

The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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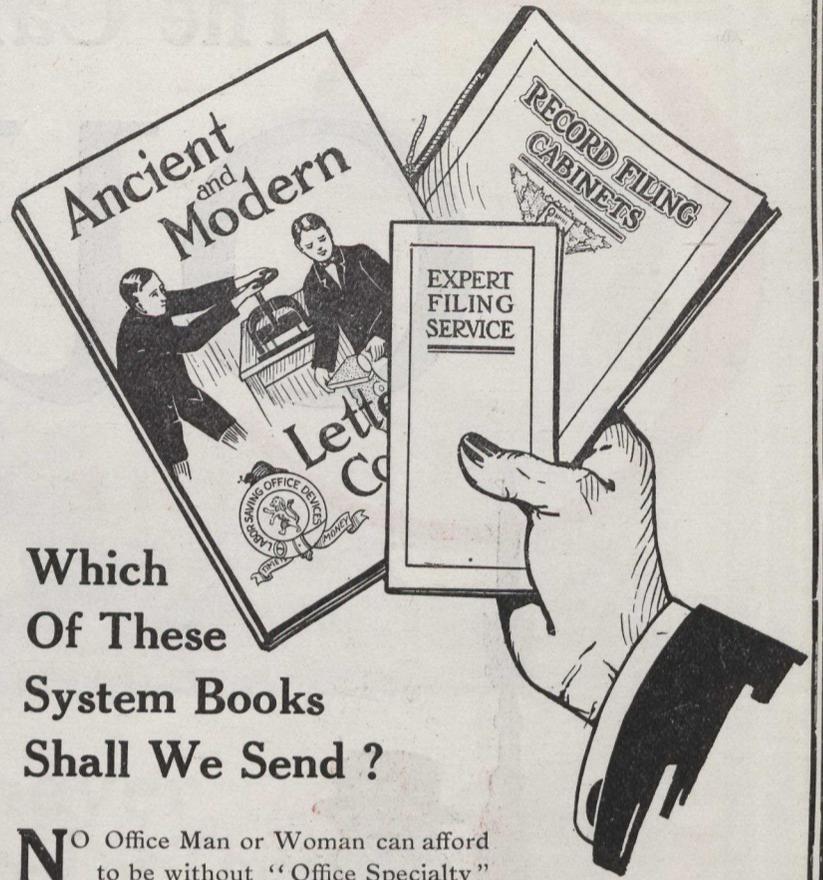
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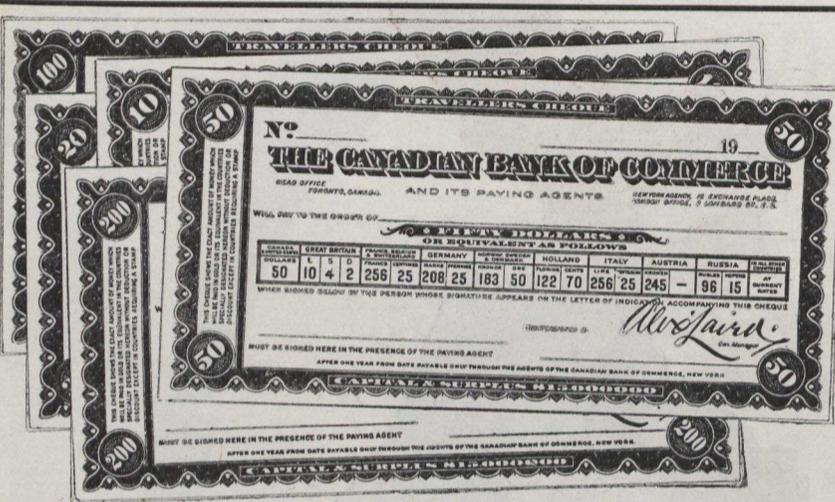
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You may depend upon the Winter for the weather, and you may depend upon a "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler for the comfort.

The most comfortable people in Canada last Winter lived in houses heated by "Sovereign" boilers and radiators.

Communicate with us and we will give you the names of your neighbors who have "Sovereigns" in their homes.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 6

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Editor's Talk

CAME into the office this week a sunburnt six-footer with calloused hands and an easy smile. He announced that he had on his person several defunct spring poems and a metrical screed upon death: but he hadn't. He stayed half an hour and discoursed upon amateur farming. This writer has a little farm down in the county of Kent on Lake Erie. He has a poet's garden and already three well-defined Montreal melons on the vines. To the neighbours round about he is somewhat of a mystery. Every spring in New York he packs his trunk—and his wife packs hers—and comes back to Canada where he was born, to do some of the best writing that he sells in New York. At present The Canadian Courier is running a series of stories by Arthur Stringer—several of which have appeared lately; with more to follow. He is known to readers of all the leading American magazines and periodicals; and in Canada as a writer of most unconventional ability and resourcefulness.

* * *

The cover this week is another clever thing by George Butler, who will be remembered as the designer of the equally bright cover on our Tourist Number last month.

* * *

In varied human interest no paper in Canada can surpass this issue of The Courier. Its contents are carefully culled from a mass of material in accordance with The Courier's policy to present only the things most interesting to most people.

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Has merit all its own

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IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Reply Disdainful.—During a revival meeting in a Methodist Church near Cincinnati a number of converts were secured, and several of them requested that instead of sprinkling they be baptized by immersion.

The Methodist Church was provided with a baptismal font, but not with a pool, immersions being infrequent among its accessions to membership. So one of the deacons, anxious that the new members should not be disappointed in their wholly laudable desire to be immersed, constituted himself a committee to call upon the ruling spirit of the Baptist Church—not the pastor, but a rather haughty gentleman who held the Methodists in small favour, and who was slightly jealous of the success of their revival. The deacon explained the circumstances to this pillar, and asked as a favor that the Methodist converts might be immersed in the Baptist pool.

"What? Immerse Methodists in our pool?" ejaculated the Baptist leader. "Certainly. We would appreciate the kindness very much, and —"

"Well, you go back and tell your church that our church isn't taking in any washing!"—Life.

A Hint.—Certain tactless husbands have "made conversation" during the past week by drawing their wives' attention to the following announcement in The Canadian Gazette: "Canada can well do with all the women the Old Country can spare.—Punch.

Real Skyscrapers.—Laborer—"And hav they tall buildings in America, Pat?"

Pat—"Tall buildings hav they—faith, Mike, the last one I worked on we had to lay on our stomachs to let the moon pass."—Life.

A Biting Giraffe.—A one-ring circus was tornadoed down in Georgia. The main tent was blown down, the menagerie tent was destroyed, all the cages were upset, and the animals escaped. The management huddled about a stove in a crossroads store and peered pessimistically into a dismal future. The chances were they would never get the animals back. The chances were better that some one would be injured by the savage and ferocious beasts, which were exhibited at one price of admission. By and by a negro approached.

"Did you all lost a GI-raffe?" he asked. Type tenor to convey the peculiar darkey tenor.

"We lost everything," said the manager shortly. "'But we'll pay you if you get the giraffe back."

"It oughter to be worf two dollah to git dat GI-raffe back," said the darkey. "'Pear lak he a powahful bad-tempered GI-raffe. If Ah hadn' walloped him wif a club, dat GI-raffe would done bit me."

"GI-raffes don't bite, you fool," said the manager, head in hand. "Giraffes kick. But you bring him back and we'll give you two dollars."

"Dis GI-raffe bites," insisted the colored man.

In a few moments he reappeared, leading by a rope around his neck, Nero, The Most Ferocious Man-Eating Lion in Captivity.

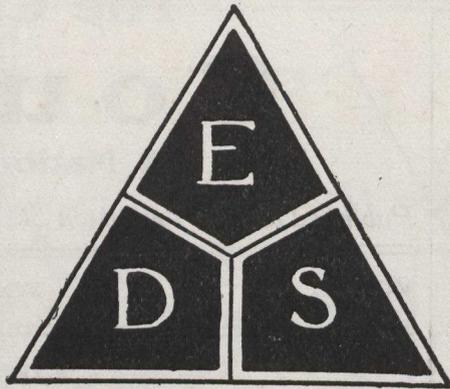
"W'oa," said he, jerking at the rope. Nero stopped obediently in the rain. "Gimme mah two dollars, w'ite man," said he. "Heah's youah GI-raffe. An' he do bite."

Immaterial.—The Sitter—"Yes, it's very nice, but you've made my hair too dark."

The Artist—"Shall I alter it, or will you?"—London Opinion.

Sure, But Slow.—"This beetle paste I purchased here doesn't seem to kill the beetles at all."

"Ah, you see, madam, the properties of this preparation are not to kill the beetles at once, but to undermine their constitutions."



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THE

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Vol. X.

July 8, 1911

No. 6



"BOBS" AND THE SOLDIERS FROM CANADA

Lord Roberts, with Lord Cheylesmore, is here shown inspecting, at the Duke of York's School, London, the Canadian troops who went over for the Coronation.



Officers of the Women's Relief Society in their Church at Cardston, Alta.



The Mayor and his Council in Session at Cardston. Mayor Hanmer is an ex-Bishop.

HAS ALBERTA GOT POLYGAMY?

In her article last week Nan Moulton told of interviewing Mormon leaders, who stated that the principle of plural marriage is taught in the Colleges, and that plural marriage would be practised again in Canada if the Government absolved the Mormons from their pledge against it. This week's article deals with Polygamy from the viewpoint of the women.

By NAN MOULTON

AND then I went to the women. But what, after all, can the women do or say? Most of them were born in polygamy, and would you have them proclaim their own illegitimacy to their own daughters?

The high-heartedness of them is wonderful. But they do not deny the pain. It is good for the soul, it makes women unselfish, it is discipline, and their place in heaven will be higher. Yes, they mind, they mind terribly. And how can they reconcile the rightness of plural marriage with the pride of the first wife and the pride of the children of a first wife? No one, the women told me, can take the place of honour of the first wife here or hereafter, and their lips went tight with a determined satisfaction.

Even when there is no polygamy the woman is more or less sacrificed to the housing of those untabernacled spirits. Mostly homes are small and families crowded and the children come fast and

the mother works too hard for such rapid child-bearing, and you are aghast at the percentage of women who, you are told, are in need of critical operations. You see a generation of very pretty young girls in any of these towns. In three or four years, you won't know them, you hear, they will be just child-bearers and drudges. Perhaps that was too sweeping a statement, but it was told me earnestly. Such conditions no doubt obtain elsewhere than among Mormons, but they do not obtain as the result of a religion and they are not encouraged as here. And see the homes—not all, but the majority. They are small, as a rule. Children are put to sleep under the bed and in holes in the wall. One visitor rubbed his eyes as little gopher-like children emerged in the morning from the walls of a dug-out. Another told me of a two-roomed shack on a ranch wherein abode the rancher and his wife, his brother and his brother's wife, a

hired man, a hired maid, and twelve children. The hired man had taken refuge in the barn, but the disposal of the rest was not made known. Among the younger girls in Magrath, I heard, the sentiment is all against polygamy. They resent its mention as our girls repudiate some old-fashionedness of their grandmothers. And one old woman in Raymond lifted up her voice in lamenting that a daughter of hers had so far ignored the laws of Canada as to have become a plural wife—oh, yes, quite recently.

And lastly I went to the Gentiles, though why they submit to being so called I don't know. And the Gentiles, most of them, buttoned up their lips so over-tightly that one could see more of what was behind them than if they had spoken. The acoustic properties of Mormonism are such that a pin of happiness dropped into the hat of a wandering reporter may be heard in the centre of Utah, and one does not drop such pins—to endanger one's business. Later, lips unbuttoned a bit. "Polygamy!" one lady said, "Cardston is full of it. In that house a fifth wife lives. Don't talk to me about any manifesto, her children are all toddlers. And over there lives a man who sometimes brings up a son from 'down below' to live with his family here, families contemporaries in age." And I have a list of twelve names at least, of men in the Mormons towns, high in the church, all of them, who are openly known as having plural wives. Some of them have been listed in the Salt Lake Tribune during the past few weeks as polygamists. It makes exciting gossip at Mormon evenings. And in stores on rainy days and after lodge-meetings, the Mormon men argue after their sort—Brother Dash is a polygamist, names and evidence adduced. His opponent argues hotly in the negative. If another man were sure he would lay information with the Church authorities. And so the weave of talk goes on, unheeding an occasional Gentile who has been long in their midst.

BUT how do you know? I kept asking. "We know as well as we know we breathe or the sun shines, but if the woman won't tell, where is your proof? It is like this: An attractive girl is noticed not going out with the young people, nor receiving the masculine attentions that are her due. You wonder, and the Mormons say, 'Oh, she is now the wife of —' (and the name follows.) Bye-and-bye the girl goes down to Utah, to college, it is announced. Post-graduate courses keep her there, and, a few years later, some one from Alberta visiting Logan or some other Mormon settlement in Utah suddenly comes upon the lady with two or three children, and perhaps the ecclesiastic from Alberta, too." The principals in most of these stories come from Raymond, the men risen to ecclesiastical eminence, the girls often stenographers from some of the other towns.

And polygamy does exist in Alberta, covered up, concealed, but not wiped out, rather growing if anything. Proof? There you are! The women won't tell. And usually the children are born out of Alberta and the registration dodged.

I do not know if any investigation into this colony has ever been attempted. As far as I read, the Blue Books are silent. The newspapers won't touch the subject. It is a delicate question, they say in Calgary and Lethbridge, we are business concerns with big circulations in Southern Alberta, why should we pry? The business and professional men see as little as possible and say less. The Mormons pay their debts, they say, they are kind and industrious, they buy from us, or are our clients, why should we start an agitation against them? The Alberta Government—that is one of my best stories. A few years ago, in Cardston, the Church Elders grew desperate over their young men and the "blind pigs," and they sent up to Edmonton saying, "We can do naught. Our young men are in your hands, come down and punish them." And a Mounted Policeman came down quietly and observed and listened for a few weeks. When he turned in his report, besides the blind pig statistics, there was illuminating detail of polygamy—the blind pigs had squealed—"a string of wives" in the policeman's graphic phrase adorned many a prominent name.

The Presbyterian missionary is the only man in the West who has persistently hauled the hobgoblin of Mormonism to the light of day. But he is too prejudiced, everybody says, and the inquirer is constantly assured that the Mormons, besides having given the Canadian prairies an object-lesson in agriculture, are sober, orderly, intelligent, progressive, and law-abiding, and no cause of grief to Alberta—which is, in the main, correct. And everybody is satisfied and the missionary disregarded. And the general impression is that of an official who was emphatic that there was no Mormon immigration as such, and your thoughts went catching up in some unwonted haste with his direct conclusion that



Young Mormons in Cardston Public School.



Bishop Harris at Cardston, and his family.

Mormonism was losing itself in Canada, diluted with our Canadian ideals and associations.

If any investigation is ever seriously undertaken, I would suggest the registrars of births as the proper persons to interview. Direct evidence, if available, could then be obtained of many interesting stories of efforts to evade the necessary registration.

The significant feature of the whole situation

in Canada is not the occasional resurgence of polygamy, not the isolated instances of plural marriage, but the determined attitude of the Mormon Church, and the open, persistent teaching of the principle in school and church and church academy. And as an earnest, unconventional Gentile added, the devil of it all is that it is a religious instinct yoked with delusion.

A NIGHT AT THE "PALACE"

Striking Contrasts in a Long Evening of Entertainment

By LORIMER ROYSTON

YOU'VE forgotten what it feels like to go to the Palace; you've got out of touch with the atmosphere, and you possess only the feeblest recollection of the wigged flunkeys who stride in front of the curtain between the items to change the cardboard numbers.

Anyway, it is my business to assume that you have done all this, so that I can tell you about it. I thought that out last night whilst a mixed crowd of us sat to be entertained for three and a half hours. Mostly we had come with the sole purpose of seeing Maud Allan, and we were a little particular about showing that, as we took our seats and averted our eyes from the flitting bioscope advertisements that were there (with a highly palatial orchestra thrown in) to keep us quiet till 8 o'clock; our smiles were rather less free and elastic than usual, our necks a trifle stiffer, our eyebrows a little more bored.

But did Item 1 care for that?

Faith, and she didn't appear to; she skirted herself around a narrow portion of stage, looking strikingly like a powdered, pink lampshade, she jerked her arms towards us entreatingly, she tossed her head in reckless despair; she welcomed us one and all into her intimate confidence with shrill quavering cries of "the dream that never ca-aa-ame-trew." Her black bordered, glassy blue eyes opened capaciously upon us and we stared solemnly into her rounded, complaining red mouth.

We were just becoming used to her and able to think of other things when—Wigs and knee breeches whisked away No. 1; and 2 ushered in a gentleman with a funny, crooked stick, bandy legs and a Scotch kilt, who did amusing things with his cap, and made faces, and sang about a honeymoon. Then another lady (who figured on the programme as a Character Vocalist) gave us a couple of songs, first attired rustically and holding roses which she flourished at us; then green-skirted as an Irish Colleen, and with a new r-r-roll to her r's. So there was your "character," sir, and no nonsense about it.

And (bless my soul, they *do* give you your money's worth) there was the tramp who told us funny stories, and had a limp fit to suffocate you with laughing. And there was the juggler, who braced your nerves with ceiling-tossed plates, and rhythmically whirling coloured objects that leapt and darted in the air and slid along his arms. And there were the three Americans (making their first appearance in England), who sang songs in which

we could distinguish no words, but we felt pretty confident that the performance was amusing, because now and then two of the gentlemen would take a seat on the piano (ha! ha!) and they smiled themselves all the time and walked very stiffly from the knee. It was *good* stuff, too—you knew that by their having fifteen minutes to fill, whereas others had only five or ten at most.

The troupe of Palace Girls you can't have forgotten, so I shall confine myself to remarking that they, their voices and their high kicks are the same as ever. This strikes me as being concise, convenient and merciful.

But you will enjoy hearing that there was a gentleman who sang a bass and soprano duet with himself. Another one told of a flood in his locality: "Well, by this time the water had got as high as the top floor, so I floated out of the window on a chest of drawers and—me wife accompanied me on the piano." And there was a dialogue conducted in French and broken English between a smiling impresario and a lady who convulsed the bold and humour-loving amongst us by appearing in the latest harem skirt fashion.

Why, to tell you the truth, we were all positively relieved to lie back in our chairs for ten minutes and listen to the orchestra. Tired of laughing and being kept up to it, we were—

The lights dropped and we all leaned forward again.

For a moment we knew that Greig's "Morning" had begun, and that a pale, uncertain dusk was clouding the stage; we realized that we had come to see Maud Allan and that we were just about to see her. Then we forgot.

We only knew of a grace that moved before us without action or effect, of exquisite arms that rose, cajoling the dawn, of bare feet and a softly draped form that held some magic charm of rhythm and hope. And such a curious silence was there, a silence that thrilled and carolled and laughed and kept its own secret just as surely as flowers and trees keep theirs through all the centuries.

But it left us.

And where it had been came a bending, shrinking Sorrow, that wrung its hands and bowed its black shrouded head in an undulating, cornerless passion of grief. It pleaded, trembled, gazed and sought in the indigo depths of shadow around; it imprisoned its poor head in the music-steeped misery of its white arms; it shuddered and shrank and

For the rest, the sacrifice of the woman, the premature knowledge of the child, the pious grotesquerie of the man's attitude is, to the non-Mormon mind and training exceedingly distasteful. The accent is over-heavy on sex. And, after discussing so unusual a subject, albeit with the most absolute gravity and with the utmost detachment, it is a great relief to get back to the normal silences of life.

drooped prostrate on the blackness of the ground. "Death of Asa," said our programmes. We straightened our backs for a moment.

Hullo! Hullo! It's flower bells ringing now and a nymph dancing—ay, dancing, I tell you, with gay feet and laughing hands. A glee runs, twinkling through the blue light, and something subconscious in you knows about birds and elves. But knowing, you lose it, which reminds you strangely of other things in life.

One brief moment with a gnome and we have done: a mysterious, frisking joy that dives, floats and frolics in green light—leaping, rejoicing, mocking. Leafy woods rustle around us, and the moon steals through the branches; water gurgles gaily; small creatures revel and—

The Palace lights are flaring and we are rubbing our eyes.

The funny wags came back and sang; pianos jangled, laughter cackled. They spared us no banality after resting us that little while. But I have more feeling for you than that. I cease now, my hand is on my heart, my head is bobbing up and down in acknowledgment of your kind applause; I am just about to utter those words than which at times no sound is sweeter:

Good-bye.

Automobile Vogue in Canada

ONE of the signs of prosperity in Canada is the increasing number of people who afford motor cars. The up-keep of an automobile costs its owner well on the way to a thousand dollars a year. It is rather encouraging, therefore, to note that in the Province of Ontario, where the motor car has in Canada secured its greatest vogue, there are said to be nearly seven thousand automobiles in use—seven thousand citizens who can spend a thousand a year on being carried to and fro—assuming that each of these citizens is not cheating his butcher or grocer in owning a buzz wagon.

Toronto possesses 1,953 cars, according to the Provincial Secretary. Yet, in Toronto, a pedestrian does not dodge nearly as many motors in a day as in Detroit, Cleveland, or Buffalo, American cities of much the same size. Why? For many reasons, chief of which is that we have practically no native automobile industry, and to protect what we have, are required to import cars from abroad, with an enormous duty attached. Another striking reason is that we haven't got the money that citizens of Uncle Sam have. We are poorer, much poorer, citizen for citizen, compared with citizens of the same great middle class in the Republic, who regard such things as automobiles almost among the necessities of existence.

Our smaller cities are buying motors rapidly. Here are a few records in Ontario: Ottawa, 129; Hamilton, 196; London, 127; Brantford, 51.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Trade Continues to Boom.

DURING the present hot spell people are inclined to talk as little about business as may be possible. The average business man spends the greater portion of July and August at some convenient tourist resort or country settlement, seeking relief from hot pavements and busy telephone wires. Nevertheless, general business is fairly active. As compared with the United States or with Great Britain, Canadian business conditions are excellent. During April and May Canada's foreign trade showed a very decided increase. This is a fair indication of all the months which have passed and some guide as to what will happen during the remainder of the year. It is quite reasonable to assume that our total foreign trade will be about seventy-five million dollars greater than last year, which was the record year.

The outlook for crops is yet in the nebulous stage. With a largely increased acreage in the West, and in the main good weather, prospects from the wheat belt may be considered as favourable as even the optimist could expect. We are no longer engrossed merely or even mainly with crop conditions in Ontario and the east. Dry weather over part of Ontario may have the effect of slightly reducing the grain yield and making short hay in some localities.

A Bit of Gossip.

OFFICIAL announcement having been made at the Dominion Day Banquet in London, by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that Lord Strathcona is shortly to retire from the High Commissioner's office, the gossips are busy choosing a successor. There are persistent rumours that either Sir Daniel MacMillan or Sir William Whyte, of Winnipeg, will be appointed to succeed the man who has done so much to make the office spectacular. The appointment of Sir Daniel would not be unpopular, but neither would it be popular. Sir Daniel is not much known outside his own province, and he has never been credited with national ideas and enthusiasms. On the other hand, the appointment of Sir William Whyte would be more understandable. The group of men who control the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Bank of Montreal are much interested in this appointment. They are all wealthy, ambitious and influential. Lord Strathcona is their friend and they were proud to have him occupy a position so close to the governmental and social centre of the Empire. It is therefore natural that this group would like to have the position remain in the family. There is no one of the group who could more gracefully fit into the requirements of the situation than Sir William Whyte. He is a man with good presence, sufficient wealth, and the necessary amount of public spirit. As vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway he has had an experience which would fit him to "advertise" Canada in Great Britain and to use just such influence as should be exercised on behalf of Canadian immigration and British-Canadian commercial relations.

Was It In Good Taste?

SPEAKING of advertising Canada in Great Britain, it seems pertinent to ask if it were in good taste to put the inscriptions on the Canadian Coronation Arch which appeared there. "Free Homes for Millions" would be an excellent inscription for the Canadian Building at the Festival of Empire Show, or at an international exposition in London or elsewhere. On a coronation arch, it looks like an "Americanism."

We should remember, and our Government should remember, that there are dangers in being overzealous as there are dangers in excessive modesty. Canada has a good name in England, and all our national claims have been followed by reasonable realization. It should be our aim to maintain this proud position and to do nothing which would be likely to shock the most sensitive Britisher. Perhaps "Canada" would have been sufficient in this case, without any reference to our unpopulated districts.

Another Editor Rewarded.

WHEN I ventured to suggest that the appointment of the editor of the *Mail and Empire* to a position under the Ontario Government was in pursuance of a wrong principle, the

Toronto *Saturday Night* rebuked me none too gently. The editor of that publication declared this to be a proper way of pensioning off faithful political editors. With a wonderful burst of courage he reviewed the political principle that "to the victor belongs the spoils," heedless of the fact that this principle has been the greatest curse of federal, state and civic government in the United States, and has been denounced by every statesman in that country and in Great Britain during the past hundred years. This was indeed surprising from a journal which has been posing as the most virtuous of us all. It must have given some of its readers a considerable shock.

Saturday Night's ideas as to the value of civic service positions as rewards for political service seem to be shared by the Minister of Customs and by the Liberals of the town of St. Mary's. The publisher of the *St. Mary's Argus*, a staunch Liberal weekly, has been made customs collector at St. Mary's. Not long ago the editor and publisher of a weekly paper in a small Ontario town was brought to Toronto and made Customs Surveyor of the port. The Minister of Customs apparently is fond of Liberal editors and deems them pleasant officials. It must be their kindly manners, for certainly they know nothing about the science of appraising goods and collecting customs duties.

It is time that Canada began to take this question of Civil Service Reform more seriously. This village method of public appointment is antediluvian and ill-becoming in a country which professes to be as progressive as ours. The idea that party henchmen should be rewarded by being given "soft jobs" in the civil service is a last relic of our

Our Coronation Pictures

The Coronation occurred on June 22nd and the Royal Progress on June 23rd. Our special photographs of both events left London on the 24th and reached Toronto, "special delivery," early on Saturday, July 1st. By employing a special staff of engravers, we were able to put the engravings on the press on Monday and to commence mailing on Tuesday as usual. This is probably the most rapid bit of periodical publishing ever accomplished in Canada.

colonial status and should be abandoned. It is the pettiest and meanest form of patronage.

The Decree of Non-Intercourse.

NOTHING more unfortunate could occur in this country than a cessation of social intercourse between Roman Catholics and Protestants. By its *Ne Temere* decree, the Roman Catholic Church has made inter-marriage impossible, and hence greatly limited social intercourse. The Protestant churches are following suit and warnings are going forth from every pastor that social intercourse among young people of the two faiths may lead to heart-breaking and personal sorrow.

In opposing the enforcement of the *Ne Temere* decree in Canada, the Protestant people are not making any attack upon Roman Catholic faith or doctrine, but simply upon a religious rule which is a relic of the middle ages and which is not universally approved by Roman Catholics themselves. There are thousands of intelligent Roman Catholics in this country who regret the proclamation of *Ne Temere*, and who are boldly expressing their regret at their Church's mistake.

It is to be hoped for the sake of national peace and unity, for the sake of those good relations which have so long existed between the two faiths in this country that the Roman Catholic authorities will see the advisability of removing the ban against social intercourse and friendly relations. If they do, the Protestants will meet them half way.

An Interesting Prophecy.

MERGER artists are not the only experts in fanciful figuring. That excellent writer, Mr. Henri Lemay, has an article in the *Revue Canadienne* in which he finds that by the

end of the century there will be forty million French-Canadians in North America. Most of these, presumably, will be in Canada. Strangely enough he doesn't seem interested as to whether they shall be Catholics or Protestants, gently assuming that all will be Catholics.

Ontario will be the scene of the greatest change, he thinks. By the end of the century, there will be six million French-Canadians in that Province, and the Province will be wholly "Gallicised." He expresses his firm belief that what the French-Canadians of former generations have done in Quebec, the French-Canadians of present and future generations will do in Ontario.

Mr. Lemay has not heard, apparently, of the old adage against counting chickens before they are hatched, or he might have drawn less confident conclusions from the same set of facts. Besides his "nationalism" is a petty affair if he is concerned with the progress of French-Canadians only. One race crowding out another is not national development of a high order.

A Railway Anniversary.

LAST week the Canadian Pacific Railway celebrated or failed to celebrate its twenty-fifth birthday, as the only transcontinental railway in North America. The building of the Canadian Pacific meant the building of a new Canada, the consummation of Confederation, the opening up of the Last Great West, and the dawn of a new era in Canadian national ideals. Born in political tempest, nurtured in trials and tribulations, the Canadian Pacific grew slowly and steadily until in June, 1886, the first transcontinental train left Montreal for Vancouver.

The total earnings of this ribbon of steel across the continent in 1886 were only ten millions of dollars. This year the total earnings will be over one hundred millions. The mileage has grown from a little less than five thousand miles to over fifteen thousand. Then it had two steamers in commission, now it has seventy-one. This is wonderful growth.

But above all facts and figures is the sentimental income from the Canadian Pacific, which income has gone to the people of Canada. Had that railway failed, Canadian development would have been delayed a quarter of a century at least. Its management was broad, clear-headed, energetic, successful; and while the stock-holders made much money, every citizen in Canada shared in the added value given to every private enterprise and every acre of land. The Canadian Pacific helped to create Canada's progress, as well as sharing in the consequent profit.

What one transcontinental has done for Canada, the two others now nearing completion may duplicate. If they do, the Canada of twenty-five years hence will be a country of noble proportions and wonderful activity. It should be the most important member of the group of nations making up the British Empire and rapidly approaching the position where the world will rank it a "first-rate power." In dreaming of the future, however, let us not forget the valour and the courage of the pioneers who builded the national foundations.

Better Homes for Working Men.

OTTAWA has a Model Homes Association which proposes to help working men to get cheap and suitable plans for the houses which they are to build in the Capital City. The underlying idea is that the working men will get better homes and the City of Ottawa will have more pleasing workmen's houses. It is proposed to select a certain number of plans from a large number which have been submitted by architects from all over the Dominion and to supply copies of these model plans at a nominal price. The City Council has made a grant to the Association and some private funds are available. In addition, Controller Hastey has offered to give a site and a thousand dollars in cash to the Association for the erection of the first model home.

Here is a movement which might be imitated in every city and town throughout the Dominion. Canadian working men differ from British workmen in that they desire to own their own homes. After the Cadbury's had built their model town at Bourneville, Mr. Cadbury got the idea that his better-paid employees would be stimulated to greater saving if he sold them the houses in which they lived. Accordingly he disposed of some of his model cottages to the mechanics who occupied them. Instead of keeping the houses attractive and in good repair they allowed them to run down at the heels, and Mr. Cadbury was reluctantly compelled to abandon his idea and buy back the cottages which he had sold. In Canada Mr. Cadbury's ideas would have met with a generous response.

PICTURESQUE EPISODES OF A WEEK



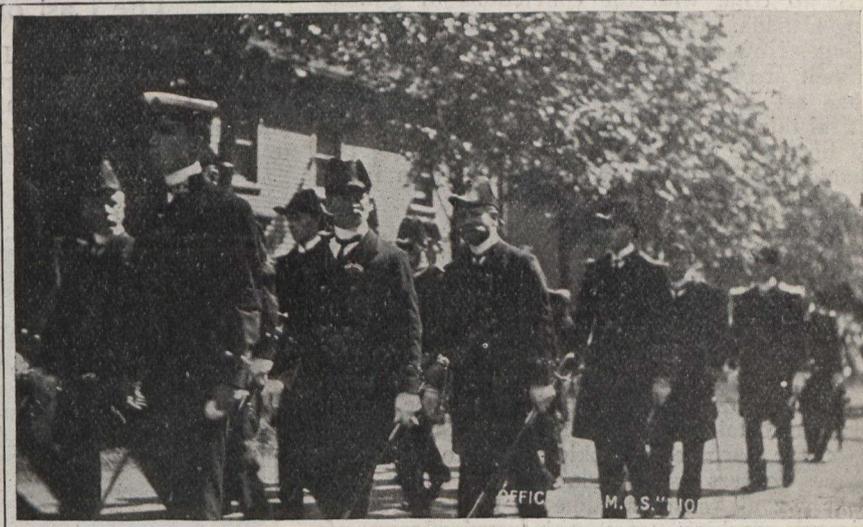
Scenes at the Coronation Day Celebration of the Caughnawaga Indians on the M.A.A.A. grounds, Montreal. In one of the photographs, three squaws are noting the stolid efforts of two tribesmen attempting to initiate president-elect Bowie of the M.A.A.A. into the mysteries of the Indian Dance.



Down on the million-acre farm, known as Prince Edward Island, they train in the schools as loyal subjects of King George as anywhere under the Union Jack. These are some cadets from Charlottetown recently snapped as they were being inspected by Captain Gibson of Halifax.



Sailors of the Niobe at the funeral of a comrade in Charlottetown.



Officers of the Niobe marching in the funeral parade.



Hotel Prince Arthur, the big, new palace hostelry opened by the Canadian Northern Railroad at Port Arthur. With such modern structures shooting up, the city of red elevators on Thunder Bay is rapidly becoming famous as a convention city. Recently three conventions went to Port Arthur—the Master Plumbers, the National Council of Women, and the Workers from the Lake Superior Copper Country.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE CITY BEAUTIFUL

EVERY little while some "City Beautiful" expert comes along and tells us what is wrong with our cities. It is mostly a surprise to us to learn that there is anything wrong with them. We have just nicely got into the habit of showing strangers about them with a series of "What do you think of that?" and "That's pretty classy, eh?" when Mr. Expert arrives and proceeds to talk as if we were very conscious, civilly, of ingrowing ugliness and had sent him a "hurry up" call to come and tell us how to soothe the pain. However, there is no use disputing that he usually does point out some minor defects which certainly could be helped a bit by his prescription; but where he "falls down" is in failing to appreciate how super-excellent the whole effect is—how undoubtedly we have put together with careless ease the very finest city on top of the earth. We have been accustomed to "visiting conventions" which begin to gush over our wondrous achievement in artistic civic decoration whenever we tap them for an opinion. Wake a "visiting delegate" up at midnight, and he at once turns on the flow of flattery. He will, however, do the same for every city which provides automobiles to carry the convention about town. But the result is that we are unprepared for criticism which does not start from the fundamental fact that we have got the "effete old world," and the envious new, "faded" for city-building, even if a hypercritical person might dream of a few doubtful improvements.

* * *

IT all reminds me of the way people were accustomed to load me up, when young and innocent, with the belief that Canadian cheese was the best in the world. They said so, and they proved it by sending a monster cheese to Chicago; and I believed it firmly. Then I began to learn something about cheese and found out that the Canadian variety was about the worst. Yes; I expect that a lot of people will begin to suffer from contortions when they read that statement; but it is nevertheless true. American cheese may be even worse—probably is—but then I have never endangered my life by trying to eat any. But to compare Canadian cheese of the common or garden sort with the round Dutch cheeses, the Swiss goats' milk cheese, the strong cheeses of France and Germany, or even the rich soft cheeses of the English counties, is to trifle with the convictions of gullible Young Canada. However, we were talking of city building. Now the fact is that most cities on this Continent are built in the ugliest possible way. If we had set out deliberately to make a naturally beautiful thing offensive to every artistic sense, we could not have done better than by adopting the mechanical block system which is largely in favor with us.

* * *

WE are worshippers of the utilitarian. With us, usefulness is the great *desideratum*. Beauty is something which we are always a little shamefaced about taking much trouble to get; and there is even a lingering Puritanical idea that the search for it may be mildly immoral. The next time you go down to New York, it will be worth your while to take a ferry boat across the Hudson just for the purpose of looking back to see what the New Yorkers have made of their costly city. It looks for all the world like an odd assortment of gigantic packing cases with regular rows of wood-pecker holes drilled in them. Now a "packing-case" makes a good office building. There are no waste corners, and the hall spaces can be arranged with an eye to uniformity and utility. But it makes an exceedingly ugly city building; and all the fussy little machine-made decorations they can hang over the doors and windows do not redeem it. In Canada, we go in for these packing-case buildings with almost equal ardor, though occasionally our banks do pay tribute to the god of beauty.

* * *

OCCASIONALLY some one with a soul does find himself by accident in a position of authority. Whoever was to blame for the several Crescents in Toronto must have known that curves are more beautiful than straight lines; and the laying out of Rosedale must forever stand to the credit to those who did it. Nature put some compulsion on them, of course. I fear that, if she had not, we might have had another Parkdale or

Westmount. But, in any case, the result is altogether delightful. Ottawa, however, is about the only city in Canada which has gone in deliberately to make itself "a joy forever." I well remember my feeling of delighted surprise when—after having spent my life thus far amidst the perfect work of utilitarianism—I first saw the Lovers' Walk winding around the side of Parliament Hill. Here was something built at considerable trouble and expense wholly for pleasure. It was lovely, and it was not useful. It was not the shortest road to anything. Yet it was thoroughly lovely hung amidst its shrubbery between the sky and the river.

* * *

QUEBEC could not escape being a picturesque and pleasing city. Nature and the great chisel of history made of it one of the most striking bits of romance-in-stone in the world. More and more is it coming into its own as the choicest shrine for the pilgrims of beauty on this Continent; and these pilgrims get something of a foretaste of its delights if they tarry for a day or two in Montreal, and choose with discrimination what there is to see. Montreal is blessed, too, with a splendid situation. Its river front and its natural terraces rising up to the Mountain, have given its builders an opportunity seldom equalled; and some of them—far too few of them—have taken advantage of it. Utility, however, and the haphazard methods of this Continent have done their level best to spoil it all. Toronto—save for a gem or two, such as the western wing of University College, and the setting of Osgoode Hall—is content with achieving the pastoral beauty of a small town. It prides itself on being a "city of homes," which chiefly means a city of garden spaces; but it has turned its chief architectural features over to the boaster and the utilitarian. The City Hall is one big, bullying, brag that Toronto is rich and doesn't care a "dash" for expense; and the Legislative Buildings are squat, massive and "wealthy." What we need are a few architects with courage to build for beauty, and a public taste which is as true as the taste shown by most of our young ladies in dressing for a summer afternoon. They choose white and simplicity and fitting coolness, and never think of trying to show how many clothes they can afford.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Last of the Patres.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER was in the thick of the Coronation pageantry in London. The veteran Canadian was among the most vigorous and enthusiastic of those who cheered King George to the crowning. The Empire en fete—in what a

host of memories and speculations the doughty Tory baronet must have indulged the last few days. Sir Charles shook hands with dozens of faithful henchmen from overseas, who helped him fight his battles in the Dominion in other days; he read in the *London Times* of the seventeen Premiers gathered in Imperial discussion in Downing Street; he viewed the crowning of another King—who is as much King of Canada as he is of England. Indeed, in one month in London, Sir Charles saw the modern machinery of the great British Empire exposed; no doubt as he watched the smooth-running of the parts, this great Canadian statesman felt the pride of a workman, conscious of the efficacy of his contribution to the whole.

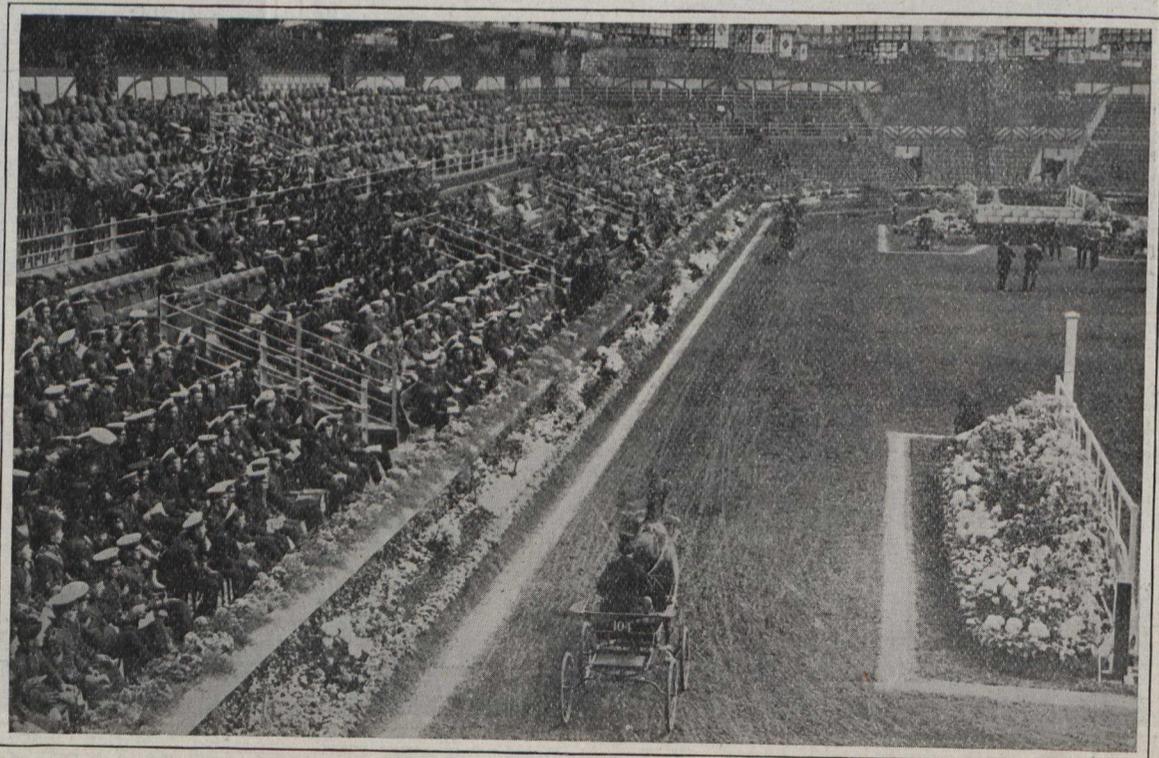
One incident occurred during Coronation week in which Sir Charles was the central figure. That was the unveiling of the memorial in memory of Canadian Confederation at the Westminster Hotel, in the very heart of London. It was in a sense one of the most dramatic episodes of Coronation week. Here in this very room, almost half a century ago, gathered a group of men who smoothed away the final obstacles, which threatened the federation of the Canadian Provinces into the Dominion, which is the wonder of the twentieth century.

The Fathers of Confederation to-day are but a cherished memory. The old picture of them gathered about a table, the mural pride of many a Canadian farm house—well the modern Canadian school-boy needs a key to pick them out. Sir Charles Tupper is there. He alone of the Fathers remains to us. No doubt he has changed since the picture was taken—but in appearance only. Sir Charles Tupper is now an old man. In years he is ninety. But in spirit he is the same old Dr. Tupper of Nova Scotia. Those who were so fortunate to hear him at the Westminster Palace the other day will never forget the scene. Around him were seated the leading men of the Empire. Sir Charles arose to speak. The flash of the warrior was there in his eye, the same challenge of the "Blue-nose" was in his voice, as in vehement, declamatory sentences he declared his faith in the future of the Canada he had helped so much to build.

Sir Charles Tupper is the aristocrat of Canadians. He is the last of the Patres. To his work as a constitution builder, so fittingly commemorated at the Westminster Palace, let Sir Wilfrid Laurier's words bear tribute:

"During the 44 years since Canadian Confederation, there has been only one amendment of an important character, and that came without friction and to the satisfaction of everybody. I say to Sir Charles Tupper, in your name and mine, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'"

Of course eminent Canadians of both political parties were in the audience which witnessed the unveiling of the tablet. But these men forgot for the moment that they were Liberals or Conservatives; they remembered only that they were Canadians; that they had assembled to honour the Canadian Constitution and its founders. Sir Wilfrid eulogized his old political foe.



Indians and Colonial Troops Watching the International Horse Show at the Olympia in London.

Photo by "Sport and General."



The Winnipeg Business Men and their special train which in ten days travelled 2500 miles over Canada's three trans-continental roads, through three Provinces, visiting twenty-eight towns and cities.

WINNIPEG ON WHEELS

Unique Executive and Publicity Scheme of Western Business Men

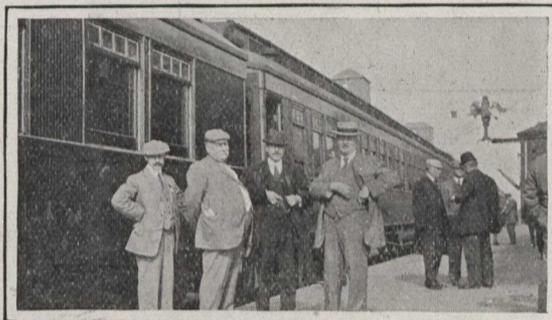
WHEN Winnipeg undertakes to find out what the rest of the West is doing she does not depend on newspapers and railroad bulletins about crops. The business men of Winnipeg calculate that the first city on the prairie has a right to know at first hand what are the actual economic conditions of the huge plexas of towns and cities and the vast areas of farm lands dominated by the city of box cars and wheat.

For this purpose last year the business men of Winnipeg—manufacturers, store keepers, implement men, financiers, real estate operators, grain dealers and professional citizens organized a business itinerary covering the country between the 'Peg and the Rocky Mountains. This year the trip was more thoroughly organized, the distance covered was far greater and the actual results much more satisfactory. The business brains of Winnipeg found out what Calgary is doing to get its 100,000 population; how Edmonton is holding her own in the race with Calgary—with or without Strathcona; how Regina compares with Brandon and Prince Albert; what the old towns of the cow hills are doing to match the progress of the new packing-case towns in the Saskatchewan valley; what Saskatoon is doing to keep up in the race with towns that were old furposts before she had a railway; and finally, what all of them each in its respective area of wheat land and mixed farming does to emulate the example of the city on the Red and the Assiniboine with its estimated population of as many as Regina, Calgary, Edmonton, Prince Albert and Saskatoon combined and a civic programme second to none on the prairie.

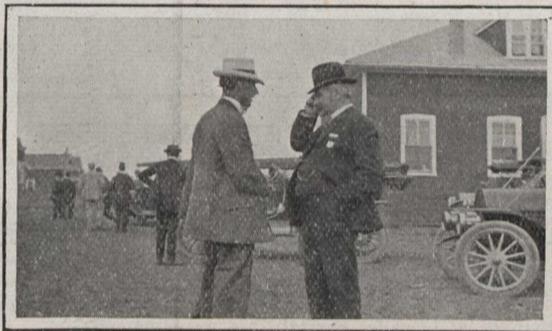
The company got back to Winnipeg in ten days from the time they boarded the train outward bound. It is certain that they established a record for ground-covering and sight-seeing. In ten days these alert Western excursionists travelled upwards of 2,500 miles, slipping over the rails of three trans-continental roads. They made more than passing acquaintance with twenty-eight towns en route, situated in three different provinces.

The speed party which toured Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta was typically representative of the best citizenship which has grown up in Winnipeg in the past ten years. They were the leading business men of the most purely commercial city in Canada. They were a cosmopolitan crowd. Hawk-eyed real estate men went into the dining-car, together with farm implement men, and carriage makers who had been wheelwrights. An occasional lawyer there was among the crowd; for the excursionists were just the sort of people a legal man likes to know.

The Winnipeg business men did not leave their desks to joy ride in three provinces. They went because each of them wanted to get an impressionistic view of conditions throughout the west before the harvest—and its rattle of threshers, loading of elevators, and long boat trek down the Great Lakes. The harvest is the barometer of prosperity in Canada; most particularly in Winnipeg, which lives by feeding the prairie. What better way for a Winnipeg carriage man to get a line on what would be his probable output than to drop into part of the territory where his firm sells and talk crops and the money market to his very customers? Then, there was the educative stimulus of talking to a host of other fellows from his own town, selling different goods in the same territory. There was the chance of a carriage man getting a new idea in advertising from an implement man, and a furniture man from someone else.



The Schedule Committee, Ald. F. W. Adams, L. C. McIntyre and Mr. J. T. Huggard, keep them moving.



Local town man negotiating a loan with R. T. Riley, President Northern Trust Co.



Capt. Carruthers, Ald. F. W. Adams and four of the largest grain operators in Winnipeg.



Country folk knocked off work to confab with the business tourists.

But the Winnipeg business men were inspired by other motives, too, than those of individual self-interest. They went on this excursion, a lot of them, to note the development of the towns which they visited. They became students of civic spirit. At Calgary, for instance, they tried to understand

by what magician's trick, by what method of boosting that city explains its phenomenal jump in population from 20,000 three years ago to sixty thousand this year. If Calgary could give Winnipeg any hints, then Winnipeg would get them into her bonnet. Largely this was a matter for Charles F. Roland, Winnipeg's hustling publicity man.

Of course Mr. Roland and the Winnipeg business men, when they got home, said there was no place like Winnipeg. That is real civic spirit. For if they did not believe in Winnipeg there would be no business men's excursion.

A Question of Crowns

THE editor of *M. A. P.*, the chatty London weekly, writes of "Crowns" as follows: "It is, I think, a great pity that the King should only wear his Crown once—or, reckoning the second day, twice in his life. This unapproachable bauble is brought to the Palace of Westminster whenever the Sovereign opens Parliament, and the rule is at present that on reading the speech from the Throne, he puts on his hat. Surely it might be arranged that the Crown should be worn instead, and that the people should see the Sovereign, thus covered, when he drives back to Buckingham Palace.

"At these ceremonies, Queen Victoria did wear a little diamond crown, which was passed on to Queen Alexandra, and will doubtless be resumed by Queen Mary next January. It is thus absurd that the Consort should appear crowned when the reigning Sovereign is content with the plumed hat of an admiral.

"Let me repeat—the resumption of the Crown at the opening of Parliament would involve no additional risk to the regalia. But the case is, perhaps, different when we come to the Indian Durbar. Still, even here, I should be inclined to let the Indian Peoples see their Emperor with Crown and Sceptre, all complete. If pageantry has any value at all, it would lie here.

"Moreover, the jewellery of the Indian potentates will, I imagine, far surpass that of the British regalia; yet they take the risk.

"Following this line of thought, I hold it to be a great pity that the peers, or the more ancient of them, do not revive the custom of driving to Court in the ancestral carriages which will figure so largely this week. The House of Lords has lost greatly in popularity by its neglect of those innocent spectacular functions which provide infinite delight to humble millions."

Guff for Hot Weather

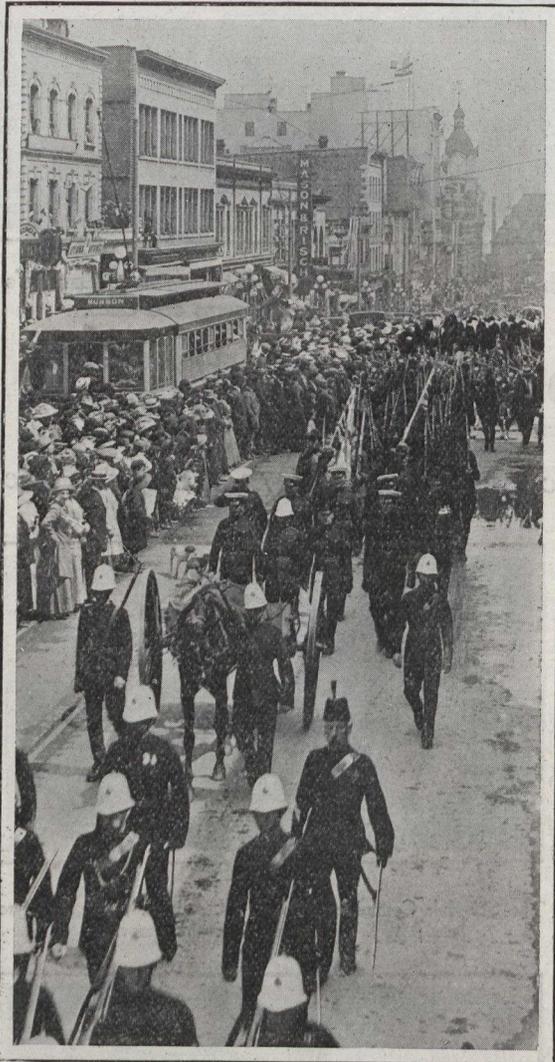
THE reward of virtue awaits the moral philosopher who will explain the human economy of a climate varying from 40 below zero to several degrees above fever heat in the shade. Doctors and wisacres who understand the liver will argue that extreme heat is necessary for three months in the year in order to get the sebaceous gland system in operation—on the same principle as a Turkish bath. Others allege that swizzling heat capable of frying an egg on the sidewalk is good for vegetation. Some say they like it. There are other kinds of liars. Hot weather has its uses. It is like smallpox, and war and politics, and sometimes religion: it gives everybody the same thing to think about. The millionaire is as uncomfortable in 96 above zero as the man who carries the millionaire's horses. The philosopher who can explain the nebular hypothesis knows no more about what causes a heat wave than the young man who raises a "holler" because he can't buy hot-weather slush in a Puritan town on Sunday. Heat and cold are great social levellers. Hell is probably a superb democracy. Joking aside—it's poor business to reduce clothes at 100 in the shade. Clothes are just as necessary to keep heat out as they are to keep heat in.



JUNE 22nd, 1911, IN CANADA

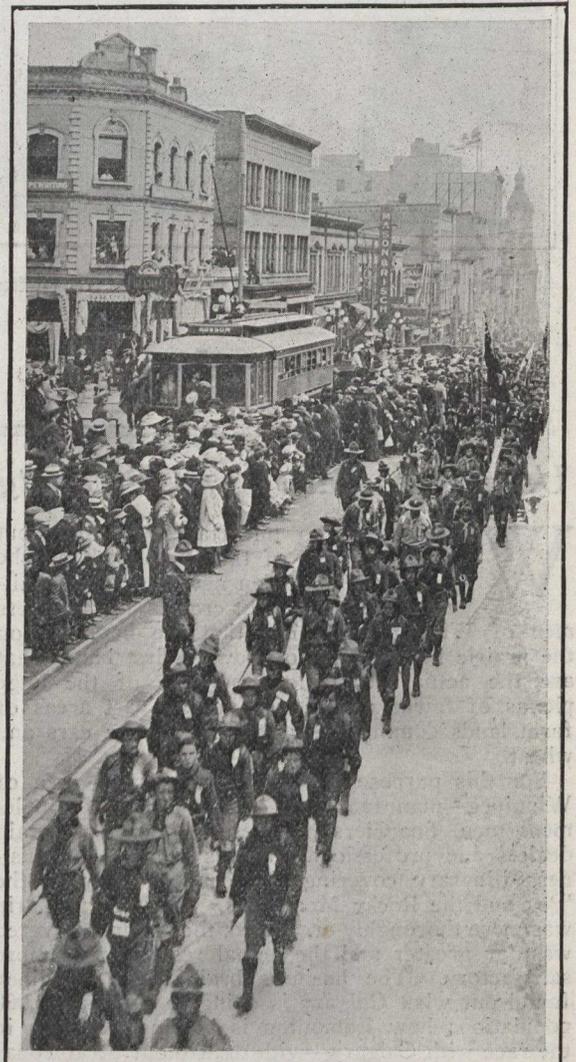


72nd Highlanders and Other Troops on parade



Men of the 6th and the Highlanders behind.

Photos by R. B. Bennett



Vancouver's Boy Scouts and the Boys' Brigade.



Coronation Day Performance of "Masque of Empire" on grounds of Lieut.-Governor of Quebec.

CORONATION DAY in Vancouver was celebrated with as much enthusiasm as the West ever puts into anything; with even more spectacular display than in most eastern cities. Military and civilians, cadets and secret societies, formed a parade containing four thousand. All the regiments turned out. Hastings and Granville Streets were lavishly decorated. The parade formed at the City Hall at the corner of Hastings and Main Streets. Headed by Deputy Chief of Police Mulhern it was two miles in length, and was witnessed by more than twenty thousand people. A squad of mounted police followed the Chief. In front of the Cadets marched the Sixth regimental band, who also led the regiment of the 72nd Highlanders. The Musicians' Union, a civilian band, brought up the middle of the parade. Came the Army Medical Corps and the Boy Scouts and the Boys' Brigade; the Campaigners and the Veterans' Association. Particularly brilliant was the Highlanders' Regiment, four hundred strong. Oddly impressive was the parade of the Japs and the Indians. For that day colour lines were obliterated. Red man and brown man and yellow man joined with the white man to demonstrate that though forty years ago British Columbia threatened to secede from the Union unless a transcontinental should be built—now, with three transcontinentals across Canada, the far West is as much a part of Confederation within the Empire in fealty to King George as any city or province in the East.

Quebec City held a dramatic fete at the Spencerwood, the grounds of the Lieutenant-Governor. The Daughters of the Empire gave a performance of "The Masque of Empire," a patriotic play, in which are symbolized all the British Dominions. Some sixty performers took part, and the splendid scenery gave the play a most artistic setting. There were about fifteen hundred guests present.

At Toronto a parade in the morning was witnessed by great crowds, and in the evening fifty to sixty thousand people gathered in Riverdale Park. In that park is a huge natural amphitheatre, and there the enormous crowds sat or stood and enjoyed a splendid programme, which included the biggest tattoo in the history of the city. Eleven bands took part. Montreal celebrated in a variety of ways, and Halifax had a celebration in keeping with its historical and present importance.



Sentry-box being erected for squad of soldiers over Sultans of Perak and Kedah at Hotel Cecil, London.



THE KING, THE ABBEY AND THE CROWN

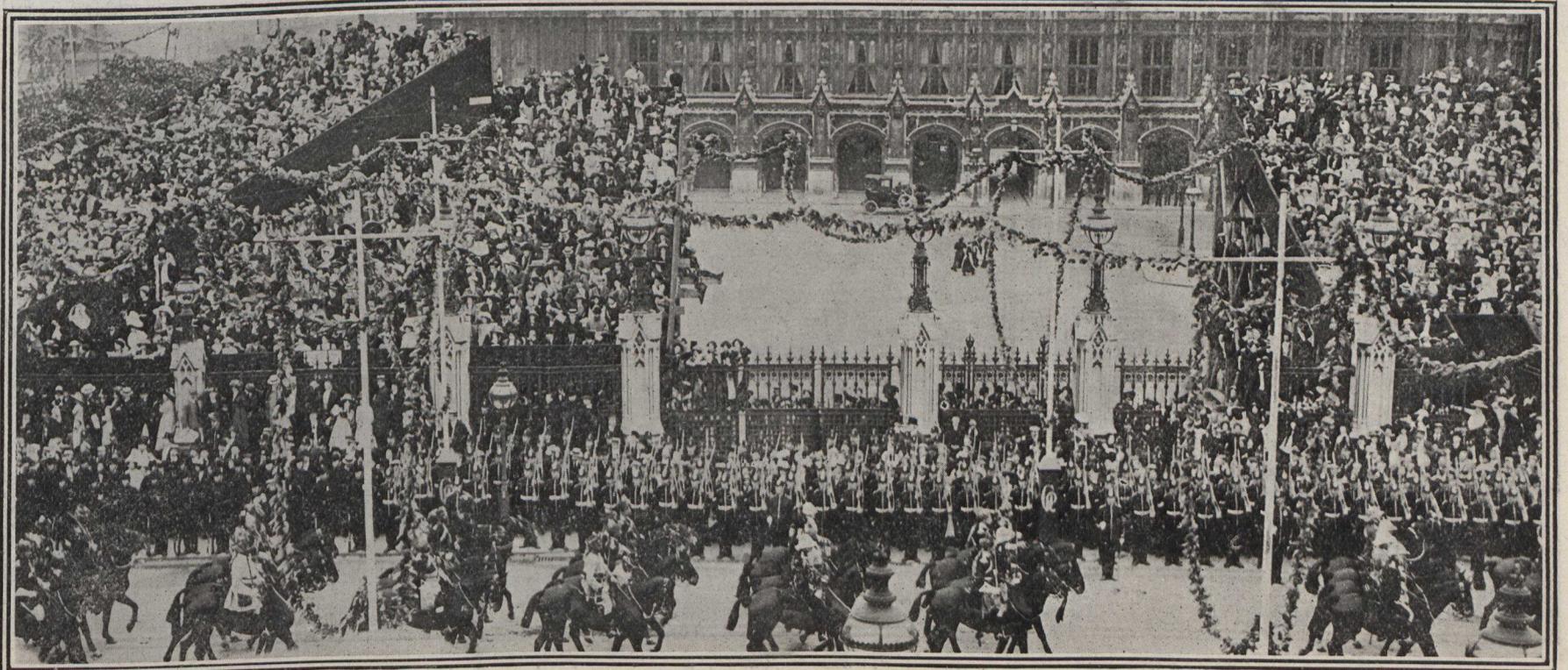
From Buckingham Palace to the Place of Coronation and Away Again



Seen by those on the roof as the Royal Coach left Buckingham on its way to the Coronation Place and Sepulchre of Kings



The Crowned King seen by lucky thousands as the Royal Coach left the Abbey; winding down from the historic centre of London to Trafalgar Square



Indian and Over-Seas Troops passing Parliament Square. The Parliament Buildings are in the rear and to the right



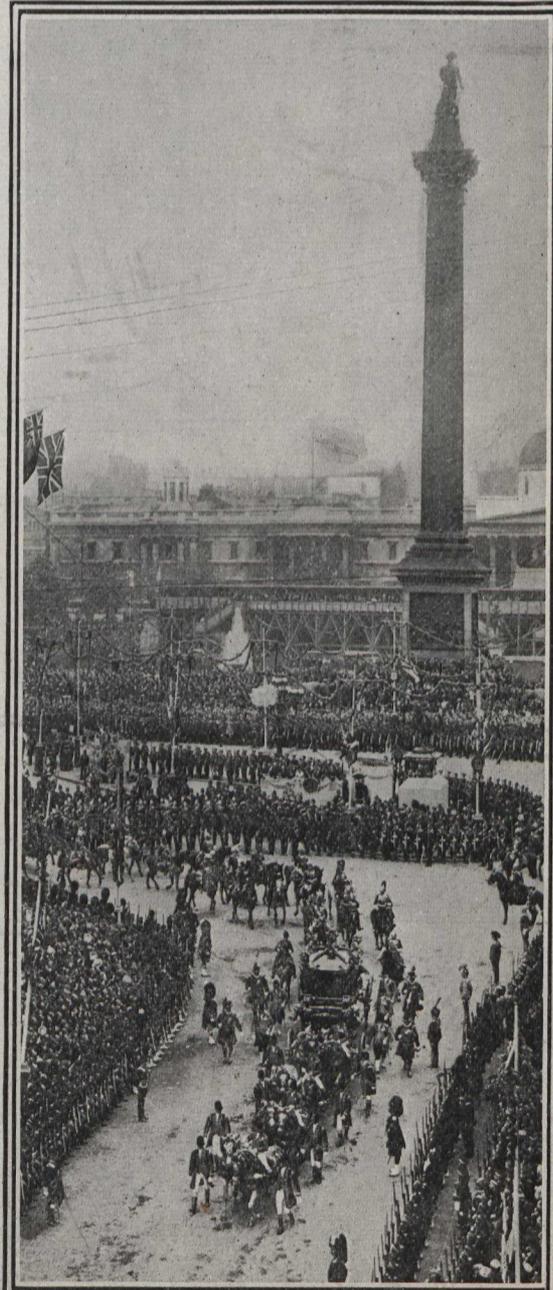
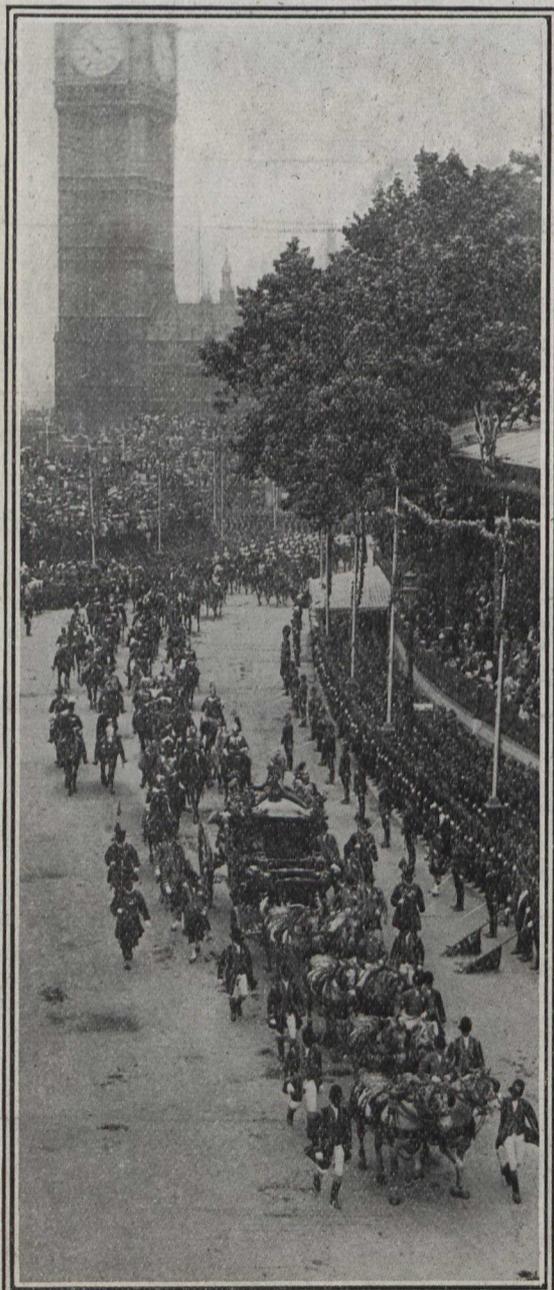
THE KING, THE KINGDOM AND THE WORLD



Progress of the Coronation Procession from the Abbey to Buckingham Palace



Royal entourage passing through Whitehall; Government Offices on left; New Zealand and Ontario Arches in distance.



Just this side of Big Ben, "Royal Salute" was the order. Rifles came to "Present!" and the regimental colors were lowered to the pavement. The second picture shows the Royal Procession coming towards Trafalgar Square; and the third as it passes the monument of Nelson at the entrance to Whitehall.



THE KING, THE CITY AND THE EMPIRE



On June 23rd King George and Queen Mary made a Royal Progress through London.



Premiers from the Southern Seas—Sir Joseph Ward of New Zealand and Gen. Botha of South Africa.



Royal Progress Crossing Ludgate Circus



Colonial Premiers—Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Andrew Fisher, First Citizen of Australia



Passing the new Victoria Memorial at Buckingham Palace

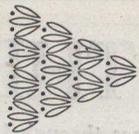


Band of the Royal Horse Guards—“God Save the King!”



Queen Mary receives a bouquet from Mayoress of South London Borough

HUMBLE PIE



How the King of Kentish Town-road was made to eat it.

By EDWIN PUGH

S AID the cynical youth in the amazing collar: "There's a kind of young man who is merely background. I mean, that without his clothes he wouldn't be noticed."

"All depends," remarked someone. "If he lived in a swimming bath—"

"I mean," the youth explained, "that he doesn't exist—outside his clothes."

"Few of us do."

"There was Bertie Amplett, for instance," said the youth.

"Was there?"

"You remember him?"

"Imperfectly."

"Now, tell me, how do you remember him?"

"I remember him—as a perambulator."

"Good!" cried the cynical youth. "You tell the story, Flatface."

"This Bertie," you know," said Flatface, "was a deuce of a fellah. He didn't work 'in the City somewhere.' He drew, I believe, a quid a week; but I vow he never earned it. His wages went on clothes, mostly, and Woodbines, and bittahs. His mother was a char-woman—when not too ill to work—and she kept the back-room going. Bertie was King of the local Monkey Parade. And if you don't know what a monkey-parade is ask Anderson here. He's straight off one.

"It's a place where the elite of the beau monde of Suburbia meet nightly, for purposes of flirtation. It's generally a big main thoroughfare. The fellahs and the girls wink and smirk as they pass, and break hearts at two yards with deadly precision.

"Well, Bertie was king of one. The Kentish Town-road was his preserve, and he pervaded it nightly, like a revolving sky-sign. There wasn't any escaping him.

"You see, he was a tall chap, and that isn't usual. He was good-looking, too, in the style of the novellette hero. And he really knew how to wear clothes. In fact, it was in his blood, his father having been a shop-walker. And so it came to pass that his hat didn't fit him very well, owing to his suffering from swelled head. The girls spoilt him, you see. They hung on his words. They played Sweet Alice to his Ben Bolt—wept with delight when he gave them a smile, and trembled with fear at his frown. All that sort of thing. He'd only got to press the button; they did the rest.

"And, naturally, the other paraders didn't like it. A point to be borne in mind, this universal enmity. Personally, I'd rather have a hundred friends who bored me than one fascinating foe. The fellows, you may be sure, fussed poor Bertie up till his blushes would have made his eyes water—had he been anybody else. As it was, he spooned the sickly stuff into himself, and thrived on it. And his darling enemies would go away and ask one another what it was the girls thought they saw in Bertie. They hadn't tumbled to the truth, you see—being cubs—that the world is willing to accept any man at his own valuation, providing he prices himself at a fancy figure. And Bertie did. He had a pretty way of taking things for granted—and inevitably they were granted.

"Well, Bertie's career had lasted perhaps two years when he met the girl who was different from every other girl in the world. (You all know her.) Her name was Minnie Bates in this instance; and she was an attendant at a theatre—a sterling little thing! She believed in Bertie, just as the other girls did. She agreed with him in thinking that he was the handsomest and finest man that ever was born; and when there is perfect agreement on a point of that importance love follows as a simple matter of course.

"Bertie forsook the Monkey Parade to spend the long May evenings on Hampstead Heath with Minnie. They discovered the new world of the sky together, and gave the moon many unsolicited testimonials. They tried to break a sixpence in half, but couldn't manage it, so changed it for two threepenny bits—with difficulty, Bertie having grievously maltreated the coin in his efforts to break it—and they wore one threepenny bit each, as near to their hearts as the exigencies of modern underwear permit. And they were as happy as two infants who have succeeded in extracting the cork from a bottle of ink.

"And the Monkey Paraders rejoiced exceedingly, for the ladies now became aware of their existence. And a new king reigned in the land

who knew not Bertie.

"But, of course, it didn't last for ever. Nothing ever does last as long as that—not even a hundred up between two suckling billiardists. Minnie was smitten with sickness, and had to go away for a holiday in Devonshire. And Bertie, bored in her absence, and realizing that nothing cheers up a man so much as the sight of old faces—especially when the old faces are young—returned, for one night only, as he phrased it, to the scene of former triumphs. But the altered state of affairs on the Monkey Parade, instead of heartening, depressed him.

"A man of no account at all came up and criticized his hat. 'My dear old boy,' said the man of no account, 'where did you find it?'

"What's the matter with it?" inquired Bertie, irately; but his head had shrunk so that it felt several sizes too large already.

"All I can say is," was the rejoinder, 'Popkins wouldn't be found dead in it.'

"He would,' retorted Bertie, 'if he's taken to stealing hats and took mine.'

"You know what I mean,' said the insufferable one.

"I do not,' said Bertie. 'And who is Popkins when he's at home?'

"I don't know,' was the reply; 'but he's a daddy when he's out.'

"Now, this was galling. And Bertie was even less pleased when he found that the girls no longer played Alice to his Ben Bolt, choosing rather to play Juliet to Popkins's Romeo.

"This must be seen to,' he decided. And he saw to it. So deep still was the old impression he had made that he had little difficulty in re-establishing his supremacy. Popkins was summarily deposed. The girls once more flocked to his piping. In a week he was once more the Great Gazoo of the Monkey Parade, and ruffling it with the keener zest for his temporary eclipse.

* * *

"AT the back of his new exaltation, however, lurked a feeling of resentment against the memory of Minnie. He wondered what he had seen in her, not knowing that it was a glorified reflection of himself mirrored in her limpid eyes. And when the winsome maid returned, expectant, palpitating with glad anticipations of a blissful reunion, he cut her dead.

"They met on the Monkey Parade on a Sunday evening. He had a girl on either arm, and they were both adoring him and hating one another. Minnie's face paled. Her lips parted in a sighing breath of woeful dismay. She looked at him pleadingly; but he tilted his chin and passed her by, and gave her neither word nor smile.

"It was two or three weeks later that the second act of this tragi-farce opened," said Flatface. "Sunday night again, and the Monkey Parade crowded from end to end with flamboyant young humans, all bent on tender dalliance. Bertie walked magnificently alone. There was none too proud to do him reverence; but he was a little weary of too-facile conquest, and longed for something better than the sickly homage of these shallow nincompoops.

"And then, quite abruptly, there emerged from the press of familiar faces one that he did not know—the face of a woman, beautiful, alight with a rare intelligence, a radiant spirit, an expression of utter aloofness from the chattering, jostling horde—the face of one sublimely sure of herself, queenly, dominating.

"She came straight towards Bertie, and shook hands with him. He raised his hat in a dazed transport. She talked. She rattled on with a lively self-assurance that stupefied our dandy Cockney. She pretended that they had met before—she couldn't remember clearly where; the amazing suggestion conveyed by this glorious creature was that her assumption of an old acquaintance was a mere subterfuge to win his regal countenance. To say that he was taken by storm expresses the idea only mildly. He was swept into subjection, body and soul, by this superb and resplendent beauty, who wore clothes that he had only seen in pictures as if they were the veriest duds, who commanded him to buy ices for her, and hailed cabs as if they had been omnibuses. There never was a case of such complete obsession as Bertie's!

"They met again and again, always by appointment, and he was invariably punctual. She was not

—often arriving late, sometimes not turning up at all. Her name, he discovered, was Isabel Mirramore, and she—this was the cream and the joy of it!—was a married woman.

"It was on a Sunday late in August that the last act opened. Bertie had arranged to meet Isabel at the corner of Prince of Wales-road, outside the undertaker's—a favourite trysting-place. He was there to the tick, as usual; and she, as usual, was not. He waited. Half an hour passed—a chastening time for Bertie; but by now he had grown used to such discipline. And then she appeared."

* * *

FLATFACE paused eloquently. "She appeared," he repeated, slowly. "And at sight of her Bertie's lower jaw dropped, so that his nose and mouth looked like a note of exclamation. For she was not alone. No. She had a companion, of dubious sex, whose face made an indistinct pink smudge behind a thick creamy veil. Her companion was a baby, and it rode in a perambulator, which Isabel pushed. It was not even a smart pram. It was one of those old-fashioned contraptions on three wheels—the sort of thing you never see now, except in back-of-the-world villages. She greeted the obfuscated Bertie, seeming all unconscious of offence, and they shook hands. She did not apologize for the outrageous pram, or the accursed kid either.

"Cyril did so want a ride, and his nurse is ill," she explained, breezily.

"Bertie moistened his dry, sticky lips. 'I'm awfully sorry,' he stammered, 'but—'

"He was about to plead another engagement, but she looked inscrutably dangerous, as only a weak woman can, and he dared not. He never had mastered Isabel, and he could not do it at this crisis.

"Let's go a quiet way,' he uttered, hoarsely.

"Oh, no!' she cried. 'Baby enjoys a crowd so!'

"And thus we behold this weird cortege trundling slowly up Kentish Town-road.

"Bertie had never before felt so big and awkward and hot and uncomfortable in all the days of his short merry life. He felt as if he must be ten feet high at least, and that the pram was fully as large as a pantechmicon. Isabel walked beside him, smiling serenely. Every now and then she stooped to fuss up the abominable infant to prod him in the wind and whisper words of loving kindness. Outside the railway station she deftly transferred the handles of the equipage to Bertie. He would have protested, but a dreadful clairvoyant feeling oppressed him. He saw the grinning, leering faces of his rivals, and heard the titters of the girls—discarded flames—as though through a lurid mist. He heard the raucous, jeering mirth of Popkins, and was horribly aware of the fact that a queue of triumphant mockers trailed away in his wake indefinitely.

"So they proceeded.

"They came out at last on Parliament Hill, and Isabel yearned for ices. In an awesome, solemn silence Bertie wheeled the pram up to the little chalet at the foot of the long slope, and took possession of a table.

"You go and order it, dear,' said Isabel, languishing at him. 'I'll look after baby.'

"He went. He was minded to flee; but she had laid a spell on him, and he dared not. He was a good time absent; but he ordered what he did not require at last, and returned to the spot where he had left his tactless lady.

"And she was gone. The pram was there all right, with the baby fast asleep in it, buttressed against the four winds by innumerable swaddlings. Hideous and grim the vehicle stood, shabby and loathsome, a ghastly anachronism in faded, blistered green and yellow, obtrusively conspicuous in the rosy westering afterglow.

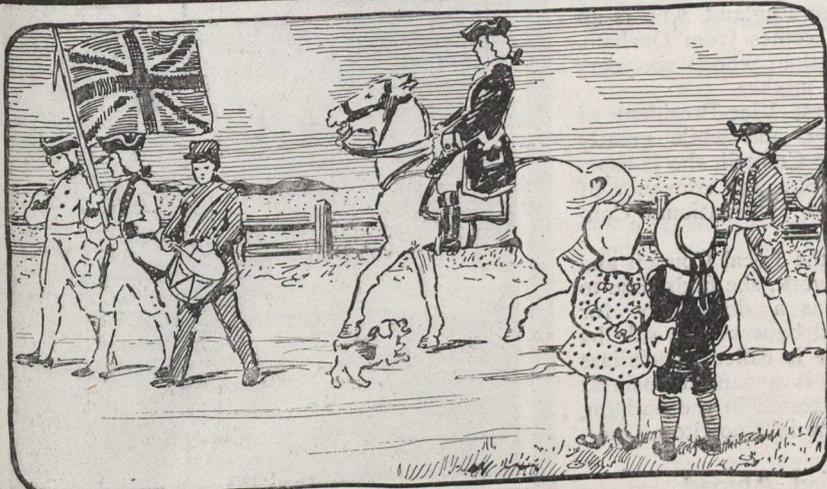
"His eyes roved wildly over the sylvan scene. The hillslopes swarmed with happy folk in all their Sunday bravery; but she—the faithless, treacherous She!—was nowhere to be seen. And there he stood in his glossy top-hat, his thirty-two-and-sixpenny frock-coat and vest, his twelve-and-elevenpenny trousers, his collar like a white-washed wall, his bed-quilt tie, his Abyssinian gold watch-chain, and cut-glass pin—a forlorn figure of derision. He could have wept. He could have flung up his hands to the sky and cursed the eternal ironies. But he was not built that way.

The sweat poured down his haggard face. His collar seemed to be pushing his ears into his hat. He would have risen to poetic heights of declamatory despair; but the resources of his vocabulary were not equal to the effort. He could only mutter, 'This ain't 'alf a go!' and drop limply into a chair beside the pram.

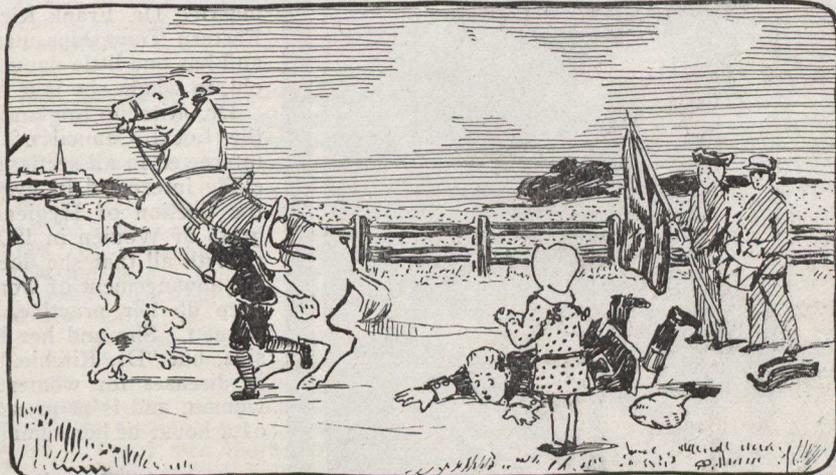
"An officious menial bustled up and began to unload the heavy burden of a huge tray.

(Continued on page 21.)

Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



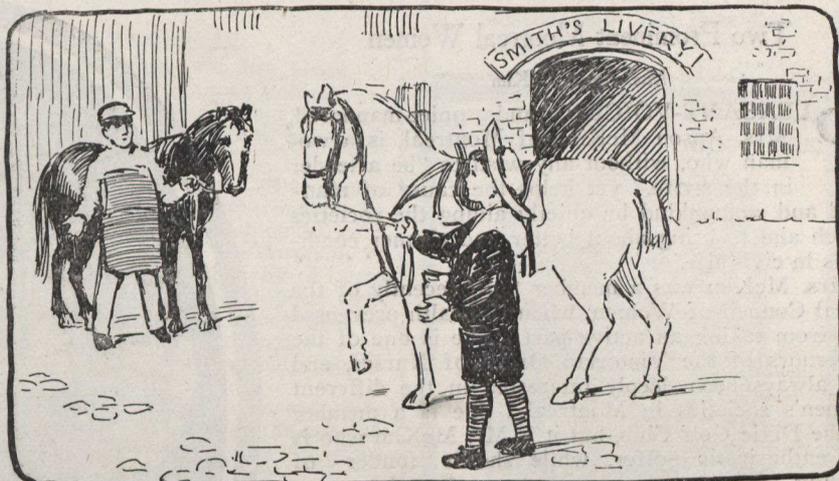
1. When Willie started out for school with Lillie by the hand, They met an Orangemen's parade preceded by a band. The children stared in ecstasy, and Toby barked, of course, Just as King William rode along upon a snow-white horse.



2. The charger reared, the King fell off, his hat and wig fell too; The drummer and the ensign shook, and wondered what to do; The other people fled with fright,—it was a cowardly deed! But Willie seized the bridle and he jumped upon the steed.



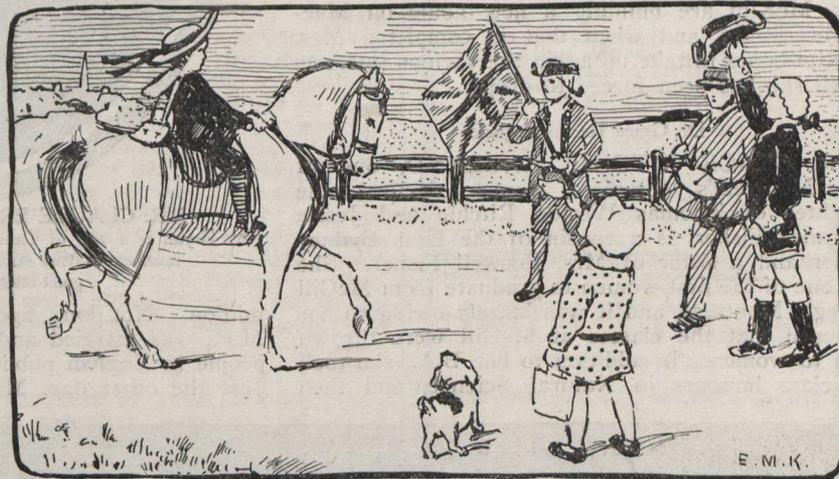
3. Away they flew, and soon they both had vanished far from sight! The king wept large and salty tears, bewailing his sad plight. "Don't cry, dear king," said Lillie, "they won't go far away, My brother's very strong and brave, he's sure to save the day."



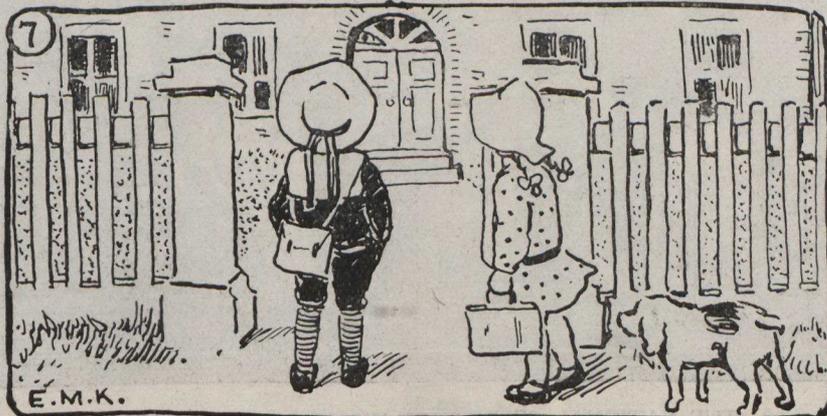
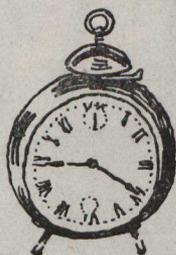
4. Unluckily the horse went lame as Willie reached the town, He tried to get another horse but every one was brown. Poor little Will, he tried, and tried, and felt discouraged quite, For all folks know that good King Bill must have a horse that's white.



5. "Go fetch some whitewash," said the boy, and worked with might and main, Until upon a milk-white steed he then rode back again.



6. Then Lillie waved her handkerchief, King William ceased to wail, The ensign waved the Union Jack, and Toby wagged his tail.



7. Then Will and Lillie marched with them until they reached the gate, Regretting that their escapade had kept them rather late.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



MRS. ANSON McKIM

Who takes a deep interest in the various clubs and societies of Montreal.



DR. GRACE RITCHIE ENGLAND

A brilliant woman physician, whose home is in Montreal.

took a post-graduate course in Vienna, and commenced as a general practitioner in Montreal. She married Dr. Frank Richardson England, who is an Eastern Townships man, and comes from Durham, and has one little daughter, Esther, who is six years old, to whom she is a devoted mother.

Dr. Ritchie England is First Vice-President of the Local Council of Women, and while greatly interested in all sections of the Council, she is especially interested in hygiene. She was convenor of the Section of Hygiene at the International Congress of Women in 1909.

With all that she does for the Local Council and the advancement of woman's work, she finds time to keep up her practice, and has a dispensary for women. She and her husband have offices side by side, but "Dr. Ritchie," as she is called, specializes in diseases for women. She is a capital business woman, and is at present interested in the building of a house at her summer home in Knowlton, Que.

* * * A Canadian Married Abroad.

ANGLO-CANADIAN marriages have been quite in vogue this spring. London has been the scene of at least two large fashionable weddings recently, which attracted much interest in the Do-

Two Prominent Montreal Women

Mrs. Anson McKim

PLEASANT-VOICED and quiet-mannered, Mrs. Anson McKim, of Montreal, is a woman who, without any wish to "be a leader in the strife," yet helps the cause of mankind and womankind by quietly aiding the societies which aim to bring about better and cleaner conditions in civic life.

Mrs. McKim was a member until recently of the Local Council of Women, when ill-health prevented her from taking an active part. She is one of the governors of the Victorian Order of Nurses, and has always been deeply interested in the different women's societies in Montreal. She is a member of the Dixie Golf Club, but it is Mr. McKim who is the enthusiastic golfer, while she is fonder of reading.

During the past two years Mrs. McKim has been unable to take much part in the efforts of Montreal societies, owing partly to ill-health and partly to the fact that she has spent only about six months out of twenty-four in the city. Mr. and Mrs. McKim are building a new home on Macgregor Street, and when that is completed Mrs. McKim hopes to take up again the various interests which she has been forced to drop.

Dr. Grace Ritchie England

DR. GRACE RITCHIE ENGLAND, one of Montreal's foremost women doctors, the daughter of Thomas Weston Ritchie and Jessie Torrance Fisher, is a cousin of the Hon. Sydney Fisher and a sister of Mrs. Roswell Fisher. She was one of the first women to graduate from McGill College, Montreal, and it was largely owing to her influence that the classes at McGill were thrown open to women. In addition to her B.A., she took first-class honours in Natural Science, and then



MR. CLAUDE BRYAN AND HIS BRIDE

Mr. Bryan is a son of Canon Bryan, of Toronto, and his recent marriage to Miss Annette Furness was an affair of great interest to Canadians.

minion. Not long ago Mr. Hamar Greenwood, M.P., was married and some of the most eminent people in English public life attended his wedding. Just the other day, Mr. Claude G. Bryan, son of

Canon Bryan, Toronto, married Miss Annette Furness, niece and ward of Lord Furness, the great ship baron. This wedding, too, was a big social event.

Mr. Bryan, like Mr. Greenwood, has mainly made his way by his own unaided efforts, helped by a rather Irish temperament in certain incidents of his career. He is a graduate of Jameson Avenue Collegiate Institute, Toronto, and the University of Toronto—Class of 1896. At Varsity, he was a well known member of the Kappa Alpha Greek Letter Society. On leaving Varsity, for three years young Bryan was reporter on the *Globe*, Toronto, part of the time serving as secretary to Mr. J. S. Willison, then editor-in-chief. While covering assignments for his paper he one day met Sir Gilbert Parker at the Queen's Hotel. The novelist wanted a secretary. He was attracted to Bryan by that young man's boyish vivacious ways, and engaged him. For some time Mr. Bryan resided in England with Sir Gilbert. From secretary he rose to be his literary collaborator. Mr. Bryan and Sir Gilbert combined in producing in 1903, "Old Quebec, a History of New France." The actual writing of this work, which is generally credited to Sir Gilbert Parker, was done entirely by Mr. Bryan. While in London, Mr. Bryan wrote numerous short stories and articles for magazines—contributing occasionally to the *Canadian Magazine*.

He has for some time now lived in New York and Indianapolis as chief executive officer for a large insurance corporation.

His bride, he met during his engagement with Sir Gilbert Parker. The tastes of the young couple are largely identical. Miss Furness is a literary woman of no little note, the author of several bright romances. Mr. and Mrs. Bryan will reside for the future in London, in the magnificent home presented to them by Lord Furness, next door to Lord Charles Beresford. It is understood that Mr. Claude Bryan will be the next Canadian to contest a seat for the British House of Commons.



THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN AT PORT ARTHUR

The eighteenth annual meeting, which took place on the 14th and lasted until the 20th of June, was an immense success in every respect. A large amount of business was transacted, many important questions discussed and the excellent programme carried out with great precision.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

The Evening Telegram of Toronto breaks into loud sobs whenever it reflects that Hon. Adam Beck did not get so much as a C. M. G. And yet that sobful sheet declares that a title is nothing.

A Mormon is visiting the members of Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, with a view of making conversions. The pastor should preach a sermon against the harem skirt.

King George will be in Ireland on the 12th of July—but he will not attempt to cross the Boyne.

Young women should refuse to enter the canoe or the dinghy of any man who is destitute of Boy Scout principles.

In Vienna, a citizen may not go up in a balloon unless wife and family give their formal consent. In Canada, a man may go up in the air when his family is least expecting it.

New one dollar bills have been sent out from Ottawa, but, so far, we have not seen one of them.

The U. S. Senate is giving the Reciprocity Bill time to cool off.

The cherry crop is likely to be good. This has nothing to do with the cock-tail harvest.

The Paris cooks demand a copy-right law to protect their original dishes. Just think of infringing a copyright on mayonnaise dressing or on chicken salad.

Mr. R. L. Borden recently addressed a Red Deer audience in the Methodist Church of that thriving town. "What a sinful misuse of a sanctuary," groaned the Editor of The Toronto Globe.

The members of the Toronto City Council have no intention of presenting Dr. Hastings, M. H. O., with a loving cup.

A wind storm in Washington became so violent that the members of the Senate could not be heard. Now, if Hon. William Paterson had only been there!

Montreal will give Sir Wilfrid a vaster welcome than has been.

King George is descended from the ancient Irish kings. So, he is sure of a welcome in Boston and New York

English, as We Speak It.

Boys will be boys.
Business is business.
Nothing succeeds like success.

A Muskoka Romance.—It was a summer hotel in Muskoka. There were several chaperons, twenty nice girls, two elderly clergymen, a university professor and one young man. The twenty girls were ever so amiable towards each other and most considerate of the solitary young man. He was not obliged to do the rowing nor the paddling, and the youngest of the nice girls looked for his lost tennis balls. He was really enjoying himself very much and was making all the girls angry by saying that he felt as if they were his sisters.

But one evening there arrived by the boat a slender and forlorn creature who wore clinging black gowns, had a wistful smile and a dreamy expression in her violet eyes. The chaperons found out all about her the next day and announced to the twenty nice girls that she was a young and heartbroken widow whose husband had been in the boot and shoe business and who had been left with just a little insurance. The nice girls looked doubtful at the end of the first week, for the widow was so helpless that the only young man had to carry her parasol and help her into the boat and get her a wrap as soon as

the evening breeze blew from the north. They became openly scornful when she called him a "dear boy," and sniffed incredulously when she spoke of the possibility of returning to the city.

When the athletic girl declared that the little widow was lacking in muscle and was a coward for screaming at a snake, the only young man aroused in her defence, and proclaimed her womanly and charming.

When the university girl criticized the little widow's English and vowed that she knew not a line of Browning, the only young man declared that if there was a being he hated more than another it was a blue-stocking.

When the domestic girl hinted that the little widow never seemed to be doing any fancy work and had probably been a bad housekeeper and hurried her husband to the tomb, the only young man muttered "cats" and went away to read Augusta Evans Wilson's novels to the forlorn "relict."

When the religious girl hinted that it would be well for the widow to become a deaconess or otherwise devote herself to good works, the only young man said that the best work in the world was cheering man's miserable lot.

One morning the widow went away, still wearing her clinging black garments and a pensive smile. Two days afterward the young man also heard the call of the city and took the early boat. Their engagement was announced in Saturday's paper and the twenty nice girls sat up in the moonlight and said Things.

Moral: There's nothing succeeds like distress.

Everybody's Boss.

Who is it bosses all the staff?
Who makes us swear and makes us laugh?
Who's too intelligent by half?
The office boy.

Who comes to work with shoes unshined
And, when reminded, doesn't mind?
Who, when he's wanted, none can find?
The office boy.

Who, when on errands he must go,
Delays his start, walks very slow,
And sees the moving picture show?
The office boy.

Who oft is told that he'll be fired?
Who, asked to work, is very tired?
Who's by stenographers admired?
The office boy.

Who is it that's not fond of soap?
Who's seldom known to sulk or mope?
Who knows the latest baseball dope?
The office boy.

Who whistles till we have a fit?
Who has surprising strains of grit?
Who's who or, otherwise, who's it?
The office boy.

Only for Cold Days.—Summer's hot days remind us, by contrast, of the cold ones of winter. Some wise people seem to not worry over either the cold or the hot days. Such a person is a Toronto man who had, last winter, a funny way of recognizing that the thermometer was registering on the under side of zero.

On a bitterly cold morning a few months ago he remarked, on getting down to work, "It's beginning to get pretty cold. I think I'll have to start wearing socks."

Rushing Annexation.—Percy Haswell, who is at the head of a summer stock company at the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, made, the other night, one of those funny little breaks which are liable to be the lot of any person who appears much before the public.

The audience having insisted on a speech, Miss Haswell told them how much she and her company appreciat-

ed the applause. Then she told what the next two plays would be, and finally she praised the theatre and its cooling plant.

"I think I may say," declared Miss Haswell, "that this is the coolest theatre in the whole of the United States."

Many people smiled, and they whispered to each other such comments as:

"That's rushing annexation."

"That's hurrying things; we haven't got reciprocity yet."

Little Reason to Kick.—"There's no money in the barber business now," remarked a Toronto barber the other morning to a man whom he was shaving.

"What's the trouble—high rents?" asked the customer.

"Yes," said the barber. "I've been in this business a great many years, and I used to get this place for fifteen dollars a month."

"And I suppose that now you pay three or four times that much," hazarded the man who was being shaved.

"I suppose I'd pay about seventy-five dollars a month for it," was the answer. "But I own the building."

The customer gasped, and he decided that whether or not "there's no money in the barber business now," it must have paid pretty well when that barber was putting away the funds to buy a place that would command such a big rent.

Anatomical.

I asked her to give me her heart,
Her answer I think was unkind.
I asked her to give me her heart,
And she gave me a piece of her mind.

Printers' Punishment.—"I've come to the conclusion that there must be a place of future punishment," was the remark made to the foreman of a printing establishment by a man who claimed that he had been kept waiting an unreasonably long time on some printing he had ordered.

"Why?" asked the foreman, somewhat suspiciously.

"Well, there has to be some place for printers to go to," was the answer.

"Printers," retorted the foreman, "get their hell here."

Which Is Often.—"I always agree with my husband." "Very sweet of you." "Except, of course, when he is in the wrong."

Just Like Them.—Our English friends persist in confusing our "geography" in a mortifying manner. Mrs. Humphry Ward was so misguided as to refer to Montreal as near Hamilton, and to represent a farmhouse as commanding a view of both Lake Superior and Lake Ontario.

Now, that delightful weekly, The Bystander, is the offender. A book reviewer, writing in its columns, declares that Mr. Stephen Leacock is a professor in McGill University, Ont., thus mis-spelling "McGill," and giving Montreal the glory (or ignominy) of belonging to Ontario.

The Ways of Jones.—"Does Jones go to church?" asked a Montreal broker.

"No—he has all his religion and most of his money in his wife's name."

Painfully Accurate.—He was a young man selling a stamping-machine in the offices of Canadian cities.

"How much is it worth?" a long-suffering young broker asked.

"I don't know," was the startling reply, "but we're selling it for twenty-five dollars."

Hurrying Improvement.—Neighbour (looking over fence at boy with lawn mower)—"Why on earth don't you oil that machine? It makes a terrible noise."

Boy—"Mother told me not to till you got your planner tuned."

Cramped Quarters.—The Learned One—"Do you know that in milk there are over three million bacilli to the cubic inch?" The Other—"I'm not surprised—everything is so beastly overcrowded nowadays."

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18



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Why So Much Re-organizing is Going On.

THERE are so many companies at the present time that are going through a process of re-organization that one oftentimes asks what particular reason is there for it. The main reason would seem to be that in the past a great many companies have depended on the banks for their working capital, and it has now come to a point where practically all the Canadian chartered banks have such urgent demand for their money that they cannot any longer afford to have much of it tied up for a long period in various industrial propositions.

In order to do away with the practice which has been so prevalent in the past, they have been advising different companies to re-organize and, by issuing bonds and preferred stock against their properties and assets, to have the public finance their propositions instead of the banks themselves. Of course, in a great many cases promoters have taken advantage of re-organization to inject a considerable amount of watered capital into various concerns, but, to a considerable extent, these re-organizations have been brought about at the outset by the banks themselves.

By the process, it is figured that, as a rule, our Canadian banks will have more money at their disposal for what are regarded as urgent demands, and in this way will be very much better able to look after their customers than they have been during the past couple of years, when they have had a very large percentage of their money tied up in different propositions. As the country develops and the population obtain gradually a larger amount of wealth, there will be more and more companies which will come into the open market to secure the capital that will be necessary for them here to keep pace with the growing markets of the country.

* * *

A Wonderful Memory.

AN interesting incident of this occurred on the Montreal Stock Exchange the other day when Mr. Rodolphe Forget made what is now one of his periodical visits to the Exchange. The common stock of the Wayagamack Pulp and Paper Company was, at the time, selling around 36, and Rodolphe started in to buy something like a thousand shares, and succeeded in doing so before the stock got very much above 37½. Then, when it was noticed that he was buying such a large amount of the issue, other brokers started to buy, and at the end of the day the stock had gone as high as 39, and in the meantime Mr. Forget, it rather looked, had been able to turn round and sell all the stock that he had acquired in the morning, and at the end of the day had practically little or no more stock than he had when he started out, and yet the stock was selling at 39, as compared with 36 when he started in to buy it.

In his operations Mr. Forget is always favoured with a remarkable memory and has a decided advantage over most other brokers in that he is able to stand in the middle of a crowd and go along trading in 500 or 1,000 shares of a stock in small lots, both buying and selling, without being forced to jot every transaction down on a piece of paper until he has achieved what he has been after, when he can step aside to the desk and from memory write down from twenty to thirty different transactions that he may have put through in the course of five or ten minutes.

* * *

A Canadian Financier Who Refused a Title.

THE recent batch of titles that has been granted to Canadians emphasizes the fact that during the past few years the title has been offered on two occasions to Mr. R. B. Angus, who is now President of the Bank of Montreal. For some reason, however, which he has never even told his friends, Mr. Angus has always preferred not to accept it, evidently being quite satisfied just to be known as he always has been—plain Mr. Angus. His refusal to accept a title, however, is all the more surprising as a number of the men with whom he is daily associated have been rather eager to accept them.

* * *

Americans Buying Canadian Stocks.

DURING the past few weeks there have been evidences that large American houses were turning their attention to Canadian securities, and the recent accumulation of the stock of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., which has carried it to a level some 14 points above what it was selling for a few weeks ago, is said to have been for a prominent Boston bond house which also has branches in New York and Chicago, and recently has been devoting more than usual attention to Canadian propositions.

It has been a matter of considerable surprise to most Canadian bankers that American interests, during the past year, have not really given more attention to Canadian securities, more especially as the Wall Street market has been particularly quiet. Besides, during the past few months, the discussion as to the advisability of the reciprocity agreement, has enabled American interests to get a very much better idea of just what rapid headway Canadian concerns were making, and seeing that they were so close it is rather surprising that they did not take a run over to see just what was back of it all. If they had they would undoubtedly have discovered that there were more favourable opportunities for investment in Canada than they could pick up in the Wall Street list.

* * *

The Campbell Flour Mills Company, Limited.

THE Campbell Flour Mills Company, Limited, has secured the business of the Campbell Milling Company, with mills at West Toronto and Peterborough. The management is the same as formerly and has a controlling interest in the new company. The directors are: Senator Campbell, Toronto; James Richardson, grain merchant, Kingston, Ont.; D. A. Campbell, A. W. Campbell, N. H. Campbell, Toronto; James Playfair, Midland, Ont., and E. B. Thompson. The capital of the company is \$650,000, 7 per cent. cumulative preferred stock, and \$650,000 common. Already \$350,000 preference stock has been subscribed and the Campbell, Thompson Co., Toronto, are

We have just issued our

July Bond List

containing particulars of bonds to yield from 4% to 6%.

A copy mailed on request.

A. E. Ames & Co.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

TORONTO, : CANADA

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Paid Up \$6,200,000
Reserve Funds \$7,200,000
Total Assets \$100,000,000

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SOME VITAL POINTS

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MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

MUTUAL CAREFUL PRUDENT ECONOMICAL PROGRESSIVE REASONABLE LIBERAL PROMPT JUST and FAIR

On the Full Legal Reserve Plan;

in the Selection of Its Members;

in the Investment of Its Funds;

in Management Consistent with Efficiency;

along Scientific and Popular Lines;

in Its Policy Terms and Conditions;

In Its Cash and Paid-up Values;

On the Settlement of Its Claims; and

in All Its Dealings.

HEAD OFFICE - WATERLOO, ONT.

offering the balance of \$300,000 preference stock at par, with a bonus of 25 per cent. common stock.

The mill at West Toronto has a capacity of 1,000 barrels of flour and 100 tons of feed per day, and the Peterborough mill 400 barrels and 30 tons of feed per day. These two plants are working day and night, but, to relieve the congestion of business, it has been decided to erect a mill at Midland, with an immediate capacity of 1,500 barrels per day, with buildings arranged to increase to 3,000 barrels per day. A site has been secured beside the Aberdeen elevator, comprising nine acres of land, including a water frontage of 500 feet.

* * *

Buying a Big Block of Bonds.

THE International Milling Company of Canada, which has been organized to take over the outstanding shares of the International Milling Company, of Minnesota, has disposed of \$525,000 of the 6 per cent. bonds to the Investment Trust Company, Ltd., of Montreal. The International, with the thirteen mills which it takes over, will, at the outset, have a capacity of 9,000 barrels of flour and 3,000 barrels of rolled oats per day.

* * *

What President of International Thinks of Consolidation.

DISCUSSING the advantages of bringing American and Canadian Milling Companies together, Mr. F. A. Bean, President and founder of the International Milling Company, of Minnesota, says:

"The advantages of the consolidation would appear to be many. In case of bountiful crops on both sides of the line, all of the mills should show splendid profits. A crop failure in both territories is almost beyond the range of possibility. In case of a good crop in one district and a poor crop in the other, what would be the loss of one section, would be the gain of the other. By having the capacity distributed in this way, either one section or another would be in a position to take the fullest advantage of any favourable conditions which might be peculiar to it. The position of the company should, therefore, make for stability in earnings."

COUPON.

HUMBLE PIE

(Continued from page 16.)

"Take the confounded truck away!" howled Bertie, "or I'll brain you with one of your own plates, confound you!"

"The menial trembled and effaced himself.

"What the infernal regions was to be done?"

"Gentlemen," said Flatface, "I will not harrow up your souls unduly. Behold Bertie sidling up to a cold and unsympathetic policeman. You may wonder that he did not leave the baby to its fate; but you must remember that he had a holy fear of the law and of scandal. He had been seen pushing that pram by unnumbered hosts of people in the Kentish Town-road. He knew, as surely as he knew anything, that they would not fail to button him on to the affair if he went and deserted the kid and there were subsequent inquiries about it. So, as I say, he sought advice.

"Let me smell your breath," said the policeman.

"You think that would be helpful?" queried Bertie, scornfully. "I'll let you smell my fist if you like."

"Consider yourself under arrest," was the apt rejoinder.

"With pleasure—if you'll take the baby too."

"The policeman gripped Bertie by the elbow, and thus they walked towards the pram, surrounded by a joyous throng, in the forefront of which were all Bertie's dearest enemies.

"The policeman bent over the pram with that reckless confidence characteristic of the father of a large family. Then, apparently, he was seized with some form of insanity. His face swelled and deepened in colour. He stamped with one cumbrous foot on the turf. With one huge hand—which was just large enough for the purpose—he covered his mouth. Strange sounds issued out of him. And all the world wondered.

"What the deuce is the matter with you?" demanded Bertie, displaying some natural irritation.

"The policeman, with that power of self-control so typical of the strong, calm Englishman, contrived to gurgled forth these words:

"It's a doll!"

"And so it was a doll, gentlemen," said Flatface. "And the lady who had quartered it on Bertie turned out to be a well-known comedy actress with a deep liking for poor discarded Minnie Bates, and a nice sense of retributive fitness. But Bertie's troubles weren't over with the discovery of the trick that had been played upon him. The policeman was stern and relent-

less, and very legal. He pointed out to Bertie that he couldn't leave the doll and pram there. (Bertie had imagined that he could.) Then he tried to give the entire panjandrum away to various ladies in the crowd; only to draw upon himself doubts as to his honesty. And then the policeman said that Bertie was creating a disturbance, and would he kindly move on, and no more cheek; if he didn't he would run him in, since, as it was, the whole affair had an ancient and fish-like smell.

"So Bertie had to wheel the pram out into the street again, with a happy, whooping mob in attendance, and convey it home, where its appearance did him no real permanent good in his mother's estimation. (Indeed, she still suspects him of being a veritable Don Juan in depravity, and will no more lend him shillings on Fridays.)

"I saw Bertie's career down the Ken'ish Town-road with his doll and the pram myself," said the cynical youth, and he almost smiled. "The whole Monkey Parade turned out to cheer the performance. And though I don't know what the mile record is for a man with a pram, I feel pretty sure that Bertie broke it."

Taking No Chances.—The druggist approached the Celestial gate. St. Peter opened the portal for him and bade him enter and join the heavenly choir.

"Not so fast," admonished the compounder of pills. "Before I go in there I want to ask a few questions. Have you any city directories in Paradise?"

"No," replied St. Peter.

"Any remedies for growing hair on bald heads and door knobs?"

"None."

"Any soda fountains?"

"We don't know what they are."

"Do you sell stamps?"

"We don't use them here."

"And last, but not least, have you any telephones?"

"We have not."

"Then I'll go in, for I guess this is Heaven all right, all right."—Louisville Post.

* * *

Both Bad.—David Belasco was condemning two melodramas that had had an unmerited success among the less cultivated portion of the public. "The first," said Mr. Belasco, in his epigrammatic way, "was all blood and thunder, and the other was all thud and blunder."

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7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares

AT PAR

WITH A BONUS OF 25 PER CENT. IN COMMON STOCK OF

THE CAMPBELL FLOUR MILLS COMPANY LIMITED

(Incorporated under the laws of the Province of Ontario.)

HEAD OFFICE : : : : WEST TORONTO

CAPITALIZATION.

7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock	Authorized. \$650,000	Issued. \$650,000
Common Stock	650,000	650,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

- Honorable Archibald Campbell, Toronto, President the Campbell Milling Co., Ltd.
- James Richardson & Son, Grain Merchants, Kingston, Ont.
- D. A. Campbell, Secretary-Treasurer the Campbell Milling Co., Ltd., Toronto.
- A. W. Campbell, Toronto, N. H. Campbell, Toronto.
- James Playfair, Midland, Ont.
- E. B. Thompson, Campbell, Thompson & Co., Toronto.
- TRANSFER AGENTS AND REGISTRAR—Toronto General Trusts Corporation.
- BANKERS—The Bank of British North America.
- SOLICITORS FOR COMPANY—Coatsworth & Richardson.
- SOLICITORS FOR ISSUE—Bicknell, Bain, Strathy & MacKelcon.
- MILLS—West Toronto, Peterborough, Ont. Under construction—Midland, Ont.

The Company has no bonded or mortgage indebtedness.

Application will be made in due course to have both Preference and Common shares listed.

Campbell, Thompson & Co. will receive subscriptions for \$300,000, or 3,000 shares of \$ 60 par value each of the 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference Stock at par, carrying a bonus of 25 per cent. Common Stock.

Payments to be made as follows:

- \$25 on allotment.
- \$25 on September 15th.
- \$25 on November 15th.
- \$25 on January 15th.

Subscribers have the privilege of prepaying in full the balance upon their shares. Interest at the rate of Six per cent. will be allowed on all payments up to January 5th, 1912. After that date, the regular dividends of Seven per cent. will accrue. Dividends will be payable quarterly.

Subscription books are now open at our offices.

The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions and such amounts as may be approved, and to close subscription books without notice.

PROPERTIES.

THE TORONTO MILL is well situated, on a valuable site of nearly THREE ACRES, and has a capacity of 1,000 barrels of flour and 100 tons of feed per day. It is running day and night, but has been unable to supply the ever-increasing demand for its products.

THE PETERBOROUGH MILL was purchased (May 15th, 1911) from the Central Milling Company. It is well situated, on main line of C.P.R., and has a capacity of 400 barrels of flour and 30 tons of feed per day. It is a most valuable addition to Campbell Milling Co.'s plant, and it is necessary to run day and night in order to relieve the congestion of business of the Toronto mill.

A site for a new mill has been secured beside the Aberdeen elevator at Midland, Ont., comprising nine acres of land, including a water frontage of 500 ft., on which it is intended to erect a new mill, which will have a capacity of 1,500 barrels a day, with buildings arranged to increase the output to 3,000 barrels per day, without structural alterations or additions. The Aberdeen elevator has a capacity of 1,200,000 bushels, and is one of the most complete and up-to-date on the lakes.

The Tiffin elevator, with a capacity of two and a half million bushels is within easy reach. The G.T.R. and C.P.R. have centralized in building huge elevators at Midland and Victoria Harbour.

The Directors, after full consideration of the many possible locations, have decided there is no better situation in Canada for milling, for both export and Eastern trade, than at Midland, where all the advantages of low freight rates, cheap electric power (Hydro-Electric), and a low fixed assessment for ten years have been secured.

ASSETS.

The Company has acquired the business of the Campbell Milling Company, which includes the mills and elevators at West Toronto and Peterborough. The mills, real estate, equipment, goodwill, etc., have been conservatively valued at \$525,024, not taking into consideration the valuable site and concessions at Midland, and from the shares now offered to the public the Company will have about \$300,000 in the treasury to carry on the business and build the new mill at Midland, making total assets of \$825,024, there being no bonds or mortgages on the real estate or plants.

The Canadian Appraisal Company have appraised the plants. On the investment of the two mills now running, the Campbell Flour Mills Company, Limited, are earning EIGHTEEN PER CENT., after allowing for all expenses, depreciation, etc., and with the same experienced management and advantages enumerated in the prospectus, it is reasonable to suppose that when the new capital is invested it will bring equally good returns.

EARNINGS.

We hereby certify that the earnings of the Campbell Milling Co., West Toronto, after allowing for cost of management, depreciation, etc., have been as follows:

12 months ending July 31st, 1910	\$41,974.93
9 months ending April 28th, 1911	46,394.65

(Signed) STIFF BROS., Chartered Accountants.

The interest required to pay 7 per cent. on Preference Stock is \$45,500. From the above earnings it will be noticed that this amount is earned by the Toronto mill in nine months, and with the added capacity of the Peterborough plant, now in operation, this will more than double the present capacity, so the earnings will be very materially increased.

ESTIMATED EARNINGS.

The mill at Midland will be completed early in 1912, and when the three mills are running, figuring very conservatively by past earnings, the net profits are estimated as follows:

Net earnings	\$ 00,000
7 per cent. Preferred Dividend	45,500
	54,500

Showing over 7 per cent. on the Common ... 45,500

9,000

EIGHTEEN YEARS OF SATISFACTION.

The new Company receives the benefit of the goodwill and business, which has given eighteen years of satisfaction to the purchasers of their brands of flour, such as "CREAM OF THE WEST," "QUEEN CITY," and "MONARCH." It is the only large flour mill situated in the city of Toronto, and in eighteen years they have built up a tremendous local trade, besides being well established in the Dominion, West Indies, South Africa, Newfoundland, and the United Kingdom.

MANAGEMENT.

The Management of the Company is in strong, practical hands. The President, Senator Archibald Campbell, has been in the milling business a lifetime, and associated with him are his three sons, who have been managing the business for six years. The experience of James Playfair, of Midland, and Mr. James Richardson, adds strength to the Board of Directors. The Directors have been looking ahead, and have extended all their lines and formed connections, feeling confident that with their present organization and all the advantages enumerated above, they will be able to dispose of the entire products of the new mill, in addition to their present output, at profitable rates.

MARKET.

Flour is an everyday necessity, and flour ground from our Canadian Northwest wheat is finding a ready market the world over, and with increasing home markets, it is necessary for our established mills to greatly increase their output to take care of the ever-increasing production of wheat.

Prospectus, and forms of application may be obtained from, and applications forwarded to

CAMPBELL, THOMPSON & CO., 43 King St. W., Toronto

The Greed of Conquest

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

CHAPTER XXIV.

RALPH LOWICK looked at Joan for a few seconds, and there was dull despair in his eyes.

"You are mad," he said, after a pause. "You know it is impossible for you to stay here with this man."

"I know that it is impossible to leave him here."

"Then we must take him with us. That will kill him to a certainty. You don't know what it means to be in an open boat under a tropical sun. You and I may live through it, but a wounded man will die."

"Then we must all stay here," she said, firmly.

"I tell you the island is uninhabitable. And what is this man's life to you? If I were in your place, I should be glad to take the chance of freeing myself."

"I do not look upon my oath in that light."

"It was forced from you," Lowick cried, passionately. "You know that such an oath is not binding. You know that it is impossible for you to marry this man. A foul murderer, a ruffian who murdered innocent women! I think you have taken leave of your senses, Joan."

"I shall never marry him," she replied. "I know, as well as you do, that such a thing is impossible. But I do not intend to free myself by killing him."

"How, then, do you propose to free yourself?"

"There are other ways than murder," she replied, faintly, and he understood.

"No, you shan't do that!" he cried, fiercely. "I'll kill him with my own hands before you do that. I don't care if what I do stands between us all our lives, but I'm going to save you from that."

"There is no other way," she said, quietly.

"Yes there is, and I will take it now. You purchased my life, and whether you like it or not it is I who will pay the price, not you."

He strode towards the door, but she clung to him and so hampered his progress that he stopped, white and gasping for breath.

"It is no good," he cried. "You cannot prevent me. If I don't do it now, I shall do it some time—during the next few hours. Do you think that I—no, it is unthinkable. Joan, let go of me at once—I do not wish to hurt you, but if you don't let go of me—"

He tore himself from her grasp and sent her staggering back against the wall. Then, before she could prevent him, he had opened the door, closed it again, and turned the key in the lock. He knew that she could escape by the window on to the verandah, and as he passed through the hall he bolted the front door.

Then for a moment he paused, his heart throbbing, his face pale as death. This was murder that he was going to do—cold-blooded, deliberate murder, and, moreover, he was going to kill a man who was too weak to defend himself. The fact that the man was himself a murderer and as cruel a scoundrel as had ever warred against society, could hardly be said to justify the act. Civilization does not allow individuals to usurp the functions of the law, and even here, in this lonely island of death, where there were no laws save those of brute force, it was still a terrible thing to kill an unarmed and helpless man.

"Still, it must be done," he muttered. "If it is a question of his life or hers—she would die rather than be

married to a man like Senor Smith."

The hall door rattled, and the sound of Joan's voice roused him to action.

"Ralph!" she screamed. "Ralph—for pity's sake open the door."

He did not reply, but walked firmly down the passage to the door of the sick man's room. He felt in his pocket, touched the butt of a revolver, and then softly turned the handle of the door.

"Locked," he said to himself, as he placed his shoulder against the panels. A faint laugh came from inside. Then there was a groan. The sound made him shudder.

"Ralph!" cried a piteous voice, and a slim figure appeared at the end of the passage, and stood there as though afraid to move.

"Go back!" he cried, hoarsely. "This is no place for you, Joan. Go back, I say! You cannot stop me."

Again there was a faint groan from the room, and Lowick, placing his shoulder to the door, burst the lock away from the woodwork. Joan Endermine screamed, and ran towards him. But he did not move, he stood there looking at the man who was lying on the bed.

"Ralph!" she cried, clinging to his arm. "For Heaven's sake, Ralph!" And she tried to drag him back from the door.

He turned and held the revolver towards her, gripping it by the barrel. "Take this," he said. "I don't think I shall want it."

She took it from him, and stared at it helplessly. He walked up to the side of the bed and bent down over the Spaniard's face. Then he returned to the door.

"The man is dead," he said, quietly.

"Dead, Ralph? Oh, thank Heaven for that—thank Heaven you are saved from this terrible crime!"

"I will make sure," he said, slowly. Then he returned and examined the body, placing his hand over the heart, holding a mirror to the lips, turning back the eyelids. Joan Endermine waited outside the door, leaning against the wall. The revolver was still in her hand.

"Yes, he is dead," said Lowick, when he rejoined her. "He has taken his own life."

"His own life?" she faltered.

"Yes, he has poisoned himself. I expect he always kept something of that sort about him. He knew that sooner or later he would have to cheat the gallows."

"There are some islands eight hundred miles to the east of us," said Lowick, poring over a chart, on which someone had marked a red cross where the cartographer had thought there was nothing but blue ocean. "I don't know whether I've learnt enough about navigation and the currents to strike them, but we might try."

"Eight hundred miles, Ralph—in an open boat?"

"Yes," he answered, thoughtfully. "It's been done before. Crews have done it without half the chance we've got—crews without sufficient food or water."

"But, Ralph," she whispered, "supposing we didn't—we could not find the islands."

"Oh, we'd be almost certain to come across land. That part of the ocean is dotted with thousands of islands, and I shouldn't wonder if there are not one or two closer to us than the ones on the map. This place—'Smith Island,' as it has been called by the men who discovered it—was not marked on the chart. There may be others, not very far off—perhaps only fifty miles, perhaps a hundred."

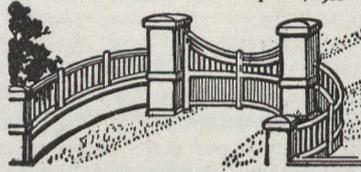
Joan Endermine rested her chin on

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advantages of the King Boiler and King Radiators; so, to meet this need for complete information on the subject of hot water heating, we have prepared a little booklet, "Comfortable Homes," a copy of which we'll be glad to send you on request. You'll find it packed with facts on the heating question, and all of them live and interesting. Simply address

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TENDERS



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday the 28th July, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week, between TROY and TROY (Circular Route) (Rural Mail Delivery), from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Troy, Lynden, Sheffield and Branchton, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

Ottawa, 13th June, 1911.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 4th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12 times per week each way, between PALERMO and GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY STATION (Rural Mail Delivery) from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Palermo, Merton and Bronte, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 20th June, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 4th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ALLOA POST OFFICE and SNELGROVE C. P. R. STATION, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Alloa and Snelgrove, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 20th June, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 11th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ELMBANK and MALTON (Rural Mail Delivery), from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Malton and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 26th June, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

her hands, and stared in front of her into vacancy. It seemed from the expression in her eyes that she saw pictures of storm and starvation and death.

"We must run some risk, Joan," Lowick continued, after a pause, "and we cannot stay here."

"Would it not—I mean, is it quite, quite impossible?"

"Yes," he replied, abruptly. "We should go mad if we stayed here—under the circumstances. And then, Joan, there is another reason why we should leave. We must cut ourselves off entirely from all that has happened here. It must never be known that either of us witnessed the tragedy of last night. If anyone came and found us here—well, I expect they'd hang me. They were British ships, you know; and if ever I return to England—no, I shall not go back to England. I am a hunted man."

"I—I am afraid," she said, in a low voice—"afraid of the future—of the sea—of everything. This legacy of your father's is like a dark storm-cloud overhanging the whole world. Wherever we go, we shall seek in vain for peace and sunshine."

"Well, Joan," he said, placing one of his hands on hers, "for the present we've only got to think about getting away from here. Can't you see that we must do that?"

"Yes," she faltered. "I think I understand."

"Well, we will start to-morrow morning. I will spend the rest of to-day getting things ready, and you must stay here in the house!"

"Oh, no Ralph," she cried, in terror; "not here—by myself—in this house!"

"Yes, Joan, you must be brave. I—I will take him outside and bury him. There is plenty for you to do. I will make out a list of things which you must try and get together, so that I can take them down to the boat before sunset."

"Oh, Ralph, I am so tired, and this place is so horrible!"

"Well, we must get out of it as soon as we can. There is a fair wind for us at present, and the glass is steady. Even if we did not want to leave at once, we might never get a better opportunity for making our way eastwards. Joan dear, you must be brave—as brave as you have been already."

"I will try," she began, mechanically. "I can see that we must leave here. I don't think that I shall be afraid—when once we have started. At any rate, if—if anything happens it will happen to both of us."

He rose from his chair and laid a hand upon her shoulder. "Joan dear," he said, bending over her, "there is no need to talk of death. You and I will find some place where the shadow of the cloud does not shut out the sun."

She looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears. He kissed her reverently on the forehead.

"Things are being made very hard for us, Joan," he said, in a low voice. "We shall have to be not only brave, but strong."

CHAPTER XXV.

ALL that day Ralph Lowick worked with furious energy. He was tired before he commenced to do the hundred things that had to be done; but he never paused a moment for rest, knowing that for many days he might have more time to rest than he cared to think about, and that every minute of the daylight was of the utmost importance.

His chief difficulty was the launching of the boat, which was eighteen feet in length and built of teak. It took him four hours of unremitting toil to get it afloat, and then when he had pushed it inch by inch on rollers into the surf it nearly overturned and crushed him to death. He would never have floated her at all, if it had not been for a gigantic piece of wreckage which had stranded in twenty feet of water beyond the surf. He swam out to this, and returned with the end of a piece of stout rope. Having made this fast to the boat, which had grounded again in the shallows, he was able, after twenty

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European Plan

THOS. O. PAIGE : Manager

minutes' hard work, to pull her through the surf into deep and smooth water.

With the launching of the boat, the hardest part of his task was over. He stepped the mast, hoisted a small lug, and sailed her round to the other side of the island, skirting the coral reef till he came to an entrance into the lagoon. With the wind on his beam he had no difficulty in negotiating the narrow passage, and he moored his craft against the small wooden quay built by Smith as a landing-stage.

The sun was setting as he came ashore and walked up to the white house in the centre of the island; but his work was not finished till an hour after midnight. He went backwards and forwards twenty times between the house and the landing-stage, carrying heavy burdens on his back. Joan wished to help him, but he would not allow her to leave the house.

"To-morrow morning," he said, when she begged to be allowed to lighten his labours, "I shall blindfold you and lead you down to the landing-stage. You will not take the bandage from your eyes till you are a mile from shore."

When at last everything was ready Ralph Lowick went to bed, and slept till Joan woke him by knocking on his door.

After breakfast he went up to the roof of the house, and looked round the scorched and blackened island of the dead. Then he mounted the platform, adjusted the levers and handles of the machine, and swept the island from end to end with the invisible shafts of flame, playing on trees and wreckage and dead bodies, as a fireman plays upon a burning building with his hose. The smoke rose up as the smoke from a furnace, blotting out sea and land and sky.

When he had finished there was but a single lane of green through the blackness, and that was the path from the house to the landing-stage.

"Now for the machine itself," he muttered, and, pulling back the levers, he pushed the platform towards the edge of the roof, and toppled it over on to the ground below. The box broke clean in half.

"I'll make an end of it," he said, aloud. "No one shall ever use it or make one like it again."

He made his way to the ground, and took a sixteen-pound workman's hammer from a shed adjoining the house. Then he proceeded to smash the machine into fragments, beating at it with all his strength till nothing was left but a heap of twisted and broken metal. Then he dug a deep hole in the sand, and buried all the pieces out of sight.

"I'm glad that is done, Joan," he said, when he entered the sitting-room where she was waiting for him. "I feel better now. The machine will certainly be of no use to anyone who has not got the plans."

"And the plans?" she asked.

"I have burnt them," he replied. "I have every detail firmly fixed in my memory. I could construct another machine, but no one else shall do so. The secret will be for ever locked in my own brain."

"I am glad, Ralph," she said, quietly.

"Now for the house itself," he continued. "I am going to take a few of Smith's papers away with me, and a photograph of him which I found in his bedroom."

"Why, dear?" she asked. "Would it not be better to cut ourselves off entirely from all that has happened here?"

"The papers and photographs can always be destroyed. I wish to find out something more about the man. Now, are you ready, dear?"

"Yes, Ralph, I am quite ready."

He left the room and returned with a can of paraffin. He poured this over the floor, and did the same in each room.

"The place will burn like a barrel of tar," he said. "There is only one wall that is not of wood. Now we must start, Joan dear. Will you let me blindfold you?"

"Yes," she replied, in a low voice. He bound a black silk scarf about



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her eyes, and led her out into the sunshine. Then he went back into the sitting-room, and flung a single lighted match upon the floor. Blue threads of fire flickered across the carpet, and tiny flames, scarcely visible in the bright light, leaped up and danced round the legs of chairs and tables. He stood by the door and waited till half the room was a pool of fire. Then he rejoined Joan Endermine.

"Now, dear," he said, gently, "if you will take my arm, and trust yourself to me—"

She looked up at him and smiled. "I will trust myself to you—always, Ralph."

"Even when you cannot see where you are going?"

"Yes, even then," she answered. And they walked down the narrow green lane that ran straight from the house to the landing-stage.

In the sunlight the scorched and blackened island lay on either side like a hideous waste laid bare by a torrent of molten lava. Behind them the smoke was already rising from the house in a stream that the wind swept eastwards. Before them lay the blue and sparkling ocean—a clean and wholesome contrast to the foul blot that lay upon its surface. Beyond the horizon—Lowick wondered what they might find there, as day after day that horizon fled before them into the east. It might be happiness; it might be death. But whether it were happiness or death, it would bring them peace.

A mile from land Lowick took the bandage from Joan Endermine's eyes, and she gazed back at the island for more than a minute without speaking. Then she placed her hand on Lowick's shoulder, and looked ahead at the sparkling sea.

"You must teach me to handle the boat," she said, "so that I can look after it while you sleep."

He laughed. "You aren't a bit afraid now, are you?" he queried.

"Not while I am with you," she replied.

"I think it is a good boat," he said, "and unless we get very bad weather—"

"A dead calm would be worse than a storm," she answered.

He glanced back over his shoulder, and saw a thin, black object, that moved steadily behind them as though it were being towed by the boat. Ripples parted from it on either side.

"What is that, Ralph?" she asked, following his glance with her own eyes.

"A shark, dear. If he's hungry, he's wasting his time."

The girl did not answer, but she pressed her lips more tightly together and shivered.

"I hope the wind will hold," she said, after a pause.

"We are going to have more of it, Joan. It will be all the better if it freshens a bit. We're rather under-cannvassed at present. We can do with a good strong breeze."

Joan made no reply. She looked back at the dorsal fin of the shark. That tiny object moving relentlessly after them made a deeper impression upon her mind than the thought of what wind and wave could do to them. For two minutes she did not speak; then she placed one of her hands upon the tiller.

"Teach me to sail the boat," she said, gently. "I must learn to do that—at once."

Colonel Endermine sat before the fire in his study, his feet on the fender, and an old briarwood pipe in his mouth. A morning paper lay upon his knees, but though he had only read part of it, and the paper contained columns of news of the most vital importance to every Englishman, it was disregarded for the present, and several minutes had elapsed since the Colonel had ceased to read.

In another chair, a little further away from the fire, sat Mrs. Endermine, close to a table on which rested her work-box. She was embroidering a stole for the vicar of the parish, and she seemed to take but little interest in her work, for every now and then

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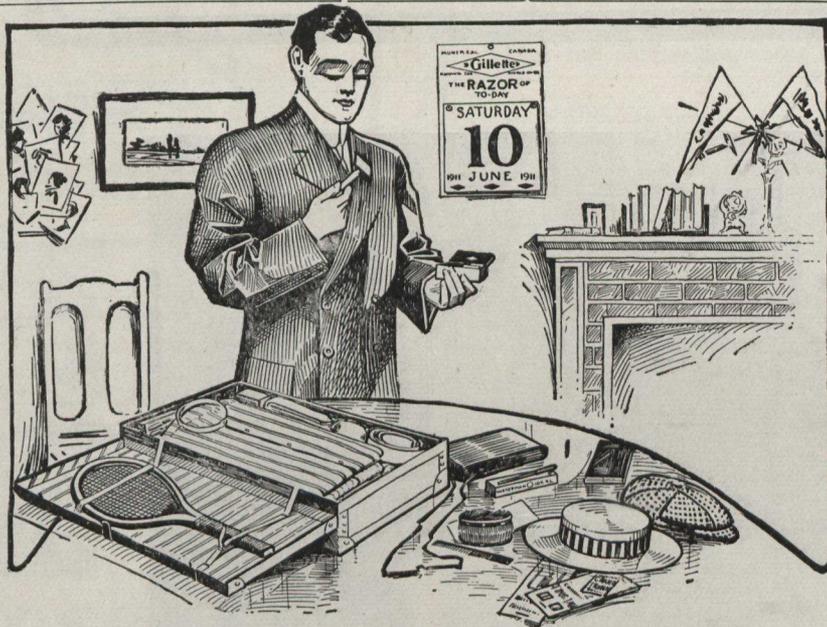
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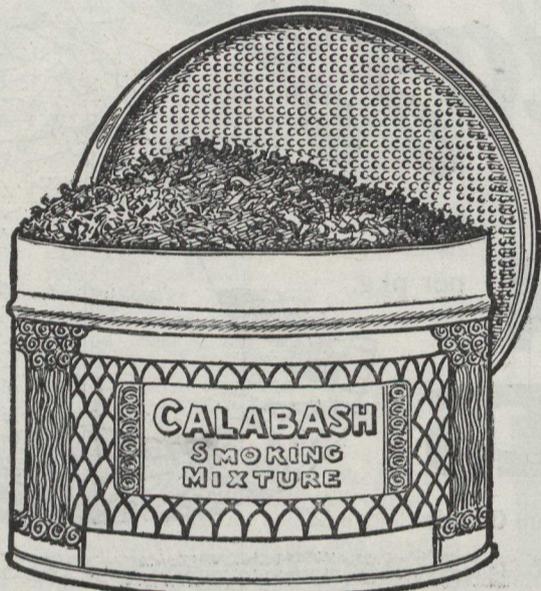
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she ceased to ply her needle, and stared, like her husband, into the fire. They were both dressed in deep mourning.

"Any news?" she asked, after a long silence.

"No, Edith," the Colonel replied, fiercely. "How could there be any news? Haven't we given up hoping for news?"

"I meant—in the paper, Dick?"

"News in the paper? Yes, yes, of course there is news—horrible, incredible news. Didn't I tell you after breakfast?"

"Perhaps, dear," sighed Mrs. Endermine. "If so, it has gone out of my mind."

"Gone out of your mind? Impossible, Edith. Didn't I tell you that the French fleet has been broken up in the Mediterranean, that it has been smashed by the Germans, pulverized, half of it sent to the bottom, the other half crippled and helpless; that the German army is within fifty miles of Paris, that Austria and Italy have thrown in their lot with Germany."

"No, dear," she answered, quietly, as though all this news were merely the account of a murder or a railway accident. "But if I remember rightly I haven't seen you since breakfast, and your paper did not come till ten o'clock. What will all this mean to us—to England?"

"It will mean," said the Colonel, rising to his feet, and knocking out the ashes of his pipe on the top bar of the grate, "that England will have to fight for her very existence."

Mrs. Endermine picked up her work and continued to embroider a white cross on the violet silk of the stole. Her pale, delicate face and slender, dark-robed figure was a picture of great and patient grief. She had aged very much during the past few months, and there was more grey now among the gold of her hair. Her husband was outwardly unchanged, but he had not been so irritable since he had lost his daughter. In fact, he was at times strangely quiet and gentle for a man of a choleric temperament.

It was now the middle of March, and the New Year had been ushered in by the outbreak of a war which in a few weeks had set all Europe ablaze. Germany had attacked France on some trivial pretext, and for some reason or other Russia had joined forces with Germany. England had come to the assistance of her old enemy and new friend, and now Austria and Italy had joined in the fray. It was England and France against practically the whole of the rest of the Continent.

And now France was being slowly crushed in the iron fist of her most hated foe. England's minute army, a mere handful of men in comparison to the great forces of Russia and Germany, was powerless to give any assistance on land. She had not even been able to save the French Fleet in the Mediterranean. It seemed likely that England would now have to fight, not to save France, but to save herself, that she would have to fight, as Colonel Endermine had said, for her very existence.

But darker than the shadow of a terrible war lay the shadow of a personal loss on the household in Easternhoe. Both the Colonel and his wife were thinking of Joan as they stared at the fire. The clash of arms was still distant, the smoke of battle invisible, but here by the fireside there was an empty seat which they both could see.

"It all depends on our Navy now," the Colonel continued, after a long silence. "The aeroplanes have proved practically useless. We have still the finest fleet in the world, the best sailors, the best shooting. But we haven't quite kept up the two-Power standard, and now that France has met with terrible disaster—"

He paused and looked at the footman, who was crossing the room with a letter on a salver.

"The post is late," he said, taking the letter. Then he stared at the hand-writing as though he had seen a ghost, and the colour slowly ebbed from his red face.

(To be continued.)

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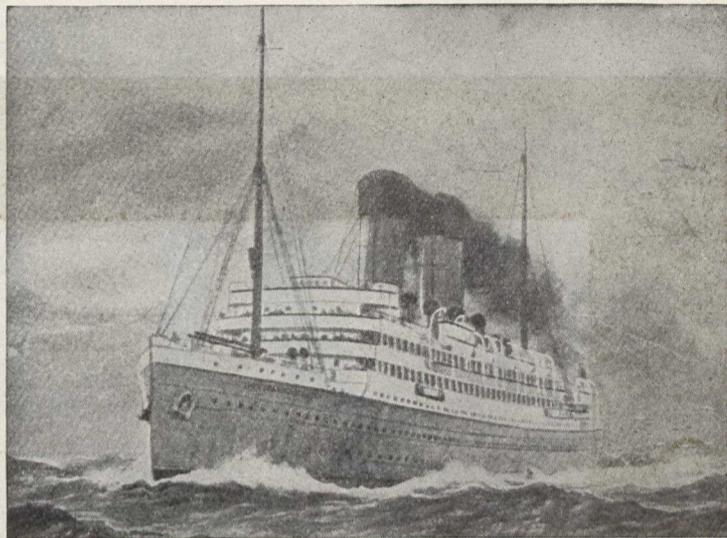


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Chateau Frontenac, Quebec.

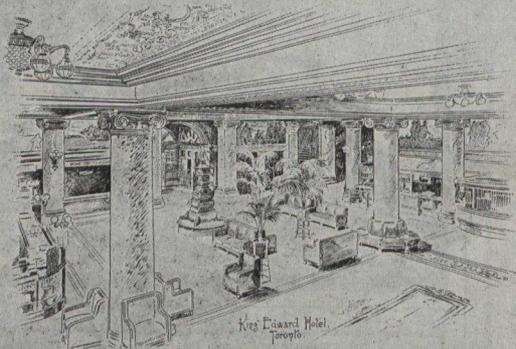


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