

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Some Class---A Jewish Story

BY ED. CAHN

Canada's First Creative Composer

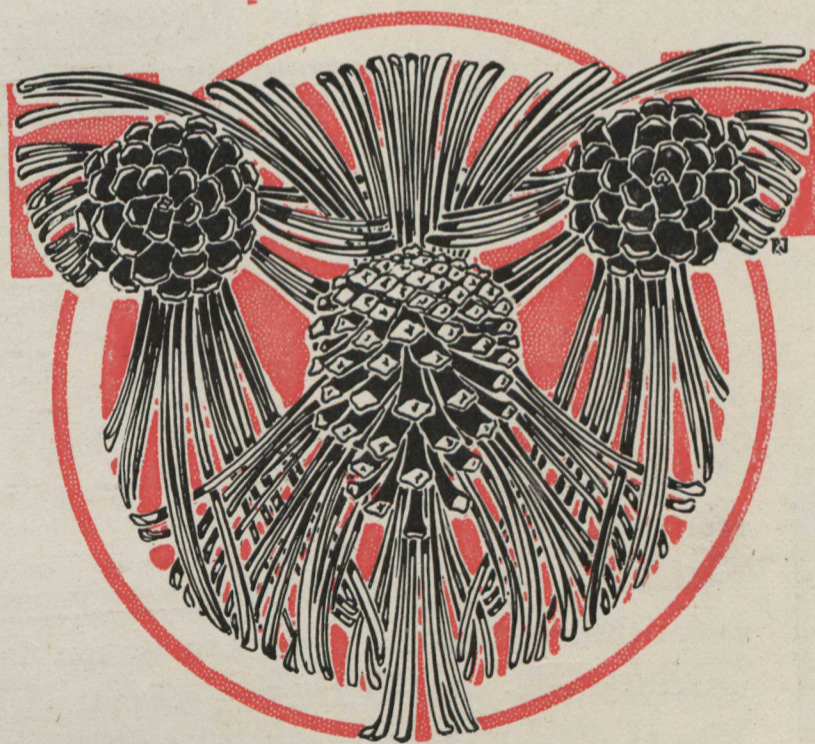
BY J. D. LOGAN

Western Canada's Greatest Need

BY SIR WILLIAM WHYTE

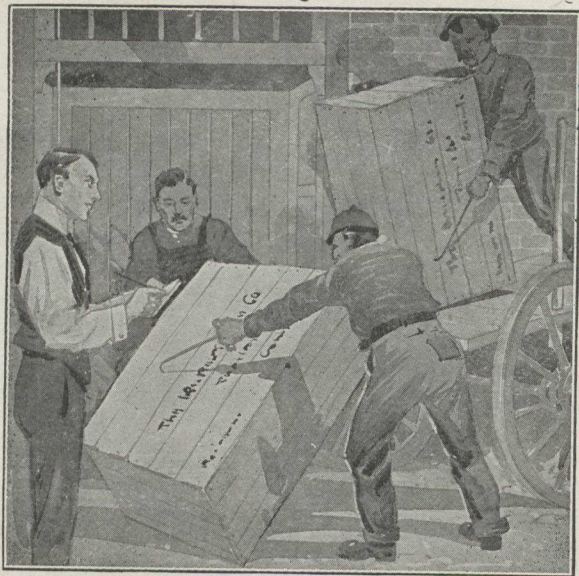
Women and the Arts

BY MARGARET BELL



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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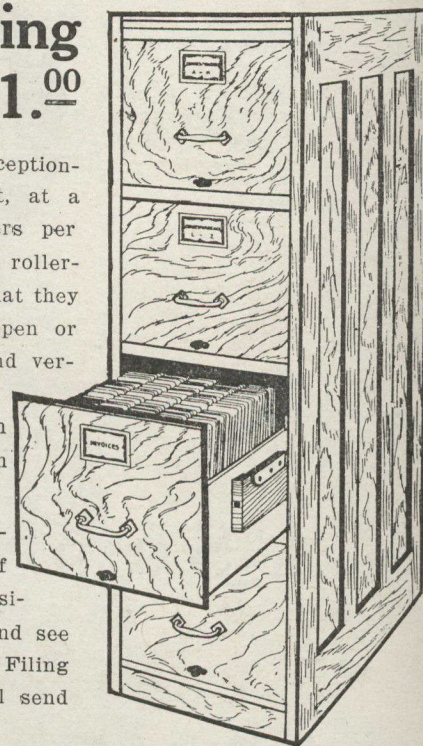
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Is essential in case of death. A man will save his wife a lot of unnecessary trouble by opening a joint account of \$200, or more, to be used only in case of great emergency. All monies in an account of this kind earn interest at 3%, compounded semi-annually and are payable to the survivor without any expense or delay. 612

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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VOL. XI.

TORONTO

NO. 9

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Editor's Talk

NEXT week we will begin the publication of a series of articles on "Who Pays the Taxes?" by Prof. Stephen Leacock, of McGill University. Prof. Leacock is admitted to be one of the best authorities in Canada on economic subjects, and this series of articles is sure to prove both interesting and informing. The first article explains where the burden of raising public revenue falls; the second shows how the revenue is raised; and the third gives a comparison of the revenue system of the Canadian provinces and that of the American states. A large proportion of tax-payers know very little about the system by which they are taxed, and they have but few opportunities to learn how the Canadian system compares with other systems. Therefore they will find the articles by Prof. Leacock well worth careful reading. These articles are among the best yet written on any question that closely concerns all the people of Canada.

* * *

The automobile has not only "come to stay," but is gaining steadily in importance for both business and pleasure. And so our automobile number becomes more important each year. This year's number will be issued next week, and it will interest people in general as well as those who own automobiles.

* * *

The publishing of the automobile number next week will delay the February issue of the "Country and Suburban Life Supplement" until the week following. Plans which we have had in preparation for some time to increase the interest and importance of that department of the "Canadian Courier" are now about to be carried out, and we are hoping to be able to make the Country and Suburban Life Supplement as interesting to our readers in general as the Woman's Supplement has proved to be to our many thousands of women readers. Future numbers of the Country and Suburban Life Supplement will contain illustrated articles on the suburban and country homes in and near the larger Canadian cities. These articles will not only be of interest to each of these cities, but will also give a good idea of how the country life movement is progressing throughout Canada.

* * *

The first of the promised series of Jewish stories, by Ed. Cahn, appears in this issue. The others will follow almost weekly for some time. The same characters appear in the first four stories.



OXO Cubes are in the same class with the cable, telephone, adding machine and electric light.

They are time savers and money savers.

Just as the masculine world is beginning to realize the value of electricity, so the feminine world is fast awakening to the countless uses of OXO.

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Bigger profits can be made on fruits grown in the Fraser Valley because

- We have the markets
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- The fruit has the flavor

Ask me to-day for particulars of my five and ten-acre fruit lands, payable over five years.

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614 Columbia Street
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

The Household Pest



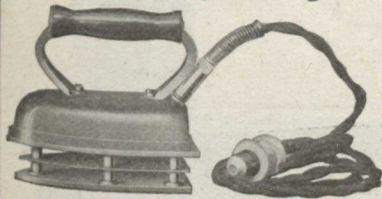
Many exterminator compounds used against bed bugs have a pungent odor and their use is therefore objectionable. Keating's Powder is odorless, stainless and harmless except to insect life—yet it is thoroughly efficient and never-failing. Kills bugs, drives them away and prevents their coming. Sold by all druggists.

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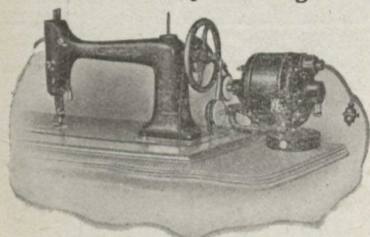
ELECTRICITY

APPLIED TO

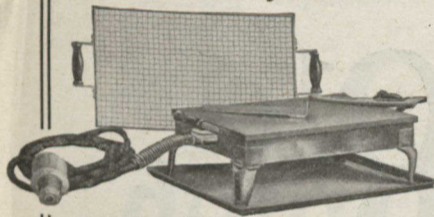
The Family Ironing



The Family Sewing



The Family Meals



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Insist on **SALVADOR BEER.** Canada's most famous beverage.

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1-88

A Business Man's Greatest Loss

is his temper--and this expensive irritability comes from fatigue. A cup of Bovril at 11 or between 4 and 5, or a Bovril Sandwich quickly restores the good temper and cheerful energy which are the most valuable of business assets and which cannot exist where nourishment is lacking.

All that is good in beef is in

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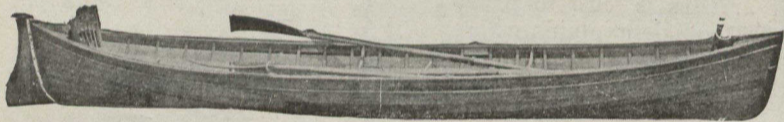
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Write for Catalogue containing full information.

DEPT. 121 The GIDLEY BOAT CO. Limited, PENETANG, Ont.

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I have taken this excellent remedy (Winchester's Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda) as a Nerve Food by my physician's order. It has so greatly benefited me that I hope other sufferers may be helped likewise.—MISS ELLA H. JOHNSON, Irvington, N.Y.
I don't think there is a more honest remedy for Nervous Debility than your Specific Pill.—B. R., Princeton, Ill.
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IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Quick Change.—Mr. Hiram Daly (at dinner)—"Tell Bridget this steak isn't done enough."

Mrs. Hiram Daly—"Bridget! My dear, you are three cooks behind—her name is Maggie."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Lazy, But Clever.—When Whistler was living in the Latin Quarter in his youth a friend took him to task for his idleness.

"Why don't you pitch in and paint something?" said the friend. "Pretty soon your money will be all gone, and those three rolls of canvas will still be standing empty there behind the door, just as they've been standing for the last six weeks!"

Whistler as he lay on the bed smoking his pipe, answered lazily: "But, you see, as long as there's nothing on the canvas I can sell it."

* * *

Well Said.—She—"I can cook, but we could hire somebody to do that."

He—"And I can't make money, but we could hire somebody to do that."—Puck.

* * *

Truthful.—"Did you notice any suspicious characters about the neighborhood?" the judge inquired.

"Sure, your honour," replied the new policeman, "I saw but one man, and I asked him what he was doing there at that time o' night. Sez he, 'I have no business here just now, but I expect to open a jewelry store in the vicinity later on.' At that I says, 'I wish you success, sor.' Begorra, ver honour," answered the policeman after a pause, "the man may have been a thief, but he was no liar."—National Monthly.

* * *

Fatal Influence.—Catterson—"Notice how Carstairs's wife makes up of late? Should think he would stop her."

Hatterson—"Has tried to; feels badly about it. But he says it's no use; she learned it from their daughter."—Life.

* * *

Few Washingtons.—In a Fourth of July address, Mayor Samuel L. Shank, of Indianapolis, once said, apropos of George Washington and truthfulness:

"Few of us, alas, can lay claim to that absolute veracity which was Washington's boast. Thus the shoe pinches us all when the story of little Jack Smith comes up. Little Jack Smith's Sunday school teacher, after a lesson on Ananias and Sapphira, said: 'Why is not everybody who tells a lie struck dead?' Little Jack answered gravely: 'Because there wouldn't be anybody left.'"

* * *

Did He See the Point?—Saphedde—"Society is a terrible bore. Don't you think so?"

Miss Cutting—"Some people's."—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Applied Knowledge.—An instance is related of the late Professor Chrystal's readiness in applied mathematics. One day when he was producing on the blackboard those "spiders' webs in chalk" which were the despair of the unlearned, a student near the top of the room dropped a marble, which bumped down, step by step, to the level of the rostrum. Chrystal, not heeding the giggles of the class, went on with his work. When the marble came to rest he observed:

"Will the student at the end of bench 41 kindly stand up?"
He had counted the bumps made by the marble in its descent.

* * *

Never Met Any.—"Where is he from?"

"I don't know, but I think he was raised on a desert island."

"What in the world makes you think that?"

"He says no woman ever made a fool of him."—Houston Post.

Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Cleans Your

Refrigerator HYGIENICALLY

Because this pure, mechanical Cleanser contains no Caustic or Acid to get near the food. It penetrates into every corner and cuts every particle of grease from the shelves and walls. Soap-cleaning cannot do this satisfactorily.

Sprinkle some Cleanser on a wet cloth or brush and go over every part of the refrigerator carefully, after removing and cleaning the shelves. Do this once a week (the ice compartment once in two weeks) and it will always be clean, sweet-smelling and sanitary.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

The CANADIAN COURIER

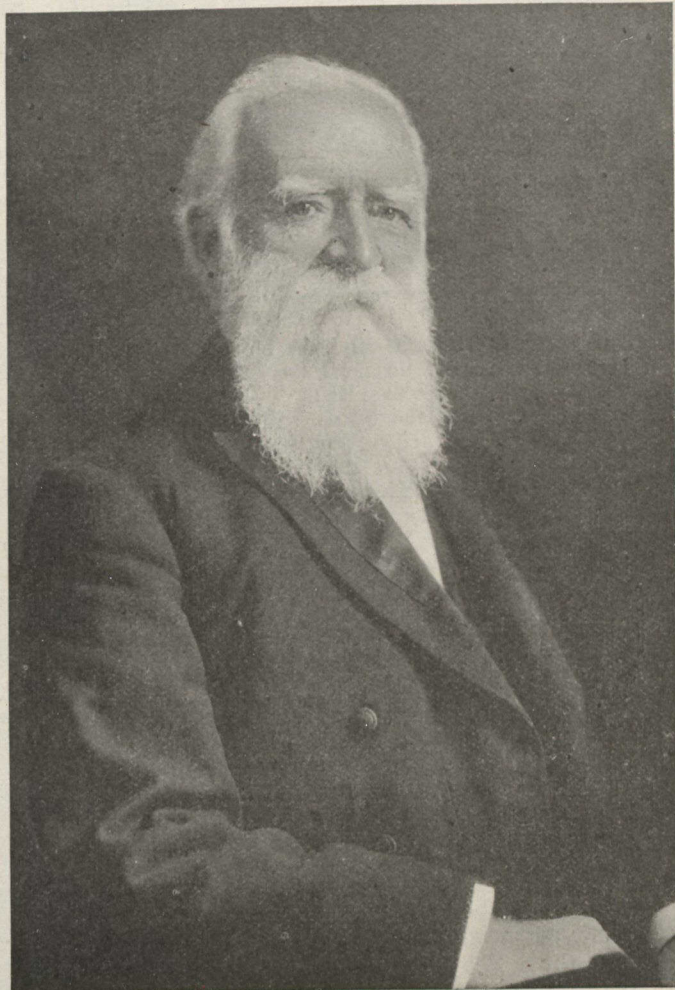
A National Weekly.

Vol. XI.

January 27, 1912

No. 9

MEN OF



SENATOR JOHN V. ELLIS
St. John
For Fifty Years With the St. John, N.B., *Globe*.

TO-DAY

Fifty Years an Editor.

THE newsboys in St. John went hurrying down the street one day recently, their bags swelling with the bulk of an "extra." The *St. John Globe* had issued a special edition of fifty pages as a tribute to the editor's half century of veteran service with the paper. This act of celebration must have stirred a host of memories in the mind of the kindly-faced old man with the soft white hair, sitting in the most up-to-date newspaper office of the Maritime Provinces. No doubt, as he listened to the rattle of the linotypes setting up a monumental number of his paper, Senator John Valentine Ellis lived for a moment in the days when the *Globe* was printed by compositors, whose only tools were the skill and dexterity of their hands. For fifty years Senator Ellis has edited the *St. John Globe*. It is, indeed, a unique experience for a man to be able to say that he controlled a paper and wrote articles for it on matters of public policy before the days of Confederation. Imagine meeting a man like that and you may think of him only as an incongruous figure stepping out of his proper setting in the past. Such a conception of Senator Ellis would not allow for his progressiveness, his advancing modernity. As a journalist, Senator Ellis belongs as much to the present as to the past. He and his paper are the connecting link between the spirit which opposed a union of the scattered states on the Atlantic sea board with the Canadas, three generations ago, and that which pleads for a larger nationalism to-day.

Senator Ellis belongs to that old-fashioned Henry Watterson type of editor, rapidly losing ground in modern journalism when diverse personalities dominate a newspaper. In the school where he learned his profession, the editor was the sole excuse for a newspaper; he was rarely the janitor of the house of intelligence. Senator Ellis became editor of the *Globe* in 1861, because he had opinions which would not be suppressed. He proceeded to champion the unpopular cause of the North against the South in the American Civil War; he also stoutly fought Canadian Confederation. He has changed some of his opinions since those days. But he still has strong opinions. Though the *Globe* supports the Liberal party, it sometimes differs from it; that is the Senator declaring himself. A thinker, trying to be right and do right, a leader, not a mere reflector of public opinion—that has been for fifty years the ideal of Editor Ellis and the *St. John Globe*.

* * *

The Undergraduate M.P.

THE other day, a wedding took place in Nova Scotia. Another big act occurred in the life of a young man whose career in the past year has been of extraordinary eventfulness for a college undergraduate. He has a seat on the Conservative side in Ottawa. Occasionally, he arises among the staid, mature men about him and addresses Mr. Speaker in a deep bass voice. Members look up with curiosity when he begins to orate. They are, marking Arthur Dewit Foster—cousin of Hon. George Eulas, you know—as a "comer some day." Young Mr. Foster, M.P., aged twenty-eight, is the "baby" of Parliament; a rare example of a Canadian college man going straight from his Alma Mater to the Commons. Foster didn't even wait to graduate before aiming at Ottawa. A year ago, he was a third year student at Acadia College, in Nova Scotia, thinking of little but his exams. and the future of the debating society in which he cut some figure. The exams. ceased to trouble him after spring-time. When the college vacation came on, the

debating society closed up. He had now no outlet for his energies. An idea saved him from any possibility of temporary stagnation. Reciprocity, Foster figured, was going to cause a dissolution of parliament before long. Why should not he offer his voice to the Conservative party in the election campaigns? Enamoured of this idea, he laid his talents as a debater and orator at the feet of the organization which was opposing Sir Frederick Borden in King's County, Nova Scotia. The organizers tried out his voice and liked Foster's style and stage presence. One day they struck him amidships by actually offering him the nomination. Really they were conferring no great favour upon him. Sir Frederick had a majority of 1,500, the constituency "nursed," and 37 years of Liberal traditions impressed upon it; he was safe enough in their opinion. But Foster was a good, young chap; he wouldn't win, but it would be fun to see the "kid" up against the veteran Minister of Militia. The college boy took himself with tremendous seriousness. Sir Frederick stroked his side-burns and waited. On the night of the 21st of September, the Knight was minus his seat by 151 votes, which went to Foster. The victory of Foster over Sir Frederick Borden affords a parallel incident with the defeat of Joseph Howe by young Dr. Tupper in Cumberland County in pre-confederation days.

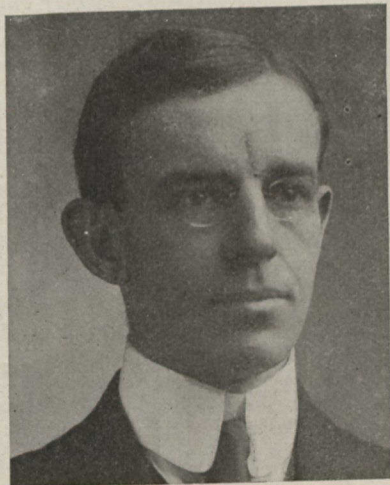
Mr. Foster is a native of Hampton, N.S. All his life he has been developing that quality of self reliance which gained him his parliamentary success. Since he was fourteen he has supported himself, earning money for college fees as a sailor and by teaching in Nova Scotia.

His friends predict a future for him if he keeps pegging away in the manner he has done so far, and develops further those traits of resourcefulness which he seems to possess.

* * *

Once More Mayor.

GEORGE REGINALD GEARY, of Toronto, has broken a record. He has succeeded to the Mayor's chair by acclamation, this being his third year in that seat. The late Mr. E. F. Clarke and Mr. Thomas Urquhart, like Mayor Geary, had three successive years' reign as Mayor, but they had to go through a campaign each year. Mayor Geary is a popular chap, whose success has made him to be regarded as something of a "phenom." He doesn't look at all imposing. Slim, slight, short, he might be taken for a high school literary society orator, when he gets up to preside at a meeting. He speaks more correctly than most municipal candidates, but he is no wonder on the platform. He was



MR. GEORGE R. GEARY, K.C.
Toronto
Elected by acclamation Mayor of Toronto.



MR. ARTHUR DEWIT FOSTER, M.P.
Ottawa
"The Baby of the House."

a county town boy with average chances. While a year or so under forty, he has been returned thrice chief magistrate of the second city in Canada. The explanation of Geary is that he has made the most of himself. By great self-sacrifice, he managed to obtain a university and legal education. He used his personality for all it was worth in securing friends and business. It is true of Geary that he is the most persistent detail canvasser in Toronto politics; he goes about it subtly, too. He is adaptable—just as much at home in a Jewish meeting in the "Ward" as at a debutante's ball in Rosedale, and he goes both places. A man may get an office, but only work will keep him there. And G. R. Geary is a worker.

Mayor Geary has taken all rungs of the municipal political ladder. He first saw public office in 1903, getting elected as school trustee. Only seven years it took him to become Mayor. From 1904 to 1907 he was alderman. In 1908, he was beaten for Mayor. But in 1909, he was elected Controller.

The Man at Lone Lake

SYNOPSIS OF OPENING CHAPTERS.

DIOK WYNN, an Englishman, is living at Lone Lake, in the Woodcree country of Northern Alberta. Francois, the half-breed, comes up the Lake to Wynn's lonely hut to tell him that Old Man McCullough, Wynn's trapper friend, is seriously ill. Wynn and Francois leave at once for McCullough's imposing shack.

CHAPTER III.

THERE was candle-light in one window as the two men drew near. Wynn crossed the verandah and knocked at the door. Freedom had never degenerated into familiarity between him and the old trapper. The half-breed disappeared.

A tiny, middle-aged squaw opened the door, holding the candle high. Its wind-blown flame threw weird shadows over her small peaked face framed by the scarlet shawl she wore over her head.

The yellow light was reflected in her eyes which were big and golden-brown as a doe's, and filled with that strange melancholy often seen in the eyes of dumb wild things.

The man lifted his hat, bowed and smiled. It was a very nice smile, and his teeth flashed for the moment, white as corn-kernels.

The little squaw looked up at him and then shaded her face with one brown hand as though dazzled.

The father of Francois had long ago smiled in that sudden and radiant fashion. He had bowed and lifted his hat to her upon a far-off day, as this man did now. It was a habit of the white men, she had concluded. As far as she had been able, she had instructed Francois to follow it, but the result had been indifferent; no Indian could acquire it in its perfection, it seemed. She had not seen the father of Francois since Francois was a toddling baby. He had gone away to his own French-Canadian people, perhaps. Sometimes these English or French-Canadian squaw-men did go back to their people—but Wanota had remembered the smile and the way he had bowed to her.

"Come," she said, "Ol' man sick; ver' bad."

"I am so sorry," said Wynn, following her. "I hope I can be of some help."

Wanota led on through the wide living-room into a smaller room beyond. She set the candle on a rustic table and left him. A little grey and yellow Eskimo dog rose at their entrance, then settled down again. On a bed of balsam boughs, covered with the Company's heavy red blankets, lay a great gaunt figure. The right hand wandered over the blankets, the left was still—horribly still, Wynn thought. The features might have been carven, and the mouth wore an expression that was like a smile, yet was not one.

The erstwhile fine colour and tan of the old face seemed to have been burnt out, and it was ashen white. The eyes shone like blue fire—the thick hair glistened frostily.

McCullough stretched out his right hand and Wynn took it hard between his two that were so firm and steady.

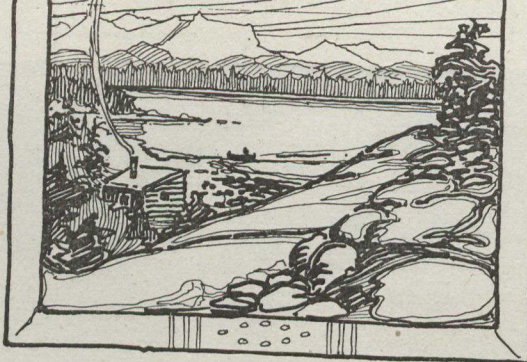
"I am so sorry," he said again, rather helplessly—"awfully sorry, sir. You should have sent for me at once. But of course we'll get you round all right! Why, you were looking in the pink of condition when we had a smoke together a few days ago."

The twisted smile was turned towards him. "Here to-day," McCullough said thickly, "gone to-morrow. Gone to-morrow, boy. Which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven. It's in the church service so."

"Oh, yes!" said Wynn, nodding. "That's where it is. The church service simply boils over with cheerful sentiment. But what can I do for you, sir? You sent for me. Isn't there anything we can get from the agency for you—Francois or I?"

The hand he was holding tightened. "No! No!" came the answer, half-fiercely. "I need no drugs. You could get none but Radways' Painkiller, and whiskey. I'll pull through—perhaps. I feel life getting back into that side. But," lowering his voice, "I'm done for, Wynn, just the same. It doesn't matter, save for one thing. If I pull through it will be with a foot that drags—and an arm that won't do team work—and an eye that will never sight down a rifle-barrel again. I'll be one with

By
Vina Sheard
Author of
"By the Queen's Grace"
Etc.



the maimed—the halt—and the blind. I'll shoot no more, and I'll set no more traps. The Company has paid me for my last pelt."

"I congratulate the beasts," said Wynn.

"Ah!" he returned. "It's a good day for them. I've taken in more fur these last eight years than any two Indians—pick 'em where you please. Did I ever tell you there was an old legend attached to Lone Lake, eh boy? No? I reckon just at first I thought it might scare you away, and I wanted to keep you. The Indians think the place haunted, the Swamp-crees and Wood-crees, the Chipewyans and all the rest of them. The place is damned for them. The story is, that a brave of the Chipewyans drowned himself there for love, after murdering his rival, by throwing him over the great Black Rock at the north of the lake. They say the Indian canoed out, tied a stone about his neck and dived. The trouble is they fancy the dip of his paddle can be heard yet on moon-light nights, and the dive from the canoe. Moreover the wind up around Black Rock makes a queer echo that they think is the voice of the murdered man. It's an old squaw's tale that has lost nothing by time. For seventy years no Indian has hunted within miles of the lake, either summer or winter, save Francois—and he is no true Indian."

"The place was rich with fur when I came to it. I've good trap lines twenty miles out from the lake in any direction—up the foot-hills or down the valleys. I've taken in mink and marten, fox and ermine, and the finest black-bear skins an agent ever bargained for. Haunted—ay, you know the place is bird-haunted at least, Wynn? I've had good hunting—good hunting; but this is the end."

"Brace up, sir!" said Wynn. "Who can say it is the end? I had an uncle—a Bishop as it happened—who had several attacks of about this sort; got into the way of having them, and he lived to eighty and died of a fever."

The white head moved on the blankets.

"But I'm no Bishop," he said shortly. Then, after a pause, "there's a thing you can do for me, Wynn. You're not the sort would fail a friend. It's a favour."

"Anything," responded the man.

"Thanks." I just want you to paddle down to the St. Elizabeth's Mission beyond the Agency, and go to the Sisters' School and find Nance; she has been there two years now. I want you to say to her, 'The old man's sent me down to tell you he'll never set another trap—and he wants you.' That'll bring her. I want her to come back with you, boy. Francois might go, but I'd rather it were you."

"I'll be delighted," said Wynn. His lips trembled a little over the conventional phrase.

"I never told you," McCullough went on, "but Nance hated the trapping. She liked the life with me—all but that. The joy of the out-of-doors was born in her. What we needed to take of fish or fowl she was content to take; but the trapping—heavens! She hated it. We had two good years together before she realized what my way of living meant, she being only a child; then Francois—the fool—showed her a trap with a red fox leg caught in the teeth, only the leg mind you. The little beast had gnawed it off. There's one here and there will do that sooner than be taken alive. The child was a perfect tornado of passion and grief at the sight. That winter she fretted off and on, and cried over

the broken animals we brought in. Once tramping on her snow-shoes over by Lone Lake she came on a young bear dragging a twelve-pound trap. He had been caught three days, maybe, and all the fire was gone out of him. He only whimpered. With her little hands she pulled the trap apart and freed him. Rage gave her strength likely. Rage at Francois—and at me. The next winter she fretted more. I'd leave her in the shack, comfortable as the place could be made, with Wanota to look after her, a warm fire, a book or two, the strip of bead work Wanota taught her to make—all she said she needed for her pleasure—and yet when I came in I could tell she'd been fretting. She was just heartsick to see the load I brought each time, sick of hearing of fur and the price of it, sick of stretching-rings and boards and the sight and smell of the pelts being cured. Sick to death of blood-rusted traps.

"She'd coax me to give it up, sweetly enough, but persistently I tried not to lose patience. She was only a small thing—a girl-child. She didn't realize that her very living, all she'd ever own after I was gone, would come from the fur—for I'd saved. The Company's money was blood-money to her, the price of innocent lives. That's what she called it once, not thinking it would some day be all she'd have. I tried to keep patient, but I loved the life. It suited me. I never knew I was old. Then came a night. There was a cub-fox she'd had for a pet. A rusty little lame chap she had picked up in the grass. She'd taught him a dozen tricks and cured his hurt. By and by he got the 'wanderlust.' You can't really tame any wild thing. He sprung one of my traps and it was my cursed luck to bring him in with a bunch of rabbits, not recognizing him; but she knew him and that ended it. She lifted the little red beast up and held him close. His head dangled and he was the dearest looking fox you ever saw. Nance stared at me over him."

"Grand-dad," she said, and her eyes went the colour of the blue in the candle flame, Wynn. "I'll not stop here and see such things brought home. You've been trapping a long time. Though it's evil work, you've been lucky. You do not need to trap any more. I know about the two silver foxes, and the many, many black bear skins and all the marten and mink. Promise me to set no more traps, or I will go and live with the Sisters at the Mission."

"I only laughed a little down in my throat."

"Cool down, Nancy," I said. "Quiet, honey—quiet. I'll bring home another cub-fox for you to pet. Trapping's my work, child. It's my good work. There's no reason for my giving it up."

"I can see her little white face now. She didn't answer, but that night she was gone. It was moon-light and she had fastened on her snow-shoes and tramped down the river way the whole twenty miles to the settlement. There were the small latticed tracks. It was not so bitter cold—but I knew what fear was when I found her gone."

"There's a Providence takes care of children and fools, Wynn. She was both a child and a fool. A beloved little fool." The halting voice dropped into silence.

"She wouldn't come back?" asked Wynn.

"Not she. Not unless I'd give her my solemn word I'd trap no more. That was a rare winter. I've never seen finer pelts. I got much money from the Company in the Spring. Besides, a man can't be bullied and badgered by a slip of a girl."

"No," said Wynn thoughtfully. "Oh! certainly not."

"You see, boy," the old man broke in rapidly. "I always had intended to give up the work; intended taking the child away from this place back to the other things that I don't seem to need, but that she would want when the time came. I always said to myself, 'one year more, and that ends it.' Now fate has done the bullying. Wynn, I want her home. Back here with me. Paddle down to the Mission, tell her what I said, and bring her back. Will you?"

"I'll do my best," he replied, rising. "You've talked far too much, old man. I'll send Wanota. Indian ladies are good antidotes for the conversational tendency."

"When will you start?" asked McCullough, following him with his eyes.

"To-night," he answered.

(Continued on page 25.)

Corridor Comment

HE joined the writer at breakfast one stormy Sunday morning about a year ago. He entered the Parliamentary restaurant immersed in the reading of a letter, his face wreathed in smiles.

"Good news?" was the query which his demeanour prompted, following introductory salutations.

"Letter from home," he replied, laconically. "Little fellow's been licked—in a fight."

There was an exultant ring about the last three words, which did much to explain the otherwise strange satisfaction over a happening which had meant defeat to the diminutive son and heir.

The story came out. He was, in fact, bubbling to tell it. The "little fellow" at home had seemed so docile and retiring that anxiety had taken hold of his father lest he should be unable to sufficiently assert himself in the rough and tumble days that were to be. And now he had fought, fought with a comrade nearly twice his size—and been wholesomely "licked."

The incident serves to reveal much of the why and wherefor of John Stanfield's selection as Chief Whip of the Conservative party, when it returned successful from the polls last autumn to resume the job of running things at Ottawa. He is an aggressive, fearless fighter, and loves the tourney.

John Stanfield won his constituency of Colchester, Nova Scotia, in the days when there wasn't much winning going in Conservative circles. He was elected at the bye-election of 1907, capturing the seat on the appointment of Hon. F. A. Lawrence to the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia, and making the first break in the ten solid phalanx of eighteen Nova Scotia Liberals. Since that time he has sat continuously for the riding, and on the appointment of Hon. Geo. H. Perley, former Chief Whip, to the new Borden Cabinet, the Premier-elect chose Mr. Stanfield as his successor.

The new Chief Whip is a big and successful manufacturer, the president of Stanfields, Limited. He has adapted sound business methods to the game of politics, and declares it pays.

The recent death of Senator McKay, Truro, has started rumours that Mr. Stanfield may go to the red chamber. Those who know him best hold it is unlikely. He is too fond of the "game" to prefer the grandstand. However, Mr. Stanfield will doubtless have the nomination for the vacant senatorship, and can suit himself. Meanwhile, he is engaged in rounding up and marshalling Premier Borden's big majority.

* * *

WHILE the spoken part of the proceedings at the dinner given to Sir Wilfrid Laurier by the Liberal members and Senators to commemorate the seventieth anniversary of his birth was not public, one interesting story, which serves to illustrate the close understanding and happy co-operation that exists between the "Old Chief" and his worthy wife, and suggests the self-sacrificing and influential part Lady Laurier has unobtrusively played in the public life of Canada, has leaked into the Parliamentary corridors.

In the course of his address on that occasion Sir Wilfrid is reported as having placed himself unreservedly at the disposal of the party so long as his health and strength continue. He told the enthusiastic Liberals that he was enabled to do so owing to the position taken by his wife, whom he happily described as "a good soldier."

"When I started out on the campaign," he stated, "my wife was unable, through advancing years and ill-health, to accompany me. The evening before I left home for the tour we had a talk together

I told her that, while we expected to win, the forces arrayed against me in this campaign were of an unusual character, and that we might fall in the fight. 'However, if we do,' I assured her, 'I will return to you, retire from public life, and together we will be able to carry out your cherished plan to live our closing years quietly and peacefully together.'

"With that assurance," continued the ex-Premier, "I left her. You may imagine that on the night of September 21st, when I heard that the country had gone against us, my thoughts turned to my wife and the promise I had made her. I telegraphed her briefly that I was 'coming home.' She met me at the station. There was no word of disappointment, no suggestion of recrimination. 'Wilfrid, you must keep the leadership,' were her first words to me. 'You must fight on.' That is the reason that I am enabled to-night to tender you my services," concluded the septuagenarian, while the gathering rose and gave three cheers and a tiger for Lady Laurier.

The lady herself tells the sequel. One of the Senators subsequently met her and took occasion to express the appreciation of the party, mentioning that Sir Wilfrid had related the experiences of his home-coming. "Did he tell that?" quoth Lady Laurier, smiling. "Well, you should have seen how his face lit up when I told him."

* * *

THEY are telling a good story on the Prime Minister. Occasionally Mr. Borden embraces the opportunity to escape the cares of public life by taking a week-end at one of the neighbouring resorts. One of his most popular points of rest and recreation is Caledonia Springs, and during the early summer he spent considerable time there. He made the acquaintance of one of the brightest of the diminutive water-carriers, and gaining the confidence and good-will of the lad, engaged him in frequent conversations. On one occasion the future Prime Minister complimented the boy upon his industry and thrift, and enquired from him what he was going to make of himself when he grew up.

"Oh," said the lad enthusiastically, "I'm going to keep working hard, because when I grow up I'm going on the bench."

Mr. Borden was much impressed, and, returning to Ottawa, frequently told the story of his young acquaintance and his worthy and extraordinary ambition. One day, however, after relating the incident to a friend of the work-a-day world, who knew something of the dialect of the hostelry, he was enlightened.

"The bench," the friend explained, "is the graduation point of many youthful workers in such surroundings. The ambition of your prodigy is to be a bell-hop."

The Premier enjoyed the laugh, and hasn't told the story since. H. W. A.

Western Canada's Great Need.

By SIR WILLIAM WHYTE.

WESTERN CANADA is essentially an agricultural country but it is a question worthy of discussion as to how far it should remain agricultural. It is generally admitted that a purely agricultural country may have its prosperity considerably increased by concurrent developments of an entirely different nature. In order that the agriculturist or farmer may reap the fullest benefit from the labour of his

hands it is necessary that he should be able to sell his products in the most convenient way and at the highest possible price.

It is absolutely essential to the prosperity of the Western farmer that there should be industrial centres throughout this portion of the Dominion. Export prices are usually lower than domestic prices. In order to get the higher prices of a domestic market it is necessary to have towns and cities of a considerable size. These can only be secured through industrial and commercial development.

One reason why the farmers of the United States have always supported protection has been the good prices they received for everything sold for local consumption. To produce a similar feeling of contentment in the three Prairie Provinces it is necessary that industries should be established in many centres in order to give a broad market for everything that can be grown or produced on a farm.

This implies also that a fair proportion of the farmers shall follow mixed farming so that they will be in a position to supply this domestic demand with milk, cream, butter, eggs, poultry, pork and beef. Only limited quantities of wheat, barley, oats and flax can be used locally. All the other articles mentioned must be grown in order to develop and supply domestic consumption. At the present time large quantities of butter, eggs, poultry, and other domestic articles are now being imported for Western consumption. Beef is almost the only article of which the West produces sufficient to supply its own need. It is an exporter of beef to-day but it may not be many years before it will be an importer. The day of the large cattle ranch will soon be a thing of the past. Winter wheat and alfalfa are now being produced where large cattle runs existed a few years ago, and unless the farmers go more into the raising of cattle there is a possibility of the supply not being equal to the demand.

Industrial centres will not bring their greatest benefits to Western Canada without this introduction of mixed farming. The two movements must proceed side by side. Manitoba is already gaining in both directions. Saskatchewan and Alberta must do the same in order to bring the prosperity of the agricultural population to the highest possible point.

With regard to the establishment of manufacturing in the West, I am of the opinion that there are a large number of articles that could be profitably produced here. Without going into details, I would mention stoves, grain separators, certain kinds of furniture, office equipment, men's clothing, and boots and shoes. The West has a considerable number of water-powers, and hydro electric energy will soon be available at a number of points. Especially during the winter months labour is plentiful and while it is not skilled labour it could be used to great advantage in manufacturing of certain kinds.

As for mixed farming, there are large areas quite suitable for it. The difficulty in persuading the farmers to go in for mixed farming is the expense involved in providing suitable buildings to protect fowls, pigs, and cows. The cold weather of the winter makes it necessary that these buildings should be substantially constructed. Then there is the question of securing suitable help. This question is being rapidly solved and during the past two years there has been a large immigration from Great Britain of the class suitable for the kind of work to be done on farms where mixed farming is followed. It is a well known fact that the growing of wheat requires less labour on the farm than does mixed farming. It has other privileges also in that when the grain grower has marketed his crop he can and often does leave his farm and spend the winter elsewhere. While this may be pleasant for the grain grower it is not advantageous to the country as it reduces the demand for clothing and food. On the other hand if a fair proportion of farmers followed mixed farming, there would be a larger population on the farm and a greater demand for manufactured articles, such as clothing, boots and shoes, house utensils and such like.

It will thus be seen that the future development of the West is based on these two intimately related essentials—mixed farming and industrial development. It should be the aim and ambition of this Western country to give the fullest attention to these two essentials. The different agricultural departments and colleges will no doubt bend all their energies toward the introduction of mixed farming. It should also be the aim of bankers and capitalists to do everything in their power to develop industries which are suitable to this portion of Canada. With a co-ordination of these forces Western Canada will become one of the most populous and most prosperous communities in the world.



JOHN STANFIELD, M.P.
The Conservative Whip.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

JUSTICE FOR JURORS.

SIR LOMER GOUIN proposes to pay jurymen more. I hope that this idea spreads. The jury is still one of the bulwarks of liberty; but it is being undermined by the steady friction of ridicule, the growing belief that it hinders and does not help justice, the exasperation of most citizens of standing who are compelled to serve, and the reputation for stupidity earned by the juror "type." One of these days we will wake up and find the jury gone. Some parliament of lawyers will take advantage of an especially gross and outrageous case of "bad verdict" to abolish it. We will all laugh a little, feel relieved that never again can we be called upon to sit in a jury-box and listen to a case for which we care nothing while our own business goes to smash, and conclude that the judges will give us better justice without the intervention of hurried citizens and sleepy loafers.

* * *

NOW we have about the best judiciary in the world. I do not think it has an equal, except in Britain. We do not know what it is to hear charges of corruption or favoritism on the Bench. Our judges are immeasurably superior to the average juror in every quality which is of value in a court of justice. But it is nevertheless true that we would soon begin to miss the jury, with its "human" point of view and its extra-legal way of looking at things. The judge knows the law; but cases constantly arise when we do not want law—we want justice. The very fact that the judge is so good a lawyer makes it difficult for him to forget what the statute says and to deal with the case on lines of human feeling. That is a factor which the jury-box contributes to the trial of cases; and it is a factor which we will miss just so soon as cases of fact cease to go to juries. A law is only the attempt of Parliament to generalize about a whole class of cases. It may do well for an average; but like all averages, it misses twice as often as it hits. Now a jury bends the law to suit the windings of each case. A judge would commonly die first.

* * *

I WOULD not deal with what would happen us if we ceased to have our splendid quality of judges. That contingency seems too remote for "practical politics." But I should think they would consider it very carefully across the border where their system of electing judges exposes them to all

sorts of perils. What I will say, however, is that our judges will suffer themselves from the disappearance of the jury. To-day they are saved from the delicate and difficult task of deciding, as a rule, on questions of fact. When two witnesses swear to exactly opposite stories, they are not called upon to say which is the perjurer—they pass that problem on to the neighbors of the witnesses who sit in the jury-box. These neighbors are probably far better judges on this sensitive point than the stranger on the Bench. Moreover, the judge escapes criticism which would surely come to him if he had to make such a decision. He may know the law; he may be a good judge of human nature; but he seldom knows the witness. This is one advantage which the County Court Judge has over his brother in the Superior Court. He possibly knows the man who is telling the story.

* * *

THE jury carries a lot of responsibility away on its shoulders to-day which I am always glad to see the judge escape; for I want to keep the judge above such criticism as is within the competency of the average court-room "loafer." When the aforesaid habitue of the court-room remarks that the judge is "off on his law," we just smile. But if he could say that the judge was a learned man and all that, but "he sure didn't know a liar when he saw one," and if we thought the loafer was right, we wouldn't like the incident. Then a judge cannot possibly know all the details of the life of the neighborhood which the average local jury can fill in so easily, and which so often seriously affect the right of the case. Moreover, there is something in the claim that a man should be tried by a jury of his "peers." The judge is practically always on a much higher social grade than the men before him; while a jury will likely contain some persons who can tell to a nicety just how they live, feel and reason. This makes the jury a better judge of the facts—the judge now looks after the law.

* * *

NOW it would be easy to get good jurors and keep the jury system going if we only treated the problem with a little common sense. We should begin by paying jurors enough to make the job at least not a financial sacrifice to the average citizen—not to the millionaire or the big merchant—but just to the plain working citizen. Then we should remove the exasperating feature of compulsion. None of us like to be compelled by the police to do

anything. We wouldn't like this compulsion even if we wanted to do the very thing desired. I would be willing to wager that, if the police tried to compel men to serve as city aldermen, they could not get a solitary candidate who would not feel that he was a victim of intolerable tyranny. Jury service should be purely voluntary. "But no one would serve"—you object. That is a delusion which has grown out of the compulsory system. Even under the compulsory system, rural juries usually can be got to serve without much trouble. The farmers like the visit to the County Town where their board is paid at the hotel, and they are entertained at the Court House.

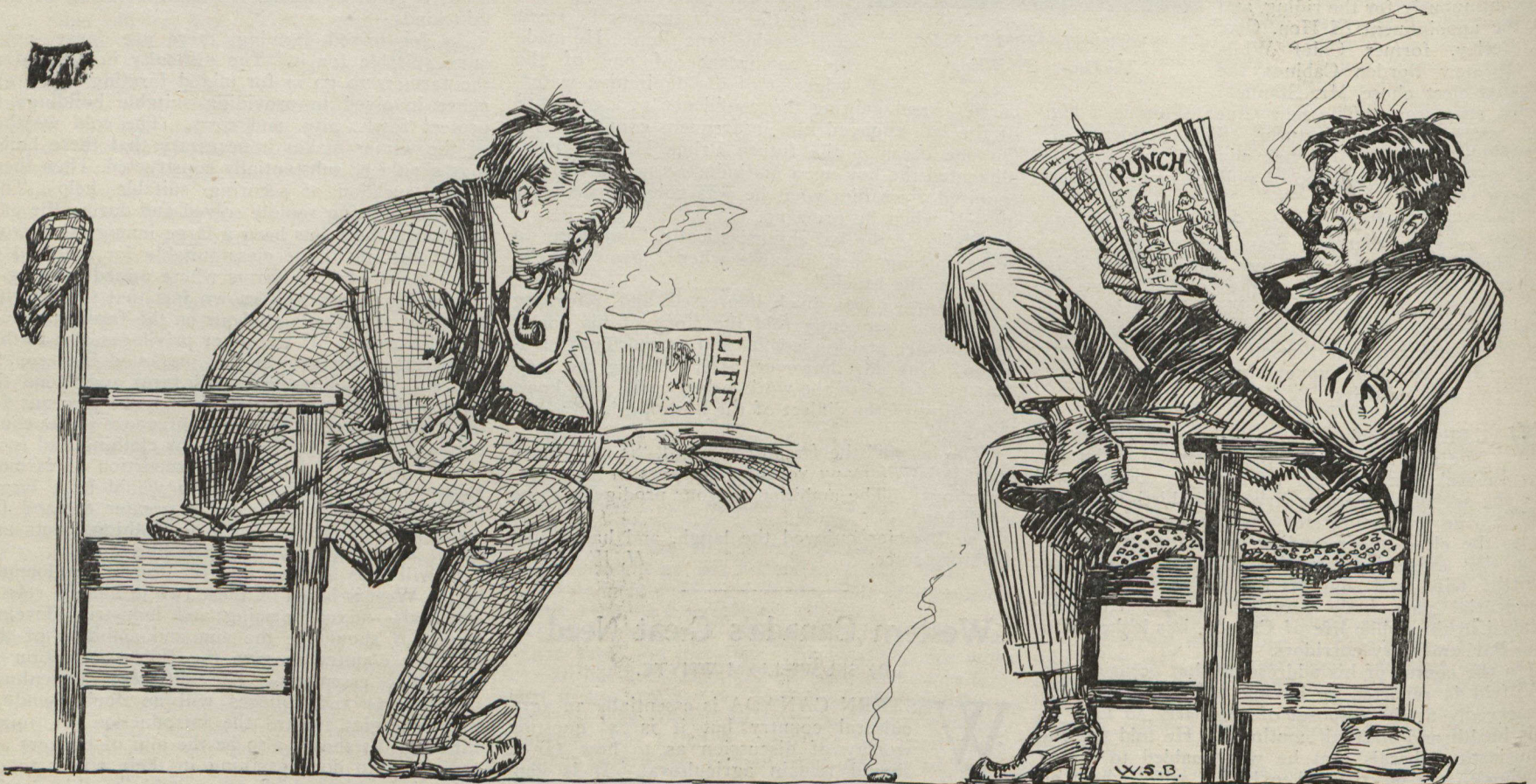
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JURY service, stripped of the humiliation of being classed with the prisoner and paid for adequately, would become an honour which many men would like. Then we would get attentive intelligence in the jury-box, and this ancient institution would be safely founded in the esteem of the community.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

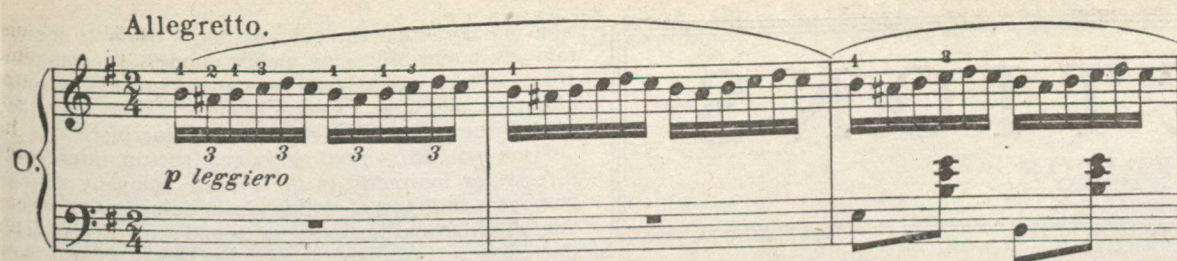
Training the School Boy.

COL. HUGHES' taking up of the cadet movement and dovetailing it into the defensive system of the country will, if a sufficient number of the right kind of instructors are provided, set up currents of reform permeating the entire tissue of the national life, says the *Toronto Mail and Empire*. In the first place, it will establish a more wholesome way of life for the boyhood of Canada. There is need for such a change. There is now too much pampering of the young, too much allowing them their own way, too much reading of pernicious literature, too much idling and pleasure seeking. It is not the boys' fault. The man in them gives them something of a bent towards a more Spartan discipline than they are getting. If more of their training was left to men than to women, and if more of it were carried on in the open air, their moral qualities would be greatly strengthened. In the second place, such training as they will get in the camps of instruction will build them up physically, and give them a pride in keeping themselves fit. Of course, their improved stamina reacts favorably upon their moral character. They will make incomparably better citizens than they would if such physical training were not afforded them. To make democracy the success it is capable of being, the youth of the country should be habituated to public duties, to obeying orders, to maintaining self-control, and to orderliness and seemliness in all their proceedings.

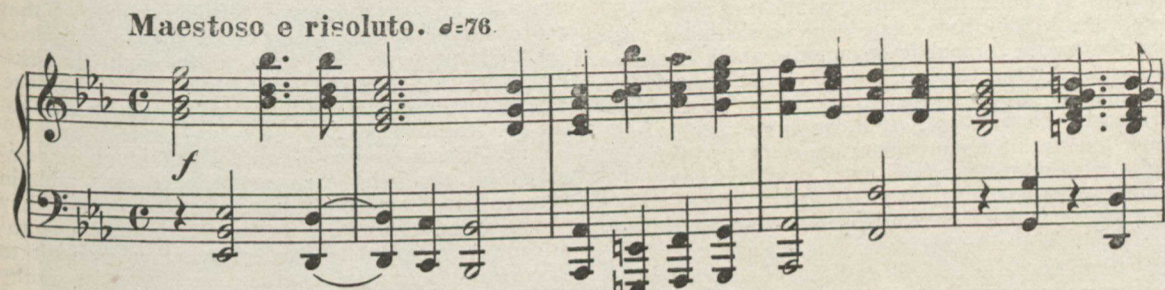


THE POINT OF VIEW

The Englishman }
The American } (Together)—"And they call this humour?"



Opening bars of "Le Papillon."



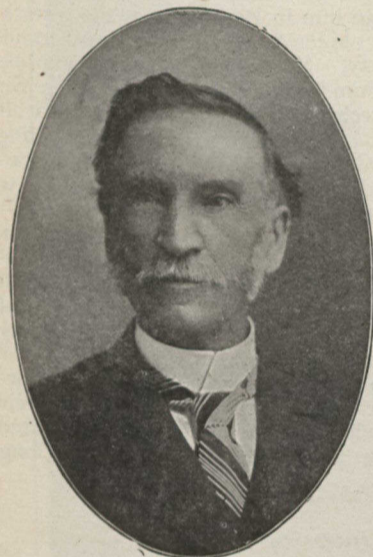
Opening bars of "O Canada."

Canada's First Creative Composer

By J. D. LOGAN, M.A., Ph.D.

Author of "Songs of the Makers of Canada," Etc.

CANADA can boast, unabashed before the elder nations, at least one musical composer who possessed first-rate creative genius, and who, within the short creative period of his fitful and unhappy life, produced works marked by versatility in form and style, and distinguished by beautiful melodic invention, by rich, noble harmonies, and by emotional variety. This composer was Calixa Lavallee.



HON. JUDGE ROUTHIER
Who wrote the words of "O Canada."

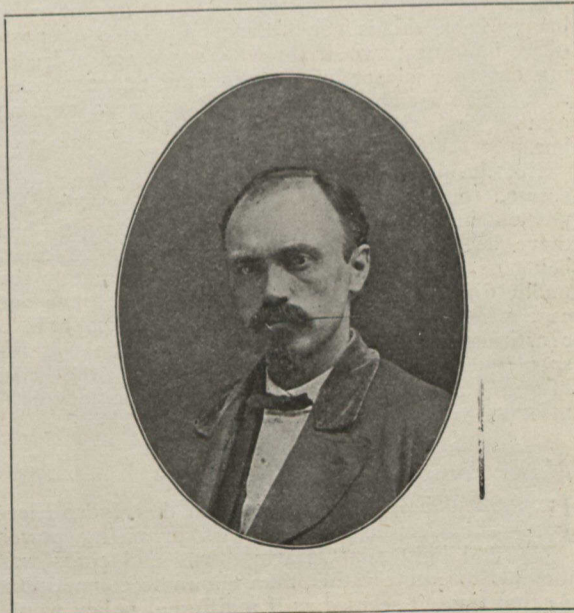
Unfortunately, Lavallee has been most admired for his less, if not least, admirable music. In Canada, his native land, he has achieved fame solely through a single composition, the so-called "Chant National," which neither melodically nor emotionally possesses the satisfying qualities of several of his other compositions. Indubitably, however, he is to be signalized as the first creative Canadian composer, by virtue of nativity, education, sphere of activity, inventive genius, and number of meritorious compositions in all styles. "Lavallee," said Dr. A. S. Vogt (the most eminent living Canadian musician and creative composer) to the present writer—"Lavallee impressed me as a man of extraordinary ability, not as a merely clever executant of the piano; not as a merely adroit deviser of pretty melodies and harmonies, but as a musical genius, a genuinely creative artist."

Lavallee's constructive years did not begin until 1878, when he had removed from Montreal to Quebec City. In that year he composed a beautiful and brilliant Cantata which was sung by a choir of 500 voices in welcome to the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise on their arrival at Quebec as vice-regent and vice-reine of Canada. His creative period seems to have ended as abruptly as it began. For in 1883 he is touring the United States, as solo pianist, with Mme. Zetelka Gerster, famous at that time as an operatic and coloratura soprano. But during his brief productive period Lavallee composed prodigiously, having to his credit many Songs of pure beauty, a Cantata, an Oratorio ("Tu es Petrus"), an Opera ("La Veuve"), three authorities say two Operas; also a Symphony, two orchestral Suites, several Overtures and String Quartets, many piano pieces and etudes de concert ("Le Papillon" is the best known), and, finally, the so-called "Chant National" (1880).

Now, it is for his original creative genius and

for those compositions which happen to be least, if at all, known by his countrymen—his Opera, "La Veuve," his "Boston" Symphony, his "St. Peter," Oratorio, his lovelier Songs and his more brilliant Etudes de Concert for piano—that Lavallee should be most admired, and even revered, by Canadians. The chief of these compositions all had a genuine reputation in their day for originality of theme and structure, for beauty of melody and harmony, and for sensuous and emotional appeal. Of his piano compositions, his etude de concert, "Le Papillon" (*The Butterfly*), which was one of his own "display" pieces whenever he happened to be soloist at a grand concert or recital, and which in his time was a favourite for *salon* and concert repertory, is still to-day heard at recitals and is still used in the United States and Canada as a "teaching piece" for developing display technic in advanced piano pupils. Melodically, and in sensuous quality pleasing to the ear, it is about as satisfying as the driest Bach "Invention." But its demands on digital facility and fairy-light touch, at a very rapid tempo, delight the love of the dexterous, while, structurally viewed, the composer used the simplest but most original way of developing and elaborating the theme, and a single modulation from E minor to the parallel, but brighter, major key in E, to sustain the interest in a theme which does not give much hope for escape from monotony. An expert pianist can readily make of it a short but effective example of tone-painting, aptly describing the Butterfly, not so much by tone-colour as by movement, intricate inversions, progressions and brilliant scale passages.

As for Lavallee's famous so-called "Chant National," there is nothing in its origin or in its musical structure and emotional appeal to cause it to be, as it has become, a bone of racial contention



CALIXA LAVALLEE
The composer of "O Canada."

and spleen in Canada. Its melody was composed as a melody as such, and not as a setting to the words by Hon. Judge Routhier, who says: "I learned to sing it without words, and I set myself to compose a poem which was in harmony with its ideas, rhythm and time." The worthy poet of "O Canada" is here indulging in metaphor. A melody constructed purely out of the imagination or musical sense, and not composed expressly as an interpretation of specific words and sentiment, contains no ideas except musical ideas, melodic and harmonic, made up of related tones. In itself Lavallee's melody, which was a pure construction of the musical sense, is without sex or race, and devoid of any specific sentiment or meaning. Further, it was composed to be sung, as it was in 1880 at Quebec, in celebrating the religious Festival of Jean Baptiste. Naturally, therefore, in tempo, structure, and emotional expression it has all the qualities of a Hymn, and might have had any literary setting which was consistent with the tempo, structure and emotional demands.

The so-called "Chant National" is, then, neither national nor unnational, but purely a fine hymn melody, excellently composed by an original musical genius who, as it happened, was a French-Canadian. In melodic dignity, in sonority and emotional expressiveness it far surpasses any of the national "airs" of the United States, ranking, rather, in these qualities with the German "Die Wacht am Rhein" and the Russian National Anthem. By careful comparison of the national airs of the world powers, I am inclined to believe that intrinsically as music the "Chant National" is their superior, or, at any rate, ranks with the best of them. Now, it happens that most national airs were "adopted" (the original melody of "God Save the King" was a minuet for dancing) from foreign sources. The melody of the "Chant National" has, then, by this usage, by intrinsic dignity, and by virtue of the nativity of the composer, a natural right to be used, as it seems to be increasingly thus used, by all races in Canada as the national "air" of the Dominion.

Whether or not it wins this distinction of which it is highly worthy, let us remember Lavallee as a brilliant and patriotic fellow-countryman who has left our musicians a splendid ideal and ourselves a goodly heritage for our delectation and inspiration. Alas, that we recall how this brilliant creative Canadian composer passed, as Schubert and Mozart and others of the same gifts—lonely and alone. He died at Boston, January 21, 1891, "un frere des nuits tragiques"—companion with those whose night of life is starless of love and of hope.

NOTE:—This short and inadequate appreciation of Lavallee is based on material collected for the writer's forthcoming volume, "Canadian Composers: The Men and their Music." For biographical facts, see Baltzell's Dictionary of Musicians, The Imperial Dictionary of Music, and The Home Journal, Dec., 1907.

Books for Country Clergy

By REV. ARTHUR CLARE EDDY.

ARE the salaries of the clergymen of the various churches in Canada in keeping with the income of business and professional men? Do the people fully realize how little the country clergyman has with which to provide the necessities to say nothing of the luxuries of home life to-day? Can anything be devised that will offer a measure of relief and at the same time enable these men to be of greater service to the people?

One answer to this question, it seems to the writer, is a circulating library. If a minister is to be efficient, new books, and especially those relating to theology and social questions, must be at his disposal. But these books are for the most part costly. There are, indeed, many cheap books on the market in these modern times. Yes! There's the "bargain counter" for books. But alas, the volumes that are needed by the clergyman are very seldom found there. Appealing, as they do, to a comparatively small number of readers, their price could not be low. Now, in some of the larger centres clergymen are able to get assistance from college and public libraries, but in the great majority of cases the preacher has to depend upon his own slender resources and both the community and he suffer.

If arrangements could be made by which a minister could have the services of a travelling library, giving him a few new books every month at a nominal cost, it would surely be a boon to the minister himself and of the greatest profit to the community in which he resides. The monthly arrival of a small library, the inspection of the very sight of new volumes to quicken men to their best, and finally the privilege of keeping them for a time, would surely be hailed with gratitude by clergymen of all denominations. Who will lend a hand?

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

ural Decorations at Ottawa.

HON. Rodolphe Lemieux suggests that the walls of the two chambers of Parliament at Ottawa shall be decorated with historical paintings of notable events in Canadian history. This is a splendid idea. A similar suggestion was made in Toronto several years ago, when it was proposed to place mural decorations on the walls of the main rotunda of the Legislative Building. A committee of artists and students of history worked out a scheme, but some hard-hearted politician killed the idea. He couldn't see how such an appropriation would get votes.

In the railway committee room at Ottawa are two or three historical paintings or cartoons which may be good history but are certainly atrocious art. If the government cannot do better than has hitherto been done along this line, they would be well advised to do nothing. When the painting of pictures is made a matter of political patronage, the result is likely to be unsatisfactory.

* * *

Ottawa Getting Ambitious.

OTTAWA, the city of opportunity, is becoming ambitious. It thinks seriously of being a Federal District, similar to Washington, D. C. At the municipal elections in January, the people voted at the polls in favour of having the change made, the district to be governed by a commission partly nominated by the Government and partly elected by the people. For a week or two, all went merry as a wedding-bell. Then something happened.

It was discovered that the by-law on which the people voted contained the clause "and the representation in Parliament and the Provincial Legislature to be continued." It now appears that a federal district implies "no provincial representation." Therefore the by-law contained a contradiction in terms or an impossibility. Hence for the time being, the whole scheme is in the air.

Ottawa is now hesitating as to whether it will give up its provincial representation or abandon its idea of being an aristocratic Federal district.

* * *

Limit to Western Wheat Crop.

THAT Western farmer is a wonder. He may be a Canadian, an American, a Dukhobor, a Galician or a Mormon, but whatever he is he grows wheat. He hasn't really got under way yet, but last year he grew 194 million bushels. At least that is the Department of Agriculture's estimate. True, the figures that come out of Ottawa are never very accurate. Yet these are at least approximately true.

Once upon a time Professor Mavor, of the University of Toronto, made an estimate of the wheat-growing possibilities of the West for the British Board of Trade. It was an intelligent estimate, but those figures for last year have nearly put it out of court. Professor Mavor's only answer now would be "They are not farming out there; they are mining." And the Professor would not be alone in his sentiment.

There is a limit to wheat-growing in the West. No land will stand more than fifteen years continuous cropping without soil enrichment of some kind. Some of it will not last that long. Nevertheless, if the season be favourable, the wheat crop of 1915 will be about double the bumper crop of 1911.

* * *

Storage Elevators in West.

MR. F. C. Sclanders of Saskatoon, makes the worthy suggestion that there should be government-owned storage elevators at various points in the West to facilitate the handling of grain. He says that in the Goose Lake district, not more than fifty per cent. of the grain has been threshed and not more than twenty-five per cent. has been marketed. Yet that district shipped 927 cars of grain in 1910 and 2,700 cars in 1911. A big storage elevator at Saskatoon, for example, would have enabled the railways to get more wheat out of the small elevators along their lines if half the cars could be unloaded at Saskatoon instead of being sent all the way to Fort William.

This sounds like a rather good idea. The Dominion Government proposes to employ several

million dollars in buying up all the terminal elevators at Fort William. These elevators are owned by railway companies, milling companies and wheat exporters. They have done good work in the past, but the mania for public ownership which has been fomented by the Grain Growers' Association led to the plan of having them all bought up by the Government. On the face of it, an investment of the same amount of money in storage-elevators, operated by a government commission, would seem to be more reasonable.

All season there have been complaints that farmers could not sell their crop, because the local elevators were full and the railways had not enough cars to take care of the bumper crop. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has admitted this. Why shouldn't Sir Thomas take up this idea of storage elevators as suggested by Mr. Sclanders and press it on Premier Borden. With the backing, say, of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Sir William Mackenzie, something might be done.

* * *

Canals, Wharves and Immortality.

ENOUGH money has been wasted in Canada on canals and wharves, built for political purposes, to build a first-class fleet unit on both oceans. The Borden Government has decided to abandon the unfinished canal which was under process of construction at Newmarket, not far from Toronto. Nearly three-quarters of a million dollars have been spent on it, but it was considered

ONTARIO STILL LOOKING

Ontario is still looking for a coloniser. It needs him quickly. He must be a big man—a brainy giant.

The C.P.R. announces that it will spend five and a half millions on irrigation and colonisation in Alberta. The Ontario Government will spend about half a million on opening up and colonising Northern Ontario. What a contrast!

If the provincial governments had half the courage and enterprise of the so-called "grasping corporations," Canadian development and expansion would startle the world.

to be a "joke" and hence the decision. The country is dotted with such jokes.

The Public Works Department at Ottawa exists for the purpose of supplying government supporters in parliament with proofs of their good standing in the party. A member of parliament who brings back to his constituency a couple of post-office buildings, two or three wharves, and a dredging contract is met by a brass band and a procession. The member who comes back with nothing of this kind, rides up from the station in the town bus.

But the prize package is a canal. At least so it seemed to the Hon. Mr. Aylesworth and his supporters in North York. They were right—had there been any reasonable prospect of the canal being of any commercial value. Unfortunately the public didn't see it that way and now we have one case where a local appropriation failed to hold a constituency and immortalise the man who was responsible. This exception only proves the rule. If you doubt it, glance over the supplementary estimates.

* * *

More Competitor in Electricity.

LAST WEEK, I remarked that the Hydro-Electric Commission which is providing power and light for Ontario towns and cities was inclined to create rather than eliminate competition. At that time, it seemed as if a different policy would be pursued in the Trenton-Kingston district where a private company already supplies a dozen towns with power from the Trent River. Later informa-

tion indicates that the commission is likely to maintain its policy of using public monies to compete with private capital without making any serious effort to purchase existing plants. This may be good business but it is neither fair nor just.

I am not acquainted with any person interested directly or indirectly in the private company which has spent millions of dollars in building up an electric distribution business in the Trent River district, but to my mind it is most unfair to use the credit of the Province to kill that business. These people have built up an industry with skill and courage, and they deserve consideration. If they are obstinate or are asking more than a fair price for their property, the competition might be justified. So far as I can learn, this is not the case. They announce their willingness to sell on a regular arbitration basis.

The Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission is composed of men who are reputable citizens and, in private life, honourable business men. Why they should blindly pursue a policy which must eventually meet with public condemnation, is difficult to understand. Private capital may have its faults and its weaknesses, but it is the basis of most of our industrial and commercial progress.

* * *

The Case of Mr. Graham.

ONE can scarcely understand the attitude of the Conservative leaders in their unconcealed attempts to keep the Hon. George P. Graham out of the House. Here is an experienced journalist who has served some years in the Ontario Legislature and several years as Minister of Railways and Canals, gaining thereby an experience and accumulated knowledge of public affairs. He is just the kind of man whom the non-partisan citizen would like to see in the House. Yet the Conservative managers have done their best to make it awkward for him to get back.

The opposition to him in Brockville at the general election cannot be objected to. He went down to defeat with his party. Yet when his party express a desire to have him back in the House, when Sir Wilfrid Laurier reserves a seat for him next to his own, and when a Liberal member is found willing to resign in Mr. Graham's favour, surely the Conservatives might have been generous enough to allow him to return without a big battle.

Mr. Graham has never been an offensive partisan. He has always treated his opponents with kindness and urbanity. He never struck below the belt and never failed in his duty as a representative of the people. He is a party man, of course, but party men cannot object to him on that ground.

I firmly believe that thousands of good Conservatives disapprove of the course pursued by their leaders in Mr. Graham's case, and will be delighted to see him win in South Renfrew when the long delayed by-election is held.

* * *

Settling New Ontario.

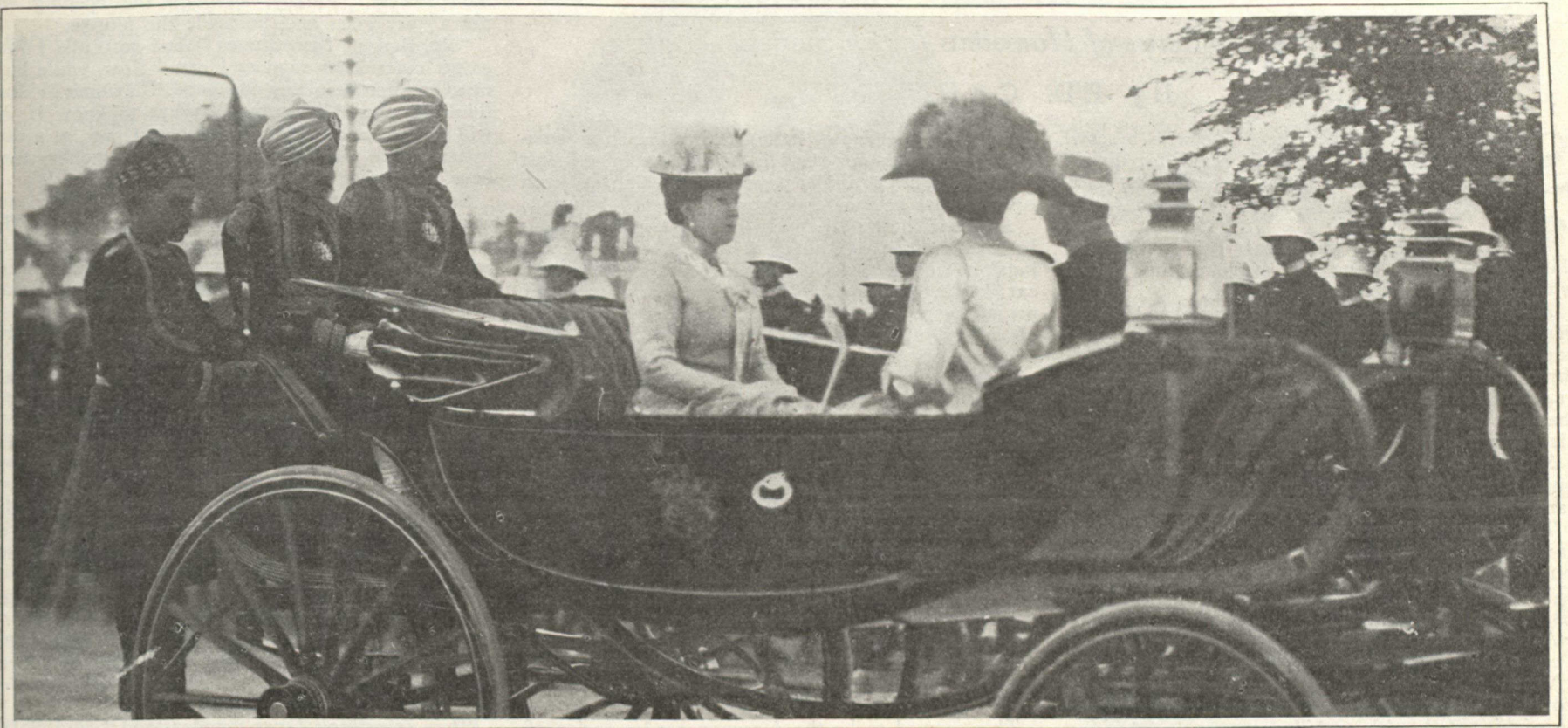
MY idea of investing a hundred million dollars in building roads, schoolhouses, telephone lines, and making ready-made farms in Northern Ontario does not find favour with the authorities. They are all afraid of it. The plan is extravagant, they say. The settlement will come gradually, they claim, and it should not be rushed.

The United States might have said the same thing when somebody proposed the establishment of a Reclamation Service to build dams in arid districts where irrigation was necessary. Already that Service has invested two hundred million dollars and the United States is getting ten per cent. on the investment in the increased value of the lands in those districts. Many other such examples might be quoted from the current history of the nations.

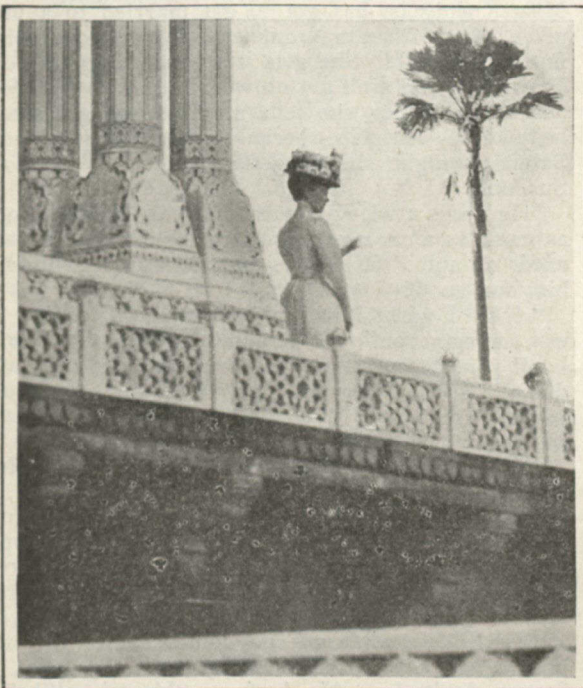
The Whitney Government is saying, "We propose to develop New Ontario." The Ross Government said the same. The Hardy Government said the same, yes, and the Mowat Government said it, too. The Toronto Board of Trade say, "Let us develop New Ontario." The Ontario Boards of Trade echo the sentiment. The Ontario Government Railway Commissioners say, "We are developing New Ontario." But what has been done? In three years they have built less than 200 miles of railway, while in the same period every one of the big railway corporations have built about ten times that amount.

I believe in New Ontario, and that is the reason why I advocate a large and comprehensive investment. The authorities claim that they believe in New Ontario, but they give little proof of their faith. They are merely tinkering with it. At the present rate of progress, the clay belt will be settled about two centuries hence. Is it any wonder that the people of the Rainy River district would like to secede from Ontario and join Manitoba?

OVERSEAS NEWS BY CAMERA



After the Durbar---Arrival of Her Majesty, Queen Mary, on her visit to Agra.



Her Majesty on the magnificent terrace of Taj Mahal, ---getting "The Emperor's View."



Everywhere that the King and Queen went in India they were loyally cheered. Children at Agra are here seen cheering Her Majesty. Durbar photographs by L. N. A. Staff Photographer.



A group of old age pensioners at Athlone, Ireland. Their average age is seventy-six and a half years. The younger man is Father Forde. Photographs by Topical.



Sir Edward Carson addressing anti-Home Rule demonstration by Ulster Unionists at Omagh, Ireland.

SOME CLASS

First of a Series of Humorous Jewish Stories

By ED. CAHN

SOL BERGER entered the house with a scowl, which deepened as he made ready for dinner, and threatened to make a permanent cleft between his eyes when he sat down to the table.

His wife, Esther—a placid, easy-going woman of thirty-two—said nothing to provoke the storm which she felt brewing.

All her life she had been perfecting herself in the gentle art of getting along with the other sex. She had begun with her crusty father, progressed with three mischievous brothers, and was taking a graduate course with her husband. Now, good soul that she was, she began to think of a way to change his humour.

She began by accompanying with her sweetest smile the plate of excellent *kartoffel* soup she handed him.

The scowl lightened; and by the time Sol had finished his fish and begun on the fowl, he felt so much better that he unbuttoned his vest, gave a sigh of mingled relief and contentment, and allowed his face to clear entirely.

After a generous portion of *noodle charlotte* and a cup of black coffee, Esther brought him his cigars.

When she wished to pet him particularly, she would light the match for him and hold it to the tip of his weed, with a skill not surpassed by any one. To-night she followed it with a kiss on the top of his head. As he was a trifle bald, this always tickled him, and would put him in a good humour if anything would. It did not fail this time.

"Esther," said Sol shortly, "you are a good girl. I know it I have been grouchy for a long time, and I'm sorry for you." He sighed deeply.

Esther resumed her chair and smiled sympathetically. "You aren't so bad, Sol. I have heard of worse husbands already. What is the matter with business? Tell me all about it."

"Ach! Don't ask it of me. All—I couldn't tell you in ten years. A man what is manufacturing waists in what you could call a small way, what ain't got it any too much capital, has plenty of troubles."

"You ain't short of money, Sol?"

"Sure, I'm short. Such expenses I got, I'm always short. But no shorter than what is usual. *Gott sei dank*, I still have it a few pennies by the bank. But, what with operators what have got themselves such a unions as would drive a man crazy; a office boy what burns it up a file of letters and that I got to fire right away; and a designer what, when he ain't turning out frosts for me, is staying off sick—I tell you, I got lots to worry me.

"To-day, a girl at one of the power machines in the factory ain't got it nothing better to do but runs it a needle into her finger. Then, of course, she hollers and faints; and everybody stops working on a rush order, and gets excited, and it costs me two dollars for a doctor.

"Then, on top of that, comes in the mail a cancellation of a good order. Them robbers takes it out of me, that they got a backward season. I wonder do they think it I makes the weather?"

"All in one day, Sol? It's terrible!"

"All!" said Sol bitterly. "That ain't yet the half. That holdup landlord what I got sends me word he won't renew it my lease unless I pays him a bonus what a millionaire is justified in hollering at; so I guess I got to move next May, and already I commence to worry about a new loft. Also—Oh, what's the use? I come home to rest, not to think about business. Ain't I never getting no peace?"

Esther decided that here was a case serious enough for medicine. So she went to the sideboard, took therefrom a bottle of fine old claret, and poured out a brimming glassful.

"Here, Sol, *lieben*, drink this—and then maybe you feel better. My goodness! No wonder you are a little bit cross once. I don't think there is another man in this town that has to put up with half what you do!"

This was music to Sol's ears, and he sipped his wine with the abused air of a martyr, and reflected that it was not every man who had a wife with so much sense and comprehension.

As Esther had expected, he forgot his troubles, spent a tranquil evening in reading the sporting pages of the yellow papers from end to end, and the next morning left for the fray in a cheerful mood, and with the bold step of a conqueror.

Sol had worked his way up from the bottom rung of the ladder, and was now an independent manu-

facturer of the line of ladies' waists known to commerce as the Esther B. His factory occupied a loft in a dingy street in the heart of the district given over to that field of endeavour.

After all, he held himself, he had a great deal to be thankful for. "I ain't got such a big kick coming," he thought, as he climbed onto a downtown car. "The Esther B. is a sure comer; there ain't no mortgage on my business, like there is on lots of fellers' what I know. And I think, even if I don't make it a fortune this year, if nothing unforeseen happens, I'll make it a few dollars, anyway, on the season. I hope I find it a bunch of good orders from that Susner. That feller eats me up with expenses if he gets it half a chance."

The first post brought the usual crop of miscellaneous mail, and one small order from his salesman, Sam Susner.

"A small order is better as none at all," thought Sol, and refused to be cast down.

The beneficial effects of Esther's ministrations withstood a bolted luncheon—consisting of Hungarian goulash, a dill pickle, and a wad of coconut pie, washed down by two cups of a poisonous liquid misnamed coffee—but were not able to combat the pangs of incipient indigestion and another canceled order.

This seemed to be the forerunner of a series of small disasters which kept Sol in a constant state of misery. A prolonged downpour of rain all over the East added the last straw, and turned him into as cross and unreasonable a manufacturer as could be found in the length and breadth of a district which abounded in them.

A FEW days later Sam Susner, home from a not particularly successful trip, found him sitting before a desk littered with patterns, bits of embroidery, letters, and papers innumerable, dejectedly reading the trade paper.

The office was in a corner of the loft, partly protected by an unpainted board partition from the gaze of the operators, the hum of their machines, and their strident Yiddish voices.

A second partition separated the bookkeeper's high desk from the semi-privacy of Sol's office; but through the half-open connecting door Sam caught sight of her, and was heartened by the smile she flashed him.

"Good morning, Mr. Berger," he began. "I hope I see you well. This is fine weather we are having."

"Yes, fine for ducks! But fine ain't the word for this trip of yours. I give you my word, Susner, one more like it, an' I goes up the flue higher as a kite."

"Mr. Berger! I'm aware that it was not exactly a record-breaker, but look how all business has been—practically at a standstill. Taking that and the backward season into consideration, what's the matter with that trip?"

"Everything's the matter! If you are such a fine salesman as what you pretends to be, you would have sold more goods. Any boy can peddle around goods what folks want and need and have got to have; but it takes a real salesman, like what I thought you was, to sell 'em stuff when they think they don't need it and are scared at a dull season."

"But the market——" began Sam, who had really done very well in the face of disheartening conditions.

"Pshaw! Don't say it 'market' to me. You got it a fine lot of merchandise. If your market goes back on you, make it another one. Create it yourself a demand, and supply the demand."

"The only way to do that, this season," said Susner gloomily, "is to sandbag 'em. And that I don't want to do, because I expect to travel over that territory again; and once you force stuff on a customer that he can't move and has to sweat blood to pay for, he gets down on you and your line, and next time you couldn't give him stuff for nothing."

"Sandbag nothing! When I was travelling on the road myself, I found it out mighty soon that once you sell a man, unless you are a regular boob and a dope, he'd rather buy goods from you than from anybody what he don't know. Anyway, how can a merchant have too many of the Esther B. waists? I sold more goods in the spring of eighteen ninety-four than you've sold in two seasons, an' I guess everybody agrees with me that was a fiercer year than this one."

Susner bit his lip to keep back a retort; for he had a favour to ask. But the more he manoeuvred

to bring the conversation around to the right point, the deeper he got into Berger's recollections of his old prowess. Finally, although the opening was not a very good one, he made the plunge.

"Mr. Berger, I'm engaged. And naturally I want to get married as soon as I can. Now, while business has not been any too good, I'll admit, I don't think you can blame me. I want to know if you will give me a contract for next year, say, at a little better figure than this one. It takes money, these days, to keep a wife."

Sol looked at him sourly. "Well, Susner, suit yourself! But I give you my word, getting married is the last thing you ought to do now. Wait till you are more of a hit as a travelling man before you start buttin' into the business of being a married man."

"As regards the contract you speak of, nothing doing. I want you to make a two weeks' trip in near-by towns and see what you can do to make up for lost time. If you do it a big business, then maybe we can talk about such a contract."

Sam laughed shortly. "There is not a man living that could pull a big business out of the near-by towns. Why, they are drummed to death!"

Sol sniffed. "Them people in Rochester canceled their order what you sold them; and if it keeps up nothing but them things, and no orders, or else only small ones, I'll either have to get it another man or else bust up. Take my advice, Sam, and don't get married. A wife is only a nuisance to you, now."

Shortly after that, Susner left on a supplementary trip; and Miss Koenig, the bookkeeper, began to go to a free cooking school after her hours at the office were over.

"It is something I can't understand," said Sol, a few evenings later.

"What is?"

"Why a A-number-one, smart bookkeeper like Miss Koenig is, has got to get married to a bum piker of a fifth-rate drummer. Here she is doing fine for herself! She gets it a good salary she can depend on, and ain't got no worries nor no troubles; and this morning she tells me I should get somebody to fill her place, because one week from next Saturday night she is getting married to Sam Susner!"

"He needs a wife as much as I need another foot, as much as a cat needs two tails, as much as a duck needs an auto. If he gets married now it will spoil him for good!"

"Ach! I wisht I had 'a' known it was to *her* he was engaged, before I sent him away on this trip. I tell you, Esther, I would have fired him then and there! Such a nerve he got, marrying my bookkeeper—the best I ever had! Besides, I suppose we got to give them a wedding present."

"Now, Sol, I think you are mean to even think of letting him go. He does the best he can. It isn't the boy's fault if Wall Street makes it a panic and people are afraid yet. Give the young people a chance. Anyhow, you ought to have more consideration for Miss Koenig, if she wants to marry him."

"Yah! She ain't got no consideration for me. Where will I get it another like her? By golly, if Susner don't do a big business this trip, I'll fire him, married or not."

In vain Esther pleaded for the lovers and for romance. Just a week after the marriage, poor Susner was discharged, finding himself minus a position and plus a bride and all the attendant responsibilities.

WHILE Susner was hunting work, Sol was desperately seeking a bookkeeper. The first he tried was a relative of a customer; but she was so utterly incompetent that Sol dismissed her with scant ceremony, notwithstanding the relationship. The second and third proved to be failures, and every day the books and accounts got into worse shape.

The end of the year was perilously close, and Berger told Esther:

"If I don't soon get it a bookkeeper I will just have to make it in the alley a bonfire of the books, and send word to everybody that I don't know where I am at, but I guess I lost enough money this year to be a failure, and I am shutting up the factory and getting myself a job as a street cleaner."

"Did you hear if Susner got a job yet for next year?" inquired Esther.

"No, he ain't. I seen Moe Slessinger in Aaronsohn's cigar store yesterday, and he says he heard Susner was dickering with a firm of new starters in the veiling business; but the deal fell through."

"Did anybody answer your ad for a traveling man?"

"I should say they did! I bet you, Essie, all the bums in the business answers that ad. You should

(Continued on page 19.)

AT THE SIGN

A DEPARTMENT

OF THE MAPLE

MAINLY FOR WOMEN

WOMEN AND THE ARTS

Five Toronto Women Who Have Accomplished Much in the Artistic World

BY MARGARET BELL.

Kathryn Innes-Taylor.

TORONTO is particularly fortunate in her women representatives of the arts. Music, painting, literature, the drama, all are brilliantly represented by broad-minded students with American and Continental experience.

Toronto vocally is especially well favoured in having, within the last year or two, secured the services of Kathryn Innes-Taylor, the well-known soprano, who only a few years ago left Brussels to come to New York. The Hambourg Conservatory of Music is responsible for her coming to Toronto, for this genius family are endeavouring to surround themselves with artists of the highest possible caliber.

Madame Innes-Taylor was born in Garstang, Lancashire, the daughter of Major Thornton, of Kirkland Hall. Like every other English girl, she received the regulation educational advantages in music, literature and art. But a fairy hovered near, a beautiful fairy, with a *voix d'or*, who whispered in Kathryn Thornton's ear, with the result that she went to Geneva to continue her studies in music. The piano, the cello and the voice came under her curriculum of duties, with emphasis on the voice. The music fairy was restless, however, and decreed that she go to Brussels to the studio of Cornelius Servais. The great Marchesi was in Paris at that time, and Marchesi was the goal of many an aspiring vocalist. Kathryn Thornton went to her, to continue her studies. On a return visit to Brussels, another fairy greeted her, a rollicking young fellow, with a bow and quiver. His work proved effective enough to change Kathryn Thornton to Kathryn Innes-Taylor. England saw her, for some time after her marriage, and England heard a wonderfully developed dramatic soprano.

But America beckoned, and Madame Innes-Taylor heeded. In a short time, New York had added another vocalist to its list, and a successful teacher. But New York played with Toronto and lost. The Hambourgs wired for Madame Innes-Taylor, as soon as they decided to open a Conservatory.

Intellectual, refined, with all the charm and culture of the English lady, Kathryn Innes-Taylor is destined to make her influence felt, and Toronto is always most susceptible to music and culture.

* * *

Mrs. McGillivray Knowles.

A TALL, handsome woman, with eyes like two glowing, black pearls and hair as ebon as the wings of a raven, approached me, as I sat in the half light of the studio, on a late January afternoon. All around were the bits which made the studio



MRS. MCGILLIVRAY KNOWLES
One of Canada's best known artists.



KATHRYN INNES-TAYLOR

The well-known soprano who has come to make her home in Toronto.

take on a peculiar personality, a humanness, as if each bit of pottery, each piece of sculpture work, were a living, vital thing, breathing the breath of the dark woman who spent her hours there. And then, the pet of the household appeared, one of the most beautiful of its species I have ever seen; a



MISS GRACE SMITH

A clever English musician residing in Toronto.

fluffy Persian cat, with a head as noble as the King lion's, after whose kind he is patterned.

Mrs. McGillivray Knowles is a personality. She might belong to the nobility who attend court functions at Madrid, she might be a descendant of the haughty Cleopatra, with all of Cleopatra's charm and accomplishments, and none of her falsehood and susceptibility to flattery.

On the walls of the studio hung her brush children, beautiful studies breathing thoughtfulness and cheer, and optimism in things as they ought to be. There was the picture of a pale moon looking down through the trees, as a great silent Omnipotence enfolding the world in the lap of his kindness. And flocks of chickens, peaceful creatures, all contentment. And browsing cattle and singing streams, truly a lovely collection of optimism and good will.

Landscapes are her favourite subjects, with here and there a touch of life, a chicken or a browsing cow.

Born in Ottawa, of English parents, Elizabeth Beach set out on the regulation course of all English girls. A little music, which was to have developed into more music, literature and art, the last of the greatest meagreness. From childhood, she had studied music, but her art education did not begin until she was quite a young lady, nineteen, to be exact. She came to Toronto to study in the School of Art, of which Mr. McGillivray Knowles was the director. Then came the romance. In a short time she became Mrs. Knowles, and decided to make a specialty of art. They travelled in Europe for some years, observing, and studying as they observed. And almost before she realized it, Mrs. Knowles was an artist. To-day finds her



MISS MARJORY MACMURPHY

Re-elected President of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

among the greatest that Canada has ever produced, and there is not the slightest doubt that she will become even greater as the years go by.

* * *

Miss Marjory MacMurphy.

IN the women's realm of things literary, much of the mechanism of the great activity machine is due to the efforts of Miss Marjory MacMurphy, one of those responsible for the Canadian Women's Press Club, branches of which are now in every city in the Dominion.

Toronto is responsible for her, and Jarvis Street Collegiate and Toronto University for her education. I am still wondering whence comes her scintillating sense of humour, that adamant stepping-stone, which tides one over the streams of every day sordidness. For Miss MacMurphy's name would banish all possible thought of connection with Erin's god of laughter and smiles.

When I begin to write of Miss MacMurphy's list of accomplishments along the literary path, I flounder, as in a maze of impossibilities. Where begin? Which first? One little imp comes and whispers that I should write down the distracting details in a consecutive list, but another, more delicate in taste, suggests that I mention, perhaps, her Coronation write-ups for a syndicate of Canadian papers, this last year, and in connection with her visit to London, her reply for Canada at the Coronation dinner of the Society of Women Journalists, as a representative of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

And still I am surrounded with a maze of accomplishments. Shall I tell first of her contributions to the Canadian Magazine, Harper's Bazaar, Short Stories and the Bohemian, or mention that she has written sketches and stories for the Christmas numbers of the *Globe* and *Saturday Night*? Would it interest the readers of this paper more to know that Marjory MacMurphy is the book reviewer of the *Toronto News*, the *Standeasy* of the *Star Weekly*, or to be told that Marjory MacMurphy, who gives

over

a helping hand to all aspiring journalists, and Jeaneton Stay At Home of the *Christian Guardian* are one and the same person?

What a list of accomplishments! Gay and glad, serious and sad, whimsical, amusing, such a repertoire of styles for one writer! And something else is whispered in my ear. There appears before me the title "Blue Rooms," on a page in the December *University Magazine*. And another information fairy tells me that the Ontario Government reprinted several of Miss MacMurchy's coronation articles in their report on Women's Institutes, issued in December. So there you have them. What a maze of literariness!

* * *

Miss Grace Smith.

HEINRICH HEINE is the master to whose myriad flecked palace of expression I hastened when Grace Smith's playing first came under my notice. Everyone knows it, the beautiful "Du bist wie eine Blume."

Of flower-like delicacy, of fairy sweetness, with the frailty of the violet, the potency of the rose, she impresses one as being imbued with occult powers, the moment her fingers touch the piano. One knows instantly that she loves her instrument, and one can almost see the fairies tripping up and down the keys. Miss Smith is a petite English young lady, who is quite willing to be adopted by Canada. Canada is full of promise, and is always kind to a genius. London was her birthplace, and there she studied under a very brilliant French-woman, who was brought up amongst the associations and environment of Chopin.

The young student worked hard, and there came a time when she must needs leave her beloved London, and seek Continental experience. What a time that was, trying to decide where and for how long. Finally, the enigma was solved. The great Busoni was in London and heard Miss Smith play. In a very short time, she was in Veimar, a pupil of Busoni. What art, what moods, what masterfulness! Truly, that was an experience. Students came to him from all over the world. Sometimes he spent whole evenings playing to them, sometimes he would not appear for two or three days at a time. And all his services were gratuitous.

But the genius stirred within our young student, and she must needs away. Careno heard her play, and promptly agreed to take her as a pupil. For a year Miss Smith remained under her tuition, traveling with her to Italy, and spending days in the seclusion of their studio. And then—London saw her again, a genius ripened and broadened in her art and her views on life.

Possibly the greatest honour which Miss Smith has ever experienced was the command to play before Queen Alexandra, at Buckingham Palace. But there was a wonderful new land beyond the sea, and competition in London was great. So she

HEARTS AND CLUBS

BY CANADIENNE

SOME women are not happy unless they are worrying over the woes and wrongs of a long-suffering fellow-creature. When there is no victim among their acquaintances over whom they may shed sympathetic tears, they resort to fiction or the front page of the newspapers and lament loudly over the casualties there described.

Such a one is my friend, Maria, who has a sound constitution, a clear conscience and an admirable digestion, and who is therefore forced to hunt up causes for complaint.

"Isn't it dreadful?" mourned Maria on a crisp, winter afternoon, when the sky was blue and the air better than six weeks in a sanitarium.

"What?" I asked rudely, wondering whether it were a sick cat or a crippled dog.

"The way men are beating their wives," said Maria, fetching a sigh as if she were the belaboured spouse, instead of being a bachelor maid.

"Are they beating them?" I asked innocently.

Maria turned on me a gaze of reproach. "Of course they are. You can read about it any morning in the newspapers."

"Why do you read about it if it worries you?"

"Well, one wants to know what is going on—and it's something dreadful to read about the way some women are treated. The poor things!" Then came another and deeper sigh.

"I'm not a bit sorry for them," I said belligerently.

"Not sorry for the poor creatures—and your own sex, too!" Maria's moist, blue eyes were wide in surprise.

"In the first place, Maria, I don't know any man who would be capable of acting in that way. All

left her England and toured this country, finally choosing Toronto as her place of abode.

"If I have been given any talent, it is my duty to give at least some of the world the benefit of it."

With such an aim in view, success will surely place a perpetual crown on the head of so great a benefactor.

* * *

Mrs. Scott-Raff.

THE days of the shrieking dramatic student are on the wane. The modern school of Dramatic Art stand for more than the shouting of vociferations. Dignity, culture and refinement count infinitely more than all the striving after some kind of melodramatic effect.

Toronto is fortunate in having as an exponent in all these virtues of the drama, Mrs. Scott-Raff, the Principal of the Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression. Mrs. Scott-Raff received her training in Boston, New York and at the Gower Street Academy, London, England, the school of acting which owes so much to Sir John Hare, George Alexander and Forbes Robertson. Apart from scholastic training, however, one is often helped by associations with historical scenes. Mrs. Scott-Raff visited Athens, several years ago, and stood in the ancient theatre, on the very spot where the world's greatest dramatists presented the prologues of their plays. Only then did she understand Aristophanes as never before. Here, Mrs. Scott-Raff studied the methods of the ancient Greeks, and many of their wonderful dances, which prefaced their dramatic offerings.

In our own country, she studied under Harold Nelson Shaw, at one time Principal of the Toronto College of Music School of Expression. But above all, she says the study of life transcends all teaching.

"I believe dramatic art to be one of the greatest factors in education," she says, "because when you can get a student to think in character, she transcends his own personality. When our colleges and universities realize this, they will have a department for threefold training, the mental, the moral and the physical, and that is the only true education."

This year, Mrs. Scott-Raff is working on the problem of the evolution of the Greek Drama, which will be greatly aided in February, by a lecture on the early miracle plays, by Dr. Richard Burton, who conducted research work in the old world, last summer.

It might interest girls who have ambitions toward the professional stage, to hear what Mrs. Scott-Raff has to say on the subject.

"In my small corner, I am trying to prove that drama has a legitimate place in our educational system, and what I am doing is not putting girls on the stage, but keeping them off. Only those who are above the average mentally, morally and physically, have any right to be there, and then only if they have positive genius."

the men I am acquainted with are nice, decent Canadians who take home a box of chocolates on Saturday afternoon and send their wives violets on their birthdays. Remember, it's not the respectable, law-abiding husbands who get into the newspapers."

"But do you mean to say you are not sorry for the women who are beaten?" I might say that Maria never relaxes her clutch on your sympathies and insists relentlessly that you must be sorry, too, whether it is a native of Timbuctoo with sunstroke or a Toronto wife whose fighting husband has been before the "Colonel."

"I'm not a bit sorry for them," I repeated stubbornly, "they can't be anything but foot-balls or spaniels or door-mats."

"Such husbands deserve to be imprisoned for years, with lashes and hard labour," said Maria vigorously.

"And the beaten wives would be the first citizens to protest against such a sentence. Did I ever tell you about Bob Gordon's adventure 'way up in the North?"

"What has Bob to do with it? He hasn't a wife."

"Don't be impatient. Bob was away in the unsettled regions, where the law is sometimes slow, and, as he was riding along a rough road one day, he heard a woman scream. Bob is nothing if he is not chivalrous. So, he dismounted and rushed to a little cabin from which the screams came. When he entered, he found a woman in the grasp of a strenuous gentleman who was belabouring her with a stick. Bob is an athlete, you know—and then he had his riding-whip with him. In less than ten minutes he had thoroughly cowed and thrashed the

cruel husband. By this time the unfortunate victim was beginning to recover—and she turned on Bob with language which was simply dreadful—at least Bob says he never heard worse from a coal-heaver. She glared at him from blackened eyes and, if he had not retreated before her, would certainly have scratched him sadly. Now, if you were in Bob's place, what would you have done the next time you heard a woman scream on the lonely highway?"

"That doesn't prove anything," said Maria. "It proves that Bob's sympathy and interference were wasted. The wife evidently admired her brutal husband."

"Perhaps she loved him," said Maria solemnly. "Perhaps she saw in him the ideal of her girlhood."

"Such women wouldn't know an ideal if they saw it. Of course she loved him—if you can apply such a word to such a situation. And there is no help for a woman who has a blind and foolish attachment for a brute. She enslaves herself. We are punished for our preferences. If a woman is so stupid and wrong-headed as to love an utterly unworthy man and submit to his ill-treatment, of course she'll suffer and she deserves to. Don't waste your sympathy, Maria. Keep it for the dray-horses and the starved cats."

"What can the poor women do?"

"As most of them seem to be supplied with means of locomotion, they might walk away and earn their own living, far from the brutal husband's ignoble strife. This is a world in which a woman who is willing to work can get decent meals and lodging and a few dollars a week as well. There are hundreds of weary housewives who would welcome her services."

"Suppose there are children." Maria always considers all sides of a calamity.

"The worst possible sight for children is the spectacle of a beaten mother. If a woman has a shred of self-respect, she simply won't submit to such treatment—and there is an end of it."

"I heard a sermon, last Sunday night," said Maria, "when the minister said it was beautiful and divine for woman to forgive such men."

"I'd like to talk to that minister. There's nothing more disgusting or humiliating to womanhood than such flabby sisters. They're just molluscs or marsh-mallows—"

"Or jelly-fish," suggested Maria, with a feeble smile.

"I've just been reading 'Oliver Twist' again, seeing that it is the Dickens' centenary next month, and I haven't a bit of patience with that sentimental *Nancy* who finally allowed *Bill Sikes* to take her life."

"Most of the Dickens women are awful fools," admitted Maria. "And, if I remember rightly, *Nancy* put up with a great deal."

"There is a certain type of woman—you may find her in both the slums and the smart set—who estimates a man's affection or charm by his brutality towards her."

"Some men think," said Maria, doubtfully, "that the worse they treat a woman, the better she likes them."

"That is true of only the type I have mentioned," I said crossly. "No woman, with a sense of the finer side of life, has such feelings. They belong to the lowest peasant or the cheapest bar-maid. To illustrate this, a Canadian woman who is living in New York tells a good story. She was engaged in Settlement work and there came for assistance one day a woman who had evidently been sadly beaten. She admitted that her husband had treated her cruelly and then asked abruptly: 'Ain't you married?' 'No,' said the sympathetic lady. 'Gee!' exclaimed the person of purple countenance, 'it must be fierce to be an old maid.' That sufferer in the slums probably enjoyed the occasional castigation, as a ripple in the monotony of tenement existence."

"Just the same, I'm sorry for them," persisted Maria, "and I'm taking some butter and eggs to that poor Mrs. Higgins whose husband is in jail."

"And I'm sure that the butter was thirty-six cents a pound and that you paid seventy cents a dozen for the eggs."

But Maria preserved a smiling silence.

Paris and Her Parasols.

A ROULETTE wheel contained in the handle of a parasol is the latest Parisian novelty. It can be used for gambling at any place or moment. These handles have become very popular. They are of fine workmanship and generally of gold or silver. One handle contains almost everything that one would be likely to need. A long sheet of paper is wound around the rod, from which pieces may be torn off for taking notes. When the lid is opened penknife, pencil, nail file, combs, and looking-glass are disclosed. They are large enough for use.



OTIS SKINNER

In "Kismet," an Oriental play by Edward Knobloch--- a success in London and New York.



GRACE GEORGE

In a new play "Just to Get Married," by Cicely Hamilton.



PAMELA GAYTHORNE

A young English actress in "The Bird of Paradise," an Hawaiian Play

THE New Year theatrical offerings were many and included one or two items of more than ordinary interest. Among the most important is the return engagement of Mme. Simone in a new play, "The Return from Jerusalem." In addition to unusual qualities of interest in itself, it gives New York critics and public alike an opportunity to reverse their former hasty judgment and do justice to the skill of one of the most accomplished of modern French actresses. "The Return from Jerusalem" was written by Maurice Donnay, at the height of the Dreyfus scandal and became the subject of much critical comment and some uproar in the early weeks of its presentation in the French capital. Here we are privileged to consider both the play and the acting without reference to the prejudices excited there among both Semites and anti-Semites, neither of whom it seems was satisfied with the author's findings. Mme. Simone plays the part of a cultivated Jewess who wins the love of a writer celebrated for the breadth of his philosophy. When, however, she attempts to gain his co-operation in a scheme for the furtherance of universal peace and religious unity, she finds his racial instincts more deeply seated than his acquired viewpoint.

"Just to Get Married," by Cicely Hamilton, already seen in Canada, derives its title from the attitude of a dependent young lady pestered to death by relations, anxious to get her married and off their hands, toward a bashful but very worthy and wealthy young suitor. Having successfully "angled" for his declaration, and then discovering how sincere and unselfish his passion for her really is, she becomes ashamed of the part she has played and on the eve of their marriage makes a clean breast of her feelings. A way is, of course, eventually found, and that without taxing too greatly the invention of the author, to bring the two together on a basis of reciprocal affection, and all ends in a prospect of happiness—as comedies should. The situation in itself is excellent for comedy purposes, and we are treated to some agreeably pleasant moments in the course of the narrative. These, however, also serve to point out many dull moments and some obvious shortcomings in the play. As it stands, its chief merit is that it introduces to the American stage another splendid English actor, Mr. Lyn Harding, in whom Miss Grace George seems to have found a leading man worthy to succeed that most refined of comedians, the late lamented, Mr. Frank Worthing.

The scenes for Richard Walton Tully's play, "The Bird of Paradise," are laid in Hawaii, and the theme has to do with the native superstitions of that Island. Paul Wilson, an American, comes to the Island to search for the bacilli of leprosy at the colony of Molokai. On his way he encounters Luana, a native princess, falls in love with her and wins an impetuous response. Dean, a beachcomber, living out his interpretation of the philosophy of the Rubaiyat on the Island, warns the American of

his danger, but is unheeded. Meanwhile, Wilson's betrothed arrives and undertakes the reformation of the beachcomber and we have the spectacle of the downfall of one man and the gradual uplift of the other. Wilson succumbs to the lure of the Islands and becomes a slave to his senses, while Dean goes off with Diana to the great work. The climax comes when Wilson, two years later, realizes the influence of Luana, and casts her off. No longer able to hold him, she offers herself as a sacrifice to Pele, an Hawaiian goddess, and falls into the crater of Kilauea. Guy Bates Post, Theodore Roberts, Pamela Gaythorne, and Laurette Taylor head the important cast.

"The Talker," by Marion Fairfax, deals with the mischief wrought by a woman of advanced views on the subject of conjugal and domestic privileges and responsibilities. She holds her husband in contempt, denounces marriage as a state of slavery, declines to be worried with children, and discourses freely of the right of free love. A weaker sister, seriously impressed with these views, dismisses her betrothed, and goes off with a married man who soon leaves her to her own resources, which prove to be fruitful enough of mischief. The result of it all is that the "talker" is brought to a realization of the mischief-making possibilities of her philosophy and a serious questioning of its soundness. The principal characters are in the hands of Tully Marshall, and Lillian Albertson.

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" is the fourth play to reach New York this season with a London endorsement. It is the joint work of two well known lawyers and members of parliament, and its chief claim to public attention is a very realistic trial scene in a divorce case. Peggy, the wife of an M.P., finds herself more or less neglected by her husband owing to his political activities. She finds consolation and amusement in another man who mistakes her attitude and becomes passionately enamoured. On a trip to Switzerland he contrives matters so that Peggy becomes separated from her chaperone, and is left alone with him in a Paris hotel. An unexpected telephone inquiry from the husband causes some consternation, but a story is finally concocted to relieve Peggy from suspicion. The husband receives an anonymous letter, however, and institutes divorce proceedings. In the

witness-box, Peggy, who is entirely innocent, strives hard to clear herself, and her cross-examination forms the climax of the play. The role of Peggy is in the hands of Miss Madge Titheradge, who originated it in London.

Mr. Wilton Lackaye has also replaced his unsuccessful production of "The Stranger," with an English adaptation of the French comedy, "Chacun-sa-Vie," under the title of "The Right to Happiness." The story concerns Francois Declos, who has reached wealth and power by hard work. He has married a butterfly who turns from him to a mutual friend with whom she prepares to elope. Declos learns of their intention and prevents it. Meanwhile he has himself fallen in love with Pauline Clermain, who in her turn also falls a victim to the fascination of the man who had already bereft Declos of his wife's love. Pauline is disillusioned, however, when she learns of the escapade of Mme. Declos, and Jacques and Declos decides on a divorce so that his wife may marry Jacques.

"Modest Susanne," made over from "The Girl in the Taxi," and "Over the River," are the latest contributions to musical comedy.

Stage Gossip.

WINIFRED ARTHUR JONES, daughter of Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, has arrived from England under engagement to support Miss Anglin in the new Jones play, which will receive its first presentation at the Academy of Music, Baltimore. Mr. Jones has named the play, "Lydia Gilmore."

* * *

Mabel Crawley, a member of William Faversham's company, died at the Commonwealth Hotel in Boston on January 10, after an illness of only two weeks. Miss Crawley has been with Mr. Faversham's company for three seasons.

* * *

It is announced that the engagement of "Sumurun" at the Casino, New York, will be a limited one. Following "Sumurun" F. C. Whitney will present "Baron Trenck," a new comic opera by Felix Albin, composer of "Madame Troubadour." The first performance of the opera will occur in Washington, February 8.

* * *

The bookings of "Pomander Walk" have been cancelled for several weeks, including the dates in Philadelphia and Washington, so that the play could have a run in Chicago.

* * *

Margaret Illington will shortly tour the Shubert theatres in her New York play, "Kindling." The piece has been played with much success at Daly's.

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Fay Templeton did not go into the Pinafore production in Pittsburgh, as was announced. Little Buttercup is still being sung by Viola Gillette.

LATEST THEATRICAL OFFERINGS

A Formidable List of Interesting New Plays that Ushered in the New Year.

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent.



MOUNT ROBSON, THE HIGHEST PEAK IN CANADA

It rises head and shoulders above its surroundings, reaching at least 2,500 feet above the nearest peak, Mount Resplendent.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

Review of Professor A. P. Coleman's Interesting New Book

By NORMAN PATTERSON

NO human mind has yet solved the riddle of lake and stream, of plain and mountain, of sand desert and mineralized rock, of summer and winter, of sun and moon, and all the other striking features of Nature's handiwork and Nature's moods. Man is an enigma to himself. The world he lives in is an enigma also. Yet he knows that the wonderful variety in Nature makes this world a charming and interesting place in which to live.

As for the mountains, they have peculiar charms of their own which only the initiated may see. It is not every one who loves mountains, for it is not every one who feels their mystery and reads their invitation. Canada possesses mountains which are among the greatest in the world, and many books and articles have been written about them. And still the mystery is unsolved. Professor A. P. Coleman, in his new book, "The Canadian Rockies," comes near, perhaps, to the explanation, but even he has but indicated the wonder of that great area which stretches from the southern boundary of British Columbia to the Yukon and beyond. Eight summers has he spent in exploring old and new trails, and much has he added to Canada's knowledge of this great region.

In 1884 he made his first visit, roaming along the Columbia and the Spillimacheen in Southern British Columbia. Almost his first climb was that of Castle Mount, between Laggan and Banff, which is eight thousand feet up. In 1885, he wandered through the Selkirks. In 1888, he went canoeing along the Columbia. In 1892, he went to the Saskatchewan region, and discovered Fortress Lake. The next year he again went toward Mount Brown and in to Athabasca Pass. In 1902, he visited Brazeau Mountain. Five years later, he had a most trying experience in going from Laggan to Mount Robson, and attempting to scale that 13,700-foot monster for the first time. The next year, undismayed, he tried it again, going in from Edmonton. He was only partially successful. In all these trips he has verified much that other explorers and climbers have found, and also made some important discoveries of his own.

The story of these summer trips by this indefatigable geologist from the University of Toronto, is well worth reading. It is modestly but charmingly

told. If it will not arouse a latent passion to spend a few weeks in that great region, riding, canoeing, fording, packing, climbing, shooting and running all sorts of real dangers, then nothing else will. His story of crossing the Rockies in advance of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and his tale of the discovery of virgin lakes and peaks, is without a peer. His vain attempts upon Mount Robson, the greatest of all peaks in the Canadian Rockies, are inspiring in spite of the disappointments which met him at every turn.

The following description of Mount Robson will give some idea of Professor Coleman's style:

"Mount Robson is not only supreme among the Canadian Rockies, rising more than one thousand feet higher than any of its competitors, but it has points that make it notable among mountains in general. Usually high mountains are surrounded and led up to by many neighbours and rivals not greatly lower, so that the full effect of height is lacking; but Robson rises head and shoulders above its surroundings, reaching at least 2,500 feet above the nearest peak, Mount Resplendent, and more than three thousand feet above any others.

"Seen from the Fraser Valley, it is by far the vastest of the Rocky Mountain cathedrals, built of nearly horizontal courses, the lower one thousand feet of quartzite, the upper nine thousand feet of limestone—the lower two-thirds rising as walls too steep for snow to lie, while the upper third supports only a few patches of permanent snow. The summit is unsymmetrical, the left half built up as a snowy pyramid, while the right sweeps gently down to a lower peak; so that the whole effect is of a monstrous wall of masonry, heavily buttressed, with a rigid roof lifting itself to a pyramid toward the north-west."

Comparing the Alps with the Rockies, Professor Coleman has much to say that is interesting. The Alps have "human and social attractions" which are seldom found in the Rockies. They have picturesque chalets, convenient hotels, well-built roads and carefully-made paths.

"From my own observation I may suggest that often the Alpine Mountain group is better posed, the picture better composed from the point of view of the beholder, than in the Rockies. The reason for this is, I believe, largely one of areas. . . . This seeming lack of focus and concentration at dramatic

points seems to me the greatest defect of the Rockies as compared with the Alps.

"On the other hand, there is a cleanness and virginity, an exquisite loneliness, about many of the Rocky Mountain peaks and valleys that has a peculiar charm. There is the feeling of having made a new discovery, of having caught Nature unawares at her work of creation, as one turns off from a scarcely-beaten route into one never trodden at all by the feet of white men; and this experience may be had in a thousand valleys among the Rockies."

His closing chapter on "The Building of the Rockies" is exceptionally fine, a splendid ending in a splendid book. (Toronto: Henry Frowde.)

The Canadian Almanac

CANADA has no "Whittaker," but it has the "Canadian Almanac." It is the only reliable and comprehensive annual compendium of Canadian information. Since Dr. Johnston left the statistical department at Ottawa, the "Year Book" has become a jumble of stale and incomprehensible statistics. Therefore, any one desiring information about the names of cabinet ministers and members either for the Dominion or for the provinces, and such general information as the ordinary citizen is likely to need, must turn to the "Canadian Almanac." For sixty-five years it has been published by the Copp-Clark Company, in Toronto, and this year is better and larger than usual. Its list of clergy, bankers, barristers, militia officers, post offices, newspapers, and of officials of various kinds are standard in quality. Few journalists, bankers, or business men work without the "Canadian Almanac" at their elbow.

La Question du Francaise

THE article on the French language in Canada which appeared in the CANADIAN COURIER of January 6th, has attracted considerable attention. *Le Devoir*, Mr. Bourassa's daily paper, reproduces it in full and also comments editorially as follows:

"*Le Globe* consacre a la question du francais une nouvelle etude sur laquelle nous aurons l'occasion de revenir. En attendant, nous recommandons au *Globe* la lecture de l'interessant article du CANADIAN COURIER, dont nos lecteurs liront ailleurs la traduction francaise; il y trouvera matiere a d'amples et utiles reflexions.

"L'ecrivain du CANADIAN COURIER, dont nous avons le regret d'ignorer le nom, parle simple bon sens. Les Canadiens-francais lui seront reconnaissants de dire nettement a ses compatriotes des verites qui, sur nos levres, risquent toujours de prendre l'allure de recriminations.

"Les Anglo-Canadiens devront en meme temps lui savoir gre d'aborder cette question de front.

"C'est par d'aussi courageuses paroles que l'on facilite davantage l'union des races."

Support for the "Loan" Policy

(From the *Montreal Star*.)

THE CANADIAN COURIER, which has been supporting the policy of a local Canadian Navy, is taken with the idea, frequently suggested in Britain, of raising a great naval loan which will put the building superiority of Britain beyond challenge for many a year. The loan mentioned is two hundred millions; and the COURIER remarks:

If Canada guaranteed one-half the loan, it would mean three or three and a half million dollars a year, an amount which few would think excessive if they are in favor of a direct contribution. It would also be small enough to enable the Government to build some small cruisers here and thus provide more training ships and partially satisfy those who believe in the ultimate triumph of the Canadian navy idea. Such a policy might not meet with general approval, but it would go some distance towards satisfying both sides.

A debt of a hundred millions at a blow might seem a considerable burden for us to assume; but the readiness of a local navy advocate to consider it, shows that the idea is gaining ground. Our plan is much more modest. We propose no more than a debt of thirty millions as a "starter," which—if we can get the British Government to market our "Consols"—will only cost us about \$750,000 a year. This will be a light burden for the Dominion at a time when it requires every dollar for its own development and equipment; and the addition to our public debt will be such that we can carry it indefinitely. In time, we can assume more if the necessity demands it; and every dollar will be spent in the most effective fashion for the naval defence of British prestige, which is the sole stay of our national independence.



A PAGE FOR JUNIORS



Willie Visits the Kingdom of the Snow.

BY CLAUDE MACDONALD.

THE snow was falling lightly as Willie started to school a cold morning in January, with the sled that old Santa Claus had given him, trailing behind. His ears were tingling, for Jack Frost was pretty sharp that morning, but he was a very happy little boy. He was walking merrily along when a rabbit jumped swiftly across the road. "Why not catch him?" thought Willie; so he started, and after chasing the rabbit for some distance and never getting any closer, he sat down beneath a tree to take a rest. He was sitting there when some one said, "Hello, little boy! Would you like a trip to the land of ice and snow?" "Oh! that would be fine," said Willie, and, turning around, he saw a man all dressed in pure white fur standing near him. "I wonder if that is what teacher called the wilderness," said Willie. "Perhaps so," said the man in the white, meditatively. "But I am reigning in the Kingdom of the Snow." They started at once, crossing frozen streams and valleys, and through forests shining with ice and snow, which the snow king told him was a "silver thaw." The snow king pointed out to him all the beauties of his kingdom and all the animals and castles of his subjects. Willie thought that he never saw anything so beautiful till he turned a bend in the road and saw an ice palace, far more beautiful than the rest, with spires which Willie thought must touch the sky.

The snow king turned around and said, "That is my palace at which you are to be guest of honour." Just then the sound of a bugle burst on their ears, and they were soon surrounded by guards all in white. "The Password," said the sergeant in white. "Icicle," said Willie, as the snow king had told him to say. They were escorted as far as the door by the guard, who retired to the tune of "Our Land of the Snow." A footman then took them

through the palace which was brilliantly lighted, which made the ice walls shine like burnished steel, and they at last reached the dining-room, where the splendour fairly dazzled him. The snow king ordered dinner, which consisted of delicious roast meats, and which was served by two servants both in white. After Willie had done full justice to this, the king showed him all the pets in his palace, including a flock of white rabbits, to which Willie took a great liking. Then the snow king said, "It must be time for you to go home, so I will give you a pair of these rabbits, for you won't see me again." When he heard that Willie's eyes filled with tears, but he didn't cry, he said good-bye to the snow king and with the rabbits under his arms started for home. He had just reached the main road when some one shook him. "Oh!" said Willie, as he opened his eyes and looked up into the kind face of the old trapper, whom he and the other boys had stoned. "Well!" said the old fellow, "if I hadn't saw your tracks leading into the woods and followed them, you would have made food for the wolves."

Willie told his dream to the trapper, who, after hearing it, said: "You will have the rabbits!" At this Willie's eyes filled with tears as he gasped, "I—I wi—will nev—never call you n—names again." At this the old trapper's eyes filled with tears as he said, "That's all right, my boy."

Willie slipped in unnoticed and in time for his lessons. When he reached home he found that the old trapper had left the rabbits, and had not told his secret.

Dee Side, Quebec.

Snowdrop and Pinkears.

DEAR AUNT HELEN,—To look after pets is much harder than it seems. My first pets were two white rats. You would not think that I, being a girl, would like rats, but I did. I kept them in a tiny covered hutch, with two rooms, one their

living-room and the other their bed-room. Their bed-room was lined with soft straw, and the living-room with sawdust. But, like most children who have pets, I overfed them. I forgot to tell you their names, they were Snowdrop and Pinkears. My papa gave them to me when I was nine. They lived two years. Then Pinkears got sick; as I did not know how to care for a sick rat, the poor little thing died! Snowdrop did not live long afterwards. He pined for his companion and then died, too. How sorry I felt, for I liked them better than my dolls. But my grandma, to comfort me, gave me a little kitten. I have it now, and it is a fine, large, black, "Tom-cat!"

Hill Side Grange, Que.

M. K.

—Certified by Grandmother.

Little Pussy Gray-Eyes.

BY V. G. V. (Aged 11.)

TWO little gray eyes around the corner,
Is he afraid of me?
Oh, no, surely pussy,
Why, that could not be!

Poor little pussy,
Freezing and cold,
Will I just take you
Into the fold?

Now, little pussy,
You are my own,
If you have none
I will give you a home.

I will give you a box
And a blanket so warm,
And there you'll be safe
And free from all harm.
St. John, N.B.

My Kitten.

DEAR AUNT HELEN,—I wish to tell you a story about a little kitten that I got from our milkman. The other girls and boys who read the CANADIAN COURIER may like to hear the story, too.

One rainy night this summer shortly after supper and mother had lit the lamps I called out for the little kitten to come for its milk. At first I did not know where the poor little thing was, but could hear it crying aloud in the yard below. I then told my brother Alfred that the kitten had fallen over the gallery, and as he is very fond of cats, he ran down the back stairs to bring it up to the house again. My brother at first could not find it, but only heard its pitiful cries. He then called my father to the back yard and the very moment the kitten saw father it scrambled up to his knee, then clung on to his coat and purred loudly. Father carried it to the house. Poor little kitty could not walk, as one of its legs was hurt. Mother looked after it for a week and gave it milk and rolled it up in a warm cover every night. I am happy to tell you it is all better now and runs about with me when I come home from school every day.

Montreal.

MARY REID (Aged 9.)

—Certified by Mrs. Wm. Reid, Montreal.

Peter and Poll.

BY ANNIE M. LOGAN (Aged 15.)

PETE and Poll were two squirrels living in a lovely, warm nest in an old, hollow tree trunk. They were large and brown, and though tame in one sense, were still very timid.


What they most feared were the boys who lived in the neighbourhood. Soon there were two baby squirrels born in the nest, and then Pete and Poll were very happy. Pete went out and gathered nuts for Poll and before long the young squirrels were scampering among the trees. Pete warned them to be careful not to stray away from the nest. But, unheeding the warning, the young ones wandered far and near.

The boys in the neighbourhood who had named the older squirrels, soon discovered that there was an addition to the family in the hollow tree. They named the young squirrels Jack and Jill. Now, for a long time these boys had kept their traps set, in the hope of catching either Pete or Poll, but they had been unsuccessful.


One day, as Jill was scampering over the ground, she found one of these oddly-shaped boxes. Thinking only of the food she entered and was soon a prisoner. When Jack had told his parents of the disaster, they hastened to the trap, and after much trouble, succeeded in freeing the prisoner.

It was thus that Jack and Jill learned a lesson, and after this they kept away from the boys and their traps.

—Certified by Mrs. Logan.



A TASTE FOR READING



BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

"IF the world were not so full of books
I'd be so glad," said he,
"If all the authors were changed to cooks
And all the letters to fishing-hooks
How happy I should be!

"If all the poems were changed to pies
And all the prose into dough—
We'd fill up the oven and let them bake,—
Doughnuts and cookies and pudding and cake,—
Then set them up row by row.

"If all the pages were butter Scotch,
And all the sonnets were jam,
And every dot was a chocolate cream,—
The kind that just melt in your mouth, I mean,—
I'd be happier than I am.

"I'd develop a taste for reading
I'd hurry to school," said he,
"And then I'd sit perfectly still and devour
The sweetest of literature by the hour,
Oh, 'twould suit me splendidly!"

ESTELLE M. KERR—

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

A Chicago woman was fined for refusing to talk. Incredible!

According to the preachers, Sunday tobogganing is back-sliding.

They are still discussing that dry topic, the Newmarket Canal.

Two-thirds of Toronto deputy returning officers made mistakes in counting the ballots, but the city paymaster testifies that they counted their pay correctly.

At Minitonas, Man., gold was found in the crops of turkeys. The price that turkeys sometimes go to make it look as if gold ought to be found in them.

Great Britain is building her twenty-eighth Dreadnought. Such vessels may dread nothing, but the people are beginning to dread the expense.

Montreal is campaigning against the hatpin. It may be taken from the women, but the militant suffragettes have proved that it is not the only weapon of the fair sex.

One on Teddy.—Senator Simpleton—"They say Roosevelt is just waiting for his country's call."

Senator Sorehead—"I'll bet a hat he's sorry he isn't a ventriloquist."

"Adding Insult to Injury."—At a theatre in Guelph, Ont., a few nights ago, two women discovered that a rat was crawling about among their wraps. One of the women became much excited and did a little jumping about and screaming.

An usher, hearing the noise but not knowing its cause, made his way to the excited one and politely requested her to not laugh so loud.

Pity the Press Agent.—Theatrical press agents assert that Toronto newspapers are the hardest propositions they encounter in the line of getting advance stories for their houses or attractions.

In this connection they are circulating a story about the dramatic editor of The Globe, Mr. E. R. Parkhurst, and the publicity promoter for the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Mr. Edwin Coombe.

There was a small blaze at the Royal Alexandra one day, and into The Globe office rushed Victor Ross, a member of the staff, with the exclamation that "the Royal Alexandra is burning down."

Mr. Parkhurst looked up from his work with a wearied expression on his face.

"I don't care," he said. "Eddie Coombe has one notice in to-day already."

The Answer.—People sometimes wonder why pretty women marry homely men.

The answer is easy.

It can generally be found in a little book called "Bradstreets."

In Heated Terms.—The man who fired the Parliamentary furnaces at Ottawa for sixteen years has in his turn been fired by the Borden Government.

Why?

Did he make things cosy and comfy for the late Laurier Government, while providing the proverbial frigid atmosphere for those then in the cool shades of Opposition?

Anyhow, he is now out in the cold, and complaint is made at the House of Commons, the new fireman not having had sufficient experience in making things hot for the parties at Ottawa. The Borden Government will probably get roasted by the Grit papers.

Candor.—For pure candor there isn't much to beat the following

paragraph from the Ottawa Journal:

"Alexander wept, as there were no more worlds to conquer. Ottawa likewise might weep, seeing, with the new drill shed promised, there remains little more to ask."

Schoolboy "Howlers."—In the University School, Toronto, a teacher described the duties of an assessor. He didn't mention that term, and he asked what such a man is called.

"A taxi-cab," answered a bright boy. Another boy, when asked to say what "singular" meant, answered: "A man who hasn't got a wife."

The Ways of Censors.—Every Monday afternoon a Toronto play censor is detailed to clean up a burlesque show, and on a recent Monday he was instructing a troupe manager to cut out some line that struck him as objectionable.

The amazed manager replied that the line wasn't in the show—he wouldn't dream of using such a line.

The officer had not heard clearly, and had got into his head an altogether different line from the one spoken. However, no amount of argument could convince him of his mistake.

The same censor, when another manager tried to argue with him on a certain point, replied:

"Now, Mr. P—, you must not importune! You must not importune!"

"What's that?" asked the manager. "Something good to eat?"

Another censor went to look over a vaudeville show one day, and Annie Blancke, the well-known stock actress, was doing the role of a street Arab newsboy in "Freckles." When the act was over the good Scotch censor went to the manager.

"That boy you have in that act is too young to be on the stage," said he. "Have you a special permit for him. He is under fourteen, isn't he?"

The manager smiled. "He happens to be a she, and she is nearer forty-four than fourteen," he said.

When Miss Blancke heard about it from the writer, she said she would have loved to have given that censor a hug. It was the most genuine compliment ever paid her art, she declared.

Knew His Man.—The members of the staff of the Montreal Star have been selling tickets for a concert by means of which that paper aided a charitable cause.

One of them sold a ticket to one of two men who are partners in business. Then the newspaperman made

a bet with another member of the staff that he couldn't sell a ticket to the other partner, who was known to be pretty close in money matters.

The man who took the bet soon reported that he had sold two tickets to the close one and had collected two dollars.

But the man who had taken the other end of the bet was still doubtful. He hunted up the alleged buyer, who told him that he had bought the tickets and, after tearing them up, had thrown them into the waste-paper basket. The doubter searched the waste-paper basket and found what looked like bits of the tickets. Somewhat sadly he went back to the Star office and asked the "boys" out for the promised refreshments.

Soon afterwards the man who had taken the two tickets met the seller and asked why the doubter was so anxious to find out about the tickets.

"He nearly had me," said the close one. "Just after you sold me the two tickets, a friend came in and I re-sold them to him. It was fortunate for me that there were some bits of cardboard in that waste-paper basket."

Canada in Peril.

(Daily papers tell that Hon. Col. Sam Hughes is now received wherever he goes by a salute from the big guns.)

Honourable Samuel Hughes,
New Militia Minister,
Thinks to Canada enthuse,
Plans to make an awful stir.

He'll make soldiers of our boys
While they still are in the schools—
Mingling battles' blare and noise
With the algebraic rules.

He'll have airships by the gross,
Though it would be better biz
If he could persuade our foes
Thus to risk their necks—not his.

Col. Sam, of course, means well—
Patriot zeal doth him inspire—
Still his welcomes seem to spell
To our land a danger dire.

If our grinning guns salute
Him wherever he doth go,
We'll have nothing left to shoot
When we come to face the foe.

Again "The Cost of Living."—Customer—"Please give me ten cents' worth of apples."

Grocer—"Sorry, but we don't cut 'em, madam."

Hard on the Young Preacher.—It was a tense and thrilling moment in Victoria Presbyterian Church, West Toronto, on a recent Sunday evening when the pastor, Rev. Mr. McKerrol, was eloquently describing the Bac-

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chanalian nature of the famous feast of Belshazzar.

Rev. Mr. McKerrol should have been an actor. He acts when he preaches—or, in other words, he illustrates his sermons by actions.

In this case his young associate pastor was seated just behind him, leaning with his head on his hand as if in a reverie. He was in this pose when the preacher, describing the scene at the feast, exclaimed, "and here sits a drunken courtier, bereft of his senses, stupidly intoxicated," and he turned in his earnestness of his word picture and pointed an accusing finger straight at his poor associate.

The latter started, looked up, and apparently tried his best to look an emphatic denial of the innocent accusation.

It was an amusing little touch, and the congregation saw it and smiled.

"English as She is Spoke."—Brown—"What's the matter with your face? It's badly cut. Was the razor in poor shape?"

Jones—"No, but I shaved with a lamp."

Some Plays Defined.

"Passersby"—The cars that refuse to stop for you.

"As a Man Thinks"—He dare not talk.

"The Blue Bird"—If your wife sees it she'll want one on her hat.

"The Servant in the House"—She seldom is.

"The Chocolate Soldier"—A candy kid.

"The Fascinating Widow"—Hetty Green.

"Take My Advice"—And pay his fee, too.

"The Country Boy"—Man who now runs the city.

"Standing Pat"—Bill Taft.

"The Fortune Hunter"—Everybody.

"Bought and Paid For"—The street car seat you don't get.

"The Woman"—Originally a rib in Adam's side, now a thorn in the sides of his sons.

"The Sweetest Girl in Paris"—Isn't there.

"The Little Millionaire"—A Carnegie.

"Paid in Full"—Not your debts.

"The House Next Door"—Probably a Chinese laundry.

"A Royal Slave"—The Gaekwor of Baroda.

"Snobs"—Too numerous to mention.

"Don't Lie to Your Wife"—If you do she'll find you out anyway.



THOSE FOOLISH QUESTIONS
"Hullo, old man. Did you break through?"

SOME CLASS

(Continued from page 12.)

see it some of the letters! Some schlemihls can't spell so good as what I can, even."

"The poor things! Did you see any of them?"

"Gerviss—sure. What do you think I pay an ad. for? I picked out the ten best ones and told them to call. Ach! Such a lot. Sandwich men they are good for, maybe—not waist drummers.

"One has no references. He sticks out his chest an' tells me he don't need none; results count.

"They do, hey?" sez I. "Well, one results you got, I notice—an' that's a breath what smells of whisky too strong for me. I guess you don't do." Another one he wanted it fifteen dollars a day expenses money, and a salary what would wreck a bank. Another one that's got a face that would shock a Bowery cop, and a name what tears my teeth out of my mouth to say, tells me his reference, an' I call the firm up. They say he's all right if I want to finance one long, continuous poker game. And another one—"

"Oh, Sol! That's enough. Didn't any suit you?"

"No—not a one. But this is only my second ad., remember."

"If I was you, Sol, I'd try advertising in another paper for drummers. And for bookkeepers I'd telephone to Miss Koenig—I mean, Mrs. Susner—and ask her to come down for a few days to help you out. For that fine cut-glass berry bowl we give her, she can't refuse, Sol; and, anyway, she might think you will take Susner back again if she accommodated you."

"Esther, that's a fine advice, and that's just what I will do so soon as I get down to the office. But if she thinks it I takes back that schnorrer Sam Susner she is mistaken; for that I will never do."

"You might get one forty times badder," said Esther sagely.

Sol found Mrs. Susner in when he telephoned to her; and in response to his request that she come back for a few days she very politely told him that she would be delighted to do so, but she must ask her husband, and would let him know.

Sol, after explaining the mazes of the books to a would-be bookkeeper fresh from the business college, left the office for an hour, and upon returning, found one of his best out-of-town customers leaving in a rage. The gentleman explained that "that fresh bookkeeper" had insulted him, and he was on his way to a place where he could place an order without "being sassed by cheap help." Sol begged him to return, and, in his presence, "fired" the offender. Then he offered the best cigars, apologized, and proceeded to re-establish the old friendly relations.

But even an unusually large and unexpected order could not make him forget that he had no bookkeeper and no salesman. In his heart, he did not blame Susner for refusing to let his wife help him out, and secretly he regretted that he had parted from Susner himself.

"I wish I didn't have it such a bad temper. Every time I get mad, I got to go to work and fire somebody. I had no business to let a conscientious feller like Susner go, just because he has the bad luck to get it a failure."

"The trouble with you, Sol," said Esther severely, when she heard the adventures of the day, "is that your liver is out of order. I'm going to get you some pills, and you have got to take them."

"I know it something is the matter with me, an' it ain't my liver," said Sol humbly. "It's an ingrowing grouch."

In this chastened frame of mind, he started for business next morning. Clinging to a swaying strap, he bumped into some one behind him.

"Excuse me!" he said, turning around.

The bumpee was Sam Susner. "Sall right, Mr. Berger. You and me have clashed before," laughed Sam good-naturedly.

"That's so, my boy. But this time you got the laugh on me."

"How?"

"About your wife. She tells me you won't let her come by the office to help me out for a few days."

"That's right," said Sam. "I may be a bum, and have a cancellation or a failure once in a while; but so long's I have anything, my wife don't have to work."

Just then they found seats. "Speaking about failures," continued Sam, "I see Roth and Reeves' old man got bit on the same one that I did, and also two others. Mr. Roth was telling me, only yesterday, that he never saw such a year for bust-ups and cancelled orders."

Sol opened his paper, and the first thing his eyes fell on was a notice of the suspension of a firm to whom Susner had warned him, months previously, not to sell goods. At the time he had been inclined to laugh at the advice; but now he was glad that he had followed it. His opinion of Susner improved, and he began to cast about in his mind for an excuse to suggest a resumption of their old relations.

"Well, Sam, I hope you are located for next year," he began.

"I ain't exactly signed up yet," said Susner cheerfully, "but I'm on my way down to see Mr. Roth of Roth and Reeves, and I think we'll fix it up O. K. very soon."

While Susner was inwardly trembling for the success of his bluff; this piece of fiction was having the desired effect on Berger. He fairly squirmed in his seat. What! The best people in the business getting Susner away from him! Well, there was where his best Western customers went—right there.

But he swallowed the bitter pill, and said with what grace he could muster:

"I hope you connect, Sam. They are fine people. But"—abjectly—"I think you ought to let Mrs. Susner come down to help me for a few days. I ask it of you as a favour. I'm in an awful fix. In no time it is January first, and my statements ought to be out. Can't you forget it my harsh words what maybe I said to you, and let her come? I assure you I got such a liver trouble that I don't know what I'm saying, sometimes."

"Sure, I can forget harsh words, Mr. Berger, if you can forget cancellations and one failure that other people had, too—and so can Mrs. Susner, perhaps."

"What do you mean?" asked Sol hopefully.

"I meant that I think you need me, Mr. Berger, and I need you. If you give me that contract we were talking about, I guess I can persuade my wife to fix up your books for you."

"Sure, Sam sure! Come up by the office now, and we will draw it up right away."

Susner succeeded in getting Sol to agree to a more liberal salary; and when the contract was duly signed he picked up the telephone and called his wife.

"Hello, Agnes! Come down to the office, and bring Sadie along and introduce her to Mr. Berger."

"Sadie is Agnes' sister," he explained to the beaming Sol. "She is a fine worker, too, and she is out of a job."

"Do you think she can make good?"

"You bet—just the same as I will. I'm going to do a crackerjack business this trip."

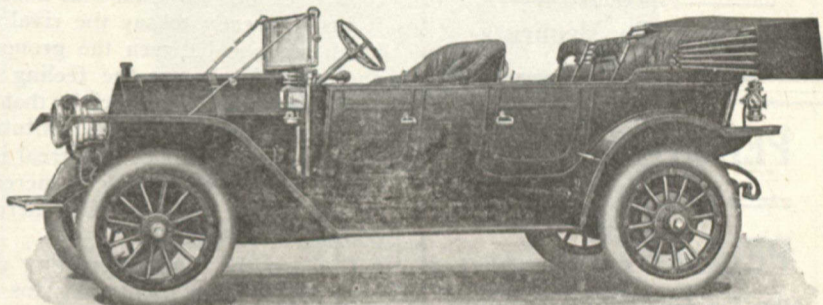
Six weeks later Sol came home, all smiles.

"Esther!" he shouted, as soon as he was inside the door. "Such a pile of orders I got it from that boy Sam that I can't fill 'em unless I get it new machines, and more operators, and a bigger loft. That feller is some class for a drummer, all right—"

"And, Esther, I don't care what anybody says it—I got good judgment in traveling men. Didn't I always tell you that Susner was a hustler, and that all he needed was a wife?"

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**MONEY AND
MAGNATES****Rivalry Between Big Banks.**

IT is doubtful whether the rivalry between the Bank of Montreal and the Canadian Bank of Commerce was ever quite as keen as it is at the present time.

The latest move made by the Bank of Commerce in going into the natural preserve of the Bank of Montreal and gobbling up the Eastern Townships Bank has fairly put the Bank of Montreal group on their metal, with the result that there is already talk of many deals with which the Bank of Montreal is likely to be identified in order that they may again place themselves in the lead of all Canadian banking institutions. Perhaps it is not putting it just correctly to say the rivalry is between the two Banks themselves, as much as it is between the groups that are behind the two institutions, and anybody who knows the feeling that the one crowd entertains towards the other can readily appreciate that many deals will be evolved with the hope of placing the respective institutions one ahead of the other. The present capital of the Bank of Montreal is \$16,000,000, but there are those who think that it very shortly will be increased to \$20,000,000, whereas the authorized capital of the Bank of Commerce has already been jumped up from \$15,000,000 to \$25,000,000.

Perhaps the most interesting deal of all that is mentioned in connection with the Bank of Montreal plans was that which connected its name with the Royal Bank of Canada. There are many things about the two institutions that might make it possible for them to come together, the chief one being that the largest holders of the Royal Bank, like Mr. H. S. Holt and Mr. C. R. Hosmer, are of course very friendly towards the Bank of Montreal crowd, Mr. Hosmer being himself a member of the Board of Directors of the latter institution. The thing is that while the Royal Bank crowd may be opposed to any such deal, they might possibly go into it if it meant that the institution that would result from the deal would be the one that would occupy the premier position among the banking institutions of the country.

* * *

Larger Interest on Bank Deposits?

SEEING that the seventeen chartered banks of Canada that have issued their statements during the past few weeks have shown profits on their paid-up capital all the way from 15 per cent. to 23 per cent., the question naturally arises, when are the depositors of our banks going to insist on getting a little more than 3 per cent. on their savings, even though a higher rate will make it necessary to cut down profits to some extent. Of course the banks always claim that any higher rate would be unsafe; but, on the other hand, it does seem that with the large amount of money that the banks are making with the peoples' money that they could easily consider the advisability of paying a little more, more especially as hundreds of thousands of depositors throughout the country are being confronted with an all-round increase in living expenses. Unless the banks themselves take the matter up willingly, it would not be surprising to see a very active agitation spring up, as it is only a matter of time till the depositors will insist on a little more consideration, more especially as they are perhaps the most important factor in the profits the banks are making.

* * *

Banks Responsible for Merger.

FOR some time past there has been a disposition to believe that the merger game was being carried a little too far in Canada, and in this connection Mr. H. S. Holt, the President of the Royal Bank of Canada, made a point of bringing up some very interesting remarks in his address at the annual meeting, when he said, "The merger craze also has been carried too far, and is already having its aftermath. No promotion—desirable or undesirable—can succeed without the assistance of the banks and by these the undesirable undertakings should be frustrated, for the sake of their own reputations, for the protection of the public, and in the interest of the country's credit abroad."

* * *

Trying Out Montreal Power Deal in England.

MR. J. W. McCONNELL, who has had such wonderful success in connection with his various deals during the past couple of years, and surprised everybody by his ability to take the Montreal Street Railway away from the old crowd, is now off to London and the Continent, to see what he can do in banking circles there in connection with the Montreal Tramways and Canadian Light and Power situation. The group with which he is identified is understood to own an English charter of the Montreal Tramways and Power Company, and there was some intention of making this concern a holding company for both the Montreal Tramways Company and the Canadian Light and Power. Just for what reason the shareholders of Montreal Tramways Company will want to change their securities for those of a holding company has not been made very clear up to the present time, but, then again, the insiders have not announced their plans as yet. There is no denying it that this reorganization of the Montreal Tramways Company, as also the working out of the Canadian Light and Power proposition, have been beset with all kinds of difficulties, and almost everybody is anxious to see the new crowd pull out after the way they have had to work to get things going right. What makes the present visit of Mr. McConnell to London all the more interesting is that it was understood that London bankers turned down the offer made them to purchase the First Mortgage Bonds of the Montreal Tramways Company, and this latter deal was afterwards financed in the United States. It will be all the more interesting, therefore, to see what view they will take of the power and street railway situation in Montreal, as it stands at present. Mr. McConnell has shown tremendous ability in placing securities in Canada, and on this account everybody will be watch-

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Profits Earned in				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
\$333,325	\$381,146	\$428,682	\$501,922	\$615,083
Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

HEAD OFFICE :
WATERLOO, ONT.

ing to see how he gets along with London and Continental bankers.

* * *

Money Working Easier.

DURING the past few weeks call money in Canada has perhaps been easier than any time since last August. There are many who attribute the situation to the fact that a greater number of the banks have just submitted their Annual Statements to their shareholders and have therefore more money available for loaning purposes. The opinion seems to be that during the next couple of months at least call money should be available almost right along at around 5 per cent.

COUPON.

Our Leading Trust Company.

THE National Trust Company, though not the oldest institution of its kind in Canada, has come to be the leader—if one may use the term. Two features have helped to give it this position—its conservative management and its policy of having branches in the larger cities. The head office is in Toronto, but there are branches in Montreal, Winnipeg,



MR. W. E. RUNDLE
General Manager National Trust.

Saskatoon, Regina, and Edmonton. On the first of October last, Mr. W. T. White, now Minister of Finance, resigned the office of general manager and was succeeded by Mr. W. E. Rundle, who has been with the company since its organization. Mr. Rundle is a trained financier of conservative tendencies, who has fairly won a broad reputation as a man of sound judgment and keen financial acumen. He will maintain the reputation of the institution for doing only trust company business.

At the annual meeting last week, the report showed a wonderfully prosperous year, with a profit of over two hundred thousand dollars. One hundred thousand was carried to rest and a substantial balance brought forward. By an issue of new stock during the year, another \$500,000 was available for transfer to rest, making a total addition of \$600,000.

Stocks Which May Advance.

WHILE most standard securities listed on the Canadian exchanges experienced a considerable advance during the past year, there are a number which may yet experience an upward movement.

From the present outlook our Canadian steel companies should do considerably better in 1912 than in the past year, and this, of course, should benefit concerns like Nova Scotia Steel, Dominion Steel, and Steel Company of Canada.

Last year the Canadian Milling

Companies experienced what is probably one of the worst years in twenty, and from the way that general trade has improved now it looks as though it would not be difficult for them to make a great deal more money this year than last, and this should have a helpful effect on Lake of the Woods Common, Maple Leaf Common, and Preferred and Ogilvie.

In the general industrial field cotton companies are now able to buy their raw supplies much cheaper than was the case twelve months ago, and this should have a helpful effect on securities like Dominion Textile, Canadian Cottons, Montreal Cottons. In the woollen department Penmans should easily pay a higher dividend on its Common stock.

From a purely Montreal standpoint, Canadian Converters should do very much better than it has, if only for the reason that it has done so badly that it can scarcely do much worse, and any general improvement in trade for silk suits and whitewear would enable the directors to again resume the payment of dividends on the Common Stock.

Besides the above, some of the more recent consolidations are evidently making good from a trade standpoint, and this should enable their securities to reflect the same. Among such concerns are Canada Cement, Canada Bread, and Sherwin-Williams Company of Canada.

British Capitalists as Visitors.

MR. D. B. Hanna, third vice-president of the Canadian Northern Railway, arrived home from England last week and reports that the English financier will be constant visitor in future. In former years the English financial houses had to depend upon information regarding enterprises in Canada from their Canadian representatives, but with the present fast steamship lines to Quebec and Montreal, and also the increased and efficient railway service of the Dominion, the head of the houses are coming more and more to realize the fact that they can take a flying trip to Canada and see for themselves a great stretch of the country in a short space of time, and also visit the chief manufacturing centres, without the delays that a visit of this description entailed in former years.

This year, Mr. Hanna said, would no doubt see a large number of English capitalists taking a look over our great resources.

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gives a perfect complexion. Not by trying to cover up the blemishes, but by removing them. It's good because it's pure.

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used frequently, gives that tasteful, well-groomed appearance that no care in dress or other details can obtain.

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For six cents (6c) in stamps (to defray packing and postage) we will send you a sample package of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream and Lustr-ite Nail Preparations, together with booklets containing information of great interest to every woman.

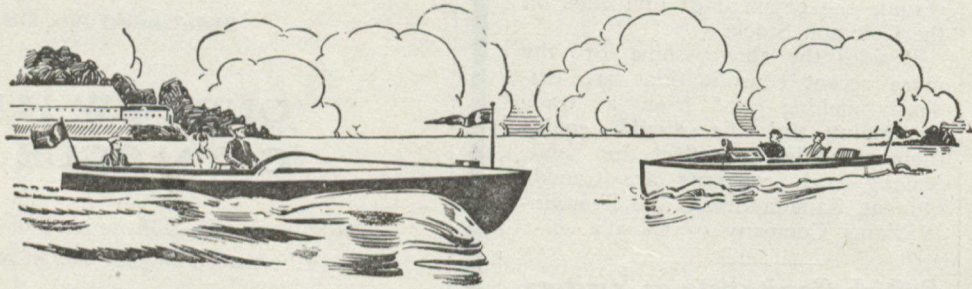
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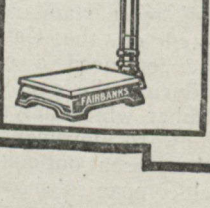
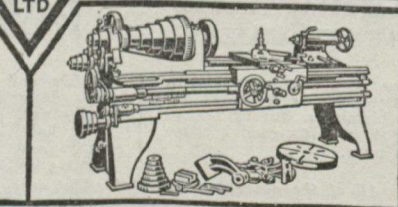
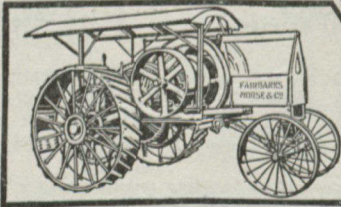
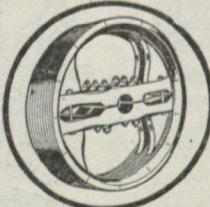
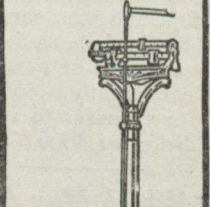
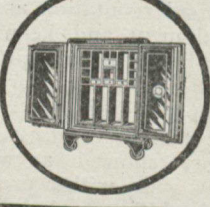
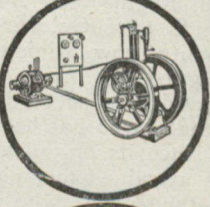
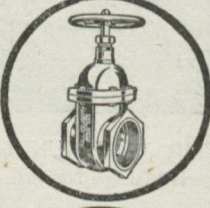
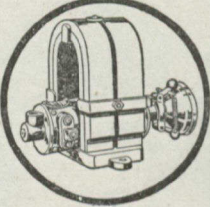
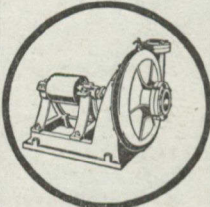
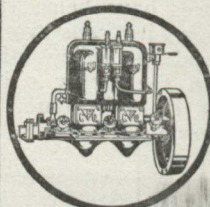
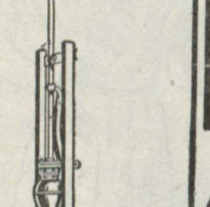
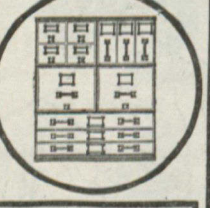
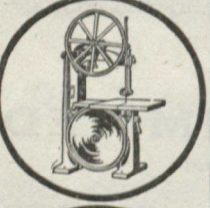
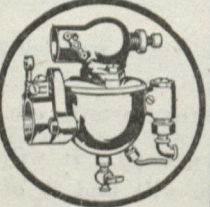
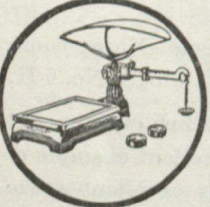
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A TRIAL BALANCE

BY L. C. WEBBER

[T was nearing midnight. One green-shaded electric light cast its ghostly glimmer over some pine packing boxes, and a brilliant glare directly on the glossy blue-white paper of a loose-leaf ledger.

Pencil dots and tiny oblique strokes beside the neat, black ink figures gave silent evidence of the month's work, having been twice checked over, after posting, in the vain effort of locating an error of 6 cents. A week had passed since the close of the financial year for the firm of Hopper, Heimer & Co. Auditors were expected in the morning, and as is the case upon such an occasion, the bookkeeper was having worse luck than usual with his balance.

Sore-eyed through loss of sleep, tired and utterly discouraged, John Wurbeck threw down his pencil, stretched his two white-sleeved arms high above his bald head, yawned audibly, and grunted a very emphatic word of four letters, ending in a silent N.

He consulted a gun-metal watch. "I can't possibly make that midnight car, it will be 1 o'clock before the Owl car leaves the corner. I'll stay, so as to get an early start in the morning."

He moved three packing cases close together, found some old coats, belonging to the salesman and shipping clerks, hanging above the cellar stairway. Four of these he spread on the boxes, folded one for a pillow and kept two to throw over him.

Stretched at full length on his back, his eyes closed and hands clasped beneath his head he went over some of his work mentally.

The totals of two long columns on a sheet of ruled paper were before him as plainly as if he were looking at them in broad daylight with his glasses on. The recapitulation of footings from his balance book, when summed up, had amounted to 1,475,986.29 on the debit side, and for the credit 1,475,986.23. No entry he could find on his books would change that 9 into a 3 or 3 into a 9.

"Yes," he ruminated, "there can be no doubt about the additions, for the machine is in perfect order. The amounts also agree with the footings of the balance book. Miss Crawford was particularly careful in checking them back with me, and to make doubly sure she afterward called the amounts while I checked. The cash balance to a cent, and the credit in the bank pass-book tallied exactly with the overdraft when allowance was made for the cheques outstanding."

A review of the quarter of a century he had spent in the employ of Hopper, Heimer & Co. swept across his brain.

In the early days he had occasionally taken a vacation, leaving a billing clerk to do the work necessary to the daily routine of business, and upon his return made up for the loss of time by considerable night work. Substitutes, taking no personal interest in the books, were frequently careless and impudent, and as the bookkeeper grew older he became imbued with the idea that one day a young shaver would wrest his position from him. His employers recognized that faithful, persevering, apprehensive nature by taking every advantage of it, and for the last ten years he had plodded along without recreation, regularly depositing in a savings bank a pittance toward the dreaded day when his brain would no longer be master of his pen.

"The best years of my life have been one long, dull, monotonous grind," he thought bitterly. "Miss Crawford was right when she remarked to-day that the terrors of advanced age without an income kept men from the enjoyment of a few short days in a lifetime of labour, from spending a trifling sum in the gratification of legitimate desires out of the thousands earned by drudgery."

Miss Crawford was the calm-eyed, gray-haired stenographer who, six months previous, had taken the posi-

tion made vacant by a young and pretty typist. At first the men, John included, resented the daily companionship of a woman of 40 whose serious, hazel eyes and sallow complexion indicated that struggles and disappointments had been her portion in life. By degrees, however, through her cheerful, capable assistance she not only won their respect, but admiration. That morning the idea occurred to Wurbeck that he would take a vacation, leaving her in charge of his books, and when he conveyed his intention to her, she said, in her quiet way: "A complete relaxation of both mind and body is necessary once in a while to give workers power to act and think quickly, besides prolonging their earning ability."

"What did she mean to infer by that?" he wondered.

The mental picture of Kate Crawford acting as a sedative, he fell asleep only to waken with a start as the clock was striking 6.

The room was as dark as when he had closed his eyes, so he turned on a light and looked at his watch, which also registered 6.

He opened the door to let in a breath of fresh air, and the town clock weirdly tolled six times.

A brute of a dog on the corner gave six short, sharp barks, then stopped. Everything seemed possessed to bring back to his mind that 6-cent error.

He hurried to a restaurant where six drummers seated at an electric-lighted lunch counter were having an early breakfast, and saw, as in a daze, their six cups of coffee, plates, knives, forks. Everything went in cycles of six, apparently.

Wurbeck's faded blue eyes were riveted on a white-capped chef in the window frying griddle cakes, who had one filled plate beside him and was preparing a second order, when a waiter respectfully broke in on the accountant's reverie.

"Your order, sir?"
"Six griddle cakes!" he exclaimed without removing his gaze from the pancakes.

"And coffee?"
"Six cups!"

However, the diplomatic waiter, accustomed to absent-minded patrons, laid before him only one cup of steaming, strong coffee, which brought Wurbeck's temperature back to its normal condition and invested him with interest in the casual remark of one travelling salesman to his companion.

"Matrimony," said the salesman, "is a well-balanced life. It is the only life. Withdraw. I have never regretted the venture I made five years ago, and I'm sure you won't. The joy of having some one await your homecoming, and feeling you are first in the interest of one woman, makes up for the toil and anxiety of any man's business career."

Before the fifth cake had disappeared from Wurbeck's plate he had made a resolution that, if the error on his books was found before 8 o'clock that morning, which seemed an impossibility, he would demand an increase in salary by 10, and in the evening call upon the stenographer for the purpose of asking her to become his wife.

"Miss Crawford," he reasoned, "is practically alone in the world, and so am I. And now I come to think of her in the light of a prospective wife, I feel confident she is not indifferent to me. I have never known what it is to be in love, but have often thought I would like a little home, presided over by a neat, cheerful wife, who could be content with reasonable comforts. Miss Crawford has had enough business life to satisfy her that the place for woman is her home. We shall use my savings," he calculated with increasing enthusiasm, "to purchase and furnish a modest bungalow, and before settling down we'll take a honeymoon trip, if for nothing else than to get me out of the rut."

He walked to the office and scanned the leaves of the ledger critically.

His eye rested upon an open charge



Ask The Housewife

She will tell you that Windsor Salt does not get "lumpy"—nor "cake" in glass or silver.

In homes of refinement,

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Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 309

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Rooms with Baths, \$2.00

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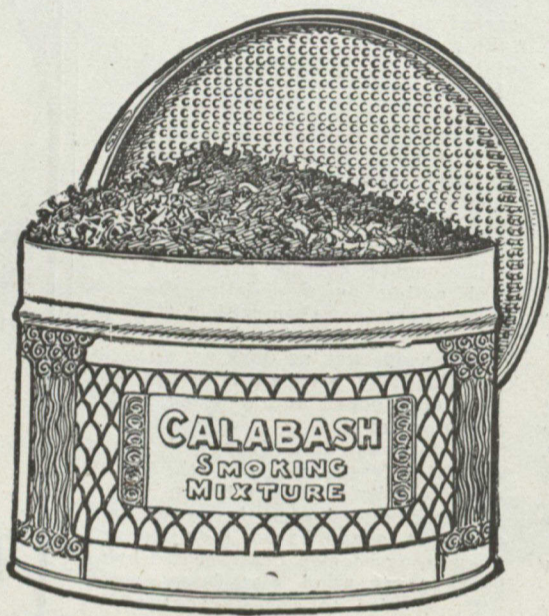
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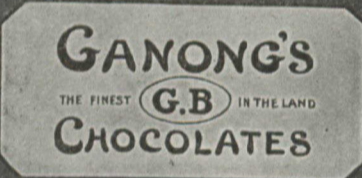
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A 24 candle power Acetylene light burns 1/2 cubic foot of Acetylene per hour, costing just half a cent.

So you see Acetylene is only about half as expensive as coal oil lamps for an equal illumination.

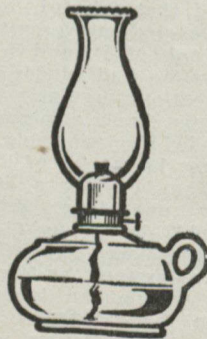
Yet it is a bigger improvement over lamps than they are over the old-time candle. The light is whiter—better to read by—easier on the eyes.

Then there are no lamps to clean, no chimneys to break, no oil to pour, no dirty wicks to trim, none of the nuisances you have had to put up with, and many advantages you have never enjoyed.

We'll be glad to tell you just what it costs to put in and run an Acetylene lighting system, and how to go about it. Write us.



1/2c. per hour.



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ACETYLENE CONSTRUCTION CO., LIMITED

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 Cor. McTavish and 6th Sts., Brandon, Man. — 422 Richards St., Vancouver.

of 6.21. The amount was checked, but the figures had the appearance of having been hastily made, the 2 being joined to the 1 by a light upward stroke, which made the last figure as much like a carelessly-written 7 as a 1.

The bookkeeper's heart thumped violently, his head swam, his breath came in short, quick gasps as he eagerly looked for the same figures in the balance-book.

Wurbeck threw up his hat and clapped his hands together like a boy. A debit of 6.21 had been carried forward as 6.27.

The warehouse door opened, and Kate Crawford walked in laughing. "I came a little earlier this morning," she explained, "thinking I might help you locate that error, but I see you have it already, so I'll take a walk around the block before starting work."

"Come here first, Miss Crawford." His voice shook with nervous excitement. "I want to show you what an idiotic mistake it was."

They stood side by side, her ungloved hand resting upon the ink-stained walnut desk, and the stenographer looked at the bookkeeper with such a genuine expression of pleasurable interest shining in her hazel eyes that a sudden impulse induced Wurbeck to slip his hand over hers, and ere she had time to remonstrate he had asked the all-important question.

Before noon his salary was increased by one-third, and their honeymoon arranged for a month in the early spring.—Los Angeles Times Magazine.

A Western Colonel's Feat.

OUT in Western Canada there is a lieutenant-colonel of cavalry by the name of Gwynne, who has also organized a corps of mounted cadets, the only one of its kind in Canada. An account of this corps, with illustrations, appeared recently in the Canadian Courier. At the Militia Conference at Ottawa recently he told the story to the assembled officers. The editor of the Ottawa Citizen thus describes what happened:

He proceeded to explain that one squadron is seventy miles from the training point and another is fifty miles in an opposite direction. "Of course," said the officer simply, "I could not get transportation for these squadrons by rail, so the boys marched to camp, which took them two days. At the stopping places the people of the towns billeted them in their houses free of charge and the farmers contributed forage for the horses, which was carried along by the boys in their own transport wagons. On arrival at the training ground the people there provided the boys with food; a farmer would bring in a ton of hay and others contributed oats, so that the whole outfit practically lived without any expense during the training. The only real difficulty I had was in securing tents for use during the training. However, last year I overcame this by getting an outfit of tents from Winnipeg." All this was told in an unaffected way, as if it was all in the day's work, and the conference listened to it with intense interest, until finally somebody called out: "What does the Militia Department do for you?" To this the gallant young officer replied in a tone of sincere appreciation: "Oh, the quartermaster-general was kind enough to pay the express on the tents from Winnipeg." At this the conference broke into loud laughter, which generally grew into a storm of hand-clapping and cheers that lasted two or three minutes, and even the ranks of the headquarters staff could scarcely forbear to smile. The kindly old general who is at the head of the quartermaster's department blushed guiltily as though he had been exposed in some wrongdoing, and protested that the colonel should not have given him away, and the fact subsequently came out that a great deal of trouble had been experienced in financing even this small expenditure on account of the red tape restrictions in the department.

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 6.)

"It's the dark of the moon," complained the trapper. "You'll have that bad half-mile portage by the little falls and rapids, and there's no poleing them at night. There's a fierce tangle of thorn about there along the bank."

"Don't worry; I know the place. I'll paddle by starlight and return to-morrow evening."

"Take my canoe and a rifle," insisted the old man, "and Wanota will give you supper."

"Thanks," answered Wynn. "Good-night."

"Good-night; Good-night," he muttered absently. Then, as Wynn reached the door, called to him. "Wait," he said; "come back here boy; reach under the blankets. In the fir boughs at my head—So—It's a box—So—Do you find it?"

"I have it," said Wynn.

"Count out two hundred dollars. Give them to the Mother Superior. Tell her she shall have more, later."

Wynn buttoned the money inside his coat and left him.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the living-room he found the squaw turning flapjacks in a smoking pan on the sheet-iron stove. The room was rosy with fire-light at that end.

"Kindly make up the bed in the little room next to Mr. McCullough's, Wanota," he said. "There's a pillow, isn't there, and blankets?"

"You sleep?" she asked softly.

"No, I am going to the Mission to bring the old man's grand-daughter; we will return to-morrow."

The inscrutable brown face changed for a second. In the second Wynn fancied the squaw was not pleased.

"Ver' well," she said, and bent over the pan.

Taking down a rifle he went out. In the dusk he almost ran against Francois.

"Where does the old man keep his canoe?" Wynn asked, halting.

"I take you back?" suggested the half-breed.

"No—thanks. I want the old man's canoe."

Francois glanced at him sharply. "Ol' man not yet dead," he commented unpleasantly.

Wynn smiled in the dusk. "No—not yet. He wishes me to paddle down to the Sisters' School and bring back his grand-daughter."

There was a pause. "I rather wondered," went on the careless, pleasant voice, "that he didn't send you, Francois."

The Indian made an inarticulate sound.

"The canoe caged in the black spruce clump yonder," he answered, jerking his head over his shoulder. Then he opened the door of the old man's house and went in.

The man knew the clump of spruce and found the canoe and paddles. Launching it he started down towards the Mission. It was seventeen miles to the trading post, three more on to the Catholic Church of St. Elizabeth and its Mission houses. No distance at all, as distances are counted in the wilds.

He would be going against the stream, which was swift and deep, and safe enough save in one place, where there was a succession of tiny falls, and half a mile of rapid, stone-broken water. Wynn had at different times poled these rapids. To-night he would have to make the portage to be on the safe side, and the safe side is seldom attractive.

The stars were bright as he pushed the canoe out. There were so many that the reflection of them dappled the river with silver.

Now and then he disturbed a belated wading bird. Most of the birds had long gone South, but some few were charmed by the warm days into lingering. Once a diver duck rose sharply, almost from his bow. The reeds where the water was shallow rustled like new silk, and he heard a moose tearing up the lily roots, where they grew thickest in a marsh nearby. Every night sound came to him clear

and sharp pointed, making the following stillness more still. The little canoe answered to his hand like a sensate living thing, for, far more than any other craft, the canoe responds to the guidance of those who love her. He made the circuit around the rapids at midnight, and beyond being maltreated by the brambles and wild-raspberries, which almost interlaced here along the bank, came to no harm. Later he paddled on, drifting into the agency before dawn.

When he had breakfasted and bought his tobacco from the old French-Canadian factor, he went down the river to where the Church of the Jesuit Fathers lifted its cross heavenward. There was a few houses near, and a grey painted building—the schools of the Sisters of St. Elizabeth.

There they gathered orphaned and friendless Indian children, and many wrecks of men and women that the chances and the tragedies of the North had sent adrift, for the building held a hospital ward as well as a school, and it was never empty.

A dozen dark little heads watched Wynn approach, clustering together at the windows. It was so early, the day's school work had not begun.

The man went up a path bordered by faded sunflowers, and rang the Mission bell. It clanged far through the building, and a dozen more heads came to the windows.

A slender grey-robed nun opened the door.

"I have come to see the Mother Superior, and also with a message for David McCullough's granddaughter," began Wynn, after answering the Sister's greeting. "He is ill—though I would not alarm her. He wishes her to return to him at once."

The little nun clasped her hands, her face whitening. "At once!" she cried. "At once! The dear child is to go at once? Oh, sir!—" with sudden effort she stopped. "Pardon me," she said, her voice quieted, "I will speak to the Holy Mother. Pray come in and be seated."

Wynn went with her into a long uncarpeted room. There was a low altar at one end. The chairs were comfortable; on the walls were pictures of the thorn-crowned Christ, and the Mater Dolorosa.

The Mother Superior entered after a moment, solid of figure, cheery, and with common-sense written large upon her. Her rosary and silver crucifix clicked against the house keys that swung from one hand. She came towards him briskly.

Wynn rose and bowed. The smile that had charmed Wanota did not fail to have its effect upon this woman also. She regarded him with a sudden personal interest as one who might be more than a mere messenger from the wilderness, one who might indeed even by chance bring her what, in the depths of her devoted soul she yet longed for—news from the world, a touch of life from the outside. Her youth had been spent in Paris.

"I have heard what you told Sister Mary Philomena," she said pleasantly, "but fear it is quite impossible for me to take the responsibility of letting the child—now in our care—return. I regret that this should be my answer." With cheerful composure she folded her smooth hands over the house-keys, and raised benign eyes to the man's face.

"There are comparatively few things quite impossible, Reverend Mother," returned Wynn gently. "I will take the responsibility in this case and relieve you of it."

The two looked at each other a short half-minute, each measuring the type they must deal with.

"The old trapper is ill," said the man. "Desperately ill. It is by his desire I come for his grand-daughter."

"He will die of this illness you think—and soon?"

"Not soon, perhaps," Wynn returned.

"Ah!" answered the woman softly. "Not soon, perhaps, you say. A trapper's hut is no place for a young girl, sir. The winter will be upon us any day. Though not so very distant from this Mission or the Company's agency,

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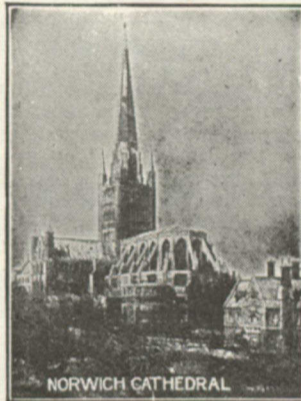
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the place where the old trapper lives is wild and remote, so says report; it is in the hill region of Lone Lake, and the Indians fear it because of a superstition. No Athabaskan or Wood or Swamp Cree will set his trap line within miles of that lake, as perhaps you know. The country there is densely wooded. During the months of snow it is desolate beyond words, and for one to lose the trail there at any point is to be lost hopelessly. I have told you this at length, sir, to convince you of how necessary it is for us to keep Nance McCullough; what risk there is if she goes. She came to us of her own will, and I cannot let her go back at David McCullough's request."

Wynn stood motionless except for a slight straightening of the shoulders. "Indeed, I appreciate your feeling," he said, "but unfortunately I promised Mr. McCullough I would see that his grand-daughter returned."

The cheery lady before him lifted her eyes to his in unruffled calm. She shook her head decidedly.

"A trapper's hut—" she began again, but as she spoke the door sprang open and a girl ran in, her pink calico skirts flying, the dull gold of her hair loose from its heavy braids. Two spots of rose-pink glowed on her cheeks, and her eyes—

"The bluest of things green,
"The greenest of things grey,"

shone through black lashes like stars. She looked from one to the other, then turned to the nun, impulsively.

"Oh dear Reverend Mother!" she cried. "What is this I hear? Do not keep anything from me! I was playing with the children when Sister Mary Philomena ran out saying a messenger had come from grand-dad—that he has sent for me to return at once—but more than that she would not say."

The Mother Superior raised her hand gently to stop the fast coming words. "Sister Mary Philomena lacks discretion; she has already said too much," she answered.

The girl turned swiftly to Wynn.

"Did you bring me a message, sir? What is it? I must know."

"David McCullough told me to say to you that he would never set another trap, and that he hoped by reason of that message you would return to him—" Wynn glanced at the Mother Superior—"To-day," he finished.

The colour vanished from the girl's face.

"That he would never set another trap," she repeated. "That is the promise I wanted—but—but why did he not come to say so himself? He thinks nothing of the distance, either summer or winter. I know He is ill. Is he not ill, sir? Tell me quickly."

The man cast about in his mind for the right word.

"Well—he is under the weather," he said, "quite under the weather; but" reassuringly, "of course, I think he will pull round all right."

"Oh, I should never have left him!" the girl broke in. "Never! Never! I was wicked; angry about the little fox, and tired of seeing the dead things, and of thinking I heard the foxes and minks crying in the traps. I may be wrong—and grand-dad may be right," she ended half-defiantly, "for he says such things must be. All I know is that I was wrong to leave him. Reverend Mother, I must go home. You have been kind, and I thank you greatly, but I must go home. Give my love to all the Sisters, but most to little Sister Mary Philomena. I will gather my things together and go."

"I do not wish you to leave us, my child," said the nun decidedly. "If you go it is against my express desire. Beware of the sins of wilfulness and impetuosity. Though not mortal sins they often do far-reaching evil. I fear for you. Pray, therefore, without ceasing, for a right guidance, and may the saints guard you."

Nance bowed her head and left the room.

The Mother Superior turned to Wynn, no sign of disappointment or defeat showing on her quiet, unreadable face. "It is an age," she said, "of headstrong children. I would have kept the child and taught her control of spirit."

"I fear she could only have been kept by strategy, Reverend Mother," Wynn answered smiling. "By strategy—or force—which, of course, from so gentle a Sisterhood is unthinkable."

The woman looked at him again, and again they measured each other mentally.

"Force," she said, "of a physical quality, is as you say outside the question, and"—with a little inclination of her head—"strategy would have failed in this case, when you also were to be dealt with. Rest here awhile, sir. I will send in coffee and toast."

"Thank you most kindly," Wynn returned, "but I have already breakfasted." He drew the parcel of notes from his pocket and held it out.

"David McCullough asked me to give you this, with the promise that more would follow. It expresses his appreciation of your goodness to his grand-daughter through these two years."

The woman took the parcel of money. Wynn thought her mouth quivered a little.

"Our Order is grateful," she said. "Such gifts are rare, and we have often great need."

Going to the door she paused, holding it ajar.

"Has the grandfather of Nance intrusted you to bring her to him, or does she go alone?"

"I have the honour to see that she reaches him safely," the man said.

She smiled at the non-committal answer.

"It would be possible for the child to go in safety quite alone," she returned softly. "Nance has a wide knowledge of woodcraft, and a sense of direction. She is fearless and tireless. I could trust her to go alone. I, also, with the old trapper, trust you to see that she comes to no harm with a guide, whoever that guide may be."

"You may trust me, Reverend Mother," he said. Then the door closed.

Shortly afterwards Nance McCullough and Wynn left the Mission House. A flock of little Indian children and small half-Crees crowded about the girl to the last. The Sisters followed her down the walk bordered by the faded sunflowers, fluttering here and there around her like grey moths around a light. The little Sister who had opened the door for Wynn was the last one to bid her good-bye. Taking her rosary of black and silver beads, with its silver cross, she slipped it over the girl's head. "Keep it, dear child," she said. "I have counted every bead in prayer for you many times. The Reverend Mother has reprimanded me for having told you a message had come. I talk too much; I was wrong."

"Dear sister Mary Philomena!" Nance cried, taking the nun's hands, and seeing the slim grey-robed figure through a blur of tears. "I know you will do penance for even that! I will keep the beads for ever and ever, and I will say Protestant prayers on them for myself, who need them so much, and for you who need them so little!"

"Pray," said the nun, lifting her wistful eyes to the girl's beauty. "Pray, dear child, that I may have God's peace."

"I will! I will! And that you may have His joy also," she answered. Bending, she touched the nun's banded forehead with her lips, and went swiftly to where Wynn waited at the end of the path.

(To be continued.)

Rough on Father.—"Ma, am I a descendant of a monkey?" asked the little boy.

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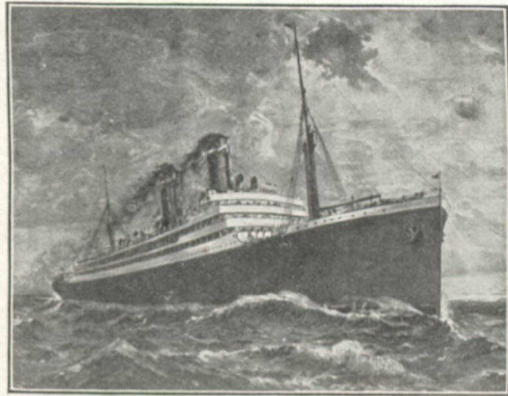


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