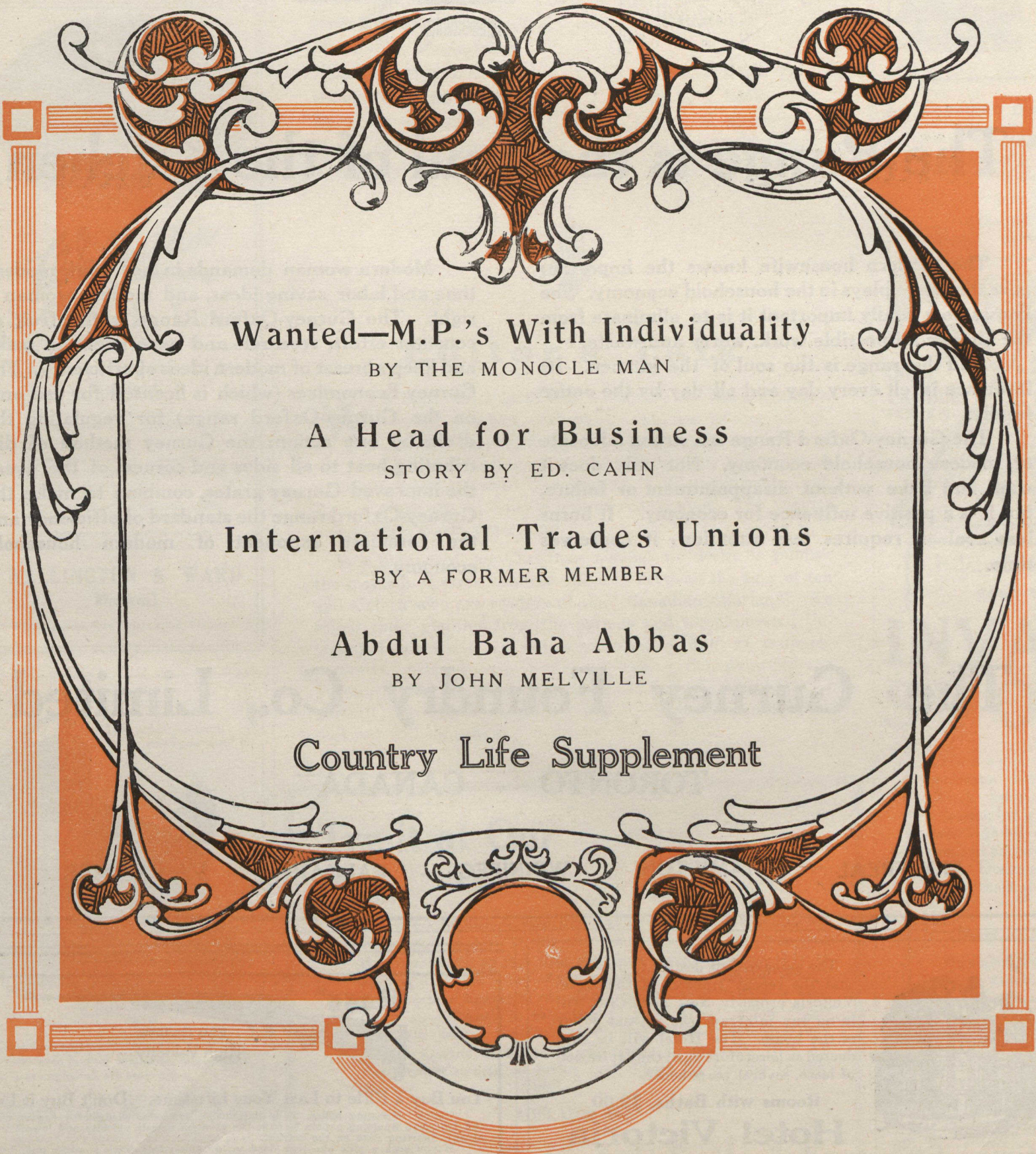


The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Wanted—M.P.'s With Individuality
BY THE MONOCLE MAN

A Head for Business
STORY BY ED. CAHN

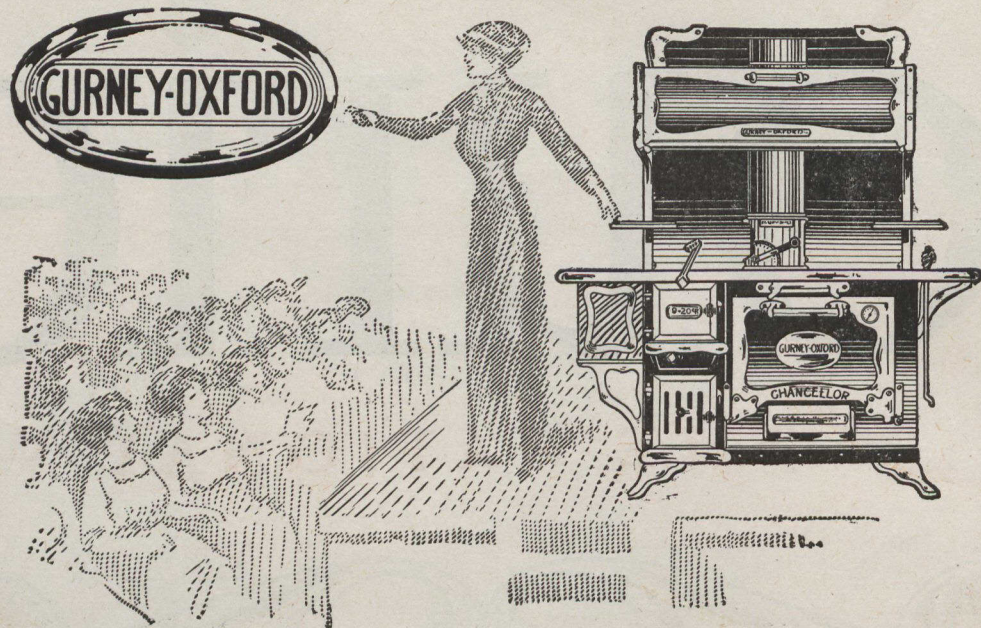
International Trades Unions
BY A FORMER MEMBER

Abdul Baha Abbas
BY JOHN MELVILLE

Country Life Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



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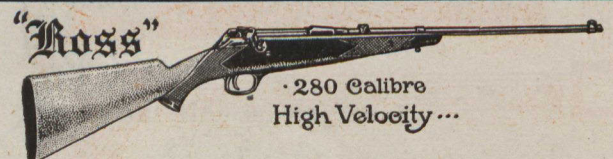
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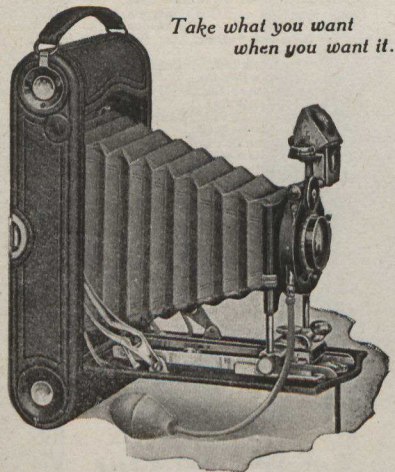
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 19

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Editor's Talk

WE have had a good deal to say of the Music Number, which appears next week. Besides having an historical significance, it will contain the portraits of all the leading conductors, choir-leaders, organists, violinists, vocalists and other leaders in the musical world. Almost every city in Canada will be represented. The number will be well worth preserving.

As a feature of our Christmas number we desire to publish the pictures of three hundred children between the ages of ten and sixteen who are readers of the "Canadian Courier." We solicit these pictures from the parents and the children. Unmounted snapshots will be acceptable as well as ordinary portraits. Address each picture to "Editor, Canadian Courier, Toronto," and give full name, address and age on back of portrait. No picture will be returned. The first three hundred received will be used.

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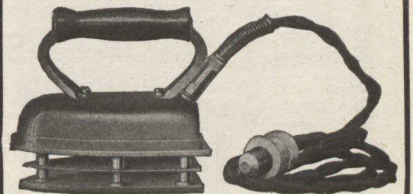
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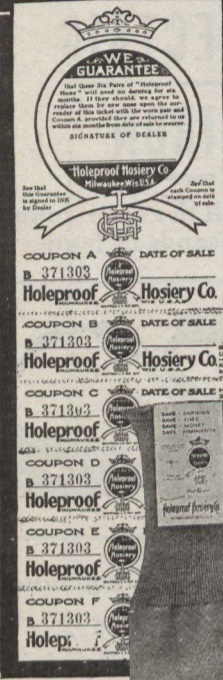
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day wearing "Holeproof" because of their wonderful quality, their softness, comfort, light weight and style. You ought to wear them. We pay the top market price for our cotton yarn—an average of 70c a pound. Common yarn costs but 30c. We use silk from Japan, the best we can buy. There are no finer hose to be had.

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The Scrap Book

The Retort Domestic.—Husband—
"Your extravagance is awful. When I die you'll probably have to beg."
Wife—"Well, I should be better off than some poor woman who never had any practice."—London Opinion.

An Eye to Business.—Motorist (to victim)—"What is your name and address?"
Victim—"John Smith, 14 Bean Street."
Motorist—"All right, Smith. Can't stop now, but to-morrow I will call at your house and try and convince you that you should carry an accident policy in the company I represent."—Puck.

The Test.—Our notion of tact is keeping a friend after said friend has purchased an automobile.—Atchison Globe.

Proved.—In moonshine districts, where the whiskey looks like water and is drunk like water, strange ideas prevail as to what intoxication really is. In a village one Saturday afternoon, a man lay in the boiling sun in the middle of the road with an empty bottle by his side.

"He's drunk; lock him up," the sheriff said.
But a woman interposed hastily. "No, he ain't drunk," she said. "I jest seen his fingers move."

Romance of a Stenographer.

Dictation,
Admiration,
Fascination,
Matrimony,
Flirtation,
Irritation,
Separation,
Alimony.

—Springfield Union.

Two or Three.—Country Cousin—
"Well, I was in the Metropolitan Museum this morning."

City Host—"That's nothing to brag about. I know two or three fellows living right here in New York who have been there."—Smart Set.

A Winner.—It was at the dinner-table and the hostess addressed her husband's brother:

"Do have another piece of pie, William."

"Why, really, I've already had two; but it's so good, I believe I will have another."

"Ha, ha, ha!—mothers a winner!" said little Frank, excitedly. "She said she'd bet you'd make a pig of yourself."—Harper's Magazine.

A Great Joke.—"Jones grumbles that his wife can't take a joke."
"That's funny, seems to me."
"How so?"
"She took Jones."—Judge.

Embarrassing.—Senator Borah was talking at a dinner in Boise about an embarrassing question that had been asked at Chicago.

"The question," he said, smiling, "went unanswered. It was like little Willie's query. A young gentleman was spending the week-end at little Willie's cottage at Atlantic City, and on Sunday evening after dinner, there being a scarcity of chairs on the crowded piazza, the young gentleman took Willie on his lap.

"Then during a pause in the conversation little Willie looked up at the young gentleman and piped: 'Am I as heavy as sister Mabel?'"—The Argonaut.

Didn't Sound Right.—"Ma, what does d d stand for?"

"Doctor of divinity, my dear. Don't they teach you the common abbreviations in school?"

"Oh, yes; but that don't seem to sound right here."

"Read it out loud, my dear."

My Dear (reading)—Witness—"I heard the defendant say, 'I'll make you suffer for this. I'll be doctor of divinity if I don't.'"—Milwaukee Sentinel.



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36 inches wide.

Is guaranteed to wear two seasons.

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- Peter McSweeney Co., Ltd., Moncton, N. B.
- Macaulay Bros. & Co., St. John, N. B.
- Fred B. Edgecombe Co., Ltd., Fredericton, N. B.
- Paquet Co., Ltd., Quebec, Que.
- Marceau & Co., " "
- F. Simard & Co., Ltd., " "
- W. H. Scroggie Ltd., Montreal " "
- James A. Ogilvy & Sons, " "
- The Hamilton Co., " "
- Goodwins Ltd., " "
- Bryson, Graham Ltd., Ottawa, Ont.
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- Murphy, Gamble Ltd., " "
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- John Laidlaw & Son, Kingston, " "
- Stacey & Steacy, Belleville, " "
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- The Simpson Co., Ltd., " "
- "Glasgow House," " "
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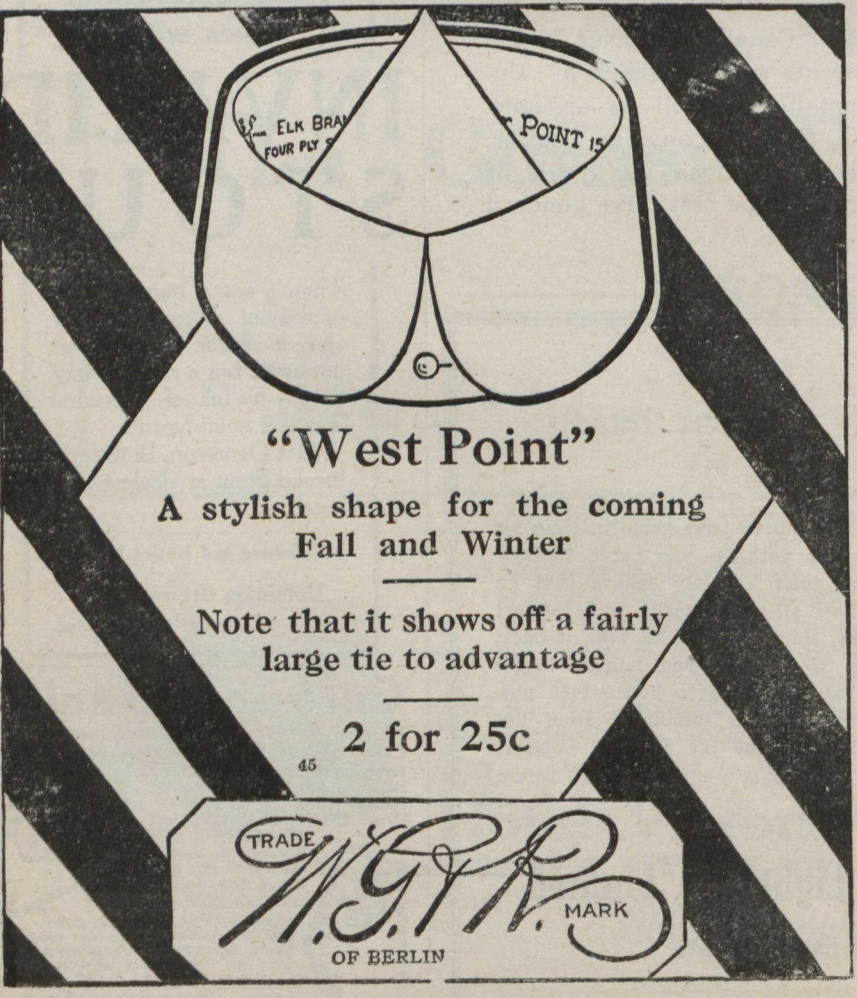


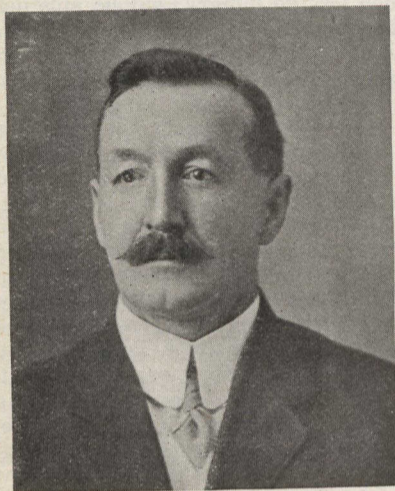
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MR. W. W. HUBBARD.
Appointed Superintendent Dominion Experimental Farm in New Brunswick.

Men of To-Day

A Fighting Journalist.

WHEN Mr. R. L. Richardson, editor and proprietor of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, was in the House of Commons he was a somewhat refractory follower of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. When the party whip cracked, "Bob" did not always obey. It is said that it was this particular trait in his character which finally led to his losing that part of his signature known as "M. P." The Honourable Clifford Sifton could either confirm or deny the truth of this. Since his defeat in 1901 he has tried three times to get back to the House of Commons as an Independent, but has never been successful in any one of his contests. He is now making

the fourth attempt in the constituency of Macdonald, and will know his fate on the night of October 12th.

Mr. Robert Lorne Richardson was born near Lanark, Ont., in 1860, and has served as a journalist since 1879. For two years he was on the *Toronto Globe* and for seven years on the *Winnipeg Daily Sun*. In 1889 he founded the *Winnipeg Tribune*, which he has continued to direct since that time. Mr. Richardson is also an aspirant for literary honours and has published two novels, "Colin of the Ninth Concession," and "The Camerons of Bruce." Both were full of accurate pictures of Canadian country life, although neither made a great furore in the world of fiction. A stirring political novel from his pen would certainly attract attention.

Should Mr. Richardson win on the reciprocity platform in a constituency which has been Conservative for the whole of its existence, his arrival at Ottawa will be an event of importance. Moreover, he would add greatly to the debating power of the "larger markets and freer trade" coterie.

Will Do Some Flag Waving.

ONE of the most striking features of the Toronto Board of Trade banquet, at which Premier Borden was welcomed back from England, was the

speech delivered by N. W. Rowell, K.C., leader of the Ontario Liberal party. While the interest of the people at the banquet centred largely in the guests of the evening—Mr. Borden and several of his followers—it is but fair to state that Mr. Rowell captured the audience with a whirlwind, Imperialistic oration.

Apparently Mr. Rowell and his friends are not going to leave Mr. Borden and his friends in free and undisputed possession of the Union Jack.

The speech of the Opposition leader for Ontario indicates that he is going to do a little flag-waving himself. He closed his speech with an enthusiastic appreciation of the Union Jack and what it means to the various parts of the Empire.

An Eastern Agriculturist.

MR. W. W. HUBBARD has been deputy commissioner of agriculture in New Brunswick—a good man in a cramped position. Hence his appointment as superintendent of the new Dominion Experimental Farm in New Brunswick is no surprise to his friends. This farm will be close to

Fredericton and the New Brunswick authorities will still have the valuable services of Mr. Hubbard.

Made a Striking Speech.

AN average of five new factories every four days—that is how manufacturing has grown in Canada in the ten-year period from 1901 to 1911. This and several other facts pleasing to the members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association were pointed out by Mr. Nathaniel Curry in his presidential address at the annual convention of that body in Ottawa last week. But the president was not content with showing only the bright side of the picture. He stated that this great production pace will overtake the home market demand; therefore attention should be given to the fact that the export trade shows very little tendency to expand.

Nor did Mr. Curry confine his remarks to matters of trade. Whether or not there is a German peril, he stated, Britain must maintain the two-power standard, and "our sense of gratitude, our sense of self-respect, demand that we should help and help substantially." The matter is too important and the need for action too urgent, he believed, to be made a question of party politics. "If criticism can be obviated and party feeling assuaged by the Government taking into its confidence the leader of the Opposition and his lieutenants," he said, "so much the better; by all means let such a conference be had, and had quickly, but in any event let us have action."

Mr. Curry's address was an important one, as was to be expected when one remembers his career. Born on a Nova Scotia farm three score years ago, he started to learn a trade at fifteen, and by combined pluck and ability he has risen to be a big figure in many large corporations.

A Peer Tells of Canada's Duty.

LORD MILNER, who was in Canada at the time of the Dominion election of 1908, is again in this country. At Sydney, N.S., he was interviewed concerning the great question of the day, and this is what he said:

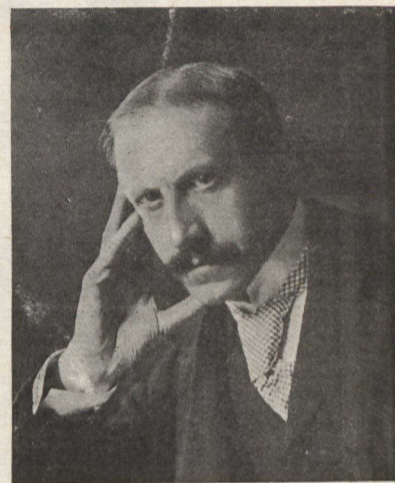
"My personal view is that Canada should create a navy of her own, but, of course, this would be of no use unless it would work hand-in-hand with that of Britain.

"I should have thought that Canada would be inclined to do more than contribute to the main navy. Of course, I am not saying that for the present that might not be the best way to start, as to work up a navy takes a

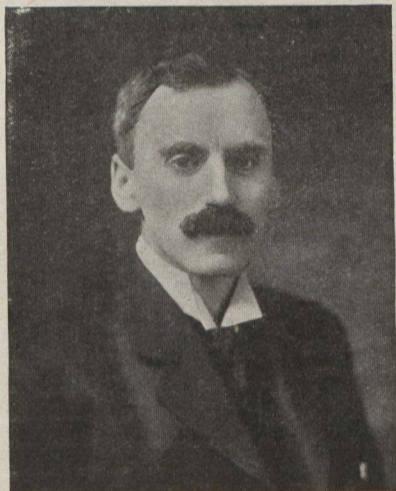
large time. But in the end a navy of Canada's own would, I think, prove itself the best.

"The last thing that should be done would be a division of your parties over this important measure. In Great Britain there will be no division, for whatever Canada will see fit to do will be approved of by both parties in the old country. It is a matter above parties."

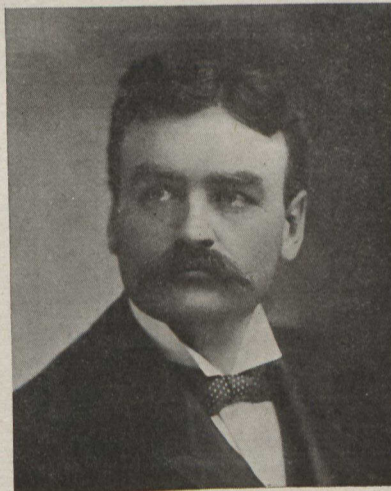
Whether or not one agrees with those views, it must be admitted that this noted peer is qualified, through experience and study, to pass opinions worthy of consideration. Few men know more than he about the various parts of the Empire and their problems.



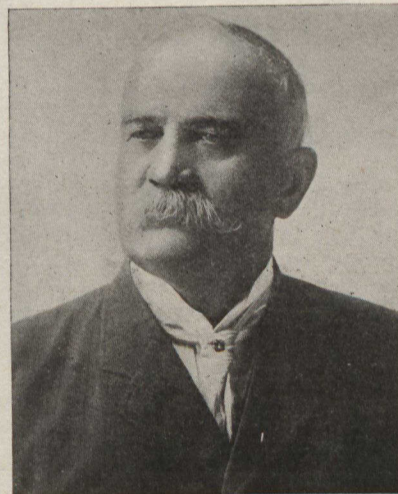
LORD MILNER.
Noted Imperialist Who Believes That Canada Should Have a Navy.



MR. N. W. ROWELL, K.C.,
Ontario Liberals' Leader, Who Made Good Impression at Borden Banquet.



MR. R. L. RICHARDSON,
Editor *Winnipeg Tribune* and Independent Candidate in Macdonald.



MR. NATHANIEL CURRY,
Who Made Striking Presidential Address to Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

A Head For Business

By ED. CAHN

Sketches by Leo P. Dowd



"He opened the door and sidled in."

IZZY SLAVIK peered intently through the dingy window of his father's "fish-and-chip" store. Long and narrow like a coffin, lit by two sputtering gas lamps, the store contained a counter ornamented by three groups of nickel and none too clean bottles, filled with concoctions known as "ketchup, horseradish, wooster sarse, pep-purr, and salt," flanked by stools on which, at the present moment, sat four customers, consuming—three hastily and one leisurely—portions of fried fish and potato chips, which had been cooked before their very eyes and conveyed to their plates by the proprietor himself, who officiated at the range directly before them.

The air was laden with smoke and with the smell of fish; the walls, covered with a paper which had once been a violent pink, were black with the smoke of many another frying, and adorned with two home-made signs.

One read: "We ain't ressoncible fer nuthin left hear," and the other, on a disk of grey cardboard, crudely lettered to represent a dollar, declared: "In Gott we trustt, but everybuddy else got to pay cash money. Don't arsk no kreditt."

As Izzy's eye fell on this, he seemed to be reminded that it was useless to ask for charity.

"Gee! No ust' askin' him to be easy on me. I bet I get it sumt'in' fierce. I'm glad there's customers in. He won't say nothin' to me while they're there."

Taking his courage in both hands, so to speak, he opened the door and sidled in, wearing a black eye, a torn suit of greasy clothes, and a shamefaced and conciliatory expression.

Fork in hand, his father turned, expecting a customer—or, as it was rent day, the landlord. He was prepared to wreath his face in smiles if the new-comer should be the former, or in gloom, if the latter; but when he saw merely Izzy, so very evidently again in disgrace, he turned an angry red, and favoured that small person with a glare that was fairly awesome.

Izzy could read in it much trouble for himself; so hung his head. Meantime, the fish began to burn; the patron for whom it was cooking began to protest; and Slavik transferred his attention from Izzy to the fish, to Izzy's vast relief.

Although doubting that he could earn any favour, Izzy washed his hands and busied himself cutting bread, cleaning fish, and washing dishes until after ten o'clock, when the last belated diner had departed.

Then his father pulled down his sleeves and seated himself on a box by the stove, from which he sourly regarded Izzy in silence still unbroken.

The slow moments dragged on, and still he did not speak. At last, unable to endure the suspense any longer, Izzy burst out: "When you goin' to lick me, popper?"

"Ach! When it's maybe a little better worth it my whiles," answered Slavik, bitterly. "I wisht it I had it five cents for every time I weared it out

myself on you. A shame it is to waste it good muscle on a bad kid. Did you lost it again your job?" Izzy nodded.

"Oi, oi! Zuris! Vat have I done it to have it such a *sck'emihl* for a son? Jobs after jobs do I gets it you, but always you gets it into a fight and loses yourself out of them. I should work myself to a shadder to feed you, a loafer vat's all the time scrapping and bringing it into a respectable fish palace torn clothings and black eyes! Vat's to become of you, Isadore? Do you want to have it some cops puts you inside of a penntencherie?"

"Naw—but the kids all the time call me sheeny. I'm a Jew, but I ain't no sheeny!" protested Izzy, hotly.

But his father paid no attention. "Already you are thirteen going on fourteen, and not got it a dollar saved yet. Ven you gets it old, where shall you live—in the streets?"

"Aw, that's a long time yet, popper."

"Nu, nu! It ain't so long as you think it. Time goes quick by to a loafer and a fighter. Shame—to be no better as such a bulldogs. A good *Jude* you ain't, Isadore, I'm ashamed for you."

"Abie Attell he is a swell fighter, and he is a Jew," objected Izzy.

"That's differanter. He is also a A-number-one business man, too, and you ain't. There is one kinds of a fights, like yours, vat's no good on earth; and there is another kind of fights, with lots *m'zumen* like his—and you ain't like him; you got it no head for business. Vat shall I do it with you, hey?"

"Let me stay here by you and learn it the fish-and-chip business."

"Nein! Do you wants to ruin me? It takes it a good head to cook, and burnt fish you can't sell it."

"Popper, lemme have a dollar'n a half? Aw, jus' this once!"

"A dollair und a haluff!" Slavik's hair fairly stood on end. "Gott in Himmel! Vat a nerve! Vat for?"

Izzy was edging toward the door. "For a punching bag. I wanna train fer a prize fighter," he answered impishly, and made a dash for it; but on the threshold retribution and a long fishy hand overtook him.

He was pulled back and seated with more force

you now you will starve; to save it your life you couldn't make it money, such a *dopus* you are!" Thus concluding, Slavik administered a smart slap to his erring son, and released him.

WITHOUT a word, Izzy walked soberly into the street, and, for the first time in his erratic young life, thought seriously. He felt himself the most abused boy in the world, and wondered bitterly whether, in the event that some run-away horse should run over and kill him, or that he should chop a hole in the ice and jump into the river, his father would be sorry for his cruel words. He did not believe for a moment that his father would let him miss a meal, much less go hungry; but he imagined himself starved to death and found, a cold corpse, in some alley—and all the boys he knew crying the papers, with big headlines on them, and his picture inside.

His father's final shot, however, had done the most damage. "I ain't a *dopus*. I could so make it money, if I had a chance. Aw, gee! Nobody never got rich bein' a errand boy. I wisht I could be a stock broker—they don't do no work, and wears swell clothes. Popper's always calling me down fer fightin', and I heard him tell mommer he didn't blame me when the boys call me sheeny. He says I ain't got no head for business. I wisht I could show him. Gee! What's that? A fight?"

Izzy was off like a shot, drawn as irresistibly to trouble as a needle to a magnet. Slipping and sliding, dodging autos, hoofs, police, and death in a dozen forms, his small figure seemed to squeeze through spaces where apparently a paper knife would have been in danger of being telescoped.

His eyes were alight with excitement; his breath came fast; he forgot his woes; and as he wormed his way through the crowd surrounding some blockaded street cars, he wished that there would be a riot every day.

"Hully gee! Ain't everybody sore!" he muttered delightedly.

Emphatically, everybody was sore. The long-suffering public, sick unto death of a villainous street-car company, had rebelled at last. The mayor had called a mass meeting to protest against sundry evils and notably a suspension of transfers, the continued use of patched-up horse-cars instead of

up-to-date equipment, and a newly inaugurated "pay-as-you-enter" system, which, without proper equipment, made street-car riding in zero weather a very hazardous undertaking.

People were tired of clinging like barnacles to icy back platforms, while they laboriously inserted a coin or ticket in "the coffee pot"—a contrivance held in the clumsy, half-frozen hand of a conductor, tired of being hustled and banged and bulldozed by a "soulless corporation." The whole city was "sore," as Izzy said, and fighting mad.

After the great hall would not admit another person, however small, thousands stood in the streets outside and said their say. There was a cold east wind blowing, and now and then freezing flurries of snow, so that saying one's say was a chilly business.

As much to keep warm as anything, the crowd began to indulge in a little horseplay. The half-dozen policemen present had listened with tolerance to a great many warm speeches about the railway, and now overlooked the rather rough fun; but when some firebrand threw a stone at a street car, and another yelled: "Wreck 'em!" they suddenly came to life and began to try to disperse the crowd.

The town was ordinarily the most peaceful in



"Prize fighter! Oi! Puncling bagger—loafer!"

than ceremony. With one hand grasping the boy's collar, and the other emphasizing his remarks, Slavik proceeded to lay down the law.

"Prize fighter! Oi! Punching bagger—loafer! Buy it from now on all the punching bags you want it—with your own money, what you got to get for yourselves. Board, two dollairs a week I shall charge it to you. Buy it from now on all your clothes, and see it if you will so quick tears them up! I bet

all Canada. The people were quiet and tolerant; they worked and played and went to church with dignified moderation; therefore they were slow to anger, and such a thing as a riotous mob had never been heard of within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The police, used to almost bucolic peace and quiet, lost their heads, and did the things needed to make the confusion entirely complete.

Just then the mayor's mass meeting came to an end, and the hundreds who had been listening to fiery denunciations of the oppressors, and were even angrier than when they came, joined the mob in the street.

They saw the fast-lengthening line of street cars, heard windows shatter, and joined in the proceedings with vigour and zest.

Izzy, wriggling in and out of the crowd like an eel, heard a tall, thin man say: "I'd give a cent for a good hefty brick."

"You're cheap," said his neighbour, who was short and fat. "I'd give ten cents for half a one."

This was all that was needed to set Izzy's business instincts on fire. "Mistair! *Honest*, would you? Stay it right here, and I'll get you some!"

Both men laughed and profanely demanded to know how they could move if they had wanted to, hemmed in by lamp-posts, telegraph poles, and the crowd.

But Izzy did not linger. He squirmed out of the packed mass of protesters, and darted around a corner to a new building, where was a pile of buff-coloured bricks, protected with a tarpaulin. He put one into each pocket, and filled his arms.

As he was staggering away, he encountered Tony, his Italian copartner in many an adventure.

"Hello! Whatcha goin' do mit da bricks?" said Tony.

"Say, d'ye wanna make some money?" demanded Izzy, his eyes filled with the same pirate fire that gleams in all close-corporation organizers.

"Sure t'ing!"

"Then load up with these things and come on

after me. An' listen here! If I ketches you buttin' in on my grat', I'll knock your head off—see?"

"Sure t'ing, but——"

"I'll do good by youse. Are you on?"

"Sure—I'm wise."

Soon they reached the scene of conflict, Izzy in the lead, and Tony bringing up the rear, laden with bricks.

Izzy found many ready customers, and sold his bricks at prices ranging from a penny to ten cents; then he took Tony's supply, and dispatched the Italian for more.

When he reached the tall, thin man who had first wished for ammunition, that worthy laughed uproariously and gave him a dollar, while the fat man asked him where he got the bricks.

Izzy pretended not to hear, but flushed.

"Never mind, son," said the thin man. "You ought to go into the stock market. You have proved that you can sell something that don't belong to you, at an outrageous price, to some one who don't need it and would be better off without it."

So saying, he threw the brick, with careful aim, squarely at a car window.

"'Tis in a pulpit ye ought to be," said a burly policeman, an instant later. Seizing the guilty philosopher by the shoulder, he hustled him off to the station house.

The fat man and Izzy got safely away—the one to go rollicking home via the taxicab and cocktail route; and the other to meet Tony and continue a rushing business, though as the moments flew by and the police got things more in hand, transactions became more and more furtive.

At length the last battered car was gone, carrying the remnants of the mob; and Izzy and Tony sat down on a curb to rest their aching arms and count the spoil. Hardly had they done so when Tony, after a cautious glance over his shoulder, sprang to his feet, with a hoarse, "Cheese it—da cop!" and dashed away at full speed.

Izzy, taken by surprise, was slower, and so fell into the hands of the law.

"Say, kid," said the officer, "what you doing here? What's yer name?"

Izzy was frightened at the thought of having to go to the station, and be searched. Suddenly the bricks came down hard on his conscience. What if they should hang him for taking them? He burst into tears, but stuttered out: "Izzy Slavik. I was lookin' at the people, and I——"

"Got lost in the shuffle, eh? Well, come along wid me. Yer pa's up at the station, scared clean out of his wits. He thinks ye are lost or kilt."

At the station Izzy found his father gesticulating wildly, and declaring his conviction that his son was no more. "Never does he stay it out later as eleven o'clocks," he was saying.

"Popper, here I am!"

"Isadore!" cried Slavik, clasping his son to his breast.

"Gee!" thought Izzy, noting the smiles on every face. "Nobody knows a t'ing about the bricks! I'm safe."

"Popper, let's go home. I got something to tell you."

Once in the fish store, Izzy drew the shades and locked the door; then from every pocket he disgorged heaps of small coins, three bills, and a silver dollar.

Haltingly at first, but more confidently as he progressed and noted the pleased look in his father's eyes, he told his story. "Now," he concluded, wearily, "I got it money to pay my board now. Can I have some supper, popper?"

"Ach! You shall have it fried trout as much as you can eat it, sparrer-grass from out of a can, and cups coffee as many as you likes it," said Slavik; "but no board you don't pay it. To-morrow I will find it out what them bricks cost it to replace, and you shall pay it; but the profits you keeps—them you didn't steal it from nobody. Then I will send it you to a business college. You were right—a errand boy you wasn't made for. *Gott sei dank*, my Izzy ain't no *dopus*, after all, but has got it himself a swell head for business."

Abdul Baha Abbas

Who Sees in All Religions Some Good and Behind All the Ultimate

By JOHN MELVILLE.

ABDUL BAHA, the wise preacher of universal peace, from the land of the Parsee and of Omar Khayham—sat alone in a room of the Windsor Hotel in Montreal.

The heavens were shut out by torrents of discouraging rain and the dome of St. James Cathedral was wrapt in fog. The city of many spires and religions was full of mist and a sort of doubt. But the soul of Abdul Baha was illumined. He had the light that never dies in a man, the consciousness of his immortality upon earth.

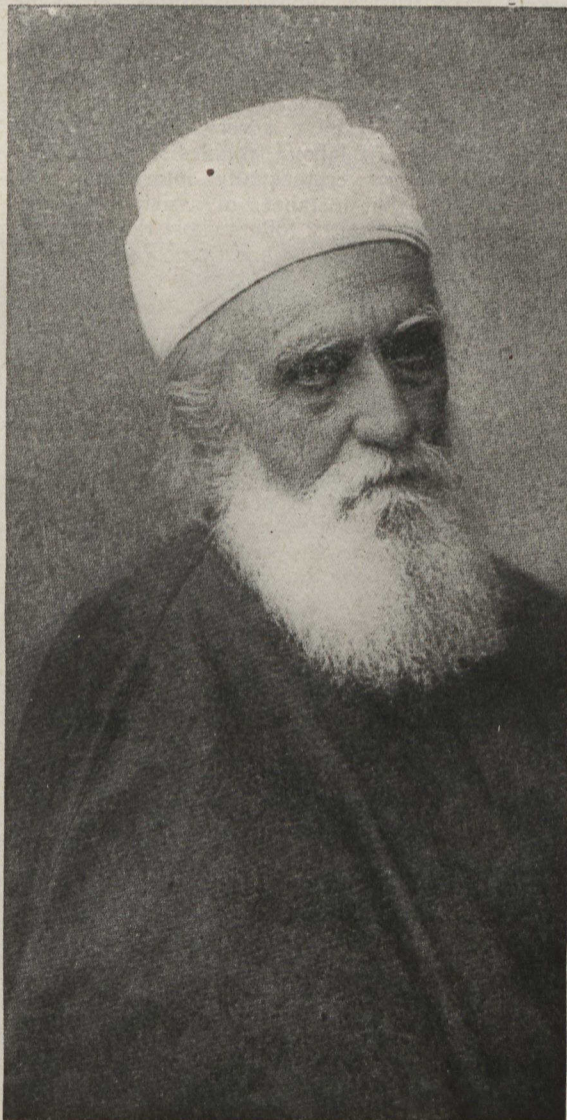
He had seen no other Canadian city. At the time of writing he is in the land of much politics—doing well to escape an interview from Colonel Roosevelt. Peace on earth and the concord of religions is the mission and the message of Abdul Baha; since ever he was born in captivity in 1844, son of the Baha o'Allah (Glory of God). Forty years of his life did he spend in captivities to which his father, when a young prophet of the Bahai movement in Persia was doomed, confiscated of his vast estates and persecuted because of his faith. But the soul of Abdul Baha is free. He thinks universally. With an interpreter and a clerk, both Persians, black-gowned and turbanned, and much busy with translations, he goes about on his great mission from the land of Omar Khayham.

Both interpreters were busy in an adjoining room at the Windsor, transcribing Persian with pens taken from queer little carven cases. The floor was heaped with bundles of newspapers containing reports of Abdul Baha's addresses, delivered in Persian and translated *viva voce* by an interpreter. They had been several days in Montreal and the people had heard them gladly. Now they would soon be going. But Abdul Baha Abbas was not too busy to be interviewed.

"Will you come in to see him?" asked the interpreter, Dr. Ameen U. Fareed—very courteously. Abdul Baha rose as I went in. He shook hands with renewed cordiality, speaking in Persian.

"He says, 'You are a thousand times welcome,'" said the interpreter.

And Abdul Baha, with the long, white whiskers, and the odd, white-wimpled fez over his long hair, sat among the loose wraps of his grey-brown robes, a plain, hermit-looking man, as ascetic as John the Baptist, to answer what questions I might put to him.



"A plain, hermit-looking man, as ascetic as John the Baptist."

He is used to this. And the interpreter also.

On the table where I wrote stood a vase of ripe, red roses.

"Will you ask him," I said, "how he would interpret a revelation of God to civilized man?"

The question was simple enough. But the answer came as a book. At the interpreter's request I wrote the things which came first in musical Persian, and then in the best of cultivated English. As I wrote the petals of the red roses fell in showers upon the paper; and it was easy to recall the "Persian Garden," which, with all its good-humoured cynical philosophy was yet much different from the things said by Abdul Baha.

The answer was so explicit and reasonable that there is not room for more than a summary here. Abdul Baha began with the degrees of perception in nature; the mineral unable to comprehend the vegetable, the animal incomprehensible to the plant, and the processes of intellection and ideation in man which are a sealed mystery to the animal. The exploits and activities of man whereby he conquers the world, crosses the seas, discovers new continents, builds factories, subjugates water-powers and flings great railroads into space and even essays to conquer the air—are all incomprehensible to the animal. The power of man to project his thought over the world and with the unseen is yet more of a mystery, probably not even realized as such, to the animal.

"How, then, can natural man discover or comprehend the reality of divinity?" said Abdul Baha. "It is impossible! The infinite is greater than the finite. A god conceived by the imagination of man is merely a phantom. Surely a man is greater than his own created concept? But the intellect of man is incapable of comprehending the I ord of man."

Here Abdul Baha was in perfect agreement with the best teachings of the church in any creed. But his mode of working out was different. He resorted to imagery; to the sun as a revealer; to the moon and the other heavenly bodies transmitting or reflecting light; to the mirror, which is a revelation of images—all by means of light which must radiate from a common centre of all things.

Half the red rose petals were on the table now. The windows were shut. The room was hot. But Abdul Baha, in his grey-brown robes, talked of

(Concluded on page 25.)

Through a Monocle

WANTED—M.P.'S WITH INDIVIDUALITY

IT seems to me that the greatest lack in our public life in this country is the Individual Member of Parliament. I mean the man who stands out distinctively from his fellows, and from whom the people want to hear on every important issue. He can be a perfectly good party man, and still be Individual. That is, he can give his party a general support on general questions; but he can add something to the discussion of them himself which comes from no other member. To illustrate what I mean—take the late "Labby." He was a Radical and a supporter of a Liberal Government. But no one could tell in advance just what "Labby" would say when he got up. He was Individual. He was no echo of the "front bench." His opinions had not been expressed in full when the Minister in charge of any measure had spoken. The consequence was that his support of a measure added strength to it. He was not a cypher—he was an integer, an Individual.

WE have had and we still have some Individual M. P.'s. Dalton McCarthy was such a "member," and "Billy" Maclean is such a member. It is not necessary to agree with everything your Individual Member says, to appreciate the importance of his contribution to the debates of Parliament. There ought to be enough Individual Members for us all to be able to disagree with some of them. But there is a wonderful barrenness of Individuality when you come to look over our Parliament and our Legislatures. The average reader can name—I venture to say—three times as many members of the far-away Imperial Parliament outside of the Ministry and the Opposition "front bench" as he can of private members of the Canadian Parliament whom he would think of as standing out distinctly enough to be seen across the Atlantic. There are men at Westminster whose opinions are waited for by the country, by the House, by the Ministry; and yet there is little doubt how they will finally vote. That is the sort of "party man" we need to-day at Ottawa.

THE French system of Government-making leads to the creation of lots of such Individuals. There are usually half a dozen ex-Premiers in the Chamber; and it is always important what an ex-Premier has to say on a measure, even when his support of it is assured. Ex-Ministers tumble over each other. These men usually have distinction. The very fact that they have served in prominent office helps them to gain this distinction—it encourages the growth of Individuality. You may put this down as one of the advantages of the French "group" system which it was one of the fashion of English writers to criticize so arrogantly—and so foolishly. They said that it led to instability of Governments. As a matter of fact, it is the surest guarantee of stability, just as any broad basis is more stable than a narrow one. The personnel of the Ministries might change frequently, but their character, seldom. There has not been what we would call "a party change" in Paris for over a decade.

THE proposed scheme of establishing Under-Secretaryships at Ottawa, would tend to nip any buds of Individuality which might be venturing forth on the Ministerial side. Under-Secretaryships would go to the "faithful"; and dumb fidelity would thus become the paramount virtue in the eyes of an increased number of the more promising members to the right of the Speaker. We do not want to multiply the "plums" which will keep the mouths of politicians watering so constantly that they cannot talk plainly. Then we need Under-Secretaryships about as much as a cat needs a flag. Under-Secretaryships are a device to enable a department to be defended in two Houses at the same time. The Under-Secretary should never sit in the same House with his chief. But, at Ottawa, we should probably see no such distinction. They would never put all these fat Under-Secretaryships in the Senate, nor would they appoint Senators to half the positions in the Ministry. We should see Secretaries and Under-Secretaries sitting, cheek by jowl, and drawing two salaries for the work of one.

YOUNG men entering politics in this country should realize that there is no road to promotion like the cultivation of Individuality. Older men turning to politics as an occupation, after they have

made their "pile," should take note of the same principle. Premiers, when they are making up their Cabinets or filling vacancies in one already made, always prefer the man who will add strength to the Government, and that is invariably the man best and most favourably known in the country. This lack of Individuality in the men behind most Ministries at Ottawa is the compelling reason why so many Prime Ministers go outside of the House for their colleagues. When Sir Wilfrid formed his Government, he brought in no less than five outsiders—if my hasty count is right. Every one of them was individual—Mowat, Sifton, Joly, Blair and Fielding. Not one of them—with the possible exception of Sir Oliver Mowat—would have been chosen if there had been a private member from the Province in question, behind Sir Wilfrid in the House of Commons, of equal Individuality. But Sir Wilfrid hungrily used up his Federal Individualities. He took in Mulock and Cartwright and Paterson and Mills and Tarte and Fitzpatrick and Fisher. To apply the same test to the formation of the Ministry of Mr. Borden would be

coming closer to personalities in a "mixed company" than I am allowed to approach; but any "gentle reader" can retire behind the door and make the application for himself.

IF I were a member of Parliament, I would have a "hobby" if I could not get my Individuality "over the footlights"—as they say on the stage—in any other way. It is better to be known as the creator of "the Plimsoll mark" than not to be known at all. Good old Adam Brown, of Hamilton, used to have a pigeon bill that kept him before the public; and it was a big help to Adam. McNeill, of Bruce, came to the front as an Imperialist; but there does not seem to-day to be any member capable of mounting this safe and easy steed—a steed much more popular to-day than it was in McNeill's time. There was a Professor Weldon in the House of other days who impressed his Individuality upon us simply as an honest and outspoken critic; and he could have had Cabinet rank had he been willing to accept it. What our private members want to do is to reveal to the country that there is something behind the "front benches" except "Billy" Maclean and ranks of voting automata.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

International Trades Unions

By A FORMER MEMBER

CANADIAN workmen are deeply interested in the question of international unions. Recent developments in this class of organization show clearly the danger to labour from a continuation of international unions on this continent. Many years ago, when the first international organization of labour was formed, British and continental workmen were its originators and composed its membership. Several conferences were held, but the extreme violence of continental workmen, and their determination to try and force Socialism on all classes of workmen killed for the time being this international union. Sporadic efforts have been made at various times since to revive the organization, but without effect. Sailors, dockers, transport workers, and other British organizations which have trusted for assistance from continental workers have trusted almost invariably in vain. Continental workmen were always ready to take British money and use it for their own purposes, and equally ready on many occasions to take the place of British workmen who might go on strike or be locked out. I have a very complete list of organizations and of labour troubles in which continental workmen were equally interested with British workers, but instances of assistance to the large body of old country toilers show that scarcely any help worth mentioning has ever been received by them from continental workers.

NOW, regarding international unions on this continent, a few facts will show how much Canadian workers have lost through affiliation with United States unions. It should at the same time be remembered that alien labour importation, being carefully watched by Canadian workers, and the law on the subject appealed to when necessary, can prevent any danger to their particular trades by the importation of workmen from the States or elsewhere, and of course the same rule applies to United States workers in case their employers sought to import Canadian labour in a dispute.

Taking the last ten years, which virtually cover the largest extension of international unions, Canadian workmen have had to pay very large sums in support of United States workmen who were engaged in disputes with their employers. In nearly a dozen cases Canadian trade unions have after careful investigation satisfied themselves that they were paying men who alleged they could not get work in the United States, long after the particular dispute which laid them idle had been settled, and opportunities to get work were abundant. Levies were collected from Canadian workers to support these loafers in idleness in several large United States cities. Protests were made again and again, and only after threats of withholding funds were made did these protests have effect. During the same ten-year period Canadian workmen have on the few occasions of serious labour disputes been very shabbily treated by international unions, and there have been instances of the refusal of money in support of a perfectly legitimate Canadian strike and even of Canadians who were locked out. Every

one knows that the Grand Trunk men received but little support from their international union, and these were not the only Canadian workmen who have suffered because of the failure of the international unions to do their duty to them.

In the ten years referred to Canadian workmen have paid over \$8,000,000 to international unions and these funds are practically absolutely under the control of United States citizens. Had Canadian workmen retained in their own hands for the last fifteen years the money they have sent to international unions, they could have paid the full benefit promised during every case in which they were on strike or locked out, and they would have had at this moment probably \$10,000,000 in their funds. But over and above this financial strength the Canadian trade unionists would not be the message boy or the labourer doing the errands and the chores for United States unions. The action of the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners is but one of the many open and secret attempts which the United States unions have made, and are still continuing to make to secure control of the funds of Canadian and British unions. The United States unionists tried the same game with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, and they have tried it with every British fraternal order which has established branches in the United States.

THE reason for all this is perfectly obvious. The unions of the United States are in the habit of selecting a few officials, such as president, secretary, walking delegate, etc., and paying them lordly salaries, whilst the British unions prefer to pay a fair salary to their officials and conserve their funds for legitimate labour purposes. The result is that, as a rule, the branches of these British unions in the States or Canada are, as in Britain, generally worth large amounts, and it would be a God-send to the Yankee unions to secure control of these funds. Every loyal Canadian should resolutely stand by the Amalgamated Carpenters and Joiners, the British society, in this fight, and the government of this country should absolutely refuse protection to any organization of labour or of a fraternal order whose headquarters are not within the jurisdiction of the Canadian courts. Only recently some branches of international unions in Ontario and other provinces lost considerable sums through the mistakes or misdeeds of the officials. That made no difference to the hungry maws of the international unions. The Canadians had to put on extra levies to pay their dues to the international unions, whilst local officers in Canada of international unions who had misapplied or lost funds went free. It is time that the truth was told about all these international unions, and it is time that Canadians learned that if they are ever to win the labour rights to which they are entitled, they can only win them when their organizations are purely Canadian, imbued by the true Canadian spirit and are no longer governed by Yankee officers with Yankee graft ideas and Yankee indifference to the sacredness of human life.

New Plays That Are Worth While

"The-Mind-the-Paint-Girl," "The Perplexed Husband," "The Governor's Lady," &c.

By J. E. WEBBER

Our New York Correspondent



One of the Dolly Sisters in "The Merry Countess."

SEPTEMBER has been ushering in new plays at a lively rate, and from the imposing list may now be gleaned some really worth-while theatrical entertainment. With Sutro's "The Perplexed Husband," Pinero's "The-Mind-The-Paint-Girl," "The Model," by Augustus Thomas, Alice Bradley's "The Governor's Lady," Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," William Boden's "Honest Jim Blunt," Charles Klein's adaptation of Rex Beach's best seller, "The Ne'er Do Well," "Little Miss Brown," by Philip Bartholamæ, no room is left for complaint either of variety or quality.

Long before the feminist movement had gained such headway, the perplexed husband had become a tolerably familiar figure of our social and domestic life. What new perplexities the "cause of woman" has added or may add to his already perplexing situation, Mr. Sutro has exposed in a comedy of rare charm and humour. During his absence from home *Tom Pelling's* wife has come under the spell of a glib theorist on the equality of sexes. She has also attended an Ibsen play and under the tutelage of the oleaginous bounder has discovered a striking parallel between her own case and that of Nora in her "Doll's House." To regain her affections *Tom* resorts to the old expedient of jealousy, pretending to accept the wife's views of equal marital rights and put them into practice. Various complications arise and in the end the wife, tired of her enfranchisement, seeks reconciliation. The theme is not calculated to amuse all, of course, but those not committed to some superficial sentiments now extant. Mr. John Drew plays the perplexed husband and beautiful Mary Boland the "cause" for jealousy.

"The-Mind-The-Paint-Girl" paints an exceptionally noble minded chorus girl who has won fame in a song called "Mind the Paint." Lilly Parradel by name, "whose mother hasn't an H to her name," is loved by Viscount Farncombe. His love is wholesome and intense, but the girl has forbears to think of and she tells him in no uncertain terms of her origin. The play is intended to present the problem of "marriage out of class." It comes here from a successful run in London, where Marie Lohr created the name part. Billie Burke is enacting the role here.

"The Model," by Augustus Thomas, is a comedy based on the conflict between puritanical and broad-minded views of life. The principal characters are an artist, his model, and a French philosophical novelist. The artist and the model are in love, but the artist is already engaged to marry the daughter of a straight laced millionaire. In the end he decides to marry the model, who proves to be the daughter of the novelist.

The title role of "The Governor's Lady" is the wife of a self-made Western millionaire whose wealth brings him a sense of power and importance. He has political ambitions, as well as social, which his wife does not share. It comes to the point where he decides that the simple, retiring domestic wife of his humbler beginnings will prove a handicap to his larger career. Another woman arrives on the scene at this juncture—a woman with youth, social position, and ambitions, to match his own. In a strongly emotional scene between the two women the younger is made to feel the superior claims of the wife and withdraws. Reconcilia-

tion is ultimately effected through the wife's efforts to qualify herself for the larger life to which the husband aspires. Miss Alice Bradley is the author of the play and Mr. Belasco the producer. It promises to be one of the dramatic successes of the season.

In "Within the Law," Bayard Veiller, the author, has used a psychological condition as a basis for a melodramatic story. A young girl is sent to prison for a theft which she did not commit. Before she is sent away this department store girl with a temperament and a forceful character, delivers an emotional phillipic on the criminal wages of girls of her class and their hard economic and social plight. After she has served her term, and later has encountered the usual social rebuffs, in a spirit half vindictive and half in self protection, she turns her wits to living just "within the law." She finds she has the skill and shrewdness to win considerable wealth by practices that could scarcely pass ethical or moral scrutiny, but are strictly legal. The play had a big success in Chicago last season and the prospects are equally good for a long New York run.

"Honest Jim Blunt" is a sort of Col. Sellers, much in debt but sure he could set his affairs right if he only "had a day to turn round in." To quiet his more importunate creditors, he invents a temporary embarrassment due to activity in a certain stock which he claims to possess to the extent of 25,000 shares. Unexpectedly the stock begins to soar and, on paper, Blunt becomes a millionaire. He is forced to keep up the pretense, but in the end he extricates himself from his troubles. Tim Murphy, last seen here with Mrs. Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh," plays the title role.

NOTWITHSTANDING that the author has reused the popular features of his former farce, "Little Miss Brown" is far less amusing than "Overnight." The present play has to do with the experiences of a demure little maiden who, failing to obtain hotel accommodation as a maiden, adopts the expedient of a married title. Of course she chooses the name of an expected guest whose husband arrives beforehand. Complications arise, naturally, especially when the husband is called upon to explain the novel situation to his real wife in the morning.

The story of "The Ne'er Do Well," the young football hero who is disowned by his millionaire father for his profligate conduct, and who is smuggled off to Panama without money, there to

make his way as best he can, is no doubt generally known. The adventures both in love and war of this young man who describes himself as two-thirds matter and one-third mind are as varied and abusive as any snowstorm heroine of old ever experienced. He is doped, thrown on a ship senseless, penniless and baggageless, even his very existence denied by his father. He is made to work for his living at menial toil, is falsely accused of murder, and is about to be hanged when his father finally relents and comes to his rescue. Making plays from novels is a dubious task, but in this Charles Klein has contrived to preserve much of the spirit of the book in the stage version. The final scene, in which the father, with the aid of a megaphone voice, a few sailors from his yacht and an American flag, rides over the government of Panama and carries off his son safe, and free-holds enough eagle to insure a popular success in the United States.

A new musical comedy, "My Best Girl," by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, authors of "The Red Widow," has come to dispute charms with "The Merry Countess" in that particular field of effort. Clifton Crawford is the particular star of this occasion.

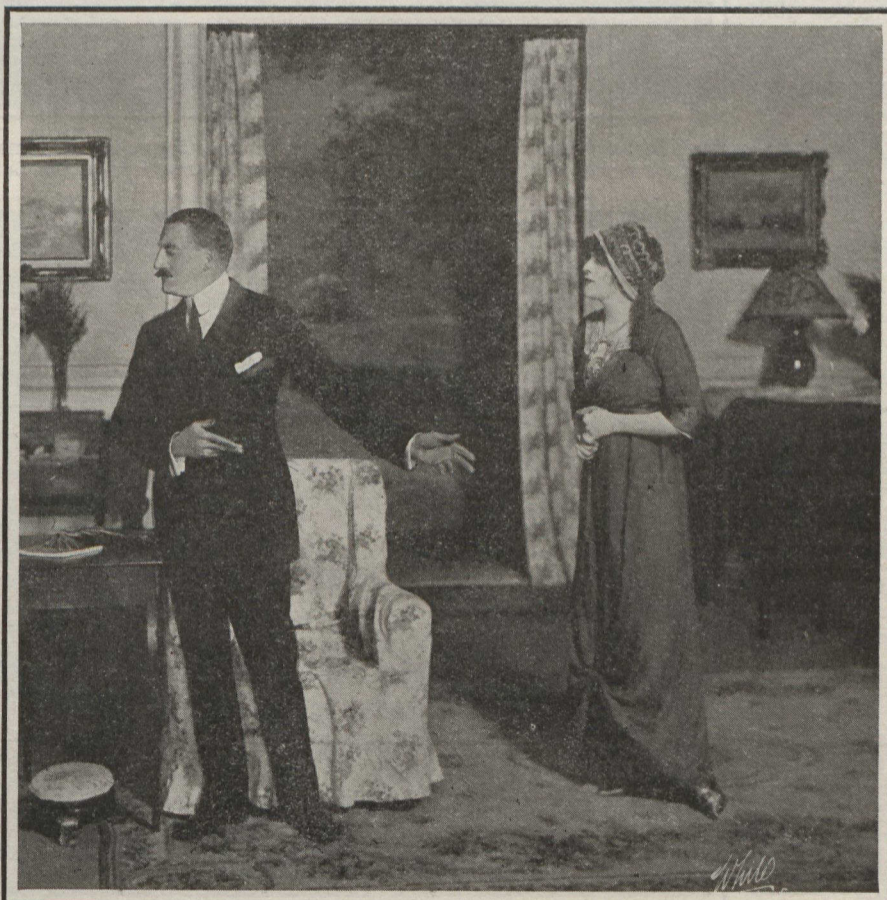
Dramatic and Music Notes.

THE Toronto Musical Festival, which is to be held in the new Arena next week, is no small undertaking. It is said that the aggregate amount of the contracts with the various artists is forty thousand dollars. This huge undertaking has been the work of two somewhat remarkable men. One of these is Mr. Lawrence Solman, manager of the Royal Alexandra Theatre and the Toronto Ferry Company which handles the entertainments and baseball grounds on Toronto Island. Mr. Solman has always been a leader in the promotion of sporting and amusement features and was the first to bring Tetravzini and Anna Pavlova to this country. He gives the credit for the suggestion of this great festival to his friend, Mr. J. H. Dalton, of New York. During the preliminary stages Mr. Dalton conducted the arrangements from New York, but latterly he has been in Toronto superintending detail. On these two men, therefore, has fallen the burden of one of the greatest musical entertainments, probably the greatest, ever undertaken in Canada.

The conductor for the occasion will be Mr. Nahan Franko, who brings with him his famous orchestra. Franko was born in New Orleans, in 1861, and first visited Toronto as a child violinist in 1869. He was concertmeister in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, before he became a conductor on his own account.

Miss Molly Pearson, the original "Bunty," delighted the Toronto theatre-goers last week. Miss Pearson is well known in that city and had many friends there before she made her great success in "Bunty Pulls The Strings." This week she is playing in New York and the following week will be in Montreal. Shortly the company will go to Philadelphia, where they hope to have a long engagement.

Two years ago, when Edward Sheldon saw Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie," he decided that he wanted to write a play for her. The actress was very eager to have a play by this brilliant young author, and immediately signed a contract with him. However, a change of management prevented her accepting the play last year. This year Miss Anglin is her own manager, and the first thing she did was to accept Mr. Sheldon's play, "Egypt," which is the vehicle she will be seen in at the Garrick. The play had its premiere in Hudson, N.Y.



Scene from "The Perplexed Husband," in which John Drew and Mary Boland are appearing this season.

People and Events

Autumn Modes at the Woodbine, Toronto

Rumoured Cabinet Shift

IT is declared that there will soon be a break in the Nationalist-Conservative cabinet of Premier Borden. Rumour has it that Hon. F. D. Monk, the Nationalist leader in the coalition formed last September, will abandon the portfolio of public works and go to the Quebec bench, succeeding Justice Routhier, who is to retire on superannuation in December.

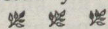
Should Mr. Monk retire, his place in the cabinet may be taken by Mr. L. T. Marechal, K.C., of Montreal, or Hon. Robert Rogers. Mr. Rogers, it is said, wishes to leave the interior department and obtain the portfolio of public works, which would give him larger scope.

It is understood that Premier Borden is inclined to yield to Mr. Rogers' request, and the shift is expected to materialize some time between now and Christmas. For the interior department portfolio in succession to Mr. Rogers, Hon. Dr. Roche, secretary of state, is slated as being the only other representative of the prairie provinces in the cabinet.

Mr. Marechal would then probably come in as secretary of state, a natural position for a new Parliamentarian and an inexperienced administrator. The shift would give the West a larger share of the more important portfolios and Quebec would be fully served by having the post office, justice, inland revenue and state departments.

Mr. Marechal is a good speaker and an astute politician. He would come in as a straight Conservative.

Of course, a number of people who are forecasting cabinet changes are declaring that the coalition has not resulted in harmoniousness. It is said, for instance, that Mr. Monk can no longer work in harmony with Premier Borden, now that the naval question has to be actually faced.



Sir Richard's Books

THE late Sir Richard Cartwright was fond of a good story—not a verbal story, but a written one. A writer in the Ottawa *Free Press* tells how he was sometimes late for his part in the debate simply because he had got interested in a story of some kind, for he loved books more than men. The writer goes on as follows:

It was ten years ago, during a most exciting debate in the Commons, that Sir Richard was observed to be poring over a book. On a couple of occasions during the debate he was asked a question, which question he answered in the shortest possible manner and with a snort of impatience.

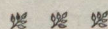
When six o'clock came, Sir Richard left for dinner, leaving the book behind on his seat. Someone suggested that the minister was engaged in studying some profound work of finance or philosophy.

"Come and see," said a press gallery man who sat immediately above the minister's seat and who knew him.

The little group stole into the Commons and glanced at the title of the book, now lying exposed on the ministerial seat. It was "Blue Lights, or Hot Work in the Soudan," by R. M. Ballantyne, and its sub-title was "A Book for Boys."

Indeed, Sir Richard on one occasion explained that he found such literature a kind of mental soporific, that is he could read with one part of his mind and follow proceedings with quite another part. Like the playing of Patience, of which years ago, he used to be extremely fond, he could put his mind in trim for some effort best by some light mechanical mental exercise such as reading a light work, just as the Marathon runner might spend a few minutes with the four-pound dumb-bells before starting on his twenty-mile ride.

Sir Richard had read everything of Conan Doyle, and he is credited with knowing almost every work of Henty's. Indeed, right to the last there was a peculiarly boyish cast to his mind—mentally he never seemed to have passed his prime.



Home Re-Unions

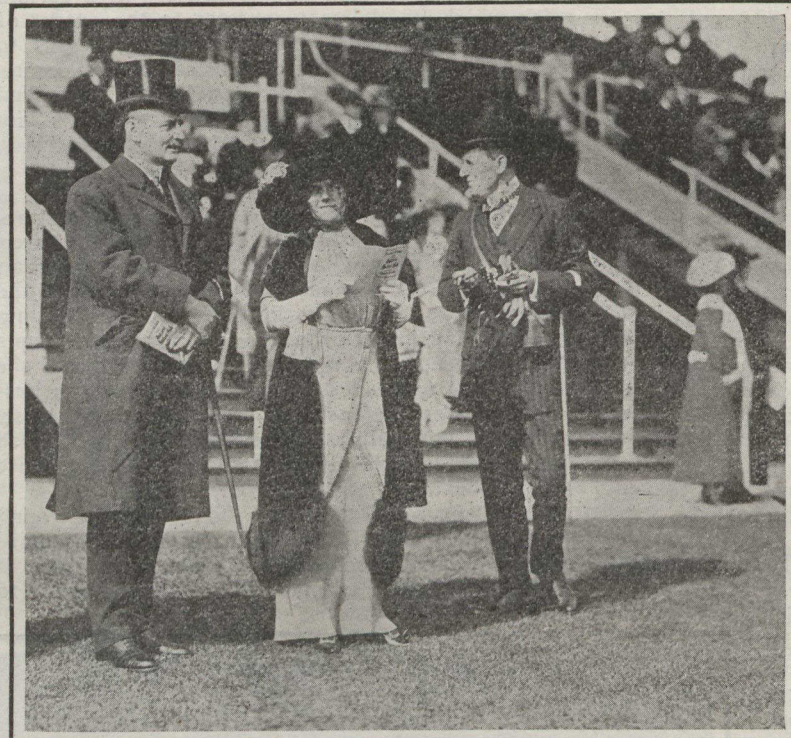
THE Home Re-union Associations, which now exist in almost every Canadian city, are doing a splendid work. The Toronto organization, since its establishment in January last, has granted transportation to 285 wives and more than 1,200 children of Britishers now living in this country, but unable to finance the transportation of their families. The Ottawa association has just begun work and a few days ago the first two families arrived. The secre-



The raw wind on Opening Day of the Ontario Jockey Club's Autumn Meet gave reason for wearing furs. Chinchilla, fox and many beautiful combinations in muffs and wraps were much in evidence.



A dignified costume in rich black velvet and silk.



The unusually close finishes kept everyone on the tip-toe of excitement, and each event was watched with interest by the groups upon the Lawn.



A handsome panniered gown, with furs.



The dark green of the lawns, the bright crimson of the flower borders, the browns, blues, and purples of the costumes blended beautifully.

The Governor-General in British Columbia

tary of the Ottawa association states that they will bring out fifteen families this fall, advancing 80 per cent. of the cost, which is the rule in all the twenty-five associations scattered throughout the country.

This movement is certainly one of the sanest of recent social movements in Canada and deserves general commendation and support.

The Duke on the Pacific

HIS Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught has been received enthusiastically in British Columbia. Vancouver's reception was probably the most extensive and most enthusiastic which he has received since he became Governor-General of Canada. The main streets of the city were decorated with arches and the various public events were of an almost oriental character. It is estimated that sixty thousand people lined the streets when the Duke passed from the Canadian Pacific depot to the Court House. At the station he was welcomed by the Mayor, wearing his chain of office. The reception committee were presented in the following order:

Mr. E. R. Ricketts, Sir C. Hibbert Tupper, Mr. Campbell Sweeny, Mr. Harry Abbott, Mr. Marpole, Mr. Jonathan Rogers, Dr. W. Brydone-Jack, A. B. Erskine, president of the Board of Trade; Mr. H. H. Stevens, M.P., Dr. George McGuire, M. P. P., Lieut.-Col. Worsnop, Lieut. R. G. Edwards Leckie, Lieut.-Col. Duff-Stuart, Major F. C. McTavish and Mr. A. E. Stevens, assistant superintendent of the C. P. R.

The guard of honour was supplied by the Sixth Regiment, D. C. O. R., and the B. C. Mounted Horse formed the Royal escort. The Sixth Regiment and the 72nd Seaforth Highlanders added to the glory of the procession. At the Court House a guard of honour was supplied from the 72nd Regiment, and Mayor Findlay read the address of welcome.

One of the chief events of the royal visit was the formal opening and christening of the Connaught Bridge, which has hitherto been known as the Cambie Street Bridge. Princess Patricia pulled the silken cord which simultaneously "opened the gates" and broke the bottle of champagne which hung against the head of the bridge.

Another event was the military dinner given by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Duff-Stuart and officers of the Sixth Duke of Connaught's Own Regiment, of which the Duke is Honorary Colonel. Among those present were Lt.-Col. Wadmore, Col. Sir Henry Pellatt, Lt.-Col. Worsnop, Lt.-Col. Macdonell, Lt.-Col. Swinford, Major McTavish, Major Johnson, Lt.-Col. Leckie, Lt.-Col. Flick, and Lt.-Col. A. D. McRae.

Perhaps the chief society event of the Duke's visit was the reception held at the Hotel Vancouver, when twenty-six hundred leading Vancouverites were presented to their Royal Highnesses. The event took place in the large dining-room of the hotel, and its decorations of fir transformed it into a wooded bower and afforded a most desirable background for the gay dresses and uniforms. There was no question of precedence whatever, the invited ones being presented as they happened to arrive. Representatives of various nations, including China and Japan, lent a touch of foreign interest to the occasion. After the presentation their Royal Highnesses left the room through a lane of guests. The latter showed their enthusiasm by vigorous handclapping which their Highnesses acknowledged with appreciative bows and smiles.



Presentation of the Civic Address of Welcome to Their Royal Highnesses at the Court House. The B. C. Mounted Horse, the Sixth Regiment, and the 72nd Highlanders formed the parade as shown in this excellent photograph.



Royal Party passing Canadian Northern Railway Arch.



The Lumbermen's Arch was essentially typical.



The Duke and Duchess exchange greetings with the ladies at the Military Review. Princess Patricia stands patiently in the background.



At Kamloops, B.C., with arches celebrating Kamloops centenary.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Unity and Duty.

THE remarks made by President Curry, of the Manufacturers' Association, concerning the naval question, are worthy of the highest commendation. He is anxious for action of some kind. He would not stop to argue whether there is a German menace; he would not waste time criticizing petty details as to what would be best politically, but he would have immediate action. He says:

"If criticism can be obviated and party feeling assuaged by the Government taking into its confidence the leader of the Opposition and his lieutenants, so much the better; by all means let such a conference be had, and had quickly, but in any event let us have action; let us sink our individual likes and dislikes to the end that something may be accomplished, and, placing all politics aside, let us unite in the performance of what is plainly our duty, and so declare to the world at large that at last we are a nation."

This, I believe, comes nearer expressing the present state of public opinion than any editorial I have read recently. The German war scare has passed, but the situation is not altered. The necessity for Canada's doing something big remains and that necessity demands immediate action.

It is interesting to note also that Lord Milner has expressed his personal view since arriving in Canada, that Canada should have a navy of her own. An immediate contribution might be advisable, "but in the end a navy of Canada's own would, I think, prove best." He also approves of a non-partisan treatment of the case, declaring that "The last thing that should be done would be a division of your parties over this important measure."

Truly our statesmen are getting much good advice. Will they be guided by it?

Let Us Be Honest.

WHAT Canada needs at the present time is a dose of honesty applicable to this naval situation. There has been too much "politics" in this matter. Both sides have hedged and disputed and haggled and side-stepped. And here we are to-day without a solution of the question in sight, while New Zealand has four vessels in the water and Australia six or seven.

Let us stop playing politics and get down to business. This bandying words about who is to blame, who are the real imperialists, and all that sort of argument, is blankety-blank nonsense. It is a waste of time and effort. It is putting the country in a false position with itself and with the Empire.

Let us take the naval question out of politics by getting together and deciding upon something. Let Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier consult with each other and decide whether Canada is to do something or nothing. If they are both as loyal and as patriotic as they claim to be, surely they can risk party advantage for once and jointly frame a national policy which will be supported by all classes of citizens.

Canada claims to have been the leader among the Dominions and until recently the claim was sound. But in this matter we appear to have lost the power of making up our minds. We cannot lay aside our petty bickering long enough to see that the nation's reputation is suffering severely. If Canada is not to be laughed out of court by Britain, Australia and New Zealand, some decision must be reached immediately.

Sir Richard Has Gone.

SIR RICHARD CARTWRIGHT has gone and Liberalism has lost a great leader. His day was almost done; at seventy-seven years of age, crippled with rheumatism, a man cannot look forward to much active participation in the events of the day. Nevertheless, his sudden taking off as the result of a necessary minor operation, has caused much regret.

During the stormy, tempestuous days when the Liberal party fought so hopelessly against the genius of Sir John Macdonald, who represented Sir Richard's native and home city, Sir Richard was the most hopeful. If the *Toronto Globe* needed financial bolstering, Sir Richard's money was available. If the party chest was empty and a large sum was required to enter election protests at Osgoode Hall, Sir Richard's cheque was forthcoming. But above all, when the situation in Ontario was at its worst, Sir Richard donned his

armour and carried the fiery cross as if there were no such thing as possible or sure defeat. He and the late Hon. M. C. Cameron were almost the only men in the House who could strike blow for blow, and give parry for parry with Sir John. In later years, he vied with Hon. George E. Foster as the most skilful orator in the House. Then he passed to the Senate and an obscure portfolio in the Laurier administration.

Personally I never had much sympathy with him since his famous speech at Ridgetown, in 1891 I think, when he spoke so hopelessly of Canada's future, though I recognized that he had some justification for that speech and for the line of argument used. I fully appreciated his wonderful literary and oratorical ability and his tremendous allegiance to a party of which he was for years the guide and mainstay.

He served his country faithfully according to his opinions, and what more need be said?

The Fight in Macdonald.

ON Wednesday night of last week, Sir Rodmond Roblin opened the Conservative campaign in the constituency of Macdonald, Manitoba, where Mr. R. L. Richardson, independent Liberal, and Mr. Alexander Morrison, Conservative, are candidates for the seat vacated by Mr. Staples. Sir Rodmond declared that this was "a battle between those who believe in Canadian enterprise and those who say Canadians have not the brains and push to foster and develop their own country." He appealed to the people to vote for the Conservative candidate because the Borden Government had given Manitoba half a million dollars to help agriculture and had approved a grant of a million dollars to assist in building good roads. The latter bill had been killed by the Senate. But above all he appealed for support on the ground that Mr. Borden's "wisdom and statesmanship" had given Manitoba the boundary extensions which she had so long desired and demanded.

On the subject of "wider markets," which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has made the theme of his recent speeches in Ontario and Quebec, Sir Rodmond said:

"I make this statement, that a reciprocity pact, or agreement or international treaty with the United States at the present time is not worth the paper it is written on, if the Congress of that country feels that they can, by its repudiation, make political capital for their party or that it is not working out to their financial and political advantage."

All this is interesting, as showing the line of argument which Conservatives will follow in future political contests and which will probably do service in the forthcoming session and the consequent general election if one should be found necessary. The Liberals are for "Wider Markets," the Conservatives for "Canada for the Canadians." These are likely to be the slogans.

The "William Ireland" Case.

A NEW turn has been given to the case of William Ireland, who was dismissed from the position of collector of customs at Parry Sound. The cabinet ministers now take refuge behind a document, signed by Mr. Arthurs, M.P., stating that of his own personal knowledge Mr. Ireland has been guilty of political partisanship. According to the rules laid down by common consent of the two political parties, such a document signed by a member of parliament is sufficient justification for dismissal. Hon. Mr. Reid, Minister of Customs, is thus absolved from all blame. Having criticized his action, I now desire to give as full publicity to his "absolution." Not that Mr. Reid or any of his friends have asked for it, but simply because I desire to have the blame for this mean piece of business placed where it belongs. Mr. Arthurs, M.P., is now the person solely responsible.

It is also well for the public to know exactly the situation in all these cases, to understand the rules under which dismissals are made, and who is to blame when injustice is done. A member's dictum is final when he says that he has "personal knowledge" of a civil servant's partisanship. This is the rule—a bad rule I admit, but one which at the moment has the support and approval of the leaders of both parties.

This Ireland case is interesting from another stand-point. It is said that Mrs. Ireland heard last fall that her husband would be dismissed and she

wrote a letter to Mrs. Borden explaining how disastrous such an event would be to them as Mr. Ireland was too old to re-enter the newspaper field. Mrs. Borden was most sympathetic and took the case up with the Premier. She then wrote to Mrs. Ireland and told her that she need have no fear. It was a kind act and shows the broad human sympathy of the woman who occupies the leading position among the women in political circles. Nevertheless, even Mrs. Borden's kindness and assurance goes for naught when the member for a constituency declares that the axe must fall.

Apparently Mr. Ireland is "out" for keeps. I hope, however, that it will be a warning to all newspapermen that the acceptance of a political office is a dangerous act, and that reliance on the favours of politicians is a delusion and a snare.

Aldermanic Failures.

EVERYWHERE the cry goes up that aldermen, under our civic system, are failures. The *Toronto Evening Telegram* says the Hydro-Electric undertaking, the Canadian National Exhibition, and the Harbour would not be as successfully handled if they were under the direct control of the city. Each of them is under a commission. It goes so far as to say "a commission is doing more in two years to give Toronto a harbour than the aldermen have done in seventy-five."

When a paper like the *Telegram*, a strong supporter of municipal ownership and a keen opponent of private corporations, becomes convinced that our present system of civic government is a failure, there is hope for a change. That change must be the one by the leading city of New Brunswick. St. John abolished its aldermen and elected a Mayor and four Commissioners. These five men govern the city as they would manage any other business enterprise. They are paid a fair salary and hold office for four years, two of the commissioners retiring every two years. They have also the referendum and recall so that the people are able at any time to change the commissioners or force their hand, if public opinion demands radical action.

The day of the yearly elected alderman is nearly run, except in towns of less than ten thousand inhabitants.

Shall We Build Ships?

UNDER a system of protection, our ship-building industry might reasonably be expected to benefit. It is an ancient industry in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, although in recent years Ontario has done more building than any other province. With our tremendous coast-line, with our large mercantile marine, with our ambition to share with Britain the glory of the sea, we might be expected to encourage ship-building. Instead, there is free-trade in ships and no bonus to Canadian builders. Further, while there is neither protective tariff nor tonnage bonus for this class of industrialist, there is not even encouragement.

The other day the government wanted a new customs cruiser, an armed patrol boat bigger and better than any now in the service—and it was ordered in Southampton. I quite admit that it can be built cheaper there than in Canada, but are Canadian builders never to have an opportunity? Does Mr. Borden, the supposed champion of the Maritime Provinces, not intend to encourage steel ship-building in that district? Is Mr. Monk not anxious to see ship-building an industry on the St. Lawrence?

Will Mr. Monk Retire?

NEWS from Ottawa is to the effect that Hon. Mr. Monk will retire and be replaced by Mr. Marechal, of Montreal. Mr. Monk's retirement would be a distinct loss to Canadian public life. Whether or not one agrees with his views on the naval question, one could recognize in Mr. Monk a conscientious and high-minded legislator. When he differed with his party, he said so frankly; but he never went so far as to visit resentment upon his former colleagues.

Of course it is easy to see that his retirement may be necessary. A referendum on the naval question, to which Mr. Monk is pledged, is an impossibility, or at least a dangerous experiment, under our system. I cannot believe that Mr. Borden will adopt it in preference to a general election. Under such circumstances it would be better for Mr. Monk to retire with honour, as did Sir William Mulock and Hon. Clifford Sifton on similar occasions.

It is probable, however, that the foreshadowed changes in the cabinet will not come before November or December. There is no immediate necessity for Mr. Monk's retirement if there is to be no announcement of naval policy until after the House meets.

SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

Homes and Gardens of Canada

9--The Country Homes of Sir William Mackenzie

By E. T. COOK

FAR from the haunts of men, from the bustle and turmoil of the great city, is the country home, or rather homes, of Sir William Mackenzie, president of the Canadian Northern Railway. Sir William was born at Kirkfield, a little village in Victoria County, Ontario, not far from Lindsay. While he has not been able to preserve the tradition of transforming the house in which he was born for his modern requirements, he has come as near to it as was possible under the circumstances. He has gradually acquired a large estate in the district and combined the advantages of a quiet and commodious country home with the pleasures of farming and dairying on a large scale. Illustrations are given of Kirkfield House amid its picturesque and soft-toned surroundings, and also of the cosy retreat known as The Cottage, about five miles away on the shore of Balsam Lake.

The whole district is a panorama of ever-varying beauty, hill and dale and charming woodland, from the old-world inn in the little hamlet of Gamebridge to Kirkfield village ten miles away.

Kirkfield has been taken into especial keeping by Sir William and Lady Mackenzie. A modern Presbyterian church and a picturesque Roman Catholic chapel are both the result of a broad interest in the affairs of the people of the district. A new inn is now being built for the accommodation of visitors and travellers, similar to that which was built through their support at Gamebridge. And Kirkfield deserves and appreciates this consideration. It is a beautiful village and it is not extravagant to say that it has an historic interest, seeing that it is not only the birthplace of Sir William, but of others who have played a part in the making of Canada.

AT Kirkfield House, which is the chief home of the Mackenzies, buildings and garden are in complete harmony, not things apart. They comprise a picture of satisfying proportion. And one sees the hand of the true artist in the grouping of shrubs, in the massing of flowers, that are in a way a framework, and the noble Pines. That is the charm of the home which is in our thoughts, and not unhappily too frequently in evidence. It has a teaching value. As one of the greatest landscape gardeners of the present age has well said, the gardener should follow the true artist, however modestly, in his love for things as they are, in delight in natural beauty and form and beauty of

flower and tree, if our gardens are ever to be pictures. The gardener—and the word is used in its broadest sense—has not the strenuous work of eye and hand that the artist has, but he has plenty of good work to do; to choose from a thousand living things, to study their nature and adapt them to his soil and climate, to get the full expression of their beauty, to grow and place them well and in right relation to other things, which is a life study in itself, in view of the great numbers of the flowers and flowering trees of the world. And as the artist's work is to see and keep for us some of the beauty of landscape, tree, or flower, so the gardener's should be to keep for us as far as may be, in the fulness of their natural beauty, the living things themselves. The artist gives us the fair image, the gardener is the trustee of a world of living things, to be kept with care and knowledge, a necessary subordination to the conditions of his work. The first duty of all who care for the garden as a picture is to see the noble natural forms in every part of life and nature.

The charm of the garden at Kirkfield is this, the simplicity of the grouping of flower and shrub and the almost sacredness that surrounds those things that are left when this is possible without interfering with contemplated extensions to the house, and in altering its surroundings let this thought fill the mind of those who are anxious for changes. One of the sweetest pictures it has been the pleasure of the writer to see was in the garden here. An apple tree laden with fruit, in itself a study for Alfred Parsons, David Murray and many other English painters, was untouched—no vandalism. Through the fruit-laden branches, shadowing over the steps, there was the verandah, a lesson to those who destroy tree and shrub life that cannot be replaced except at a great expense or the will of Nature—the whole little picture one of subtle charm and appealing beauty.

ADRIVE of miles across open and sheltered country, sometimes one thought a partridge would rise, across a country rich in colour and interest—a field of buckwheat, hemmed in with a grey-stone wall, soft maple dyed with its autumn tints, pic-

tures of colour all the way, the road entered a little forest of maple, birch and pine, and leading from woodland to garden both meeting together, then to the water-fringed home, The Cottage, Balsam Lake.

A strong contrast, the one in the rural village, the other by the lakeside. It is difficult to convey the sense of contrast to those who have not seen the striking dissimilarity between the two homes. But there is the one delightful impression—home. The Cottage is a low, rambling, and as one may say, bungalow residence, which means comfort and sympathetic beauty.

There is a beautiful home still in the making, approached by a forest of birch, maple and sumach, red with colour, as if the sun itself had leaked out a little of its lurid glory, the lake, garage, dairy and all in perfect keeping, unobtrusive, part of the picture, yet without a disturbing element amidst sublime surroundings. Nothing tawdry, nothing mean, no wrangling with Nature—that is art, and one is pleased to give vent to personal feelings, whether the house is designed on magnificent lines, or on those of an humble cottage.

When visiting such a country home as this there is food for reflection. One wishes Canada to possess gardens,



Kirkfield House, the country home of Sir William and Lady Mackenzie, on their estate in Kirkfield, Victoria County.



The Cottage on Balsam Lake about six miles from Kirkfield House.

and she is going to possess them that are the pride of the old country. That inspiration is coming in full force and those who are engaged in great problems will find an absorbing interest in some form of recreation whether that interest is centred upon agricultural, horticultural or some other pursuit away from the one engrossing theme of his or her life.

Gladstone chopped down trees; Salisbury, the mighty mind of which there are too few, sought his laboratory; Balfour his golf, and a great General, still with us, has retired to his garden, living with the great mother of us all, and really disturbed if he takes second place in the tournament of horticultural tangles that take place year by year in the country towns.

BY the lake, this home is a home in the fullest sense—golf links that one views over hill and dale, and the natural woodland that does not seem disturbed that mankind has crept into its midst. The drive through the fall colouring of gold and crimson leads quietly to the garden itself. A trembling Hydrangea, the finest of autumn shrubs, gives the keynote to this meeting of the wild and artificial, the one helping the other. A more beautiful entrance, if one may use so harsh a word, to the cultured grounds at The Cottage, it has seldom been the writer's privilege to see, the marriage of garden and woodland. Through a fringe of birch and pine there was the massing of Hydrangea and autumn flowers, an imperceptible graduation, that leads on to the house, as beautiful in its colouring as the scenery in which it is set; and then the lake wall, its pier for the yacht, and glimpses of the house through tree and shrub.

Of the house itself, the illustrations will tell. The billiard room at "The Cottage" by the lake was designed by a personal friend, Mr. Darling, a master mind whose name is written large in many great works in this and other countries, and the drawing-room, an example of exquisite and therefore simple taste. From the windows are seen the lake and islands, a delicious place in the drowsy summer evening's shadow and the rippling of waters, the caress of nature herself.

The writer feels that such homes are the beginnings of memorable creations with the surroundings of all necessary attributes. The garage is a little picture by itself, each part of the home itself, its trees, lake, woodland, and surroundings, separate yet complete in harmony of colour and usefulness.

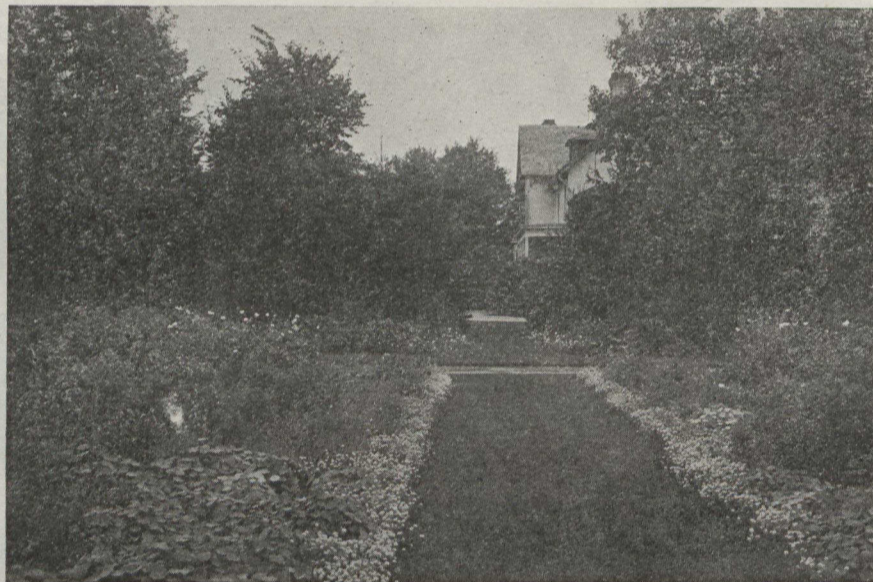
OF the exquisite interiors in Kirkfield House it is not the intention of the writer to write, but the illustrations will convey some idea of their beauty. A picture is in process of development, piece by piece, until perfection, humanly speaking, is reached. All things are "artistic," and as the writer that has been alluded to says, the word used in relation to the flower garden means all that is right and true in relation to the necessary limitations of our art and all human arts. A lovely Greek coin, a bit of canvas painted by Corot, with the morning light on it, a block of stone hewn into the shape of the dying gladiator, the white mountain rocks built into a Partheon—these are all examples of human art, every one of which can be only fairly judged in due regard to what is possible in the material of each—knowledge which it is part of the artist's essential task to possess. Often a garden may be wrong in various ways, as shown by the conifers spread in front of many a house



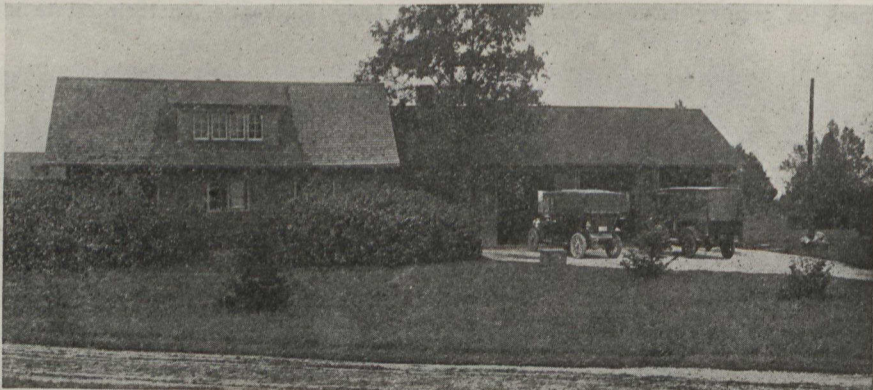
The living room and the billiard room at Kirkfield House.



The billiard room at "The Cottage," with windows overlooking the Lake.



The flower garden and grass walks at Kirkfield House give it an especial charm.



The garage at "The Cottage" accommodates baggage vans and other useful vehicles.

—ugly in form, not in harmony with the native or best garden vegetation; mountain trees set on dry plains and not even hardy; so that the word inartistic may help us to describe many errors. And again, if we are

happy enough to find a garden so true and right in its results in many ways as to form a picture that an artist would be charmed to study we may call it an artistic garden, as a short way of saying that it is about

as good as it may be, taking everything into account.

And thus we leave the beautiful lakeside home, its glorious colour splashed foliage, the glint of the waters, and leafy ways, gemmed with wild flowers to the highway back to Kirkfield and the old home where Lady Mackenzie goes about doing good.

It is to be hoped that in every hamlet in Canada there will be as the years roll on those who have the opportunity of bringing sunshine into the homes of their fellow creatures and raise up one of the purest of human pleasures—the love of gardening and a keen appreciation of the highways and byways of our beautiful country.

Notes on Flowers

Preserving Dahlias After Frost

THE most splendid flower of the fall which will soon, probably before these words are in print, have laid low its heads before the arch enemy to all tender vegetation—frost—is the Dahlia. This year in the old country an appallingly wretched summer, with its sappy immature development, has been ended by a series of early frosts which have cut short the flowers in their ripest beauty.

The Dahlia may soon be in the same plight here and then at once take up the plants, warm them in the sun, remove the tops and store them away in a dry cellar until spring. When all fear of sharp frost is over take up the roots and plant them out in a warm spot where the soil is not cold. Cover them to a depth of three inches and when the shoots start thin out; the thinning will make excellent cuttings or "slips," as they are sometimes called, but will want a covering of glass for a time to become established, only shade them during hot sun—they will soon root. I must not forget to mention that the tubers should be examined occasionally during the winter months. They may be either too dry or too warm, and both conditions are injurious.

VIATOR.

The Scarborough Lily

A VERY pleasant reminder of one of the most gorgeous of fall flowering bulbs has been the potfuls of vermilion-coloured flowers from the Scarborough Lily, or to give its botanical name (*Vallota purpurea*), seen in the windows of the pretty town of Newmarket, Ont. When one knows that this gem comes from the Cape of Good Hope, it is sufficient indication that it is not hardy, but its adaptability for pots is unquestionable. Pot the bulbs in loamy soil and keep them moderately dry and away from frost. An ideal place is a sunny window, and when growth begins give water occasionally. Flowers appear now and brighten the largest room. It is an *Amaryllis*-like plant and only asks for shelter from winter frosts.

VIATOR.

The Most Beautiful Phlox

NOW that the season of Phlox flowers is over, it is interesting to discover the kind that has won the highest esteem, and I think it is *Coquelicot*, which is the result of a French enthusiast's hybridization. It has not, perhaps, got quite that strength of growth to be seen in other kinds, but the flowers are profuse, finely formed, and the colour a glowing scarlet red, not in the least garish, a refined, tender shade with the most penetrating effect in the garden. When planting next spring think of *Coquelicot*, or it may be planted now.

VINCENT HERBERT.

A Year in the Garden

Work to be Done During October

By E. T. COOK

THE busiest season of the year is with us, and the first words of advice are, "Order at once those plants desired, but delay not, because delay means the goods ordered never reach the would-be purchaser." We are now entering upon the month of October, the season of the year for general planting, and winter is quickly approaching, when outdoor work is frequently stationary until the fickle season that goes by the name of spring is again reached.

Thoughtful readers of these supplements will have received much information, perhaps all that is wished for, about fruits and vegetables, as notes on these important phases of horticulture have been recently described. This is the month to prepare the garden for the winter by sweeping up regularly fallen leaves and removing this excellent refuse protection to some corner hidden away from the usual walks. "Refuse" of this nature is invaluable for sheltering plants during winter. October is a month for planting and transplanting. Perhaps a host of seedlings from seed sown in June, Columbines (Aquilegias), Foxgloves, Sweet Williams, Hollyhocks, Larkspurs or Delphiniums and other flowers that have been mentioned from time to time may be transferred to the places they are to colour next year, and a covering of leaves in winter will shield them from serious injury.

Dividing and Planting Perennials.

A "PERENNIAL" signifies a plant that flowers every year in contrast to the annual, which, once its glory has departed, dies. October, and the earlier in the month the better, is suitable for planting and dividing up "mats" of growth. As the years roll by all perennials become congested, and through an overcrowding of stems, flowers appear more sparingly with a marked decrease in size, also in strength of colour. It is then a little spade work is of advantage, planting the divided portions elsewhere in good soil, when these offshoots, or whatever one is pleased to call them, will produce the true character of the flower—Phloxes, Peonies (wiser to divide or plant purchased varieties directly after flowering), the double snow-white Achillea, The Pearl, which everyone who has a garden should grow for the sake of the colourless clusters. Few flowers have less aversion to the drawing-room and mingle well with many floral decorations. The Windflower of Japan (Anemone japonica) is one of the sweetest flowers in the autumn garland, and this owing to its long season is more satisfactory when the clumps are divided in spring. Whirlwind is a variety of it, and may be described as double or half-double, and more entrancing even than the parent itself, Coreopsis or Tickweed, the Bleeding Heart (Dielytra or Dicentra spectabilis), hung in early summer with heart-shaped flowers of deepest pink; the chalk plant (Gypsophila), Sunflowers, that increase yearly—Helianthus multiflorus fl. pl., Orygalis, and rigidus—German and other Irises, Pæonies, Oriental Poppy, Golden Glow or Coneflower (Rudbeckia fl. pl.), the purple-rose R. purpurea, and the Flameflower (Tritoma). The plants named indicate the type of perennial that may be divided and transplanted now.

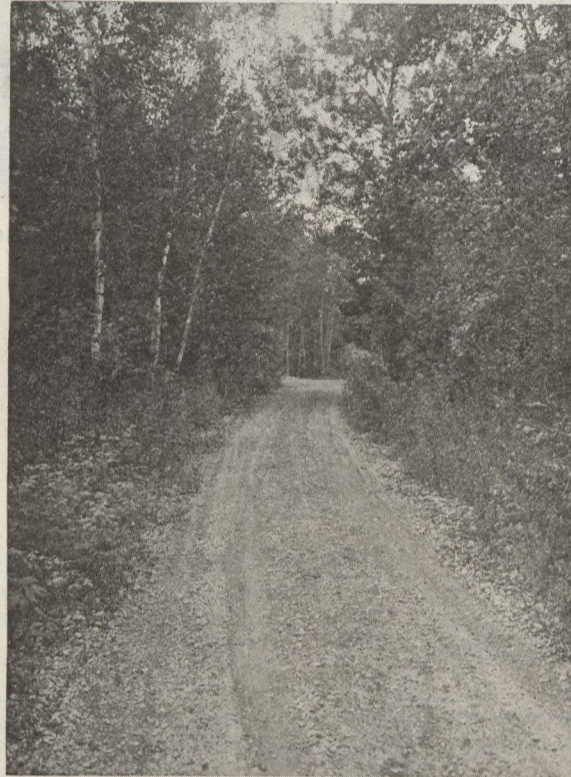
The Perennial Sunflower.

AUTUMN would be a joyless season in the garden without the perennial Sunflowers, which make clouds of yellow colouring and toss their willowy stems in the wind. The Helianthus, and it is necessary to give the botanical for the sake of proper identification, is one of the plants to hide unsightly corners, perhaps the frame ground, manure heap, or similar spot, and it grows prodigiously in Canada. H. multiflorus fl. pl. is the best known and almost the dwarfest in growth, reaching only a height of four feet, the flowers deep yellow with large outer, or, as they are quaintly called, "guard" petals. Rigidus is about six inches dwarfier, and the colour is a rich golden intensified by a dark centre, and Orygalis is no less than eight feet, a plant full of grace, feathered with flowers of a lemon shape, and one of the jewels of sweet September. The Sunflowers, both annual and perennial, flower in September and early October. The writer noticed lately in North Toronto an excellent use made of the Multiflorus Sunflower. The garden ran parallel to Yonge Street. Just within the fence was a row of Scots Pine and then a little forest of Sunflowers, following Hollyhocks, Larkspurs and other flowers of the earlier season.

An autumn picture was the result, pleasant to look at from the dusty highway and more pleasant still from the verandah.

Flowers in Grass.

ALLUSION has been made previously to the planting of bulbs, but not in grass land. Grass gardening brings with it many pleasures. We love to ramble in bush and over meadows at all



A charming drive on Sir William Mackenzie's estate at The Cottage, Balsam Lake.

times of the year to cull flowers to bring home, and it is to bind together the tutored and untutored that the Daffodil is planted thickly in grass, the Tulip, Crocus and Crown Imperial, too. It is the



An English picture showing daffodils growing in the grass. The Royal Gardens, Kew, England.

first sunny spring morning. Slender spears of growth are breaking through the cold soil and soon the fresh, green grass will be alive with perfumed flowers from the Daffodil and the brilliant hues of the Tulip with the gay little Crocuses and modest Snowdrops, sweet forerunners of a richer feast. Grass gardening gives infinite delight to those with the instincts of beautiful flower pictures within

their heart. Plant Daffodils and Tulips quite four inches deep, Crocuses two and Snowdrops one.

Beautiful Crab Apples for Cold Sections.

ONE often thinks, knowing the economic value of the many Crab Apples and their beauty at all times that fashion has so far almost sneered at the little, brightly-coloured fruits. But this form of apple will have its day and that day is not far distant. This is the opinion of Messrs. Stone and Wellington, the well-known nurserymen of Toronto: "Within the past few years much attention has been given to improving this class of fruit, because of their adaptability to cold sections, where only a few varieties of apples can be successfully grown. These efforts have been attended with marked success. Crab apples succeed equally well in all sections, and are valuable for cider, preserving, jelly, ornament, and some of the improved sorts are excellent for eating. Sent to the Eastern markets, they command a high price." The kinds recommended are: Excelsior, General Grant, Hyslop, Martha, Montreal Beauty, Orange, Red Siberian, Transcendent and Whitney. If only two are required my choice would be Red Siberian and Transcendent, which is described as an immensely productive tree, bearing after the second year and producing good crops by the fourth season. The fruits are from one and one-half to two inches in diameter, and large enough to quarter and core for preserving and drying. It is excellent for sauce and pies when both green and dried, and is the best of its class for cider, being juicy, crisp and esteemed by many for dessert.

Hybrid Crab Apples.

ANOTHER class of fruit tree to plant within the next week or so is that known as the "Hybrid Crab Apple," of which the authorities already quoted write: "For a number of years the Dominion Experimental Farms, at Brandon, Man., and Indian Head, Sask., have done considerable experimental work in growing apple trees, especially for the cold districts of the North-west provinces, and have achieved some remarkable results, producing a number of new varieties of special merit and hardiness. In 1887 the work was begun, seed being obtained from the Imperial Botanic Gardens, St. Petersburg, Russia, of a small, wild, Siberian Crab Apple (Pyrus baccata). This Crab grows abundantly along the shores of the Baikal Sea, and in many parts of Northern Siberia. This variety was cross-bred with some of our hardiest Canadian apples, resulting in a number of high-bred varieties that have been thoroughly tried out and seem to be quite as hardy as the wild form of Baccata. The most approved of are Alberta, Jewel, Pioneer, Prince, and Tony.

A Few of the Finest Vines.

THE vines with leaves that change their colour to russet and gold in the fall of the year are assuming their most gorgeous robes, and Toronto, with other great cities, cannot be accused of a want of appreciation of their manifold merits. As in England, so in Canada, one of the most popular of Vines is Ampelopsis Veitchi, which has not only over-run Europe, but Canada. It was introduced by the famous Veitch firm, of England, many years ago, and was the first of the great climbing plants from over the seas. Millions have been sold and the fresh, green leaves change to tints as vivid as those painted on Maple or Rhus in the fall of the year. Plant this now or, better still, in spring, and also what is known as the Chinese Matrimony Vine and the Clematises. An illustration is given of C. Montana, a June flower of spotless beauty. As will be seen, the growth is prodigious, a flower full of exquisite purity, a cascade of blossom, tumbling over every leaf and twig. C. Montana has created more fairy garden scenes than any flower, and changed ugly fir stems into living beauty. It is advisable to plant this in spring. The native C. Virginiana and the lovely European Virgin's Bower (C. Flammula) are happy almost anywhere, and the sweet scent from the flowers suggests positions for it near the house, and the glory of the large-flowered Clematises is undimmed even in a garden full of summer blossom. Jackman's Clematis, or Clematis Jackmani, is covered over with flowers for many weeks. As one great authority writes: "This is, perhaps, the best known of the finer perpetual Clematis, and should have credit for the great popularity now attending this family of climbers. The plant is free in growth and an abundant and

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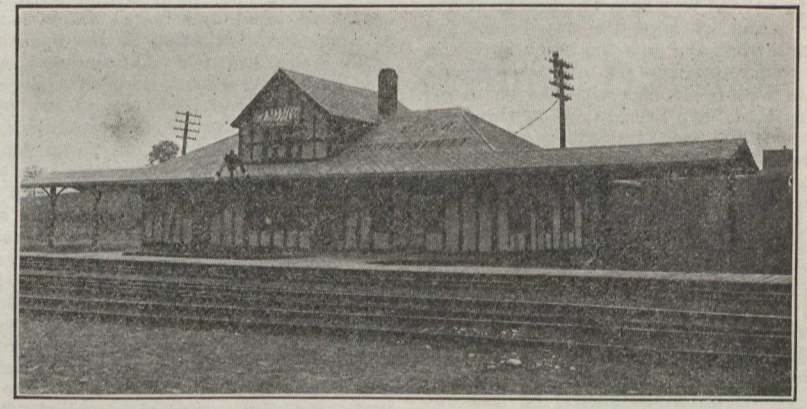
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Honey Locust Hedges

A READER of The Canadian Courier asks about the Honey Locust for hedges. These hedges may be planted in the fall. Good advice concerning these hedges is given by the well-known Ontario authorities, Messrs. Stone & Wellington. They point out that in view of the present and constantly increasing scarcity of timber for fencing we must have some plant of universal adaptation for hedges. Many plants have been tried, and although some of them have proved partially successful in certain localities, nothing else has been found that seems adapted to general planting through Canada, and combining all the required qualities as does the Honey Locust. It is perfectly hardy, of strong growth, and will grow in any soil. It also submits to the necessary pruning, so that it can readily be made to assume any desired shape. It is covered with long, hard, and very sharp thorns, and when properly trimmed makes a very valuable farm barrier and an ornament to the ground it occupies.

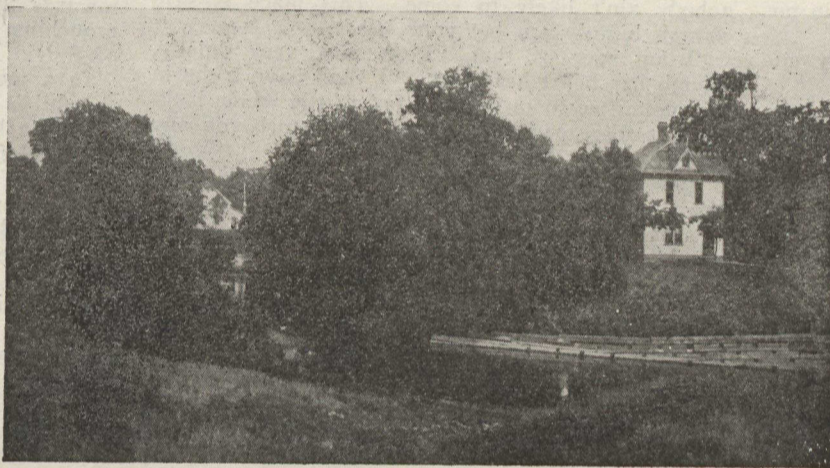
With regard to the best way to make a good hedge, it is essential in the first place to procure plants with good roots,

practical hedge growers to be the best shaped hedge for our climate. The hedge now having its height and shape, the time of trimming may be changed. Each summer, about the 20th of June and last of August, while the wood is soft, cut back at all sides and top of very nearly the original line each time, ever bearing in mind that this close shearing is the only way to keep the hedge in healthy subjection, symmetrical and ornamental, and lasting for generations. As years roll away, the hedge will need less and less pruning, until after a few years, a light shearing annually is all that will be required. All can grow hedges if they follow the directions here given.

Menaces to Tree Life

IT is gratifying to find that at last someone has awakened to the fact that gas is a menace to tree life, a Park Commissioner pointing out recently its evil influence. In all cities trees die apparently unaccountably, and the reason is put down to anything but the right one, contact of the roots with leaky

An Attractive Home



Is this a Scene in Prince Edward Isle, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick or Ontario? Though it May be Anywhere, it is at Carman, Manitoba.

and if they vary in size they should be assorted, placing those of equal size together, so that the hedges may be even, and not with large and small plants mixed. The ground must be prepared, as for corn or potatoes, and, when this has been done, stake out the line where the hedge is to be, and with a plough open a straight furrow. Should there be any material crooks in the furrow on the land side, stretch a line, dress up and clear out with a spade.

EVERYTHING is now ready for the plants. A boy with a bucket and water takes a bunch of plants sufficient to nearly fill the pail, wets the roots and sets the plants leaning against the land side of the furrow, and not more than five or six inches apart. As they are being placed in the furrows at equal distances apart, with the roots spreading out on the bottom of the furrow, a man with a hoe draws the loose, mellow earth in upon the roots sufficiently to cover them, and tramps them firmly in, straightening out any plants that may be out of line. When the entire line is set in this manner, with the team and plough turn the dirt to the plants, making four or five rounds. Now put on a roller to pack the dirt and level up, which leaves it in good shape for the hoe and cultivator. The hedge must have clean cultivation for three years; the last working in the fall, turning a furrow or two against the hedge for protection through the winter.

The hedge should never be cut back until it has made at least two seasons' growth, to become well established; then about the 20th of March cut down to within three inches of the ground. This will cause numerous shoots below which make the foundation for a good hedge. The second year the cut should not be more than six inches higher; the third about eight inches, and so on, increasing each successive year until the hedge has reached the desired height, gradually curving from the bottom to the top, which is pronounced by all

pipes, or soil in which leakage has taken place at some period.

Another source of decay is drought, and sometimes the tussock moth is blamed, when the real mischief lies in a soil drained of moisture and never mulched over or even the surface stirred. There is little moisture for trees in most of the large cities, whether in the Dominion or elsewhere, especially when they are by the side of walks. When a tree is seen to be flagging, look to the roots, stir the surface well and give a thick mulching of manure for some space around, then a heavy soaking of water. On naturally dry ground this is of the greatest importance, and noble trees apparently dead will gain restored vigour in the course of two or three years.

E. T. C.

Arrangement of Flowers

IT was gratifying to find Ella Baines in her admirable description of the great Rose Show in England taking up the question of the arrangement of the flowers which is a deplorable blot on the shows here. Admirable exhibits were to be seen at the Newmarket Fair—one tent almost full of superb Asters and other fall flowers, but no attempt to arrange them in spite of their merit. Every beautiful picture should have a beautiful setting. The flowers in England some years ago were almost as crudely displayed as in Canada now, but here those responsible for exhibitions need not repeat the follies of the past; they have the opportunity and privilege of taking heed of what others have accomplished.

At present the exhibits are too closely massed, without regard to colour contrast, seldom any great relief, such as a fern, to set off the shades of many colours, and gradation in heights. The pleasures of visiting an exhibition are twofold—the merit of the exhibit itself and the setting-off to the best advantage of the things that are staged.

READER.



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His Little Girl

L. G.



Moberly

CHAPTER XVI.

"WHAT makes you think she is in this house, even if you find the house for certain?"

"I feel sure of it, I can't explain why, but I feel sure I know this is the house. Remember, I have been here more than once. He took it as a place in which to concoct his plans. This house is the centre of the web. It was here that he told me to go to the Stansdales. It is here that we had meetings for the business of the Society to which he and I both belong. My memory is very good, and though I have only been here at night, I know the house."

"Do you know I followed you here once?"

Berners and Rosa were walking slowly down a mean street, that same street in which not very long ago he had stood and watched her enter this very house.

"Do you mean to say you were interested in me even then?" she asked, smiling up at him.

"Even then," he answered, his smile fully endorsing his words.

It was the morning after their momentous interview in his consulting-room, and he and Rosa had come to London together to search for little Sylvia in the place where Rosa was sure she would find her. Yielding to her earnest pleadings, Berners had consented for the present not to put the matter into the hands of the police, but in doing this he felt he was acting against his better judgment in deference to Rosa's wishes.

"He is my mother's brother," she pleaded, "and in his way he has been good to me, though if he knew what I had done, he would not scruple to kill me now," she added.

"He won't get a chance of doing that," was Hugh's grim response. "You will be my wife immediately, and then I think we can both defy your precious uncle."

"Don't!" she answered, with a shudder. He had spoken the words during their journey to London, and she shrank nearer to him as he uttered them. "It frightens me to hear even you defy him. He is so clever, so diabolically clever, and when there is an obstacle in his path, he pushes it away, as you might get rid of an insect. He does not care for God or man or devil—sometimes I think he is more than half devil himself." At the time Hugh had laughed tenderly, but her words recurred to him now, as they stood side by side before the door of the sinister and mean-looking house in the mean-looking street.

THE something sinister in its aspect gave him a sudden feeling, of foreboding, of which he tried in vain to shake himself free.

"How do you propose to get into this place?" he asked, lightly, hiding his own misgivings under a cloak of simulated cheerfulness.

"The caretaker knows me," she answered, "and Hermann and I had a password. The caretaker will think I am here on his business, as I have been mixed up with so many other of Hermann's projects. There will be no difficulty about my getting in, but you must wait for me outside."

Hugh remonstrated hotly, but to all his remonstrances she made the same reply.

"They will think I am mixed up in the business. Hermann does not know yet that I have been playing the part of Judas, and I should not have done it, except to save little Sylvia. I could not let her be hurt." Seeing that remonstrance was useless, Hugh at last yielded to her representations, and having paced up and down the street whilst their argument was in progress, they once more paused before the sinister-looking door.

"Don't wait here with me," Rosa said, "go on along the street as if you had nothing to do with me. Presently I will rejoin you." Very reluctantly her lover moved away, and when he was a few houses distant Rosa lifted the knocker and knocked three times, soft knocks with a peculiar intonation in each. Hardly had the last reverberated through the house than the door was softly opened, and a man looked cautiously out, but on seeing who it was that stood on the step, he opened the door wider, and stood back that the girl might enter.

"Is Mr. Muller here?" she asked, carelessly.

"No, miss!" Deacon, the caretaker, looked surprised. "Were you expecting him here to-day? He didn't seem to think he would be back till to-morrow or Monday." Rosa had learnt something. Hermann was not there, was possibly not even in town, and in that case her task would be easier, the coast more clear.

"It was uncertain whether he would meet me here to-day or not," she answered, superbly. "As he has not been able to come I shall have to do the business for him. The little girl is quite safe. No one has been to enquire for her?" It was a master stroke, a stroke dealt at random, but spoken with such assurance that the caretaker, a rough man of the people, did not for a moment doubt that all was well.

"She is safe enough," he chuckled, leering at Rosa, "nobody ain't been 'ere askin' after her and nobody ain't likely to come. This place is safe enough hidin'—you bet your life."

"I am sure of that," Rosa said, very quietly, though her heart beat fast. "I shall have to be in the committee-room upstairs for a little while, looking out some papers. I need not disturb you any further."

"Oh! that's all right," the man answered drily. "Very pleased to see you, miss, and if you want anything you've only got to call down the kitchen stairs."

"THANK you!" Rosa's tones were courteous but distant; the jaunty familiarity of this particular type of Englishman jarred on her nerves. "I shall be very busy and not likely to want anything, but you will be there if I do?" she added, fearing lest Deacon should suspect her of wishing to get rid of him. "I will go up now and begin to work," and with heart still beating fast, she mounted the narrow staircase and entered the room in which so many of the so-called Muller's schemes were hatched. The table, surrounded by chairs, the dingy paper, the square of cheap carpet, the noisily ticking eight-day clock, all these were as Rosa had known them ever since her first coming to his room many weeks before, but she herself was different, as she realized acutely, when she stood looking round the bare and dingy place. A new softness, a new gentleness had come to her: the remembrance of the old sordid schemes and intrigues shamed her: something nobler, something higher than herself had lifted her out of the mire, and given her a longing for a better and nobler life.

"And whatever happens to me, whatever Hermann's vengeance may be, I will do what is right now, please God," she whispered, as she looked once more about the dingy room, and to give a semblance of truth to her story to the caretaker, took some papers from a cupboard and strewed them on the table. She was glad next moment that she had done so, for the door was pushed open, and Deacon's repulsive and not over clean visage peered round it.

"Nothing I can do to help you, miss, I suppose," he asked, his small eyes wandering inquisitively round the apartment.

"Nothing, thank you," Rosa drew a chair to the table and sat down, beginning in a business-like way to turn over the papers. "I shall not be very long, but there is something I must find here."

"Oh! that's all right, miss," the man repeated his former phrase, and left the room, shutting the door carefully behind him; and Rosa heard his creaking footsteps go down the stairs. She waited for several minutes after he had departed, then rose softly, and opening the door noiselessly, peeped out into the passage. The house was very still, almost ominously still, it seemed to the listening woman. Two other doors opened on to the little landing on which she stood, and the main stairs climbed up again to a floor above. The two remaining rooms on the landing were bedrooms, as she knew, occupied occasionally, either by Hermann himself or by some of his friends, doubtful beings who did strange things in the name of Liberty, and were to be found in whatever capital of Europe anarchy ran riot. The lower two rooms were used, one for meals, and the other for sleeping accommodation,

but it was on the top floor that Rosa, after that instant of intent listening, made her way. It seemed to her that, excepting for the caretaker and his wife in the basement, the house was empty. The dwellers in this sinister place were in the habit of flitting to and fro, here to-day, gone to-morrow, and in any case Rosa felt that her own past association with her uncle's schemes gave her a certain security, even if she met any of his associates. But she climbed the flight of stairs to the top floor unmolested, and here again three shut doors faced upon the little landing.

On this landing she paused for a second, looking from one door to the other, then, her mind made up, she turned the handle of the one on her right, and entered the slip of a room, which, in spite of the bright summer day outside, was shrouded in semi-darkness.

"Oh! don't come back," a faint, little voice wailed out from the far corner by the window. "I will be good, indeed, indeed I will be good. I won't cry again, only don't hurt me any more." The piteous voice, broken by a half-suppressed sob, the terror in the accents, the low quivering tones, sent a thrill of indignant horror through Rosa's heart.

"Don't be frightened," she said, soothingly, stumbling across the room, and hastily drawing back the heavy curtains. "I have come to help you, don't be afraid."

"Oh!" the piteous little voice exclaimed, passionate relief in its tones. "I was so frightened—they hurt me—I was afraid—" and Rosa, turning towards the corner, whence the voice came, saw, crouching on a heap of dirty bedclothes, the form of Sylvia Burnett.

In a moment she was kneeling on the floor by the child's side, her arms wrapped round the quivering little body, her lips pressed against the white, agonized face.

"Oh! it's my pretty lady," the child cried, clinging to her with a desperate, terrified clutch. "I thought God had forgotten about me; I've prayed and prayed, and nobody came, and I've tried to be good." Her pent-up terrors found vent at last, and pressing close against Rosa she broke into a storm of sobs and tears, all the more terrible because they were so silent.

"Hush! my darling, hush!" Rosa gathered her up as if she had been a baby, and gently stroked back the dusky, tangled hair, "don't cry like that, dear, it is all right now. I have found you. God has sent me to find you, and you are safe. I want you to try and be very quiet, that I may get you out of the house without anybody knowing you have gone."

With a self-control quite remarkable in so young a child, Sylvia choked down her sobs, and looked up into Rosa's face with a very tremulous smile.

"I will be good," she said. "Only—you won't let him hurt me any more?" and once more she clutched desperately at Rosa, her eyes full of fear.

"No one shall hurt you," Rosa whispered. "What have they done to you, you poor little girl?"

"They laughed at me, and when I begged them to let me go, they beat me," she whispered; "they hurt me and I was so tired, and so hungry—and oh! please take me away soon." Seeing that the child was almost beside herself with fear, and only restraining herself by an almost superhuman effort, Rosa helped her to rise, but she was so exhausted that she would have sunk to the ground again but for her rescuer's supporting arm.

"I CAN'T go fast," she murmured, "I'm so tired, and I think I've got bruises all over me, where he beat me." Stifling the white heat of anger that raged within her, Rosa tenderly helped the child down the first flight of stairs, then paused and leant over the banisters to listen for any sounds from below. But the house was still as silent as the grave, and the two advanced, slowly and cautiously, onwards, down the second flight. Here, for an instant, Rosa's heart stood still, for the sound of footsteps became distinctly audible, footsteps coming up the stairs from the kitchen below. Quick as lightning, and without a sound, she darted towards the door at the top of the kitchen flight, pulled it sharply to, and shot the bolt, whilst the steps coming up from below grew more hurried, and in a moment there was a patter of fists upon the door, and Deacon's voice swearing loudly on the other side. There was not a second to be lost. The man had only to turn round, rush through the basement, and catch her at the top of the area steps, and this was evidently what he suddenly proposed doing, for Rosa once more heard steps on the stone stairs, descending swiftly. She flung her arm about Sylvia again, dragged her across the hall, opened the door as quickly as her nervousness would allow, and dashed into the street, more than half carrying the exhausted child. She could hear

(Continued on page 27.)



Courierettes.

A SCIENTIST has an apparatus by means of which an ice-berg three miles away can be detected. British statesmen would like to be able to detect suffragettes at much less than that distance.

The baseball season is about over, and already we are assured that pretty nearly every team next year will be a pennant-winner.

Recent public utterances go to show that war with Germany is an impossibility and a dead certainty.

John D. Rockefeller has been buncoed. Add another to the growing list of wonders of the world.

Doctors can now feel a patient's pulse by telephone, but they haven't yet decided that their bills will be less because of that.

A professor of the Rockefeller Institute of Research has produced a "fatherless frog," and it may not be long before he will produce a poor orphan.

By all means put the wires underground. That done, there may be less wire-pulling.

Cruel Craft.—"She is a beautiful model," runs a newspaper heading, and we read on only to discover that the model is a wooden one—of a steamship. Cruel, crafty heading writer!

Often the Case.

THE politician "takes the stump," Works up to moments tense; But all the time it may be that He's really "on the fence."

Deserves Credit.—The talk among a group of men turned to the old topic as to which is the best humorous paper published.

"Well, there's one thing you must give 'Punch' credit for," said an Englishman. "It has never run a picture of a man and a woman with a 'he' and 'she' joke accompanying it."

A Mean Retort.—"They took a Philadelphia woman to the hospital because she couldn't stop talking," said Mrs. Brown, who was reading the paper.

"If she had stopped talking," said Brown savagely, "they would have taken her to the cemetery."

Where Their Interest Lies.—"I think the fight will be between 'the bull moose' and 'the mule,'" said a man who follows the politics of the United States.

"You're wrong there," declared a fellow who studies something else. "The fight, as everybody ought to know, is between 'the Giants' and 'the Red Sox.'"

Tough Luck.—There may be better stories about children than the following, but we haven't run across them lately:

A little boy in the country had eaten very freely of raw turnips. When he left the field he was pretty much in the state of the boy at the Sunday school picnic who said, "I couldn't swallow any more, but I might chew a little."

The boy who fed so fully on turnips strolled down the road with a couple of companions.

Presently the back-board of a waggon worked loose, and beautiful apples tumbled out on the road.

Gazing thoughtfully at the splendid fruit, the youngster said, "Well, just look at that!—and me full of turnips!"

A Mean Reminder.—In a certain Canadian financial office, two clerks, who had started in a short time before on very moderate salaries, were talking about the big sums received by well-known men.

One of the two told of several men who were "drawing down" five thousand dollars a year. Then he went on to tell of those men who make two,

three and four times that sum. Lastly he instanced a couple of cases of men who receive fifty thousand dollars for each twelve months of work. Then, with a smile, he turned to the other clerk and said, "Say, Bill, how much is it that you get?"

A Timely Tip.

OH, this is the day of the high cost of living,

So here is a tip that is all to the good— That straw lid you'd discard, Better grab it and guard Or some day you will meet it—disguised—"breakfast food."

They Were.—The old guide paused and a cloud crossed his face as a bullet whizzed past his head.

"They are trying to make game of me," he said, glancing in the direction of the amateur hunters.

A Street-car Study.—Fourteen years ago Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the well-known Canadian artist, painted a portrait of



FIGUR-ATIVELY SPEAKING.

The Tall One—"Can you lend me a fiver? I'm a little short to-day." The Other: "Sorry, old man. I'm broke."

Mr. James L. Hughes, Chief Inspector of Toronto Public Schools.

The other day the artist was on a street car when the Inspector boarded it, sitting in another seat where Mr. Forster had a good view of his face.

That same day the Hughes telephone rang, and it was the artist who was at the other end of the line.

"I caught an expression on your face in that street car to-day that I never noticed before," he said to Mr. Hughes. "I want you to come down and sit for me an hour or so and bring the portrait. I would like to make some changes in it."

The Inspector did as he was requested, and the 14-year-old picture now has an expression it lacked before.

Understands Women.

IS there a man who understands The fair sex, with its fits and passions?

The only one we know of is The wise one who creates the fashions.

Took the Wrong Tip.—The lights were turned low and their chairs were side by side.

"I admire the man who always says the right thing at the right time and in the right place," remarked the crafty maiden.

Here the bashful young man made a fatal mistake.

"Good-night," he said.

Aldermanic Stage Fright.—Aldermanic orators sometimes get had cases of stage fright. At a recent unveiling of an oil

painting of a Toronto ex-alderman, Sir William Mortimer Clark was invited, in these words, to perform the ceremony: "I will now call on Mr. Clark to unveil this photo."

The Jovial Aviator.

T WAS on a high hill-top I met A fellow from out the skies, It seems he'd travelled fifty miles As the aviator flies.

In oratorical flights he told Of his days so free from care— He claimed there wasn't any such thing As a serpent of the air—

"Now, warp my planes, but we have high jinks," He said, "as you may guess; There's nothing uppish about us chaps But much uproariousness."

So happy he seemed there surely was No sorrow in his cup, But he looked depressed when I asked if he'd met "The big men higher up."

"I'm no high-grader," he laughingly said— But he eyed me quite askance— When I intimated that he must know A lot about high finance.

From the ground right up he seemed to know The aviation game. I spoke of dangers; he merely said "So safe is my life, it's tame."

"Take care," I said, as he left me for His element above, "Though you laugh at peril of ev'ry kind, Some day you may fall in love." W. A. C.

Signs of the Times.—In the one window of a store on Adelaide Street, Toronto, there appeared, for several days, these signs: "MOTORCYCLE FOR SALE" and "BOY WANTED."

Several people stopped for a few moments in front of the shop and wondered if the signs had any connection. "What became of the first boy?" was one man's worry.

Another said, "Do those signs indicate that the motorcycle was too fast for somebody's nerves and that he wants to get back to a system by which work moves quite leisurely?"

The Retort Crushing.—Some people write what seems to them high and noble sentiments on park benches and on walls of buildings in big cities. And they must get a shock if they see what people of opposite views scribble under the aforementioned h. and n. s.

For instance, on a prominent part of the wall of a Montreal building a man wrote, "Socialism is coming!"

Another man apparently didn't care much for that idea. Underneath the Socialist's declaration he wrote, "So is h—!"

Rebuked.—At a luncheon given by the directors of the Ottawa Exhibition to the live stock men recently, a young man from British Columbia made a lengthy speech on the greatness of his Province, and referred to it as the best part of Canada.

Prof. Cumming, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for Nova Scotia, said that he, too, came from the best part of Canada, which was Nova Scotia.

Every speaker who followed made more reference to having come from the best part of Canada than he did to the subject of the luncheon—live stock.

Mr. D. O. Bull, of the firm of B. H. Bull & Sons, Brampton, Ont., the Jersey cattle breeders, said that the speeches reminded him of a dinner he was at in Jacksonville, Florida. The city, like Ottawa, was suffering from a lack of good water, but that wasn't the subject under discussion.

Every man on the toast list told of the greatness of Jacksonville until a visitor from Miami, a neighbouring city, was called upon.

He said: "I understand that you have had some trouble in getting good water. Now, we have a lake near Miami whose water is pure and sparkling. We have no objection to your laying a pipe line to that lake, though it is some little distance, and if you people of Jacksonville are as good suckers as you are blowers you can easily overcome your difficulties."

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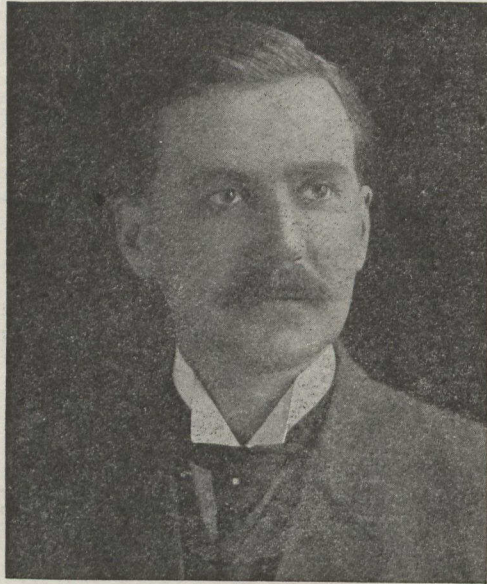
MONEY AND MAGNATES

A Twofold Problem.

THE gathering of the Dominion Association of Chartered Accountants, at Toronto, was an interesting feature last week.

The Association, at the conclusion of its affairs, held a banquet, President George Edwards presiding.

Hon. W. T. White was present and made some remarks on auditing which have attracted wide editorial comment. The Minister stated as his conviction that "had the directors of the Ontario Bank employed a proper system of auditing it would have been the means of preventing the institution from closing its doors." He asserted that these words applied also to the notorious Farmers Bank.



HON. W. T. WHITE,
Finance Minister, who has expressed some striking thoughts on bank inspection.

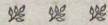
The utterance of Mr. White was of particular interest in view of the near revision of the Bank Act by the Government, and the incorporation in it of clauses to assure the proper inspection of banking affairs. Mr. White declared his belief in auditing along the lines set down by the Association.

"I believe the principle of auditing has been the means of saving thousands of young men from plunging on to the path of ruin. The auditor is a trustee for the shareholder."

The Toronto *Globe* has taken issue with Mr. White's view of the scope of auditing in respect to the banks and the Canadian public.

It says, Sept. 26: "Mr. White has been talking of late as if inspection were a matter affecting only the bank stockholder and depositor." The *Globe* points out that the proposed inspection system to be introduced by the new Act "must not relate only to the solvency of the bank, but to the manner in which it is carrying out his obligations to the public." The *Globe* sounds a warning against such a system of inspection as would be a mere mathematical censorship of bank accounts. It wants the inspector, however he may be chosen, to have some power of reviewing the public policy of the bank. Such a function would involve, for instance, an investigation now and then as to whether the small borrower—the man with a homestead anxious for a little credit to see a crop through—was getting a square deal from the bank; whether the bank was discriminating against him for the big manufacturer with influence, whom the management and shareholders might be anxious to cultivate.

The unrest in the West, particularly, because of money stringency and the agitation for European socialistic banking facilities to help out the situation, is an indication that the public have a direct interest in the control of the banks apart from considerations of the security of the banking system and the safety of those who are financially interested in the banks.



New President Imperial Life.

IMPORTANT changes took place in the management of the Imperial Life Assurance Company last week when two of the directors, who had been with the company since its inception resigned and gave way to younger men on the board.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell and Hon. S. C. Wood, whose combined ages total 172 years, are the officers who have given up their positions. Sir Mackenzie was the first president of the company when it was organized in 1887. Mr. Wood occupied the position of vice-president. Interest centres in the new men who



MR. HERBERT C. COX
President Imperial Life Assurance Company.

succeed the veterans. Mr. Herbert C. Cox is now President of Imperial Life. The vice-president is Mr. G. A. Morrow, who is connected high up with the Dominion Securities Corporation.

No one is better known among the young men of Toronto than Herbert C. Cox. As a sport, society man and coming financier he is very popular. Mr. Cox is a son of Senator George A. Cox; he is the type of young Canadian born to wealth but not dazzled by it; employing his time like any other vigorous specimen of Canadianhood, helping develop the country and improving its citizenship. Mr. Cox looks like his father. He has the same tall, well-set-up figure, and long, shrewd face. No one would take that face

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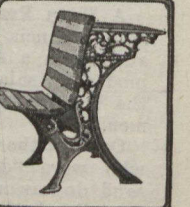
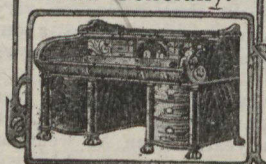
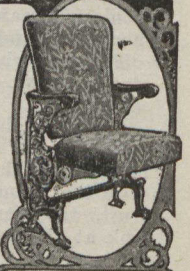
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for any but the Cox countenance—and it is a physiognomy famous in Canadian finance. He has more paternal traits than are exhibited in an external physical resemblance to the Senator. He possesses a desire to do things for himself and map out new lines of action. He believes in getting started as early as possible. As a youth at the University of Toronto he could not wait to graduate, his fingers so "itched for the feel of a typewriter," as he expressed his ambitions to the writer. The Senator gratified his youthful commercial tendencies by taking him out of college and giving him a job in the Canada Life. He rose through all the grades to managing the business of that big insurance company. As he grew in business stature he found his services in demand in the board rooms of leading corporations throughout the country.

Away from his office Mr. Cox has cultivated a variety of interests. He is one of the leading patrons of music in Toronto; in his devotion to the affairs of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra resembling a young Montrealer, Colonel Frank S. Meighen, who has been trying to give Canada grand opera at his own expense. Horses are another of Mr. Cox's diversions. He owns some of the best known thoroughbreds on the continent. He is a breeder rather than a race track devotee, and has exhibited with much success in Montreal, Toronto and New York.

New Men on the Allan Line.

CHANGES in the directorate of the Allan Line are reported from London. The new men on the board are: Mr. Frederick Williams Taylor, London, manager of the Bank of Montreal; Mr. Hugh Allan, chairman; Mr. Andrew Allan, and Sir Thomas Skinner.

The addition of Sir Thomas Skinner of the C. P. R. to the board has given rise to a rumour that the C. P. R. may acquire the Allan Line. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy has a close working arrangement with the steamship people, but he denies any idea of union.

A Money Maker.

ACCORDING to General Traffic Manager Tiffin, the Intercolonial Railway is booming. Mr. Tiffin, in an interview at Halifax, states that the gross earnings of the Government road now average one million dollars a month.

A New Bond House.

A BIG new bond company has just been formed in Toronto with some of the leading men in Canada at the head. It is the Canada Bond Corporation, Limited—capital \$2,000,000. Offices are to be established in England and throughout the Dominion. The directorate include: Sir John Gibson, John C. Eaton, Sir William Whyte, George E. Drummond, G. T. Somers, J. A. M. Aikins, Hon. G. W. Brown, Lieut.-Governor of Saskatchewan; Hon. J. A. Lougheed, Calgary; Hon. Thomas W. Paterson, Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia; W. K. George, and Hon. James H. Ross.

Canadian municipal and industrial bonds will be the company's specialty.

Canadian Manufacturing.

FIGURES showing the growth of Canadian manufacturing during the decade were published in The Courier recently, but Dr. Blue's paper on the subject excited considerable interest at the annual meeting of the Canadian Manufacturers.

In fifteen stated trades the total capital in 1890, 1900 and 1910 was given. Here were the increases:

Year.	Capital in millions	Increase per cent.
1890	331 1-2
1900	446 1-2	34.76
1910	1,247 1-2	178.74

The increase from 1890 to 1910 was 276.16 per cent.

Wages in 20 Years.

The wages paid in the same industries in this same period was:

Year.	Wages in millions.	Increase per cent.
1890	79 3-4
1900	113 1-4	42.96
1910	241	112.32

The increase per cent. in the twenty years was 204.17 per cent.

Value of Products.

The value of the products manufac-

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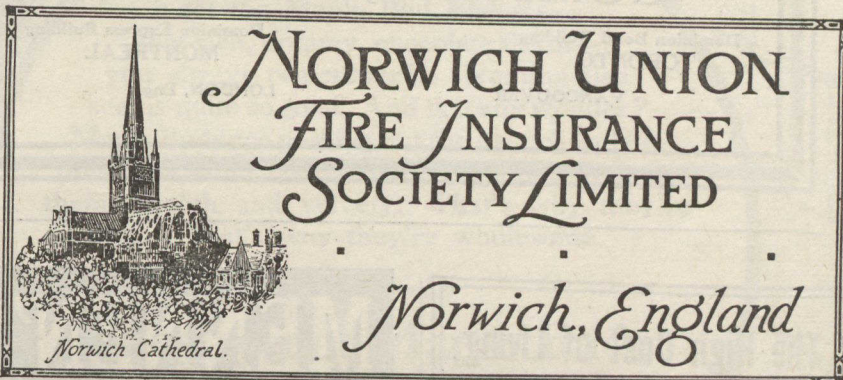
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The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

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Toronto Paper Mfg. Company, Limited

6% First Mortgage Sinking Fund Bonds

Denominations: \$100, \$500, \$1,000

PRICE: 98

FEATURES OF THE ISSUE

Estimated earnings for the current year are three and one-third times the bond interest.

A sinking fund which will become operative in 1915 is calculated to retire the bonds before maturity.

Additional bonds can only be issued up to 66 $\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. of the amount required for extensions or enlargements.

Improvements and additions to the plant, already planned, should materially increase the output and add to the earnings.

Application will be made to list the bonds on the Toronto Stock Exchange.

Additional particulars will be furnished on request.

DOMINION BOND COMPANY, LIMITED

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LONDON, Eng.

	Value in millions.	Increase per cent.
1890	1368 1-2
1900	418	30.47
1910	1165 3-4	142.13

The increase in the 20 years was 216.26 per cent.

The increase percentage in the value of Canadian manufactured products from 1900 to 1910 are as follows:

Canada	142.13
Alberta	1,323.78
British Columbia	234.95
Manitoba	315.19
New Brunswick	68.89
Nova Scotia	123.40
Ontario	139.62
Prince Edward Island	34.80
Quebec	121.69
Saskatchewan	871.68

All these figures were, in a sense, new and were interesting to the manufacturers whose business they dealt with.

R. G. Dun on the Trade Outlook.

R. G. DUN AND COMPANY'S last report on business conditions throughout Canada is extremely optimistic. The Dun people have correspondents in every large centre in the country, and their word as to the trade situation is comparatively accurate.

Of course, Dun reports on the crop and talks somewhat of the weather. In general, Dun maintains that the crop prospects are good, and admits that the common complaint about the rain is a serious one.

Remarks on the condition of Canadian commerce would go to show that the manufacturers and merchants have every confidence in a big harvest nose.

Some leading Canadian cities where unusually brisk trade is particularly noticeable are: Montreal—big demand for clothing, drygoods, groceries and footwear; Quebec—active wholesale trade in all seasonable merchandise; Toronto—strongly perceptible movement of fall goods, particularly in staples; Winnipeg—new business being postponed till the crop is more of a certainty; Saskatoon—harvesting in the vicinity nearly all over, and strong buying of groceries and drygoods.

Richelieu Asks a Favour.

ANOTHER big Canadian transportation company has stepped out and asked Parliament for permission to increase its capital. This is the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, who have asked Ottawa to authorize an increase of their capital stock to \$15,000,000. R. & O. has now outstanding stock amounting to \$10,000,000. Before the merger went through, the stock was \$3,132,000. If the permission of the Government is granted, Richelieu will have about five times as much stock outstanding as it had a year and a half ago. The happenings in the affairs of this company since Lord Furness and his English associates joined forces with the Forget people, and conceived the idea of evolving one of the greatest inland navigation systems in the world, have been most sensational.

Mr. Holt on Feminine Thrift.

MR. H. S. HOLT, the Montreal bank and power man, has increased confidence in women as financiers since his recent trip abroad. Interviewed in his office, the other day, the magnate talked of his stay in France. He travelled through the rural districts and was much impressed by the fact that the women of the households administered the family exchequer; mere man had to account to his wife for expenditures.

Mr. Holt judges from this that women in general possess the virtue of thriftiness to a greater degree than men.

By the way, Mr. Holt did not give any Canadian illustrations.

A Quick Rise.

THE rise in the price of Toronto Paper common has been one of the features of the Toronto Stock Exchange during the last fortnight. Shortly after the stock was listed, following active trading on the "curb," the directors declared a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum. It was unofficially stated at the time that the earnings were equal to 12 per cent. on the common. This week the Dominion Bond Company made an offering of the unsold balance of the \$500,000 issue of 6% first mortgage sinking fund bonds at 98.



Kings Play Billiards

on Burroughes & Watts' Tables. They are the choice of the crowned heads of Europe, of Princes, Dukes and Lords, of millionaires, of exclusive clubs, and of professional champions. Burroughes & Watts'

Tables

are the World's best. Their patented "Steel Vacuum" Cushion cannot be duplicated. Write for further particulars. All sizes and prices. Both British and American styles. Largest makers in British Empire.

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The LONDON DIRECTORY CO., Ltd.
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The High Cost of Living

The cost of living in Canada continues upward, according to figures issued by the Government. The statistical department's index number has risen 10 points in a year.

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which, in regular legal reserve companies, can still be purchased at the same price that has prevailed for some years. And it is a distinctly advantageous feature that, notwithstanding the advance in price of other things, the yearly cost of insurance can never be increased beyond the original price stated in the policies of

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Capital Authorized \$25,000,000
Capital Paid Up \$11,500,000
Reserve Funds \$12,500,000
Total Assets \$175,000,000

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Abdul Baha Abbas

(Concluded from page 7.)

the Sun and of the Great Lights, and he was cool and comfortable. For by a process of his own thinking he traced through visible and tangible nature up to images and light to the sun; through all the co-ordinated perfections of a vast universe to the one centre of perfections—God. By the imperfections of man he proved the perfection of the Deity. One thing proves its opposite; wealth—poverty; cold—heat; competency—incompetency; imperfection—absolute perfection.

In so doing he revelled in the Persian imagery of thought, not dry and argumentative and technical, but full of light, peace and serenity. He had no need to walk the floor, or to mop his face or rumple his hair, or to whack the chair. His revelations came to him with the ease of the dawn gliding over the hills, and he was happy.

"Ask him," I said, gathering the rose-leaves red, "if great cities are a hindrance to the revelation of God?"

"No," was the answer, "man in cities, apart from nature, may have a perfect revelation of God."

"Is great wealth—the getting of money—an obstacle?"

To my great surprise Abdul Baha said that wealth was no bar to the revelation of God. Which proves the eclectic nature of his religion, inclusive of all phenomena and able to see God in everything.

"As to many churches—what?"

He saw no obstacle in churches, but in divided opinions, much. The truth was common to all; but the truth is one—while opinions are many.

And Abdul Baha has the truth. He is in concord with nature. In America, since the Congress of Religions, at the World's Fair, the Bahai movement has many followers. But there may be many things in civilization which to the serene philosophy of Abdul Baha may be as incomprehensible as man is to the animal world. For the good is not always cognizant of the multifarious ways of the devil.

Nevertheless it is clear that from his Oriental elevation, from his perceptions of nature and the persecutions of man, Abdul Baha has grown up with a universal religion for which the world would be much improved if only it could be made universal. He is in harmony with the truth, not as a mere argument, but as a state of being. He is not a controversialist, but a conciliator. He lives the truth and radiates it as light comes from the sun. He may never be as cynically popular as Omar Khayyam from his own country. But he is quite as venerable, more cheerful, if less entertaining. He is perhaps as wise. And it may be that if Abdul Baha would reduce his philosophy to verse, a few hundred years from now somebody might translate it, and the world would know the teachings of Abdul Baha better than now it knows Omar, because Abdul Baha is an awakening.

A Splendid M. H. O.

(Toronto Mail and Empire.)

FORT WILLIAM has a medical officer of health of whom it should be proud. In July and August of 1910 there were 63 deaths of infants under one year. Making a campaign by means of the passage of a compulsory sewer by-law, milk by-law, the appointment of a sanitary inspector, a district health nurse, this M. H. O.—Dr. Wodehouse—reduced the infant mortality in the same two months of 1911 to 22. In July and August of 1912 the deaths numbered 6. Ontario officials could find room for a few more officials of Dr. Wodehouse's type.

Mean Remark.—Gibbs—"Oh, yes, Jones is an ass and all that, but you'll never hear him say a mean thing about his wife."

Dibbs—"I don't know. He says she made him what he is."—Boston Transcript.

Literally Speaking.—Mai—"She weighs only 89 pounds and he weighs 105."

Lucille—"What an ideal couple for light housekeeping."—Harper's Bazar.

Qualified.—"I don't know what to do with my son. He's so irresponsible."

"Get him on the Weather Bureau."—Washington Herald.



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Once you try them, once you get the Maple Bud Flavor—that rich, creamy, chocolate flavor—you always remember it. Nothing else seems quite so good. And is it any wonder? Maple Buds are nothing but the best chocolate, pure milk and sugar, ground and rolled to make them smooth and velvety. That's why they're delicious: that's why they're wholesome.

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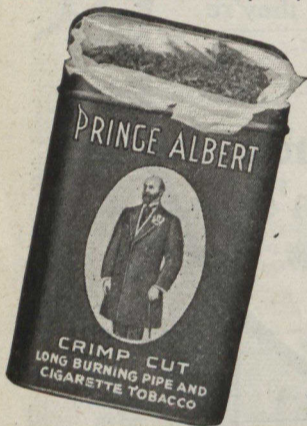
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Tobacco that strikes 13 every time you fire up!

Yes, sir, Prince Albert smashes the big joy gong, whether you jam it into a jimmy pipe or roll up a cigarette, no matter where you are or what you're doing.

You don't have to mix up Prince Albert with eight other brands to make it taste and smell like tobacco! No, sir, you go right to it—why, as the little ducks beat it to water—*natural like!*



PRINCE ALBERT

the inter-national joy smoke

It can't bite your tongue. That's a sure-thing bet. Never did have teeth! Take it straight, that's why all the pipe-shy boys are swinging their old T. D.'s into action.

Listen: You can't tell from where you're sitting how your picture's going to look.

Nor can you tell how bully "P. A." is until you fire up. Beat it while your shoes are good to the nearest tobacco store. Demand Prince Albert—the *joy smoke*. Buy it in the tidy 2-oz. red tins. Say, follow the crowd!

If your dealer hasn't Prince Albert in stock, tell him he can now get it from his regular jobber.

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Shakespeare Series No. 3

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

Non-Partisan Memorials.

THE memorials from the different cities asking Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier to take the naval question out of party politics, are now reaching Ottawa. The first to arrive bore the names of many of the best known men of both political parties in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and Calgary. Those from Toronto and Hamilton reached Ottawa this week.

The list of Winnipeg signatures includes Lieutenant-Governor Cameron, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land; Sir Rodmond Roblin; Sir Daniel MacMillan; Sir William Whyte; Sir Joseph Dubuc; Hon. Colin H. Campbell, K.C.; Mr. Isaac Pitblado, K.C.; Mayor Waugh; Mr. R. L. Richardson; Hon. Hugh Sutherland; Mr. A. N. Nanton; Mr. J. W. Dafoe; Mr. Isaac Campbell, K.C.; Mr. J. D. McArthur; Mr. C. N. Bell; and many other prominent citizens.

The signatures to the memorial from the city of Hamilton comprise, among others: Mr. Robert Hobson, General Manager and Vice-President of the Steel Company of Canada; Mr. Cyrus A. Birge, President of the Sovereign Fire Assurance Company and director of the Bank of Hamilton; Col. the Hon. J. S. Hendrie; Lieut.-Col. Mr. George S. Rennie; Mr. R. Harmer, President Canadian Furniture Manufacturers; Mr. Geo. T. Tuckett, Tuckett Tobacco Company; Mr. H. J. Waddie, President Canadian Drawn Steel Company; Mr. J. S. Washington; Dr. Russell; Mr. Hugh C. Baker; Mr. H. G. Wright; Col. Mewburn; Mr. George Kerr, and Mr. J. L. Counsell.

Among the Toronto signatures are: Sir Wm. Mortimer Clark; Sir William Mackenzie; Sir Edmund Walker; Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C.; Mr. Edward Gurney; Hon. Thomas Crawford; Mr. W. J. Gage; His Lordship the Bishop of Toronto; Mr. W. E. Rundle; Mr. John Firstbrook; Mr. J. E. Atkinson; Colonel James Mason; Mr. James Ryrrie; Mr. Aemilius Jarvis; Ven. Archdeacon Cody; Senator Cox; Mr. G. T. Somers; Mr. R. J. Christie; Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P.P.; Mr. George H. Gooderham, M.P.P.; Mr. Chester D. Massey; Professor Wrong; Mr. Arthur Hawkes; Professor Milner; Professor Ellis; Mr. W. D. Ross; Mr. James L. Hughes; Mr. S. Casey Wood, Jr., and others.

It is not expected that both political parties shall agree absolutely on the naval policy which Canada is to follow, but it is hoped that the leaders will get together and see if it is possible to agree on the main points which are: (1) Shall there be a Canadian navy; (2) the size and disposition of such a navy; (3) the character and extent of Canada's emergency contribution. Even if these main points are practically agreed upon, there will still be many minor points upon which each of the parties or individual members of Parliament may have their own opinions. It would be too much to expect that any policy could be decided upon which would not be open to slight objections from the other party or from individual members of either side.

A Tribute to Laurier.

(St. John's News.)

SIR WILFRID LAURIER was in fine form at Marieville. He said gay, easy insouciant things. His thought was frisky. His style was young. His humour light and glancing. He is best at badinage, and the way he bantered Mr. Borden and the Government on the school question, on the navy question, on the autonomy question was equal to his self and that is saying a good deal.

It would be an immense pity if anything should occur to take Sir Wilfrid out of our public life. We may not agree with his policies, and, indeed, the electors of the country showed that they did not in rather a remarkable way recently. We may not even grant his first rate statesmanlike quality if that be our humour, but when he goes out our public life will be greatly impoverished.

He has given us grace in public life which we much needed. He has offered dignity with imagination. He has been serious but has proved his human feeling, his understanding of the varied warp and woof of life. He has addressed the serious elements; but he has made the common people laugh, which is much in bare and unopulent lives.

He has sought the high office of peacemaker, and has striven with zeal to accomplish a great accordance between all classes of our people.

This happens everywhere every day.



"I forget the name, but Mother said it was pure gelatine"

"Then, little girl, she must want Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine—but does your mother know about the Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine, that is also in great demand? It is the package with the separate envelope of pure lemon fruit juice and saves the cost, time and bother of squeezing lemons.

"This allows your mother the choice of using lemon jelly plain, or if she wishes it coloured she can use the tablet of pink colouring that is enclosed in a separate envelope, or she can add any fresh fruit—which is always best—using the juices for colouring.

"With the Knox Acidulated as well as the Knox Plain Gelatine she can make desserts, salads, candies, ice cream and ices, and improve other dishes.

"Now, take this Knox Acidulated package home and I know your mother will be more than pleased—the price is just the same as the Knox Plain Gelatine, and each package makes two quarts—one-half gallon of jelly."

Knox Recipe Book FREE

Contains over 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc. See it FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample of Acidulated Gelatine for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
510 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N.Y.
Branch Factory, Montreal

His Little Girl

(Continued from page 20.)

a great banging of doors and shouting in the basement, Deacon's voice rapping out oaths, his wife's shrill accents chiming in, and then the man himself appeared at the door giving upon the area. Rosa looked up and down the street in momentary despair, then the sight of Hugh's figure running towards her gave her a fresh impetus and courage.

"Try to run with me," she said to Sylvia. "Dr. Berners is here, he will help us. You will soon be quite safe." As the words left her lips another tall form appeared in sight, coming from the opposite direction, and walking with swift, determined strides towards the house. The build of the man was unmistakable, and as he reached Rosa's side and laid a heavy hand on her shoulder, a great wave of fear flooded her soul, and every trace of colour faded from her face. But her arm still supported the fainting child, and she opened her lips to speak. But Hermann Muller forestalled her.

"So—you have betrayed me," he whispered, "and I have caught you in the very act. I shall do nothing now," his eyes glanced towards Hugh, who was almost upon them, "but—you know what to expect at my hands." Then, lifting his hat with exaggerated courtesy, and smiling a smile of fiendish malice, he disappeared into the house just as Hugh Berners reached Rosa's side.

CHAPTER XVII.

"As long as I see you, monsieur, I know I'm quite safe."

Sylvia, curled up in a corner of the library sofa, looked across at Giles with adoring eyes, and he smiled back at her, his heart hot with indignation as he saw the dark shadows under her eyes, the lines of suffering pencilled round the sensitive mouth.

"You are perfectly safe, dear," he answered. "I only wish we had the brute who hurt you equally safe."

"He did frighten me," the child said, with a shudder, "you see, monsieur, I thought, perhaps, he would kill me, he looked at me so angrily and he talked in a dreadful voice that made me think of ogres." At the child's words Sir Giles laughed, but it was a very tender laugh, and he sat down on the wide sofa, and stroked Sylvia's small hands with gentle touch.

"I wish we could get hold of the ruffian," he said, "but when the police got to the house where Miss Muller found you, he had gone. There was evidently some way out at the back; he has vanished."

"He won't ever come back, will he?" she asked, her small trembling form shrinking nearer to her guardian. "I don't believe I could bear it if he ever came back."

"He will never trouble you again, little one, you need not be afraid of that," Giles' voice was more gentle than before, "and after the wedding you and Miss Stansdale shall go away to a nice seaside place, and you will get some roses back to your cheeks."

"That'll be after a week, won't it?" she questioned.

"A week to-day is our wedding day," he answered, a dreamy look creeping into his eyes, "and whilst Grace and I are in Scotland, you shall paddle and bathe and build sand castles, and I am sure all the dear dollies will be better for sea air. They will get rosier cheeks than ever." Sylvia laughed, and some of the look of strain left her face. "And then," he went on, "you and Miss Stansdale and all the dollies will be here ready to greet us when we come home again. And we shall have a lovely time here before we go to India."

"I wish you weren't going to India," she whispered, nestling nearer to him, "it will be very lonely here when you are gone. Only—I don't believe anything will be at all the same when you are married."

"Certainly it won't be the same," he answered, with a joyous laugh. "I shall have the sweetest, most beautiful wife in the world, and you will have the dearest woman to be a mother to you."

Sylvia was silent: she knew instinctively that it would hurt Giles if she expressed what she really felt about

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The above illustration is reproduced on a small scale from Page 5 of our new Fall and Winter Catalogue, No. 9 H, a copy of which will be mailed to you at once on request.

In this catalogue the new styles for Autumn and Winter in Women's Suits, Dresses, Coats, Furs, Waists, Lingerie Corsets, etc., are fully illustrated by fine half-tone engravings. There are hundreds of new illustrations also of Hosiery, Neckwear, Laces, Handkerchiefs, Veilings, Fancy Linens, Boots and Shoes, Umbrellas, etc., and of Clothing and Furnishings for Men, Boys and Children, all prepared especially for this catalogue. Lowest cash prices, made possible by our splendid manufacturing facilities and our buying service in the European markets, are quoted and particulars are given of our **free delivery system** by which everything illustrated in this catalogue, with the exception of furniture and house furnishings, will be delivered **freight or express charges prepaid** to any station in Canada.

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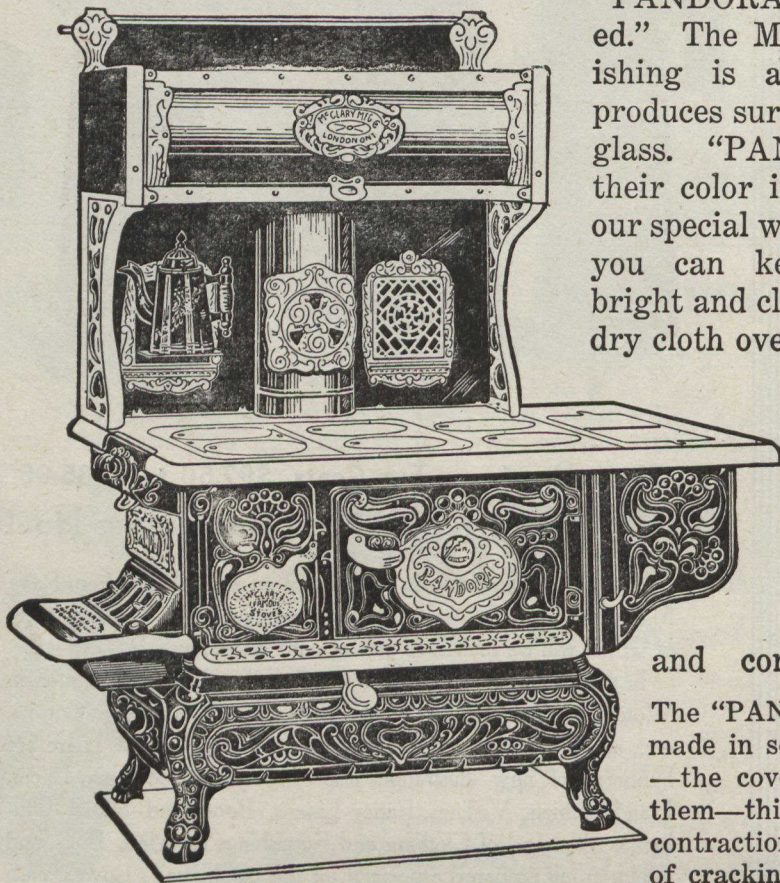
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A Beautiful Range--- Yet Easily Kept Clean

Glance at the "PANDORA" as it stands complete—a handsome range surely, yet easily kept clean. McClary's famed "Duplex" nickelling cannot burn off—it never becomes tarnished. About it there is no superfine "impossible-to-keep-clean" tracery—the nickel adornment is rich—the carving bold.



"PANDORA" surfaces are "burnished." The McClary system of burnishing is a special process that produces surfaces as smooth as plate glass. "PANDORA" surfaces keep their color indefinitely—they retain our special water-proof dressing. So, you can keep the "PANDORA" bright and clean by simply rubbing a dry cloth over it.

The "PANDORA" is more than a handsome range. It is also a permanent investment because it is built to endure—it is the one range that is as strong and compact as it looks.

The "PANDORA" cooking surface is made in sections with expansion top—the covers and cross-bars fit into them—this allows for expansion and contraction without any possibility of cracking or warping.

"PANDORA" Range

Top sections are reversible—you can place a boiler cross-wise on the "PANDORA" if you wish to use front pot-hole over fire. "PANDORA" lids and entire top are extra heavy and guaranteed not to crack or break under ordinary usage.

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McClary's

MONTREAL
VANCOUVER
HAMILTON
CALGARY

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Grace Cardew, and with a rare tact, she refrained from speaking.

"And you must make haste and get quite well by our wedding day," Giles continued. "I shouldn't feel my wedding was right if my little girl was not there." Sylvia slipped her hand into his, and the mute action spoke more forcibly than words. It was only the day after her rescue from the house in Graham Street, and she was still very shaken and tired. By her own special request she had been allowed to lie on the couch in the library, because, as she expressed it, she felt safer there, and when Giles was writing she liked to lie back amongst the cushions watching his bent, dark head, and absorbed face. He returned to his place at the table after the foregoing conversation. The days of acute anxiety about Sylvia had been wasted ones as far as business was concerned, and he had considerable arrears of work to get through before his wedding in the following week. He had only been seated at his writing top a few minutes when Sylvia looked across at him, saying wistfully—

"I'm afraid I won't ever like my dear little summer house again."

"Will you tell me how it was you went away from it on that day," Giles asked. He had forbore to put the question until the child herself mentioned the subject, being anxious to avoid a subject which might increase her nervous tension.

"It was a man who came," she answered, with a shiver. "I was there by myself, with just the dolls, and he came in very quickly out of the lane through the hedge, he never said anything, he just laughed, and then he put a big shawl all over me, and I couldn't call out or scream, and he carried me away: and I felt him put me into a carriage or cart, I don't know which it was, and we drove off, oh! so dreadfully quickly. And we just drove on and on till we got to that horrible house where the pretty lady found me. Oh! don't let me have to talk about that house any more."

"You shall never speak of it again," came the soothing response, "now lie still there and rest, whilst I write, and don't worry that little brain of yours about anything."

So excellently did Sylvia carry out his orders, that when he glanced across at her, he saw that she had pillowed her head on her arm and was sound asleep, a smile on her small, white face.

"We must make her look quite well for the wedding," he reflected. "Poor little girl, if I can manage it she shall enjoy herself to the top of her bent. It will be the greatest day of my life, and it shall be one of the happiest in hers."

Sylvia slept soundly and peacefully until long after tea time, and she was only roused at last, when the butler entered the library bringing a telegram to his master. Giles took it carelessly enough, telegrams just then were everyday and all day occurrences, and it was with a little jest for Sylvia on his lips that he tore open the orange envelope and unfolded the pink paper within. But as he read the brief message, the loving child eyes that watched saw a change pass over his face, a change so terrible, that she sprang from the sofa and to his side, with a low exclamation of alarm.

"What is it, oh, monsieur, what is it?" she said, her two hands clasped round his arm, her eyes fixed upon his stricken face. "I can't bear it when you look like that." Giles glanced down at her unseeing. The sound of her voice had reached his ears, but it was evident that the sense of what she said had not penetrated to his mind: but the grey-ness of his cheek and lips, the look of frozen despair in his eyes terrified the child, and she said again:

"What is it? Oh! please tell me what is it?"

"I—don't know," he answered, and then he threw back his head and laughed, a horrible, mirthless laugh that aroused in Sylvia a fresh paroxysm of fear. He seemed suddenly to become aware of her frightened face, and perhaps he felt the convulsive clutch of her hands on his arm, for his dreadful laughter ceased all at once, and he put his hands on Sylvia's shoulders almost roughly, holding her a little away from him, and looking deep into her startled eyes.

"It is nothing," he said harshly, "only another man fooled by a woman. Fooled

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so completely, too—my God!" He broke again into a short, derisive laugh. "I believed in her. I am punished for my credulity. I shall never believe in any woman again."

His grey face set itself into lines of such hardness that the child shrank away from him, releasing herself from the grip on her shoulders, whilst he dropped back heavily into his chair, staring straight before him with an expression of such concentrated bitterness that her heart ached unbearably for him.

The telegram lay on the floor at her feet, just where he had dropped it, and Sylvia stooping, picked it up and read the pencilled words:

"Calais—Was married this morning to Prince Damansky—thought it best to avoid unpleasantness so did not let you know sooner. My mother will return presents and letters—Grace."

The cold-blooded heartlessness of this communication was apparent even to a child of eleven, and flinging the pink paper upon the floor again, she flew to Giles' side, and threw her arms round his neck, in a transport of grief and sympathy.

"I hate her," she exclaimed vehemently. "I hate her—I hate her! Why should she hurt you when you loved her so?"

"Presumably she found she had made a mistake," he answered, with biting sarcasm. "Women do these things, it is their way. Some day, perhaps, you will hurt a man, and laugh when you see him squirm." He spoke bitterly, but Sylvia did not draw away from him. On the contrary she clasped her arms tightly round his neck, and drew his head close against her childish heart, saying softly:

"When I'm a woman I shall love you fifty million times more than I do now, and I wouldn't ever hurt you. Not if it was ever so. I couldn't ever hurt anybody I loved."

"I don't believe you could," he answered, in softened accents. "You are built of the stuff that mother women are made of, and some day you will bring a man happiness."

"I want to bring you happiness," she answered quaintly, only half understanding the drift of his words, and laying one of her soft hands upon his hair. "I should like to make you happy, monsieur."

"My little comforter," he said, his voice shaking, some of the bitterness leaving his face, "if anybody could ever bring me happiness again it would be you, little girl, but—" he broke off abruptly, "I think I must be by myself for a bit now, Sylvia.—I—I've got to face things up,—and I've got to face them alone."

* * * * *

It was a nine days' sensation, and for at least that amount of time formed the staple subject of conversation for a large section of the London world. Some gossips declared that Grace Cardew had taken the whole of her world by surprise: others avowed that her growing infatuation of the tall foreigner, who had called himself Hermann Muller, had been too pronounced not to have attracted notice. But one and all blamed her with crushing severity for her treatment of that upright and honourable gentleman, Giles Tredman. To have jilted him at all was sufficiently bad; to have jilted him with such heartless cruelty within a week of their wedding, put her beyond the pale of forgiveness. Mrs. Cardew, to give her her due, was as shocked and horrified by her daughter's conduct as was the rest of the world; and she spoke nothing but the simple truth when she declared that Grace's elopement had come to her as a terrible shock and surprise. Upon her fell all the unpleasantness of returning wedding presents, putting off wedding guests, answering innumerable letters, in fact, bearing the brunt of the humiliation which ought to have fallen upon Grace herself. But Grace had taken excellent care to remove herself as far as possible from her old world and its censorious voice, and after her departure Mrs. Cardew discovered that she had taken with her all the trousseau which had been provided for her marriage with Giles. It had all been very cleverly, very carefully arranged. Grace had removed her possessions, a few at a time, packed in cardboard boxes to avert suspicion; and they had remained at the house of a dressmaker friend until Grace packed them all for her journey. One fact the

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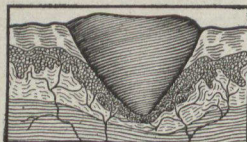
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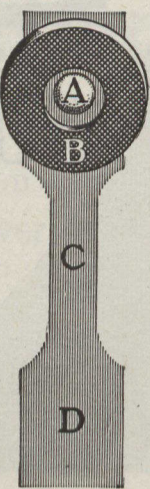
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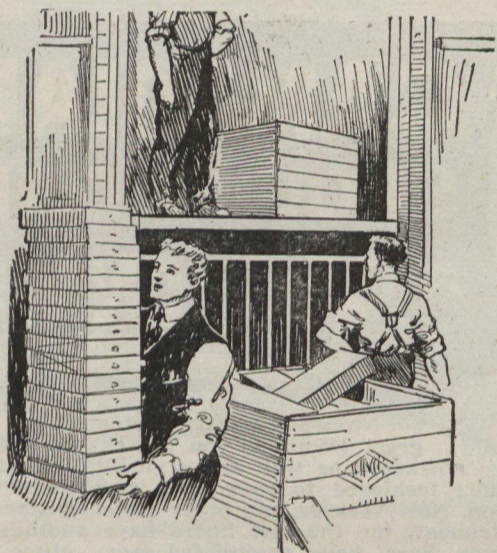


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world never knew, that Prince Damansky—alias Hermann Muller—had originally planned the elopement to take place on the day before that fixed for Grace's marriage with Tredman. It had pleased the man's lust for revenge to plan that Giles should drink the cup of humiliation to the very dregs; should, as he expressed it, pay the penalty in full. These malicious schemes were perforce modified when Rosa intervened to prevent any harm being done to Sylvia, and her betrayal of his nefarious schemes necessitated his hurried departure from England with Grace, nearly a week sooner than he had intended. Perhaps no one was more horrified by what had happened than Rosa herself, and when Hugh tried to comfort her by telling her that now, at any rate, her uncle, who had been her evil genius had left her life for ever, and was unlikely to trouble or alarm her again, she shook her head despairingly.

"You don't know him as I know him," she answered. "I do not think there was ever anyone so utterly vindictive. He will never forget and never forgive what I did, and he has his tools every where."

"But when you are my wife, you need not be afraid of him or his tools," Hugh answered tenderly, "you will be an Englishwoman then, free from the web that has been round you so long. I think I can take care of you, sweetheart." But at his confident words she shivered, and shook her head again, a look of haunting fear in her eyes.

"Sir Giles wants to come and see me," she said, after a pause, "he is going back to India almost at once, and he wants if possible to find out what connection there is between my uncle and Sylvia, and why my uncle laid claims to the jewel which Sylvia's mother gave her."

"And can you give Sir Giles the information he wants?"

"No. I really know nothing. I can only tell Sir Giles exactly what I told you."

And this she did, when, on the following day Giles and she sat together in the Stansdales' prim drawing-room. It shocked and hurt the girl to see what havoc had been wrought in Giles by all that he had recently been through; he looked ten years older, and the sadness in his eyes haunted her for days afterwards. He spoke in quick, business-like tones, plainly anxious to avoid everything emotional.

"I felt that before I left for India, I ought to try and find out as much as I could about my little Sylvia," he said, with scarcely any preliminary conversation. "It is to you that I owe her safety, and I believe that you can tell me more about her antecedents than anybody else can. First, is it true that this man Hermann Muller is really Prince Damansky?"

"Quite true. He sometimes uses one name, sometimes the other, according to where he is, and upon what work he is engaged. When he is busy with anarchist business, or business still more questionable, he masquerades as Muller. When he gives his services, as he has often done, to the Russian Secret Police, he is Prince Damansky, a rich aristocrat, who loathes anarchists and all their works. After all he has done, I have no scruple in telling you the truth about him."

"You cannot tell me what Sylvia's mother was to him?"

"I do not know. I can only guess that she was his wife, or that she supposed herself to be his wife. If she was not his wife, I do not believe he would ever have given her what Sylvia calls the wonder jewel."

"Then you think that this villain—this fiend—who would not even have stuck at murdering the child to gain his own ends, may be—and most likely is—her father."

"It is quite true what you say that he would stick at nothing—nothing—to gain his ends, whether they are actual advantages or merely revenge. And I think the other thing is quite true too; I believe that some day you will find that Sylvia, little innocent Sylvia, is his daughter."

(To be continued.)

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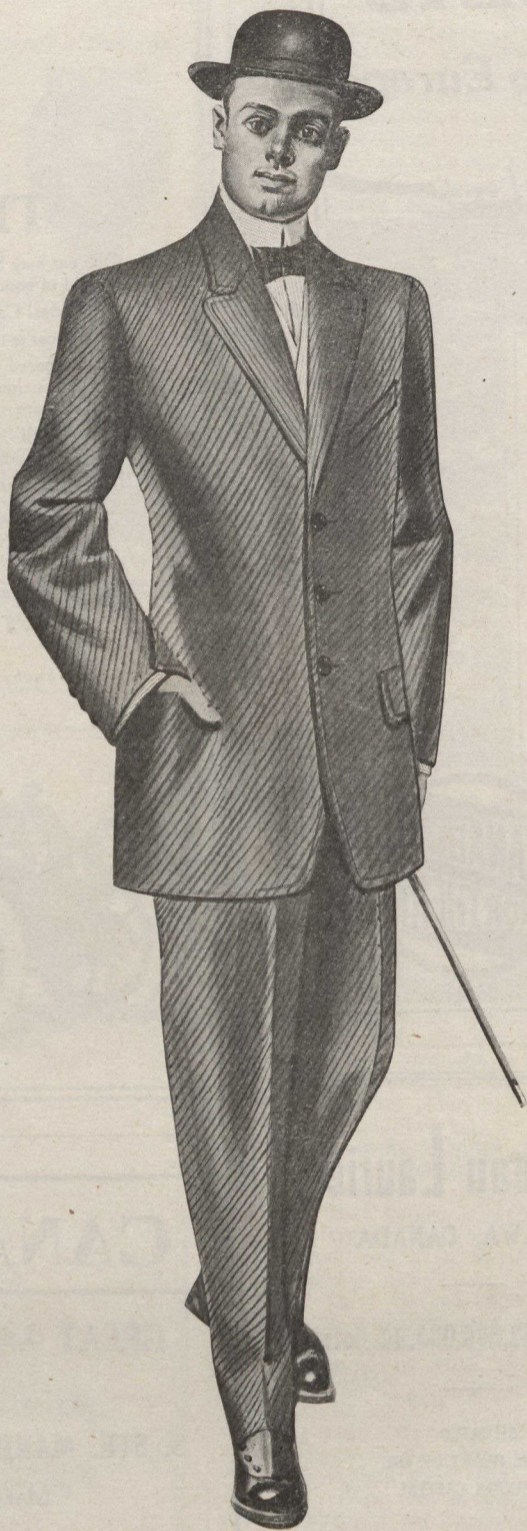


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