

Vol. X. No. 14

September 2, 1911

Price 10 Cents

Country and
Suburban Life
Number

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

INCORPORATED 1866

BRITISH AMERICAN BANK NOTE COMPANY

LIMITED

ENGRAVERS OF
BONDS, BANK NOTES, STOCK CERTIFICATES, POSTAGE
AND REVENUE STAMPS and all Monetary Documents

The work executed by this Company is accepted by the
LONDON, NEW YORK, BOSTON
and other STOCK EXCHANGES

HEAD OFFICE - - - OTTAWA

Branches:
MONTREAL No. 2 Place d'Armes Square
TORONTO 701-3 Traders Bank Bldg.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Head Office: TORONTO

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000; Rest, \$8,000,000

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

241 Branches in Canada, United States, England and Mexico

DRAFTS ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES

This Bank issues drafts on the principal cities in foreign countries drawn in the currency of the country in which the drafts are payable. These arrangements cover over 500 of the principal cities and towns throughout the world.

TRAVELLERS' LETTERS OF CREDIT

These Letters of Credit are issued for the use of travellers and tourists and may be obtained available in every part of the world. The holder can draw whatever sum he requires when needed without risk or difficulty.

\$20 OVERCOAT

to measure
(CARRIAGE & DUTY PAID)
FOR \$8.60



Curzon's \$8.60 Overcoat has been valued by clients at \$20.

All Curzon clothing is sold with a guarantee (satisfaction given or money returned) and is produced from genuine British Textiles.

MADE FROM REAL BRITISH MATERIALS.

Greatest attention is paid to the cutting of every individual order, and the style of production is equal to anything sold anywhere at twice and thrice the money—at least, this is what the Curzon clientele say about the Curzon \$8.60 Overcoat.

Then there is the tailoring. As is well known, London is the hub of the tailoring craft, and Messrs. Curzon Bros., as practical tailoring experts themselves, are in a position to secure the most qualified workmen in the trade. For all these reasons Curzon tailoring is sold with the following guarantee:

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY RETURNED IN FULL.
One Silver and Two Gold Medal Awards.

Our methods appeal to the thoughtful man: that is perhaps why we number among our clientele such well-known men as the following:—
Rev. R. J. Campbell, Hon. G. E. Foster, M.P., Horatio Bottomley, M.P., Lieut.-Col. A. E. Belcher, Lieut.-Col. Dr. S. H. Glasgow, Hon. R. R. Fitzgerald, Rev. Canon Davidson, Comte. Ubaldo Beni, J. P. Downey, M.P., W. H. Doyle, M.P., Hon. F. W. Aylmer, Mr. Eustace Miles, Dr. T. R. Allinson, Major-Gen. J. C. Kinchant, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Montague Holbein.

Fill in a post card and address same to us as below, asking for our latest assortment of materials. Together with patterns, we send you fashion-plates and complete instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, all sent free and carriage paid. We dispatch your order within seven days, and if you do not approve, return the goods, and we will refund the money.

Address for Patterns:

CURZON BROS., o/o THE CLOUGHER SYNDICATE (Dept.)
449 Spadina Avenue, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

\$20 SUIT OR OVERCOAT TO MEASURE FOR \$8.60
(CARRIAGE & DUTY PAID).



The World's Measure Tailors,

60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.

West End Depot: PEMBROKE HOUSE, 133 & 135 OXFORD ST., LONDON, ENGLAND.

Please mention this paper.



"Air That Thrills With Warmth and Life"

Air that makes the balmy atmosphere of southern resorts seem so alluring during the nipping cold weather may be yours if you install a King Boiler and King Radiators in your home. The kind of heat you want, is the kind of heat you'll get if you install a

King Boiler and Radiators

in your home. Every part of the house will be equally comfortable and cheerful. Hot water heating does not rob an atmosphere of its life-giving element—oxygen. Before you build or remodel your home, get straight information on the heating question.

Write for "Comfortable Homes." A post card brings it.

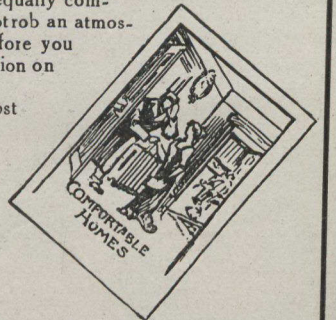
STEEL and RADIATION, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: Fraser Ave.

SHOWROOMS: 78-82 Adelaide St. E.

TORONTO

Branches in all the Principal Cities and Towns



The best Coffee costs but little more than the poor grades. You get the best that money can buy at moderate price when you use

Seal Brand Coffee

Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only. 124



MAGI

Is the only water from the original Caledonia Spring--- hence merits its title of **THE WATER OF QUALITY**

MAGI does you good and is good to drink. 17

Wellington

P. O. P.

The world's standard printing out paper— This paper is the ideal for all amateurs— You will get the finest rich tones possible from your negative.

Write for Booklets—free.

Wellington & Ward
Plates Papers Films
13 St. John St. Montreal.



WELLI

EUROPE

Tours for the late Summer and Fall, the most delightful seasons abroad. Complete range of routes, prices, etc.

PASSAGE TICKETS by all ocean lines, and for rail travel to all parts of Europe, with or without hotels, etc.

ROUND THE WORLD tours leave August to January. Send for program desired.

THOS. COOK & SON
65 Yonge Street
Traders Bank Building, Toronto
530 St. Catherine Street, Montreal
Cook's Travellers' Cheques are good all over the world



O'Keefe's PILSENER

Insist that your dealer always sends O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle" (Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X. TORONTO NO. 14

CONTENTS

- An Appreciation of Borden By Norman Patterson.
- French-Canadians in Business By F. D. Shallow.
- The Man From South Ontario By William Henry.
- The Evolution of Oakville By Donald B. Sinclair.
- The Setting of the Home By G. M. West.
- Fruit Farming for City Men By F. G. H. Pattison.
- The Motor and the Road Illustrated by Photographs.
- The Diver's Secret, Story By Fenton Ash.
- The Wildcatters, Serial By S. A. White.
- Reflections By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

IT is a much-discussed question—What is the real function of independent journalism? Most of the newspapers in Canada that have avowed themselves independent have been accused by one or other of the political parties of partisanship. The "Canadian Courier" has been no exception. For two or three years now the Grits have accused the "Courier" of being too much Tory, and the Tories, of being too much Grit. This is probably inevitable. There is but one way to avoid the accusation; that is to leave political issues and problems entirely alone. This is a species of independent journalism that amounts to mere neutrality, and is the prerogative of a magazine, not a news weekly.

The "Canadian Courier" has consistently attempted to give the news of politics in picture and in articles, as well as some of the views of both sides of politics in editorials. The present political campaign is one not of mere partisanship, but of news and feature interest. Three weeks ago two photographs of each of the political leaders were published on the front page. Sir Wilfrid Laurier was given a few inches more space than Mr. Borden; which may be called the partisanship of the photographer. In two successive issues we published pictures of the Borden tour in the West, and one article reviewing the tour; much more than any other paper in Canada did on that subject. This also might have been construed as partisanship, but for the fact that last week we had a full page devoted to the Premier's meeting at Simcoe. This week we publish an appreciation of Mr. Borden. We believe there are two points of news interest as well as at least two opinions as to the political issues. We believe, also, that in no other paper in Canada can be found so much of interest on both sides of the political fence.

Nine Thousand New Readers

DURING the month of July, 1,843 new yearly subscribers were added to the "Canadian Courier" list. Most publishers claim that every new subscription means five new readers, and on that basis there were 9,000 persons reading the "Canadian Courier" in August who were not reading it before.

Nor is this increase so very exceptional. Every month during 1911, the "Canadian Courier" has added 5,000 new readers. To-day it has the largest circulation of any periodical in Canada, with the exception of a low-priced monthly published in Winnipeg.

This is an enviable position, and one of which every person connected with the "Canadian Courier" is exceptionally proud. Every member of the business and editorial staff is doing his best to see that the paper continues to merit the success which has come to it.

The "Canadian Courier" is delivered to every subscriber between Sydney, N.S., and Kamloops, B.C., not later than Saturday morning. Any subscriber not receiving his paper promptly is requested to notify us.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Make Your Preserving A Certain Success

by using **ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED.** It is refined from cane crystals, and is really the highest grade of granulated on the continent.

Your Preserving is sure to turn out right if you order and use



THE ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING CO. Limited, MONTREAL. 40

Land Value

In selecting fruit land, experience and keen judgment is necessary.

I have been dealing in fruit lands for many years, and my choice satisfies.

Cultivated fruit land pays big profits.

The land I sell will yield these returns per acre:
Apples, \$1,200 to \$2,000;
Peaches, \$800 to \$1,200;
Strawberries, \$1,800; Potatoes, \$500 to \$750.

This land is close to railway and tramway, on wide roads, and sells for from \$150 to \$350 per acre, \$200 cash, balance over five years.

W. J. KERR LIMITED

614 Columbia Street
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.




By Appointment.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels.

SPECIFICATIONS MODEL J.M.

AXLES: Front, I beam section;
Rear, Semi-floating.
BRAKES: Two separate independent sets on rear wheels.
CARBURETOR: Schebler.
CLUTCH: Leather-faced cone.
COOLING: Centrifugal pump.
DRIVE: Propeller Shaft.
FUEL SUPPLY: Gasoline, 15 gallons.
IGNITION: Jump spark with magneto.
LUBRICATION: Plunger pump, Oil supply in crankcase, 2 gallons.
MOTOR: Horse Power, 45-50;
Bore, 4½ inches; Stroke, 5 inches; Cast en bloc.
SPEED ON DIRECT DRIVE: 27.0 M.P.H.

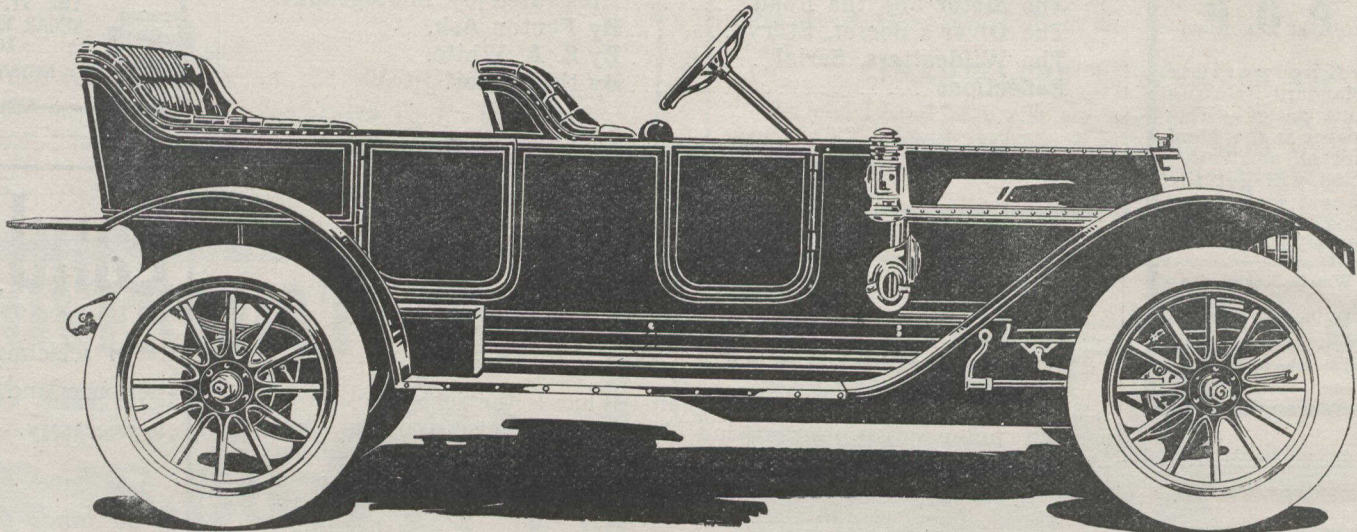
THE

Schacht

LINE FOR 1912

SPECIFICATIONS MODEL J.M.

(Continued)
SPRINGS: Special alloy steel;
Front, Semi-elliptic; Rear, Three-quarter elliptic.
STANDARD EQUIPMENT:
Mea Magneto, two gas lamps, two oil side and one rear lamp, jack, horn, all tools, pump and tire repair outfit, top and windshield.
STEERING: Worm and sector, 18-inch wheel.
TIRES: 34 x 4 inches.
TRANSMISSION: Selective, 3 speeds forward and reverse; Reverse, 1 speed change.
WEIGHT: 2,750 lbs.
WHEEL BASE: 120 inches.
Left-hand Drive; Gear Control and Emergency Brake in centre of car on all pleasure models.



1912 MODEL J. M. TOURING CAR, 120 in. WHEEL BASE, 7-PASSENGER, 45-50 H. P., PRICE \$2,450

IN our introductory advertisements we did not dwell specifically upon any of the outstanding features of the Schacht Cars--We merely gave illustrations and let the specifications speak for the car.

In placing our 1912 Cars on the market, we are offering for sale a line [manufactured by a Canadian Company, with exclusive Canadian Capital] of which every Canadian can be justly proud.

The Schacht car is not a low-priced car, and yet when everything is considered, it is the most inexpensive car on the market. With its powerful motor, [cast en-bloc] having a 4 1-2 in. bore and 5 in. stroke, generating 50 H.P., A. L. & A. M. rating--

an engine so perfectly and beautifully balanced that the driver is enabled to throttle the car down to a speed on direct drive [high gear] as low as two miles an hour, and with the same car attain a maximum road speed of 70 miles an hour. The motor, equipped with the Peerless Mea Magneto has made the Schacht car famous as a hill-climber. No other car on the market can boast a better hill climbing record than the Schacht.

The Schacht, Model J. M. at \$2450, fully equipped combines in itself the specifications and qualities of cars ranging from \$3750 to 5000. The long wheel base, the large wheels, the roomy driving seat and five passenger tonneau has been hereto-

fore found only in the highest priced cars. In the Schacht for 1912 we have incorporated the left hand drive and centre control, enabling the driver to use the necessary right hand to operate his gear control and emergency levers.

Due to the perfection of the Mea Magneto we have been enabled to dispense with the dual ignition--Such a hot high tension spark being produced at the first movement of the Magneto, that only a quarter turn of the crank is necessary to start the motor.

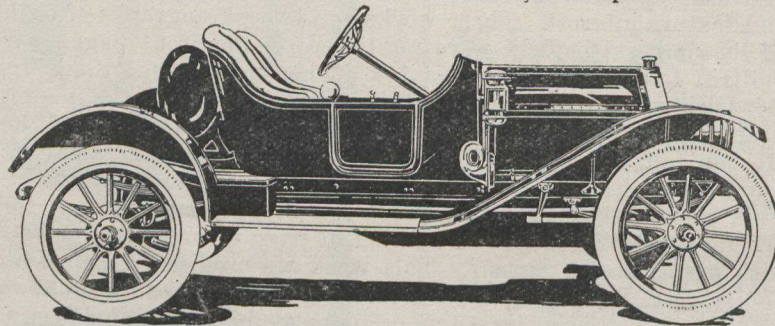
In addition to the standard equipment, such as five lamps, tools etc., we are equipping our cars with English Mohair top with envelope, Windshield and Speedometer. Schacht Cars

have all bright parts nickel plated and our standard color is deep Royal blue.

We stand ready to verify all our statements, and demonstrations with either the pleasure or commercial models, will be gladly made upon request.

We are now ready to close dealership contracts for the season of 1912 and all communications in this connection should be addressed to the Salesmanager, Mr. J. S. Innes.

Intending purchasers and dealers will find our complete line on display at the Canadian National Exhibition, in the Transportation Annex.



1912 Model R.L. Roadster---110 in. Wheel base---45-50 H. P.---Price \$2150. Same Spe. as model J-M.

The Schacht Motor Car Company of Canada, Limited

General Offices and Works : SANFORD AVE. S., HAMILTON, ONT.

Toronto Salesrooms.

Pending the completion of our Show Rooms and Garage we have temporary Show Rooms at 513 Yonge Street.

The CANADIAN COURIER

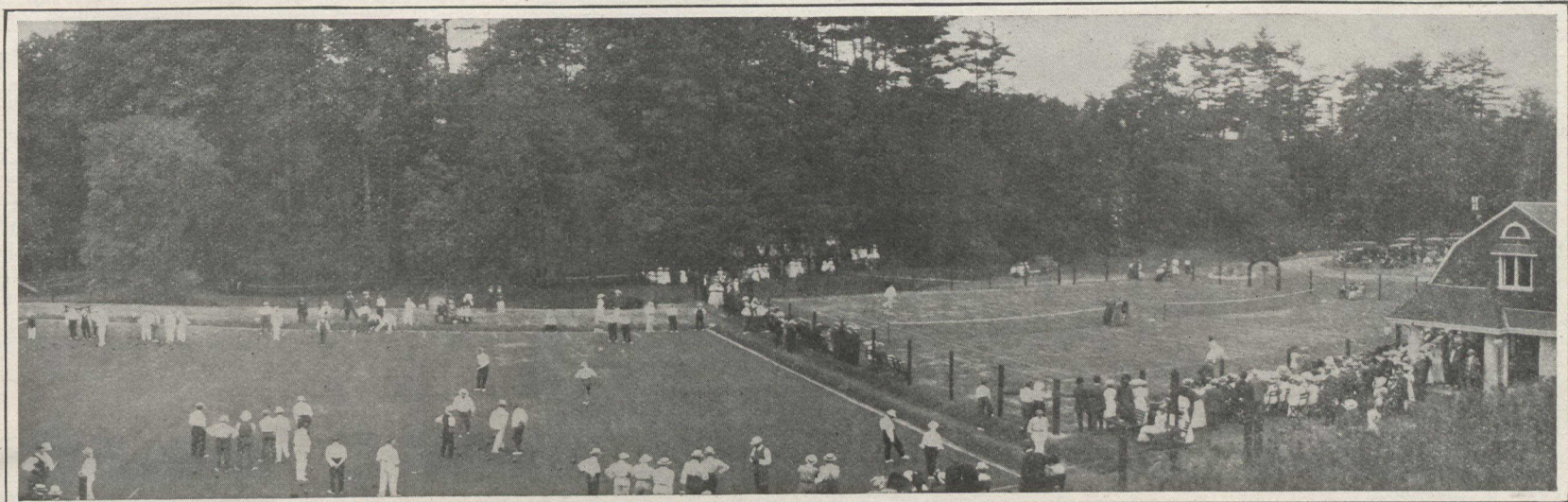
A National Weekly.

Vol. X.

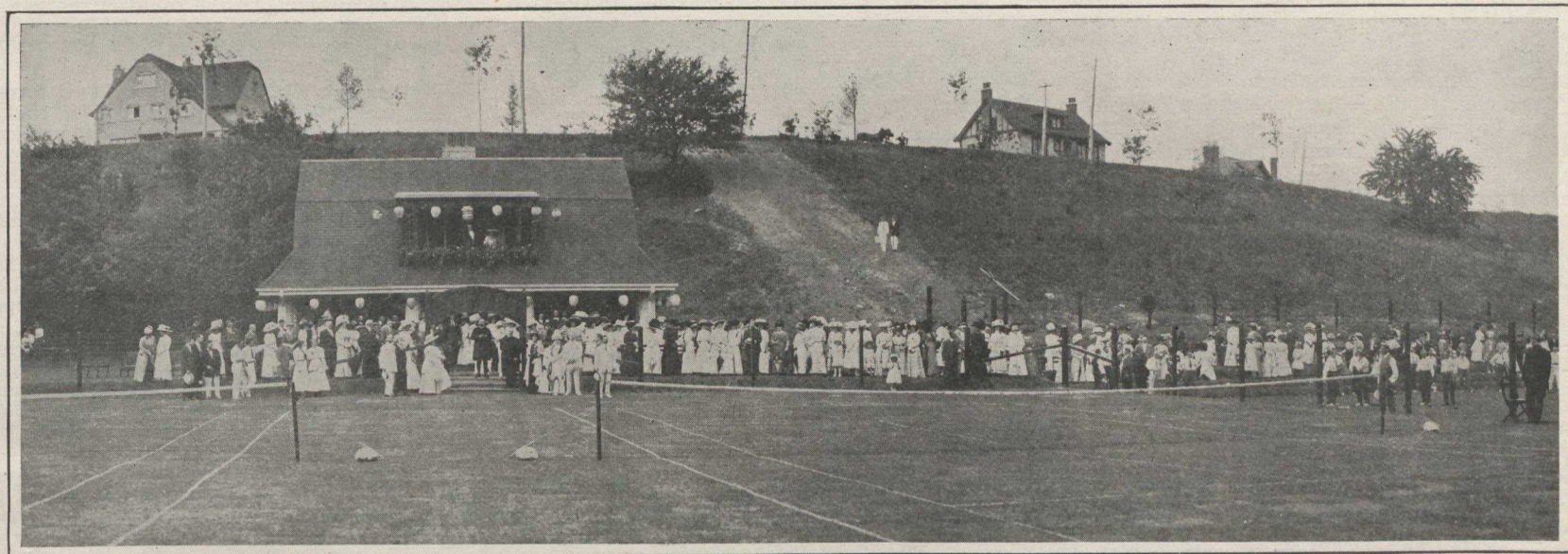
September 2, 1911

No. 14

PLEASURES OF SUBURBAN LIFE



Citizens in a new suburb of a big city have most of the advantages of life in a country town, and at the same time develop a sense of comradeship. This was evidenced at the opening of the Lawrence Park Bowling Club, north of Toronto, on July 15th, when more than seven hundred people saw a tournament, participated in by a hundred bowlers, and Miss Florence Sutton and Mr. Robert Baird, tennis champions. III 16 10



Bishop Sweeny, of Toronto, formally opened the new club. In this picture he is seen speaking in front of the Club House.



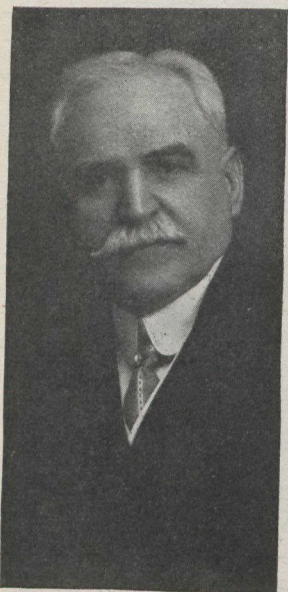
At the close of the tournament all the bowlers, only a part of them are seen in this picture, assembled like members of a family reunion.

THE FRENCH CANADIAN IN BUSINESS

An Analysis of the Commercial Qualities of a portion of our people by one who has been for thirty-one years in control of a French trade paper in Montreal, "Le. Moniteur Du Commerce."

By F. D. SHALLOW.

THE very persons who have most keenly felt the awful stress of present-day life and are loudest in their outcry against its intensity, are those who in actual practice treat with contempt the simple life and scorn the apparent stagnation of philosophic ease. The standard of success is still undefined. Some maintain that its indices are the leading of men, the accumulation of wealth and contribution to the science of man, while others maintain as firmly that success is personal and, that he is most successful who, by whatsoever means, has attained the greatest sum of individual happiness.



MR. F. D. SHALLOW

If this resentment results in a change of his ideals, the French-Canadian will show qualities that were never credited to him.

The French-Canadian is far removed from the stage Frenchman. He is in fact almost an Englishman. The English call themselves Saxons, but their poets sing of their Norman blood and call it their bluest strain. The French-Canadian is a Norman and this ethnological relation to the Englishman has been rendered more intimate by a long association with him in this country. The individual French-Canadian hardly realizes this affinity, but when he travels, while he loves Paris, as in fact we all do, he is more at home in London.

The Norman is by nature a barterer, a bargainer and a haggler. He is canny, close-fisted and sharp in business, sharp even more or less in the worst sense of the word. His "dit et son dedit" are proverbial. By force of conditions in his original country, his peculiar talents are confined to small affairs, but these talents exist in his French-Canadian descendant and they will influence big affairs when he has the handling of them.

Much in modern business depends on exposition, reasoning, solicitation and persuasion; and anyone who knows the French-Canadian will recall his natural eloquence and plausibility, which can be adapted to these purposes.

If success in business depends on willingness and courage to take a chance, it must be remembered that the French-Canadian comes of a race of splendid adventurers who conquered England and of pioneers who settled Canada. He still has a gambler's instinct, he is a fighter and he is no quitter. Physiologically his blood is clean and cool and his nerves are good. As a consequence he is good tempered and enthusiastic.

As a rule the French-Canadian is broad-minded and appreciative. He has been forced to study and admire people who neither studied nor admired him. He likes an Englishman more than an Englishman likes him, but this fact implies no inferiority on his part. The same necessity has forced him to learn two languages, and this implies some superiority.

The observer finds so many of the requisites of business success in the French-Canadian that he becomes interested in the problem of the latter's apparent oversight of many opportunities.

In studying the question, one should recall that this race has its own peculiar ideals and these ideals are not sordid. The French-Canadian has been accused of living from hand to mouth, and the charge is more or less true. He is satisfied with

a competence and a quiet life. These ideals result from his education. He is taught to look up at the sunlight rather than down at the earth. His instruction is Aristotelian rather than Baconian. Confessedly his schools attempt to form the mind and to make the acquisition of concrete knowledge secondary. They distinguish between formation and information, and they look after the former, leaving the latter to the individual. The course is one of mental gymnastics, and solid facts are laid aside till perhaps a little too late in life. The system quite naturally tends to produce priests, lawyers, doctors, statesmen and cultured gentlemen, and the race is perhaps a little over-represented in all these categories.

Besides his ideals which lead him in a different direction, it must be recalled that the French-Canadian had a bad start. He was sent off with a kick instead of a blessing. Under French government his conditions were made for him and he had to submit to them. He came to a land of promise, but only to draw water and hew wood. A change of allegiance followed to which again he had to submit. He saw on this occasion all his fellow settlers,

OUR RECIPROCITY CONTEST

THE CANADIAN COURIER is offering a prize for the best 100-word letter on reciprocity. Cleverness will be the chief feature for which the judges will award the prize. Each letter must begin, "I shall vote Conservative, or "I shall vote Liberal." Several letters were published two weeks ago. The following are some of the letters received since then:

I shall vote Conservative because I have always been a straight Conservative, and that from the two political sides I always considered the Conservative party as the best and the most loyal. Had I always been a Liberal I could not help, as many honest electors already have, but decide to vote against a Government from which so many scandals have recently been brought to light by fearless Conservatives. If I had ten votes to give I would dispose of them all against Laurier, whose main object is to sacrifice our national resources for the benefit of the Americans.

"QUEBEC CONSERVATIVE."

Quebec City.

* * *

I shall vote Conservative because I am a loyal British subject and anything that tends towards commercial union with the U. S. A. is to my mind unfair to the Mother Country and to the Britishers that have helped to place Canada where she is to-day. Also in the event of a Liberal Government being returned to power it would only be a matter of time before the American manufacturer would swoop down on the Canadian market, causing less work for our factories which would mean more unemployed on our streets. If the Yankee wants to share the Canadian market let him build his factories and manufacture his goods in Canada. Add to this the recent disclosures of graft practiced by members of the late Government, it seems to me that it is quite time we had a change, and give the Conservatives a chance to prove at least that they are sincere, honest, upright men, and not merely there to rob and plunder as opportunities occur.

BLADE.

Toronto.

* * *

I vote Liberal because there is consolation in the fact that if they are elected we can reciprocate with our neighbours across the border, in a free exchange of the natural products of both countries, we consummate an ideal system whereby the producers and labouring masses may expect a just equivalent for the products of our labour, and a reasonable policy of justice to the masses of both countries by doing so.

NEMO.

Selkirk, Man.

* * *

I will vote Conservative because I think that Canada will develop a better nationality apart from the United States. A contrast by one of our foremost university presidents of our ideals and national life, with that of the United States, shows ours to be of a much higher order: another statement describes the United States citizen as one who "where business is concerned will sink all differences."

These statements are so largely true, that under

who could afford it, leave for the mother country, and he was left on his own resources under a strange government, to which again he had to submit. All these forced submissions should have broken his spirit, but they did not, though they did leave in him a trace of fatalism which still makes it difficult for him to rise above conditions.

Of late, however, there are many indications that he is prepared for a compromise of ideals and that he is determined to shake off the tyranny of conditions. He has business qualities, and when he finally turns to business with all the enthusiasm of his nature, he will certainly take in its circles, the same notable place he has taken in the public life of the country. What he has already achieved, while not great, is notable and may be accepted as typical rather than accidental. He is, for example, unquestionably pre-eminent in the grocery trade of Canada. The greatest, the second greatest, the third greatest and the fourth greatest wholesale grocery houses in Canada are French-Canadian, and no theory can attribute this pre-eminence to accident or good fortune.

The French language is an element of French-Canadian business, and is destined with the growth of this branch to be an element of all Canadian business. The use of this language is not a privilege, but a constitutional right, and the French-Canadian would be contemptible if he waived this right. Some may consider the dual language system an economic waste, but the discussion is now only academical, and the French language in Canada must be faced as a fact. As a consolation, its adversaries may trace the good this language has done for our country in helping to define a distinct Canadian nationality by giving it a tinge of old world idealism.

present conditions closer trade relations with the United States will mean a domination that will be detrimental to our moral strength and homogeneity; and the concentrated business ability of our neighbour, which subverts all else to a business end, will succeed in diverting to the south of the line a prosperity that would otherwise be ours.

St. Mary's.

C. F. C.

* * *

I shall vote Conservative because I have asked myself the following questions, and in seeking the answers I have arrived at the above conclusion:

Is the farmer of the State of Maine, with his ninety million market, more prosperous than the farmer in New Brunswick?

Does the farmer in New Brunswick curtail cultivation on account of limited markets?

Even if reciprocity would enchant the price of eggs, butter and other farm products, has the farmer the right to demand this at the expense of the workingman?

If we had but waited, would not the United States have taken the duty off farm products, thus giving us any advantage there might be in reciprocity, without robbing the farmer of his protection?

St. John, N.B. LOYALIST.

* * *

I shall vote Liberal because I believe the policy of that party is suited to the best interests of Canada. We are fast growing as a nation, our immense territory yet sparsely settled, and our vast natural resources still in the infancy of development, already amply demonstrate the great possibilities of the next ten years, when we shall in all probability have become one of the world's greatest producers of food.

Commercially, we ask for a fair field and no favour, and want neither more or less. We desire to help firmly establish peace among nations, especially with the great English-speaking nation south of us, and in no better way can this be accomplished than by the ratification of the reciprocity agreement.

Halifax, N.S. OBSERVER.

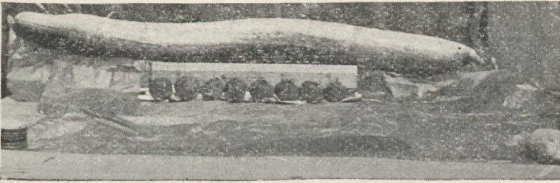
* * *

I shall vote Liberal because of the reciprocity agreement now before the electorate for their approval and ratification.

While reciprocity has been included in the platforms of both political parties in past years, now that it is within practicable attainment through the efforts of Messrs. Fielding and Paterson on behalf of the Canadian Government, it is strenuously opposed by the Conservative party. In doing this they have gone back on their former leaders and policy, altogether taking a retrograde stand on the question which should forfeit the support of all independent and right-thinking men.

Reciprocal trade in natural products will afford larger markets and enhanced values for the farmers. This in turn will mean a greater measure of prosperity for the whole people as Canada is an agricultural country, the prosperity of which is only in proportion to that of the farming community.

Toronto. "IAN MACLAREN."



Eight Strawberries in a row a foot long; one cucumber two feet long; grown on irrigation land near Calgary.

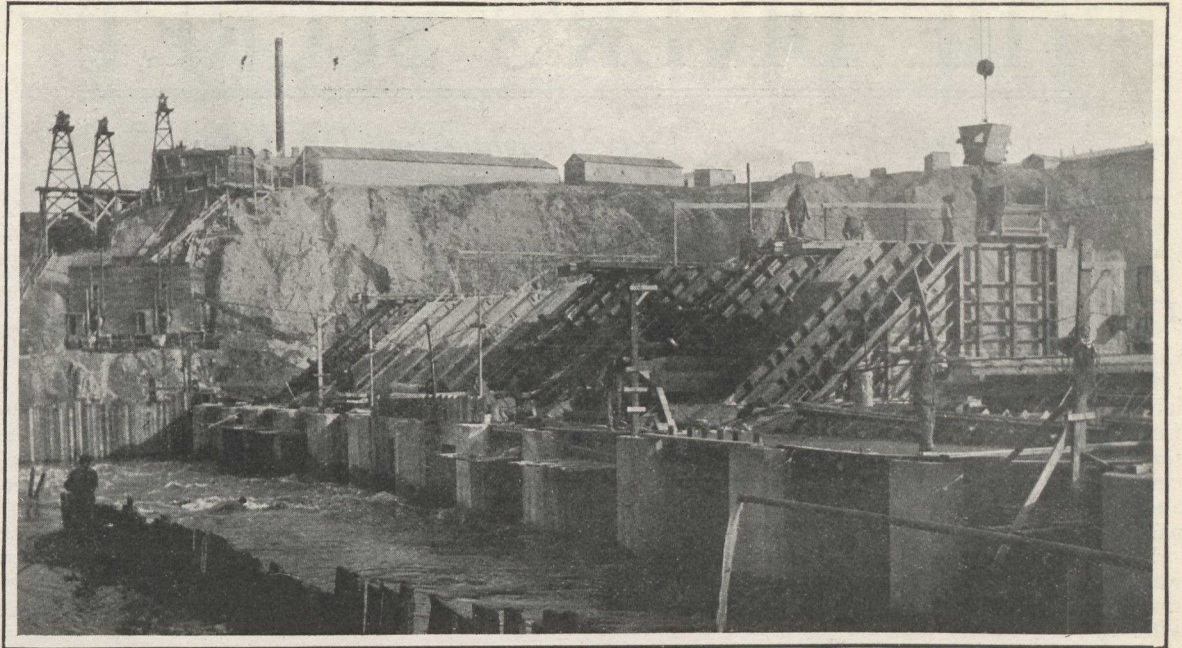
IRRIGATION AT CALGARY

THE strawberries on this page look more like plums than berries. The eight strawberries placed together in a row measure one foot. They are a vivid illustration of how irrigation may assist nature. This fruit was grown upon the irrigated land near Calgary. Irrigation transformed that part of the country. In the district where the River Bow joins the Elbow, was a region not as fertile as the rest of the great Western Prairie. The only thing the matter with the land was that it was arid.

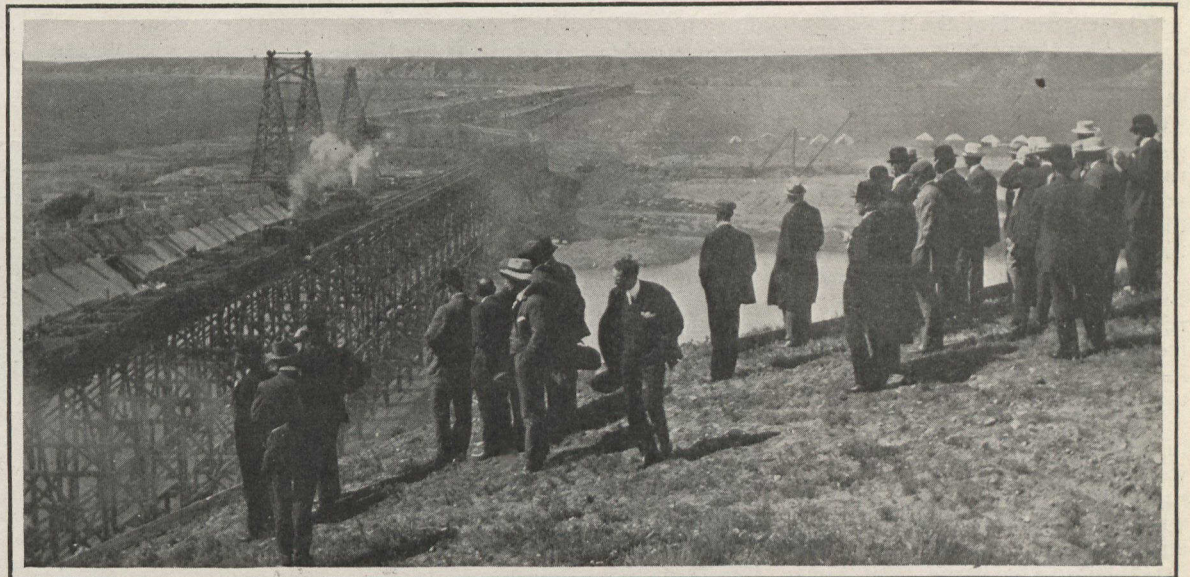
The C. P. R. took the contract of watering this dry land. The immense irrigation system at Calgary has produced surprising results. It would not be stretching it to say that the desert was made to blossom as the rose. Instead of a vast, barren tract of country, there are dozens of trim farms about one hundred acres in extent; their size in striking contrast to the thousand acre estates of farmers in other parts of the West.

The owners of these small holdings in the Spring open the sluice gates and their land is flooded with water as when the African Nile overflows her banks. On this land mixed farming is most successful.

While Calgary is probably the striking example of irrigation in Canada, other provinces are interested in this system of fertilization. This was evinced at the fifth annual convention of the Western Canada Irrigation Association, just over at Calgary; there papers were read by delegates from all over the Dominion. Some features of the convention were: lectures by Professor B. A. Etcheverry, of Berkeley, California, who delivered an interesting address on "Pumping for Irrigation"; a paper by Professor W. J. Elliott, Superintendent of Agriculture, Irrigation Department, C. P. R., on "The True Significance of Irrigation"; and an exhibition of moving pictures, "Home-making in Alberta," was given by Norman S. Rankin, Calgary, who is responsible for the pictures here reproduced.



Concrete structure on Horse-shoe Bend of the Irrigation Dam on the Bow River in Southern Alberta.



Delegates to the annual Western Canada Irrigation Congress were impressed with the huge dam at Bassano.

Photographs by Norman S. Rankin.

PERHAPS the most remarkable picture hung at the Canadian National Exhibition this year is reproduced on this page. It is called, "The Hanging Committee," or, "Paint in Shirt-Sleeves." This canvas has been chosen from among hundreds of European, United States and Canadian canvases as embodying all the essential points of a really great work of art without the personal idiosyncrasies that have marred so many masterpieces. It will be observed that the picture is singularly well composed. With the true instinct of poetic balance in construction the smallest man occupies the centre; Mr. E. Wyly Grier, President of the Ontario Society of Artists—an Englishman by birth, a portrait painter by profession and a Canadian by citizenship. Next him on the right stands a Scotch-Canadian, Mr. J. E. Macdonald, half a head taller and a totally different sort of character in art. Mr. Macdonald is both a designer and a painter. He is one of the most expert designers of book covers in America, a man of singularly quiet genius who lives art every day and is not subject to whims and caprices. Next him comes a Canadian, Mr. George Reid, a past-President of the Royal Canadian Academy. Mr. Reid must not be judged solely by his appearance in this picture. He knows how to take off his coat as well as any man when he wants to get down to the firing line of the palette and brush with a good big blank canvas staring him in the face and calling for paint. On the extreme right stands the man who at first sight might be taken for a sad poet of paint; he with the downcast mien and the hand of dejection in his

A GREAT WORK OF ART

pocket and the other of weariness upon the wall. Herein the picture contains that rare element of a great work—the irony of surprise. Mr. William Brymner, President of the R. C. A., is one of the

unsaddest, most undejected and unwearingly jovial men in the world of modern art. He is also the tallest man on the hanging committee; a very convenient thing when it comes to hanging a high picture. On the other flank stands one of the refreshing virilities of Canadian art, Mr. Homer Watson, President of the Canadian Art Club. He is a Canadian and something of a backwoodsman. He paints

homely epic subjects; he loves the logging bee with the oxen and the barn-raising. Watson is a real conservative optimist in paint. He has the backward look which spells interpretation. The man next him is the Secretary of the O. S. A., Mr. R. F. Gagen, an Englishman by birth and a Canadian by the geography of paint. Mr. Gagen has discovered a good many things about Canada which he has put into extremely good pictures. And he is painting better now than ever he did.

These six men are the most responsible hanging committee in Canada. Last week, by their united efforts, in the midst of temptation and the bewilderment of too many pictures, they hung two hundred pictures worth between two and three hundred thousand dollars; canvases from most of the art countries in the world—including America. For the first time in the history of the Exhibition, a large number of American canvases have been hung. These, however, to please the real conservatives in art, have been hung in a section by themselves so as not to appear favourable to reciprocity.

And when the hanging committee had finished their labours, they consented to do a joint pose for the greatest artist of all, the photographer.



Hanging Committee at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1911.

THE DIVER'S SECRET

How a Dangerous Task Brought About Revelation

By FENTON ASH

As the grey dawn was stealing over the harbour of a south coast town one autumnal morning, a tug-boat might have been seen making its way out towards the English Channel which lay beyond.

It was a fussy, snorting, grimy, self-sufficient-looking craft, this tug. From the sooty top of its funnel it poured forth almost enough black smoke for a man-o'-war, and it was tooting with its shrill, chirpy siren as though it were a Cunarder at least, and expected everything afloat to clear out of its path.

It was towing a barge, and as it threaded its noisy way amongst the crowd of other vessels, large and small, many of those on board them turned to stare after it. It was not that the pair were unfamiliar objects, for it was known to most mariners thereabouts that the tug was the Otter, and that the barge carried a party of deep-sea divers and their outfit.

"Theer goes 'Mat the Diver,'" a sailor on board a schooner lying at anchor remarked to a mate. "He be a-go'in' out after gold to the wreck o' the Dolphin, as was run down t'other night in the fog. They do say as it be a mighty risky job, fur the wreck lies twenty-four fathoms deep, an' what makes it worse the tide just theer do run uncommon strong. Nobody else would tackle it, not even for the big price as be offered. But I heered yest'day as Mat Herron's took it on. I s'pose if he's lucky he'll make a tidy bit out of it—but I'd rather him try fur it than me!"

This voiced the general opinion in the port; and it is no matter for wonder, therefore, that the start of the diving party was watched with more than ordinary interest and curiosity.

On board the barge, Mat himself was talking to one of his assistants in a fashion which showed that he was fully aware of the unusually dangerous nature of the undertaking he had in hand. He was a man advanced in years, with a weather-worn visage which habitually wore a stern and forbidding expression, and he was at all times rough and curt, and reticent of speech. The assistant he was addressing was a contrast to him in almost every way. Though working under Mat for the wages of a working diver, everyone who knew him was aware that he must originally have been one of the very different class from that to which such men usually belong. His name was Jack Gale; but amongst his fellow-workers he was more commonly known as Gentleman Jack—a fact which almost explains itself. It tells at once of some young fellow who has been well educated and brought up amid very different surroundings, and who has manfully thrown all pride to the winds, and taken to the first honest work which offered itself in order to avert starvation.

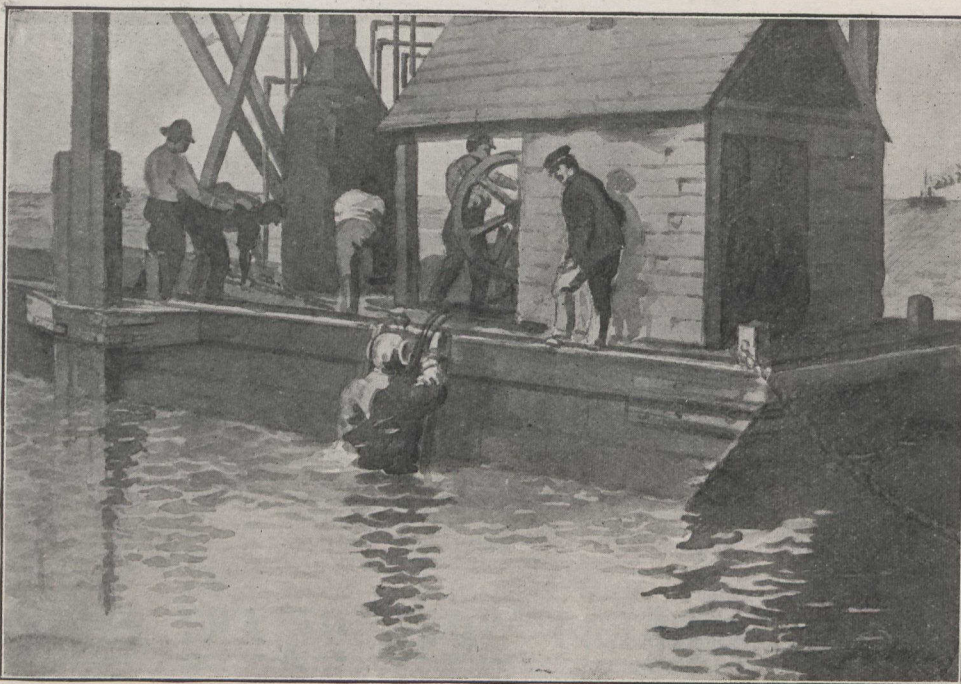
This had been Jack Gale's position three years before, only that in his case it was a question of starvation not merely for himself alone, but for an invalid mother and young sister in their home in the North. So when the crisis came which had cast him suddenly upon his own resources, he had paid the little money he had been able to scrape together as a premium to Herron the diver to take him on as his assistant and teach him the work. Jack's people knew not that the money he sent them every week was earned at so risky a trade. He had kept them in ignorance upon that point, fearing that they might otherwise refuse to accept it. It was enough for him to know that he could not have learnt to earn so much in the time in any other way.

Great was his surprise, this particular morning, at what Mat Herron was saying, and the singular change in the diver's manner. For though he and Herron had got on fairly well together on the whole, and Jack knew him to be plucky and skillful at his work, he had always appeared a sombre, reserved character, with little to say, surly and unsympa-

thetic in manner, and greedy and grasping in disposition. The latter quality it was, in Jack's estimation, which had caused him to attempt the recovery of the boxes of gold on the wrecked vessel—a task which every other diver in the district had declined, spite of the tempting reward offered.

"This is what I wants of ye," Mat was saying. "In case annything 'appens t' me. Under the bed in my room ye'll find a box, an' the key be in a drawer. I wants ye t' open it an' t' read the papers in it, an' a' document as I've writ out after a good deal o' thought an' trouble. Ye'll find some money theer, too, an' I wants ye t' apply it t' the purposes I've set down in that document, d'ye see—all but what ye'll see ye're t' keep fur yerself fur yer trouble."

As may be supposed, Jack stared as he listened to these details of the strange task thus unexpectedly thrust upon him. More particularly did he wonder at the confidence it implied, and that he, of all the diver's acquaintances, should have been selected for the trust. He put this point to Mat, but the man turned it aside, and in response to Jack's objections only stuck doggedly to his request. Evi-



"A little later he went over the side and disappeared from view."

Drawn by S. S. Finlay.

dently the old man had recognized in his own mind the difference between "Gentleman Jack" and his fellows, and had decided that he would rather trust him than anyone else he knew.

As argument proved fruitless, Jack at last gave the required promise. But he made a mental reservation that it applied to that particular time only. If, as he hoped, they succeeded in the task before them, and returned in safety to the shore, he was resolved that he would make the diver draw up a proper will instead of the informal "document" which had been spoken of, and insist upon somebody else being appointed to carry out its provisions, whatever they might be.

In due time the two vessels reached the scene of the wreck, and there the barge was moored, the tug remaining near, to be at hand in case she was wanted. Jack and his fellows helped Mat into his diving-suit, and a little later he went over the side and disappeared from view.

As Jack watched him sink beneath the waves a feeling of depression stole over him such as he had never felt before in similar circumstances, and which he could in no wise account for. Certainly the scene was dreary and depressing enough. Overhead the sky was grey and lowering, around there was nothing to be seen save the grey-green waves rising and falling, nothing to be heard save the peculiar sucking sound as they pattered continuously against the sides of the barge, or the desolate cries of the sea-birds as they wheeled and circled in the air above.

Jack felt some consolation in the fact that he could talk to the diver and ascertain from him all the while how he was progressing. For the whole of the apparatus was of the best and most up-to-

date description, and Mat carried with him a telephone with which he could communicate with those on the barge.

For a time all went well. Mat reported through the telephone that he had found no difficulty in climbing on board the wreck by the bow, and later that he had fixed a ladder there to facilitate his return. A little later still he had made his way into the captain's cabin, and had reached the boxes of gold which he had been told he would find there. Then came the news that he had dragged one of the boxes up on to the deck ready for a rope to be attached to haul it up.

For a while after this there was silence; and then came the ominous information that while the diver had been in the cabin the tide, which at that time was increasing in strength, had forced his life-line and air-tube against the bow, and got them tangled up round the anchor and a mass of loose wreckage which lay there.

The minutes which followed were anxious ones, and then came the announcement from Mat that the current was too strong to allow of his getting his lines free, and that he wanted help.

The owner's agent, Mr. Mendford, called for a volunteer to go down; and Jack's heart bounded within him as he saw that the other men, who by reason of their seniority were asked first, hung back. While they hesitated he volunteered and was accepted; and, as quickly as was possible, he donned a diving-suit and went over the side.

He made his way to where Herron was standing, and found that he was afraid to stir, for the position was such that any movement on his part might have broken or ruptured his air tube, which would have meant certain death. Jack speedily found out where the trouble lay, and set to work to free him. But he also found that as fast as he freed one part another would get entangled, and all the time he had a growing conviction that the conditions at that depth were very different from any he had experienced before.

The great pressure of the water made itself felt more and more, there was a singing in his ears, and he began to suffer from headache. Presently, when he thought he had nearly freed Herron's lines, he suddenly discovered that his own had become entangled.

Then there began a terrible fight for life—for his own as well as for Mat's. When he disentangled the lines or tubes in one place the swirl of the current carried them against wreckage in another, and the work had to be commenced all over again. The worst of it was that Herron, who was up on the deck, while Jack was now working below him, was so situated that he

could not help at all. He dared not move, but had to remain in the one place hour after hour, watching and waiting, while his would-be rescuer toiled and strove, wrestled with the difficulties of the situation, and persevered with seemingly tireless persistence in his endeavours to save him.

Jack Gale understood now, for the first time, why all the other experienced divers had not volunteered. He perceived why it was that even the rich rewards held out by the owners had failed to tempt them, and he began to feel sore against Mat, considering that it was his greed which had led to their both being in this awful peril.

More than once he debated with himself whether he should make a hauling-line fast round the old man and himself, and signal to those above to haul him up, and then cut the air-tubes and lines, trusting to their both being hauled up before they were suffocated. But each time the idea occurred to him he decided that it would be too perilous.

His head began to feel as if it must burst, and once or twice it seemed to swim and he nearly lost consciousness. And then, at last, when he had almost given up all hope, he found that the tide was slackening. He had been working down there so long that the ebb was near, which meant that the current would practically shortly fall away altogether.

Revived by the hope that this put into him, he started with fresh energy, and at last had the satisfaction of getting all the tubes and lines clear and finding that they remained so. Then he gave the signal to haul up, and from that moment he remembered no more till he came to himself on board the barge, and found a doctor whom he knew bending

(Continued on page 26.)

THROUGH A MONOCLE

WOMEN JURORS FOR WIFE-BEATERS.

I AM not a "Suffragette," nor yet a Suffragist; but I am coming to the conclusion that there is one branch of our machine for maintaining law and order with which women should be invited to co-operate. That is the jury system, in cases affecting women. Especially would such a step be wise in instances of wife-beating and wife-murder. I do not like to admit that our sex is not chivalrous enough to protect defenceless women; and it is particularly painful for me to confess that we fail at times in protecting that most defenceless and most confiding specimen of her sex—the true wife. But when, for example, I hear men say, and when I even see it written in the public prints, that the intoxication of the husband serves as some sort of an excuse for his brutality toward his wife, how am I to escape the admission that we not only lack chivalry—we lack common justice and ordinary decency?

* * *

HAS the habitual intoxication of the husband who—one almost hesitates to write the word—STRIKES his wife with his fist, deliberately chokes her with his fingers or inflicts some other physical torture upon her, made it any easier for her to bear her humiliating torment? Has it not rather been an aggravation of the offence? Has it not deprived her of the presence in the home of those gentler feelings and juster instincts to which she might have appealed for protection? I am not writing a temperance lecture. But I am saying that, when a man takes a woman from the shelter of her father's home and asks her to trust her future entirely to his keeping, he is under bonds not to permit himself an indulgence of any sort which will unfit him for living up to his side of the agreement. If drinking on his part does not lead to neglect of or brutality towards his wife, it does not come within the scope of this article. But if a man finds that drinking is apt to betray him into making a brute of himself at home, then I say that that man has no right to drink. He has entered a partnership whose terms forbid it.

* * *

NOW that is why I want women on these juries. I want them to say, when a husband comes up for wife-beating, "we find him guilty and we think he ought to go to prison for a year and work while there for the support of his wife." Then when his lawyer objects—"But he was intoxicated at the time," I want that woman jury to have the power to amend its verdict, and demand that he be sent to prison for two years for thus "aggravating the offence." Of course, I am mixing up the functions of judges and juries and even law-makers; but you know what I mean. We have, for example, a case of wife murder occasionally. Some poor, persecuted, tortured woman, who has endured the brutalities of a foul and drunken husband for months or years, finally succumbs under a particularly savage attack. The husband finds, after a last kick or two, that she is dead—she is beyond his power to torment forever.

* * *

WE arrest him. We all feel that hanging is too good for him. We regret that the days of legal torture are over. We would like to make him feel some of the things he made his wife feel. But just then somebody is sure to bob up with the extenuating explanation that the man was drunk at the time—that, in fact, he has the misfortune to suffer from an appetite for liquor and is often drunk. He was a good soul when sober; but he was a devil in his cups. Dear! Dear! And I can just see the male jury getting ready to find that the woman really died of an enlarged artery or incipient tuberculosis, and to offer to declare the man guilty of a mild form of manslaughter if the charge be re-framed that way. Murder? Why, of course not. He was drunk. Now here is where the jury of wives would come in. "He was drunk, did you say?" they would ask. "He was often drunk and as often abused the dead woman? Very well; we find him guilty of murder in the first degree, without the smallest recommendation to mercy."

* * *

THE "Suffragettes" charge that man-made laws are not fair to women. There should not be the slightest foundation left for that charge. I am quite aware that it is ill-founded in many respects to-day. That is, our laws are framed upon the theory that woman is the weaker vessel and requires

special protection. Women are not allowed to do certain things or to carry certain responsibilities because it has been believed that these burdens and duties can be better looked after by their husbands, their fathers or their natural male guardians. Of course, this sort of paternal talk renders the average "Suffragette" speechless with indignation. She does not want to be protected. She feels quite capable of looking after her own interests. But, right or wrong, our laws are based on the theory that women need protection; and it is unfair to represent them as denying women rights when they only absolve them from responsibilities and guard them from dangers.

* * *

STILL, this does not cover the whole case. There are legal disabilities for which there is no excuse, save in the minds of certain grand-fatherly individuals who think that a woman should never be without a needle or a dish-cloth in her hands. Women are adults. There is no question of mental equality between the sexes. They are mentally dif-

ferent—that is all. On this Continent, the average of feminine intelligence is probably higher than that of masculine intelligence. That is, women, as a rule, know more about the things in life which really matter than men do. Men, for their part, know more about the methods of money-making. I think they have the greater mental power as well as the greater physical power; but they are harnessed to the dollar-machine as the women are not. However, this is getting far away from the matter with which we started—and getting, possibly, onto somewhat dangerous ground.

* * *

WHAT I want to say is that women should be allowed to impose upon the administration of justice their view of the true meaning of justice in cases of offences against themselves. I should like to see a jury at least half of women, sit on the case of every wife-beater. I would not be sorry to see it all women in the case of every man charged with wife murder. As for the soulless devils who engage in what we call "white slavery," I would always send them before a jury of mothers whose daughters work in departmental stores; and I would put a mother, who had suffered in this respect before, on the Bench. The law should then permit hanging, with previous application of the lash. That's the kind of a "Suffragette" I am.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

THE MAN FROM SOUTH ONTARIO

Continuation of a Conversation on Reciprocity as Debated on a Railway Train by two Manufacturers and a Farmer from South Ontario

By WILLIAM HENRY

THE man in the armchair was obstinate. "I, for one," he urged, "do not approve of having our tariff made in Washington. This reciprocity treaty, or pact, or whatever you call it, is nothing less than the surrender of our fiscal independence into the hands of Congress. When they commence to make our tariff laws in the capital of the United States it will be only a short time until they make the rest of our legislation.

"Quite right, quite right," added Mr. Brown. "If reciprocity is not the thin edge of the free trade wedge it is certainly the thin edge of a great big annexation wedge. What is the good of being devoured piecemeal? Let them swallow us all at once, my farmer friend."

"I am afraid I am monopolizing the conversation," replied the man from South Ontario, "but if you gentlemen persist in asking me questions I must try to answer them. Let me begin as the Irishman does, with a question. Have any of you gentlemen read the letters that passed between Mr. Fielding and Mr. Knox in regard to this question? I mean the letters that constitute the arrangement."

Mr. Brown said he had read them at the time in the newspapers, or abstracts from them, while the rest of us had to admit that we had never seen them, and did not know that the arrangement had been brought into effect by a series of letters.

"It is strange," continued the farmer, "that you are all so interested in the subject and have not taken the trouble to read these letters. Anyone who is without political bias and wants to learn the truth in justice to himself, should obtain copies of these letters. I think they can be had for the asking from the Government. I have copies here; let me read one or two extracts, which I think will throw some light on the question. Mr. Fielding in his letter to the Secretary of State of the United States, brings out two points which are very material to the subject under discussion. He states, first, 'The desired tariff shall not take the formal shape of a treaty, but that the governments of the two countries will use their utmost efforts to bring about such changes by concurrent legislation at Washington and Ottawa.' Second: 'It is distinctly understood that we do not attempt to bind for the future the action of the United States Congress or the Parliament of Canada, but that each of these authorities shall be absolutely free to make any change of tariff policy or of any other matter covered by the present arrangement that may be deemed expedient.' It must be remembered that these are the exact words used in the agreement between the Canadian and the United States representatives, and are thus a part of the arrangement—a very important part of it. Now, under these conditions what question can there be as to the sacrifice of fiscal independence? The Canadian Parliament passes Canadian tariff legislation to-morrow. The United States Congress has already passed it. As a result of the action of these two legislative

bodies, the tariff acts of both come into force, and then both Parliament and Congress are at liberty to amend or repeal these laws in exactly the same way as they would deal with any other laws on the statute books."

The farmer then went on to quote some figures as to the amount of trade Canada is now doing with the United States as compared with what it is doing with Great Britain. But the man in the armchair did not seem impressed.

"My boy, your figures are all very fine," said he, "but when you are as old as I you will think the old motto, 'Let well enough alone,' a pretty good one. The country is prosperous; why make a change? If we were in the sloughs of industrial depression it might be good policy to look for trade with the United States, but at present we don't need them commercially, and we don't want them politically."

The man from South Ontario paused a minute before replying. "I agree with you that politically we can let well enough alone," he began. "I, for one, am satisfied to remain a Canadian and a British subject, but industrially I contend we should always try to improve our position. The government would be recreant to its trust if it did not take advantage of every legitimate opportunity to increase the trade of the country. I am sure no man of affairs would adopt in the conduct of his business the policy which you advocate for the government. There is—"

"But," interrupted Mr. Brown, "we always assume that the change is for the better."

"I think I can prove that easily enough," was the answer, "but let me put it to you this way. If reciprocity be a good thing and we don't try it, we have missed a good thing. Is that plain?"

"Yes," reluctantly admitted Mr. Brown, "but—"

"Just a minute. But if after adopting reciprocity, we find it is a bad thing, we can change it any time. A law passed by Parliament for the regulation of the tariff can be changed as easily as a law for the suppression of weeds. Where can we possibly go wrong by giving it a trial?"

"It is easy enough to say change, my boy," answered the voice from the armchair, "but you will find in practice it is not so easy."

"Why not? One law is as easy to make or unmake as another," was the reply. "The tariff pact will not remain law one instant longer than the people of Canada and their representatives want it."

The young manufacturer who was listening in silence for some minutes now took up the thread of conversation. "I think the people would be more willing to give the pact a trial if they had more confidence in the representatives who negotiated it at Washington, but when two old 'Hasbeen' go down to Washington and deal with those smart Yankees, you can't blame the people if they lack confidence in the results of their bargain."

"What have you to say to that argument?" said

(Continued on page 28.)

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

An Election Forecast.

NOTHING is more certain at the present time than that both Liberals and Conservatives are going to sweep the country. The Liberal newspapers and politicians are confident that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will have an increased majority. Thousands of Conservatives are going to vote for reciprocity, both in the city and country. This wonderful pact has stirred the imagination of the people, and the Government will have an increased majority in the West, will wipe the Conservatives out in the East, will hold its own in Quebec, and will gain considerably in Ontario.

On the other hand, the Conservative newspapers and politicians are confident that reciprocity will be beaten, and that Mr. Borden will be Premier after September 21st. Reciprocity is becoming less popular in the West, will be dealt a smashing blow in Ontario, and has no attractions for the people of the Maritime Provinces. As for Quebec, the Nationalists and the Conservatives will have a majority of the sixty-five seats. It is manifestly absurd, they say, to think that Canadians will destroy their present magnificent prosperity, or that they will grasp at the shadow and lose the reality.

Both sides being so confident, it is just possible that after September 21st Canada will have two parties with a majority and two Premiers. Just what Lord Grey will do under those circumstances it is hard to say. No previous Governor-General ever had two sets of victorious advisers, and, therefore, there are no precedents.

My advice to the people of Canada would be to elect one party or the other and thus refrain from putting the Governor-General in an awkward situation. It would be a shame to have Lord Grey's brilliant and successful regime end in a mix-up of such a painful nature.

* * *

Referendum vs. General Election.

THERE is a growing feeling in the country that the present method of deciding a great national question by a general election is not satisfactory. The personal element enters in so strongly both in individual constituencies and in regard to the leaders on both sides that the real issue is pushed into the background. Those who recognize this difficulty declare that a referendum would have been preferable.

For example, Jones is a Conservative, but in favour of reciprocity. He is also a friend of the Conservative candidate in his riding. To vote for reciprocity is to vote against his friend. Jones finds it hard to know what to do.

Again Smith is a Conservative and opposed to reciprocity. He is also a great admirer of Laurier and has given him general support. If he votes against reciprocity he must vote against Laurier, which he doesn't want to do. Smith is, therefore, in a quandary.

It is easy to see the complications which arise. A goodly number of Conservatives will vote for reciprocity and against the Conservative candidate because they know a general election is coming on a year hence, after redistribution, and they argue they can then get a chance to vote against the present administration. A number of Liberals will vote against reciprocity, hoping that it will bring the Conservatives into power for one year only. But, nevertheless, as has been said, many people are wavering between political allegiance and their views on the reciprocity pact.

A referendum on this great trade question would seem advantageous. Yet, under the British system, it has always been the custom to let Governments rise or fall according to the principles they advocate and practise. It has the advantage of preventing an opportunist Government from hiding behind referendums and remaining in power by trimming sails at opportune times. There will always be divergent views as to which is the better method, but it is generally admitted that the referendum is good if wisely and sparingly used.

* * *

Provincial Reciprocity.

A RATHER strong argument is made by Hon. George E. Foster and other Conservative speakers when they declare for inter-provincial rather than international reciprocity. Unfor-

tunately for the argument there is an equally strong answer. The *Free Press* of Ottawa puts it as follows:

"Hon. G. E. Foster told his electors in North Toronto that what Canada requires is more reciprocity between the provinces. Has he ever lifted a finger or uttered a word to persuade his friend, Premier McBride, to relieve the eastern Canadian trader and manufacturer of the tax which is imposed upon them by the Conservative Government of British Columbia and which is as effective in checking business as any customs tariff?"

I am inclined to agree with the *Free Press*, or at least with the spirit of its remarks. For example, this journal has more than one thousand subscribers in British Columbia, and has been accustomed to send a canvasser out there each year as a national weekly must if it is to be national. Since the passage of this British Columbia law it costs THE COURIER \$50, I believe, for this yearly privilege. Other firms doing business in a larger way must pay as much as \$500. This is not encouraging inter-provincial trade.

Nor is the practice confined to the Conservative Province of British Columbia. Such towns as Brandon in Manitoba, Moncton in New Brunswick, and Pictou in Nova Scotia charge a fee of five dollars for the first day and two dollars for each subsequent day when a canvasser visits the town. Recently the chief of police in one of these towns escorted two COURIER canvassers to the railway

A Unique Scheme.

HON. DR. PYNE, Minister of Education for Ontario, has under way (so it is reported) a scheme to superannuate one superintendent of education, several high school inspectors and two score high school principals. These are the men who still believe in the old-fashioned system of secondary education. They must be superannuated in order to allow modern ideas to be introduced.

It is thought that Dr. Pyne will imitate Mr. Hanna's prison farm, buy a tract of land somewhere, and build a series of cottage homes in which these ancient and honourable educationists may be housed and maintained. This would be a great saving in expense. In connection with this composite institution there would be a central library, the chief feature of which will be that all the books or periodicals in it shall be those printed prior to 1890. The colony will thus not be disturbed at all by modern educational ideas.

Any person owning a piece of real estate suitable for this purpose will please write Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education, Toronto.

station, and on the way apologized for his town. He said that he was a reader of the paper and wished more people in the town would read it regularly, but he must enforce the law.

The practice of trying to hamper inter-provincial trade is not confined to Conservative provinces and towns. It is, unfortunately, quite general. Liberal Prince Edward Island is as narrow in this matter as Conservative British Columbia. Quebec, which is usually accused of being provincial and parochial, is more liberal in this respect than several other provinces ruled by broad-minded English-speaking Canadians.

* * *

Development Through Government Effort.

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE once said to the writer that among all the public men in Canada, the one most deserving of a monument was the late Hon. Arthur S. Hardy. When Premier of Ontario, he initiated legislation to prevent the export of sawlogs in their natural condition. Ever since that time, sawlogs cut on Crown lands had to be sawn into lumber or ground into wood pulp before they could be exported. At that time the sawmills of Michigan were depending on Ontario for their supplies, and Mr. Hardy forced these mills to move into Canada. This created traffic for the railways, and especially for that long stretch

of the Canadian Pacific between Fort William and North Bay.

What Mr. Hardy did for Ontario has since been done for Quebec by Premier Gouin and for New Brunswick by Premier Hazen. But the spirit of this reform has not permeated Canadian industrial life to any alarming extent. For example, there are millions of acres of good land in Ontario which could be made productive if the Government of that province would adopt a more aggressive policy. Similarly, there are millions of acres in the three Western provinces which might be brought under cultivation which are now bush wildernesses or desert wastes. The Canadian Pacific Railway has employed the genius of Mr. J. S. Dennis to begin the reclamation of hundreds of thousands of acres northwest of Calgary by an irrigation system.

Perhaps some account of what the United States Government is doing will illustrate what is meant. Uncle Sam has established a Reclamation Service, and appropriated ninety millions of dollars for the work. The Shoshone Dam in Northern Wyoming has backed up the waters of the Shoshone River and reclaimed 132,000 acres of waste lands. The Pathfinder Dam, about one hundred miles north of Cheyenne, supplies water to a canal ninety-five miles in length, and irrigates thousands of acres of most fruitful land. The Roosevelt Dam, in the Salt River Valley in Southern Arizona, will turn 240,000 acres into a Garden of Eden. These and other projects will, it is claimed, reclaim fifty million acres of land which would otherwise have been unfruitful and uninhabited.

Canada's problem is not quite the same as that of the United States. It is nearer akin to that of New Zealand when the Government found it necessary to supply capital to new farmers and to render assistance in the building of roads and schools. What needs to be emphasized is that every Government, Provincial or Dominion, must take a broad view of its responsibilities, and not be afraid of capital expenditures which will add to the area of settlement, increase the population, and develop the industries of the country. Bringing in immigrants and helping to build railways is good work, but this must be followed up with other development policies.

* * *

Schools, Good and Bad.

IN the United States, the public schools are under control of the individual States, as is the case in Canada. Curiously enough, the country schools in nearly every State are a failure—just as they are in every province in Canada. However, there are signs that some of the States recognize this failure, just as Manitoba has recognized it. But there are some country schools in the United States which are not failures. These are the schools established by the national Government of the United States in the "reclaimed" districts of Dakota and Montana. The secret of these schools is that a high school education may be obtained without leaving the farm.

Speaking of these schools, Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, the well-known journalist, says:

"Among the interesting features of these schools are the gardens and little farms connected with them. The children learn practical agriculture by raising plants, fruits and grains, prizes being given for the best work. The teaching is all in the spirit of the farm, and its aim is to make the children love the farm and to have them stay on it. In the past the country schools have been managed by city teachers, who have taught the children to despise agriculture and tried to make them leave the farms for the city."

These schools are graded schools, usually situated in the villages. The children are brought in from the farms in carriages and taken home every evening. The farm children have thus all the advantages of town schools and yet are never out of touch with farm life. The school garden and the teaching in agriculture counteract the tendency to think that farming is the work of a peasant and not of a business man.

Just think, that here in progressive Canada, not one farmer's child from Halifax to Calgary is taught a single lesson in farming. Not one province has an authorized text-book on agriculture. Not one public school is trying to show that agriculture is as much a business as handling dry-goods, running a factory or managing an electric-light plant. Is it any wonder that the rural population of Eastern Canada is growing more slowly than the urban population, and that the Eastern farmer is discontented? Is it any wonder that the farmer who has made money anywhere in Canada moves into town "to give the boys a chance to get an education"?



Street scene in Liverpool during the recent strike which threatened a fresh outbreak after the settlement of the railway crisis.

THE MAN WHO IS IN EARNEST

A Character Sketch of Robert Laird Borden

By NORMAN PATTERSON

HERE are various styles of political leaders, and Robert Laird Borden is moulded in a style peculiarly his own. It is customary to say that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in personal qualities and as a political leader, is the successor of Sir John A. Macdonald. A parallel of similar kind would be to say that R. L. Borden in personal qualities and as a political leader is the natural successor of Edward Blake. Nevertheless the parallel would be indeed forced, and perhaps would not be satisfactory to either Blake or Borden. But it is curious that the present Liberal leader should be likened to the former Conservative chieftain, while the present Conservative leader approximates to the type of the former Liberal leader.

One must hear a statesman on many platforms, in the House, in the committee-room and in the banquet hall, before daring to portray him in words. I have heard Mr. Borden on many occasions. In the House of Commons he is like a lawyer handling a brief. That remark has the disadvantage of having been made before. Nevertheless, it is true. But in the banquet hall and at a political meeting, he is much more than that. I heard him address the Canadian Club of Toronto on some phases of citizenship and found him inspiring. He was tense, eager, logical and magnetic. I heard him last week at Massey Hall, Toronto, and he was tense, eager, logical, but not magnetic. He was hoarse and tired, and none of us appear our best, even in drawing-rooms, under such circumstances. But he impressed me as the man who is in earnest.

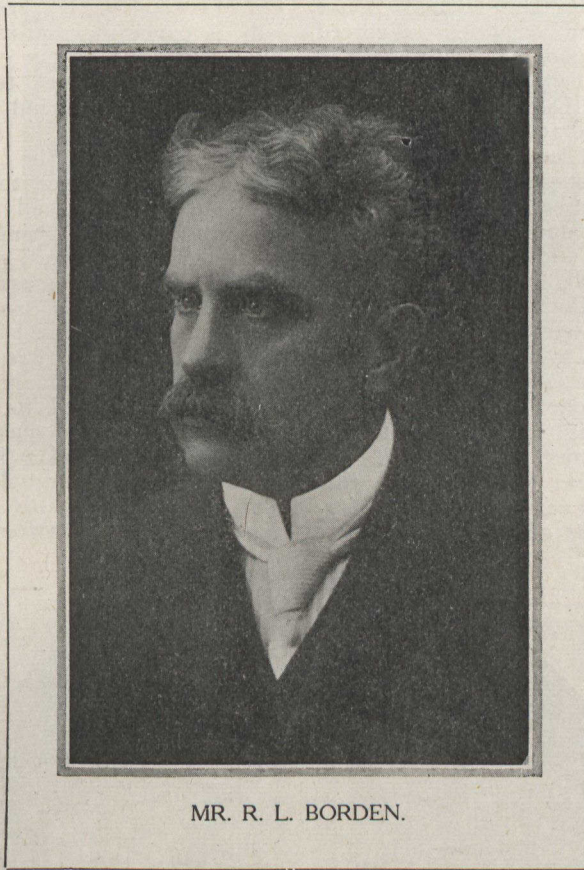
And after all, isn't earnestness a great quality? The object of all political speaking is to convince. No matter how grand and how beautiful may be the oratory, it falls on stony ground if it is not convincing. Mr. Foster is a greater orator, but I doubt if he is as convincing. There are others who are greater orators, both Conservatives and Liberals, but there are few of them who equal Robert Laird Borden in leaving upon an audience the assurance that they are in earnest, that they mean what they say and say what they mean.

In this respect, Mr. Borden and Sir James Whitney have much in common. I have never heard a man say that Borden was "bluffing." Nor have I ever heard anyone make such an accusation against Sir James Whitney. Whether they are right or wrong, inspired by truth or misled by false views, they are credited with being honestly in earnest. They are what they are through the force of conviction. Earnestness and sincerity carried Sir James Whitney to power and popularity in Ontario. If Mr. Borden has an equal chance with fate, he will score a like success.

My friend, who accompanied me to Massey Hall, paid Mr. Borden only one compliment. "Fine looking chap, isn't he?" I granted an assent, but I also took the remark home to think it over. He is a splendid type of manhood, and when he told the audience what he has told other audiences, that he comes of a family which has never lived under any other flag but the British flag, he looked worthy of his ancestry. His head, ordinarily bent forward, went back upon his massive shoulders; his great arms fell quietly to his side; his figure stiffened to its fullest height, and he was almost, if not quite, the typical Anglo-Saxon. Physically, morally, intellectually, he looked equal to the task which every great Britisher has set for himself. He displayed

this at several points in his address, chiefly when, speaking of the blockade by his followers in the House, he rolled out in hoarse, deep tones, "We have done our duty, it is for you to do yours."

Borden is no actor. Give him a rapier to handle against an opponent and you would expect him to ask for a broad sword. He has no lightness of touch. He is almost entirely lacking in that feminine quality of gracefulness. He is neither lithe, nor active. He has little platform pageantry. He seldom tells his audience when to cheer. He does not appear to look for applause, and its only usefulness,



MR. R. L. BORDEN.

so far as he himself is concerned, is to give him time to brush back his eyebrows and hair and to gather force for another blow. He has little use for sarcasm and almost less for playful allusion. He has no anecdotes and seldom calls the simile to his aid. If he has any of these, he would not be Borden—the man who is in earnest.

Some one has said that Mr. Borden has written his name indelibly on the pages of Canadian history, and I am inclined to agree with the remark. His qualities of statesmanship are undoubted. Whether of not, he ever crosses to the treasury benches he has made an impression upon national life which the future historian must record. In his fight against reciprocity he has aroused a large portion of the Canadian people to think more of nationality, its causes, its responsibilities and its effects. He has trimmed anew a lamp which Sir John A. Macdonald kept burning. And after all, is this not success? Is there another man among the Conservative leaders of to-day who has done

as much as this. Whatever the future may hold in store for him, he has the satisfaction of knowing that the public generally esteem him as one who plays the game earnestly and fairly, and as one to whom, if opportunity offered, they would not refuse the greatest honour which it is in their power to bestow.

Occasions sometimes produce a leader—such as Bryan, who sprang into eminence at the Democrat convention of 1896. Hereditary or, at least, personal genius, has made some men leaders; of whom the arch-example is the late Napoleon, creator of circumstances and dynasties. Circumstances themselves have contributed to the making of other leaders; and of these R. L. Borden is a conspicuous instance. It has been said of Sir Wilfrid Laurier

that when he became leader of the Liberal party in 1887, the party regarded him as an interregnumist who might be retired when the real leader should arise. But no Liberal of to-day doubts that Laurier was the born leader, whom no other man in his day and generation could have replaced.

Mr. Borden, also, when he took up the reins after the chaos following upon the death of Sir John Macdonald, was not acclaimed as the Moses who would eventually lead his party to victory at the polls. Unlike Laurier, whom even a casual visitor to the House of Commons could distinguish as the most remarkable figure in the House, Mr. Borden was regarded as a good, safe man, of more than mediocre ability, but of no overwhelmingly distinctive character. The qualities which have since been developed in him, and which stamp him to-day as the most representative, constitutional figure in the van of Conservative leadership, have been the product of circumstances working on a man who had the capabilities for learning from the signs of the times. Mr. Borden has grown up with the party and the country. He has been developed by Opposition more than any other Conservative in Parliament. He has been under a constant handicap, not of talents or of personal equipment, but of comparisons odious. Liberals and Conservatives have compared him with Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whom he resembles not at all; with Mr. Foster, who has frequently overshadowed him in the House, but whom the party could never accept as a leader; with Sir John Thompson, who wore so creditably the mantle of Sir John Macdonald; and with the great John A. himself, who, admitting that Canada was almost impossibly difficult to govern in his day, bequeathed to his successors in Opposition the still more difficult task of overturning a government solidly entrenched in a great, growing era, mainly of good times and always of amazing progress.

In spite of this handicap of comparisons that would have discouraged an ordinary man, R. L. Borden, sensitive, chivalrous, plain and sincere, a perfect gentleman and a constructive statesman always in earnest, has kept his place. That development alone entitles him to exert a still stronger influence upon Canadian public life as head of a government than he has already done as leader of an opposition.

Why Germany Wants Morocco.

THE iron supply of the world is rapidly dwindling, says the *Literary Digest*. A statistician writing in the organ of the German iron industry, calculates that in ten years England's iron ore will be exhausted. Even the United States, which yields a third of the 100,000,000 tons mined throughout the world annually, can not keep up her yield for more than fifty years. Germany has a supply, we are told, for thirty years, France for seven hundred years. Far-sighted Germany, according to the *Continental Correspondence* (Berlin), is therefore turning her attention to other foreign deposits. It has been discovered that there are large beds of iron ore in southern Morocco. Hence the obstinacy with which the Kaiser's Government hangs on to Agadir, the hinterland of which abounds in ferruginous deposits. This writer concludes his calculations as follows:—

"We presume that the situation is not quite as bad as represented by this specialist. In any case, however, Germany and Great Britain have an urgent interest to preserve their own layers of iron ore for an emergency and get as much as possible from abroad. It is easily explainable that the open door in Morocco, the free access to the iron-ore mines to be found there, is of vital importance for the future of German industry."

Canadians must take notice of these international complications. We also have iron ore.

AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



Crown Princess Marie of Roumania.

Here seen as "The Genius of the Temple." Princess Marie is one of the most beautiful Princesses in Europe.

Anglo-Canadian Marriage.

ANGLO-CANADIAN marriages, engagements and social functions of all kinds naturally have been exceptionally numerous this season, and September sees not the least interesting of the series in the wedding of the Hon. Dudley Pigott Carleton, to the Hon. Kathleen de Blaquiére.

The mother of the bridegroom, who became Baroness Dorchester in her own right in 1899, was a daughter of the third Baron, and is a descendant of that Guy Carleton who was Governor of Canada in 1766-1770. Her first husband was Captain Francis Paynton Pigott, of the 16th Lancers, who died in 1883, and their son, the bridegroom, will in the natural course of events become Lord Dorchester. He is in his thirty-fifth year and saw service with the 9th Lancers in South Africa. The Coat of Arms of the family shows two beavers as supporters. The bride, too, has ties with Canada through her mother, who was Lucienne, elder daughter of the late Mr. George Desbarats, of Montreal, and married the sixth Baron de Blaquiére. Both families have seats in the West Country, the Carleton's being in Gloucester, and that of the bride's family in Somerset.

* * *

An Expensive Hat.

A WONDERFUL hat has been made for the Princess Miahescu of Bukharest, a beautiful Roumanian woman, well-known at Monte Carlo, where she is the cynosure of all eyes every year because of her clothes. Of course, she has money "to burn," and not long ago she had a sudden whim to possess the most expensive hat in the world. With millionaires, to wish is to have in most things, so her desire being made known to the London milliner it very soon crystallized.

The hat is, of course, of huge proportions, and becomingly waved across the face. It is made of the very finest black Tagal straw, and lined with metallic lace. A band of metal ribbon lies on the brim, and the whole of the rest of the hat is covered with white ospreys, the very finest procurable. They completely hide the crown, and an extra bunch of them stands up behind. It is the

ospreys, of course, which make the price.

It is to be hoped that no thought of the hundreds of mother birds slain while rearing their little broods in order to satisfy her whim, will invade the princess's mind while she is wearing this thousand dollar hat.

* * *

The Time for Love.

WHEN the moon was the size av a cartwheel,
And as sootherin' soft as cream;
When I was a Billy-Go-Fisher blade
And the down was a sea av dream.

When the voice av a gerrl was music,
And your own like a linnets' wing,
Was flutterin' full av the moonlight
And the mad glad fire av spring—

Och, yon was the time for lovin',
Those moitherin' bantherin' years
When I was a Billy-Go-Fisher blade
And the world was young, me dears!

—Irish Poems, by Arthur Stringer.

* * *

Romance of a Russian Princess.

NICHOLAS II. continues to have a troubled time with his amorous relatives. It seems that not one Romanoff grand duke or duchess can marry in an ordinary commonplace way. After uncle Grand Duke Paul, who married divorced Mrs. Pistohlkors, and brother Grand Duke Michael, who married divorced Madame Mamontoff, and cousin Grand Duke Cyril, who married divorced Grand Duchess of Hesse, the time has come for a female relative to trip. This is twenty-one-year-old Tatiana, eldest daughter of Grand Duke Constantine, Imperial poet. She is a slim, not too-good-looking lady, with her papa's longish nose; and she has fallen badly in love with youthful Prince Constantine Bagration-Muchranksy, lieutenant in the smart regiment of Cavalier Guards.

Bagration-Muchranksy is a black-eyed, impassioned youth of twenty-six; and he is miles below the Romanoffs in birth. So they think. He thinks otherwise, for he has the title of prince; and descends from the former sovereigns of Georgia, the Ba-

gratides. He has an income of \$50,000 a year, which, according to Russian standards, is enough to pay for cigarettes, but not for Romanoffs. But the Bagratides were great warriors, and princely mountain thieves at a time when the Romanoffs were undistinguished Russian "boyars" or squires; and when their last scion, Constantine, fell in love with Princess Tatiana he naturally did not hesitate to tell her so.

Of course there was trouble. The case indeed was simplified by the fact that Tatiana Constantinovna, as she is called, is not a grand duchess. The late Alexander III. decreed that the great grand-children of Czars should henceforth be only princes and princesses of Russia, whereas the children and grand-children are grand dukes and grand duchesses. The case is further simplified by the fact that Grand Duke Constantine is a poet. He has written nice little love-songs himself; and he agreed to the match with the remark that he could not go back on his verses. Nicholas II. also melted. After three near relatives, who married other men's wives, a black-eyed undivorced Caucasian prince was not contemptible.

The trouble is being made by Tatiana's mother, Grand Duchess Elizabeth Makrievna. Being niece of the Duke of Saxe-Altenburg, a state distinctly larger than Manhattan Island, with a population which would overcrowd several skyscrapers, this elderly lady is exceedingly proud. She has lived seven and twenty years in Russia, but cannot speak ten words of Russian; and her mind is full of mouldy High Dutch ideas about "evenbirthiness." She dislikes the match. She imagines, too, that Caucasian Princes are all bandits and assassins. But as Princess Tatiana is desperately in love, a savor of bandit and midnight assassin only emphasizes Bagration's exotic charm.

This romance would have led to two broken hearts had it not been for the Czar. Grand Duchess Elizabeth Makrievna appealed to him in the hope that he would make Bagration a colonel in Central Asia, where he would die wisely of smallpox. Nicholas, however, took his cousin Tatiana's side. But he softened the blow



A wonderful thousand dollar osprey hat made in London for a beautiful Roumanian Princess.



Princess Tatiana of Russia.

Cousin of the Czar, who has fallen madly in love with a Georgian Prince. This romance has caused trouble.

by declaring the pair must wait until next Christmas. If their love endures this distasteful test, they can marry, he says, and God be with them. At this decision Grand Duchess Elizabeth fumed. But Nicholas II. is a firm man—when he has to do with women—and he stood his ground. Thereupon Grand Duchess Elizabeth induced her husband to fly with her and Tatiana to their Crimean estate, about two thousand miles from Bagration's quarters. They fled. Bagration fled after them. But the Czar telegraphed to him at Moscow that this was breaking the rules, and ordered him to leave the Constantines alone until Christmas.

If Princess Tatiana and Prince Bagration-Muchranksy do not change their minds this autumn, the match probably will come off. It is of enormous importance, for there are several Romanoff princesses with long noses and moderate fortunes who would gladly wed with black-eyed Georgians, Tartars, Mingrelians, or even Tchetchenses. And here they will have a precedent, which will restore the happy conditions which obtained when Russia was an "Asiatic" state. Before Peter the Great set about Europeanizing his Empire, Russia's Czars and princes as often as not married into native nobles' families. That custom died out two hundred years ago; and only once has been revived. That was by Grand Duchess Marie, a daughter of Nicholas I., who, after the death of her first husband, married the native Count Stroganoff.

The story is being spread that Bagration and Tatiana are tired of waiting; and, therefore, recently planned an elopement. That is a dangerous step; as if Nicholas II. liked he could declare the marriage absolutely null. Every Romanoff alliance needs the approval of the sovereign, in the shape of an ukaz addressed to the ruling senate. This approval has never been given to either Paul or Michael, and it was not given to Grand Duke Cyril until after his first child was born. In Russia, there is no such thing as a morganatic marriage, which is the usual European compromise between a marriage which is absolutely legal and a marriage which is against the royal family statutes and is therefore null.

COUNTRY and SUBURBAN LIFE SUPPLEMENT

CIVIC BEAUTY

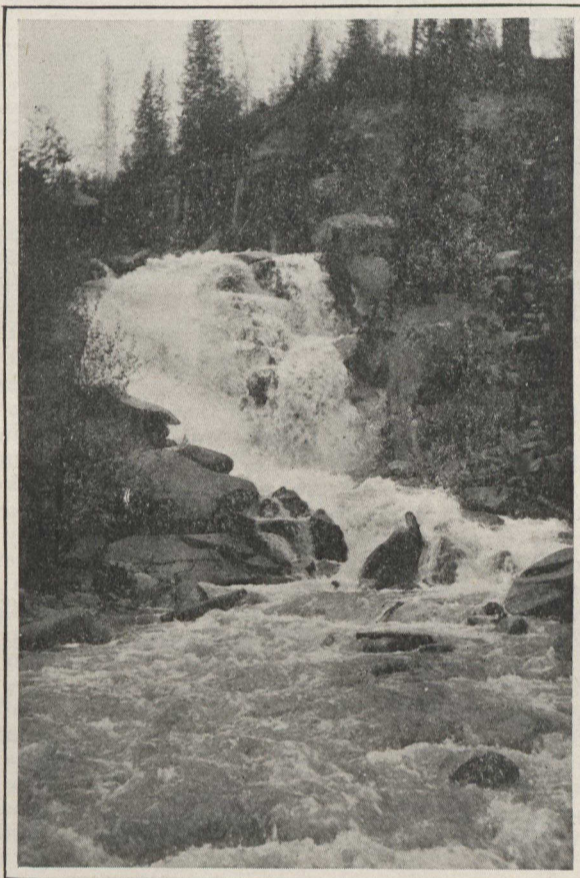
Prize Photographs by ALEX. LEITH, Nelson, B.C.



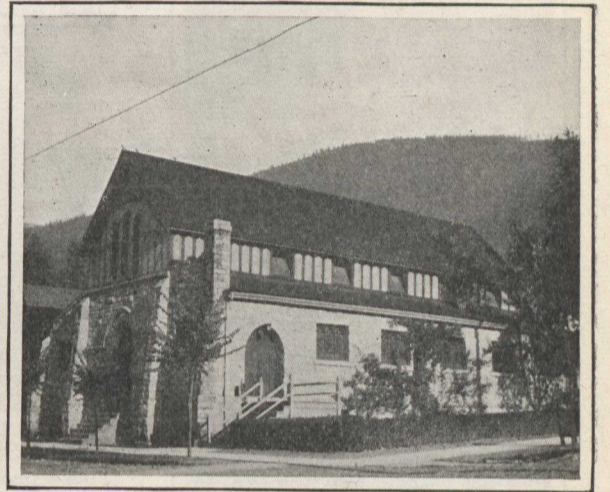
Roman Catholic church with classic architecture and well kept lawn and garcens.

SOME weeks ago a Civic Beauty competition in photographs was announced. Out of a number of sets submitted, one set of six pictures was chosen as entitled to the prize. Five of these are reproduced on this page. They are remarkably good pictures of a very unusual town, but little known except in the newspapers to the general public. Nelson, B.C., has always been considered a mining camp town; and through the sublime mountains look right into the streets, it is hard for one who has not been there or has not seen pictures of the place, to realize that Nelson is in the making of a very beautiful city.

The prize has been awarded, not merely upon the merits of Nelson, but also on the qualities of the photographs. The next best choice, curiously enough, was old Quebec, considered by many to be the most beautiful city setting in Canada, if not in all America. Canada has many splendid, both old and young, cities still in the making; many places



Cottonwood Falls inside the city limits; within ten minutes walk of the Post Office.



Anglican church, St. Saviour's, with attractive rose garden and neatly trimmed hedge.

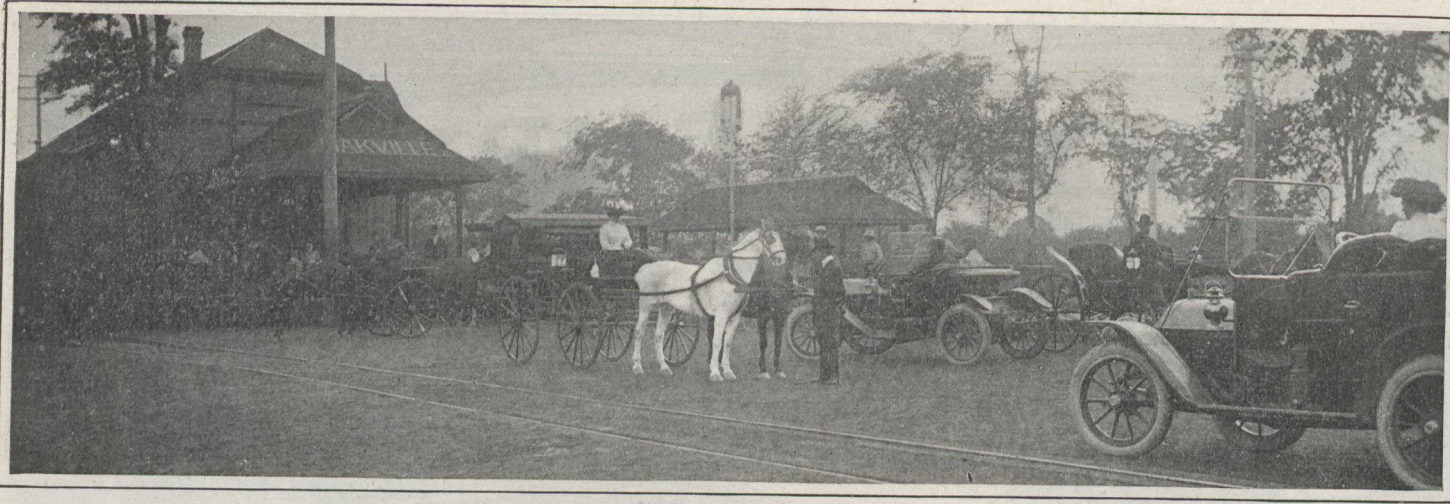
as well worth featuring for picture-interest as Nelson, with its mountains, or Quebec, with its citadel. There is such a variety of civic beauty in Canada that comparisons are foolish. Who could compare Quebec with Nelson; Vancouver with Winnipeg; Victoria with Ottawa; Hamilton with Halifax; London with St. John; Edmonton with Calgary; Prince Albert with Brandon; or Toronto with Montreal? Natural setting, much apart from the genius of people has made these places incomparably different. It would be absurd to expect the same sort of beauty from any two of the places mentioned above. One might as well compare Dawson City with Charlottetown. To every town and city as much individuality as may be; the only common feature being a common desire for improvement by making the most and the best of existing conditions, and where nature has been somehow niggardly, supplying the lack with real civic art, suitable to that particular locality.



Carbonate Street, Cherry Blossom Time
The Nelson City Improvement Society distribute free shade trees every year.



Snow Balls in June
This is a sample of one of Nelson's beautiful lawns.



Once a snoozing little railroad station; now a daily panorama of city life seeking the country.

THE EVOLUTION OF OAKVILLE

What Country Life Movement did for an Ontario Town

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

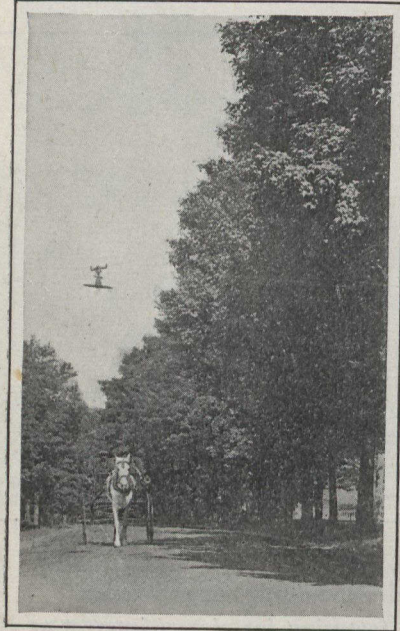
WHERE will you see more motor cars and carriages at a country station than are shown in the picture at the top of this page? This is Oakville depot, on the Grand Trunk, midway between Toronto and Hamilton. South a mile and a half, close to Lake Ontario, is the town of Oakville. The railroad station belongs to the days when transportation companies expected towns to build out to them. Oakville never got that far. But the people in the motor cars and top buggies you see here, don't mind the drive on the broad highway of stately maples which curls from the station to the town, all the way overlooking the soft waters of Sixteen Mile River far below.

These people have come to Oakville for drives and to take in scenery. They belong to the summer colony of Toronto and Hamilton men who, in the last few years have built country houses in Oakville because it is within easy reach of their offices in the city. They are country life enthusiasts. And out of a raw rural town they have made a luxurious suburban annex for city people.

Modern Oakville is one of the most unique country places in Canada. Situated with two big cities within twenty miles on either side, it could hardly be expected to develop growing-pains under normal conditions. But Oakville has found her location to be her chief asset. A village tucked somnolently in an arm of Lake Ontario, through the influence of the country life movement, has become a progressive, live municipality. Oakville has been rediscovered.

Oakville is an old town. It was on the map long before the Grand Trunk linked up Southern Ontario with Uncle Sam's border cities; incorporated in 1857, to be exact. Goods were being sold over counters in Oakville when Guelph, up in Wellington County, for instance, had hardly been surveyed into streets. Recently a silver-haired lady with pioneer reminiscences, whose husband had farmed near what was part of the site of Mr. Hugh Guthrie's native heath, told me that she and her neighbours always sent to Oakville for supplies—"especially when we ran out of darning needles; you got extra fine ones in Oakville village."

Oakville, nestled in a wing of Lake Ontario, has a rather good natural harbour. Big schooners slipped into this haven; loaded up with sacks of grain ported to Oakville over corduroy roads by farmers in the environs; and then unfurled their sails again.



The Lure of a Long Road--From the station to the town.



A Touch of Old Oakville. Glimpse of part of the main street as it used to be.



Sixteen-Mile River gives Oakville almost a classic background.

But other harbours on the lakes handled larger shipments than Oakville. Urban life shooting up all over the province cut into the trade of the little port. Gradually Oakville approximated to a type of municipality not uncommon in older Canada. To an onlooker it became one of those towns which seem never to be growing up as the years pass. Old men began to dictate in civic affairs. They were retired, elderly, bearded farmers, whose incomes after years of toil now permitted a house in town. Their senile energies found an outlet in the town council—which they dominated. Peaceful old gentlemen, they were contented if the ledgers of Oakville showed a balance at the end of the year; and proud that their town gave the name to

the famous "Oakville Strawberry," called by hawksters in the streets of fifty cities when the world is green with spring.

About seven years ago, Oakville began to awaken to new opportunities. Sons of these very councillors, young fellows who had taken some of Dad's money and beat it out of Oakville and seen a few things, developed fanciful ideas. These they publicly propagated. Said they: "If this town can't be an industrial metropolis, why can't we make it a playground for the workers of the big cities on either side of us." Old folks nodded sagely. Funny that they had never thought of that before.

It came about that young blood started to flow into the Oakville Council. A Mayor without whiskers was elected. The present Mayor is the energetic man who meets the train with the 'bus. The city fathers planned to get Toronto and Hamilton people to build country homes in Oakville and live there in the summer. Individually they talked to city men. They pointed out that Oakville was only a half an hour from either city. It had the advantages of a country resort. Lake Ontario afforded facilities for boating and bathing. Back of the town began one of the finest fruit belts in the world. The postmaster who had handled the mails for years resigned, and went into real estate. He lives in Oakville to-day and he's very wealthy. The appeal to the cities met with response.

Mr. James Ryrie, the wealthy jeweller of Toronto, went to Oakville and erected a country house on the lake front which must have cost him \$100,000. Here I saw him the other day, with a wheelbarrow, enjoying "the experience," as he termed his rustic activity. Mr. Herbert C. Cox, son of Senator George A. Cox, put up a rival country mansion next to Mr. Ryrie. He brought out from town some of his famous horses and hounds. Members of the well-known Toronto Gooderham family also seized on lake shore sites at Oakville.

They were followed by other wealthy people. In seven years the appearance of a sleepy Ontario town in decline has completely changed. It is now a suburban annex. Imposing, palatial houses erected by city men spread their broad, cool verandahs. Daughters of the city, in dainty frocks and suede shoes, flit prettily down to market with bronzed farmers' daughters. In the afternoons these maidens join flannelled youths in canoes and paddle gently up the stream which winds a mile to the station. At night there is gay laughter and slipping of light feet to music in the Oakville Club House.

But Oakville is not a summer resort frothing with feverish frivolousness. It has no summer hotel. It is still a country town; one rejuvenated for city people. You may still buy thread, darning needles, and bread in one store. The people who have been encouraged to come to Oakville are those with a hankering taste for quiet country life. The jaded office man, half an hour after leaving his desk, arrives at his tranquil Oakville seat and forgets his worries. He leaves refreshed in the morning for the city again. Oakville offers Peace, and it has paid her.

The village now supports 2,500 permanent population. The immigrants are not all millionaires by a long way. Land costs fifty to \$1,000 an acre in Oakville now; by the foot, six to ten dollars. Oakville, through her country life colony, has prospered. For real estate which five years ago brought \$200, you have to pay now a cool thousand. And more. The city rusticators who honk up to Oakville depot in the morning have put down paved streets—thirty miles of them; a municipal electric light plant operating three miles into the country; miles of oiled roads. They have made a new town out of an old one.

In the peculiar boom at Oakville the lives of several hundred sober country people were suddenly invaded by an entirely different level of customs introduced from the cosmopolitan city. They studied what to them appeared unusual that the city people did. A man who has lived in Oakville all his life took me out for a drive and told me something about the influence of their new environment had upon some of the old townspeople.

"One thing I want you to carry away from this place. Have you been noticing the way the people have been keeping their lawns tidy about their front steps? See old Jim What-do-you-call-him over there? Man with the beard and shears—look! Well, he was a farmer three miles out for thirty years. At last got to town. Built a house. But hanged if he could keep his lawn cut. Didn't seem natural for him to keep grass from growin'. And for waterin' it! Gosh! A farmer like Jim did feel a fool gettin' out on the stoop in the evenins with one of them nozzle things and squirtin' water on a piece of land not any bigger than a box stall. You see old Jim didn't see any logic in it. Then, one day, one of these city men moved across the street from him and in a month this chap had a lawn like green velvet carpet."

A revolution of merely fine buildings or new government doesn't count for much. Changes in a community without a sociological uplift are often more anarchical than progressive. In Oakville a great many people have been getting a broader outlook. The old-timers of Oakville have not been alone in getting a new point of view. Plutocratic Mr. Ryrie, who until five years ago had lived all his life in the city, has a brand new attitude toward life; so has Mr. Cox, wealthy man about town.

Said the jeweller to me: "Away from the grind? Why it's exhilarating, an elixir this country life!"

And the Senator's son: "Every town chap in a country like this ought to have a piece of God's country, where he can walk round in his shirtsleeves. Why, I'd live out here—yes, I'll do it yet, you'll see."

If the Country Life Movement in places like Oakville helps to make the country and town understand each other, it will have done a great service for national unity in this Dominion.

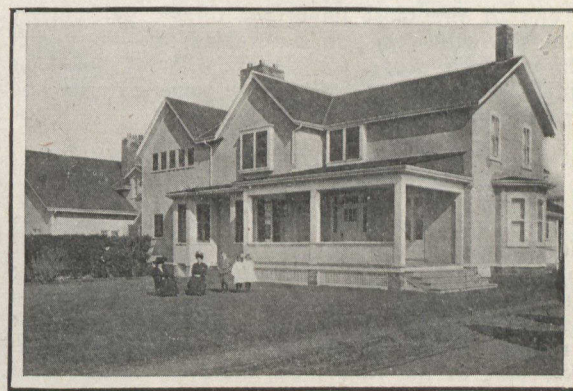
Canadian social life is an intricate complexity. In a country the size of this, which draws the population into so many varied activities, there are of necessity great contrasts in the lives of the people.



Fishing in Oakville Harbour is one of the fascinating pastimes of the city folk.



A fete day at the Oakville Club.



Residence of a city man in a country town.

When no effort is made to understand these contrasts, we have sectionalism and not nationalism; "Farmers" and "Manufacturers," and not Canadians. It is only by living with a person that you really get to know him. The city man who lies in a hammock and gets his idea of rural life from some

popular novel can't half understand the farmer and his problems. But when he buys a house in the country, offers the neighbouring farmer a cigar, and asks him how to drive the hayrake, he is on the track of a new education, which in either city or country is greatly worth while.

THE SETTING OF THE HOME

The Artistic Country Home Should Conform to the Landscape

By G. M. WEST

THE late John M. Carrere, one of the foremost architects in the United States, said, in an article published since his death, "When we come to understand that a house should be merely one feature in a landscape scheme we will make fewer architectural blunders." A glance at almost any successful suburban or country home should satisfy the most doubting that there is much truth in this.

Imagine if you can any of the beautiful country or suburban houses you have seen, stripped of all their setting, of all their surrounding trees and foliage. Again think of the numerous unpretentious simple dwellings whose charming gardens and grounds give them character and distinction. It is only when we grasp this that we can realize how much a part of our home the land and the landscape features are. Fortunately indeed that derire for the simple and beautiful, which is manifesting itself more and more in production of tasteful but yet still inexpensive carpets, furniture, books, fabrics, porcelains and other more or less utilitarian articles about the home, is having its effect, and well designed homes with well designed gardens are not as uncommon as they have been.

Probably the greatest difficulty the home builder encounters is that caused by the hopelessly monotonous methods in vogue for the subdivision of both city and suburban properties. The resulting temptation to try to obtain the desired variety by a municipality

of stunts and an elaboration of detail, has been the cause of many failures. The man who desires to have a pretty and charming suburban home must have a suitable layout for his grounds and gardens. Every layout must differ from every other layout. Each one, with its varying conditions of site not to mention the wide differences in ideas of the owners, presents a separate problem which must be worked out to its own conclusion.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the setting to the house. They are both parts of what should be a harmonious whole, our home. To be

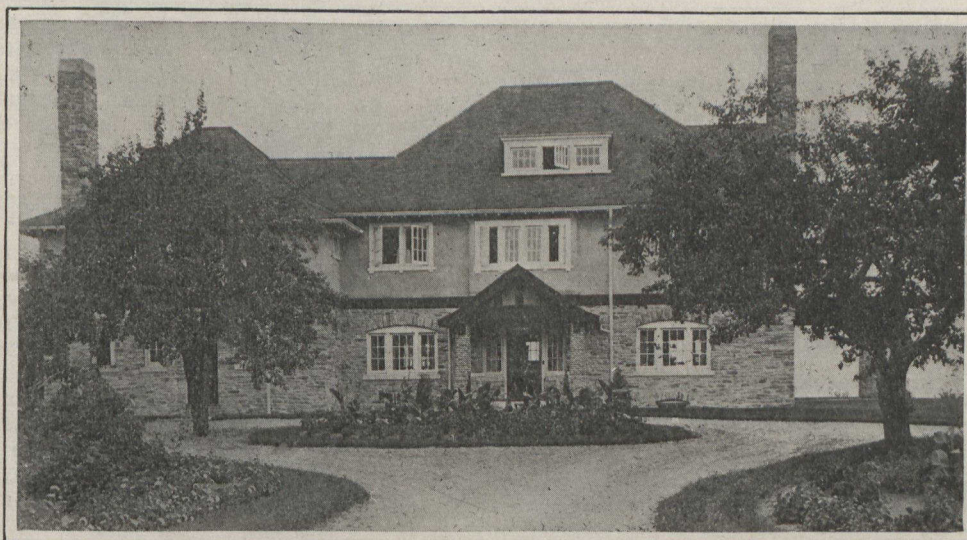
at all successful in our country and suburban domestic work it is perhaps the most important point of all, that we should realize this fact, that the land upon which we build and the features we place upon it are as much part of our home as is the house itself. That usually we have moved from the city to the country in order to obtain more air and sunlight, and that we live more out of doors only goes to strengthen our case. It being granted that this is so, we must be prepared to spend time, thought and money accordingly.

I call to mind one architect whose advice to his client was to save one-third of his outlay to expend outside of the actual cost of his dwelling, and who, furthermore, would not accept the commission unless this part of the work was placed entirely in his hands. There is as much necessity and room for thought in laying out the grounds and garden as in planning the house, as much scope in planting the garden as in selecting the furniture for the house. But the necessity has been sadly neglected.

Nature's Endowment

First, of course, we must look to what nature has already provided us with in the way of trees, vegetation and natural grades. It is safe to say that never a building has been erected which could not be enhanced by a background of foliage. Trees are as essential to a successful country house as a frame to a picture, and sad indeed is the lot of the architect who has to design without their assistance. More and more are people coming to notice this, and the number of property owners who are planting long before they intend to build is increasing.

Having taken due note of what nature has been pleased to give, let us lay out our house and appurtenances. We must be careful not to fall into that hopelessly uniform and inadequate system of lawns and flower beds which has been so much overworked. Planting is a



A HOUSE SETTING COMPOSED LIKE AN ARTIST'S PICTURE.

The two apple-trees were on the ground to begin with. The house was located to suit the trees. The flower-bed and the driveway were designed to complete the picture.

Country residence of Mr. J. J. Follett, at Oakville.

wide subject, much too wide to treat here, but it deserves plenty of attention. Then there are the outlooks, the grades and the dust problem, all affecting the position of the house, the stables and the numerous other items which vary in their individual cases.

Let us, if possible, set our houses away from the road, screened partly by trees or hedges, where we will have some privacy and where the dust of passing motors will not settle thick upon us. We must study the approach and entrance. There is a saying that first impressions go a long way and it is wonderful what a simple, well-designed gateway, with a good drive to the house, will do. Be careful when laying out your drive, even if you don't possess a motor, to think of the day when you will and of your friends who have. Make the turns so they can be negotiated easily. The stable and motor house, the chicken run and the well, and all those other features which go to make up our country home must receive consideration. It will not do just to put them somewhere behind and out of sight. We forget that in the country all sides front somewhere.

The grouping and appearance of the outbuildings is one of the most important things, particularly on a site with very few natural advantages, and it admits much scope for design. They should be simple and dignified, built of the same material and style as the house.

Consider the Garden

Then there are all the numerous garden features, the charming pergolas, the convenient bench to enjoy the outlook, the fountain and sundial and so on, all of which we can add, but which we must handle carefully. It is as possible to overdo as to underdo the garden. We would not have it appear like some of the rooms we know of, overcrowded with furniture and bric-a-brac.

If we are among those lucky ones who have cast in their lot with the suburbanite and have estab-

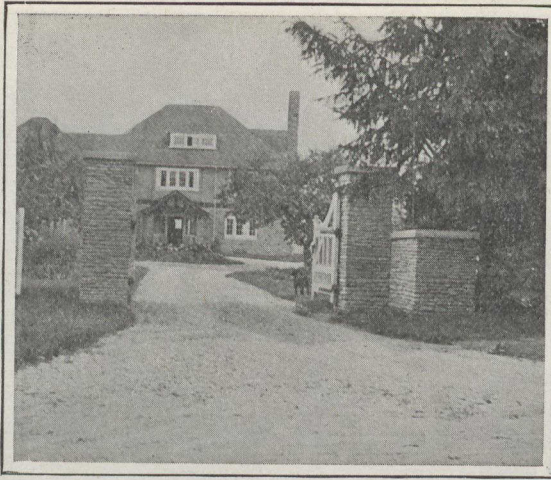
lished our home beyond the city's border, let us give heed to our garden. Let us treat it as part of our home. Let us put thought and time and, if we have it, money, into it. The satisfaction is worth a good deal even from an observation standpoint.

There are some whose properties would be improved if they only had their spring and fall house cleanings extended outside the house. If we cannot afford the time to improve our property let us at least make it as inoffensive as possible by keeping it as neat and clean outside the house as we should in.

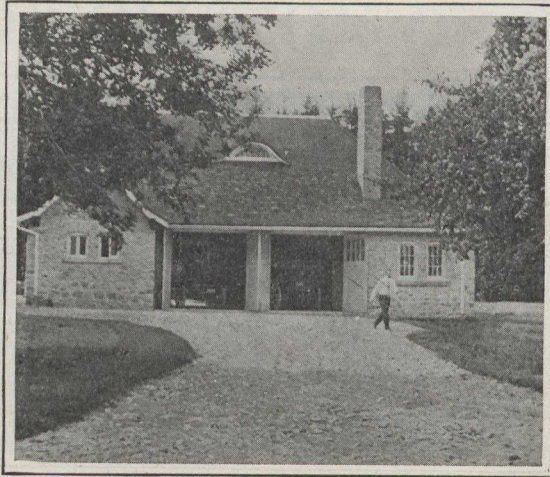
The Real Test

Travel along any country road close to a large city and judge the homes that you pass. Side by side you may often find two houses, each costing the same amount. The one you say, at a glance, is the home of a farmer; the other, with equal confidence, you declare to be the country home of some city dweller. The farmer's house is set upon a hill and is probably devoid of shade-trees. The fence is cheap and unsightly, the flower garden and lawns unkempt, the walks indistinct and straggling. The city dweller's country home is half hidden behind a hedge or fence, is half curtained with shadowing trees, and is surrounded by evidences of taste in lawns, shrubbery and vines. The one man has a house; the other a home. Yet the one man has spent almost as much money as the other. It is the ideas behind the money which determine the effect. One put his money into a gorgeous building; the other put less into his building and had something left for the setting.

Nature has herself designed so much that costs nothing to the individual that the man who designs and builds a house without taking advantage of this "unearned increment" is a very bad economist indeed. Nature is an unconscious artist—not always. The real artist somewhat improves upon nature by adding and subtracting whatever is necessary to make a perfectly balanced picture.



How to Treat the Front Entrance

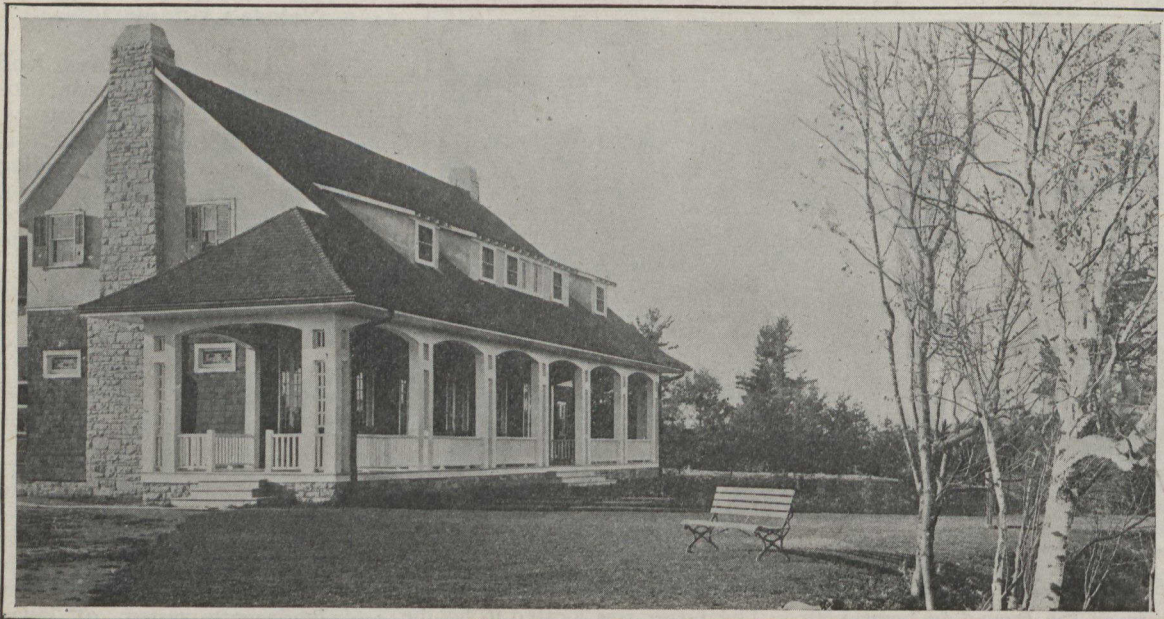


Even a garage may be designed in harmony with the house

ARCHITECTURE OF THE COUNTRY CLUB



A style of architecture that has many of the features most desirable in a country house.
New Home of the Rosedale Golf Club in Bedford Park, North Toronto



This sectional view of the same building much resembles a roomy country house.

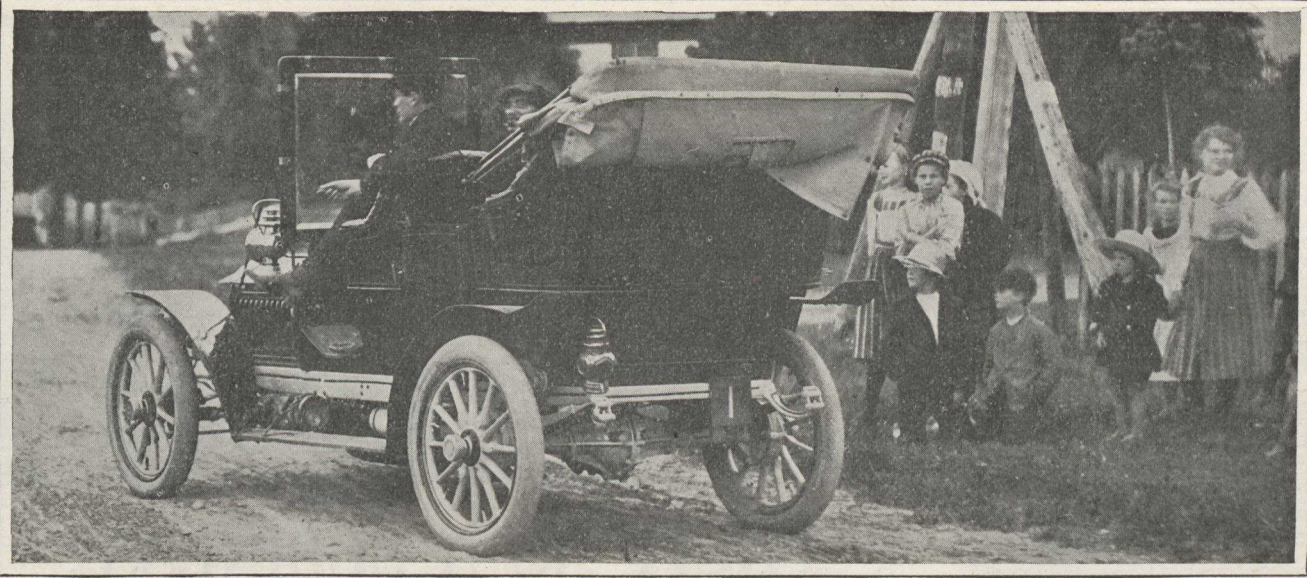
Photographs by Galbraith

COUNTRY club houses more nearly resemble a country home than they do a home in the city. When the city man goes to the country his home becomes something of a rendezvous, almost a private club, where he entertains on a scale impossible in town. So with a country club as distinct from a town club. All the difference between land and no land; broad lawns and gravel walks, and a cement sidewalk with the door-lamp hanging above; sweeping verandahs instead of a mere bow window that dare not obtrude for fear of overhanging the sidewalk; then the big chimneys and the fireplaces; the many-sided character of the house, overlooking this way a valley, that a ravine, yonder a hill with a clump of woods.

Some of the country club houses in Canada reflect a deal of associated taste—as well as costing a lump of money. A body of men, say on a large golf club, are bound to have ideas about club domestic architecture, and fittings that would be impossible to any private citizen, unless a multi-millionaire. So that the club home becomes a composite thing as well as a spot of real decorative interest on the landscape. The new home of the Rosedale Golf Club, views of which are shown on this page, is one of the most interesting club houses in Canada, situated in a very beautiful tract of country to the north of Toronto. The club has grown enormously and, like all golf clubs, has at last forsaken the close suburb for the more open country.

The Country Home

A HOUSE in the country should mean a home; a place to live in and grow in and be yourself in. Yet all over the land we find stiff and formal imitations of those habitations which city restrictions compel to be built. On one side of these buildings we find no windows, or very few. Without any reason at all where land is abundant, the bricks are piled up three stories high; and all around this structure we find only one small, bayed window and a narrow porch, utterly uninhabitable. There is a pinchedness everywhere, in striking contrast with the broad and generous nature that surrounds it. Such a house planted at conventional distance from the street, has a conventional grass plot in front, where is to be heard the eternal racket of the lawnmower, shoved back and forth across the grass. This is not a country home at all, nor has it any fitness outside of city limits.



A half-natural stretch of fair road with the village in the foreground and the rustic hotel close by.

THE MOTOR AND THE ROAD

Also the Country Hotel in Some Places Changing to the Rustic Inn

ONCE upon a time in a country of Western Ontario there was—and still is—a marvelous country road; a road which runs for fifty miles and more along Lake Erie, and is still a favourite route for motor-cars touring from Eastern Ontario and Buffalo to Detroit. The road is a pure gravel road; natural beach gravel, turnpiked and built by statute labour.

But there was a pathmaster who, seeing that the road was perfect, and not knowing how else to earn his money, ordered the taxpayers out to "improve" his section of the road by plowing clay out of the ditches and heaping it on top of the gravel. One old 'residenter,' indignant at the insult to the good gravel road, scooped up a bagful of the unspeakable clay and took it out in his buggy to the township council. The council immediately ordered the pathmaster to put that blankety-blank clay somewhere, in the fence-corners, over the fences, down the lake bank—anywhere to get it off the gravel.

Which was so done.

Roads will always be a first consideration to the man who motors away from town. There are roads in Canada that motorists have cursed both loud and deep. Most of them were bad enough by nature. Once upon a time the farmer by statute labour more or less improved them. When he turnpiked with blue clay and sods he sometimes made them worse.

When the motor era came in, roads that were fair to middling by nature and statute labour, became grievously bad by overmuch travel from swift rubber tires. Hence in middle Ontario it has become necessary to make new roads by the spending of many thousands of money and quite regardless of the township pathmaster.

Now the roads may have been bad enough, but the stopping places for motoring refreshments were decidedly worse; mainly ham and eggs and flies on the side. The customary country hotel is the most uncomfortable and unprofitable "joint" whereat a motorist can stay. Mostly he keeps the road till he gets back to town. Whereby country innkeepers lose much valuable trade.

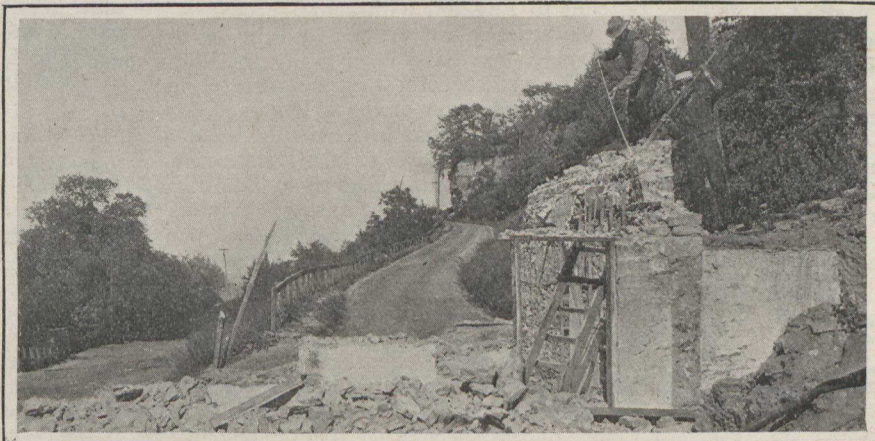
* * *

Roadside Inns for Tourists.

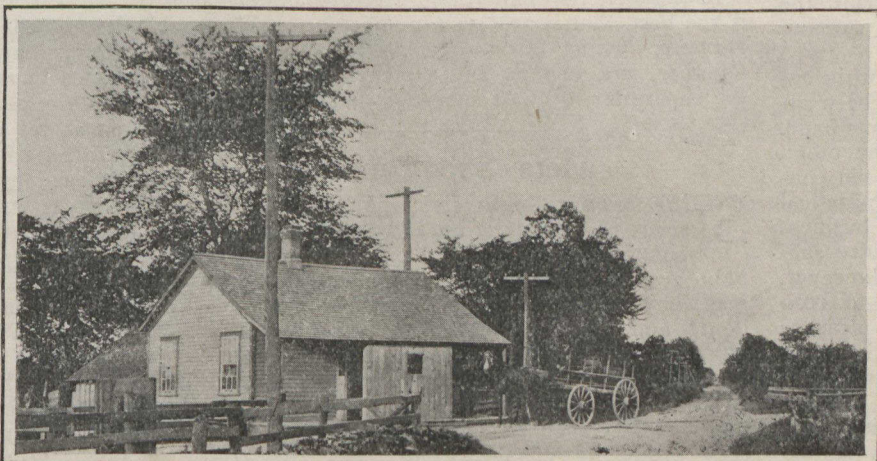
NOT of all men tourists would care to make their refreshment stops at Tea Inns. But, by the same token, not all women would clamour



Making good suburban roads near a handsome city. Millions of tons of excellent paving stone in Hamilton mountain.



Tearing down the house of the old road-maker. Tollgate on Hamilton mountain succumbs to good roads movement.



A tollgate relic that still survived a year or two ago in Lambton, Ont.

for a wash and a bite at a Road House more or less infested with noisy chauffeurs. Men have their preferences, but some men do like their cups of tea, particularly if there be ladies in the party.

Because of conditions just hinted at there has sprung up in the neighbourhood of the large American cities, and also along some of the more popular routes of motor travels, a new type of inn or restaurant, attractive, picturesque, cleanly—frequently quaint. These are variously alluded to as Tea Inns, Tea Houses or Tea Shops. But, whatever the style or name the tea served invariably is hot and delicious, and the service very satisfactory.

This is a suggestion for country people who live along the main highways of automobile travel to add to their income. An enthusiastic automobilist said recently: "There is today no need so great as a comfortable roadside resting-place for touring parties; and the most up-to-date country woman is the one who most quickly realizes this and conforms to the new order of things. Let the country girl who longs to go to the big cities to scratch for pennies stay at home and pick up dollars in her own front yard."

Almost every prosperous tea-room combines some selling enterprise with it. Sometimes it is a gift shop, sometimes home-made preserves. One enterprising tea-room puts up weekend baskets of home made candies that are eagerly bought up. Another sells whole roast chickens, old-fashioned delicious pies, and home-made doughnuts.

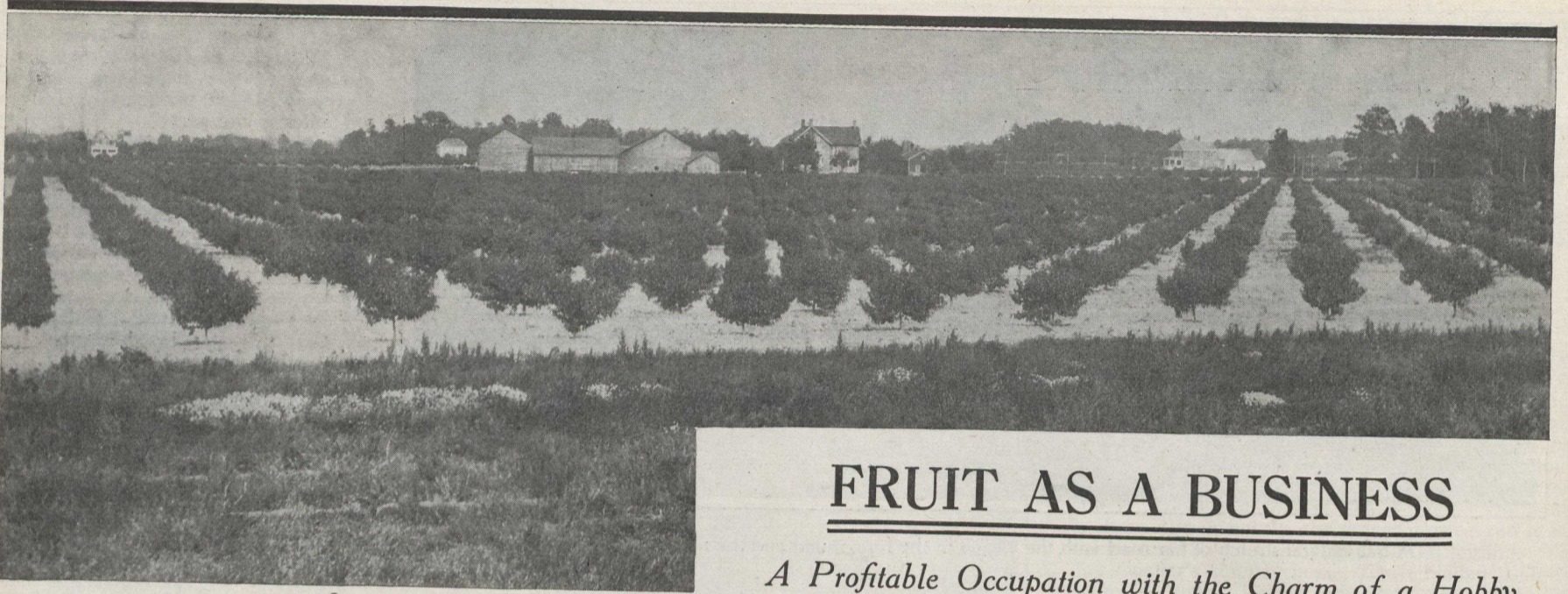
* * *

Small Country Hotels.

AFTER all the little inns of a country are about the only point of contact that the average traveller has with the people of that country. For indeed, what people eat and drink, and how they are contented to live out of their own homes, tells one a vast lot when you come down to it, says Mary Heaton Vorse, in *Harper's Magazine*.

The moment you leave the land of big hotels and step into one of the little hostelries you find along the roadside you can make up the whole civilization of the country if you are clever, as a Buffon could reconstruct the whole animal from one bone. What more eloquent of the civilization of France, for instance, than the excellent omelet you may find waiting for you in almost any little hotel from Dieppe to the Midi? "Der Mensch ist was er ist," and one could spend years in studying the customs and manners of France and Germany, and yet find it all in the contrast between that marvelous roast chicken, the art of which is lost the moment you put foot over the border, and the estimable salad of France with the beer and the ever-present productions of the pig in the small hostelries of the Fatherland. What more significant of at once the poverty and the richness of our civilization in this country, where all the fruits of the earth—or at least the vegetables of it—are served in the country hotels in a series of shilly and forbidding birds' bathtubs? We are a nation who ask for a ruinous plenty and are content, in more things than food, to have this plenty cold, unappetizing and ill-served. It is a far cry from Ponce up the coast to the little ordinary hotel of the small town. Could not a sagacious traveller plumb our heights and depths for these?

Such a picture is very common in Canada. The real country hotel is only being discovered as a possibility. Its evolution from the rustic hotel of the nineteenth century will soon be under way.



Peach orchards of J. W. Smith and Sons at Winona, Ont.

FRUIT AS A BUSINESS

*A Profitable Occupation with the Charm of a Hobby
Business men who are Fruit Growing at Niagara*

By F. G. H. PATTISON

LAST month there appeared in this journal an article entitled "Fruit Growing by City Men," in which the writer stated that the influx of city men into fruit growing was revolutionizing the business in the way of scientific production, and that as a consequence the fruit farms are becoming larger. This is true only in a limited sense.

In the Niagara District, comprising that stretch of country lying along the shores of Lake Ontario, extending from Toronto to the Niagara River, the fruit farms so far from becoming larger, are being divided and sub-divided into smaller and smaller holdings all the time. Twenty-five years ago the average farm in that part of the country was about 100 acres. To-day 25 acres is considered a large farm, and there are numbers of farms of from 3 to 10 acres, out of which their owners are making a handsome living for themselves and their families.

Such a condition of things is ideal, both for the Province of Ontario and for the Dominion of Canada. Nothing can be better for any nation than a large community of prosperous small owners, practicing intelligent intensive culture, so as to get the most out of the land, while at the same time raising families under conditions most likely to produce the best class of sturdy and independent citizens.

Business principles have already been extensively applied to fruit-growing in the Niagara Belt, by means of which both individuals and co-operative associations have attained a high degree of success. An evidence of this is that nearly 50 per cent. of the fruit grown in the district is sold direct to retailers on order, whereas in the United States the old stupid way of handling it through commission men is still adhered to almost entirely. One consequence of this is that the Niagara District growers get higher prices for their fruit as a rule than the U. S. growers do, while at the same time the private consumer pays no more.

Business men engaged in fruit growing are of two classes. The first, and most successful, consists of those brought up on fruit farms, who know the practical details of fruit growing from the ground up, and also combine with this business capacity and experience. From this class come most of the men "who have arrived" in the fruit business, and whose names are household words. Some of them are not only conducting a fruit business with success, but also allied businesses as well, such as the buying and selling of fruit, the growing and selling of nursery stock, the running of jam canning and basket factories.

The second class consists of those previously engaged in business in the cities, who have been attracted by the supposed easy profits on the one hand, and the pleasures of a country life on the other. Some individuals in this class, who have been content to gradually acquire the necessary practical experience, and have applied their previous business training to the management, have been quite successful. The great majority of city men, however, who take up fruit growing, are content to reap their dividends from the enjoyment and pleasure they get out of a country life, and from boasting to their city friends of the wonderful fruit and vegetables they grow. But their balance sheet will not bear examination from a business standpoint.

In the Niagara District the fruit business has become a very intricate one, demanding an immense knowledge of practical details regarding diseases,

works of cultivation, spraying, varieties, and so on, some of which can be learned from books, but most of which must be gradually acquired by practice and experience.

The writer referred to in the opening paragraph also says that the farmer will not learn to co-operate because "this requires business experience and ability." If he is referring to the man who raises grain as a main business and fruit as a side-line, he may be correct. If he is referring to the fruit-farmer as I know him, he is wrong.

Within the last year or two, however, city men from Toronto, Pittsburg, and Hamilton, have gone into fruit growing propositions in the District upon a considerable scale, and have formed several companies, the chief of which are The Niagara Fruit and Land Co., managed by T. B. Revett, of Toronto, who have about 1,400 acres of orchards near Niagara-on-the-Lake; The Bell Fruit Farms Co., managed by T. D. J. Bell, of Grimsby, who have about 600 acres near Grimsby, and who have built a large canning factory at Grimsby; and The Jordan Harbour Peach Ranch Co., managed by Mr. Dobson, of Hamilton, who have 150 acres of peaches and cherries at Jordan Harbour, and who last year shipped peaches to England with some success.

All these ventures, however, are as yet in the "trying out" stage, and have been going too short a time to have proved successful or the reverse, nor are they, with the exception of the first-named, larger than several fruit farms successfully handled for years by practical growers; as for instance, the extensive fruit farms and businesses of E. D. Smith, of Winona; J. W. Smith and Sons, of Winona; W. H. Bunting, of St. Catharines; William Armstrong, and The Fisher Brothers, of Queenston; and many others.

There are a number of co-operative associations now established in the District, the chief of which are, The St. Catharines Cold Storage Co., The Ontario and Western Co-operative Fruit Co., and The Canada Fruit Co.; but there are also a number of others, all more or less successful. These companies are generally controlled by a board of practical growers, who employ a manager of good business training to handle the distribution of their fruit, and who pay him a good salary.

In the writer's opinion this way of handling fruit is the best, that is to say, a number of experienced growers, owning farms of a moderate size, uniting together, and packing and selling their fruit under the superintendence of a capable business manager.

Mere Suburbanism

SOME persons seem to think that the movement of city men out to the country offers a solution of country problems. It usually offers only a solution of a city problem—how a city man may find the most enjoyment for his leisure hours and his vacation. The farming of some city men is demoralizing to real country interests. Probably not much permanent good would come to rural society from the moving out of some of the types of city men or from the farming in which they ordinarily engage. One must not confuse suburbanism and gardening with country life. It is also proposed to send to the country the

poor-to-do and the dissatisfied and the unemployed. This is very doubtful policy. In the first place, the presumption is that a person who does not do well or is dissatisfied in the town would not do well in the country. In the second place, the country does not need him. We may need more farm labour, as we need more of all kinds of labour, but in the long run this labour should be produced mostly in the country and kept there by a profitable and attractive rural life. The present back-to-the-farm cry is for the most part unscientific and unsound as a corrective of social ills. The open country needs more good farmers, whether they are country-bred or city-bred; but it cannot utilize or assimilate to any great extent the typical urban-minded man, and the farm is not a refuge.

It seems that what is really needed is a back-to-the-village movement. This should be more than a mere suburban development. The latter enlarges the boundaries of the city. It is perfectly feasible, however, to establish manufacturing and other concentrated enterprises in villages in many parts of the country. Persons connected with these enterprises could own small pieces of land, and by working these areas could add somewhat to their means of support, and also satisfy their desire for a nature connection. If the rural village, freed from urban influences, could then become a real integrating part of the open country surrounding it, all parties ought to be better served, and the social conditions of both cities and country ought to be improved.

Making Farmers in Town

AMONG the remedies for city congestion suggested by the New York Commission are public school courses in gardening in conjunction with lectures on farm life for city children and practical instruction in agriculture for pupils of rural schools.

The logical effect of such instruction would be to counteract the drift away from the farm and to make agricultural themes attractive to city dwellers. Whether or not they would result in repopulating abandoned farms, the recommendations are interesting as indicating the development of the new movement in which educators and captains of industry are combining to persuade an element of the population back to the land.

In this connection a recent bulletin of the United States Department of Agriculture discusses "farming as an occupation for the city bred men." The man reared in the city who wishes to become a farmer needs experience more than anything else. Without it his capital, if he has any, may melt away before he has become acclimated. He can get experience by serving an apprenticeship as a farm laborer, but that would mean a sudden breaking away from all his old habits. It would be hard schooling. Therefore he is advised to betake himself to the suburbs and begin there in a small way as a gardener. At first his principal aim should be to produce truck crops for home consumption. As experience is gained the industry may be enlarged and a market established. Pleasing tales are told of men who have begun with one or two cows or a few hens and have become opulent farmers. The slowly acquired knowledge or the details of farming and marketing enables the beginner to abandon city employment and become a full-fledged farmer.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FALL PLANTING

Trees and Shrubs.

(By J. H. Thompson, of Stone and Wellington.)

TOO many of the public have a prejudice against fall planting, but many trees, vines, shrubs and perennials do best when planted in September and October. The plants, if properly put in the ground, get a much earlier start in the spring. They get the benefit of the early spring rains and warm days when the spring stock is yet in the hands of the nursery men.

Much depends upon the planting and covering. The roots must be put well down and the earth packed tight around them. This is true of spring planting, but even more so of fall planting. After the frost comes, a covering of straw or of strawy manure will protect vines and shrubs and small fruits so that the early thaws will not start the sap running too early.

Of course, fall planting is not possible all over Canada, but in all districts known as "fruit districts" it is quite possible and intensely profitable. In the colder regions, it is better to get the trees and shrubs in the fall and "heel" them in. Plant them in trenches, the bodies bent over at an angle of 45 degrees. The snow will drift over them and protect them from the severest frost, and will not break them down, as it might if they were planted upright. The more tender varieties may be covered entirely with earth. Then in the spring they can be taken up early and planted where wanted.

A number of Ontario fruit-growers buy their apple trees in the fall and either plant them at once or heel them in for spring planting. In the more favoured portions of Ontario, around Niagara especially, they may be planted with good results. Almost every fruit tree may be treated this way with the exception of peaches. Cherry trees do exceptionally well when planted in the fall. In British Columbia fruit trees are successfully planted in the fall. So with currant and gooseberry bushes. The fall is pre-eminently the time to put them in the ground. Many herbaceous plants are better planted in the fall. Peonies do best when planted in September.

With the exception of evergreens, nearly all deciduous shrubs, vines and roses should be planted in the fall. Privet, spiraea and barberry hedging do best when planted this way. Much, however, depends, as has been said, upon the part of Canada in which the planting is to be done, and upon the methods employed. Poor planting kills many promising roots. These smaller bushes and shrubs should be protected by straw half way up the branches or even more, if possible.

Shade and ornamental trees of the larger varieties also do exceptionally well when put in during the autumn and staked to withstand the winter winds. Then, by the time the warm weather comes, the roots are firmly established and in shape to give the tree a decent growth before the dry weather arrives.

If you have never tried fall planting do so, and you will be surprised. October and the fore part of November is the best time, but your plant or tree catalogue will tell you just when to plant the different varieties. See that your ground is not too heavy, and that it is well drained. Prepare it thoroughly and mulch around every newly planted tree or shrub.

* * *

Flowers for Fall Planting.

IN response to a request from the editor of The County Life and Suburban Supplement, Mr. Annandale, of the Steele-Briggs Seed Company, Toronto, contributes an interesting letter on the care of the lawn in the autumn, and the flowers and bulbs, which should be planted in the fall. Mr. Annandale's advice should be of benefit to many of the readers of the Supplement:

Sir,—Replying to yours of recent

date I would say that we are mailing you under separate cover copy of our catalogue, which fully describes and illustrates the various shrubs we have to offer. Any and all of these are suitable for fall planting. October is the best month for this purpose.

As regards covering a lawn there is a great diversity of opinion amongst amateurs. Many have the old-fashioned idea that it is necessary to cover the lawn with a heavy top dressing of barnyard manure. This idea, however, is not a good one, as invariably the manure introduces into lawns various weed seeds, which in spring grow, and, of course, create a nuisance. Then, again, what is more unsightly than to see a lawn in front of a nice house covered with an unsightly top, as well as a very unbecoming odour? This is easily obviated by giving the lawn a top dressing of bone meal late in autumn. This can be easily applied without inconvenience to either sight or smell, and accomplishes the same purpose exactly. If it is not convenient to apply it in the autumn then apply it in early spring as soon as the snow disappears.

Nearly all the shrubs offered in our catalogue, with the exception of the magnolias, are hardy in a latitude similar to that of Toronto. The magnolias require a protection during winter months, and should be taken up early in fall as soon as the frosts come.

It is further advisable to throw a few spadefuls of well decomposed manure, or in the event of your not being able to procure it, then a few shovelfuls of earth, over the roots of the shrubs as an extra protection during the winter months. Straw and leaves are not altogether necessary except in extremely cold climates, as in a climate similar to that of Toronto they are a harbour for field mice.

We would suggest the following bulbs for suburban gardens, where there is lots of room. (a) Cottage or late flowering garden tulips. These bloom in May, and are extremely pretty, lasting for a considerable period in bloom, and making splendid cut flowers. They can be planted in clumps or masses, and left in the original positions year after year, where they will not only increase in size of flowers, but multiply in quantity of bloom. (b) The same thing applies to the following: Narcissus, Poeticus, Von Sion or English Daffodil, Incomparabilis, Orange Phoenix and Alba Plena Odorata. All of these Narcissus are hardy and will stand our climate year after year. (c) The following also make a splendid showing: Scilla Siberica, Snowdrops, Crocus, Bulbocodium, and the Spring Snowflakes. All of these can be planted in an open border or scattered promiscuously amongst the grass in the lawn as they bloom very early and die down before the grass makes growth, and it is necessary to run the lawn mower in spring.

A. W. ANNANDALE.

A Growing Tendency

ONE of the most successful of Toronto's business men bought a farm of fifty acres within easy driving distance, as much as anything else to give him some definite purpose in his daily outing. The farm has grown to several hundred acres, and the very tactics that developed a phenomenal success in the city business have helped to make his country hobby a source of considerable profit.

And a well-known stock broker has built for himself an attractive home, surrounded by five acres of garden and lawn in a small town not far from Toronto. It is used now as the summer headquarters of the family, and represents about as sensible an investment as anyone can make. The element of chance and uncertainty in every day business, makes it both wise and prudent to cast just such an anchor to windward, to say nothing of the benefit one gets in health and comfort.

Don't You Want to Live in the Suburbs?

The whole tendency of home-seekers is to suburban life. With the splendid service given by the Metropolitan Railway, this movement, as far as Toronto is concerned, has been the strongest toward Yonge Street "North." Some of Toronto's most prominent citizens and some of the most beautiful residences are in the district about Lawrence Park. Lawrence Park is the high-class restricted residential district on the east side of Yonge Street, at Glen Grove Avenue stop on Metropolitan Railway.

Lawrence Park

is the only high-class district in that section. People who want splendid surroundings, at moderate prices, should consult us regarding terms for lots in the beautiful park.

Dovercourt Land, Building & Savings Co. LIMITED

24 Adelaide St. East., Toronto Tel. M. 7280

W. S. DAVIS

THE LEADING

Real Estate Agent at Oakville

Can always supply your wants for a Small Country House, a Fruit Farm, or Large Dairy Farm, and the price will be right.

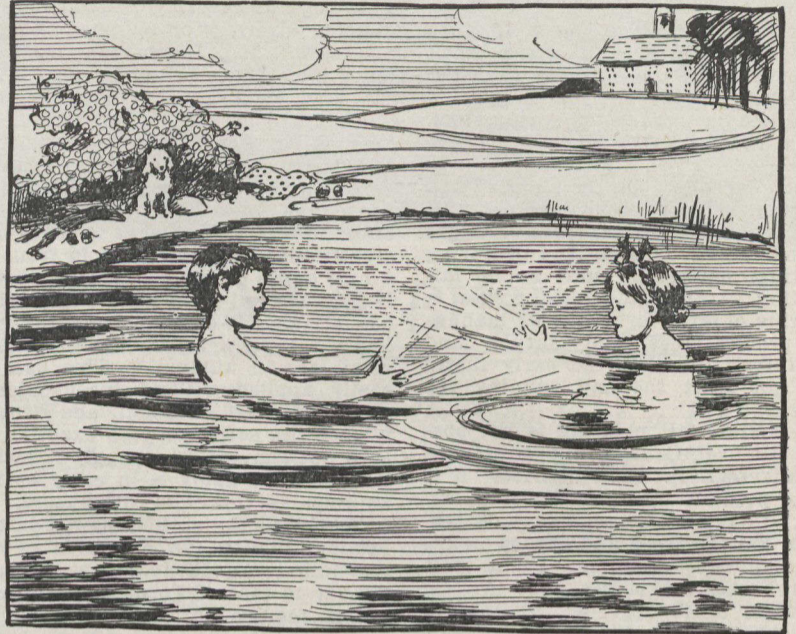
He is selling Land from
\$50 to \$1,000 per Acre

W. S. DAVIS, Oakville, Ont.

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



1. The sun was shining harder than it ever shone before,
The children had to go to school, and found it quite a bore;
So when they passed beside a pond, they thought they'd take a swim,
"There's nobody to see us here," said Willie, "let's jump in!"



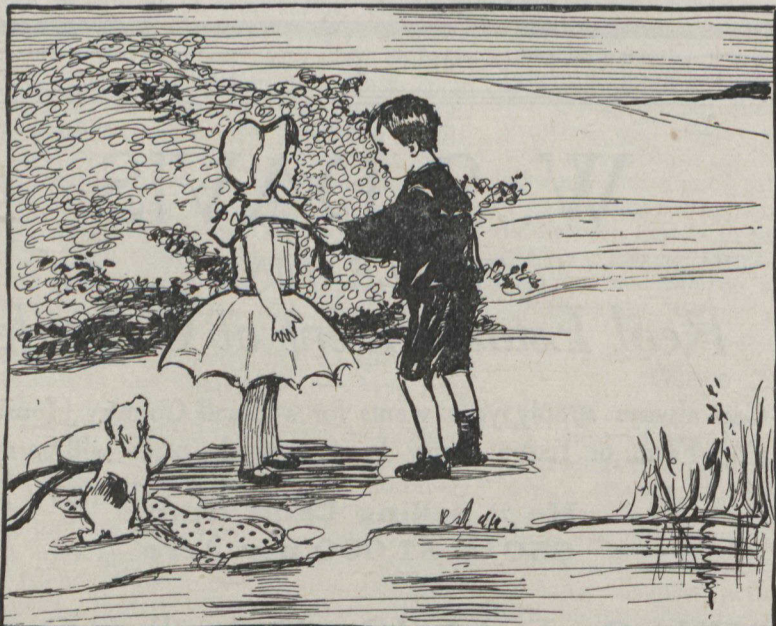
2. They hid behind a berry-bush and took off all their clothes,
With Toby left to guard them and to keep away their foes.
They splashed and dived, and ducked, and swam, and cried, "the water's fine!"
Just as the distant school-house bell rang out the hour of nine.



3. At that same fatal moment, lo, a motor car whizzed by;
It raised the dust, it raised the wind which blew their clothes sky high.
And Willie's sock fell in the pond, and so did Lillie's dress
At that, the darling little girl cried out in great distress.



4. Then Toby swam and got her frock, but it was far from dry,
And nearly all the other things were on the ground close by;
But Lillie cried, "Oh dear,! Oh dear,! whatever shall I do?
I cannot go to school like this." (I don't blame her, do you?)



5. Then Willie slit her parasol: it made a splendid skirt,
And with his sailor collar, he trimmed up Lillie's shirt.
The costume proved becoming, and the children were so proud,
And Toby seemed to like it for he barked out very loud.



6. They spread the dress upon a bush, where it would quickly dry.
"We'll leave it there," they said, "until the next time we come by."
They then took hands and scampered off, refreshed, and clean, and cool,
But grieved to think their lovely swim had made them late for school.

E. M. K.

Country Homes at OAKVILLE

The Morrison Estate properties on the Lake Shore Road one mile east of Oakville are in the hands of Robinson & Chisholm for sale. The property consists of three parcels as follows:

No. 1—A splendidly situated fifty acre property on the north side of the Lake Shore Road east of Oakville. The house is substantially built of solid brick. The halls and rooms are large, and everything about the house is in good shape. The barns are very large, with fine stone stables and good silos. Three good wells, one of them in the stable, a fine orchard of fifteen acres, a creek through the pasture fields. There are a number of beautiful pines which add much to the charm of the place as a country home. The soil is a rich sandy loam, easily worked and exactly suited for fruit culture and mixed farming. This property is in the best neighborhood between Toronto and Hamilton.

No. 2—About ten acres on the south side of the Lake Shore Road, directly opposite Parcel No. 1. This property has a frontage on Lake Ontario of about 330 feet. On it there is a comfortable house and a stable. We know of no lake front property now available to compare with this. It is situated between two of the finest country homes in the neighborhood of country homes. The land is almost level, sloping gently to the lake with a fringe of pine trees on the lake bank.

No. 3—Is a different proposition. It is situated alongside of the east of Parcel No. 1. It contains eighty-eight acres of fine fruit growing soil. Robinson & Chisholm are now busy opening up a road, to be known as the "Morrison Road," and running between Parcels Nos. 1 and 3 from the Lake Shore Road a mile and a quarter north to the Middle Road. They are dividing the 88 acres into small holdings of five acres each. These will make splendid little fruit farms, and will make self-sustaining country homes for city men of moderate means.

The Morrison Road will make a beautiful drive. The greater part of it has been a country lane for half a century, and it is fringed with magnificent pines and other trees.

Oakville is undoubtedly Toronto's best rural home section, and the Morrison properties are certainly in the very best part of that section. Robinson & Chisholm will give any information required about these or other properties at Oakville. They can be reached by phone at any hour of the day or night. Ask central for Robinson & Chisholm, Oakville or write Robinson & Chisholm to meet your train at Oakville station.

THE WILDCATTERS

A Tale of the Cobalt Country.
by S. A. White

Copyright 1911, by S. A. White.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CARL GLOVER, "the Prince" of college football days, is called from a study of art to take charge of a Cobalt mine, owned by an uncle who has been injured in a railway accident.

He is initiated into mining and into Cobalt by Freeman, the foreman of the mine, and forthwith becomes entangled in certain mysteries. A store-keeper named Ridgeley suggests to Carl one day that possibly Freeman is not straight, and that the mine may be a "wildcat."

Carl also meets a young lady named Rita Theodore, daughter of Col. Theodore, a promoter. She is an artist and a gambler. On the art side, she and her Oriental quarters appeal to Carl. Fortunately for him, his uncle gets back to Cobalt and sends him off to the country for a holiday with his friend, Clive Halcyon. Here he meets Jean Thurston, a young lady of quite a different type.

CHAPTER XII.

IN the Kearns homestead the children's revelry was at its height. Out on the spacious kitchen floor they indulged in all the old and new games. All was romping and merriment. They had free lease and full license, and, as may be inferred, were enjoying it to the very limit. Mary Kearns, the younger sister and a sparkling image of unsuppressed vivacity, was leader in all, while her elder sister, Lucy, managed affairs, so that the fun seemed endless. Several of her friends were assisting there, while many more sat in the quaint curtain-hung parlour enjoying themselves, in a quieter way, quite as much as the noisy element beyond. At least Carl Glover thought they were, for the reason that he was enjoying himself. He was sitting by chance next Jean Thurston. In some odd manner, the occasion drew them together. The outbursts of childish laughter echoing into the room seemed to tell them they were aliens from the sports. Over on the other side of the parlour the rest had grouped for table games or conversation.

"It seems we are forced to amuse each other," he laughed, nodding towards the others.

"Of that we are quite capable," Jean said. "At least we could in the school-days. Have we changed?"

"At heart, I hope not," Carl replied.

"In a way, you have."

"How?"

He motioned to the tasty gown which fitted her trim form so neatly. "In those days it was gingham dresses and aprons of unbleached cotton with the lettering S-p-e-c-i-a-l still left on," he said.

"Oh! how mean to remember that. Let me see if I can recall something nasty about you. Yes, real nasty. Oh! why, of course, you were so cranky—a regular little tyrant! You sat in the front seat, pulled your hair down over your forehead and just frowned! Frowned half your time! There—" and her voice rippled off in delightful mirth.

"And now?" Carl questioned.

"Now you are changed."

"For better or for worse?"

"Medium," she said, looking at him with tantalizing eyes.

Carl's glance ran over her from the brown hair to the foot that tapped the hearth-iron. She was good to look at—so tender and pure, and perfectly fashioned! Involuntarily he fell to comparing her with Rita Theodore. Ah! there was no comparing them. The dark, proud goddess could not be thought of with the warm, sweet beauty of this sunny-haired girl. Foolish as it seemed, he also found himself asking: "Which? If you were choosing, which?" And in spite of his efforts his thoughts answered: "Jean, Jean—a thousand times."

An unusual outburst of uproarious mirth rolled in to them.

"Come, Jean!" Carl cried. "This must be something good. Let us see!"

She rose quickly and they passed the length of the hall that led into the room where the romping was in progress. There they stood at the door and watched the jovial throng of children. Lucy Kearns emerged from the crowd and came to them.

"Won't you join?" she merrily called.

Carl shook his head. "We are just a little too ancient," he said, half in jest, half in earnest. Somehow he wanted to keep Jean at his side just then. With quick perception Lucy vanished, giving a protesting shake of her curls.

Carl looked at his companion. "You didn't want to go," he interrogated.

"No, not now," she smiled. She leaned her shoulder

on the woodwork and tilted her bright head against the door frame. The hanging lamp above sent a soft, shaded glow down over her features, revealing all their rich, pure beauty.

Carl saw and caught his breath sharply with a stinging pain. In that one instant the veil was torn from his eyes.

AND now as the new song went thrilling through his blood Carl knew he had always loved her. Always loved and never known! How strange it seemed. His brain whirled. The scene before grew dim and he could hear not a sound although the noise was booming right in his ears. Only one thing could Carl see, and that was her, her, her, her!—the one woman under God's sky for him now. Oh! the face, and the brown-gold hair and eyes as blue as the deep sea! Then came the sharp pang of doubt like an arrow into his soul. What if this first, fierce, free, proud love of his were vain?

Slowly she turned her gaze from the play to Carl, and he looked with all the light of new-born worship into those eyes. Up through the veins of his face the hot blood surged and he wheeled suddenly towards the games lest she should see.

"It is delicious just to watch," Jean murmured.

"It is Heaven!" Carl said, and the fervent tone sent the colour to her cheeks. He wondered if she understood. Could she see what was in his eyes, his voice and his manner? A few more blissful minutes they were left together. Then they were hurried out to help the younger ones with the figure dancing. Everyone was persuaded to join in this amusement. All the rest of the evening Carl was in a dream. He acted and talked mechanically. Afterwards he could not remember a word he said or a thing he did. All he remembered was the hair, the eyes and the voice.

A chance night, a chance suggestion, a chance incident!—these, if you will, had forced him to the crucial point in his life. The night had either brought him Jean Thurston and eternal happiness or placed her far beyond his reach on the starry heights, with the dark, unknown valleys that men call Sorrow lying between.

CHAPTER XIII.

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

—Browning.

THIS was what Clive Halcyon heard lilting from the upper rooms of the house as he guided the busy reaper through heavy wheat crops just below the orchard. He smiled to himself. "The year may not be at the spring," he said musingly, "but the rest is all right. All's right with the world! Ah! I wonder if you would tell me why, old boy. I don't think you would admit it, but it was plain, so very plain, last night." And Clive shook his whip toward the open windows from whence the sound came.

"But I'm glad," he continued half aloud, tickling the sleek backs of the big farm horses who were nothing loath to stand idly in the shade of the orchard boughs. "Yes, I'm glad. It's what I've always wished for. They were meant for each other. Of all men, give me Carl, and of all women, Jean. I've been wishing for it every time he came, but they never seemed to be thrown together before, never since the school-days. Still, old boy, the path will not be all easy going. There are others who find their whole world in her eyes and will never quit till they risk their happiness in a declaration. You'll have uncomfortable times, for if she favours you they'll all hate you and upon my soul I believe she will. Somehow from her eyes last night I thought so. There was a new, new look there. Prince, dear old chap, if she gives you that heart of hers, all will be right in the world."

Clive sat idly on the reaper seat, and the standing horses reached over to munch the timothy between the fence rails. Across the billowy grain surface rippling heat-waves rushed in smoke-like undulations, growing clearer as the morning sun gained strength. The orchard was

Canadian National EXHIBITION

TORONTO
Aug. 26th - Sept. 11th

Special Array of Educational Exhibits

Archaeological Exhibit
Natural History Exhibit
Public School Exhibit
Technical School Exhibit

Scientific Exhibit from
Ontario Agricultural
College

Exhibit and Lectures by
Department of Public
Health Of Ontario

Information Bureau conducted by
Dominion Department
of Agriculture

Unequaled Display of Graphic Art and
Applied Art

MENNEN'S

Borated Talcum
"FOR MINE"



For Prickly Heat and Sunburn
Relieves all Skin Irritations

Sample Box for 4c stamp

GERHARD MENNEN CO.

Newark, N. J.



Trade-Mark

Woman's Supplement

Our September 16th issue will be the Woman's Supplement Number. There will be eight pages of illustrated news about women and their activities. This department has become a most popular monthly feature of The Canadian Courier. It appears on the third week in every month.

Advertisers who desire to have their announcements appear in that issue must have copy in The Courier office not later than September 7th. We estimate that 50,000 Canadian women give this issue a careful reading, and it is therefore a desirable medium for all advertisers who cater to the requirements of the women of the Dominion.

Canadian Courier
Toronto.

TENDERS



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ARISS and ARISS (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 13th October, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, three times per week each way, between ARTHUR and METZ (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Arthur and Metz, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 25th August, 1911.

alive with bee, bird and fruity colouring, while the mingling scents its clover gave filled his lungs with aromatic breath. It was good to be living in such an air, such a sun, such an earth.

Suddenly a curly brown body shot over the orchard fence emitting a volley of joyous barks, which broke Clive's train of thought. Nero, his setter, capered in front of the placid horses and snapped playfully at their noses. "Ha! there, you rascal, stop that!" Clive called. "No play now! We must work. Get up there!"

The long lash threatened in the air, and the reaper's whirr grew sharply clear again. "Come on," he called to disappointed Nero. "We will get you a cotton-tail to chase, you restless creature of dogdum. Hurrah!"

And true enough—as he cut a wide swath of yellow stalks, a rabbit, gray-furred, long-eared and white-tufted on the tail went scampering out to dodge through the rails. Nero looked at Clive, for he never chased fur without his master's command.

"Go!" Clive cried. Yelping excitedly Nero bounded away on a long, stern chase, which no one knew better than himself would be futile. He ran for the sake of giving vent to his exuberance of joy while Clive laughed at his mad whirling through clover, golden rod, brake and grain.

"— hillside's dew pearl'd;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn —"

burst a glad voice coming down the orchard path. With a bound Carl leaped the fence as Nero had done and fell into place with the shocker, lightening his labour one half.

"You're docked two hours," Clive called back from the reaper seat. "Have to do better or you can look for another job."

"That'll do," Carl shouted, "or I'll pull you off that seat and take the lazy job myself."

"Ha Ha Ha!" came his friend's merry laugh. "Yelp! Yelp!" the setter's bark sounded from the valley that bordered the woods. "Sweetest yet! Sweetest yet! Oh! sweet, sweet sweeter still, sweeter, sweeter, sweeter—the bobolink poured his melodious chant in their ears. The cadence rose higher and higher buoyed by mingling notes of warble, song-sparrow, oriole and thrush.

"Oh! what a morning!" Carl cried; "all's right in the world!"

CHAPTER XIV.

IT was as Clive Halycon had prophesied. There were others who found their world in Jean Thurston's eyes, and Carl's path was not so smooth as he had dreamed. Being of such a refined and sensitive nature she treated all alike. It was said that she never offended anyone. No matter how unworthy or distasteful to her, there was never anything in her manner to speak it. That was what bothered Carl. No matter in whose company she was, she seemed perfectly happy and he began to fear vaguely that he had been wrong in thinking favour was shown to him.

All admirers were treated alike. Never was any preference shown. Only at times Carl thought her eyes rested on him with a look that was different. Those who sought her company were many in number, but who should the foremost be but Whitmore—Whitmore of all men! He had come to his cousins', the Clarkes, and was as much at home in this community as Carl Glover himself.

So as the days went on, there were village gatherings, church occasions, pic-nics; there were cross-country jaunts, boating-parties, barn-raising, bees and dances in which all the neighbourhood was included. And at these occasions Carl found his greatest happiness at Jean Thurston's side. There was bitterness for him, too, since Whitmore, his rival, often deprived him of that pleasure. Between the two a gradual enmity had sprung up, chiefly on account of Whitmore's narrow nature. Carl was too noble-minded to make any difference with him, but Whitmore either could not or would not conceal his hatred of Carl. His jealous animosity grew greater and greater till he came to avoid his former class-mate and spoke to him only when it was unavoidable. People about the place were not slow to see how matters stood, and Carl found himself placed in many an uncomfortable position by Whitmore's attitude.

As to Jean Thurston, no one could judge from her manner whether she favoured the one or the other—or neither. Carl wondered that she was so affable to Whitmore, knowing him as he did. But the girl knew nothing derogatory to him. Carl could have told her, and he knew a few words of his would have placed Whitmore in oblivion. This, however, he would not do. "Win," he told himself, "and win with yourself, not by spoiling a rival." Of all things Carl loved a fair fight. He would fight a fair fight and let the best man win.

On this point Clive talked with his mother one night. He had come in after his day's work and lay, with his newspaper, at full length on the verandah.

His mother sat in a rocker, knitting, her eyes stealing away from her work oftentimes and resting lovingly on the son's face.

"Where did Carl go?" she asked with a smile that said she knew already.

"Up to Thurston's," he answered, smiling at her in turn. "He goes often," she quietly observed. "Of course it's Jean."

"Yes," his mother said earnestly, "I hope she returns it."

"So do I. That rascal Whitmore! I feel like breaking his bones. What right has he to look at a girl like Jean?" Clive demanded vehemently. "She's worth a thousand like him. Some one should cut short the intimacy."

"It is really too bad," his mother said. "She is such a fine, fine girl."

"See here, mother mine," Clive declared with sudden determination, "if Whitmore wins her I'll take upon myself the duty of showing her what he really is. He won't marry her. No, by the saints, not while I am alive! Why, I'd throttle him, cripple him first. But I think her inner sense will teach her which is the true soul. Carl will win. Mother, do you hear? Something tells me he can't lose."

"I pray that he will. He is so like my boy," she said, affectionately smoothing his ruffled locks. "Clive, if you had been wild and wayward I would never have lived after your father's death. But, oh, son, you've been so dear and true to me." Her voice trembled and a hot tear splashed on Clive's up-turned face.

Quickly he swung himself up to the arm of her chair and took her head to his breast.

"Mother, mother," he said softly, "how could I have gone astray while you were with me?"

"Boys with the best mothers on earth do," she answered, with soft hands holding his cheeks.

"Yes," he admitted, "they sometimes do. Yet you have never needed to fear."

"No, my son, and I thank God and you. Sometimes I think of them, frail, gray-haired and anguish-eyed, praying in their silent rooms for the boy who is somewhere, somewhere—but God knows where! I can see them, Clive, praying on into the small hours till they hear the step on the threshold. I don't know how they bear it. Boy, my boy, it would have killed me."

"Mother," Clive murmured, kissing her, "I know. And you have tasted of sorrow, too."

"Yes, sorrow, Clive, but holy sorrow. It is not the other. You have never made me taste that."

"Carl is the same. He would have been a real son to you, mother, perhaps better than I."

"He is a wonderful boy—or man! You are both men now, yet I always think of you as boys. He deserves more credit, too, since he was an orphan at an early age."

"Yes, there is no one like him. Oh! I hope Jean sees it. Why!" he exclaimed, "your hair is damp, mother, we must go in. I have forgotten and kept you out too long."

"True," she said. "It is getting quite damp. I had forgotten also. I was so happy with you and with the old memories. See! my dress is damp, too. The dew is heavy, but the moonlight, Clive, isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful," he said, "but we mustn't enjoy it longer. Leave it for Carl and Jean."

CHAPTER XV.

HOURLY the subtle love-god beset and chained Carl's heart with his magic rapture and power. This most passionate desire was to tell Jean to plead his love, to end his suspense and doubt. The fated moment came suddenly and unexpectedly.

It was somewhere in the first weeks of August. At the hall of the village a real, old-fashioned, enjoyable country dance was held, one in which it was the custom to give not so much attention to the intricate and artistic tripping as to pure-hearted fun and sociability. All the young people of village, country-place and farm were there. The true enjoyment of the occasion was increased a hundredfold for Carl since he had basked in Jean's smiles nearly all evening. Whitmore was present, but by many passages of arms Carl had worsted his rival and kept Jean to himself. Whitmore's persistent attempts to gain her company had made Carl rather more reckless and open in his attentions than was his wont, and when the other repeated his attempts Carl threw himself into the contest with such grim insistence beneath his mask of laughter and good-humour, that Whitmore finally had to withdraw, thoroughly chagrined.

A nod, a smile, a look, were the signs interchanged among the company at the conspicuous monopolizing of Jean's favour by Carl. Not a few looks were anything but friendly, and jealousy could be read in the eyes of some of both sexes. But Carl did not care; he was past caring. He loved her and he would keep her to himself. What right had others to criticize?

He could not number the dances he had with her and didn't want to. To his great satisfaction Jean seemed to be glad in his presence. Sitting at tea, after lively exercise, she complained of being slightly chilly. Carl immediately brought her a wrap, some fancy, white thing that women love to wear, and tossed it about her shoulders. Behind him he caught a low giggle and the almost inaudible feminine whispers: "How considerate The

(Continued on page 29.)

DEMI-TASSE

The Difference.—The seriousness of Mr. Gladstone prevented him from introducing into social converse any of those lighter touches for which the flamboyant Disraeli was famous. The difference between the two was, perhaps, never more finely indicated than by the lady who said:

"After I had talked with Mr. Gladstone for a while, I thought he was the greatest man I had ever met; but after Lord Beaconsfield had been talking to me for ten minutes, I was sure I was the most wonderful woman he had ever known."

* * *

His Modest Claim.—Curious are the ways of modern advertising. Perhaps one of the most striking announcements is that by a famous chirpologist, who declares that he has removed corns from most of the crowned heads of Europe.

* * *

Fooling Him.—The season of fall fairs has opened, and once more we hear stories of unhappy householders in the big cities sleeping in the bath-tub, in the dog's kennel, or on the dining-room table.

Certainly some houses in the larger cities do become badly crowded with country cousins, aunts, uncles, other relatives and friends. The city people would have a hard time proving that the country people, whom they have visited during the summer holidays, haven't the right to expect to be given lodgings while the fair is on. A certain Toronto man, whose house could scarcely accommodate all the country people whom he was to entertain during the time of the Exhibition, put off, in a funny way, a country man with whom he had become but slightly acquainted.

"I won't give you my street number," said W—, the city man, "because you would probably forget it, but I live on the east side of — street, and if you walk up the street you'll easily find my house because my initials—T. W. W.—are on a metal plate in the sidewalk.

If the country man tried to find the other, he discovered that such a metal plate was in front of every house, and probably somebody explained to him that the metal plate marked the spot where water is turned on and off, and that T. W. W. stood for Toronto Water Works.

* * *

Courierettes.

Admiral Togo spent ten minutes in Toronto on his way to Vancouver. It may be inferred that he is a supporter of the Laurier administration.

According to the Toronto News, business is terribly bad in the United States. In fact, Uncle Sam is wringing his hands lest the ends should not meet.

If we only had a W. T. Stead in the realm of Canadian politics, he would be able to find out from the spirit world just what Sir John Macdonald and Hon. George Brown really did say about Reciprocity.

John D. Rockefeller has given another million dollars to the Institute for Medical Research. It was not our National Policy which made John rich.

The United Methodist Church of Indianapolis will have two contests by professional boxers, which will be

features of a carnival in behalf of the church funds. Doubtless, this is regarded as muscular Christianity.

The Black Hand should be "shaken" by our civilization.

Speaking of the Oliver charges, the Toronto Evening Telegram says: "It was them which drove the Government to dissolution." Such English is enough to drive Dr. John Seath, of the "High School Grammar," to distraction.

That amiable gentleman, Hon. Mackenzie King, is now accused of stirring up strife among the Germans. Next thing we know Hon. Adam Beck will be beating the Dutch.

The Toronto Globe must be ever so afraid of Hon. G. E. Foster. It puts him in a border nearly every morning, and declares he has misdirected cleverness. So, he must be a really smart man.

Mr. Harry Thaw has once more expressed a desire for release. It



In the near future when half the world is up in the air the pedestrian will have to wear some newly invented reflectograph or else develop a real rubber neck.

Drawn by Will Frost.

seems really inhuman to keep a multi-millionaire in an asylum, when so many poor people are allowed to visit the recreation parks and the moving picture shows.

Hon. David Lloyd George is a soother of strikes—and, just to get even with him, the Unionists should insist on his becoming an earl.

Mr. Henri Bourassa is now happy. He has induced Sir Wilfrid to shake his white plume in disapproval.

Barnum and Bailey created a welcome diversion, and peanuts took precedence of politics for one brief day.

Mr. Arthur Hawkes thinks the British are born, not made.

* * *

Song by Uncle Sam.

Over the tariff wall
For the prettiest prize of all!
There never were seen
Such fields of green,
And you may bet
I'll never forget
The night we softly, swiftly crept
Over the tariff wall.

* * *

The Brute.—There is a young mother in a small Canadian town who shows the usual maternal concern over the doings of her infant son, and

is constantly worrying about his extraordinary antics. She met her husband the other day, with an anxious frown.

"What has Teddy been doing now?" he asked cheerfully.

"I'm so afraid he's been swallowing some mucilage. I found something like glue on his lips."

"Well, don't let him get stuck up about it," was the unfeeling reply.

He had to buy her a willow plume ere peace was restored.

* * *

A Great Man.—A young man who used to live in an Ontario town, was given considerable joshing by his friends because of the way a poem which he had written was handled by a religious weekly in Toronto to which he had sent it.

Save that, in the following, the ambitious young author's name is changed, the heading put on the poem by the editor was as follows:

THE LAST WAR

By John Smith.

(He maketh wars to cease in the ends of the earth.)

* * *

Out and Not Out.—It has been said that one can prove from the Bible both sides of any case of religious controversy. And one can prove from political speeches and newspaper articles both sides of most statements concerning politics.

For instance, the Toronto Globe, in a recent issue, had, in a short article, two statements that are amusingly contradictory. The article was a hopeful one concerning the Liberals' chances in British Columbia. It was stated that Judge McInnes had been approached concerning his running in New Westminster. But "Judge McInnes declined on the ground that he is not at present in politics." A few lines farther on it was stated that Mr. William Sloan's name might be put up at Nanaimo in connection with the Comox-Atlin constituency. "If so," said the article, "Mr. Sloan will have the active support of Judge McInnes, whose influence in the constituency is strong."

* * *

Sir Wilfrid as a Financier.

—A speaker at a recent meeting in Montreal quoted the statement which Sir Wilfrid Laurier is reported to have made at a dinner to him in Boston in 1891, when Sir Wilfrid was leader of the Liberal Opposition—"I prefer the Yankee dollar to the British shilling."

There has been a great attempt recently to make political capital out of that statement. No one used to accuse Sir Wilfrid of being a financier, but, judging by the importance now being attached to that statement, he is at last coming into his own.

* * *

Trying to Please.—The Young Lady was watching the Young Incurable worshipping My Lady Nicotine.

"You'll kill yourself with cigarettes," said the Young Lady. "You just smoke one after another."

"Yes," said the Young Incurable. "But I'll try to smoke two or three at a time if you would like me to."

* * *

A Puzzler.—A prominent Toronto citizen is being asked many questions by his boy who is at that age when a boy thirsts for information on such simple puzzles as "Where does a snake's tail begin?"

The other day, as the youngster got up from the dinner table he asked his father this new one—"Say, daddy, where do my knees go when I stand up?"



KODAK NEGATIVE—ORDINARY WINDOW LIGHTING

The Simple, Kodak Way

There's no more delightful side to photography than the making of home portraits. It's all very easy with a Kodak; no darkroom for any part of the work, not even when you do your own developing and printing

To make every step perfectly clear we have issued a little book—"At Home With the Kodak"—that tells in a non technical manner just how to proceed. It is profusely illustrated with pictures, which not only show the Kodak results, but show how they were made.

Whether you are already a Kodak owner or not, we will gladly send you a copy on request, or it may be had from your dealer.

CANADIAN KODAK CO.
LIMITED

TORONTO, CANADA.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 29th September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between HAMPTON, SOLINA and HAMPTON (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,

Mail Service Branch,

G. O. Anderson, Superintendent.

Ottawa, 15th August, 1911.

Rodolphe Forget

Member Montreal Stock Exchange

83 Notre Dame St., Montreal

Carefully edited studies of leading Canadian securities mailed on application. Facts and figures compiled by experts.

Paris Office

60 Rue De Provence

**INVESTMENT
BONDS**

Write for our investment list with Special Offerings of high grade Corporation bonds.

DOMINION BOND CO., LIMITED

TORONTO MONTREAL OTTAWA

Royal Bank Building Merchants Bank Building Citizens Building

**The Title and Trust
Company,** BAY & RICHMOND STS
TORONTO

Executer, Administrator
Assignee, Liquidator

PELLATT & PELLATT Members
Toronto Stock Exchange

401 TRADERS BANK BUILDING

TORONTO

BONDS AND STOCKS
also COBALT STOCKS
BOUGHT AND SOLD
ON COMMISSION

Private wire connections with
W. H. GOADBY & CO.,
Members New York Stock Exchange.

**GOVERNMENT
MUNICIPAL and
CORPORATION
BONDS**

Our lists comprise carefully selected offerings of the above securities, affording the investor from 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. interest returns.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED

WOOD, GUNDY & CO.

London, Eng. Toronto, Can.

**MONEY AND
MAGNATES****Increased Note Circulation for Banks.**

FROM the condition that the Canadian charter banks were in at the end of the month of July there is every indication that a number of them will have to take advantage of the special privilege the Government allows them of over-extending their note circulation in order to be able to handle the wheat crop in the Canadian Northwest. Experience during the past few years has shown that not a single one of the banks has tried to take any but legitimate advantage of this privilege allowed them by the Government during the harvest season. On the other hand, it has been very beneficial in as much that the crop needs such a large amount of money that, in order to have it under ordinary circumstances, the banks might be forced to hurt other lines of business which they might be carrying.

* * *

A Record for \$100 Bond of Subscriptions.

THERE is every reason to believe that the recent issue of \$1,250,000 of 6 per cent. Bonds of Canada Bread Company, by Messrs. Cawthra Mulock & Co., of Toronto, will establish a new record in point of the number of subscriptions that were received from small investors, necessitating their applications being filled in \$100 bonds. The issue was well received. From the outset it was the desire of the Company to have its securities spread out among a very large number of investors, as it was felt that the more people interested in the new company the better it would be. Besides, it has been found that in gradually establishing a real investment market for a security, distribution among a large number of small holders is almost the ideal placing that can be obtained, inasmuch as very little of the stock ever comes into the market again.

* * *

What Right for a Melon in Cotton Company.

IN view of the approaching election there seems to be some very good reason why the directors of Montreal Cotton Company have not already announced their proposed melon for their shareholders. The cotton interests right along have been clamouring for higher protection on certain grades of cotton, and on various occasions the Montreal Cotton interests themselves have been at Ottawa trying to urge on Mr. Fielding the necessity for greater protection for certain lines, and yet in face of all this they are now admitting, by the melon which they are going to carve up for their shareholders, that they have been right along making piles of money, till to-day they are in a position to practically double their capital, and this without asking their shareholders to put up any more money.

The average man in the street has come pretty well to the conclusion that it is the so-called Dominion Textile Cotton group that are back of the proposal to have the Montreal Cotton pay a handsome stock bonus, inasmuch as the members of the old Textile group are personally very largely interested in Montreal Cotton, and on this account would benefit tremendously by the stock bonus that they are arranging to have the Montreal Cotton Company hand its shareholders. Besides, the Street rather inclines to the view that the Textile group have arranged to get away very nicely with their big profits in Montreal Cotton by arranging after the stock bonus has been given to them to turn over their individual or pool interests to the Dominion Textile Company, in order that it might have absolute control of the Montreal Cotton Company, something which it already has through its own representatives. Included in the Textile group that will share to the greatest extent in the bonus from Montreal Cotton are principally the men who originally gave themselves the opportunity of subscribing for Dominion Textile Common at \$10 a share, and at the same time were undoubtedly able to get very nice banking assistance that permitted them carrying many times the amount that they would have been able to take if they had been obliged to pay for it.

* * *

Manufacturing Jewellers Get Together.

MR. J. A. MACKAY, of the firm of J. A. Mackay & Co., of Montreal, has recently concluded arrangements for the consolidation of a number of the larger jewellery manufacturing companies in the Canada Jewellers, Limited, with a capital of \$5,000,000, divided into \$2,500,000 of Preferred Stock, and \$2,500,000 of Common. Included in the consolidation will be a number of the manufacturing concerns that supply the general jewellery trade throughout the country. It is figured that the savings to be obtained from such a consolidation will be considerably greater than in almost any other line of business, mainly from the point of view of the large stocks which the different companies now have to carry for themselves, something, of course, which will not be at all necessary when the orders from the various parts of the country are all being filled from one central department. Then, again, the opportunities for saving will be very considerable in the selling department, as, instead of each having a staff of salesmen covering the same territories, the new company will be able to use the same staff over the whole country in building up a very much larger business. Some of the larger banks have been strongly in favour of such a consolidation for some considerable time past.

* * *

Higher Bank Dividend.

THE directors of the Bank of Nova Scotia the other day made the pleasing announcement to the shareholders that they intended increasing the dividend from the rate of 13 per cent. to 14 per cent., this being the highest rate paid by any chartered Bank in Canada. The Bank of Nova Scotia still has a comparatively small capital of \$3,000,000, but its business is evidently of a very profitable character inasmuch as it has been showing earnings at the rate of over 20 per cent. for some years past.

COUPON.



A boy is always proud of his bank book. The knowledge that he has a few dollars safely invested is a pleasure to him—a pleasure revived every time he increases his deposit. He has a feeling of satisfaction unknown to the boy who spends every cent he earns.

Any boy can open an account in this bank.

535

**THE TRADERS
BANK of CANADA**

INCORPORATED '885.
BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA
Capital and Surplus -:- \$6,650,000

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager



IRISH & MAULSON, Limited
Chief Toronto Agents

E. R. C. CLARKSON & SONS

Trustees, Receivers and Liquidators
Ontario Bank Chambers
Scott Street TORONTO

PATENT YOUR IDEAS
\$8,500 for one invention. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. Patents advertised for sale at our expense in fourteen Manufacturers' Journals.
Patent Obtained or Fee Returned
CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Att'ys
Established 16 Years
930 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

For Policyholders Only

During the past five years the

MUTUAL LIFE

of Canada

Has earned in profits for its
policyholders

\$2,262,158

Being 23.43 per cent. of the premiums
received for that period

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.

HEREDITY vs. ENVIRONMENT

"Environment plays a greater part in character formation than heredity."

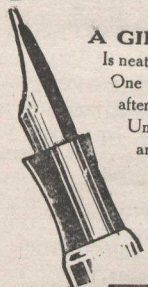
Alma (Ladies) College
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Here the higher ideals of life obtain, and a young lady securing training in any of the seven courses of study offered, must greatly benefit from her association with a refined and cultured school.

Fall Semester begins Sept. 11th.

Handsome calendar and full information FREE on request.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN



A GIFT THAT LASTS
Is neat, useful and companionable. One can't use a "Swan" and afterwards dispense with it. Unqualified satisfaction is guaranteed. Sold by Stationers.

\$2.50 Upwards.
Catalogue Free.
MABIE, TODD & CO.
124 York St., Toronto.
London, New York,
Chicago, etc.

KEATINGS POWDER



KILLS BUGS

The "Housewife's Terror" finds that Keatings Powder is the terror of his life. It is odorless, stainless and harmless except to insect life.

Sold by all Druggists
186 In tins only 10, 15, 20, 25c.

COSGRAVE'S



—A rich, ripe, happy, tasty, healthful Ale that quickly banishes the cares and worries of the day. Your home needs a case.

Bottled only at the Brewery by the Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

PALE ALE

PEOPLE AND PLACES

An Important Volume.

WRITE to the secretary, Canadian Forestry Association, Canadian Building, Ottawa. Ask him for the report of the Canadian Forestry Convention. It's a document on that national resources problem which should be of personal interest to every citizen of the Dominion. This report contains the speeches and papers read on the Canadian tree at the great convention held at Quebec last winter. Four hundred leading Canadians, including the Governor-General and the Prime Minister, attended the gathering. They presented the forest problems of every section of the Dominion.

* * *

A Landmark in New Brunswick.

"THE First European Settlement in New Brunswick was established in 1611 by Captain Marveille and others from St. Malo, France."

This is the inscription on a cairn which the New Brunswick Historical Society erected a few days ago, to

grasses, grains and field products of Alberta, which he is touring to fall fairs in Eastern Canada, and part of the United States. This Alberta advertising show is to last till December.

* * *

All Aboard for the Arctic.

SURELY the next thing offered by transportation companies will be a trip to the moon. It's not so long ago since the Arctic circle was a great frozen unknown to us, about which we invented many wild superstitions. Peary discovered the pole. Pioneer wheat began to be grown not very far south of the Big Nail.

The latest thing is excursions to the Arctic circle with the Hudson Bay Company as the prime movers. District Manager Fugul of that company states that next year passengers will be taken from Edmonton to the Circle for \$400 each. The route will be steamer to Athabaska Landing to Grand Rapids; passenger scows to Fort McMurray; steamers over Lake



MILITARY CAMP AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Sergeants, B Squadron, British Columbia Horse, under canvas at Kamloops, R. J. Mutrie, of Vernon is Major of this detachment,

commemorate the beginning of civilization in the province by the sea. Caton's Island is several miles up the St. John River. The society made the trip quietly by a brand new steamboat. Three hundred years ago, weary St. Malo voyageurs crept up the river after weeks on the Atlantic and faced a tribe of redskins, whose feelings they hurt somewhat by appropriating their island.

The present owner of Caton's Island is Mr. James Lowell. He has given the New Brunswick Historical Society a deed for the site of their monument that the public may take a look at it whenever they so wish.

The action of the New Brunswick Historical Society in honouring this landmark in the story of New Brunswick, is but a commencement of a campaign in the Province to evoke public interest in the past. Both in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick a historical movement at present seems to have a hold on the minds of the people. Very recently in this department mention was made of work done by the Nova Scotia Society in Halifax.

* * *

Moosejaw's Big Bill.

FOUR hundred thousand dollars for a small city like Moosejaw, Saskatchewan, seems a huge amount to expend on one civic improvement in one year. But that is the sum issuing out of the civic treasury for a new sewage system plant to be ready this fall, and guaranteed to make sewage water as pure as drinking water.

* * *

Novel Boosting in Alberta.

THERE is a man in Edmonton called J. L. Porte, who is making a most unique publicity tour. He is advance agent for an exhibit of

Athabasca, and tributary streams into the mighty Mackenzie River, which leads to the awful hush of the "Land of the Midnight Sun." Sportsmen are to be encouraged to take this trip of 3,600 miles; seal and walrus are the game.

* * *

The Shattering of a Romance.

THE tragic death of the well-known novelist, Myrtle Reed, author of "Lavender and Old Lace," and numerous other romances, recalls a rather interesting story of which a Toronto man was the hero.

Years ago, James Sidney McCullough was a high school pupil in Toronto. He was editor of the school paper which exchanged with some other college publications, including some across the line. One day the journalistic James was immensely struck by the editorial comment in a high school paper called "The Voice," from Chicago. He communicated with the writer. The Voice editor turned out to be a girl.

Young McCullough and the literary young American woman continued to correspond. Myrtle Reed graduated from high school and became a full-fledged novelist. In 1906 she married James McCullough.

In Chicago the other day Myrtle Reed suicided. She left a fortune of \$200,000. Some Canadian editors are trying to prove that she was far happier as Myrtle Reed, the high school writer in The Voice, than as one of the most widely read novelists in America.

* * *

Brandon Has Visitors.

A PARTY of Ohio journalists recently visited Brandon, Manitoba. They liked the lay out of the town. The party were entertained by the Council.

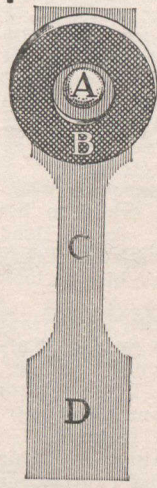
50,000,000 Corns Ended

A little plaster—our invention—has removed already fifty million corns. It stops the pain instantly. Then a bit of soft B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two days it comes out.

Please mark that. No pain, no soreness, no inconvenience. In 48 hours no corn. The plaster is applied in a jiffy, and relief is immediate.

You forget you have a corn.

Think what folly it is to suffer from corns, to nurse them and pare them. End them to-day



A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.

B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.

C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.

D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

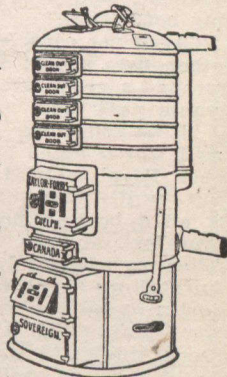
Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters
15c and 25c per Package

All Druggists Sell and Guarantee Them
Sample Mailed Free.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. (14)

The second edition of the "Dictionary of Heating" is now ready for distribution



Write for it. Postpaid to any address in Canada

Taylor-Forbes Company Limited

239 — Makers of — "Sovereign" Hot Water Boilers and Radiators

Toronto Office and Showrooms: 1088 King Street West

WHITE LABEL ALE



Dominion Brewery Co. Limited
TORONTO

THE DIVER'S SECRET

(Continued from page 8.)

over him. While he had been working so heroically below those on board the tug had provided for possible emergencies, by going back to the harbour and bringing off a doctor.

"Ha! You're better now, lad," said Dr. Robins, as he saw Jack's eyes open.

"And Mat—what about him?" Jack gasped out.

The doctor shook his head. "Poor fellow, I fear the worst—I am afraid he is done for. He was bleeding at the nose and mouth when we got him aboard, and he's still unconscious. It was folly for him to offer to go down to such a depth at his age. It's been touch and go with you, I can tell you; and you were not down nearly so long as he was, they tell me."

Herron was still unconscious when he was carried ashore, taken to his cottage, and put to bed. As he lived quite alone, Jack, although still very shaky himself, went with him to look after him.

It was not till late at night that the old man opened his eyes, and after a time recognized his rescuer. Jack would have had him remain quiet, but all his cautions were vain.

"My lad," he said, "I feels as if I ain't got much more time in this world. My cable's a'most run out, so it doant make much diff'rence whether I talks or not. Any way, theers that t' be said as must be said, so I wants you t' listen an' t' gi' me your solemn oath as you'll do as I asks ye to."

"I'll give you my word—my solemn promise, Mat, if it is nothing against my conscience."

"Agen yer conscience? No; it be t' other way about; it be t' right a wrong—a crool wrong—that's what I wants ye t' do."

"It be about four or five year agone as I wur tempted by the devil. Up t' then I'd allus tried t' do me dooty—but—well, I went through 'ard times. I 'ad a boat—a fine lugger—an' she wur lost, an' she weren't insured. Then my whoam, that I had then, was burnt down about me ears, an' I onny just crawled out wi' me an' our darter. Before that I'd given up divin' work, thinkin' I wur getting too old, but I 'ad t' go back to it when I lost me boat."

"A'most the fust job I got arter I started agen wur one very much like this one as 'a bin too much fur me. I was asked t' go down t' a wreck as lay very deep; but 'twasn't fur the owners nor 'twasn't fur the under-writers. 'Twer for a private matter. A gent came an' offered me a tidy sum o' money if I'd try t' find the body of a passenger who'd bin aboard her, and recover whatever I could belongin' to 'im. I found the poor feller right enough, and took a belt from round his waist. Now belts like that be sometimes filled wi' gold; but this 'ad only papers—a lot of 'em, done up tight in indja rubber, so 's t' keep 'em from gettin' wet if anything 'appened."

"Now I somehow guessed as the man who wanted them papers 'adn't no right t' 'em—an' I wur tempted t' read 'em in order t' see if I couldn't make 'im gie me more 'n he'd bargained for. Sure enough it turned out so. I didn't unnerstan' 'em all exactly, but I guessed at a good deal, an' seein' as he wur so anxious t' get 'em I made 'im gi' me a good round sum for 'em—quite enuff t' set me up agen. But I warn't satisfied wi' that. I says t' meself, 'Pr'aps some day more misfortins may come about, an' I may want more money.' So I kep' back some o' the papers, an' he never knew but what he 'ad 'em all."

"Now, me lad, let this be a lesson to ye. It never did me no good. I didn't come t' want money agen, it is true; but I had no luck other ways. Our darter died, an' then me wife died, an' I wur left alone in the world; an' I saw as I'd bin wrong, an' I cursed the day when I sold them papers to a man as I knowed 'ad no right to 'em an' helped t' keep another—as I believes now—out o' his rights. Since I saw things in that light, I've bin doin' me best t' make restetooshun. I've worked, an' saved, t' get enuff t'

send out advertisements, an' pay lawyers or somebody, t' find the chap as ought t' 'ave had them papers. D'ye see? Now will ye swear t' me solemn as ye'll do this fur me? Ye'll find theer'll be 'nuff money over t' pay yerself lib'ral—an' I b'leeves I can trust yer t' carry it all out honest."

"I'll do that, Mat, my friend," said Jack, in earnest tones that carried comfort and conviction to the heart of the repentant diver. "But I can't take any money payment for it beyond bare expenses. I couldn't bring myself to make any profit out of such a trust. Tell me the names, and give me some idea how you want me to set to work."

"Get out the box from under the bed, an' gi' me the key ye'll find in the drawer over yonder. It takes a load off me mind t' hear ye promise so hearty—but, lad, it would take a greater load off if ye could find the right man afore I die, an' I could hear 'im say as he'll forgive me!"

Jack found the box and the key, and a little later he was engaged in looking over the papers.

Suddenly he uttered a startled cry, the blood rushed from his heart to his head and then back again, leaving his face deadly pale.

"Mat!" he gasped, in a voice that seemed half-stifled. "Mat! What is this? Surely it cannot be! The name can't be Elsworthy?"

Herron stared at the questioner in surprise. "Aye," he said, feebly, "that be the name. Do ye know it?"

"Know it? Why—it's ours. That is, I mean that my mother's name was Elsworthy. Was the ship you went down to named the Tasmanian?"

"Aye, aye, but—"

"Mat, you have here the papers we want to prove my title to the Elsworthy Estates! I am the heir to them! My father was lost on that ship! He had been out to Australia to try to secure these very papers, and was returning with them when the vessel was wrecked. It was from his dead body that you took the belt! Where—is—he—buried? Under what name?"

"He wur took ashore an' buried wi'out no name," was the shamefaced answer. "Because, ye see, most of the people on board was drowned wi' him, an' nobody seemed t' know him."

"Aye, I see!" cried Jack. "You and this other man between you had stolen everything by which he could be identified, and so—so—you left him to be buried in a pauper's grave, nameless and unknown!"

Jack had risen to his feet, his eyes flashing with anger and indignation, and he was pointing an accusing finger at the shrinking figure on the bed.

"Heaven help me! I know I've bin wicked, wicked, wicked!" groaned the diver. "An' what makes it worse fur me be that you, that I've wronged so, have nearly lost yer own life this day a-tryin' t' save mine! What shall I do? How shall I die? I wanted ter make some restetooshun, but now—now—" The voice died away in a hopeless, despairing moan.

Jack, who had begun to pace restlessly up and down the little room, stopped and gazed hard at the diver. And in those few moments many thoughts passed through his mind. He had thought this man greedy and m'serly. But had he been? If he had been scraping, and saving, and denying himself in order, as the poor fellow quaintly put it, to "make restitution," why, then, there was much to be said on the other side. That his repentance had been sincere was evidenced by the trust he had proposed to place in Jack's hands, by which he was to use the money thus scraped together to find out the true heir, and do the best that could be done to remedy the wrong in which he had aided. And after all, Jack reflected, the man who had tempted him had been most to blame.

Jack went to the bed, and, leaning over it, took Herron's hand in his.

"Mat!" he said, softly. "Mat, cheer

Summer Strength and Summer Satisfaction

come from foods that are easily digested—foods that supply the greatest amount of nutriment without taxing the liver or heating the body. Cut out the flesh foods and indigestible pastries for awhile and eat

SHREDDED WHEAT

the whole wheat food that is ready-cooked, and ready-to-serve. All the meat of the golden wheat prepared in its most digestible form. Give the cook a "day off," close up the hot kitchen and serve Shredded Wheat Biscuit with berries or other fresh fruits. It means health and strength, with freedom from work or worry. Place two Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a dish, cover them with berries or other fresh fruits, then pour over them milk, adding a little cream and sugar to suit the taste. Nothing so wholesome or satisfying in the Summer or nothing so easy to prepare.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer, made of the whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded, baked and pressed into a wafer. A crisp, tasty Summer snack for the camp or the long tramp, for the bungalow in the mountains, for picnics or excursions on land or on sea. Eaten with butter, salt, cheese, caviar or marmalades.

Made by

R66

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.



BEETHAM'S La-rola

Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY. The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

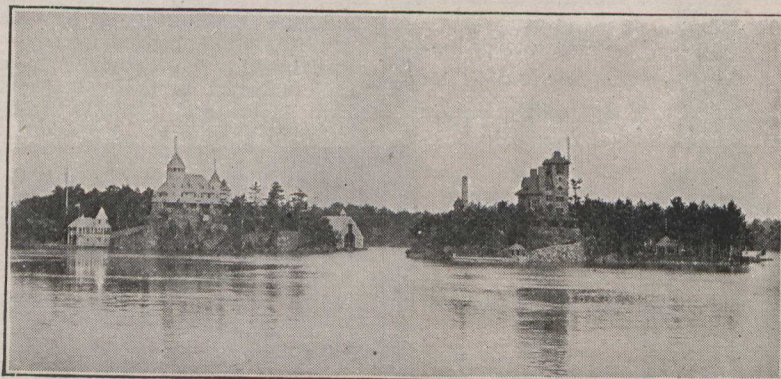
Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTENHAM, ENG.

DELIGHTFUL SEPTEMBER DAYS

An ideal time for a Lake and River ramble down Grand Old St. Lawrence



Via the

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Co.

For rates, folders and full information regarding trips to

1000 ISLANDS, MONTREAL, QUEBEC or SAGUENAY RIVER

Write THOS. HENRY,

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,

Traffic Manager, Montreal, P.Q.

A.G.P.A., Toronto, Ont.

up! Let there be no bad feeling between you and me! You have dealt honestly by me in trying to teach me all you could, and it is thanks to you that I, a mere 'prentice hand, have been able to earn as much money as older men, and so have had some over to send home. I am not going to forget it, and if I say that I forgive you—"

Mat roused up, as though there had come to him a fresh lease of life.

"Ye forgives me?" he exclaimed, incredulously, staring hard at the young fellow. "Say it agen—say it agen! I can't b'leeve me ears!"

Jack said it again, and more, too, while Mat lay there listening hungrily to words that sounded too good to be true. He was forgiven!

And, strange to say, spite of what the doctor had feared, Mat did not die. From the moment when the terrible burden that had so long lain on his mind had been lifted, and he felt that he was in very truth forgiven, he began to mend, and finally recovered.

But neither he nor Jack did any more diving work. When the latter, in due time, took the place in the world to which he was entitled, Mat went to live in a trim little cottage on his estate. And Jack, and his mother and sister, and Mat, are now all great friends, much to the wonderment of the gossiping folk of the countryside. But that is because Jack keeps his own counsel, and has never told those curious people this strange story of the Diver's Secret.

CAMPAIGN STORIES

A Jibe About Gaelic.

MANY effective stories were told by the late D. C. Fraser, who sat in the Dominion House for Guysboro, N. S., and was afterwards Lieutenant-Governor for Nova Scotia.

One of his stories—told while he was campaigning in Guysboro—concerned the idea, put forward by speakers of Gaelic, that Gaelic is the world's oldest language. The meeting was a joint one, and, after his opponent had spoken, Mr. Fraser said:

"My esteemed friend here not being familiar with Gaelic, it would perhaps be unfair if I were to address you in our beautiful language. But, I ask you, gentlemen, will you entrust your franchise to a man who can't speak the language that was spoken in the Garden of Eden?"

* * *

His Hope.

I N Ireland an election is something like an election. Every moment is occupied with civil and uncivil strife, and there is one long and glorious struggle when the final day arrives.

A Canadian tourist reached Belfast in the afternoon of election day, and, after being driven to his hotel, asked the cabby what party he belonged to.

"Faith, I'm not having much toime for politics," said the cautious Jehu, adding, as he extended his hand for the fare—"but I hope Yer Honour belongs to the Liberal Party."

An extra tip was forthcoming.

* * *

Do They Look Alike?

I N the Albany Club, Toronto, the other day during lunch J. R. L. Starr, K. C., the well-known Tory lawyer, sat with two or three of the



J. R. L. STARR, C.K.

leaders of the party, and they discussed the present campaign as they ate. More than one group noticed how engrossed the party at the table were in the subject. Several out of town

members who were present tried to identify Mr. Starr. His gray hair and young face reminded them of some one they knew.

"Excuse me, sir, but are you the



HON. RICHARD McBRIDE

Honourable Richard McBride, of British Columbia?" a waiter from the strangers' table asked Mr. Starr as the latter rose to go.

"No, but I'm some one just as good," replied Mr. Starr with a smile.

"Indeed, sir," said the tactful waiter, "all the good-looking men are not from British Columbia."

* * *

Guidance.

I N the last Dominion election there was no great issue on which the parties could divide as they are dividing this time on reciprocity. This lack of some big matter on which to appeal to the electors had been talked over by the Conservative leader and some of his most prominent supporters.

One of Mr. Borden's meetings was at Yarmouth, N. S., a town in which there is a beautiful set of church chimes, and as the leader and his supporters were on their way to the place of meeting something happened that they thought fitted in—in a funny way—with the lack of a great issue. The chimes suddenly pealed out, "Lead, Kindly Light."

* * *

Making a Mountain.

H ERE is a story that looks to be open to whatever interpretation one wishes to make concerning it:

A visitor to Canada was going through the Rocky Mountains, and a friend was giving him the names of the peaks.

The friend had pointed out Tupper, Macdonald and others.

"Where is Laurier?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, they're building that now," answered the friend.

No Acid OR Caustic
IN THE PURE
HYGIENIC
CLEANSER—10c
Old Dutch Cleanser
 Full directions and many uses on Large Sifter-Can. 10¢

By Special Appointment.



MURPHY & ORR
 Irish Linen and Lace House

Irish Linen Robes and Blouses (Unmade), Beautifully Hand Embroidered. See our Illustrated Price List.

DRESS LINENS--A charming selection of Patterns now ready will be sent free on application.

IMPERIAL LINEN MESH--The ideal underclothing for warm countries. Samples from

MURPHY & ORR
 BELFAST Box 111 IRELAND

This helps the cook as much as the sewing machine helps the seamstress

Prepare meals sitting down.

Take no more needless steps.

Have everything in easy reach.

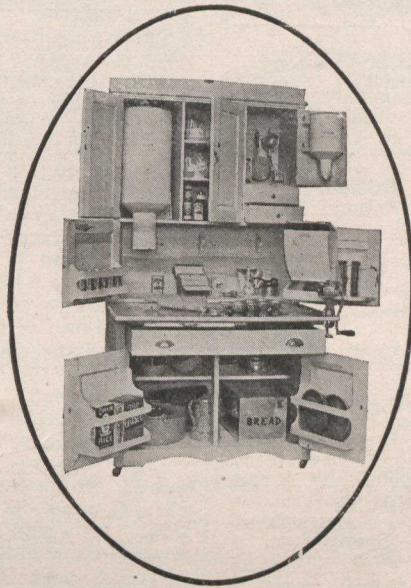
Gains hours for rest and recreation.

Economize your foodstuffs.

Keep the Kitchen tidy easy.

Know just where everything is.

Have a kitchen helper worth while.



If you attend to your own cooking, you need a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet. You need one even more if you hire a cook. For this Cabinet does much indeed to solve the servant problem. It keeps help contented, because it makes the work so much easier.

LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK



The Knechtel is the only really up-to-date practical Kitchen Cabinet. Its shining, tarnish-proof extension top of seamless aluminum; its cylinder flour-bin (50 lbs. capacity); its ingenious sugar-bin—these are only three of the thirty points in which none other vies with it. See it.

The picture here merely faintly suggests how compact, how handy, how complete the Knechtel is. You may see it and examine it to know its value to you and to understand why it must save its cost in a few months' use.

REGISTERED

Be sure and have your furniture dealer show you the several styles of Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet. One among them is just what you have been wanting. The price will suit you, too. Booklet E mailed on request.

INSIST ON SEEING THE KNECHTEL

KNECHTEL KITCHEN CABINET CO., Limited

HANOVER,

ONTARIO

NATIONAL TRUST CO

LIMITED

J. W. Flavelle,

PRESIDENT.

W. T. White,

GENERAL MANAGER.

Capital and Reserve \$2,500,000
 Assets Under Administration..... \$25,000,000

We shall be pleased upon request to send a Booklet containing forms of Wills

OFFICES

TORONTO

MONTREAL

WINNIPEG

EDMONTON

SASKATOON

REGINA

Baby's Own Soap
 unequalled for toilet and nursery use.
 "Best for baby — best for you."
 Refuse all substitutes.
 Albert Soaps Limited
 Mfrs., Montreal.
 1511

Hotel Directory

THE NEW RUSSELL

Ottawa, Canada
 250 rooms
 American Plan \$3.00 to \$5.00
 European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50
 \$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements.

LA CORONA HOTEL

(Home of the Epicure)
 Montreal
 European Plan \$1.50 up.
 John Healy
 Manager.

KING EDWARD HOTEL

Toronto, Canada
 —Fireproof—
 Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.
 American and European Plans.

GRAND UNION HOTEL

Toronto Canada
 Geo. A. Spear, President
 American Plan \$2—\$3. European Plan \$1—1.50.

PALMER HOUSE

TORONTO CANADA
 H. V. O'Connor, Proprietor
 Rates—\$2.00 to \$3.00

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CAN.

Queen's Hotel Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free 'Bus to all trains.
 H. L. Stephens, Prop.

HOTEL MOSSOP

Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop.
 European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
RATES:
 Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up.
 Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up.

NEW FREEMAN'S HOTEL

St. James Street, Montreal
 European plan. 150 rooms, with baths and every modern accommodation. Rates \$1.50 per day upwards. Restaurant one of the largest and best equipped on the continent.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE

A competitive examination will be held in November next at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission for the entry of Naval Cadets for the Naval Service of Canada; there will be 25 vacancies. Candidates must be between the ages of 14 and 16 years on the 1st of January next; must be British subjects and must have resided, or their parents must have resided in Canada for two years immediately preceding the examination; short periods of absence abroad for purpose of education to be considered as residence. Successful candidates will join the Royal Naval College at Halifax in January next; the course at the College is two years and the cost to parents, including board, lodging, uniform and all expenses, is approximately \$400 for the first year and \$250 for the second year. On passing out of College, Cadets will be rated Midshipmen, and will receive pay at the rate of \$2 per diem. Parents of intending candidates should make application to the Secretary Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, before 15th October next. Further information can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Naval Service, Ottawa. Unauthorized publication of this notice will not be paid for.
 G. J. DESBARATS,
 Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
 Department of the Naval Service.
 Ottawa, August 1st, 1911.

THE MAN FROM SOUTH ONTARIO

(Continued from page 9.)

the man from South Ontario, turning to the old gentleman in the armchair. "Rot, perfect rot," was the prompt and somewhat choleric reply. "I know Fielding personally, brother Bluenose as a matter of fact. Some of you youngsters don't appreciate the value of experience and ripe judgment in matters of importance. Why, let me see, Fielding can't have been more than sixty-two when he completed the negotiations at Washington, and what's that? R. L. Borden is fifty-seven. Is there any good of making a Prime Minister if at sixty-two he is going to be a 'has-been'? Sir John A. Macdonald, the Daddy of them all, was seventy-six, when at the hey-day of his power his Maker summoned him to another world. Disraeli made the Treaty of Berlin and received an ovation from the citizens of London at the age of seventy-four. Knox, one of the smart Yankees that you talk of, is nearly sixty. Fielding a 'has-been'—Humph!"

The train gave a sudden jerk and then moved smoothly forward. "We are moving at last," said the man from South Ontario.

The train proceeded some miles and the conversation changed to the unreliability of train service and then to the condition of the crops. The man in the armchair, however, was not satisfied that the reciprocity pact had been thoroughly canvassed. In the midst of speculation as to the probable wheat crop of the prairie provinces, he turned to the man from South Ontario—

"Look here," he said, "the old country, according to your own statement, buys one-half of the total goods which we Canadians send abroad. Why not draw closer to that quarter? Let us have reciprocity within the Empire, build up trade and strengthen our imperial relations."

"How are we going to do it?" inquired the farmer. "Reciprocity in natural products is out of the question. It would do no good to the United Kingdom for the simple reason that they have no natural products to sell us. To-day our goods go into the United Kingdom on exactly the same basis as those of the rest of the world."

"That will be changed soon," was the confident reply. "England is going in for protection. The tariff reformers will win."

"We have waited since 1897 for a preference in consideration of the concessions we then gave the manufacturers of Great Britain," replied the farmer.

"The old country people, it is true, move slowly," was the reply, "but empire building takes more than a day. I would advocate an increase in the British preference immediately. It will strengthen the hands of the Unionists."

"My dear sir," interrupted Mr. Brown. "Do you know what you are talking about? You would ruin one-half of the manufacturers in this country. Why, we in the woollen goods business—"

The man in the armchair gasped and recovered his breath. "Do I know what I am talking about? Certainly I do. How dare you ask me such a question?"

"I beg your pardon," replied Mr. Brown. "I used the phrase thoughtlessly."

"Beg pardon, nothing! We want to trade within the Empire; reciprocity within the Empire—One King, one flag, one tariff."

"One tariff," echoed the younger manufacturer.
 "Ruination," insisted the other.

No Change.—"I met Dunkey to-day for the first time for years. He hasn't changed much."

"Oh, he hasn't changed at all, but he doesn't seem to realize it."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, he's forever talking about 'what a fool he used to be.'"—Red Hen.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
 TORONTO
 FOUNDED 1829



Autumn Term begins Thursday,
 September 14th.

Examinations for Entrance Scholarships, Saturday, September 16th.

Courses for University, Royal Military College, etc.

Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate building. Every modern equipment.

H. W. AUDEN, M.A.
 Principal

HILL CROFT SCHOOL
 BOBCAYGEON, ONT.

A RESIDENTIAL PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

IN THE HEALTHY KAWARTHA LAKES DISTRICT

Boys prepared for the Senior Boarding Schools, and for the Royal Naval College, Halifax. Fall term opens Thursday, September 14th, 1911.

For prospectus, and all information, apply to

W. T. COMBER, B.A., Oxford
 Headmaster

Trinity College School

Residential School for Boys. Healthy Situation, Fireproof Buildings, Extensive Playgrounds, Large Gymnasium, Skating Rinks, etc.
 Port Hope, Ont. Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College, and business. Special attention given to younger boys. Next term begins Sept. 13. New boys must report Sept. 12.
 For Calendar and all information apply to the Headmaster,
 REV. OSWALD RIGBY, M.A.
 (Cambridge), LL.D.,
 Port Hope ———— Ontario



St. Margaret's College
 TORONTO

A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

(Founded by the late George Dickson, M.A., former principal of Upper Canada College, and Mrs. Dickson.)

President---Mrs. George Dickson.
 Principal---Miss J. E. Macdonald, B.A.

Academic Department---Preparation for the Universities with Honours a specialty. Mus.c---Vocal and Instrumental, Art, Eloquence, Household Science, Physical Education carefully directed.
 Large Lawns, Rink and Swimming Bath.

School reopens September 12th., 1911.

Write for Calendar

Bishop Strachan School
 WYKEHAM HALL
 College Street
 TORONTO

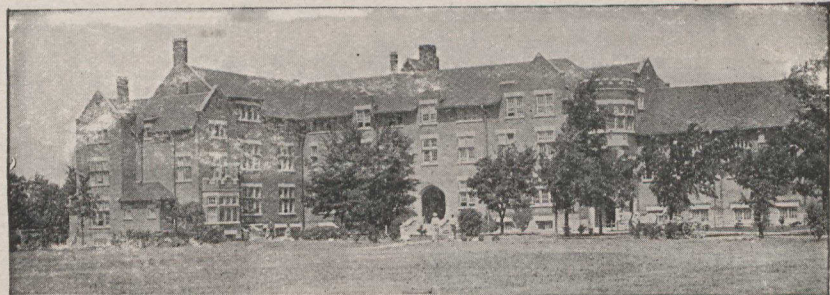
President---The Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO

Principal---MISS WALSH
 Vice-President---MISS NATION

A Residential and Day School for Girls

Full Matriculation Course, also elementary, with domestic arts, music, painting. Centrally situated in large grounds. Tennis and other games. Skating Rink and gymnasium.

Reopens after Summer Vacation
 SEPTEMBER 11th, 1911



A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS

RIDLEY COLLEGE
 St. Catharines, Ont.

Rev. J. O. Miller, M.A., D.C.L.
 Principal

Three separate residences, new, specially built and equipped. 1. Lower School for boys under fourteen. 2. Dean's House for boys of fourteen and fifteen. 3. Upper School for Advanced Pupils. Gymnasium and Swimming Bath just erected. Fine Hockey Rink. Athletic Fields and Playgrounds unsurpassed. Eighty acres. Mild climate. The School won University Scholarship in Classics, 1909, and in Classics and Mathematics, 1910.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 22nd September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between ERIN and ERIN (round route), GUELPH and GUELPH (round route), PUSLINCH and PUSLINCH (round route), ROCKWOOD and ROCKWOOD (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.
 Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Erin, Rockwood, Puslinch and route offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.
 POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
 Mail Service Branch,
 G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
 Ottawa, 11th August, 1911.

MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 22nd September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between CHATSWORTH and DESBORO, CHESLEY and DESBORO (Rural Delivery), from the Postmaster General's pleasure.
 Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Chatsworth, Chesley, Desboro and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.
 POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
 Mail Service Branch,
 G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
 Ottawa, 5th August, 1911.

THE RECIPROCITY of a ROSS RIFLE

There is the reciprocity which will serve every Canadian hunter.

That of his "Ross" Rifle.

Point it straight.

Pull the trigger right.

And it will reciprocate by landing the game.

"Ross" Sporting Rifles have the accuracy which has enabled Ross Target Arms to distance all other makes at Bisley—the world's greatest rifle meeting; and moreover the price is right.

\$25.00 and upwards

Illustrated Catalogue and name of nearest dealer sent on request

THE ROSS RIFLE CO.
QUEBEC

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

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

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL.

H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT

E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GEN'L MGR.

165 Branches in CANADA and NEW FOUNDLAND; 15 Agencies in CUBA and PORTO RICO.

BRITISH WEST INDIES

BAHAMAS | BARBADOS | JAMAICA
Nassau | Bridgetown | Kingston
TRINIDAD
Port of Spain
San Fernando

LONDON, ENG.,
Princes St., E.C.

NEW YORK,
68 William St.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT at all Branches

HOW DISAPPOINTING

Blank films, wasted time, effort and cost. No good results, poor pictures nearly every time. All this is avoided by camera owners who take our new, inexpensive course in Photography. Free booklet explains. **THE SHAW CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL, 393 Yonge Street, Toronto.**



Baldness is a Handicap

In business and social life.

Toupees and Wigs

guaranteed to fit and match, made by experts from the finest materials

Will give you an equal chance

With Toupee

Prices \$12.50 to \$18.00 for a quality usually sold for \$25 to \$50.

Order from the manufacturer and save middle man's profit.

Call or write at once to **F. WEBER & CO.**
27 Gerrard St. W., Toronto
Mail Orders carefully attended



Without Toupee



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, the 29th September, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week, between GRAND VALLEY and GRAND VALLEY (round route)—Rural Mail Delivery—from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Grand Valley, Wesley Campania and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Ma^r Service Branch,
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.
Ottawa, 15th August, 1911.

THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 22.)

Prince is."

"Yes," another voice whispered, "and how gracefully Jean submits. It must be an awful bore."

The quick blood flamed into Carl's face, partly in anger, partly in shame. Jean had not heard the comments, but she saw his flush.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing," Carl answered, but in his eyes came a hard gleam. A bore, was he? Ah! he would know if he had been and know before he left.

Dancing afterwards, Carl waited till in circling the room there was no one just near. Then he looked down at the hair and eyes.

"Jean," he whispered, "have I danced too much with you to-night?"

"No," she answered. "Why?"

"I overheard some remarks a few moments ago. Some one commented on how I had been boring you this evening. Jean, have I?"

"No, no!" she protested. "How could anyone be so mean as to say that?"

"I have danced with you a great deal," Carl said. "Perhaps for the formality of the thing it has been too much. In their minds I have been guilty of a breach of etiquette in doing so, and they may be right. But you will know why it is."

"I will know—when?"

"Soon."

"Tell me now."

"No, not now," he hurriedly said. "You don't know what you ask."

"Tell me now," the low voice pleaded.

"Not here, not here!" he cried. This was not what he had dreamed of so often. This was not the moment. How could he tell his love in the throng and in the dance? How could he plead? No, some other place, some other time!

"Carl, tell me why," she said again.

"Jean, don't ask me. You know. Oh, you know!"

"I don't," the girl murmured. "Tell me. Please!" There was just the slightest pressure of her fingers on his arm, but it sent the blood singing to Carl's ears. He couldn't resist speaking now, and it was not in the way he had dreamed.

"Why?" she questioned, as they circled the room again.

"Surely you know!" he answered, trying to gain time.

"No, why?" Again the finger tips prompted.

"Jean, Jean, you know," he said softly but passionately. "You know. It's only three words. How can I say them here?"

"Tell me them," the girl said with a glad tremulous catch in her voice.

"You know. Just three—three little words that make for us heaven or black despair."

"What are they?" she insisted. The fragrance of her presence was in his soul. Shyly she bent her head back to look at Carl and he was lost in the paradise of her eyes. He bent with lips almost at her ear as they danced.

"I love you!" were the tense words. Then the room and the lights swam before him as they did that other evening till the grasp of her hands on his arms brought his senses back. The grip was strong and thrilling. The music seemed far, far away, and Carl swung through the dance mechanically.

"Jean," he whispered, "is there any hope for me?"

Her breath came in quick heaves. "Oh! I had never thought—"

"Tell me," he interrupted fiercely, "Jean, you must tell me. Is there any hope?"

"Yes!" she breathed, and in that one whispered word heaven was born for Carl. Despair was naught but a dim cloud brushed aside by the mighty wings of his rapture.

(To be continued.)

The Sweet Thing.—Clara—"He says he thinks I am the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"
Sarah—"No, dear; let him keep on thinking so."—Town Topics.



Our handkerchiefs are so immeasurably superior to the majority of handkerchiefs now on the market, that we have decided to sell them in future under the branded name of

HIGENA & SILKANA

Every handkerchief in its own package—fresh and unwrinkled from the makers.

All up-to-date dealers sell "Higena" Handkerchiefs.



No. 1—Ladies, 3 for 15c.
" 2— " 1 " 25c.
" 3— " 3 " 25c.
" 4— " 2 " 25c.
" 5— " 3 " 50c.

No. 6—Gents, 2 for 15c.
" 7— " 3 " 25c.
" 8— " 2 " 25c.
" 9— " 1 " 25c.
" 10— " 3 " 50c.

Higena

Handkerchiefs

are packed separately in sealed packets, the unbroken seal on each packet constituting a guarantee of hygienic cleanliness and purity.

Silkana

Handkerchiefs

are of a beautiful silky texture with the daintiest of coloured patterns.



Don't be Content to Watch

the rising tide of Western Prosperity; locate yourself where you will profit by it. Don't wait until the West achieves its destiny; be in right at the start.

Yorkton, the Centre of the Wheat Belt

is an ideal town from which to direct your operations. Around it, within easy reach, lie the cities of the West, and in every direction stretch the railways of which Yorkton is a centre and distributing point. Yorkton has many fine buildings, water, drainage, schools, churches, etc., and its growth along the most progressive lines is assured.

INVESTMENT WILL BRING WEALTH

The industries are growing so rapidly that it soon will be difficult to get the foothold that can now be had for the asking.

If you are interested in Yorkton and its great future write to-day, giving your business, and we will send you full information of the possibilities and conditions.

G. H. BRADBROOK, Secretary Board of Trade, YORKTON, SASK.

TO MAKE A MORNING MEAL MERRY

The morning meal decides the morning mood, and the morning mood decides the day's work.

An **Electric Toaster** will make crisp, toothsome toast right on the table, piping hot and so appetizing.

The change it makes in a breakfast is well worth its trifling cost. Attach the cord to your lamp socket—turn the button.

PHONE MAIN 3975

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LTD.
12 ADELAIDE STREET EAST

CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

SMOKING MIXTURE

Every tin is equipped with patent moistener.



For Perfect Satisfaction

2 oz. Tin Costs25c
 4 oz. Tin Costs40c
 8 oz. Tin Costs75c
 16 oz. Tin Costs ...\$1.50



ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Autumn term commences September 13th, 1911. REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster. P146

It pays to advertise in the Canadian Courier — because you reach the best class of people in the nine Provinces of the Dominion.

The Scrap Book

Choosing a Name.—There is probably as little poetry in the average British workman as in any class of men in the world. But "the omnipotent baby" will evoke poetic sentiment in the prosiest nature.

Some years ago a Nottinghamshire clergyman in baptizing a baby paused in the midst of the service to inquire the name of the infant, to which the mother, with a profound courtesy, replied:

"Shady, sir, if you please."

"Shady?" replied the minister. "Then it's a boy and you mean Shadrack, eh?"

"No, please your reverence, it's a girl."

"And, pray," asked the pastor, "how happened you to call the child by such a strange name?"

"Why, sir," responded the woman, "if you must know, our name is Bower, and my husband said as how he should like her to be called Shady, because Shady Bower sounds so pretty."

* * *

Unharmd.—Ardent Sportsman—"I think that bird'll come down, John, don't you?"

"Aye, I reckon he will—when he's hungry."

* * *

New Turn to Old Tale.—"If you kiss me again," declared pretty Miss Lovely firmly, "I shall tell my father."

"That's an old tale," replied the bold young man. "Anyway it's worth it."

And he kissed her. Miss Lovely sprang to her feet.

"I shall tell father," she said, and left the room.

"Father," she said to her parent when she got outside. "Mr. Bolder wants to see your new gun."

A minute later, when father appeared in the doorway with his gun in his hand, there was a crash of breaking glass as Mr. Bolder dived through the window.—Milwaukee News.

* * *

Suicidal.—"That life-saver seemed to have difficulty in getting to shore."

"Yes. He took a terrible chance. He jumped overboard, wearing all his hero medals."—Washington Star.

* * *

His Idea of News.—The new reporter was assigned to gather the news in a rather unimportant suburb. He did fairly well for a few days, though he was terribly late in getting his copy up. But on the fourth day he came in much earlier than usual. He was visibly excited, and he wrote rapidly. Finally he took his stuff to the city editor's desk, and said, "May I go now, sir?"

The city editor looked over the copy. "Mr. Brown is thinking of building a new house." "Mr. B. F. Jones has started on his vacation." "A new drinking fountain is proposed for Front Street." And so on.

"Is this all you have?" asked the city editor.

"Yes, sir," answered the reporter. "I just left, and there wasn't another bit of news."

"All right—you can go. But what makes you in such a hurry?"

"Why, a man murdered his wife, just as I was leaving, and I want to go out and help lynch him!"

* * *

Not "Married in Haste."—"You look like a wreck to-day, Anna. Have you been sitting up all night again reading a novel?"

"Yes, madam. It was such a beautiful story, but they didn't get married till nearly five o'clock this morning!"

* * *

Compensation.—"I got my hand stung by a sea nettle," said the young girl.

"Terrible; too bad." "It wasn't so bad. Four young men insisted on holding my hand all at once."—Kansas City Journal.

The way to woo

GANONG'S
 THE FINEST G.B. IN THE LAND
CHOCOLATES

Delicious Dainty Flavors

CANADA'S CENTRAL CITY

WINNIPEG THE SIGN POST OF SUCCESS

WINNIPEG A GOOD CITY

to live and do business in. Winnipeg offers exceptionally good opportunities for the investment of capital and industry. As a business city the Bank Clearings have increased at the rate of over \$1,000,000 a year. Winnipeg erected \$15,116,450 in new buildings, in 1910, and for the seven months of 1911, \$11,368,650. Hundreds of industrial openings. Write for Free Illustrated Books giving facts. Special reports on manufacturing forwarded upon request

Write **CHAS. F. ROLAND, Commissioner, WINNIPEG, CANADA.**

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

THE OCEAN LIMITED

Leaves Montreal daily, except Saturday, 19.30 Arrives St. John 18.25, Halifax 22.00 daily, except Sunday.

ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD
BETWEEN
WESTERN ONTARIO, ST. JOHN AND HALIFAX
Saving Hours of Time.

MARITIME EXPRESS

Leaves Montreal daily 8.15 as far as Campbelltown. Daily, except Saturday, for St. John and Halifax, arriving St. John 10.40. Halifax 13.30 daily, except Sunday.

Through sleeping cars between Montreal, St. John and Halifax. Dining-car service unequalled. Direct connection for Prince Edward Island and the Sydneys.

French **NATURAL** Sparkling Table Water

perrier
"The Champagne of Table Waters"

CANADIAN CAR & FOUNDRY COMPANY LIMITED



BUILDERS AND DESIGNERS OF ALL KINDS AND TYPES OF

Freight and Passenger Cars of Steel or Wood Construction
Car Wheels Castings
Brake Beams Bar Iron
Forgings Bolsters



WORKS AT
AMHERST, N.S., and MONTREAL, QUEBEC

HEAD OFFICE:
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS BANK BUILDING
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

MUSKOKA

THE Lake Shore Line of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway is the most direct and only scenic route to Lake Simcoe, Sparrow Lake, Lake Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes, Parry Sound, Point Aux Baril and the Georgian Bay.

Get illustrated literature from the ticket offices, Canadian Northern Ontario Railway, Union Station and cor. King and Toronto Sts., or write R. L. Fairbairn, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent, Toronto, Ont.



IN REGAL COMFORT TO LONDON TOWN

In planning your trip to Europe it is safe to anticipate six days brim full of 'healthful enjoyment and perfect comfort if you travel on the Royal Mail Steamships

ROYAL GEORGE and ROYAL EDWARD

Luxurious appointments in music room and dining salon. Cabins-in-suite with bedrooms and bathrooms, each distinct in decorative treatment. Both boats driven by latest type of turbine engines---ensuring maximum speed with a minimum vibration. Thermo-tank system of ventilation throughout.



For full particulars, rates, sailings, see nearest Steamship Agent or--
GUY TOMBS, General Agent, Canadian Northern Steamships, Ltd., Montreal, Que.
H. C. BOURLIE, Toronto, Ont.
P. MOONEY, Halifax, N.S.
A. H. DAVIS, Winnipeg, Man.

Toronto to
Montreal and Ottawa
YONGE ST. STATION
(North Toronto)

Lv. 10.00 p.m. Daily. Ar. Ottawa 6.50 a.m., Montreal 7.00 a.m.
Lv. Montreal 10.45 p.m., Ottawa 11.20 p.m.
Ar. Toronto 7.50. a.m.



DOUBLE ELECTRIC BERTH LIGHTS

The Fastest Time---The Best Service.

R. L. THOMPSON, D.P.A., Toronto.



Most Direct Route
TO THE
"Highlands of Ontario"

Orillia and Couchiching, Muskoka Lakes
Lake of Bays, Maganetawan River, Algonquin National Park
Temagami, Georgian Bay, Kawartha Lakes

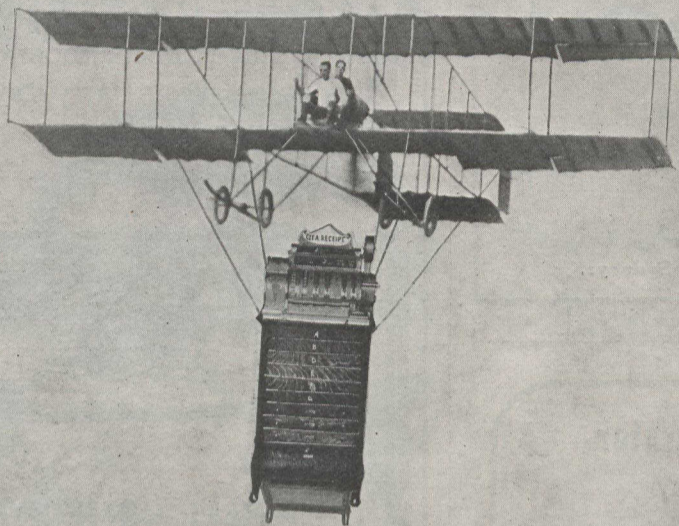
Spend Your Summer Holidays at One of These Delightful Spots

Finest summer playgrounds in America. Good hotel accommodation at moderate cost. The lover of out of doors will find here in abundance all things which make roughing it desirable. Select the locality that will afford you the greatest amount of enjoyment, and send for free map folders, beautifully illustrated, describing these out of the ordinary resorts.

All this recreation paradise only one night away from the leading cities of the United States, via the Grand Trunk. Palatial trains provide every travel luxury to your destination. Address--

A. E. DUFF, District Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont. J. QUINLAN, District Passenger Agent, Montreal, Que. H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal. G. T. BELL, Assistant Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal. W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.

“Signs of the Times”



ONE MILLION National Cash Registers

sold to shrewd merchants in all parts of the world have blazed the way of progress in retail merchandizing methods. They have conquered these merchants' greatest enemies: Mistakes, carelessness, forgetfulness, dishonesty, lack of system.



Are YOU Tied Down by Out-of-Date Methods?

You can't hope to run an up-to-date store by out-of-date methods. To be successful you must do as successful merchants do—put a receipt in every parcel. Just think! One million merchants have demonstrated that a National Cash Register stops mistakes, stops losses, prevents disputes, removes temptation, increases trade, increases profits. Why not investigate THEIR methods?

Get Particulars About the New “Get a Receipt” Plan

NATIONAL CASH REGISTER CO.

Head Office and Factory for Canada at TORONTO

F. E. MUTTON, MANAGER FOR CANADA