machinery muddle he had succeeded, partly of his own making as Minister and chief apologist, he was asked by a friend why he did not come out openly and admit that the party needed reformation, and why he did not get rid of what about that time were called by the editor of the Globe "barnacles on the ship of State?" The old chieftain had a shrewd twinkle in his eye. He knew better. He was into the thing somewhat for the game of it, and he thought it better game to hang on and do his best to get the ship into port again, barnacles and all. That he failed to make the harbour in 1905 everybody knows. He knew long enough that he could

## TWO NOTABLE OPPOSITES



W. K. McNAUGHT, M.P.P.  
 Manufacturer, whose opinion on the size of the House of Commons appears on page ten.



DR. MICHAEL CLARKE, M.P.  
 Radical Free-Trader, whose opinion on this subject also appears on the same page.

not. But he never admitted it. He saw the north-west wind fuming up and the rocks ahead. But he refused to let go of the helm or to admit that the good old Liberal ship ever could be wrecked by that nor'wester. He had seen her escape by a hair with just such gales before. He determined to take another chance.

Fortunately for Ontario and the rest of Canada at that time, Sir George Ross was not returned to power in Ontario. He kept the leadership of the party for two years, with James Whitney still blowing up north-west gales in the chair he used to occupy. Then, because he was much failing in health he gave up and became a Senator. In the Senate he had more time for the passion of his earlier life—oratory. And during his career in the Senate he was its most brilliant orator.

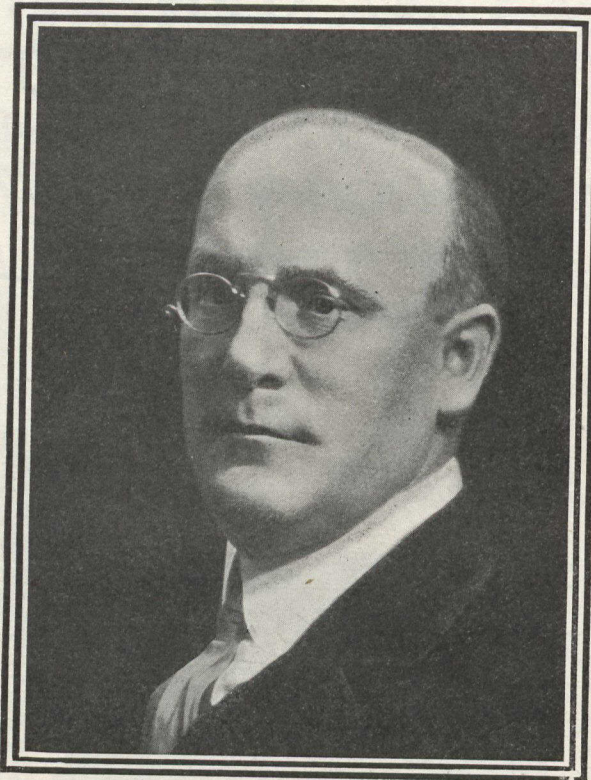
In 1910 he was knighted by King George. He was still what the world calls a poor man. In all his brilliant career as an administrator and leader of a party that went to pieces under him he had saved nothing out of the wreck by way of emolument for himself. When he gave his last speech in the Senate in the last week in January, 1914, Sir George Ross had as his chief asset in life a tremendous if sometimes mistaken passion for public affairs, an almost fanatical interest in the Empire, a splendid and broadminded bigotry for Liberalism, and a character as a Canadian who only missed real greatness because he was often too much concerned with his party. He ranks as one of the best examples of near-great statesmen ever born and bred and disciplined in that lively school of politics known as Ontario. If less of his life had been Ontario, and like his speeches more of the country at large, Sir George Ross might have been considered a truly great man.

### The Montreal Mayoralty

LIKE most other Canadian cities Montreal is searching for men who will raise the standard of municipal government. Mayor Lavalle has done very well during his two-year term, and La Patrie announced last week that he would again be a candidate, and that he would be supported by the Star, Herald, and Gazette. It is also expected that Mr. Mederic Martin, the stormy petrel of municipal politics, would be a candidate. The Daily Mail, on the other hand, advocated the candidature of Mr. George Washington Stephens, who arrived home from Europe last week. After considerable

discussion he has withdrawn his name because he is advised that the wording of the charter makes it a question whether or not he is qualified to be a candidate.

It is now four years since Montreal shook up the



GEORGE WASHINGTON STEPHENS,  
Millionaire and business man, who came to Montreal post-haste from Europe, with the idea of running for Mayor, only to find that he didn't qualify.

old "23" and inaugurated a Board of Control. Every day since February, 1910, there has been a tussle between the old Council and the Controllers; when it took a mainly efficient Board of Control all its

time to keep the big city from becoming a muddle of administration because of a rotten system of contracts and appointments that dated back to the days when G. W. Stephens was born.

Every time the Board got from the Quebec Legislature a fresh hand-coil on the rope that was throwing the old Council, the big city had tacked on to itself another set of problems. The Board was regarded by the best elements of the people as the white hope of Montreal. It was organized with departments as nearly as possible to resemble a commission of experts. The Mayor was no bigger a figure in administration than any other Controller. And the Council, under its chairman of caucus, L. A. Lapointe, grimly hung on to its ancient rights in opposition to the Board, while the Board prepared to get more powers from the Legislature.

Had G. W. Stephens been selected he would have been the only millionaire Mayor in Canada. He would have been the only man in municipal life whose time is regularly worth several times as much to his private business as it is to the civic corporation.

And this is nothing new to Major Stephens. For five years he was chairman of the Harbour Commission in Montreal at a salary that was only a patch on his private income. He had on the commission one French member. On the Board of Control he will probably have three. He bossed the Harbour Commission in his own genial way because he was an enthusiast on harbour affairs. He had studied harbours all over the world. Son of a rich man, a graduate with high honours from McGill, and acquainted with more than one language, he went to Europe for a post-graduate course. After he quit college he took a clerk's job in a big forwarding firm at Hamburg. He had already spent some years as a reporter on the Montreal Herald. Years later he turned his newspaper experience into copy when he wrote for a Montreal paper a series of impressionistic and business articles, "European Ports Seen Through Canadian Eyes." The reason he wrote these articles was to get Canadians to realize what a great port Montreal might be made if the commissioners were to get up and dust. In 1907 he was appointed chairman of the Harbour Commission because he seemed to be the one big man who had made a real study of harbours, and because he had enthusiasm about harbours enough to float an ocean liner. He quit the commission after five years of constructive activity because he couldn't see the port of Montreal through Liberal eyes.

## Annuities for Disabled Workmen

By NORMAN PATTERSON

WORKING men are getting many favours in these days of progress, and not the least of these are the modern laws by which the State provides disabled employees with life annuities. In other words, the State is adopting the principle that no man who labours with his hands, nor his wife, nor his children, should become charges on the community simply because the bread winner is injured in the course of his daily occupation.

One of the great elements in poverty is the injury sustained by working people. One reason for the well-filled poorhouses in all countries is the unending series of accidents which occur in industrial pursuits. The beggar on the streets is usually a man who has lost his legs or his arms in a railway disaster, or who has been blinded by an industrial accident. It is sympathy for these unfortunates which has led scientific law-makers to devise legal methods for compelling industry and commerce to support the paupers which they create.

Various means have been adopted and various solutions have been tried in arriving at the present laws. And the end is not yet. No one pretends that a correct and logical solution for the ills of industrial society has yet been discovered. The position of the working man in his relation to his employer has been a subject of discussion for five hundred years. It was laid down by the English common law that if a man hired himself unto another man, the servant took upon himself the risks incidental to his employment. If this risk included danger of injury at the hands of his fellow-servants so much the worse for the servant himself. If a servant were injured through his own negligence, or if his negligence contributed to his injuries, the employer was not responsible. Even in Great Britain they have scarcely got beyond this conception of the relation between servant and master. Nevertheless, it may be justly said that the common law rule has passed away and been supplanted by the newer rule that the industry in which a man is injured should provide for him whether his own negligence contributed or not. In short, the world now recognizes "indisputable compensation."

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ONTARIO proposes at the present session of the Legislature to pass an act to be known as The Workmen's Compensation Act. This law is

the result of an investigation of the situation by the Hon. Sir William Ralph Meredith, who was appointed a special commissioner for the purpose. He investigated the laws of Great Britain and Germany, of Oregon and Washington, and decided that the principles of the German legislation should be followed with slight amendments. The underlying principle of the act is *indisputable compensation to a workman, enforced by the State and paid out of a fund assessed on the manufacturers and distributed by the State.*

For the purposes of assessment the industries of the province are divided into forty-four classes, of which the following may be taken as samples.

Class 1.—Lumbering; logging; river-driving, rafting, booming; saw-mills, shingle-mills, lath-mills; manufacture of veneer and of excelsior; manufacture of staves, spokes, or headings.

Class 9.—Car shops.

Class 19.—Tanneries.

Class 28.—Power laundries; dyeing, cleaning or bleaching.

Class 34.—Structural carpentering.

Class 41.—Construction of railways.

Class 44.—Dredging, subaqueous construction or pile driving.

In addition to these forty-four classes there are six industries which are liable to their employees under the act without the intervention of the government. There is also a third schedule relating to industrial diseases.

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THE scale of compensation where death results is as follows: \$75 for burial expenses; \$20 a month to the widow; \$5 a month to each child under the age of 16 years; \$10 to each child where there are children only; a sum not exceeding \$40 a month where there are dependents other than wife, children or parents.

Where there is permanent total disability, but not death, the compensation shall be a weekly payment during life equal to 55 per cent. of the average weekly earnings during the previous twelve months.

In order to rank for this or other compensation a man must be sick at least seven days. If he is sick more than seven days, then he is entitled to compensation for the whole period of his sickness. He is thus entitled to a weekly payment until he

returns to his work. These payments shall be made and determined by "The Workman's Compensation Board, which shall consist of three members to be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council."

An "accident fund" shall be provided by contributions to be made by the employers in the classes or groups of industries enumerated, and compensation payable in this way shall be paid out of the accident fund. Every employer is required once a year to prepare and transmit to the Board a statement in detail of the names and ages of all his employees and the amount of wages earned by each during the previous year. The Board shall then make a provisional assessment on the employers in each class of such sum as will be sufficient to provide a reserve fund for current and future claims. This assessment may be a percentage of the pay-rolls or a specific sum as the Board may determine. If this assessment is insufficient supplementary assessments may follow.

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THE first thing to be noted is that the fifty-five per cent. recommended by Sir William Meredith is larger than in any other country in the world. In Germany, where the broadest laws are found, the rule is forty per cent. In Quebec it is twenty per cent. Sir William Meredith did not make a mere beginning with his recommendations. He does not believe in making two bites of a cherry. He wanted to see full justice done at once, irrespective of the willingness or unwillingness of the manufacturers and other employers of the Province of Ontario.

If the manufacturers should say that they are not in a position financially to meet this impost, it would make no difference to Sir William Meredith. If they should say that this is a young community, and that the manufacturers are not yet firmly established, it would not move the Ancient Political Hero one iota. If they should say that there are many employers who would not be able to bear the strain of this sudden tax, or that they should have time to introduce new prices in order to meet the cost, Sir William would still have no sympathy. He must have his pound of flesh, and he must have it immediately.

There are those who urge that a similar tax should be put upon the Ontario manufacturer who falls, by reason of his business, into one of two

(Concluded on page 23.)

# A Run in the "Turn Over"

Among the Wrecks and Shoals of the Gulf of Georgia

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

comfortable, so I said to the Swede: "Sink the bally thing and put us out of our misery. I am going to bunk."

Next morning we were all on deck. The swell had gone down and we were also in sheltered water. The air was delightful. Ole told us all the boats that passed him during the starlit night howled with their sirens at him: "Vat for, I guess," he grinned. I found out as soon as I went into the engine room. Even the fireman had been unable to stand the wonderful contortions of my amiable craft, and in his misery he had forgotten to light the side and head lights.

"LOOKS like der vas somedinks downside up," explained Ole as we stared over the bow. Ahead was a wreck. We neared her with much blowing of whistles and marine etiquette. We were all on our pins now. We all agreed it was the pickles. Not one of us had been really sick, you know. As we got closer we saw it was a tug. She was listed terribly, and had evidently been almost submerged by the tide.

"Vell!—anything you vant?" called the big blonde wheelsman in our bow.

"Oh! nothing much, except righting up and pumping and towing to drydock and repairing and a few hundred other things," growled the captain.

On the shoreward side—with her great pumps already installed was the "Doctor of the Seas," the wrecking boat of the great Bullins Victoria Company that salvages these uncertain waters. With a big scow between the wrecking tug and the "Dauntless," as we found the sunken craft was named, it did not take long to raise her and tow her to safety. She had run ashore between Ladysmith and Chemainus, and had listed 54 degs.—Fritz said that was nothing to some of the lists the Turn Over—again I beg her pardon, the Terra Nova—took last night. He humbly begged to be informed what angle was it while he slept on the ceiling.

On up the Gulf we went, away off for a bird island. We were all right as long as we were inside the islands, but no sooner had I steered her out into the open Gulf than I found they had been waiting for us and had prepared a nice long, smooth following swell, the very thing I hate. Along would come a green, oily mountain, and our wobbler would slide backwards into it, wriggle in a ridiculous manner on the crest, and then slide down the steep side of it like a boy coasting down a hill, and poke her foolish old nose into the wave ahead, as if she were a resolute diver. This erratic plunge sent a clean green sea into the wheel house and extinguished yours truly. Oh! those pickles; do you know, the whole three of us, no four, I beg your pardon, the fireman, too, had eaten of them, were again indisposed?

The big blonde Olsen and the grimy engineer Watts alone of all the brave crew anchored the untamable craft in the smooth reach of Mitldnatch Bay, and I was awakened, next morning, by a thatch of black hair and two brown eyes asking me, "Mikatikeh Smet-oks?" ("would you like some large clams?"). I never in my life wanted clams less than I did that morning, and I drove the Coast Indian fisherman off with much language. "I like does



Raising the Dauntless, which ran ashore between Ladysmith and Chemainus. Especially pumping her out.

clams," from Ole, soothed the barbarian, and the big Swede bought and ate six dozen. Oh, if he had eaten pickles he would not have flaunted his greed in our faces thus.

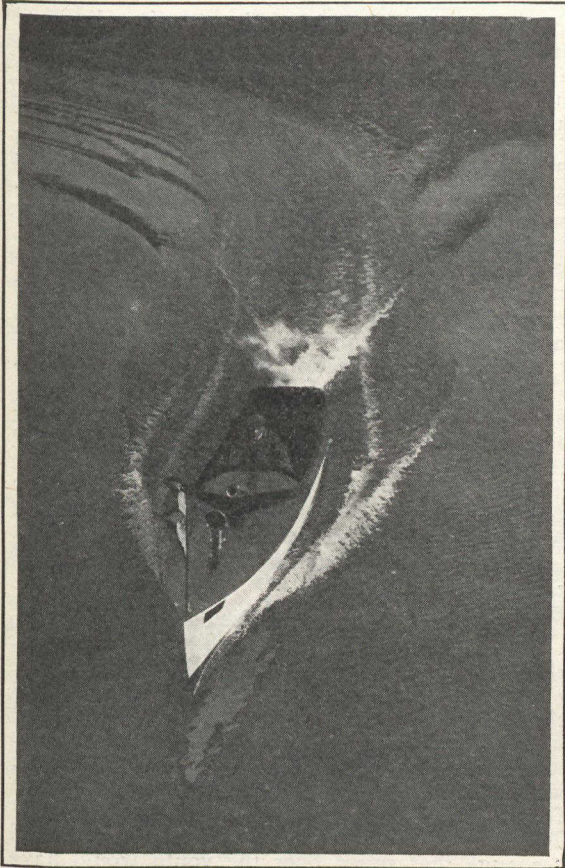
Soon Fritz and O'poots and I, with trembling limbs and aching heads, were up on the cliffs to see what the island held for our Natural History studies. Thousands of gulls and guillimots and sea parrots and cormorants were circling and screaming along the tops of the serrated weatherbeaten and scarred cliffs.

"IT'S a big one; I'd like to find its mother," laughed the lad as he picked up a big iron cannon ball, pretending it was some huge egg, covering it half with moss and trying to fool the inscrutable Indian ahead of us.

"Hy-as ship mam-ook-poo" (big ship shoot). We were on the trying grounds of olden days for the British fleet. We found many a place where the great projectiles had smashed the face of the tall granite cliffs. What a shiver it must have sent through the breeding colony to have these great iron messengers hurtling over and amidst them! We decided we were too early for good photography, so taking a few pictures of the bird inhabitants we went aboard just as the sun was setting. It was a never-to-be-forgotten scene. To the westward the tall backbone of Vancouver Island's mountain ranges reared their green forested heads. To the eastward the silvery new moon hung over the snowy tops of the Cascades. An upper current of air was whirling the dry snow so that the peaks seemed smoking in some icy manner. Before us, all the calm waters of the gulf were cut up and twirled and twisted by the "meeting of the tides," for here is the line where they come into contact. All about us the daytired birds resting beside their nested mates—all dreamily cooing and calling; no longer the frantic cry and wild alarm of the sunshine hours; now all was peace and rest and drowsy murmuring and a thousand good-nights, for the island colony were sinking into sleep.

## Night

The sinking sun is setting out of sight,  
Over yon dim horizon and is gone.  
The far-off hills into oblivion fade,  
And God's green meadowland has  
turned to grey.  
All outward signs of life grow indistinct,  
And, save the twittering fledgling in  
the eaves,  
There is no sound to break the solemn  
silence.



The speed motor boat missed us by the margin of a hair. Note the pacific character of the Pacific waters.

NOW I maintain it was a base libel to call our little puffer the "turn over." Her real name was the Terra Nova. Truly, in her erratic career, she had felt many bottoms and poked her nose ashore a few times, and tried to smooth down certain reefs and rocks. But all this was before I hired her to carry me about on my Natural History work. It is darkly hinted that she had been known to grow "Chinks" in her cabins—for it is said they were more often seen to emerge from there than enter. True, there is a semi-prohibitive duty on Chinamen of five hundred dollars, also true that her then owner retired with a comfortable nest egg. By her very, very worst enemies it is whispered that she smuggled a wee bit—and the things Fritz and I found hidden away in her when we had her thoroughly overhauled—cigars, cigarettes and tobacco and—whisper! a little bit of dope—showed that she was no missionary boat at least.

But the Terra Nova was now all caulked and put-tied and painted up. Except for the weather twists and cracks and rotten timbers and groaning planks she looked at a distance—well! say of two miles—almost shipshape.

We had a bit of trouble getting her out of the harbour. Ole Olsen was at the wheel, and he used to direct action, and this one had reverse steering gear, so, except bumping a big Indian war canoe—with the whole blamed tribe in, or so it seemed, we turned her so completely around that Fritz said:

"I'll bet a dollar they don't know whether they are coming in or going out."

"I tink he vill swipe us," said the Swede, as he turned the wheel frantically the wrong way, and then spun it—as if it was some new puzzle he was trying—back as hard as his two hairy, red hands could send it. The speed motor craft missed us by the margin of a hair, and the man lifted one hand off the spokes and solemnly cursed our big grinning, nervous wheelsman.

Well, our little tug-like craft got out of the harbour all right and we found, of course, they had taken all the wind and put it right against us and stirred the sea all up into great rude waves—and the things that "rip" and tide and wind did to us! Why, the Turn Over—I beg your pardon, the Terra Nova—could roll and plunge at one and the same time and add in a neat little wriggle all her own. O'poots, our Kwakiutl guide, was aboard, and he was born on the swells of this misnamed Pacific—but she put him safely into his bunk. Fritz stood it for a couple of hours and fell by the wayside. I am never seasick, but somehow my dinner felt un-



A pacific spot at the mouth of one of the Vancouver Island rivers that flow into the Gulf of Georgia.

# The Doctor's Strange Patient

Connecting Up a Mine in South America, a Spaniard and a Canadian

By PEARL FOLEY

Illustrated by Arthur Lismer

NED STIRLING pushed his lukewarm coffee from him with a frown, but accepting the penalty of a late-comer, was about to philosophically finish his dessert, when a noise in the opposite corner of the restaurant brought him to his feet in alarm. The foreign-looking youth, whose entrance had immediately preceded his own, had collapsed while eating his dinner, and Stirling, with all a medical man's instinct, hastened forward to wrestle with death.

"Heart failure, Doctor?" shivered the terror-stricken waiter.

Stirling shook his head, motioning towards a wine bottle on a neighbouring table. The man obeyed mechanically.

The stimulant, taking effect immediately, with a convulsive sigh life returned into the slight frame.

"Where am I?" questioned the dark eyes helplessly.

"Don't worry, you're all right," cheerfully reassured Stirling.

The boy's lips moved, forming the question his eyes had already asked, and he struggled weakly to rise.

"You're in Wiendieck's—can't you remember?" asked Stirling kindly, assisting him to a chair.

A helpless, vacant motion of his hand towards his head, was the only answer.

Stirling's face was grave. "Never mind, don't bother—I'll take you to my rooms across the way, and have you fixed up in no time," and tossing a bill to the flustered waiter, he led the dazed youth into the street.

In less than ten minutes Stirling paused with his companion in front of a large office building. Drawing a latch key from his pocket and opening the door, he stepped with him into the dark passage way. A turned switch in the wall instantly gave a flood of light, revealing the elevator cage which he opened, and in a few seconds they were both whirled to the fourth floor.

"Now we can make ourselves comfortable," said Stirling, as he led his patient into apartments on the left, and seated him in a large chair before the fire. The room was furnished as a den, and the bright coals in the grate spluttered out an impulsive welcome, enhancing the inviting capaciousness of the upholstered chairs, and casting reflecting, intimate, welcomes from the fine prints lining the walls.

Stirling took from a small panelled cupboard a bottle from which he poured a watery-looking liquid into a glass.

"Here is something will put ginger into you, young man," he smiled.

The boy mechanically drank the contents, handing back the glass in the same vacant manner. Stirling's keen glance noted the returning colour in the cheeks, too smooth for a man's, but the fine eyes still faced the world helplessly. That he was of more than ordinary calibre, was demonstrated by the easy, if languid grace of the slim body, the clear cut, delicate features, and small, well-shaped head, crowned with ridiculously soft curls.

Stirling's adventurous spirit was on the qui vive, and it was with decided reluctance he rose half an hour later from his surreptitious analysis, to attend a more practical case.

"The best remedy for you is a good night's rest," he remarked from the doorway, and wondered if it was relief that for an instant cleared the hazed eyes. "That davenport," he continued, "is a good shakedown, which I use in strenuous seasons. If you want anything in the night, push this button and the janitor, who has a room above, will be with you in an instant."

HE doubted if his statements were understood, but was reassured on this point at the low toned, "You are very good," and as he hurried away he found himself wondering he had never remarked before the musical softness of the English language. It took him back one year, and the soft intoxicating glow of Spanish life surged through him once more. With the collar of his great coat turned up to meet the protecting flaps from his fur cap, he sped in his sleigh over the snow-packed roads. But the winter wind, stinging and biting angrily at the unprotected parts of his face, could not dispel the recalled glamour of love, music and laughter, which for six months had thawed and warmed the soul of the practical Canadian Westerner.

The next morning, after telephoning an order for breakfast for two, to be served at his downtown

rooms, Ned Stirling jumped into his sleigh, while his housekeeper stood in the doorway, dolefully shaking her head at his ungodly abuse of his body.

"It's all right, Mrs. Patterson," he called over his shoulder, "I'm feeding curiosity first this morning."

It was with a strange eagerness he entered his rooms fifteen minutes later. The breakfast he had ordered was laid out on the small table before the fire. Roses nodded fragrantly over the Venetian centrepiece, and the aroma of coffee completed the homeliness of the scene. Seated in the same chair he had occupied the preceding night was the youthful stranger. A slight smile of greeting delighted Stirling. The dazed eyes were decidedly clearing.

"This looks quite cheerful," he remarked, advancing to the fire. "It takes a western winter to make a fellow appreciate the scent of coffee and ham. If you are as hungry as I am, we are going to do full justice to Wiendieck's catering."



The removal of the panel disclosed three pigeon-holed shelves, laden with rolls of parchment.

A smile was about all Stirling could get in response to his conversational efforts. At last he ventured out boldly, when he had helped his patient to ham and eggs, "Have you been long in Canada?"

The old blank look crept into the eyes while a helpless motion of the hand was the only reply.

"Do you remember my name?" continued Stirling—"I told you it last night."

"Doctor Stirling."

"Right O," beamed Stirling. "Do you know where I found you?"

"In Wiendieck's restaurant."

"Capital! Well, don't worry, everything will come back in time—now all you have to bother about is the breakfast before you."

Talking lightly and engagingly as he would to a child, Stirling spent an hour studying this new and perplexing case.

At nine o'clock he left the youth seated before the fire with a large album of Mexican views and scenes from South America. He was trying an experiment, and the start on the boy's part upon his pointing out a few photographs he had himself taken in Brazil and Venezuela, did not escape him.

Had Stirling turned back and seen the change his going had wrought in his patient, he would have been still moer surprised.

When the door had closed on him, the dark eyes

of the youth blazed with a mixture of malice and triumph. The inert form grew taut. And when the slam of the elevator door announced Stirling's actual departure, the last trace of languor vanished. Cautiously he moved from the den into the front office where his actions betokened the dazed mind had only awakened to madness. Rapidly the small hands moved over the panelled walls. These motions continued on all four sides of the room. After, perhaps, a quarter of an hour of such fantastic motions, the knuckles rested on a panel in no particular differing from the others. But the hands grew suddenly rigid, and the head of the youth swayed back, while a low laugh broke from the curved lips. Stepping towards the door stealthily, he listened a moment, then apparently satisfied, approached the panel again. His hands moved rapidly, circularly and diagonally. So canny were the movements it was as if a sorcerer were at work, and when the oak wall, as if in obedience to some hidden power, slid noiselessly apart, revealing a two-foot space, it seemed to confirm this belief. The slim hands came together, and the eyes gleamed excitedly.

THE removal of the panel disclosed three pigeon-holed shelves, laden with rolls of parchment, each held in place by a rubber band. Eagerly seizing these, the youth unrolled them one by one. But each successive unrolling lessened the eager animation in his face, and when the last roll was restored and the panel slid back into place, he stood gazing at the wall in perplexed and miserable defeat.

The door of the outer room opened abruptly, and the change that swept over the youth would have rivalled Irving's best work. It was only the janitor, however, with a handful of mail, which he tossed to the small table and hurried out. Crossing the room listlessly, the boy picked up the letters, examining them carefully. One of the pile seemed to interest him, and as he inspected it more closely the effect on him was extraordinary.

Drawing from an inner pocket a round leather case containing a small bottle of clear liquid, and extracting the stopper which was flat edged and moistened, he drew it along the flap of the envelope, which immediately curled back. The revealed contents were instantly seized upon and scanned by eager, avaricious eyes. The letter was dated a month previous from Venezuela, and ran as follows:

"Dear old Fellow,—

"This will reach you about two months before you start with your expedition. At this writing we have had no word of your success with regard to translation of plans. Too bad you couldn't go to London yourself after the translator, but the Captain is the next best fellow. Of course, you didn't trust the papers out of your hands. For heaven's sake, old chap, be a Christian, and 'don't let thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

"I agree with you it's the only way, to keep a guard over the fellow who reads out the dope, until we place the Eldorado."

The letter here ceased to interest the reader, and refolding and sealing it he replaced it among the others.

STIRLING arrived fifteen minutes later to find his patient reclining before the grate, with a closed magazine held listlessly in his hand.

"Ah, still before the fire!" he exclaimed, in a hearty voice—"Well, it's the place a morning like this," and hanging his coat and hat on the oak tree he crossed to his mail. Taking the letters as they came, he skilfully disposed of them, some going into the waste basket and others into the wire holder on his desk. When he came to the last one, the Venezuela postmark brought more than ordinary pleasure to his face. Not waiting to slit open the envelope, he hastily tore away the flap. A look of surprise crossed his face as he did so, and he threw a quick glance at the languid figure across from him.

"Ever been in South America?" he inquired carelessly, when, after reading, he refolded and placed the letter in his breast pocket. The youth shook his head while the blank expression grew more pronounced.

A sudden peal of the phone demanded Stirling's departure to a serious case.

"I will have your lunch served from the hotel—the man will be over to take your order immediately," he said, hurrying away.

Stirling was met in the lower hall by the janitor.



"William," he said, laying his hand on the man's arm, "I've never known you to fail me in all the two years I've been here. Now I'm going to put you to the supreme test."

The light in the man's face expressed how far that test might go.

"I want you," continued Stirling, "to keep a close watch on my rooms, and if the young man goes out, you must follow him. I think you understand me, William," and he thrust a bill into his hand. "Not as a bribe," he smiled.

"I'll do just as you say, sir," answered the janitor heartily, "but beggin' your pardon, sir, I don't want to seem curious, but is there anything wrong with him?"

"He's in a sort of dazed condition and liable to wander away, which wouldn't be safe in this weather."

"Dazed is it, then that accounts for him trying to get through the wall?"

Stirling looked at him puzzled.

"Yes sir, I went up with the mail, and there he was, sir, actin' most curious. Real wild he looked moving his hands like a heathen over them walls."

Stirling turned away rather thoughtfully.

AS the days passed there was no visible change in the youth. Stirling took him for several outings, but beyond that he didn't leave the rooms.

One morning, after Stirling and his patient had breakfasted, the former did not prepare to depart as usual. Instead, he dropped into a chair facing the youth. He took in the lassitude of the form, the absent expression on the face, and the lids drooping wearily over the large eyes.

"I would like your attention for half an hour," said Stirling. The eyes opened absently. "I have nothing to do this morning," he continued, "so intend spending it with you. I am going to tell you a story, which I think will interest you."

"I shall be very pleased, sir," said the low voice listlessly.

"Two years ago," began Stirling, "a young professional man, tired of the monotony of life, and the thirst for adventure strong upon him, set sail for South America. The novelty of the life did not pall, and months found him more than ever enamoured with the country. But hazardous youth urged him to penetrate the unexplored forests of Venezuela. The impulse was immediately obeyed, and with nine others he started inland. It was not difficult to become separated in the almost impenetrable growth obstructing their way, and one late afternoon he found himself travelling alone. Anxiously making his way forward to catch up with his companions before nightfall, he suddenly came upon a Spanish nobleman, wounded and exhausted from loss of blood. Giving the man water from his canteen and attending to his wounds, he saw it would only be a matter of a few hours, so stayed with him till the end. He learned from the wounded man, in perfect English, an attack had been made on his party by Indians, in which the others had all been taken captive, including his father and sister.

As morning broke the Spaniard beckoned to him—"You have been a good Samaritan to me, Senor, and as my people are dead by this time, the secret shall be yours. In the lining of my cloak you will find a chart."

The doctor (that was his profession) believing the man to be delirious, paid very little attention. However, his excitement growing every moment, to humour him, he slit open the cloak, where, to his surprise, a roll of papers was revealed.

At sight of them a gleam of satisfaction shone from the dying man's eyes, and he reached out his hand eagerly. "This is the key to the Eldorado"—he spoke haltingly, and his eyes glowed feverishly—"that lake you have no doubt read so much about, and the story of which the world believes to be only a legend. It is no fable, my friend; the lake really exists—and the deadly serpents still reign there supreme, over the fabulous treasures cast to them in past ages by the natives. But curiosity has been aroused recently by the two vessels of gold offered for sale by a native, which he stated were picked up by him on the shore of a lake. Mythical prejudice has been somewhat shaken, and the matter is being investigated. But they are on the wrong track, Senor—I—" his breath was coming in quick, short gasps, and he spoke with difficulty—"possess the secret here—listen while I read—" But it was too late, and as the doctor bent over him with a stimulant he saw death had relentlessly set its seal.

After the burial he proceeded on his way, the

possessor of the mysterious papers of which he could make nothing, the whole chart being in an unknown language.

"That is the first part of my story. I see it interests you," and Stirling smiled into the face of his listener, who was leaning forward with parted lips and shining eyes. At his words, the hands loosened



There in the doorway of the office stood his patient, but nothing to denote the boy except the short curls.

their grip and the tense form relaxed into the chair again, but the eyes still dwelt in fascination on the narrator's face.

"The doctor, convinced he held the secret to not

only fabulous wealth, but to a most important scientific discovery, returned to Canada.

"In the meantime, the father and sister of the dead man had made their escape, and lived only to get on the trail of the Canadian, whom they believed to be the instigator of the attack, which had blighted their lives. They reached Winnipeg two months ago. The father was seized with a serious illness and died a few days after their arrival, leaving the young Spanish girl the sole survivor of her ancient house and with the inborn knowledge of what she must accomplish.

"Very ingenious and brave, in order to carry out her plans, she forsook the garb of her sex and went abroad in this new country disguised as a man." Stirling paused. "This tale is affecting you, I shall get you some wine—" but his companion shook his head, motioning him to continue, his eyes fastened on him in a sort of dumb despair.

"DISCOVERING her man as she thought in a restaurant, she shadowed him, and at the opportune time, in this place, she feigned illness, and it looked as if the vendetta were to be accomplished."

At this point in the story, the youth with a cry buried his face in his hands, quivering from head to foot.

"The reason you haven't succeeded," continued Stirling gently, "is because the chart hasn't been in this office. It has been locked away, but when upon a week's investigation, these facts were learned by me, I secured the papers to transfer them to their rightful owner. Here Comtessa Cisneros, take your own." But as no hand was extended, Stirling rose and laid the papers on the table. He turned at the door, but the head was still bowed and the quivering form had not moved from its abandoned position.

At noon, with trepidation, Stirling paused outside his rooms. Somehow the past week had meant more to him than he cared to admit, and the thought of returning to the old life chilled him. As he opened the door, the familiar whiff of roses greeted him, but the chair before the fire was empty.

(Concluded on page 22.)

## The Exaltation of the Nose

By RAMAC

THERE are some people whose sense of smell is in some manner more closely or more delicately connected with the thinking part of their brain than is usual. This statement of the fact would probably be very severely criticized (on the score of obscurity) by the ultra-analytic. Well, never mind. How to express the cause may be in question, but the result is beyond doubt. Let the vagrant breeze waft to the nostrils of such an one a familiar odour; immediately there is limned on the canvas of his brain, with startling clarity of detail, a place, an event, or a powerful emotion connected with something in his past life.

The faculty is, to the best of my knowledge, somewhat rare; at least, I have seldom met with reference to it, and personally know of no one else who confesses to it. Perhaps it is hardly a thing to boast of. Max Nordau, in his book on degeneracy, asserts that it is a throw back to the lower animals, and points to the predominance of smell over sense in dogs and so forth. But then, Max has peculiar ideas on many things. Take his criticisms of literature, and his stodgy contribution to the same. Oh, well.

Assuming that the faculty is rare (and consequently desirable), let me tell you of some of its manifestations. The scent of oranges is indissolubly linked up with Christmas in my memory. This is, however, the very simplest manifestation, easily accounted for. Others are far more subtle. Passing a busy city corner one winter day, a smell which I could not even place suddenly and with startling vividness transported me for one brief moment to a time and scene far removed. It was a blazing hot and windless day. I sat on the deck of a small racing yacht, out on the deep waters of the Firth. Leaning by the mast was the other members of the "crew," and at the useless tiller, the skipper. The skipper was smoking a cigarette. Perhaps it was of a peculiar brand, and I had passed at that busy corner someone smoking another of the same; perhaps some chance wind had blown

to my nostrils the reek of varnish. No matter. The point was that I passed that corner three or four times a day; that I was not thinking of anything more closely related to sailing than my lunch; and that suddenly, for no better reason than an unnamed odour, I was to all intents and purposes on a sailboat on the blue, and it was the glorious month of June.

Another manifestation, and the one which I particularly wanted to dilate upon, is the relation of smells to places. Constantinople, Mark Twain or some other humorist assures us, is the city of a thousand smells. Other cities have a variety of perfumes. But for each of the few places I have lived in there is one outstanding odour, that which first prominently impressed itself on my sense of smell. Sub-odours, if I may so denominate them, may recall particular sections of the city; others will reconstruct some passing event, often of no particular importance, in a manner not distinguishable from the actual occurrence; but the odour-in-chief will recall my first impressions of the place in general.

It follows that I recall some places with pleasure, others almost with pain. A sugar refinery will recall my native town. Here the feelings are mingled. A sense of delicacy prevents me from naming the city which I connect inseparably with the odour of bad sewerage. Vancouver, which first I saw in September sunshine, has for its sign-nasal the rich perfumery of fresh-cut cedar logs.

But the memory of all I cherish is my first smell of New Westminster, revealed to me in a June shower, and since enshrined in my heart of hearts. The smell of lilacs in the rain! Were I a poet, I could chant a lyric on that theme that would hold the world spellbound. Not being so blessed, I could but register a vow that should I ever be privileged to sit beneath my own vine and fig tree, I shall certainly trade it for a lilac.

Let Nordau fulminate. I shall continue my crusade for the exaltation of the nose.

# Is the House of Commons too Big?

**"REP. BY POP."** has its own problems in this country. The present membership of the House of Commons is 221. The Redistribution Bill, which is to come before the House this session, will increase the membership to 235 on a basis of 7,206,643 people, according to the last census. This is based upon the clause in the British North America Act providing that Quebec must always have 65 members, and that all increases or decreases of provincial representation must be made on the ratio that the membership from Quebec bears to the population of Quebec. The West gets an increase of 22 members, while Ontario loses 4 and the Maritime Provinces 4 members.

No one disputes the authority of the B. N. A. Act in this matter. The representation clause was inserted to safeguard Quebec and as a substitute for certain other safeguards in the old Act of Union. But the question arises—is the House of Commons relatively too large? Is the business of this country sufficiently great to demand that 235 men spend seven months a year at a sessional indemnity of \$2,500 per member transacting that business? Is there a large waste of time and money on the assumption that Parliament is a business organization and not merely an aggregation of debaters according to the derivation of the word?

In Great Britain there are 670 members for a population of 45,000,000, or an average of one member for every 67,487 people. The United States House of Representatives has 435 members for a population of 94,800,000, or one member for 217,903 people. The Canadian House of Commons, by the proposed Redistribution Bill, will have 235 members on a basis of 7,206,643 population, or an average of one member for 30,667 people. Is the comparison in favour of or against Canada?

In order to get the opinions of experts in legislation from both sides of politics, the CANADIAN COURIER sent a circular letter to several members of Parliament and other public men in this country. All the replies received are

printed below. They differ in detail, but not according to political parties. On this subject we find both Liberals and Conservatives very largely in agreement. The general verdict is that the House of Commons is not too large. The reasons are given and they are many. A minority seem to think that the House is too large. Their reasons are also given.

But to get a really effective basis of judgment on the matter it is necessary to look ahead to a time when Canada will have a population of say 19 or 20 millions. As one of our correspondents observes, the greater the population the smaller the House of Commons relatively to population. Taking as a basis the time when Quebec may have 4,000,000; at the same time increasing other provinces at a reasonable rate we should get something like the following arrangement:

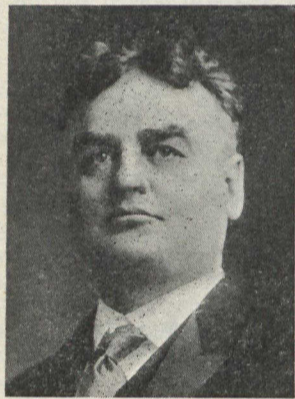
Province.	Population.	Representation.
Quebec .....	4,000,000	65
Ontario .....	5,000,000	82
British Columbia .....	1,500,000	25
Alberta .....	1,500,000	25
Manitoba .....	900,000	15
Saskatchewan .....	2,000,000	34
Nova Scotia .....	1,000,000	17
New Brunswick .....	700,000	14
Prince Edward Island .....	100,000	2
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>18,709,000</b>	<b>279</b>

Thus for a total population of about 19,000,000 representation in the House of Commons would be just about one member to every 50,000 population.

## ABOLISH THE OUTFIT.

By R. L. Richardson, ex-M.P., Editor Winnipeg Tribune.

WITH reference to the question which you ask in your letter of 18th inst., about the desirability of reducing the number of parliamentary representatives in Canada, permit me to say



MR. R. L. RICHARDSON, Editor Winnipeg Tribune.

that it has long been my conviction that the representation might, under the present system, be reduced to a number corresponding with the Cabinet Ministers. Under the system which has prevailed in Canada for many years, the functions of not only the Government, but of representation, have practically been usurped by the Cabinet, and so strong has been, and still is, party feeling in the country, that the great majority, if not 99 per cent. of representatives

practically consent to abdicate their representative functions and allow the Cabinet to exercise supreme authority. The party system has been carried to such length that in my judgment even caucus has little influence on either the legislative or administrative functions of government. Until the people of Canada realize the real situation, and rise to their privileges and responsibilities, popular representation might as well be abandoned. This conclusion is based upon observation, not only as a former member of the House of Commons, but as a journalist and close student for thirty years of the public life of our Dominion.

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## INCREASE THE PEOPLE.

By Michael Clark, Member for Red Deer, Alta.

YOUR figures are striking, but in Great Britain and the United States the unit of population was not always so great. Reduction of the members would work out very badly for our rural districts. The voice of the farmers is even now but poorly represented in Parliament. Our total population is not going forward at the rate it should, and rural depopulation makes matters worse. This latter process, long prevalent in the East, has now commenced in the West. The crying need is to frame our policy to keep and increase our people rather than to decrease our representation. The policy of protection is bleeding our nation white.

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## QUEBEC RATIO ALL RIGHT.

By R. B. Bennett, Member for Calgary.

THE Fathers of Confederation made a very wise arrangement, in my opinion, when they incorporated in the British North America Act the provision that now exists in regard to representation. The Province of Quebec has been made the unit. Its population is increasing rapidly. As it increases the unit of population will become larger per member, and the increase in the number of members in the House of Commons will not bear any relation to the rapid increase in our population.

I see no reason why, at this time, any effort should be made to amend the British North America Act, having regard to the disturbances which would result from any attempt so to do.

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## INCREASE THE UNIT.

By W. K. McNaught, Local Member for North Toronto.

I DO not think that we can fairly compare Parliamentary representation in Canada with either Great Britain or the United States.

The former has a small area densely populated, and the latter a large area with a large if not a dense population.

The present situation in Canada is, therefore, materially different from that of either country.

In my opinion, it is essential for the proper carrying on of Federal affairs that districts should be taken into consideration as well as population, and we should, therefore, in fairness, try to combine the two principles.

For this reason I do not consider that we are at present over-represented, but as our country fills up with people we should gradually increase the unit of representation so as to prevent an increase of numbers much beyond their present dimensions. By adopting such a course we would probably secure a higher average standard of ability and certainly have our Federal affairs administered at a considerably less cost to the people of the Dominion.

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## MATTER OF GEOGRAPHY.

By Hugh Clark, Member for North Bruce.

I HAVE no doubt that so far as legislation is concerned, the House of Commons could stand reduction in numbers without disadvantage. In fact, it may be assumed that the personal responsibility would be greater



HUGH CLARK, M.P., North Bruce.

in a body of one hundred men than in a body of two hundred men. But territorial extent should be considered as well as population in determining the number of seats. Members of Parliament have matters of administration to attend to that take up a great deal of their time and attention. This is particularly true of members on the Government side of the House. A territorially large constituency is more difficult to administer than a compact constituency, and we have always made allowance for this by having a basis for redistribution of a city constituency different from that of a rural constituency. The Yukon district has about 8,000 of a population, but its territorial area entitles it to a representative, the same as any of the Toronto districts with 50,000 people. Considering, therefore, the geography and the territorial area of Canada, as well as the population, I incline to the view that it is not over-represented in the House of Commons. While Great Britain has a member for every 67,487 people, and Canada has one for only 30,667, I am convinced that Great Britain, because of its compactness, could, with advantage, make its basis still higher, particularly when it is pointed

out that there is not room in the Imperial House of Commons for all its members.

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## NOT TOO LARGE.

By Hugh Guthrie, Member for South Wellington.

REPLYING to yours of the 17th ult., re representation in the House of Commons, I beg to say that in my opinion a House of 235 members is not too large, provided it gives a fair representation to all parts of Canada.

As you are aware, the B. N. A. Act settles the number. Quebec must always have 65 members under the terms of the Act—it is therefore necessary to give the other portions of Canada 170 members to equalize the number from Quebec. This Parliament cannot change the basis of representation. I suppose the Imperial Parliament might do so upon an address from this Parliament. But for my part I do not think a membership of 275 too great. I believe in a generous representation of the people in Parliament. A member for each 30,000 of the population does not appear to me to be excessive for Canada with its diversity of territory, population and interests.



MR. HUGH GUTHRIE, M.P., of Guelph.

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## MAY REQUIRE A CHANGE.

By J. A. Mathieson, Premier Prince Edward Island.

OUR contention here, so far as representation is concerned, has been chiefly given to procuring a restoration of the members granted to us at Confederation. I have never given any consideration to the other proposal, and, consequently, cannot contribute anything which I would consider valuable in the discussion. I realize, however, that it is a question that may require grave consideration and a change in the basis of representation at some future day.

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## TOO MUCH TERRITORY.

By W. A. Buchanan, Member for Medicine Hat.



W. A. BUCHANAN, M.P., Medicine Hat.

REPRESENTING, as I do, a Western constituency 180 miles square, with a population of over 70,000 by the census of 1911, I feel that the territory is too large for one member of the House of Commons. This is a situation peculiar to Western Canada. My district is sparsely settled, and is one of the largest in Canada. Had I the responsibility of patronage, it would occupy almost every minute of my time throughout the entire year, attend-

ing to the demands of my constituents.

A compact constituency of the same number of people in the Province of Ontario or the Province of Quebec, in my judgment, might be well served by one member. In the West, where population is spread over such a large territory, and where interests are frequently so diverse, it is more important that consideration of territory should be dealt with in providing for representation in the House of Commons. To reduce the number of representatives in the House of Commons would necessitate a change in the British North America Act, and I do not think that is possible. Our representation is fixed by the B. N. A. Act by the population of Quebec, and it is hardly likely that Province would consent to a change which would mean the loss of any of its representatives.

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#### THE FEWER THE BETTER.

By Norman Smith, Editor Ottawa Free Press.

ONE who constantly watches at close quarters the proceedings of the Canadian House of Commons cannot but be impressed with the fact that the real legislative work is actively participated in only by a small proportion of the members. Day after day, during the session, the rest are usually found killing time in the smoking and lounging rooms, doing their best to overcome the boredom with which they are afflicted. The business of Parliament could be carried on quite as efficiently, and all the interests in the country be just as thoroughly represented, by one-half the present membership.

Reduction in the number of members must necessitate enlargement of the constituencies, and my own idea is that this would result in raising the standard of the members. It is often puzzling to understand how some men ever come to be sent to Parliament. The small sectional prejudices that have been responsible hitherto for the elevation of these misfits would, it seems to me, largely disappear with the extension of the constituency boundaries. It might be pointed out that in the cities many men elected as aldermen by wards could not possibly secure election to a position which required an appeal to the whole of the electorate in the municipality. The general demand that a member shall be resident in his constituency, thus limiting the number of good men available as candidates, would appear to provide further support for an enlargement of the constituencies.

A House of Commons composed of 150 members would be quite adequate. The saving in sessional indemnities at the present rate would be \$212,500 per annum, and, if the indemnity is raised to \$4,000, as was seriously proposed last year, the saving would be \$340,000 per annum. In addition, I believe the country would obtain an increased Parliamentary efficiency that cannot be measured in dollars.

However, is any good to be served by discussing the question? The B. N. A. Act provides that the Province of Quebec shall have a fixed number of 65 members. The Imperial Government would never amend this provision in the B. N. A. Act without the consent of the people of Quebec. The possibility of Quebec consenting to any such change is not within the horizon of my vision.

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#### THE PEOPLE FAVOURABLE.

By A. B. McCoig, Member for West Kent.

IN reference to the question of representation in the House of Commons, believe that the business of the country could be just as effectively done with a less number of representatives than we have at the present time. As you know, it would necessitate application to the British House of Commons, to have the British North America Act amended before such a change could be made. Nevertheless, I believe that it would be more popular with the people throughout the country to have the number reduced than increased.

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#### FAVOURS REDUCTION.

By Walter W. Baer, Editor Victoria, B. C., Times.

YOU have asked a hard thing. What might be prudent and what is tolerable are widely different. Certainly, in comparison with parliamentary bodies in other countries, we are over-represented—or "misrepresented," if your readers like that term better. Representation on a basis of population, when applied to the Dominion as a whole, and to the relative representation of the provinces within the Dominion, affords the only apparent method of securing equity. But the wheels within the wheels are not proportioned, and the hands in front of the dial often do not correctly mark time. The urban centres could secure the utmost they require with a relatively lower representation in the House of Commons. In the Western, newer provinces, the widely scattered and sparse population of the vast electoral constituencies tax the genius of energetic men and receive less appreciation of the importance of their needs than the urban centres. People can be handled—when they can be handled at all—in crowds much more easily than as segregated communities. A street car motorman told me one day that "it is no more trouble to stop his car for one than for fifty," under which sententious remark lies a deep political moral.

A numerical reduction in parliamentary representation is, in my humble opinion, very desirable, and would result in fresh demonstration of the law of

survival of the fittest. When, however, the "fittest" prove their mediocrity, the fewer we have of them the better.

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#### UNIT STEADILY INCREASING NOW.

By Edgar N. Rhodes, Member for Cumberland, N.S.

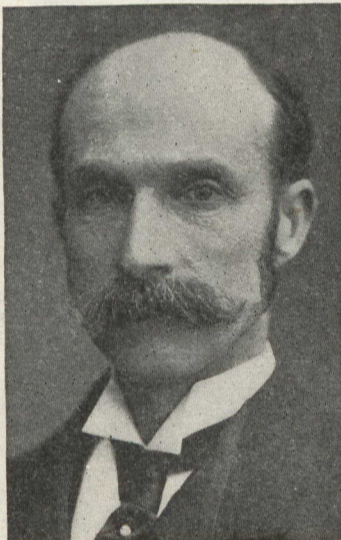
POSSIBLY the number of members in the next Parliament, viz., 234, could, with advantage, be reduced by one-third, but it must be borne in mind that such a reduction would have to be an arbitrary one or merely one of numbers, and, therefore, of doubtful value. Also, it must not be forgotten that we have not the power to alter our present method of representation. The Imperial Parliament alone has jurisdiction, and it is safe to assume that this would never be exercised without the unanimous consent of the several Provinces who were contracting parties to the Federation compact. It is, I think, hardly necessary to add that such consent would not be given, as the British North America Act, which gives to the Province of Quebec a fixed representation of sixty-five members, and makes it the determining factor as to the balance of representation for the Dominion, would naturally not be relinquished by that Province.

Assuming, however, it is open to us to deal effectively with the question, I am of the opinion that our present system, whatever its defects, would be difficult to improve, for the following reasons: While the area of Canada is approximately the same as that of the United States, our population is 1.93 per square mile, as against 30.9, which means larger constituencies to get the unit of population, more diverse interests within the average constituency, and consequently a greater tax upon the member.

## If the Unionists Come Back

By SCRUTATOR

SUPPOSE that, by reason of some unexpected turn of fortune's wheel—and in politics it is the unexpected that is always happening—the Unionists were called on to form a government. Who would be the Unionist Premier? Probably nine people out of ten think that Mr. Bonar Law has the first call on this position. But, as a matter of fact, and as a matter of constitutional



LORD LANSDOWNE.

The Present Unionist Leader in the Upper House, and the probable next Unionist Premier.

practice, that is probably not the case. At present, there is no leader of the Unionist party as a whole. Mr. Balfour was such a leader, by reason of the fact that he had been Prime Minister—he was leader of the Unionist party, and also Unionist leader in the House of Commons—until his resignation in 1911. But since that event, the leadership of the Unionist party, in its entirety, has been in commission, Mr. Bonar Law leading in the Commons, and Lord Lansdowne continuing to occupy the post of Unionist leader in the Lords to which he succeeded in 1902, on the late Lord Salisbury's retirement and Mr. Balfour's accession to the Premiership.

Thus, of the two Unionist leaders, Lord Lansdowne's leadership is considerably anterior to that of Mr. Bonar Law. And this is a fact of which His Majesty cannot but take note, if, and when, it comes to a question of his sending for a Unionist leader to form a government. It is true that after Mr. Gladstone, in 1874, retired from the leadership of his party, and, like Achilles, "sulked in his den," for awhile—whereas Mr. Balfour, instead of sulking, wears a perennial smile and delivers theological lectures—Queen Victoria, on the Liberal victory of 1880, first sent for Lord Hartington, to entrust him with the formation of an administration, instead of for Lord Granville, whose leadership in the Lords was anterior to that of Lord Hartington in the Commons. But most constitutional authorities (including Mr. Gladstone himself) thought she was wrong in so doing. However, as Lord Hartington declined the honour, and as Mr. Gladstone, after much negotiating, assumed the Premiership, the constitutional aspect of the Queen's action never loomed large.

AT the present moment Lord Lansdowne's claim to be the next Unionist Premier is indisputably stronger—on most, if not all, grounds—than is that of Mr. Bonar Law. Apart altogether from the question of priority of date, as regards their leadership in their respective Houses, he was

In my judgment, a city riding of 75,000 does not present as many or as complex problems for the member as a rural one of 20,000.

Again, compare our position with that of England and Wales, where there are 618 persons to the square mile. You evidently have in mind the fear—sometimes expressed—that in the future our House will be large and unwieldy, a fear, let me add, which is entirely without foundation. It must not be forgotten that our unit is steadily increasing, in 1871 being 18,331, and successively 1881, 20,980; 1891, 22,900; 1901, 25,367; and 1911, 30,819. Assuming that the population of Quebec and Canada as a whole increase in equal degree, say, ten fold, which would give Quebec 20,032,320, and Canada as a whole 72,053,580, in that event our unit of representation would be 308,190; or five times the present unit of Great Britain and containing 90,000 people more than that of the United States, and the House of Commons would have but 230 members, or four less than will be found in the next Parliament.

Canada, outside of Quebec, will probably develop in greater degree than that Province, but never sufficient to give an unduly large number of members. There are those who are of the belief that the West will develop in such marked degree as to possess a preponderance of population. I am not one of those who subscribe to that view. In my judgment the manifold and splendid advantages of the great Province of Quebec will cause it to keep pace, or nearly so, with the whole Dominion. Our problem, then, would be as to whether our unit would not be too large. There are other phases of the question well worthy of discussion, but as I have already exceeded the number of words suggested, this must suffice.

a Cabinet Minister for ten years, whereas his co-leader of the Unionists has never had a seat in a Cabinet. He is so large a landowner—something like a hundred and fifty thousand acres constitute his share of this little world—that, even if he be prepared (as I think he is) to go some considerable lengths in land reforms direction, the landlord class, which is still very powerful, though not as formerly, all-powerful, in the Unionist party, will yet trust him more readily than it would Mr. Bonar Law, who, though doubtless he has "plenty of money in store," does not own any appreciable portion of the earth's surface. The fact, too, that he is a Liberal Unionist—he is really a Whig, alike by tradition and by temperament—whereas Mr. Bonar Law is a Conservative, would not be without a retaining influence on such genuine Liberals as are yet to be found in the Unionist ranks.

He is sufficient of a pro-Ulsterman to make him solid with the Ulster party. He is sufficient of a Tariff Reformer not to be suspected as was Mr. Balfour. And, neither as regards the Home Rule question nor as regards Tariff Reform, has he gone to quite the same lengths as Mr. Bonar Law. In truth, he is, both by training and by temperament, a more cautious man. He is of the type of men who choose rather to wait and win than to leap and lose. Moreover, he is a man who is singularly tenacious of his rights, as well as of his opinions, and he is more ambitious than is commonly thought. He may not be a man of large energies and enthusiasms. Nor is he assailed by opponents with that vehemence of vituperation which seems to be reserved only for the really great. But he is probably the safest and sanest head in the Unionist party to-day.

SHOULD the Premiership fall to Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Bonar Law would seem to be entitled to the leadership of the House of Commons. And it is probable that, at first, he would discharge the duties of that office. But opinion has for some time been hardening in the Unionist party to the effect that Mr. Austen Chamberlain possesses greater qualifications for leading in the Commons than any other Unionist front bench. And so it is not unlikely that, after a comparatively brief experience of leadership of the Commons, Mr. Bonar Law might go to the Upper House, with important Cabinet rank in any case, and possibly with the Premiership as well as a Peerage, if (as is thought would probably be the case) a short tenure of the Premiership was sufficient to satisfy Lord Lansdowne.

It may, of course, be urged, in contravention of the idea I have adumbrated, that it would be an anomaly, in these democratic days, for the Prime Minister to have no seat in the popular chamber. Undoubtedly such an arrangement has grave disadvantages, and it calls for a very full degree of sympathy between the Prime Minister and his lieutenant who leads the Commons. But it is an arrangement for which the Unionists have never shown much aversion, while it has prevailed even in the Liberal party within the last twenty years, though in that case, it must be admitted, it did not work very satisfactorily.

Who is to be included in, and—not less anxious question!—who is to be excluded from the next Unionist government? What is to be that government's programme? No one knows, but Fate and Mr. Garvin seem to have conspired to render it inevitable that it must include the policy of Federal Home Rule.



## THE COST OF HIGH LIVING

**W**E should, in all fairness, remember that a part of this "high cost of living" is worth it. "It," in the foregoing synopated sentence, stands for "high cost."

We enjoy a lot of luxuries these days that we had to worry along without when living cost less. It is by no means only that invention and science have provided us with certain "labour-saving" and comfort-bringing devices. These improvements in the machinery of life are obvious; and we do not as a rule object to paying for them. But we have added to the "high cost" quite apart from these additions to our possessions. We have added to the luxuriousness, and taken from the labour, attached to familiar needs and practices which are as old as the hills.

**T**HUS, take the one item of the delivery of purchases. You can get anything delivered to-day. You drop in at a drug store with a prescription—it will take ten minutes to put it up—you never think now of waiting for it or "calling back"—you just say "yes" when they offer to send it. You leave your address; and presently they will deliver a pill-box or a diminutive bottle two miles from the shop which you have patronized. Don't you suppose that that costs something? And who, do you imagine, pays it? Certainly not the druggist. He is no philanthropist. You pay for it; and it helps jack up the "high cost" of your living. But it is worth it. Your time must be pretty valueless if you cannot make more money in the ten minutes you save than it costs to send an errand boy out to your house.

**H**OW long ago is it that we began to hear of "heated apartments"? Your father would have thought it a great extravagance to buy heat in that way. He kept his own furnace—when it was not a stove—and he fully expected to shovel coal or push wood into his heat-producer himself. A few wealthy kept a "man" to look after the furnace. But to-day there are hundreds of "heated flats" in the city where I live, in which people by no means wealthy luxuriate and never dream of lighting a fire or looking in a coal-bin from November to May. Of course, their heat costs them much more in this way than it would if they bought their own coal and ran their own furnaces. But isn't it worth it? At all events, it is unfair to talk as if this addition to the cost of your living were an increase in the price of the same article.

**M**OREOVER, this general advancement in the scale of living has its effect in augmenting the prices of articles which are unchanged from cheaper days. The bookkeeper of the coal man, let us say—that sounds like a lesson in school-French—lives in a heated flat. It costs him more to live. He must get more pay. Who pays him? You do. That may easily increase the price of the same coal that you once bought cheaper when every bookkeeper wrestled with his own heating problem. I hope that a similar increase in the scale of living has occurred amongst coal miners, and railway employes who handle coal, and everybody else who brings you heat from the bowels of the earth—whereas your forefathers had to cut it laboriously out of the winter forest. And if this increase has occurred all along the line, the price of precisely the same grade of coal must have gone up—unless the owners are selling it for less.

**H**OW often do you "black" your own shoes? You used to, unless you kept an undemocratic servant who would do it for you. But you never think of doing it now. The boy blacks them while you are getting shaved. A small item—but representative of a general change in the methods of living. We no longer do the personal work with our hands that was all but universal not so very long ago. I am not going to moralize and say that we are worse off in health for this change; for I do not think, in most cases, that we are. We play golf now instead of mowing the lawn and digging potatoes. We curl instead of shovelling snow. And we like it better—it is much more fun. But it costs us something; though it is worth it.

**T**HE same change has come in house-keeping. In how many homes to-day do you find home-made bread? Yet you and I can remember when it was a noticeable thing to be given "baker's bread." Cakes are seldom of domestic manufacture now—they are ordered by telephone from a confectioner's. This is easier for the housewife; and I am exceedingly glad that she can thus secure more leisure. But it enhances "the cost of living"—and, again, it is worth it—to her. In George Eliot's time,

it was regarded as a sign of moral degeneracy to buy these domestic foods from a public shop. Of course, the public foods are not so good. Home-made bread is to-day an acknowledged luxury, and home-made cake a temptation to the palate. In taking this latter view, however, I am taking the consumer's view—not the worker's. The ladies might retort that we would get a more even heat in

## Parliamentary Pars.

By INDEPENDENT COONSKIN

**T**HE government of this country, judging from the trend of recent developments, seems to be rather running to commissions. We have had a commission to report upon the High Cost of Living appointed and set to work on gathering information which has been current in the press for a number of years, and which is also systematically tabulated with great regularity in the Labour Gazette. We have an International Waterways Commission, a Better Terms for British Columbia Commission, a Transcontinental Railway Commission, a Commission to investigate the Transcontinental Commission, an Electoral Purity Commission, and now we have a Georgian Bay Canal Commission. This latest one is to investigate the commercial feasibility of the Georgian Bay-French River-Lake Nipissing-Mattawa-Ottawa River route as an outlet for the grain of the Northwest.



HON. FRANK COCHRANE.

Minister of Railways and Canals who, because of bad health, leaves Ottawa for a trip.

when completed, \$12,000,000 for the Hudson Bay Railway and terminals at Port Nelson, about five million to be spent this year on the improvement of the St. Lawrence, and the service for the ocean and the Great Lakes, and fifty millions to be spent on the deepening of the Welland—to say nothing of the service offered by the Jim Hill lines from the south—it looks as if the West would have to produce a lot of wheat to pay the interest upon all this investment. It will take all the traffic will comfortably bear to carry the capitalistic charges for some time, in all likelihood, without fussing much about the Georgian Bay Canal at an estimated cost of another \$150,000,000. Nevertheless the House gravely heard a long discussion about this old route of the fur traders, and a Commission has been named to go into the commercial prospects of such an investment.

**H**ON. TOM CROTHERS, Minister of Labour, has been under gruelling fire this session. The "Opposition" have been "kind o' pickin' on him." Everybody from Sir Wilfrid down has considered the picking easy and safe. They hit upon the coal strike out in Vancouver Island as a good opening, and they have returned to the attack in one way and another several times. Hon. Tom didn't make a very good showing at first. He answered in irritating counters, more in the line of the Opposition's own style of attack, rather than in the placatory way a Minister who has estimates still unpassed generally considers good policy to employ. But finally he burst out like a volcano, and the House witnessed the hottest debate of the session. E. M. Macdonald, the Highlander from Pictou, was consumed. The labour member for Maisonneuve realized for the first time what it meant to get in the line of fire. Sir Wilfrid was outflanked by the flow of lava, and Hon. Mackenzie King, Minister of Labour in the late administration, who heard most of the debate from the Speaker's gallery, was

the house if we attended to our own furnaces.

**T**HE point I want to make is that a part of this much berated "high cost of living" is due to the fact that living has become easier and more luxurious. We have ceased to do the work we once did; and surely that work was worth something. Somebody else does this work for us now; and he naturally charges us not only for his time but a profit on his investment as well. In fact, finding that we are compelled by our new love of luxury to depend helplessly upon his services, he is very apt to charge us fancy profits for doing what we imagine we can no longer do for ourselves. This increase in the "cost of living" is not to be charged to combines or to cold storage or to any of these outside causes, but to our own willingness to pay for what we want. And, in most cases, is it not worth it?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

shown up in one of the most glaring "to quoque" demonstrations of the long series.

The Minister showed by letters from the file of the Labour Department that in the parallel case of the coal strike in Cape Breton in 1909-10 Mr. E. M. Macdonald had advised the Minister not to come down to the scene, and the Minister replied stating that he had no intention of intervening. Then he showed that he had really done a great deal more than he had been credited with in attempting to bring the men and the mine owners together in Vancouver, but he was handicapped by the fact that the men declared they were not on strike at all, but had taken a holiday and were locked out. They refused to treat except as the International United Mine Workers of America. The company held on the other hand that the strike was precipitated by demagogues from the United States in an attempt to gain an advantage for coal mine operations in the United States, and they refused to treat with the United Mine Workers. The result was a deadlock and the Industrial Disputes Act and the Conciliation Act were alike powerless. Mr. Verville was accused of lending himself and the cause of labour to the Grits. Mr. Crothers made a brilliant, if a trifle over-dramatic speech, and the motion of censure was defeated.

Mr. Lemieux attempted to justify Oriental immigration last week and drew from the British Columbia members very strong protests. Mr. Lemieux cited the Japanese treaty, and the high standard of efficiency in the arts of war and peace of the little brown men. As for the Chinese, they were needed as domestics and menials, were subject to a head tax of five hundred dollars already, and if Canada was to develop the Chinese market for wheat, it would not be wise to increase this tax. And lastly, the Hindoos were our fellow subjects.

The British Columbia members drew a picture of the Pacific Province overwhelmed by the Oriental influx, white civilization lost in the tide, and all the century old vices and sexual inequities of the decadent East. British Columbia simply wouldn't stand for it, the House was told. As for Baghwan Singh, or whatever that devoted Sikh priest called himself, he was a fakir, a preacher of sedition to the Empire, and a discreditable exploiter of his own people. In parting from the inhospitable Pacific shores of this country he had taken a farewell opportunity of biting a piece out of an immigration officer's ear.

**S**HOULD the new provinces in the West be given control of their natural resources? The net summary of the discussion upon this burning topic was—which side of the House could say, "Tu quoque" with the prettiest inflection? The Liberals, led by Sir Wilfrid, pronounced this Latin phrase with a French accent. The Conservatives said it with a strong Imperial British inflection. When the Grits were in power they withheld the natural resources from the new Western commonwealths, paying them a provincial subsidy calculated upon the basis of this retention of Federal control. Now the Conservatives rule, the Opposition are all for doing away with this outrageous injustice. Naturally the Government reply is obvious.

"You did it," said they.

"You did it," returned Sir Wilfrid in the present tense. "You say 'we are as bad as you are; you are no better than we are.'"

Which is about as far as the discussion got.

**T**HE Inspectors of the Federal Penitentiaries have presented their report, and they plead for the establishment of useful industries in the prisons, and the removal of penitentiaries from the control of the politicians so far as staff appointments and patronage are concerned. The objections of the labour unions to competition of prison labour is shown to be without grounds, as prison labour accounts for less than one forty-ninth of one per cent. of the total industrial production. Useful industrial use of the prisoners' time would make the

# The "Moke" Continues to be a Prominent Figure in London



At a Football match in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, Charles Austin, a famous "policeman" impersonator, rode a "moke."



Here the "moke" serves a different purpose—he draws Mr. Jack Jones, the Socialist candidate in Poplar. This was "Folly" in a new form.

prisons self-supporting. At present each man in quod costs the country a dollar a day. Work of a really useful and profitable kind would give "reformatories" a fair chance to make good citizens out of prisoners.

HON. W. T. WHITE told the house that the time was not yet for the establishment of an old age pension system in this country. Public opinion was not ripe for it, and even if it were, our financial condition isn't. It would cost Canada, with 333,763 persons 65 years of age or over, more than \$40,000,000 a year to pay each one a pension of \$150 annually.



HON. W. T. WHITE.

EXPOSITION of Canadian Northern affairs has sensibly diminished the opposition to the granting of government backing in some shape towards the financing of the road's completion. As usual, daylight of publicity has cleared up a great many points which were being discussed mysteriously, as though a great suspicion lingered behind them. Bond guarantees

do not cost the country anything, except on paper, practically speaking. Of course the responsibility rests upon the government in case of the railway's failure to make good, but the Canadian Northern has not cost anything yet on this account, and many members of Parliament who were antagonistic at first seem to have changed their views.

"BILLY" MACLEAN, of South York, wants to control the ocean freight rates. Also he wants to control the lake freight rates. And likewise he would control the rail haul rates. He says what is the use of bonusing railways, giving land grants and bond guarantees, building canals, dredging ship channels and equipping harbours, if the transportation companies are going to get all the benefit and charge the people whatever rates they may agree upon among themselves. His plan would be to take hold of the said companies by the hair, and shake them till their teeth rattled.

## An Experiment in Telegraphy

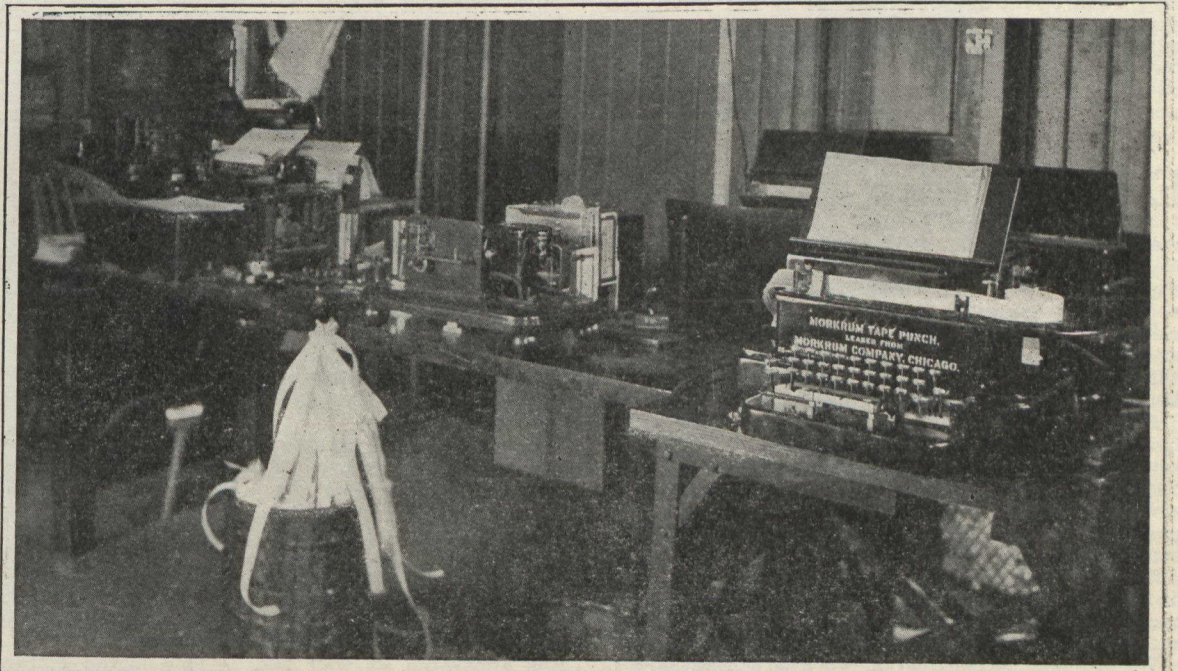
MORE words in less time is the aim of a telegraphic experiment now being tried between Toronto and Montreal. The illustration depicts the Toronto end of the device, and the remarkable fact of the elimination of skilled operators, a few girls doing what old hands would claim impossible. The perforator on the right is operated as a typewriter and perforates the paper ribbon in one of thirty-two different combinations for each letter or figure. The paper ribbon is then fed into the transmitter (the central apparatus) and the impulses are sent out on the line, at high speed, directed by the punched paper ribbon. At the other end these electrical impulses are connected to English words by the receiver and the message is printed out on the telegraph form with marvellous speed. Two hundred and eight messages in one hour, sent and received, is the Toronto record so far, but the capacity is placed at 240 messages. It is rumoured that the experiment will be extended to the Chicago and New York State lines of this telegraph company.

## Exciting and Exhilarating



Edmonton is not to be outdone by Ottawa and Montreal. It has its ski-jumping contest on the steep river bank. This picture shows John Hangen in the air making his record jump of 112 feet—a new Canadian record. Five thousand people were present.

## Another Telegraphic Triumph



A machine that sends telegraph messages automatically by means of a perforated ribbon.

# Motor Buses Versus Trolley Cars

By JAMES JOHNSTON

SCARCELY twenty-five years have passed since the electric trolley car began to displace the horse bus and the horse-drawn street car. The electric street car developed very fast. It solved the transportation problems of almost every town and city in the Western world. It became the hall-mark of Western civilization. A city without electric street cars, running on the surface or underground, was in a backward condition. It would not be reckoned by economists, financiers, or travelers as a modern city. The trolley's triumph was complete in all progressive municipalities. It even extended its authority to country districts, and the electric suburban line and interurban line became a feature of modern transportation. Finally, electric vehicles showed their greatest triumph when the railways adopted electric locomotives for use in tunnels and congested city districts. The electrification of the Sarnia Tunnel, for example, and the electrification of that portion of the New York Central Railway which lies within the city of New York, are evidences of this final triumph.

Yet even while electric locomotion was at its



A LONDON MOTOR-BUS.

There are over 3,000 of these operating in London, England. They have driven the horse-bus off the street, and cut into the tram receipts.

height, a new rival appeared in the person of the gasoline engine. The invention of the explosion engine led to the development of the electric motor car; and the gasoline motor car led to the gasoline taxi-cab, and finally to the gasoline motor bus. This development has proceeded so rapidly during the past ten years that there are those who believe that the motor bus will finally drive the track-guided electric street car from city streets. They say that the days of street-car rails and trolley poles on city streets are numbered, and quote in support of their prophecy the experience of such cities as London and Paris.

It is quite true that in London the motor bus has driven the horse bus from the streets and seriously cut into the traffic of the electric tram car. Whether the motor omnibus will eventually triumph over electric trams, is a question which no one can answer positively with a simple "yes" or "no." It may be that the motor bus will be used exclusively in the crowded districts of certain large cities and electric tram cars be retained for underground work and surface suburban transportation. It is not likely, for example, that the motor bus will seriously interfere with the traffic on the London Penny Tube or the New York Underground. Nevertheless, the whole question of motor buses is one of considerable importance at the present moment in the larger Canadian cities.

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ENGLAND is adopting the motor bus. In July, 1911, there were about 1,400 motor buses running in Greater London. In July, 1912, there were 2,085. By July, 1913, this number had grown to 3,000. The London General Omnibus Company alone controlled 2,750 buses in 1913, and carried about five hundred million passengers during the year. The motor bus service of London was operated on a hundred miles of streets in 1910, and on three hundred and fifty miles of streets in 1913. The last horse bus was withdrawn October 25th, 1911.

It is interesting to compare the cost of operation. It costs sixteen cents to operate a thirty-four passenger motor bus as against twenty-two cents to operate a seventy passenger tram car per mile. The average load carried is twenty-two and forty-five passengers, respectively. Hence the cost per passenger per mile is .726 cents and .488 cents, or a difference of one-quarter of a cent per mile in favour of the tram car. It is, therefore, necessary to charge a slightly higher fare on the motor bus in order to secure the same return on the investment.

When speed is considered there is a difference in favour of the motor bus. The bus makes nine miles an hour and the tram eight miles. This does not

quite off-set the increased costs of the motor bus, but it enables the motor bus to compete fairly successfully. For example, in the city of Toronto the average trip made by a passenger is three miles; figuring the saving in time for the hundred and fifty million passengers during the year the total saving would be 756,184 days of ten hours each. Assuming this time to be worth a dollar a day motor buses would save Toronto passengers three-quarters of a million dollars annually.

In spite of the greater cost of motor buses the London General Omnibus Company is paying a good dividend and seems to be in a very prosperous condition. New York has a ten-cent service on Fifth Avenue, and the company operating these motor buses is making a very large dividend on its capital investment. Eastbourne, England, a summer resort with a population of fifty-two thousand, has a profitable motor bus system. The expenditure per car mile runs from 13 pence to 14.39 pence, and the income per car mile from 13 pence to 15.16 pence. This is the record of four years. This system carries about two and a half million passengers a year, and nets the city seven per cent. after paying interest on its investment.

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CANADA must face the question of winter operation. The double-deck motor buses can be operated in London and Paris all year round and double-deck buses run on Fifth Avenue, New York, for twelve months in the year. It is quite evident that so far as Toronto and Montreal are concerned, motor cars for private transportation, motor trucks, motor delivery waggons, motor ambulances, and motor fire apparatus are now being operated all the year round. In some other Canadian cities the winter operation presents less difficulty than it does in Toronto and Montreal. Nevertheless, one may safely generalize to the extent of saying that the motor vehicle has conquered the snow of the Canadian city, and has successfully defied Jack Frost, except in his most extreme moods. Yet the double-deck motor bus would be an impossibility here in January, February and March.

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MR. OLIVER HEZZELWOOD, Toronto manager of the McLaughlin Motor Car Co., in a valuable paper on this subject, summarized the advantages and disadvantages of motor buses for Toronto as follows:

Summary of Advantages from Toronto Viewpoint.

It seems reasonable to claim the following advantages for the motor bus service, as contrasted with our present system:

1. Absence of all trolley wires, poles, and rails from the streets, all of which interfere with fire fighting, detract from beauty, and add to cause of accidents.
2. Absence of apertures in street paving, which admit water and frost, both injurious to permanency of road beds.
3. Greater frequency of service, and greater speed, hence less time wasted in travel; time so spent being neither recreational nor educational.
4. Taking up and setting down passengers at the curbs, hence less delay and no total stoppage of other traffic, as is the case with street cars.
5. Ability to divert routes in case of fires, street repairing, etc., thus lessening costly delays.
6. Breakdown of one unit does not affect another unit as with tram cars, and breakdown of whole system is next to impossible.
7. Unrestricted area in case of war, of excursions, of special functions, etc.
8. Adaptation to extension or alteration of routes as necessitated by regular traffic demands, without cost or delay.
9. Less obstruction to general public, ratio being as 48 to 90 per passenger carried.
10. Payment of greater percentage of expenses of running to local men. An advantage to labouring classes.
11. Clearing of streets for bus traffic will be an advantage to all traffic, and furnish routes for ambulances, fire protection apparatus, as well as for heavy truck traffic.
12. Less noise created

by vehicles.

13. Adoption of mileage or zone basis of charge will accommodate many short distance passengers, who now walk.

14. It affords an additional and competitive system which will enable us to have seating capacity for all and will force first-class accommodation.

15. In Toronto motor buses will eventually be able to take care of all surface traffic, and we could then have tubes for rapid transit from the outskirts.

16. Instantaneous application of the system to all suffering districts or localities, instead of waiting two or three years, as will be the case if they are reached by street railways.

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CANADIAN cities are face to face with the problem of deciding whether they will extend their trolley systems or introduce motor buses. What may be good for one city may not be good for another. Each city will be required to decide the question on the merits of the local situation. It may be that Toronto and Montreal will find it advisable to adopt electric undergrounds and surface motor buses. Some other cities may find that motor buses running on the streets will be quite sufficient for their purposes without surface or underground trolleys. It is too early to generalize, but the subject is one of considerable interest and genuine importance.

When the electric street car first came into operation the snow and frost presented similar difficulties. These were not successfully overcome until the electric street sweeper was invented. It is quite within the bounds of reason to suppose that an electric snow cleaner will be developed which can be used on motor bus lines to keep the streets sufficiently free of snow to allow continuous and certain operation. What difficulties were met and overcome by the managers of street car lines in this snowy country, can be met and overcome by motor bus companies when organized on a sufficiently large scale. It will, of course, require time and experience, and it may be that much money will be lost before motor bus systems are successfully operated in the larger Canadian cities.

The track-guided trolley will still be a feature of Canadian civilization for many years to come. But even admitting that, the motor bus is bound to be a subject of considerable experiment in this country during the next ten years. At first it will be an adjunct to the trolley car. Later, if invention maintains its present pace in regard to gasoline vehicles, it may possibly become a serious rival. The question of keeping the streets free of snow in the winter months, and the question of heating the buses in severe weather, are problems which will require much ingenuity to overcome, but they are not insurmountable. Several of the big cities in England and some in America have proved the wisdom of the introduction of the motor-bus. Montreal is coming to it. Toronto must and will follow. The age of motor traffic is the age we live in.



This is the picture of the new Masonic Temple to be erected by the Masons of Toronto on Spadina Road, near Bloor Street, at an approximate cost of \$300,000. Of this amount about \$220,000 has been raised.

# At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

## Free Games for All

**A**T last a man whose name is Money has arisen in England to champion the cause of working young folk in their need for recreation. Mr. Chiozza Money is an English M.P. who declares that the new social programme in the Old Land omits to provide living space for the population of cities, in respect to play.

The tip may be taken by Canadian cities, for while this country has considered the child and is busy extending its generous equipment of playgrounds under proper supervision, the young man and, more, the young girl, have been left out in the reckoning of Free Games.

Sickly waitresses, anaemic shop-girls, workers in the office and in the factory, would avail themselves, in astounding numbers, of recreation provision did any exist.

"Why cannot we have (in the words of Mr. Money) on the borders of every township in the country ample and spacious lands, not merely thrown open to the public as bare, uncultured space, but as properly manufactured cricket grounds, football grounds, tennis courts, golf courses, and the rest of it, maintained out of the public money and available for all at rates of subscription, making it possible for all to play."

"We have our parks," says a critic, perhaps. But a walk or sit in the park is not sufficient. Assiduity in health matters is one of the boasts of our national alertness. But the cult of the red corpuscle, surely, is not full-served by a system of park-benches.

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## Ottawa Just Before Lent

By A CORRESPONDENT

**T**HE Social Bee, as Lent approached, developed into a perfect swarm. The fine old adage to the effect that you can't have too much of a good thing, was proven fallacious twenty times over. Women turned their attention to mathematics, figuring to the smallest fraction of a minute how to squeeze in all the pleasant functions.

The Chateau Laurier was the setting for an attractive dance, recently. It was given by the management, and was the fore-runner, eventually, of a series of dinner dances. Prominent among the guests were seen many Parliamentarians and their wives, semi-political leaders, and many of Ottawa's representative social luminaries. A course supper was served which left nothing to be desired and the appreciation of the guests was not lessened by the knowledge that the dance was unprecedented, uncalled-for, and that it demanded nothing but thanks in return.

The Bal Masque, given by Lady Egan, was a signal success. Dominoes of every conceivable shade and fashion, flitted about until a comparatively late hour, when they were discarded and startling identities revealed.

The second of the receptions given by Mrs. Borden and the ladies of the Cabinet was, if possible, more attractive than the first. A lady was once heard to remark that the colour of her politics was influenced by the qualities of the Ministers' wives. "If they are nice," she naively confessed, "I'm with the Government; if they are not, I'm agin it!"

In which case, we are all Conservatives!

Every one, since the ancient days of the first pomegranate party, remembers hostesses who periodically forget one's name, call one "Mrs. Er-Shresssmiff," and negligently pass one on to the next in line. Not so the hostesses of this reception. Each one, from the First Lady in the Land on, seemed to feel that she, individually, was responsible for her guests. She spoke out their names boldly, and held up the waiting line, to chat. Passing along the receiving party, as they stood at the entrance to the foyer overlooking the ball room, one had the satisfaction of calling on the Ministers' wives in turn. One talked in a happy and leisurely manner, one sauntered down the line and was sorry when the end was reached, although there were plenty of attractions to take up one's attention.

Any way, Liberal politics suffered.

The autocrat who stands at the door, and by his attitude plainly says, "Over my dead body, do you pass, without first giving the countersign!" the indispensable gentleman who shouts your name to

people who already know it, made a startling announcement lately when he bellowed into a roomful of highly respectable persons, "Miss Dirty!"

There was a stir amongst the guests, consternation on the face of the hostess, until the charming daughter of the Minister of Justice made her appearance. Miss Doherty explained that it seemed to be a choice between "Dirty" and "Dowdy," and she chose the former!

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## Women and Checks

**A** MAN who complains as the superintendent of a big New York philanthropic organization, which disposes of the handiwork of women, has this to say on what he terms the average woman's want of "sense about checks":—

"The bank in which we have our account must hate us for the number of checks on which we stop payment. We issue our check to the women whose work we sell twice a month, and they are no sooner out than we begin to get letters saying that they have been lost. It is partly because the women are



## INTENTNESS

Depicted on the countenances of (left to right) Colonel Farquhar, Captain Buller, Miss Villiers, Princess Patricia, Miss Yorke, the Duke of Connaught, Sir Edward Worthington and the Duchess of Connaught. The group constituted the Vice-Regal party at the recent Canadian championship ski-jumping competition in Ottawa.

so careless that they are in as much need as they are, I suppose.

"Married women are much the worst. They seem to me in many cases to be almost devoid of money sense. They lose the checks or tear them up; are worried to death while the papers are missing, and some of them wait a month before letting us know, while they are trying to find them. Sometimes they use them for bookmarks. One woman used hers as a curl paper, and a third woman, who was in desperate straits, and to whom we sent a check ahead of time to tide her over, declared that we had not sent it. She came hurrying down to us with the letter, in which she said there was no check. I knew I had signed it, the bookkeeper was sure she had enclosed it, but we made her out a duplicate and she went off happy. It was three weeks before she came back to us looking very crestfallen and bringing the original check. She had used it to fill in a shoe which was a little loose in the heel."

We are not disturbed by the dissertation. One has read of a man who lighted the gas with a handy twist of paper which proved a check; and other examples of inadvertence on the part of man toward checks exist in plenty. Then since "married women are much the worst"—far be it from us to cast aspersions—but may there not lie some blame at the door of husbands! Wives should be given more checks to handle. Practice, one must believe, is what makes perfect.

## Recent Events

**T**HE Woman's Suffrage Bill which recently was under consideration in the British Columbia Legislature was voted against by twenty-three members for ten who declared in favour of the measure.

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At the annual meeting in Montreal of the Prisoners' Aid Association in Quebec the members expressed themselves in favour of non-sectarian jails for women in that Province.

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The Women's Canadian Club of Brandon, Man., was recently addressed by Mrs. Charles Gray, of Chicago, on the subject of "Woman's Sphere." Tea was served in the speaker's special honour.

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Alison Craig, of "The Free Press," Winnipeg, wrote recently on behalf of the women of the local Service League who are urging the municipalization at once of the Babies' Milk Depot of that city. The writer points out that already the city has made a beginning in this direction—having two special nurses in the field whose duty it is to educate mothers and so check the mortality of infants. She suggests that the Babies' Milk Depot be added to the responsibilities of this department.

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Delegates from the Social Service Commission recently laid before the Labour Commission at Victoria, B.C., the advantages of establishing mothers' pensions. The statement was made that while the creche, an institution for the care of children during the day while the mother was employed, was of great value under present conditions, it was far better that the mother be given a pension sufficient to enable her to work at home and at the same time bring up her children herself, whereas now they are left to the care of hired strangers.

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The Drama League of Canada, headquarters, Ottawa, has recently been doing most satisfactory work. Not only have the various committees accomplished a deal of study, but they have arranged lectures and addresses by many well-known visitors, chief among whom were Mr. Martin Harvey and Mr. Laurence Irving. The object of the Drama League, as was explained some time ago in these pages, is, briefly, to stimulate a desire for better plays, and to provide in each city where League Centres are established, a faction of patrons for good drama which will insure the monetary success of such companies as they see fit to bring.

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During the recent session in Kingston of the Anglican Church Synod, a sermon was preached by His Lordship, Bishop Farthing, of Montreal, in which he deplored "the willingness of women to risk their lives in pursuit of the latest styles." The Bishop's opinions should be worth somewhat, in spite of the fact that his name is a bit misleading.

## Of Mrs. "R. L. S."

**T**HE death of Mrs. Stevenson in California lately recalls a union in the highest degree romantic and superlatively important with regard to its effect on the authorship of Robert Louis Stevenson.

The author first met Mrs. Osborne at a little hotel at Graz on the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau. He was looking into the window as she was looking out—and romance was the outcome. Mrs. Osborne was Spanish in type. According to Mr. S. S. McClure in his own magazine lately, "when Stevenson met her, her exotic beauty was at its height; and with this beauty she had a wealth of experience, a reach of imagination, a sense of humour, which he had never found in any other woman."

At one stage of his interesting life the publisher was associated closely with the couple, and he writes further and intimately as follows: "Mrs. Stevenson had many of the fine qualities that we usually attribute to men rather than to women; a fair-mindedness, a large judgment, a robust, inconsequential philosophy of life, without which she could not have borne, much less shared with a relish equal to his own, his wandering, unsettled life, his vagaries, his gypsy passion for freedom."

# REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

## Wicked Capitalists

**L**ABOUR men tell us, the most radical of them, that capital oppresses labour to whom it owes its existence. Now comes the Grain Growers' Guide, which says that the capitalists rob the farmer to whom they owe existence. Perhaps it might be wise to have a conference of trades unionists and farmers, and have them decide which of them have most claim to be the supporters and creators and victims of the capitalists.

At the same time, they might decide when a man is a capitalist. If he owns a \$50 share in the Grain Growers' Grain Company on which he earns profits of twenty-five per cent., is he a capitalist? If not, would he be one if he owned \$1,000 worth of stock? Again, if a man owns his own home and doesn't pay rent, is he a capitalist? If not, if he owns two houses and rents one is he in this hateful class?

If a labour union, or a number of unions, own a Labour Temple, and the land under it increases in value just as wicked people's property does sometimes, are they capitalists? Is the Grain Growers' Grain Company, which some years ago bought a piece of real estate in Winnipeg and erected an office and printing establishment on it, is it therefore a capitalist? If that land is now worth ten times what they paid for it, are they capitalists simply because they have appropriated the unearned increment to their own use?

If it is right for a grain grower to earn twenty-five per cent. on his stock in the Grain Growers' Grain Company, is it right for a shareholder in a bank to earn sixteen per cent. (that is the average) on his investment? If a grain grower is justified (and the Guide says he is) in getting all the profit he can out of his grain company, are the thousands and thousands of shareholders in the banks justified in taking dividends of ten, eleven and twelve per cent.?

The vital distinction between a monied labour agitator or a wealthy grain grower, and a hard-working clerk who owns \$5,000 worth of stock in a railway company, needs definition.

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## Excess of Exports

**A** FEW weeks ago, it was stated in this column that one of the reasons why the United States had money to invest in Canada, Mexico and elsewhere was that the exports of that country exceeded the imports. A correspondent finds fault with that statement and says he is sorry to see the Canadian Courier adopting "the twaddle of the Professional Politician," and that our view of economics needs revising.

Let us see. Sir George Paish says that the United States owes about \$3,440,000,000 abroad. Interest on that would amount, at five per cent., to \$170,000,000. But the United States' excess of imports over exports in 1913 was about \$700,000,000. Therefore the United States had a credit from other nations of \$430,000,000 in 1913. Part of that was spent by Americans travelling abroad—say, fifty millions. More was left abroad to support families of United States' temporary citizens. This would leave three hundred million to be invested at home in the form of Canadian, Mexican, Brazilian, British and other securities.

The United States interest-bearing public debt on October 1st, 1912, was only \$964,000,000, and its total interest charges were \$22,787,000. The public debts of the States, cities and counties was another \$2,000,000,000. This brings the total public debt of the United States up to \$3,000,000,000. If every cent of this was borrowed abroad, which it is not by any means, the total interest charges every year would be only \$120,000,000, at four per cent., which is about the average.

Therefore, when our correspondent asserts that the United States pays \$700,000,000 a year in interest charges abroad, he is making a manifestly ridiculous assertion. It is he, not the Canadian Courier, who needs a little education along economic lines.

Let us again assert that the United States is drawing money from abroad in the form of bonds, stocks and mortgages, and that this explains the ability of the United States to finance its own undertakings at home, and still have credits to build factories, warehouses, railways, and other industries in foreign countries. The United States is growing wealthy out of its foreign trade as well as its domestic trade. There is where it differs from Canada, which is still in the position which the United States occupied before 1894, when the imports sometimes exceeded the exports.

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## Why Canada Borrows

**O**UR correspondent also undertakes to explain why Canada has to borrow abroad. He says it is "because we are an extravagant, wasteful people. For years our federal, provincial and municipal governments have been giving away our resources and spending all the money they could

borrow and squeeze out of the people by every form of taxation, with the prodigality of a drunken sailor."

In a measure, most people will agree with him. Instead of adopting the slower process of saving up our own capital for new factories, new roadways, new sewers, new parks, new public buildings, new canals, and especially new railways, Canadians have been borrowing their capital from abroad. We have also been wasteful and extravagant. We have spent our money and resources like drunken sailors. But the other method would have been mighty slow and tedious. It would have taken Canada a long time to save up enough money to build the Grand Trunk, the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, the Intercolonial, the Grand Trunk Pacific and the National Transcontinental. Add to these the cost of the great canal system, the national harbours, and the other great public undertakings, and the sum required was enormous. To have accumulated that sum, without foreign borrowing, would have kept Canada back for fifty years.

Nevertheless, our correspondent is quite correct when he infers that this rapid expansion, these huge borrowings, and this wasteful carelessness must eventually come out of the savings of the people of to-day and to-morrow. As ye sow, so shall ye reap is as true of nations as of individuals.

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## A Side-light on H.C.O.L.

**A**CCORDING to Professor Dean, of the Ontario Agricultural College, the farmer who produces milk has been selling it at less than cost. He advises the farmers to unite and fix the price at which he will sell his products, and not allow this to be done by "the other fellow." For years, he says, the farmer has been told to "cheapen production" and the price would take care of itself.

## The Great Problem

When a labour unionist sells his labour for twenty-five per cent. more than it is worth, he is a patriot.

When a farmer sells eggs and beef at twenty-five per cent. more than they are worth, he is two patriots.

When a manufacturer sells his wares, made by labourers who got twenty-five per cent. more than they are worth, to the farmer who is getting twenty-five per cent. more for his beef and eggs than they are worth, what profit should he charge?

Every correct solution gets a prize. Entries free.

The Professor thinks such advice has been overdone.

When a manufacturer finds that he is not getting a sufficient price for his commodity, he proceeds to lower the cost or raise the price. By improved means of production he may reduce his cost. At the same time he may combine with the other manufacturers of this same line of goods to raise the price to the consumers. According to Professor Dean, the farmer has tried the former method until he has come to the limit of that reform, and nothing remains now but a combination to raise the price.

All this is interesting to the consumer who is complaining of the high cost of living. According to the Professor's arguments there is no relief to be expected from increasing the number of producers. No matter what the increase in production, the farmer's price must go up. So the only hope the consumer has is to cut the profits of the middleman or eliminate them. If the farmer must get more for his products, and the consumer desires to get these products at a lower price than at present, then the only solution would seem to be the elimination of the middleman.

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## Tethering the Individual

**W**HEN the social reformers get busy, some wrongs are righted. At the same time, every social movement causes readjustments which may inflict suffering and harm. At present the movement to repress the individual and exalt the government, civic, municipal or Federal, is not wholly a blessing.

The individual must develop by self-effort. If he is tethered to a tree, he is not likely to develop physically, no matter how well he may be fed. So, if he is tethered by laws to a standard of morals and conduct, and is left to decide nothing for himself, he may become morally and socially stunted. The enthusiastic band of moral reformers should not forget that man learns by doing, and that the fires of experience are still useful in the making of strong,

pure character. Men and women who are kept right because they are not allowed to go wrong are not as strong as those who have seen temptation and resisted it.

The dragon of evil must be fought continually and continuously. But moral suasion is still a more effective force than prohibition. A weak man may be prevented by force from getting liquor, but he is still a weak man. So with other moral evils—men and women must be taught to resist them.

The tendency of the time is for a noisy, active, well-intentioned few to impose their will on the rest of the community. This is dangerous. There is the seed of reaction in every over-application of the restrictive principle. It would be much better if the great majority pursued the good for its own sake.

\*\*\*

## Civil Service Weakness

**N**OT only has the present Federal Government failed to strengthen the Civil Service Commission and extend its sphere of influence, but it has actually flouted it. The reason given is that the examinations set by Dr. Shortt and his associate are too academic and not likely to discover the best candidates. But there is probably another and more ancient reason. The examinations are too academic no doubt. Yet this could be overcome by consultation with the commission who are no doubt amenable to reason.

The ancient reason why the commission is being flouted is the desire of Cabinet Ministers and members of parliament to get jobs for their friends. They desire to pension off their political supporters at the country's expense. Every Government since the Act of Union has done this. Every Provincial Government does it. Every civic administration tries to do it. This form of public robbery is and always has been popular.

Just why the representatives of the people are prone to debauch the public service, it is hard to see. Such practice is in distinct contravention of their oaths of office. The men would not dip their hands into the treasury and steal the actual gold which belongs to the people, but they accomplish the same purpose when they appoint a man to an office for which he is unfitted, simply because of his party service.

Primarily the blame lies with the people. They condone such practices with an unexplainable blindness.

## Grain Growers' Morals

**A** SHORT time ago an article appeared in "The Canadian Courier" pointing out that the Grain Growers' Grain Company of Winnipeg, a co-operative concern which owns and bonuses the "Grain Growers' Guide," made profits last year of 25 per cent. The question was asked how a concern making that high rate of profit could reasonably criticize manufacturers who made from ten to twenty per cent. profit. The answer given in the "Guide" is that it was not made out of the public. The hollowness of such an answer is proven by the following letter which we must accept as truth until it is proven to be false. The letter, which was quite voluntary, is as follows:

The Editor "Canadian Courier":

Sir,—I notice in the issue of the "Grain Growers' Guide" of the 25th of February an attack was made on an article you published regarding the big dividends paid by the Grain Growers' Grain Co. As I quite agreed with your views in the matter I thought I would write and give you an idea of how that company make their big dividends. I am a farmer residing at Grosse Isle, a station on the C.N.R., about twenty miles from Winnipeg, and the G.G.G. Co. have operated an elevator at our station this last two seasons. Last October I offered for sale at the elevator seven hundred bushels of No. 2 northern wheat, and all they would give me was sixty-seven cents per bushel. At that time No. 2 wheat was worth eighty-two cents on the track. This was a difference of fifteen cents. As the freight rate is seven and one-eighth cents a bushel, they charged me nearly eight cents a bushel for handling my wheat.

I also had three hundred bushels of flax, and all they would give me for it was eighty cents a bushel. I would not accept that, but hauled my flax to Winnipeg, and sold it to a member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association for one dollar and six cents a bushel, a gain of twenty-six cents a bushel. If I had sold to them they would have had some more dividends.

This is a fair sample of the raw deal that the G.G.G. Co. is actually giving us farmers, though to read the "Grain Growers' Guide" you would think they were our greatest friends. As to that paper, I think I express the opinion of a good many of our Manitoba farmers when I say that it is doing its best to stir up discontent among the farmers, who are better off to-day than they ever were.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you care to use this letter for publication you are welcome to, and I am prepared to back up all my statements with an affidavit, if necessary.

Yours respectfully,

H. S. CORBETT.

Grosse Isle, Man., March 1st, 1914.

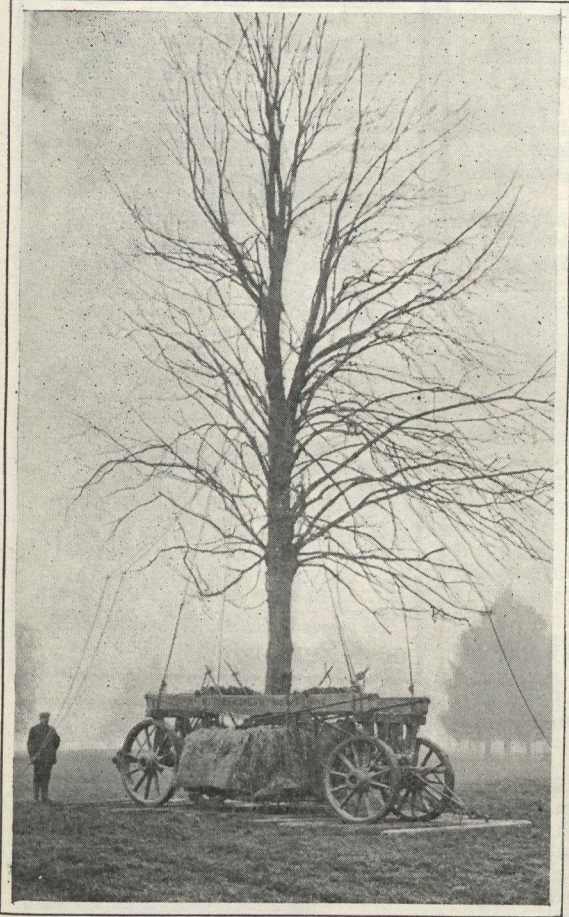
The "Canadian Courier" will be glad to publish any reply from the Grain Growers' Grain Company if it has any to make.



# Making the Desert Smile

*Transplanting Large Trees to Make Estates Quickly---A Problem of Real Interest to Those Creating New Cities, Townships, and Gardens---Now is the Season to Lift Large Trees.*

**I**N a country like ours, where things move at no uncertain pace, and a natural desire exists to make beautiful estates and gardens as quickly as Nature will allow, the problem of lifting large trees is a very real one. It is not a sign of restlessness or hustle to wish barren spaces that may have come into the possession of the owner clothed with beauty and to make a desert smile with stately growth and green leaf. These notes are in season just now, though the earth may be mantled with snow and the soil frozen hard, but at this time it is



Tree-lifting in winter. Note care taken of the ball of soil.

possible to ensure a solid block of soil surrounding the roots of the tree when later in the year this would not be so without serious risk of failure. In conversation with Mr. James Ryrie recently it was interesting to know that he had successfully planted many trees of large size on his Oakville property, and information gathered in our own country is, of course, of more practical utility, than knowledge derived from large undertaking in other lands. In the first place, the lifting of large trees is expensive; it is not a pastime for everyone, but, of course, many who in purchasing a new home, are in a position to make it at once an estate of apparently many years' growth by utilizing trees of considerable age. I have often thought that the "tree-lifting" machines cannot be brought into better use than in the forming of some distinct feature, and the first consideration should be given to the surroundings of the home. Perhaps an unpleasant view has to be shut out, an avenue formed leading to the house, or where all is bare grateful shade created without unnecessary delay. All this must be completed by transplanting large trees from as close a spot as possible to the work in progress, and in many places, forest and woodland are not far away to give noble trees for the purpose. The point in selecting is not to go into the thick woodland, but to single out shapely trees apart from all others, and many are in such positions, trees standing apart to enable the lifting of a good body of roots with the soil, an essential consideration to success.

No haphazard, clumsy or hurried transplanting is availing; it is labour and expense completely thrown away, and it must be borne in mind that at the outset, machines, team, men and intelligent overlooking of the work are a necessary part of the scheme to bring tree beauty in places where it does not exist. Certain trees lend themselves more readily to removal than others, and Mr. Ryrie told the writer that Maples, Elms, Birch, Beech and Ash move well, and Cedars were transplanted at this season also, a point of more than passing interest. The great Fir and Evergreen tribe generally must not be associated with deciduous trees and shrubs with regard to transplanting, the former moving best from the nursery and other parts of the garden in May, but in the case of large specimens the frozen ground

By E. T. COOK

brings fewer failures. Trees thirty feet high have been successfully transplanted, and to get some idea of the labour involved two or three days are sometimes occupied in the process, for the good reason that there must be no carelessness or hurry. It is emphatically a case of, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well.

One learns from the experience of others, what to do and what not to do, and it was insisted upon that the utmost care should be taken not to bruise the bark of the trees, and any failures were attributed to that, the reason being, of course, that in the case of seriously injured bark, the sap cannot rise when the awakening of growth takes place in spring. Any point of contact between the machine and the bark of the tree must be thoroughly well packed to prevent bruises, but given careful lifting and precautions with regard to the avoidance of bruising there is no reason whatever why the lifting of large trees should not be more generally carried out where means at disposal exist.

## Great Tree Records—The "John Knox" Yew.

**T**HIS great work has been carried on for many years in England. The Barron machines which are shown in the photographs have resulted in large estates being ready-made, so to say, for sale or for private enjoyment. The "John Knox" Yew will be known to many dwellers in the Dominion. Barron moved the famous tree some years ago, the owners of the ancestral seat of the Earls of Glencairn and Finlayson, near Langbanke, adding to and altering their historic home. One of the things, as Mr. Barron points out, which the Earl thought it desirable to do, was to reopen the view from the drawing room windows. It was completely obscured by an ancient Yew, under which it is believed that more than 350 years ago—that is, in 1555—John Knox preached. "During the winter," we are told in "Scot's Worthies" "he taught in Edinburgh, and in the beginning of the spring the Earl of Glencairn sent for him to Finlaystone where, after sermon, he administered the Lord's Supper, and then returned to Calder. The people being thus instructed began to refuse all superstition and idolatry, and set themselves to the utmost of their power to support the true preaching of the Gospel." The tree under which the Reformer spoke, widely famous as the "John Knox tree," was moved with perfect success a matter of 60 or 70 yards. It probably weighed altogether not far short of fifty tons. If it had not been possible to move it, a tree of historic associations must have been severely cut about or destroyed.

Another achievement of Barron was the removal of a Yew mentioned in the Domesday book. This was rendering a public service. Near Dover, England, in Buckland churchyard, may be seen a Yew which is so old that it is mentioned in the Domesday book. To be so mentioned it must have been, even in A.D. 1066, a tree of considerable size. It is, therefore, among the most venerable—if it be not, indeed, the most venerable—tree in the British Isles. Some years ago it was thought necessary to extend the church-choir against which the veteran stood; and the founder of the tree-moving firm undertook to make room—no doubt amid the loudly expressed doubts of many wiseacres—by transporting the great Yew a matter of fifty yards. The removal was a perfect success, and no one who visits Buckland churchyard to-day, without knowing that the famous Yew once left its site, would be likely to believe that the flourishing though aged tree has not always grown on the spot on which it now stands. It has even been asserted that it was the church, not the Yew, which was moved!

It is instructive to know that the biggest tree which can be moved by the tree-moving machine would be five feet in circumference, with a measurement of four feet above the level of the ground. Tree moving by rollers is practicable when the weight to be carried does not exceed 50 tons. After a tree has been lifted all care for it is not ended. The writer has found that a heavy dressing of manure on the soil above the roots, and in times of drought copious waterings, will prevent collapse which may occur in years unfavourable to a permanent establishing of the tree. Whatever timely attention is given, one may rest assured it will be well repaid to prevent an expensive and disheartening failure.

Mr. W. S. Dinnick, whose practical experience in removal of large trees is of the greatest importance, suggests that failures are due to the quantity removed, and in the case of one or two large trees being shifted, provided there is a gardener to give the individual attention necessary from time to time, then, and then only, is a successful transplanting accomplished, and with this we are in absolute agreement. Evergreens, Mr. Dinnick goes on to say, such as Spruce, Pine and Firs, are more difficult to establish than hard Maples or Elms. It cannot be

too earnestly insisted upon that unless the tree is most carefully attended to after removal and during the first summer, it will most assuredly fail.

## A Beautiful New Winter Rose

**I**T is always interesting, and, of course, instructive, to hear about things especially adapted to one's country. This is the case with the new Rose Ophelia, raised by a famous English firm, Messrs. Paul, of Waltham Cross. Rose growers in the United States are cultivating it on a large scale, and already I have been asked about it in this land. There is no question whatever that a very beautiful new winter, or, to use a more professional term, "forcing" rose, has arisen, and we intend to grow it. The parents are probably those two lovely flowers Antoine Rivoire and Prince de Bulgarie, the parentage plainly discernible in the salmon-flesh, rose-shaded, sweetly-perfumed petals. A good indoor rose is always an acquisition, old favourites losing their charm especially when "Winter Beauty" is grown to the exclusion of many lovely hybrids. It is possible to have even too much of such a Rose as this American flower idol, so perhaps Ophelia will prove a rival.

## Leaf Odours vs. Floral Odours

By F. W. BURBIDGE

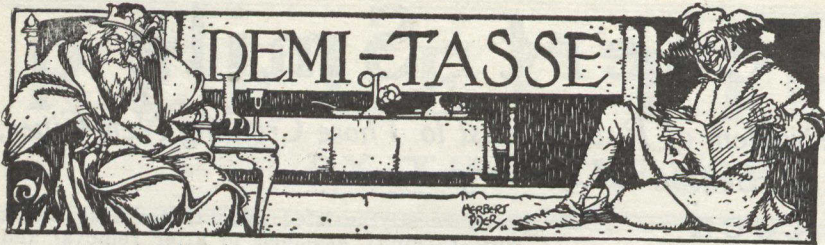
**W**HEN we compare leaf odours with flower odours we find a considerable difference between them. Thus, in the case of the orange, there is a difference between the essential oils of the flowers and of the leaves, and of that of the rind of the fruit, which afford three different kinds of perfume.

Then floral odours are generally positive, being exhaled by most flowers spontaneously, as it were. So that you must inhale floral odours whether you like them or not. Leaf odours, on the other hand, are latent or negative, and are rarely detected except after the leaves have been touched, pressed or bruised. Both leaf and flower perfume depends on the same essential oil being in different states or conditions.

Floral odours again are emitted only at particular times, that is to say, just when the androecial whorl attains maturity, and the flowers are quite fresh; and even then, in the case of many Orchids and other flowers, their scent is intermittent, and only to be perceived at different times of the day or night—this time, as we suppose, having some connection with the diurnal or nocturnal visits of the insects that act as marriage priests in their native wilds. But, on the other hand, leaf odours are persistent—"ready if sought" seems to be their motto—and not only are scented leaves fragrant when green and fresh, but often retain their perfume long after they are yellow or brown and sere.



Moving an old Fir—going over a moat.



Courierettes.

**A** TORONTO woman is said to speak fluently in eight languages. Most men find that their wives can express themselves very well in one.

Some fellows are so small that if they lost their conceit they would shrink so much that they'd disappear.

There were six murders in Alberta last year. In not one case was an arrest made. Are we copying the United States too closely?

Edmonton's Mayor declares that he will allow no newspaper reporters to see him in future. In that case the chances are that ere long the people will be unable to "see" him also.

Baseball players are to use football in their training exercises this spring. Don't the fielders "boot" the ball enough as it is?

Bonar Law, British Unionist leader, is out for a reduction of the food taxes. Anything that sounds like lower taxes sounds good to the people.

Money talks—and mostly in self-defence.

Villa says he will feed Huerta to the sharks. The loan sharks seem to have anticipated him.

Now they tell us that "pure shoes" would cost \$10 per pair. This almost amounts to a confession.

A German newspaper wants Germany to go to war at once. The Hearst methods are not confined to America.

Hon. S. H. Blake objects to using the names of Methusaleh and Melchisedek in popular songs. They need names like that to harmonize with their ancient humour.

The case of Gustave Evanturel, M.P.P., and his \$10,000 would seem to be another evidence of the folly of writing letters.

William Watson, the poet, in a sonnet on his 55th birthday, gives thanks for a perfect spouse. This is a clear case of poetic license.

A bridegroom across the line expressed regret the other day that his bride was too short to rest her head on his shoulder. He should reflect on the fact that she is tall enough to reach his trousers pocket.

Robbers looted a Broadway store one night recently without interruption, though a policeman was only 35 feet away. Would that we could sleep like that!

American papers print sensational stories about "Jack the Jabber" chaps who use hypodermic needles on their female victims. Seems funny for the men to take up needlework.

**The Difficulty.**

(A Grand Jury recommended recently that drunkards should be spanked.)

When we, weak men, go out at night And stroll down town where lights are bright,

What is our fate if we get tight? A spanking.

When hubby wanders home from club And says he's not been at the "pub" What the sad plight of that poor hub? A spanking.

But when—should this thing e'er occur— That lovely women, too, should err, Whose hand would dare administer A spanking?

Of course there is.—They were talking on the question of votes for women.

"Well," said Mrs. Wiseacre, "it seems to me that there's a lot to be said on both sides of this woman suffrage question."

"Yes, of course there is, dear," as-

sented her husband. "Aren't there women on both sides?"

**A Rhyme of the Time.**

It is easy enough to write letters  
Of a soft and a syrupy sort—  
But the fellow worth while  
Is the chap who can smile  
When they read his love letters  
In court.

**Her Fate.**—Daily papers relate how a baby girl was born on Friday, the thirteenth of the month, was the thirteenth child, and was given a name with thirteen letters.

Girls, the chances are that she will marry before the rest of you and be just as happy.

**There Are Exceptions.**—Over in the United States they performed a surgical operation that left the brain of the patient exposed. Now, in the case of some men that would be an absolute impossibility.

**One on Madame Melba.**—Madame Nellie Melba, the great Australian singer, who recently made a profitable tour of Canada, rather relishes telling a good joke, even if the point of it is at her own expense.



One little incident which she relates with some zest concerns her friends, the newsboys. Melba has always been interested in the newsies, and she always gives them a kindly smile at the street corners.

"She says that one day when she was travelling in a train she spoke to the boy who passed through the car selling fruits and candies. After making a purchase she said to him, "Would you like to go to the opera to-night and hear Melba sing?"

Well, I should smile," said the lad. "All right," said the singer, and she pointed a finger at her manager across the aisle. "Go over to that gentleman and tell him I said for him to give you a pass for yourself and your mother."

The youth stared at her. "But who are you?" he asked.

"I am Madame Melba."  
"G'wan, I seen her once, and she was real pretty."

But he got the pass nevertheless.

**Sandy Was Certain.**—Here is a good story about a group of Scottish lawyers who were gathered round a brew of toddy one evening. The conversation turned upon a question of pronouncement.

"Now I always say 'neether,'" one of the lawyers said, in discussing the pronunciation of the word "neither."

"I say 'nayther,'" remarked another lawyer. Turning to a third, he asked: "What do you say, Sandy?"

Sandy, whose head was a little muddled by too many helpings of toddy, woke up from a gentle doze. "Me?" he said. "Oh, I say 'whusky.'"

**Once Is Enough.**—Judge—"In connection with this damage suit, I am anxious to know just how often your railway kills a man."

Witness (the engineer) — "Just once."

**A Pun Worth While.**—A young woman of Picton, Ont., who married a preacher and is the mother of a bright ten-year-old boy, is telling her friends of a rather neat pun that the youngster perpetrated the other day.

It seems that the minister has an unusually trying preaching programme on Sundays, and the expression "I feel

Mondayish" means that he is tired out or unwell. On a recent Sunday his wife caught him taking a piece of mince pie just before going to bed. "You'll feel Mondayish and Tuesdayish, too, if you take that," she warned him.

Hearing this, the boy chirped in with the added exhortation—"yes, dad, and you'll feel all-weekish, too."

**The Reason.**—Henri Bourassa, speaking in Toronto the other night, complained of the corruption in Canadian politics, and declared with regret that no political miscreant had seen the inside of a Canadian prison in the last twenty-five years. Henri should realize that he is asking too much. Our jails are already sadly overcrowded, and if we went after the political rascals what on earth would we do for room?

**So Unnecessary.**—The report of Ontario's chief game warden makes it clear that fur-bearing animals are on the increase, and that therefore there is no excuse for the recent boost in the prices of furs.

Bless your honest heart, Warden, they don't need any excuse nowadays. They simply want the money.

**One Consolation.**—A millionaire's magazine is to be published in the wealthy cities of the world at four guineas for twelve numbers. We rejoice in the fact that no agent will try to sell it to us.

**An Adage Revised.**—John D. Rockefeller has moved from Cleveland to New Jersey in order to evade the payment of \$3,000,000 in income taxes.

In his case it is cheaper to move than pay taxes.

**Indeed Dangerous.**—Railway officials are complaining of the many accidents due to the hobble skirt. They say that women fall and are hurt while boarding and alighting from trains and cars.

That's all right, but what about the men? No thought for them. Think of all the poor fellows who have been bruised and maimed by falling into coal-holes, bumping into posts, or walking into automobiles while gazing intently at those same hobble skirts!

**Something New.**—At last they are to have something new and quite original on the French stage. Paris theatregoers expect quite a thrill. It is a play in which the hero is a husband and the heroine is his wife, and they are in love with each other.

**Britain's Need.**—We rather think that the mass of the people of Britain would prefer an arrangement for an "arson holiday" with Mrs. Pankhurst and her followers to a "naval holiday" deal with Germany.

**Precept and Practice.**  
"The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world,"  
Said the husband to his cradle-rocking spouse;

"Then, hubby dear, come over here and rule the world awhile,"  
Said she—and there was silence in the house.

**Too Much.**—Down in New Jersey, we see by the papers, they have an organist in a church choir who refuses to wear a surplice, because, as she says, she is too stout. She already has a surplus.

**Sad, But So.**—Jones—"The more dollars a man has the more convincing is his argument."  
Brown—"If he had plenty of dollars he doesn't need to argue—the dollars do it."

**Just a Coincidence.**—What's in a name? One of the Toronto school officials condemned by Judge Winchester as partly responsible for some of the city's losses bears the name of Waste.

**Tight Money**

THE present financial situation is largely due to unwise investments and speculations made by inexperienced investors in—

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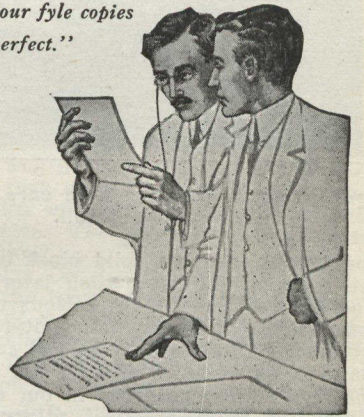
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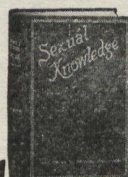
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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## That New Loan

THEY don't seem altogether favourably disposed in London towards the new Canadian loan, and one of the dailies voices the feeling of a good many people when it says frankly that they want to know more about why a loan is wanted by Canada. The idea has taken hold over there that Canada adopts too often the role of Oliver Twist and asks for more, and that sometimes the application is the outcome of political rivalry at Ottawa. But then London is so beautifully uncertain. When the writer was over there a few weeks ago a prominent financial writer aptly summed up the situation. He said, "One day they curse at the very name of Canada, and the next they won't have a word said against it."

Seventy-eight and a half per cent. of the new loan was taken by the underwriters. The public, following their usual method, seem to have waited till the lists were closed, expecting that a loan of such magnitude as \$25,000,000 would not be fully subscribed, and therefore securities might be bought at a discount.

## The Week in Canadian Markets

THERE are two ways of acting in an unfortunate situation. One is to talk loud and long about how bad things are, and the other is to just sit tight and try and deal with the trouble without crying out about it. We had an example of the former method during 1913. To-day we have an example of the latter way of treating depressing circumstances. The markets last week duplicated their behaviour of the week before, and most of the good sentiment that was present at the opening of the year gave place to a marked bear feeling. Several reasons are urged. Railroad earnings show a decrease which, in the aggregate, is substantial. The new Canadian loan has not gone any too well, and some harsh criticism followed its flotation. Dominion Steel passed up its usual three per cent. dividend on its common stock. The bank statement may, or may not, have influenced opinion on the street. It wasn't, at any rate, too promising. Then again, disquieting news from Brazil affected the Brazilian stocks. All these influences together make up an unusually good growl for the bear.

Barcelona broke a couple of points, but the opinion seems to be that this is only a temporary set-back. Brazilian slumped from 88 to 83½, and F. N. Burt common from the same mark to 85. C. P. R. took a further dip and touched 209. Dominion Steel, as a result of the dividend that didn't come, slumped five points. Laurentide, Mackay, Montreal Power, and Toronto Railway broke four, three, three, and two points, respectively.

Shredded Wheat seems to be doing well. It gained two points last week, making a gain of seven points for the month. Some people say it is going to do well very soon. Consumers' Gas moved up a point. Dominion Canners is exciting a good deal of interest. A gain of five points in one day is not to be sneezed at. Just why it has become active so suddenly doesn't yet appear, for the report was not any too good.

## Uncertainty in the Market

JUST now when every person seems to be uncertain as to the future course of the stock market, it may be well to review the course of events in the past fourteen months. Perhaps the best guide to a Canadian will be the course of prices in New York. The New York "Annalist" gives this in brief form in its chart which records the average prices of 50 stocks, 25 of which are railways and 25 industrials. In January, 1913, the high point average was 79; in February, 76½; March, 74¼; April, 75½; May, 71; June, 68; July, 70; August, 71½; September, 72½; October, 68; November, 67; December, 69; January, 70; February, 72. It will be noted that the tendency of 1913 was absolutely downward and that there is nothing in the averages of January and February to indicate that a definite upward movement has begun. The highest average in 1911 was 84.4; in 1912 it was up to 85.8; in 1913 it fell to 79.1; while for January and February of this year it was only 73.30. So far no comfort.

## Money in the Stocking

INDUSTRIAL concerns did not have a very prosperous year last year. Penmans, Limited, however, was an exception. Their profits increased, showing careful and energetic management. This company owns mills at Paris, Almonte, Brantford, St. Hyacinthe, Ayr, Thorold, Port Dover and Coaticook, all making knitted goods. The total capital is a little over five million dollars, of which two millions is bonds and one million preferred stock. Six per cent. is paid on the preferred and four per cent. on the common. After paying all dividends and adding \$100,000 to the reserve fund, Penmans were able to increase their profit and loss account by \$75,000. The reserves and profit and loss account now total over a million, which indicates the conservative method of financing this organization.



C. B. GORDON,  
The newly-elected President of Penmans, Limited.

At the meeting Mr. C. B. Gordon was announced as the new president. He succeeds Mr. David Morrice in this position, while Mr. R. B. Morrice becomes vice-president. Mr. E. B. Greenshields retires from the board, and his place is taken by Mr. William MacMaster. Mr. Gordon takes more and more upon his shoulders, but he is pre-eminently a man of affairs, and his utterances again and again have been as wise as they are weighty. Penmans is to be congratulated on its new head, and he on the honour of heading Penmans.

## Richelieu and Ontario's Year

THE profits of Richelieu and Ontario have hitherto depended largely on passenger receipts. If it was a warm, sweet summer the profits were good. If it was a cold, damp summer, when people wanted to stay on land instead of travelling on boats, profits fell off. Under the new order of

## \$100 BONDS

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Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO  
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IRISH & MAULSON, Limited  
Chief Toronto Agents.

## The Royal Bank OF CANADA

Capital Authorized ...\$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up .....\$11,560,000  
Reserve Funds .....\$13,000,000  
Total Assets .....\$180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT

J. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

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PROVINCE OF ALBERTA.....Due 1924	To yield 4.85 per cent.
CITY OF HAMILTON.....Due 1934	To yield 4½ per cent.
TOWN OF OWEN SOUND.....Due 1924	To yield 4.85 per cent.
TOWN OF BARRIE.....Due 1914-29	To yield 5 per cent.
TOWN OF WALKERVILLE.....Due 1916-33	To yield 5 & 5½ per cent.
TOWNSHIP OF ROCHESTER.....Due 1915-29	To yield 5½ per cent.
TOWN OF SANDWICH.....Due 1914-33	To yield 5½ per cent.
TOWN OF STEELTON.....Due 1923	To yield 5½ per cent.
TOWNSHIP OF OLIVER.....Due 1914-23	To yield 5½ per cent.

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**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL  
AND CORPORATION BONDS**

**The Canadian Bank of Commerce**

Head Office : TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$15,000,000; Reserve Fund, \$13,500,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, CV.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.

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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.

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W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

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Reserve - - \$1,500,000.

8

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things R. & O. is becoming more and more a freight line, although its passenger business is larger than ever it was. Consequently, the future earnings should be more stable.

There is some disappointment over the profits of 1913. These were equal to nine and a half per cent. on the capital stock, as against thirteen per cent. in the previous year. President Carruthers explained that the bookkeeping system has been changed. While this accounts for some of the decrease the president admitted that trade was not good during the latter part of the year. Of course this was natural, because transportation companies were bound to be affected by the shrinkage in trade. The recent drop in the price of R. & O. stock seems to be justified. With the inevitable growth of Canada, Richelieu and Ontario is becoming a great property, but that is no reason why this stock should be unduly boomed at the present time. The big Canadian companies must be careful not to let their capitalization get too high or their hopes too extravagant.

**Sound Position of Bell Telephone**

TELEPHONE stocks, like express company stocks, have always been money makers. The day may come when telephone stocks will have the same experience as the stocks of United States express companies are expected to have during the next ten years, but at the present time all is smooth sailing. The wireless telephone is not yet in sight, but, nevertheless, one would not like to wager that telephone companies the world over will be earning as much twenty-five years hence as they are earning now. During the next ten years, however, profits are pretty safe.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada is certainly doing well. Gross earnings for the 1913 year are over a million dollars more than the previous year, or about sixteen per cent. Increase in net is \$335,072, or seventeen per cent., while balance available for dividends shows a gain of twelve per cent. Owing to the new financing carried through in 1913, interest charges appreciated considerably, but even at that the surplus was ahead of that for 1912.

**A Poor Showing**

THE statement of the Asbestos Corporation of Canada is not much of a showing. The total capitalization of the company is ten million dollars, of which three millions is bonds, four millions preferred stock, and three millions common stock. The company earned enough to pay bond interest, but the surplus of \$67,000 is not enough to pay interest on the preferred, which looks as though the common stock will be a long discouraging hold. Assuming that nobody ever paid anything for the common, there will not be any loss. The man who paid, if any did, was rather foolish. On the face of it, this looks like an extreme case of over-capitalization.

**B. N. A.'s Statement**

THE Bank of British North America seems to have shared the prosperity which most of our banks enjoyed during 1913. Its report to shareholders is a record of progress, and Mr. H. B. Mackenzie, who went to London for the annual meeting, would appear to be justified in his optimistic outlook. Net profits were over seven hundred thousand dollars, which is equal to 14.17 per cent. on the paid-up capital of five million dollars, against 13.68 the year before. As the 1912 statement was for a broken period of eleven months, comparisons are hardly possible, but 1913 seems to have equalled the results of 1912.

In 1913, however, the bonus of one per cent., in addition to the dividend of eight per cent., was dropped.

**Hamilton Gets Another Factory**

AMERICAN automobile manufacturers are finding a profitable field in Canada. The Ford Company, who already have a branch at Ford, Ont., plan to have a factory at Toronto, and another at St. John. The Reo and the Hupp, too, have plants in Canada. The latest automobile concern which is locating in the Dominion is the Overland, who announce their intention to install in Hamilton a large branch factory for the assembly and distribution of the famous Overland pleasure and commercial cars. The Canadian concern will handle much of the foreign trade of the Toledo plant.

**A Good Report**

THE good year which was the portion of most of the loan companies in 1913 is reflected in the annual statement of the Hamilton Provident and Loan Society. Net profits were just over a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Dividends—seven per cent. for the first six months, and eight per cent. for the last—took \$88,422. Sums of \$58,000 from profits and \$8,000 from new stock premiums were placed in the reserve fund, which now totals \$866,000. The capital of the company appreciated during the year and stands at \$1,200,000.

Altogether the report reflects careful but progressive management.

**Activity in the Bond Market**

THE bond market continues to be busy, as is evidenced by the fact that during February the municipal bond sales in Canada were considerably higher than in January, and also considerably higher than for February, 1913. There has been a very active demand for municipals. Seven provinces have been in the market, Ontario heading the list of sales. Hamilton has done particularly well. The February total of \$5,860,336 is the largest since March of 1911.

**Wait and See**

MONTREAL COTTON COMPANY makes a good showing. Its manufacturing profits for the past year were \$383,177, a hundred thousand better than in 1912. A surplus of \$18,259 was carried forward. This looks a rather small amount. The President said at the meeting that the cotton trade, like most others, was unfavourably affected during last year, and that it wouldn't be wise to prognosticate about 1914 yet. He is like Mr. Asquith, he prefers to "wait and see."

**Increased Dividend**

SUPPLEMENTARY to the annual report of the Standard Reliance Loan, which was noted in these columns last week, is the announcement that the dividend rate is to be increased from six to seven per cent. In view of the excellent showing made by this corporation, this is not surprising.

# MUSIC OF A WEEK

## The Latest Mischa Elman

There are always two sets of opinions about a violin player like Mischa Elman, who played last week once more, as he has four times before, with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra. As usual, he had a packed house and enthusiasm enough to burn it down. After his last solo number without orchestra, when it was a certainty that those who had paid 50 cents a seat had not yet got the worth of the people's money who paid two dollars for the same, he gave three encores. If the stage management had not hauled away the piano and pulled the orchestra together, he would have been expected to play another. And there never has been an artist in this country whose encores were more generously and sincerely given.

Elman has preserved the rare spontaneity of the boy who first came to this country in 1909. He is never so much of a mere artist as he is an uncontrolled dynamo of music. The young Russian who is so full of energy—it's a wonder he can ever be content to sleep—is a direct medium between the great invisible of pure music and the public who, always more or less blase over clothes and customs and grubbing for a livelihood, are at the other end of the scale. He is the product of no school. Leopold Auer, of the St. Petersburg Conservatory, gave him all the tutoring he had after Fiedelman at Odessa got him from his father, the poor Jewish schoolmaster. When he was four years of age Mischa played on a toy violin, given him by his father, who, an amateur fiddler himself, was also the son of a well-known violinist. Fiddling evidently ran in the family. Auer was himself a great violinist. When he got Elman he was conscious of a prodigy. He brought the lad out as a trick substitute for himself in St. Petersburg, and Elman almost leaped into fame as a result. Auer was the man for whom Tchaikowski really composed the Concerto, which Elman has since made his own somewhat as Carreno made the Macdowell Concerto, composed and dedicated to her. But Auer never really played it, because it was too difficult.

ELMAN probably plays it a little better than any one else. Millions in America will remember him for this Concerto when they forget most of his other works. He played it when he first broke into the musical ennui of Carnegie Hall in 1908. He played it to New York again this season, when the Carnegie Hall crowd refused to go home till the lights were turned out.

His playing of this hobby concerto in Toronto last week was one of the greatest musical efforts ever achieved in this country. It was also characterized by many of the Elmanisms that will never permit this young extravaganza to be much like any other exponent of the violin. When Elman first came to America he was a combination of circus actor and great musician. He is now a much greater musician and much less of a vaudevillian. He has the ability to seize the great poetic and tonal essentials of a big work and to make it vibrate with immortal meaning to the common people as well as to the musical elect. His tone is amazingly big, and eloquently sensuous. His technic is overwhelming. Sometimes his G string sounds like a deep-throated viola, at times almost like the upper register of a cello. His E string is the equal of any living player's. He is able to make his Strad. almost a master of magic. At one period during the Concerto when he played a very soft cantabile passage, if you suddenly glanced at the orchestra, it seemed to surprise you that they also were playing. Elman has such a big orchestral quality in his Strad. that he sometimes creates the illusion of using the orchestra as merely as part of his instrument. And it takes a

more than average orchestra accompaniment to create such a comfortable illusion. This may be set down to the great credit of the T.S.O. who, under Welsman, have achieved a real reputation for accompanying big artists.

It was in his middle register that Elman now and then forgot the sensuous quality of his work and permitted himself to scratch a bit. He has such remarkable strength of muscle and nerve, and such a brainy grip of his piece that he is not always careful to preserve the purity of his tone. Yet is there any living violinist who can get such great poetic impulses out of a fiddle, and at the same time adequately interpret a big piece?

If Elman would now decide that he is no longer an amazing boy, but the makings of a very great musical man, he might get finally rid of all his restless contortions and become a self-controlled artist. He still inclines to over-sentimentalize, though not often. He still ignores the critic and plays a good deal to the gallery; but in so doing he never fails to be a real interpreter.

The orchestra played better than it has ever done before; not only in the Concerto, but quite as much in the Peer Gynt Suite, the Anacreon Overture of Cherubini and the Carnaval Romaine of Dvorak, which was given with a fine fling of bravado. No audience in Massey Hall has shown itself so appreciative of the orchestra. Never before that we remember has the orchestra been encored when the audience was waiting to hear again a big artist like Elman.

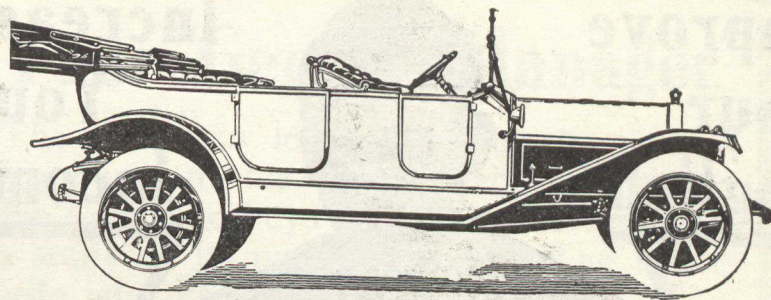
## Pipe Organs and Progress

CALGARY has nine pipe organs, ranging from two to four manuals each. This is not important merely because of the money invested, which runs somewhere over \$100,000. It is important as reflecting the musical progress of Calgary and all western cities of its class. Nine pipe organs, costing from \$5,000 to \$15,000 each, means more than spending that sum of money on "kists o' whistles." It means more than engaging nine organists capable of playing such instruments. It means having nine choirs of singers capable of performing choral music worthy to be played on organs of that size by organists of that calibre. It means that choral singing and church music are being raised to a point of efficiency comparative to other pursuits of mankind in progressive places. It means the development of musical culture among thousands of people who take no direct part in the production of music, beyond paying for its cost. No community ever made real progress worth while without the development of art in as many forms as possible. The most useful and democratic of all the arts in progress is music. No city or town ever made much musical progress worth while without church choirs and pipe organs as a basis. The progress made by Calgary and other such cities in the establishment of choral societies and music festivals and symphony orchestras is made possible by the money spent and the interest aroused in church choirs and good pipe organs.

EVERY good choral society begins in a church choir. The greatest chorus in America, if not in the world, began in a church choir in Toronto. The people who take an interest in good church music and in choirs and pipe organs are the people who make it possible to establish more public and non-sectarian forms of musical art.

The newest big organ in Calgary was opened some weeks ago in Grace Presbyterian church, in the accompanying programme, by the talented organist, Mr. Percy Hook:

Andante Cantabile from Fourth Symphony ..... Widor.



## The Statement of the Fact \$20,000 Challenge

The best, and easily the most efficient and enduring, automobile engine is made in Canada—not in Europe or in the United States—but right here, in Canada. This fact ought to be a source of national pride and recognition.

This statement is a broad one, but it is the unchallenged truth.

If your motor is not a Russell-Knight, no matter who made it, nor where it came from, nor how much you paid for it (with duty added, perhaps), nor who may have told you otherwise—it is not the best, nor the most efficient, nor the most enduring, nor the best value for your money. The best value to-day is made in Canada.

This has been proved—and to the hilt.

The engine test recently conducted by Professor W. H. Price of the Faculty of Applied Science of the University of Toronto has abundantly shown it. The results have been made known. They are authentic and certified. They have established many world-records for engine efficiency, economy, endurance, and power production, unapproachable to other type motors. There is no poppet valve engine manufactured which has ever equalled, or can equal, the performance of our Russell-Knight Motor. The convincing proof is backed by a

## \$20,000 CHALLENGE

to any manufacturer of poppet valve engines or enthusiastic admirers of them, to equal the performance of our Russell-Knight Engine. This challenge has been open since February 18, and remains open for 90 days.

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- Mrs. J. H. Jamieson.
- Choral ..... Bach.
- Intermezzo ..... Callerts.
- Evening Star (Tannhauser) .. Wagner.
- Formal Presentation of Organ.
- Meditation Service, Op. 243 .....
- ..... H. N. Bartlett.
- Evening Bells and Cradle Song .....
- ..... Will C. MacFarlane.
- Vocal—"The Lord Is My Light".....
- ..... Nathaniel D. Mann.
- Mr. T. W. McKee.
- Prologue ..... Purcell J. Mansfield.

The organ itself is described as follows by the organist in a communication to the "Canadian Courier":

"The organ, which was built by The Canadian Pipe Organ Co., Ltd., of St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, is one of the finest in Western Canada. The console is detached and the main organ is pneumatic action, while the echo organ, which is above the centre of the auditorium, and contains chimes, etc., is electro pneumatic. The pipes are aluminum finish, with gold leaf trimmings. The case is of quartered oak, corresponding with the interior of the church.

"The great organ contains double open diapason, first open diapason, second open diapason, doppel flute, dolce, harmonic flute, octave, fifteenth, mixture and trumpet.

"The swell organ contains bourdon, horn diapason, stopped diapason, clarabella viola di gamba, voix celeste, flauto traverse piccola, dolce cornet, cornopean, oboe and vox humana.

"The choir organ contains open diapason, melodia, dulciana, viole d' orchestra, wald flute, flageolet and clarinet.

"The echo organ contains cathedral chimes, rohr flute, aeoline, viox celeste, traverse flute, oboe gamba, nox humana and bourdon.

"The pedal organ consists of open diapason 16 feet, bourdon 16 feet, gedekt 16 feet, flute 8 feet, stopped diapason 8 feet, violoncello 8 feet, and trombone 16 feet.

"Couplers consist of: great to pedal, swell to pedal, choir to pedal, echo to pedal, swell sub to great, swell super to great, swell sub to choir, swell super to choir, swell sub, swell super, swell to great unison, choir to great unison, swell to choir unison, choir sub to great, choir super to great, choir sub, choir super, great at octaves, echo at octaves, tremulant to swell, tremulant to choir, tremulant to echo, pedal stops to manual combinations, four adjustable pistons to great, five adjustable pistons to swell, three adjustable pistons to echo, three adjustable pistons to pedal, four adjustable foot pistons acting on all stops and couplers, reversible pistons for echo to pedal, choir to pedal, swell to pedal and great to pedal, swell pedals to choir, echo and swell, and one crescendo pedal, indicators for wind and crescendo."

Doctor's Strange Patient

(Concluded from page 9.)

A low laugh made him turn, and there in the doorway of the office stood his patient, but nothing to denote the boy except the short curls, though almost long enough now to meet the creamy lace rising from the neck of the peg top gown of black velvet.

"You will never see him again," she smiled, nodding towards the chair.

Stirling continued to gaze stupidly. Then, as doubt crept into the wide eyes, he desperately tried to collect his senses. "I thought," he stammered—

"That I should be gone!" in surprise. "Oh, no, I am not that ungrateful. See," and she drew from the bosom of her dress a roll of papers, which she reached out to him. "It is the chart translated. Please accept it as a token of my self-reproach for the terrible suspicions I have entertained, and," she added softly, "of my gratitude for your wonderful kindness to me. Besides," she continued, moving nearer, her wonderful eyes fastened on his face, "the Eldorado is nothing to me now without my father and brother—it was really to avenge their death I came—

but now"—and the voice broke. Stirling took the little hand extended, crumpling it and the papers in his grasp, and as his gaze continued, her own wavered and fell, but not before two secrets had been exchanged.

Failure of High Schools

ONTARIO is awakening to the fact that its high school system is a failure, and that all these institutions must be transformed. Some of them are being turned into agricultural high schools and some into technical schools.

There is a great awakening among the teachers. Here is a typical letter from a high school teacher in Eastern Ontario:

"Personally, I am much interested in agricultural and technical education, and am of the opinion that our government and the Department of Education are not attacking the problem seriously at all. The high schools of this province are engaged in preparing girls for the teaching profession, a few boys for the 'learned' professions, and a few more for engineering and business. A large proportion drop out without any real preparation for anything and go to swell the number of bank clerks, etc. Very few enter any mechanical or technical trade or farming. Those who do enter the latter get no benefit from their education except the general benefit of mental training. The high school here is in the centre of a fine farming district, and the town possesses two good industries, yet this school is not catering to the needs of the community at all, and very few pupils benefit the local industries. This condition is true all over the province, and the consequent economic waste is incalculable. We are really trying to give the boy of the twentieth century the education of a mediaeval monk plus a smattering of the natural sciences and modern languages. The whole thing bears about as much relation to the economic and social needs of our country as the Chinese alphabet does. The remedy lies in establishing agricultural and technical secondary schools not only in the cities that can afford to pay for them, but in the towns and counties. These schools should be freed entirely from local control and supported by the state. The teachers should be paid at least as well as the inside civil service, and should be hired, paid and stationed by the Department. The municipal School Boards have never done one single thing to advance education and never will; economy and not efficiency is their only idea; and as long as it costs money for efficient teachers and well-equipped schools, the School Boards will fight progress. I know what I say would not be agreed with by those who ring the changes on the 'humanities' and 'culture,' and who shout 'materialist' when one talks of making education a training for earning one's bread and butter and for subduing nature to man's material needs. However, I hope to see some steps taken in the directions I have indicated before very many years. This subject is too large for a letter, and I am afraid you will not care to read all I have said."

"Idonia"

Arthur F. Wallis, a new English writer, bids fair to take his place with Baroness Orczy and Stanley Weyman as a weaver of historical romances. "Idonia" (Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild. \$1.25 net) takes you back to the days of Good Queen Bess, the days when Raleigh—even if he did introduce the pernicious weed into England—retrieved his reputation by laying his cloak for Harry's daughter to walk over. Mary Queen of Scots was apparently a very real danger to England, and between his knowledge of fact and his range of fancy Mr. Wallis weaves a romance about the sad-eyed queen which is fascinatingly interesting. There is a good deal of swashbuckling and swearing of weird but very manly oaths, and the spirit of adventure is omnipresent, "Idonia" gives promise of great things to come.



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## Annuities for Disabled Workmen

(Concluded from page 6.)

classes. The manufacturer who is open to competition from provinces, states, or countries where a similar tax is not levied. Such a manufacturer, they claim, would be seriously handicapped unless he were in a financially strong position. Secondly, the manufacturer who is exporting most largely to those countries, where no such law exists, is deserving of special treatment. For example, a manufacturer who is now barely competing with his competitors in the selling of goods in Russia, China, Japan or France, would be seriously handicapped if this compensation tax should increase his costs by even five per cent. For these men, however, Sir William Meredith has no sympathy. So far as he is concerned, they must either pay the tax or go out of business. The fact that Canada is trying to build up certain lines of manufacturing which are still comparatively new in this country is not to be taken into consideration. The fact that Canada is encouraging her manufacturers to compete in foreign markets, in order to increase the value of our exports and to furnish return cargoes for the ships which through our ports, is a matter which Sir William ignores. In the words of Kipling, you must "Pay, Pay, Pay"—fifty-five per cent.

**N**OW, as to the workman himself. Will he be benefited, or will he not? The general belief is that Ontario needs a better compensation act than has hitherto existed. The workingman could get his compensation only after a fight with his employer or with a casualty company with whom the employer had insured. It seemed absolutely necessary to all those who had considered the question, that something must be done to eliminate the possibility of litigation in cases of injury to workmen. The ambulance chaser was a proof that better legislation was needed. The fact that lawyers made fat fees out of indigent workmen was evidence that it was time for a change. Nevertheless, in making the change the authors of the new law must be sure that they are not jumping from the frying pan into the fire—not remedying one evil by creating another.

There are those who believe that if Sir William Meredith's proposed law is brought into force some manufacturers will be driven out of the Province of Ontario. This is not a serious item, and for the purpose of this article may be overlooked. A more serious charge is that old men, or men with large families, will be discharged in favour of single men or married men without families. This is a serious objection. Hitherto, employers of labour have given special preference to the married man with a family. They have built houses for him that he might not be oppressed by high rents. They have provided playgrounds for his children. They have given him the opportunity of staying at work in dull times when the single men were sent out to look for new positions. If all this is to be changed by a law which compels an employer to provide for all the children of his injured workmen, no matter what their number, then it will be a doubtful accomplishment. The point is not dealt with by Sir William in his report.

**T**HERE is another point to be considered. Will it pauperize the workman and increase accidents? Investigations recently made in the city of Toronto show that the Corporation has been losing much money because civic employees were paid full time when away on sick leave. It was found that in one department where unskilled labour was employed the men averaged about forty days a year on sick leave, as against about three days a year in occupations in the same city where men were not paid wages during sickness. It is, therefore, quite within the realm of possibility that men will feign sickness, and that there will be a greater liability to accident, with

the knowledge that the employer must bear the bill of costs.

In Germany, in 1887, when the German compensation laws came into force, the accidents were 27.42 per thousand. In 1911 these had grown to 52.83 per thousand. The partial disabilities grew from 1.09 per cent. in 1886 to 2.31 in 1911. The temporary disabilities increased from .57 to 4.19 in the same period. This is not conclusive evidence, but it is worth considering.

**T**HERE are those who object to a state accident fund. Mr. S. H. Wolfe, consulting actuary, of New York, in a recent address to the Toronto Board of Trade, said:

"Now this idea of limiting the employer to a State fund is not a new proposition. It has been considered and debated in every country where a workmen's compensation act has been promulgated, and all of the European countries, with the exception of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Luxemburg, and Norway, have discarded it. Austria adopted her workmen's compensation act about two years after Germany did, so that the following of her example is not insignificant, but it is interesting to note that when the matter was discussed in Belgium and other countries the proposition of State insurance exclusively was rejected.

"In England it will be recalled that the act contents itself with providing for the payment of benefits to injured employees, and leaves to each individual employer the right to decide how he shall protect himself. I cannot go that far. I believe that we should throw some safeguard around the injured party by providing that the employer shall establish his financial responsibility in some way. In the recent act in New York, for instance, you will recall that the employer may belong either to the State fund or take out his insurance in a stock or mutual company, or if he can demonstrate to the satisfaction of the Commission that he is financially strong enough to carry his own insurance, he may do so, providing that he deposit with the Commission such securities as it may deem necessary."

One Canadian expert suggests that there should be three options, for all employers, instead of an act such as Sir William Meredith has outlined. These briefly are: 1. Grouping in mutual insurance companies. 2. Depositing with the State security and paying their own losses into State funds. 3. Depositing a copy of an insurance policy covering all wage-earners and leaving to the State the distribution of the benefits to which any may be entitled.

The manufacturer under any one of these three options would know in advance what his accident insurance would cost him. He would be able to calculate in advance what the costs of his products would be. Under Sir William Meredith's law he is liable to assessments which will be greater or less according to the quality of the workmen employed by all the members of his group and to the care which is exercised by these employers and these employees. In other words, there is an element of uncertainty in the proposed legislation which the manufacturer fears may place him in a false position and lead to possible financial starvation or financial ruin.

Whatever the truth may be the facts presented above are worthy of consideration and thought. If the Ontario Legislature adopts Sir William Meredith's suggestion the experiment will be watched with considerable interest by employers the world over. If the act is a success, then Ontario will vie with New Zealand as a place where the workman has secured rights and privileges which are superior to those in any other portion of the industrial world.

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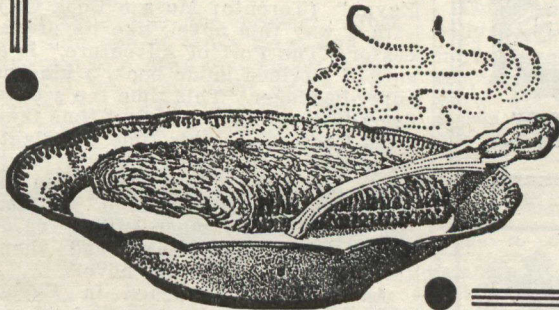
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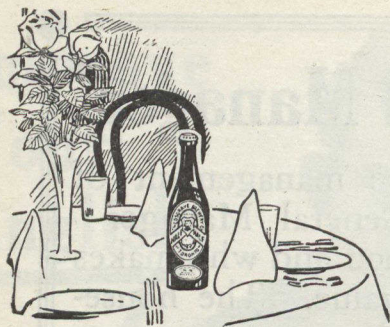
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## New Prose and New Poetry

WHEN W. B. Yeats, the Irish poet, introduced another of his kind in the person of Rabindranath Tagore, to the world of letters, he discovered, for all to appreciate, a genius. Since that, Mr. Tagore, the Bengali poet, has won the Nobel prize, which confirms beyond shadow of doubt, the fact of his arrival. Hardly have the reviewers done with his two earlier books when "The Crescent Moon" appears. (Macmillan and Co.: Toronto.)

This is a wonderful little volume. It is very attractive as to its externals, and the exquisite thoughts it contains make it very much worth while. The forty sketches of child life are Bengali poetry in English prose. Every word in every prose-poem shows you that Mr. Tagore knows all about what he writes about. He tells you of the child who sails his paper boat; of the boy who doesn't want to go to school; of the quaint manners of the babe; of the dreamings of the young mother, and he does it so incomparably because he does it so simply. He deliberately takes the common facts of childhood and fills them brimful of beautiful significance. He is not satisfied easily. He seizes on things that have been deemed platitudes since the world began, because they have been considered so immaterial—and asks "But why?" For instance:

Why are those tears in your eyes,  
my child?

How horrid of them to be always  
scolding you for nothing?

You have stained your fingers and  
face with ink while writing—is that  
why they call you dirty?

O fie! Would they dare to call  
the moon dirty because it has  
smudged its face with ink?

Mr. and Mrs. Williamson have established a reputation for themselves as novelists whose forte lies in their descriptive powers. This is enhanced by their latest work, "It Happened in Egypt." (Toronto: Musson Book Co.)

In a way this novel, like its predecessor, "The Port of Adventure," is a sort of glorified guide book, a kind of super-Baedeker. This time the scenes described are Egyptian; last time they were Californian; this time the sight-seeing is done chiefly from a river-boat; last time it was done from an automobile. C. N. and A. M. Williamson must be very much enamoured of automobiles; they have had them throbbing in four or five novels.

As to what happened in Egypt. Well, there were a number of things. Five or six people fell in love. Two ladies went to a hasheesh den, and were gallantly rescued therefrom by an English diplomat, who masqueraded as a Hadji. Then, again, an American girl was foolish enough to marry a Turk, and, of course, she had to be rescued. And Biddy, a perfectly lovely Irish girl, who was troubled with a past which was not her own, but her husband's, she found herself the pivot whereon a cycle of intrigue revolved. Then there was a treasure to be sought for, and when found, to be abandoned all because of the light in a lady's eyes. And so on. "It Happened in Egypt" is quite a good novel. When you have read it you don't know quite why you kept on reading—but a deck-chair, a blue sky, and "It Happened in Egypt" would be a delectable combination.

Ethel M. Dell, the English writer of that delightful story, "The Way of an Eagle," has surpassed it in her latest novel, "The Rocks of Valpre," published by William Briggs, Toronto. This book is very subtle while apparently very simple. It is a consummate analysis of a woman's heart, and it is ahead of Robert Chambers or Corra Harris in this regard, for it doesn't make half the pretensions towards psychology, and therefore doesn't lose itself half so often in the labyrinth of morals. An English girl, Chris, meets a Frenchman at Valpre. To her mind—for she is but seventeen she and Bertrand are just pals. But Bertrand is in love with her and knows it. Subsequently, she marries an English journalist without loving him—and thereby hangs the tale, for

Bertrand becomes her husband's secretary. There are fireworks, literally and metaphorically, and the husband, whom it isn't easy for the reader to like, behaves in a curious way. He doesn't appeal at all until the last two or three chapters. In the early chapters, Mordaunt—the husband—is a mild edition of Mr. Murdstone. The charm of "The Rocks of Valpre" is its intense humanness. It should have as ready a sale as "T. Tembarom," another "winner" picked by this house.

The Macmillan Company of Canada have published a very clever book. It is by James Stephens, and is called "Here Are Ladies." James Stephens is the Irishman author of "The Crock of Gold," and like his fellow-countryman, George A. Birmingham, has the happy knack of putting the reader in good humour with himself.

"Here Are Ladies" is a collection of short sketches grave and gay. They are photogravures of men and women as they are, set in a frame of why-they-are. The author is a word painter of exquisite artistic taste and almost uncanny vision. He sees only the things that everyone may see, but he perceives the motive and raison d'être. Here is no superficial glancing, but deep, deep insight; no hurried acquaintance but knowledge born of close attention and soundest philosophy. I should think Mr. Stephens is a much-travelled man, for he has a wonderfully broad understanding and a charitable sympathy. He knows men and women. In the section, "Three Young Wives," he describes a marital relationship. "Her husband had gone out that evening with a friend. In his usual hit-or-miss style, he kissed his wife, and asked her to settle his tie. He was always asking her to do something, but he never did anything for her. It was 'Will you hand me the paper like a good girl?' and 'I say, dear, my pipe is stuffed, you might stick a hairpin through it,' or 'You might see, old lady, if there is a match anywhere'—and so on.

J. E. Buckrose has written a book called "Gay Morning" (McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto. \$1.25 net). If the reader didn't have the title on the top of every page he would never be allowed to forget it, for the author drags it in every now and then—often within three or four hundred words of its last appearance. It seems that "Gay Morning" is the morning of life, the hey-day of youth, and the story deals with a man and a maid and a knight and another maid and two country people who have grown rich and can't quite reach up to their new estate. The knight falls in love with the maid, who is engaged, and after various happenings—inevitably associated with the gay morning—he marries her. But this is after the maid's father, who became suddenly rich, becomes suddenly poor.

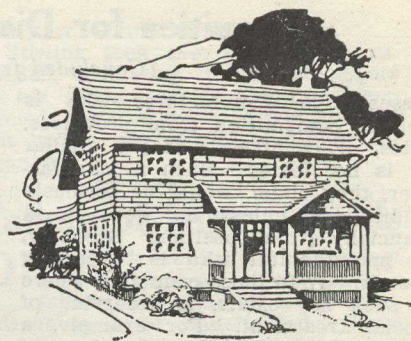
Now and then the reader begins to think he is dense. He can't see the connection between certain things—shrimps and the gay morning, for instance. Mr. Bassett and his daughter are feasting on shrimps.

"Good, aren't they?" said Mr. Bassett, unable to bring forth from his inner consciousness the thought that they tasted to him of the gay morning.

I never attained the "gay morning" taste in shrimps yet!

In "The Best Man" (Toronto: McClelland and Goodchild; \$1.25 net), Grace Livingston H. Lutz has given us an interesting, if a little far-fetched, novel. A secret service man is sent out from Washington to recover a state document in New York. He succeeds in his mission, but when he gets away, finds he is pursued. Taking the first method of escape which presents itself, he jumps into a waiting carriage, and finds himself driven to a church, where everyone seems to be expecting him. Ultimately, he finds himself married! How he subsequently falls in love with his wife, and she with him, is the burden of the tale.

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# Behind the Picture

BY Mc'Donnell Bodkin

CHAPTER XXI.

A Momentous Discovery.

BY a strange chance Hugh carried the recovered Velasquez to the same small upper room in the big house in Bond Street, where Pallacio had fraudulently showed it to Sybil. For a little time all other thoughts were flooded out by the joy at its recovery, and the intense artistic delight in its beauty. Its strength, its ease in every touch, overstrained his admiration, overwhelmed him with wonder and delight.

After a little while the artistic rapture gave place to the still more ecstatic thought of the joyous meeting with Sybil. Then his thoughts wandered to the strangeness of the whole adventure, the mystery in which from the first to the last the picture was enveloped. He recalled the vague suggestions of Pallacio, the dry hints of Mr. Yorke, that something more than a mere artistic love of a masterpiece had prompted the daring of Lord Sternholt's daring theft. By what strong secret motive was he inspired? The striking likeness between the picture and Sybil's dead father heightened the mystery. To perplex him still further there wandered into his mind Mr. Darley's strange statement to his wife, which Hugh had often heard her repeat, and always with amazement that the frame was still more valuable than the canvas. The thing was absurd of course. True, it was a richly carved and handsome frame, but if it were virgin gold it could not have equalled the picture in price. Hugh's wandering thoughts vaguely reverted to the fact that the massive frame was rather of late Florentine than Spanish design. If the original frame was not forthcoming, he asked himself, why had it not been replaced by one of the same kind? Mr. Darley plainly knew something about the picture. Why had he framed the Velasquez so heavily? "The frame was more valuable than the picture." Then all of a sudden all the stray hints and wandering thoughts came together in a flash of enlightenment—some secret or some treasure was hidden in the heavy frame of the Velasquez.

The conviction was absolute as it was sudden. There was no doubt in his mind that he had solved the mystery at last. The words, "the frame is more valuable than the picture," if they had a meaning at all, could have no other meaning than this. Did Lord Sternholt guess the secret when he stole it?—had he discovered the treasure or secured the documents the frame contained? For a moment Hugh was chilled by the thought. If Lord Sternholt knew of the treasure there was the true and sufficient motive of the robbery.

Then he encouraged himself to doubt. He was comforted by the knowledge that Lord Sternholt could never have heard the words that had given him his clue.

He might have had vague suspicions inspired by the resemblance of the picture to Sybil's dead father and his own dead brother. And those suspicions might have inspired the theft. But there was at least room for hope that the secret of the frame was still undiscovered.

Excitement and impatience took fast hold of Hugh. He burned with feverish curiosity to find the secret whose nature he now vaguely guessed. Set-

ting the frame on the floor he examined it carefully back and front with a powerful magnifying glass, and found nothing. An hour was wasted without effect, and his excitement was more intense than before.

Then he felt the whole of the elaborate carving over with sensitive fingers, searching for some projection that on pressure might release a spring and reveal the hiding place. All in vain. He tapped the frame all over with his knuckles. Everywhere it gave out the same sound of solid wood. In spite of all his efforts it kept its secret imperturbably.

Yet, strange to say, with every failure his conviction grew stronger that it had something to hide, and resolved that he would chop it to match-wood if need be to extort that secret so obstinately withheld. Locking the door behind him he went out into the street, and was amazed to find it was so late as half-past six. Hugh had tasted nothing since early morning but a cup of Abdallah's coffee and a liqueur. He had no desire to eat. His excitement obliterated time and hunger. He felt he was on the verge of some startling discovery which nothing must delay.

At the first hardware shop he came to he bought a small hatchet. The shopman wanted to send it home, and was surprised when Hugh insisted on carrying it off in his hand. He compromised with his eccentric customer by disguising it so completely in the folds of thick brown paper that it looked more like a ham than a hatchet.

Back again in his room, Hugh stripped off layer after layer of thick brown paper, and got the white handle and keen blue blade naked at last. But the artistic carving of the frame disarmed him when he stood, weapon in hand, before it. He remembered that it was in that frame that Sybil had known the picture. He could not bear to destroy it. Besides there was the chance that the rough and ready methods might defeat his purpose, might destroy the treasure sought. No, he said, he would go carefully over the search again. If there was a secret hiding place his eye or finger tips would find it out. If he could only see through the wood.

"By Jove!" he cried out as the thought struck him, "what a fool I was not to have thought of it before." The problem was solved.

THE evening before Hugh had dined at the Garrick with a man he had first met when a boy in Dublin, and many times since. Surgeon McCarver had always a special fascination for him since that day long ago when he had seen him with keen eye and steady hand, "break into the bloody house of life" to save its tenant from impending doom. To call back a departing soul from the very confines of the grave seemed to Hugh a power second only to the Creator's.

In after days, when the two met in London, the great connoisseur was very courteous and deferential to the great surgeon, and the surgeon—a kindly, genial soul, by no means exempt from the vanities of the world—was much flattered by his attention. Now there came back to Hugh's remembrance the effective use that McCarver had made of the X-rays, then recently discovered. Since then the great surgeon had made more constant and more successful use of the wonderful discovery. By McCarver's aid, if he would lend it, every fibre of

the frame could be searched for its secret.

Hugh caught the surgeon at his club, with a glass of champagne at his side and a big cigar between his teeth, the centre of an admiring group, to whom he was narrating some marvellous adventure.

At a sign he unceremoniously broke away from them with an abrupt "excuse me you chaps, I'll finish the story some other time."

"What is it, my boy?" he said with real anxiety in his voice. "You look worried, but you don't look sick. I hope it's nothing in my line."

"It is and it isn't. I want your help in a matter of importance."

"You shall have it."

VERY briefly Hugh put his case, telling no more than was necessary. He suspected, he said, something of great importance hidden in a secret drawer, but he could not discover the whereabouts of the drawer or the secret for opening it. "I want to search," he concluded, "with the X-rays. Can you help me to an apparatus and a fellow who knows how to use it?"

"Of course, of course, there is nothing more easy."

"But when?"

"No time like the present. Just jump into one of those taxis, and I'll drive you to a chap that makes a specialty of the thing right away. One moment till I telephone I'm coming."

In ten minutes they were in a doctor's study that looked like a laboratory, and were welcomed by the owner—a tall young man with the pale handsome face of a student.

"Dr. Allman," said McCarver, "I want you to do a favour for a pal of mine."

"I will be glad to do anything for any friend of yours, McCarver. I ought to be considering what you have done for me."

"Tell him what you want," said McCarver to Hugh.

"There ought to be no trouble about that," said Dr. Allman quietly when Hugh told him. "Would you care first to see how the thing works?"

On a contrivance like a telephone stand in the middle of the room was a brass frame with a glass globe round, and big as an electric lamp at one extremity. The apparatus was attached by wires to an electric battery.

Dr. Allman gave a twist to a handle, and some machinery began to whirr.

Instantly a faint greenish yellow light showed in the bottom of the big glass globe.

He handed Hugh a small framed square, in size, in shape, in substance, like the school slate children use. It was of yellowish tint, covered with glass, but wholly opaque in ordinary light.

"Look through that," he said. "I can't."

"I beg your pardon, look through it at the green light." The doctor held his hand between the frame and the globe, and Hugh instantly saw the black skeleton of a hand.

The doctor took his purse in his hand. Through leather and clenched hand Hugh could count the coins in it.

"Wood is transparent in this light?" Hugh asked.

"Transparent as glass."

"No matter how thick?"

"No matter how thick. I will find your secret drawer for you and its

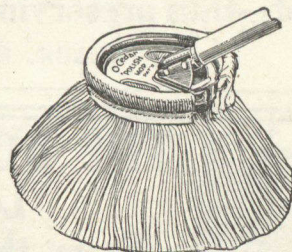
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CHAMPAGNE

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contents, provided, of course, there is an opaque object in it—opaque, that is to say, to the X-rays. If there is a metal spring or button it will be sufficient. Would you like to try it here or at your own place?"

"At my own place if it would not be too much trouble."

"No trouble in life. The apparatus packs up readily. In ten minutes I'll be ready."

"Am I wanted, doctor?" asked McCarver.

"I don't think so."

"Glad. I want to eat my dinner, and I have an important engagement for the evening. Good-bye, doctor, good-bye, Limner; you will both dine with me to-morrow night at the Club. Eight, what?"

Before they could get out an acceptance or an apology he was gone.

Dr. Allman, as he set up his dismembered apparatus in Hugh's studio, was not less excited than Hugh himself at the novel use to which it was to be put.

"This is a detective adventure," he said, "the most interesting of all. That big eye of mine has up to this only searched out broken bones and bullets."

"That was exciting enough, I should think," said Hugh, "when the stake was a human life."

"That may be; still novelty has its charms. I suppose it's some old-fashioned desk we have to look into?"

"No, it is that picture frame straight before you."

"A picture frame," said the other in surprise. "What a queer hiding place, but it will be easier to search than a desk. That seems a beautiful picture, Mr. Limner."

"It is a beautiful picture, doctor—a very valuable one. But the owner of the picture, and he was a good judge, once said that the frame was even more valuable. Now I want to find out why he said it."

"I'll find out for you," said Dr. Allman.

He set the wheels whirring, and the beautiful yellow green light—the mystical unmistakable light of the X-rays—glowed in the great glass globe. Dr. Allman took the cream-coloured square in his hand.

"Now," he said, "if you will move the frame slowly round between me and the light, I will look through it."

Lifting the picture on to a chair, Hugh made the frame revolve slowly between the faintly lit globe and the screen through which Dr. Allman peered.

TWO sides of the frame had been turned slowly in dead silence when Dr. Allman suddenly dropped his opaque spy glass.

"There is something there," he cried excitedly, "but I cannot make out what it is for the moment. It is small and square. Is it a jewel you are searching for, Mr. Limner? Here, take the screen. I will hold the frame steady, and you can look for yourself."

Hugh looked and saw a small black blotch about half an inch square. He could make nothing of it at first. Then somehow the curious shape struck him as familiar.

"Is sealing wax opaque to the rays?" he asked.

"Why, certainly."

"Then this is a seal on a letter. It was a letter I expected to find."

"I believe you are right—that is certainly the shape."

"How did it get in?" queried Hugh, "and how are we to get it out?"

"That's what we have to discover. Will you hold the picture and let me look again? Oh, I think I have it! There is a tiny little black dot and something that looks like a spring at the right of the blotch. I missed it at first, it is so small. Now hold the frame steady for a moment."

He put his right hand inside the screen and watched the bone of his finger-tip hover over the black dot. Then he pressed down firmly, and felt the point he pressed yield to his finger. A slim slip of wood flew back, and an edge of paper showed itself at the opening pushed out by a spring.

Dr. Allman pulled a sealed letter from the aperture, and without a word or a glance at seal or address handed it to Hugh.

"That is what you wanted, I think,"



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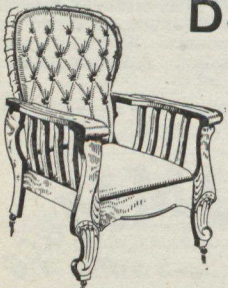
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he said quietly. "I am glad to be able to help you to find it."

"I cannot tell you how grateful I am," Hugh answered, all of a tremble with excitement. "I believe this letter is all important to someone very dear to me. No fee can half repay you for what you have done for me, but—"

"You must pay me none. My dear fellow, I could not take it if I wanted to. The laws of the Medes and Persians are not more stringent than doctors' etiquette. The little I have done for you I have done as a friend of McCarver's, and I hope some time you will let me say a friend of your own. An adventure like this helps to make friends."

WHILE he was speaking Hugh was writing a cheque. He blotted it and handed it to Dr. Allman.

"For any hospital you choose."

"A thousand guineas," cried the doctor in utter amazement, "this is absurd."

"Not in the least. I am a rich man, doctor. I may say a very rich man, who has made his money easily. I have always thought an hospital the greatest charity in the world. Once on a time I tried to be a doctor myself. You can't refuse to help your hospital."

"Well, if I must—and a thousand thanks. Now I will pack up and get out of the way, for I can see you are dying to read your letter."

To this Hugh had no objection, so he helped him to carry his apparatus downstairs and pack it safely into a cab. It was not till he got back to his studio and had locked the door behind him that he took the letter from his pocket and examined the seal and address. It was the seal of the Sternholts clearly impressed on red wax—a hand grasping a thunder-bolt, with the motto, "quod volo id facio." The address was to "My dear wife, Margaret Darley," and on the left hand corner, three times underlined, the word "Urgent."

At this Hugh was sorely perplexed. Should he open the letter? Had he the right to open it?

His instinct, bred by the convention of honour, revolted against the unpardonable sin of breaking the seal of a letter addressed to another, especially the letter of a husband to his wife. But common sense urged him to put foolish scruples aside and open it at once.

The letter was urgent, more urgent than ever, doubtless by reason of the long delay. Mrs. Darley was not to be found. Further delay might be disastrous to her. Above all, he had the conviction that if she could be consulted she would trust him to open it.

He took the plunge, not breaking the seal, but slitting the top of the envelope with a penknife, and many a time afterwards he rejoiced that common sense had conquered his scruples.

There were two enclosures in the envelope—both written in a clear, bold hand on the thin paper typewriters use. Hugh saw at a glance that one was a short will; the other was a letter. He put the will aside and read the letter first.

"My very dear wife," it ran, "I hope you will know the secret this letter holds while I am alive to explain it. If not, I believe you will understand and forgive. It is the one, dearest, I have kept from you, and it was for your sake I kept it. I feared to transplant my sweet country flower from the quiet home, the secluded life she loved. I doubted—forgive me if I was wrong—but I doubted if you could love the Earl of Sternholt, as I knew you loved Vincent Darley. I remembered the poem you read that day, and what came to the Lord of Burleigh, so I led a double life. To the world I was the Earl of Sternholt, to you I was a husband. But our daughter, Sybil, must not be defrauded of her birthright. It is for this reason that I have put the letter where it is not likely to be lost or stolen. You alone shall know the secret of its hiding-place. I have had a curious feeling of late, dearest, that I have not long to live—a feeling that I trust we may laugh at in a little while when we read this letter together. But if you read

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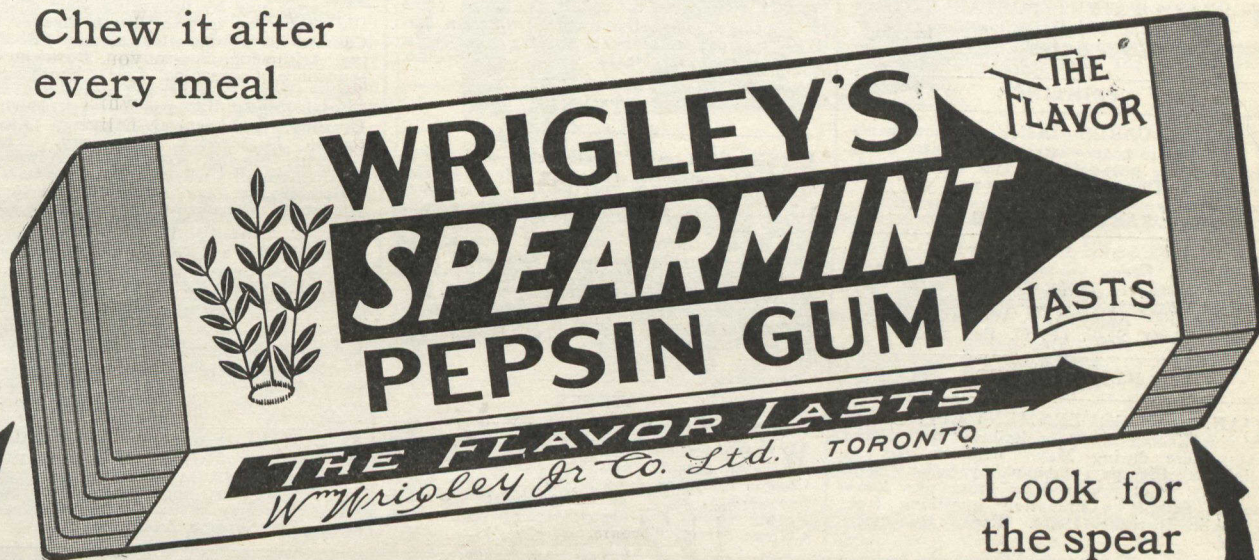
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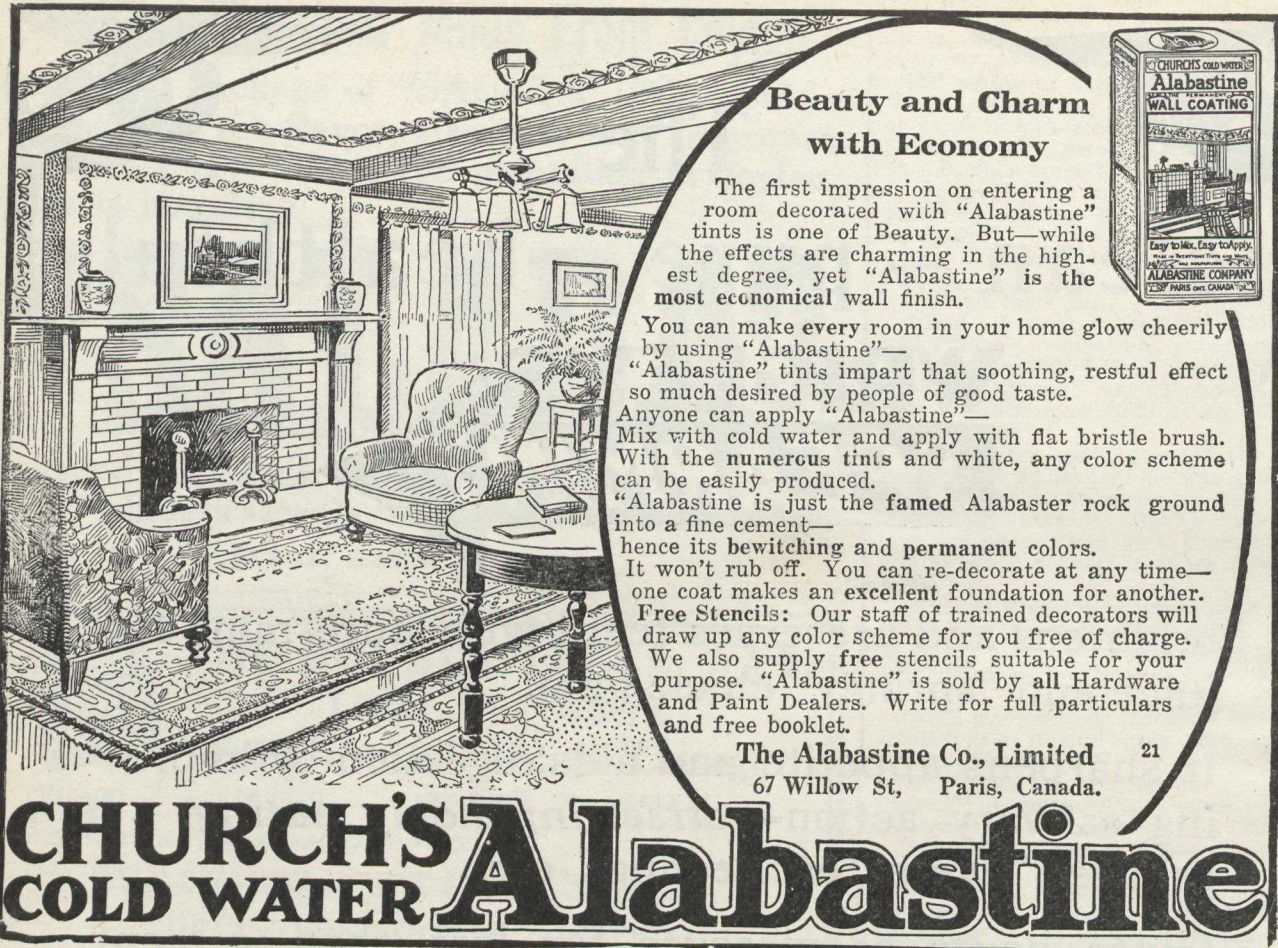
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it alone, Margaret, when I am gone, you will forgive me that I deceived you through excess of love.

"Yours always in life or death,  
"Vincent, Earl of Sternholt."  
Hugh read the letter, which was plainly meant by the husband for the wife's eyes alone. Hugh's sense of honour was galled, though reason held him blameless.

The will was short.  
"To my beloved wife," it ran, "I give Clonard Cottage in Connemara, where she and I have passed so many happy days together, with the sum of five hundred a year for life. To my daughter, Sybil, I bequeath the lands and residences of Sternholt Towers, and all other property—real and personal—of which I may die possessed."  
The will was duly signed and witnessed, and the date was a month before his disappearance.

For a while Hugh sat gazing at the paper, dazed by the astounding discovery. With his keen delight at the great good fortune that had come to Sybil there was mingled—though he would not own it, even to himself—a lurking sorrow that by the wondrous change of fortune she was lost to him for ever.

Presently he came back to his own quick-witted self. He put the papers in his pocket, and carried them straight away to Mr. Yorke.

The great man was "engaged." Hugh gave a guinea to the watch dog clerk to send in his card with the word "urgent" on it, and almost immediately he was ushered into the room just in time to hear Mr. Yorke blandly speeding his departing guest, "So sorry, my dear sir, another time; appointments must be kept, you know. Some people are so inconsiderate."

"Tiresome person," Mr. Yorke exclaimed when the door had closed behind the departing client—never knows when to go. Well, Mr. Limner, I see by your looks you have something to tell me; make it as short as you can."

Very briefly Hugh told him how he had secured the picture. Mr. Yorke looked surprised and shocked. No one would have dreamt that he himself had suggested the robbery. "Very dangerous and foolhardy, and wholly illegal," he murmured. Then in quite a changed voice, "Did you find any papers?"

For answer Hugh took the papers from his pocket and handed them to him.

Mr. Yorke dived into the documents at once. When he looked up his excitement showed itself in a faint flush on his high cheekbones, and a watering of the fish-like eyes.

"If anything was ever clear in law I should say this was a clear case. That is to say—how long is the late Lord Sternholt dead? Do you know? Never mind, I've got a Debrett here." He whisked the pages over, and came instantly to what he wanted. "Mr. Limner," he said gravely, "you found the papers in the nick of time. Lord Sternholt died eleven years, eleven months and thirteen days from the present date. In a fortnight more the claimants would have been barred by the Statute of Limitations. The ladies must issue their writs forthwith."

"But they are in Rome."  
"Wire to them."  
"I don't know their address."  
"Find it—go to Rome and find it. There is no time to lose. Here is the name of a firm of solicitors. See them before you start, and wire them when you get the ladies' authority. I will speak to them myself on the subject—they will have the writ ready when they get your wire. Good-bye, Mr. Limner, you have got to catch the next train and boat for Rome."

**CHAPTER XXII.**

**A Thug.**

**WHEN** Lord Sternholt returned in triumph from Christie's with his Reynolds, he was much interested to learn that Hugh Limner had called with a picture, and left again in his absence.

It is curious how some thought or fact which has eluded us all our lives hits us twice in rapid succession like the rat-tat of a postman's knock. Every one has noticed it in his own experience. You have never heard of



May you live all the days of your life.—SWIFT.

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the thing until to-day, and from a quite independent and unconnected source you hear it again to-morrow.

So it chanced that on the very next day after Lord Sternholt had gladly handed over Pallacio's Rubens to Limner for a thousand pounds, he learned for the first time of the wonderful process by which an old painting can be transferred to a new canvas, and had astounded the dealer who told him of it by a sudden outburst of fury.

"Curse him," his lordship had snarled, "the cunning rascal knew it all the time."

The words broke furiously through the barrier of his self-control. But he pulled himself together and explained to the astonished dealer, who, staring at him with fat hands resting on his knees and head bent forward, that the curse was not intended for him.

Lord Sternholt, judging Hugh by himself, never for an instant doubted that he had come back to him again with the Rubens, counting on a substantial profit. He was sorry to have missed the chance. Few scruples troubled his lordship. Hugh, he considered, had cheated him out of the picture, and he meant, if he could, to have his own back by fair means or foul. If it came to Sternholt Towers it would not leave it for the second time.

So he sat down at once, and wrote a very cordial note to Hugh, regretting his absence, and asking him to come again with the Rubens.

Three days Lord Sternholt waited for an answer. Three precious days as the event proved for Hugh and Sybil—and each day his wrath grew. On the third day he was moodily pacing his long picture gallery, and the memory of the Rubens lost by his own folly, blinded him to the beauties of the masterpieces that were his. They seemed tame and old in comparison with the prodigality of light and colour that he remembered in the lost masterpieces. Pausing at last before the vacant panel he half unconsciously pressed the spring that would give the glorious Valesquez to his eyes. Slowly the panel revolved. But instead of the portrait there was displayed a square of canvas with the words boldly painted in scarlet letters:

"The Robber Robbed."

Lord Sternholt stared at the flaming letters in utter bewilderment. So dizzy with surprise that for a moment his eyes conveyed no thoughts to his brain. The thing was absurd, incredible. He stood there stolidly waiting for the letters to vanish and the picture to reappear.

THEN the truth came upon him with a rush. The picture was stolen, and the daring thief challenged him with the flaring insult that he had set it in its place.

With a sudden certainty he knew the thief, and there was something horrible in the silent, murderous anger of the man. A tiger is less horrible when with quivering limbs and wrinkled lips that show the cruel white fangs, he crouches for a spring. For this was the fury, not of a man nor a beast, but of a devil. There was no word, no motion; like a statue he stood, with every nerve and muscle of his body taut as a bowstring with rage. His hands tight clenched, his teeth ground together, his black brows met over eyes that glowed with a half baneful light, and a muttered curse forced itself through his clenched teeth, fierce as the low growl of a tiger.

By a desperate effort of his will he got his savage wrath under control, and sent the panel revolving that hid the flaring letters from his eyes. Then he pressed his thumb on the button of the electric bell, and kept it pressed until Abdallah came into the room.

Lord Sternholt studied the impassive face with a fierce intensity for a moment before he spoke. He half suspected the Eastern of treachery. But he might as well have studied the unchanging feature of a bronze statue.

"Abdallah," he said abruptly, "you left Mr. Limner alone in the gallery?"

The denial rose abruptly to the Indian's lips, but swift remembrance checked his utterance.

The second's hesitation roused his master to fury. "You dog," he whis-

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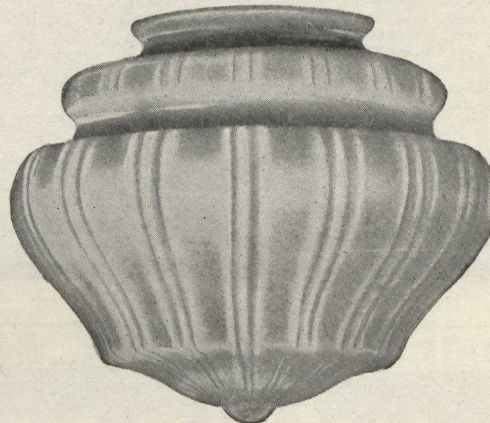
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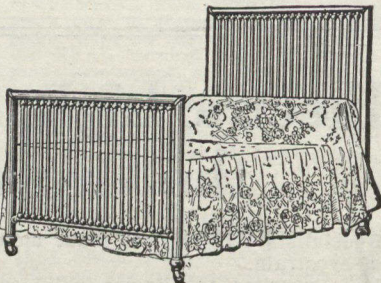
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pered, "you helped him to steal my picture!"

"He stole no picture," Abdallah answered boldly. "I left him here for a few minutes while I fetched a cup of coffee, but I locked the door, and I saw that every picture was on the wall when I departed. He carried away only the picture he had brought with him."

Again Lord Sternholt's fury broke loose. "Curse you for a dullard," he shouted. "Why could you not obey my orders? The rogue tricked you finely. Don't stare at me like that you fool, your face drives me mad!"

His fist was clenched, his arm bent to strike. If the man had flinched he would have struck. But there was something in that rigid face and figure, in those steady eyes, bright, opaque, inscrutable, that sobered him. He turned abruptly away, leaving Abdallah standing like a statue, and walked twice up and down the long gallery, while anger slowly concentrated itself with a murderous intensity on Linner. When he faced Abdallah again he was calm with the intense white heat of passion—a thousand times more dangerous than flaring wrath. His face was ghastly pale, his eyes glowed with the smouldering fire of live coals.

"Abdallah," he said quietly, "we have both been tricked. That thief, Linner, has stolen my best picture. It was hidden behind the panel, and he learned the secret from the old dog, Pallacio. He stole the picture, and left a blackguard scrawl instead. I want your help to avenge myself."

Then for the first time there was a subtle change—an evil change—in the Indian's face. Through the impassive mask and the impenetrable eyes a passing glimpse was shown of an implacable spirit, fierce and cruel.

"YOU owe me something, Lord Sternholt went on in the same low, even voice. "Do you remember when we first met and how?"

The strangeness of that meeting was vivid in both their memories at that moment. Lord Sternholt at the time was colonel in command of an outlying station in the north-west district of India. The weather was tolerable and game abundant, and men and officers were in the best of spirits when a sudden horror fell upon the camp.

One morning they found the youngest of the company, Ensign Haverly, a mere boy, a light-hearted, brave boy, strangled in his tent. There was no sign of a struggle, nothing to show how his assassin had come or gone through the crowded camp. The boy lay on his back with livid face and protruding eyes. A dark blue line round his neck told its own tale.

They were a fighting lot, and had little fear of the tribesmen of the hills, or the man-eating tiger of the jungle; but this strange death frightened them. Years ago a gang of Thugs had infested the district. The story went that they had been surprised in their nest among the hills and completely exterminated. The story lied. A week passed, the horror of the midnight visitation had begun to subside when the shadow of death again fell upon the camp. This time it was a grizzly war-worn major who was the victim, strangled in his sleep, as young Haverly had been strangled. Next week there were two deaths in the camp, next three, then horror took possession of them, and but for very shame's sake they would have scattered and fled through the forest.

Abdallah, who was Lord Sternholt's servant at the time, and who had saved his life when down between the paws of a man-eater, had strange stories to tell of a demon that dwelt invisible in the recesses of the hills, that hated the white man and slew him. Then one night the end came.

Lord Sternholt was used to sleep with a revolver under his pillow. One night, examining it by the merest chance, he found the cartridges drawn. Instantly the thought came to him that he was to be that night's victim. Very quietly he reloaded the pistol, and as quietly lit a match, and held a finger of his left hand to the flame until the skin wrinkled and blistered, and the pain was more than he could bear, for he knew his life



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THERE are few national institutions of more value and interest to the country than the Royal Military College of Canada. Notwithstanding this its object and the work it is accomplishing are not sufficiently understood by the general public.

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was at stake. With the sting of that throbbing finger for companion there was no danger he would sleep when sleep meant death.

All night he lay awake, silent and watchful, with the easy regular breathing of quiet sleep.

Just before dawn, when a ghastly light began to steal upon the darkness, he felt a touch of a colder air upon his cheek. Watching through half-open eyes he could see something moving silently, an inch at a time across the floor of his tent. He had the revolver in his right hand, and he lay and watched.

The outline of the shadow grew clearer on the background of faint, grey dawn. Softly it moved until it stood beside his bed, the figure of a man, lithe and strong, whose face he could not see. Very slowly the right hand was raised, he felt something touch the back of his head, light as the touch of a butterfly's wing. A noose of fine silk was closing round his neck when he fired. In the flash of the pistol he saw the face of his assassin. It was Abdallah, whose right arm dropped limp to his side, broken by the bullet.

The report brought a score of men rushing to the tent.

But Lord Sternholt had his story ready for them. He told them how Abdallah had lain in wait and grappled with the Thug, how, firing at random, he had wounded his faithful servant, and so gave the assassin a chance to escape. So he packed them off in vain pursuit, and was left alone with his would-be murderer. When he lit the lamp, and saw Abdallah standing there patiently waiting death, making no attempt at resistance or escape, the thought came to him that he would save him for himself, that he would convert assassin into slave.

The broken arm was set when the surgeon returned with the others from their useless search. The whole camp was lavish in their praise of the gallant servant, who had risked his life for his master's. But the shadow of death visited the camp no more, and to Abdallah was the credit of their deliverance. In less than a month he was himself again, strong and active as a young tiger. But meanwhile he had sworn himself by all he held sacred to be his saviour's servant body and soul.

Now the master reminded him.

"I remember," said the Indian in a low voice.

"**W**HY do I speak of those things now—because I claim the fulfilment of that oath."

"And I am ready, sahib, always ready."

"I want two lives, Abdallah, for the life I gave you. I want the life of the man who cheated us both, and the life of the girl he loves."

"They shall both die."

A subtle change was wrought in the Indian as Lord Sternholt spoke. The impassive mask had disappeared. He had reverted to the beast. Like a dog held hard when the prey is in sight he strained at the leash. There was a horrible eagerness in his eyes and voice.

"I am ready," he said again.

"The man you know," Lord Sternholt said, "the woman is called Sybil Darley. She lives alone with her mother in upper Cheyne Row, Chelsea. I forget the number, but I have her photograph, and she cannot be very hard to find."

"Which first?" Abdallah asked, the same suppressed eagerness in his voice.

"As occasion serves. But understand, of the two, it is more important to me that the girl should die. Both are in a conspiracy against me. It is a choice between their deaths and mine. Abdallah, you have often begged for liberty to return to your own land. I refused, and I am glad I refused. I had a presentiment I should need you. But the hour you tell me the thing is done, you are free to come or go, and you shall fix your reward."

Abdallah salaamed. "I shall come to you soon, sahib," he said, and vanished.

It was fortunate for Hugh Limner, and fortunate for Sybil Darley, that

they were no longer in London within reach of Lord Sternholt's messenger of death.

That evening a quietly dressed, softly-spoken Indian visited Mrs. Darley's house in Upper Cheyne Row, and learned that the lady and her daughter had left nearly a month before for Rome. Later in the evening he called on Hugh Limner to tell him he had been discharged by Lord Sternholt on account of the theft of the picture. He had a story ready of Lord Sternholt's savage treatment, ending with an offer of his services. He got no chance to tell his story or make his offer, but he got Hugh Limner's address in Rome, and next morning he was amongst the passengers that crossed from Dover to Calais.

CHAPTER XXIII.

In the Shadow of Death.

**S**WIFT as boat and train could carry him, tarrying nowhere on the way, Hugh Limner had rushed to Rome. He had been there before in the heyday of his success, with his heart untroubled by love given wholly to art, had feasted his eyes on the beauties and glories of the Eternal City. The masterpieces of Raphael and Michael Angelo in glowing colour on cold white stone had ravished his senses. He had revelled in the glorious inheritance bequeathed to him by the genius of those distant days. Heedless of past or future, he lived only for the present hour, with the fresh, vigorous vitality of youth, which feels itself eternal. Where all around spoke of the inevitable end, no thought of death had touched his consciousness: his delight was then without alloy.

Now all seemed changed. The sun was as bright, the sky as blue as when he had first seen the glory of Rome, but he did not see it through the same eyes. Heavy and dark, a presentiment hung like a cloud around him, stifling his soul in gloomy thoughts, and shutting out the life and beauty of the world. He had started on his mission full of the joy and hope of his great discovery. But in the long, sleepless run across the continent a vague fear fastened on him. In vain he strove to shake off a dismal foreboding of impending peril to the girl he loved. It clung the closer for his efforts, and followed him everywhere, growing stronger and more intolerable with every hour of his fruitless quest.

Rome to him now was a city of the dead, its most glorious masterpieces full of a terrible suggestiveness of the inevitable fate of man. Where were they who built those massive walls that still defy the worst that time can do? The innumerable host of workmen who raised the vast circuit of the Coliseum, the succeeding swarms of spectators, who generation after generation thronged its benches, and laughed and howled with delight while man and beast fought for their pleasure, and the sand of the arena soaked their blood—all had vanished. Bone and flesh and brain, and that brief stir of consciousness that is called life, had gone back in dust and vapour to the material of the inanimate universe from which they had been drawn. Death and annihilation were everywhere. As he walked the streets in his unguided search, as he lay sleepless far into the night, the same maddening thought filled his brain. Why work or play? Why live or love when death was the end of all, and death came so soon?

(To be continued.)

Explanation Enough.

"Well," said Smith, "I hear that old Jones, editor of the Trumpet, was found dead in his office last night."

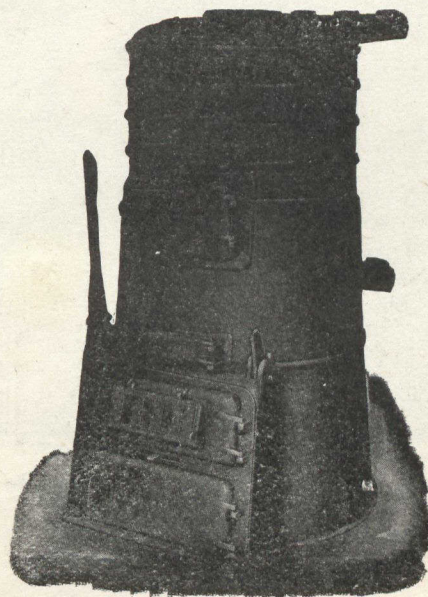
"Yes, so I hear," answered Brown. "Foul play is suspected, of course," he added. "That's the police theory. But why should anybody kill him? Had he been making any enemies?"

"None at all, as I can hear. You know he had stopped all sensationalism and was printing a pure, modest, highly moral family paper."

"Aha! That explains it!" "Who could have killed him?" "He wasn't murdered, man. He starved to death!"

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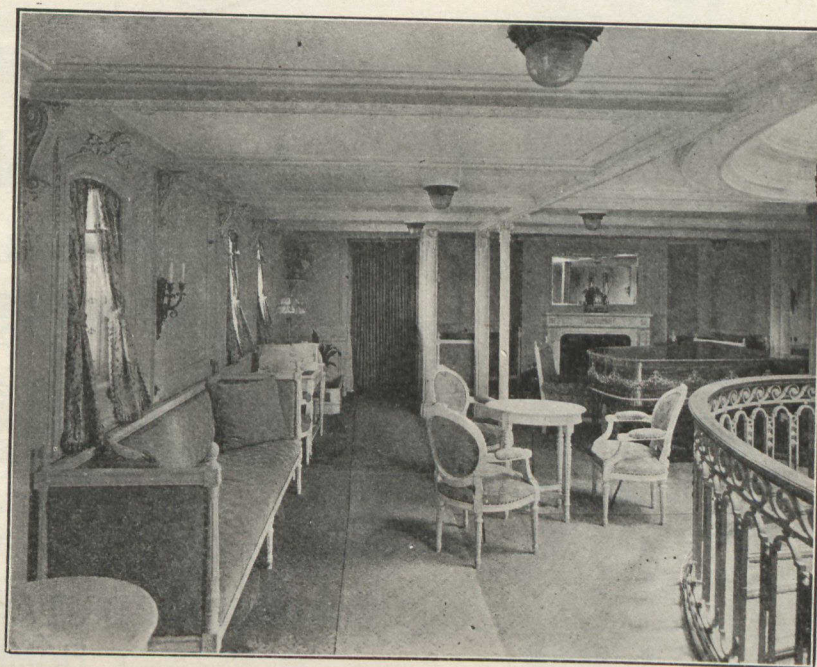
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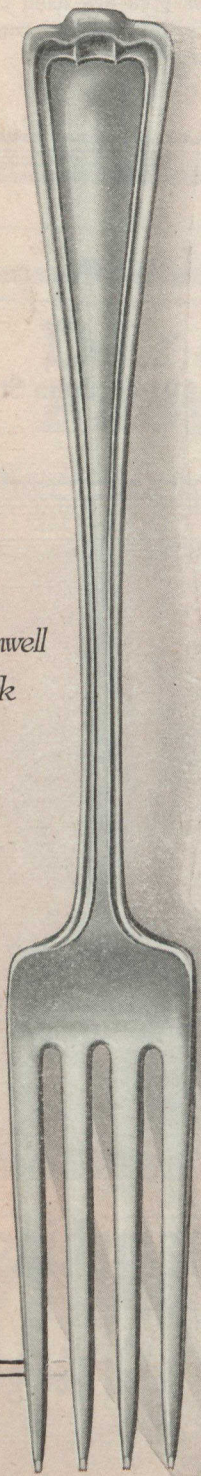




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