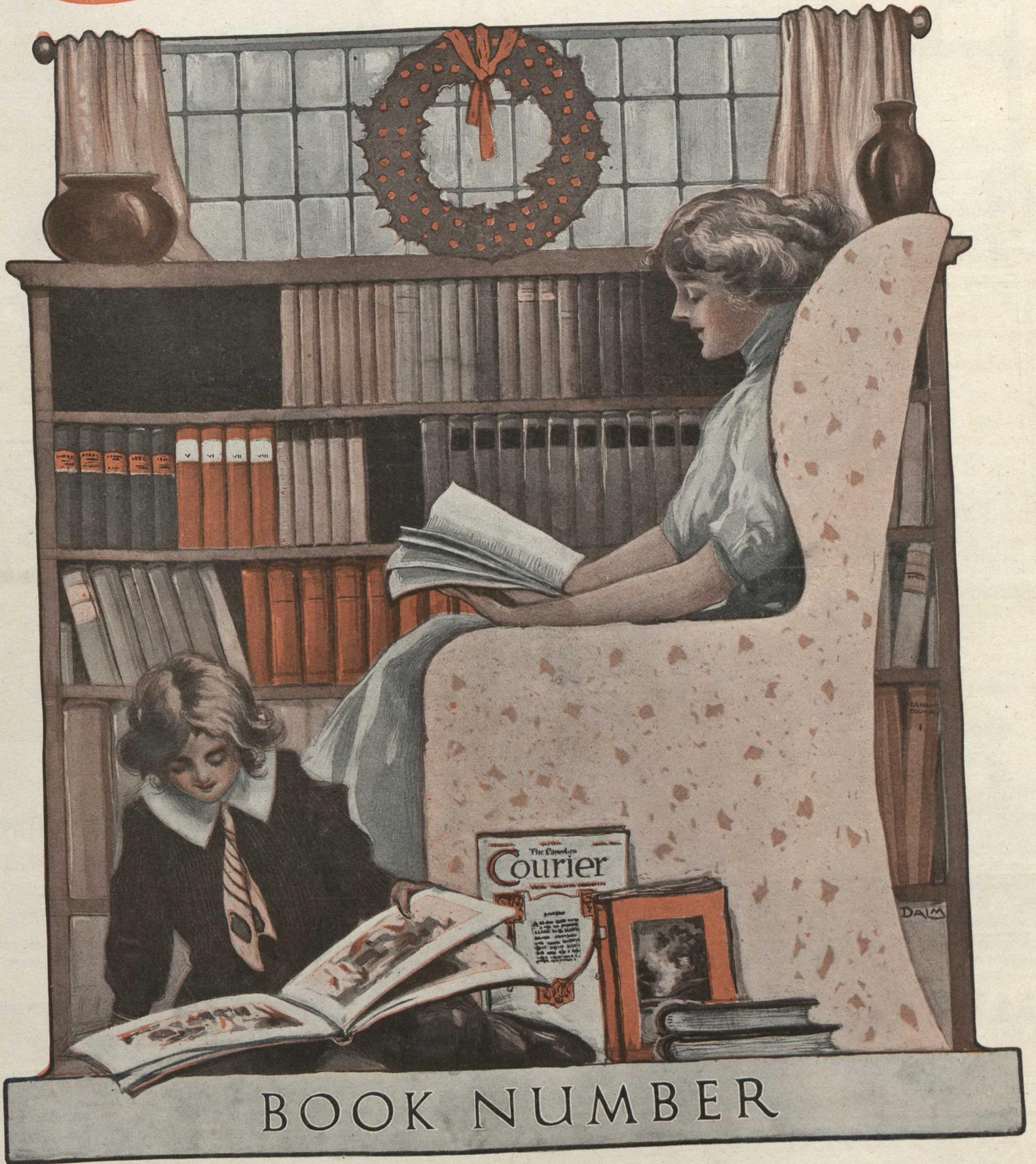


The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

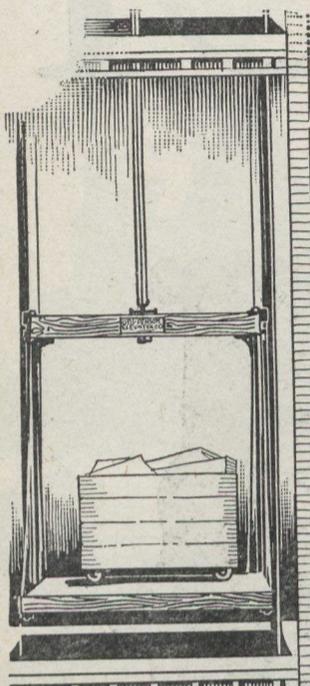


EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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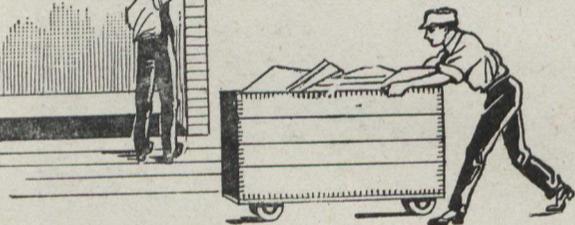
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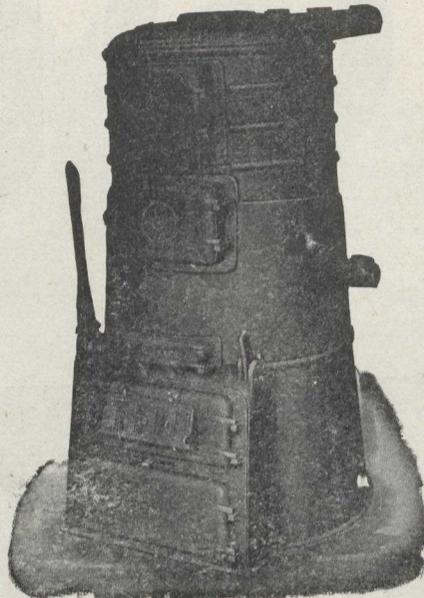
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV.

TORONTO

NO. 26



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ANNUAL BOOK SUPPLEMENT.

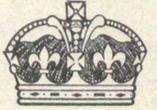
- What the French-Canadian Reads By Alfred Mousseau.
- Canada in Fact and Fancy By Reuben Butchart.
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Catalogue By Marjory MacMurchy
- Canadian Novels of a Year By Hugh S. Eayrs.
- Books and Book-buyers By Wm. Tyrrell.
- Books and Book-sellers By Norman Murray.
- Best Books for Boys and Girls By Mona H. Coxwell.

Editor's Talk

BUSY men and busy women are not able always to keep in touch with all the new books that are published from week to week during the year. It is the purpose of the annual Book Number of the "Canadian Courier" to review the books of the year in a reasonable compass so that every reader of this journal may estimate almost at a glance the literary output of the year. It does not overlook the French-Canadian books, which are a part of Canada's national literature.

The articles on books and book-buyers, by William Tyrrell and Norman Murray, two prominent retail bookmen, are of special interest as giving an indication of the mental attitude of the bookseller towards the book-buyer. The view of the man behind the counter is somewhat different from that of the man who is searching for the latest volume in history, science, travel or fiction. Mr. Tyrrell is probably the most experienced retail bookman in Canada, and his article shows that he takes a broad view of his relations with the public.

With this issue the "Canadian Courier" completes its Fourteenth Half-Yearly Volume. During the seven years of its existence, the progress has been steady and satisfactory. When this journal was first issued there was a general feeling that Canada was too small a country to support an illustrated weekly, and that national feeling was not sufficiently developed to insure the success of a national publication of this class. While admitting that there was some truth in these opinions the healthy growth of circulation during the entire seven years proves that Canada has a unified and self-conscious national sentiment. While Canada is still a large consumer of British and United States periodical literature, the number of native periodicals is steadily increasing. Further, their circulations show a higher average each year—indicating a persistent growth in popularity. The "Canadian Courier" will enter upon its Fifteenth Volume with greater confidence than it has ever had in the willingness of the Canadian public to give national publications a full measure of sympathy and support. To the national advertisers of Canada who have contributed so much to the success of this and other national journals we acknowledge a heavy obligation.



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CHAMPAGNE

In Lighter Vein

A Lot is Plenty.—Woodchopper—
"I seen a lot o' bear tracks 'bout a
mile north o' here—big ones, too!"
Hunter—"Good! Which way is
south?"

A Bit of Dogishness.—Fair Ones—
"Will your dog bite us?"
Navy—"I shouldn't be surprised,
miss. 'Ee's got an uncommon sweet
tooth!"

Running No Risks.—A woman en-
tered a dentist's office to have several
teeth extracted, and after talking it
over with the dentist agreed to take
gas.

"You will be unconscious for only
a few minutes," she was assured.

The woman took her pocketbook
out and began to count her money.

"Never mind that now," said the
dentist. "You do not have to pay
until I've finished."

"I wasn't going to pay you," ex-
plained the woman. "I was going to
count my money."—The Argonaut.

Wishes.

They had broken a wishbone together.
"What was it you wished?" laughed
she.

"I wished that you'd let me kiss you!
Now tell me your wish," said he.

Her eyes fell—she paused a moment,
While her blushes deeper grew.

"My wish was," she prettily stam-
mered,

"That what you wished would come
true."

—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

The Higher the Louder.—Those of
us who have unsuccessfully tried the
high placing of framed heirlooms in
a modern home will appreciate the
remark credited to a woman.

This woman had hung some pecu-
liarly dreadful ancestral treasures
high above average heads in the hope
that they would seldom be seen.

"It's no use," she sighed to her hus-
band one day, on suddenly entering
the room; "they remind me of so
many ambitious sopranos. The higher
they go the more they scream."

The Wiser Thought.—The difficul-
ties of going golfing without swearing
were exemplified in the case of an
elderly Scotch "meenister," who had
taken to the links.

"It's nae guid," he said sadly, pau-
sing after two or three unsuccessful
strokes. "I'll ha'e to gi'e it up."

"What?" asked his senior deacon.
"The golf?"

"Nae, nae, the meenistry."—The
Argonaut.

He Didn't Know.—An insurance
agent was filling out an application
blank.

"Have you ever had appendicitis?"
he asked.

"Well," answered the applicant, "I
was operated on, but I never felt
quite sure whether it was appendicitis
or professional curiosity."—Ladies'
Home Journal.

He Had Another.—The wife without
humour is not altogether the inven-
tion of Punch, but we are indebted to
that excellent publication for the one
who figures in the subjoined story.

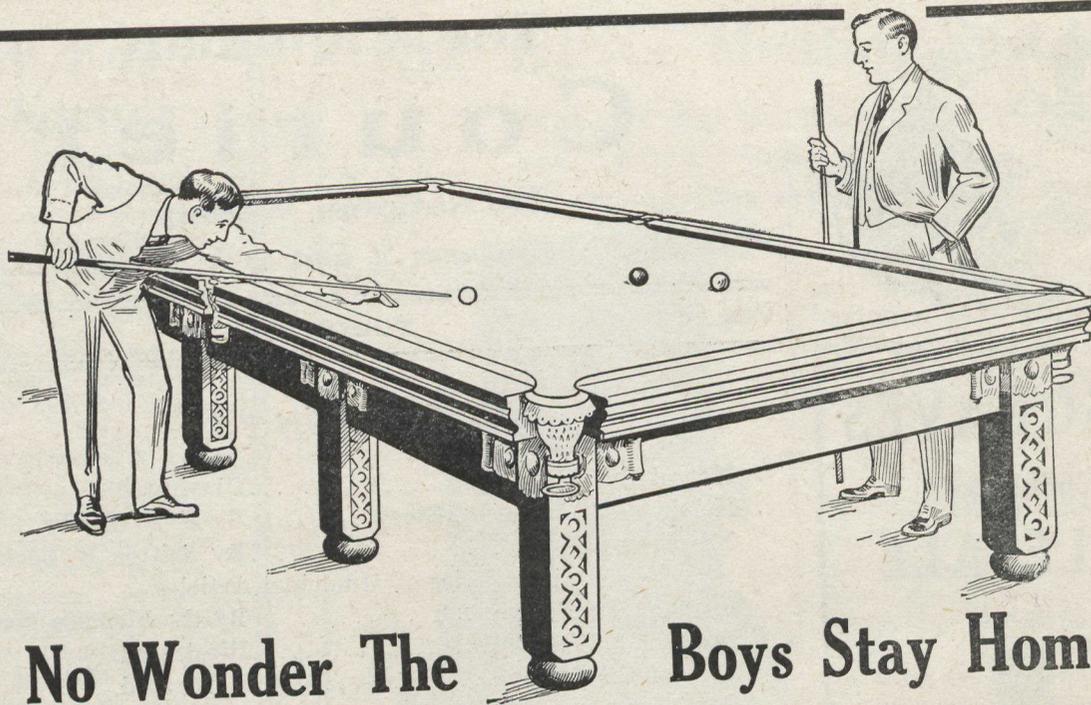
A man who fancies himself a raco-
teur was, with his wife, paying his
first call in a new neighbourhood. He
told a humorous story with fine re-
sults. Said his proud wife then—

"Now, tell them your other story,
dear."

That and More.—"How's everything
in your house?" asked Smith.

"Oh," replied Brown, "she's all
right."—Our Dope Book.

Had Everything Else.—Backwoods
—"Which restaurant in New York is
it that is famous for its chandeliers?"
Mrs. Backwoods—"I don't remem-
ber eatin' a chandelier the whole time
we wuz there, Cyrus."—Life.



No Wonder The Boys Stay Home

Father has given them a superb Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Table. They now have plenty of pleasure and excitement, of a wholesome kind, right at home. No need to go elsewhere to seek it.

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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



Vol. XIV.

November 29, 1913

No. 26

Men of the Day

Retiring From Command

A GREAT commander, in the railway world, has taken off his armour, and has retired from the field of active service, in the person of William C. Brown, the President of the New York Central Railway. His life reads like a romance. Starting as a section hand he fought his way, alone and without any influence behind him, to the president's chair of one of the mightiest concerns in the world. He has been railroading since he was a boy, for at sixteen he was a section hand and "wooder" for the old cord-wood engines of the St. Paul's Railway. That is some forty-odd years ago. But the position of "wooder" wasn't enough for "Billy" Brown, so he studied telegraphy, and secured a position with the Illinois Central as a despatcher. They tell a story about him while he was a despatcher. In those days there was a despatchers' strike on the I. C. R., and trains were held up at the sweet will of the strikers, who paraded the yards with guns, and threatened anybody who dared to set the trains running. Brown, however, wanted to see trains moving when he sent despatches. So he walked past the bunch of belligerents, and reached the switch, signalling to a stalled train to go ahead. The train went ahead.

Brown left the Illinois Central, and between his leaving, and joining the New York Central, he was in the employ of half a dozen railroads, fighting his way up the ladder till, in 1900, he became general manager of the Lake Shore, Michigan and Southern. Six months later he became vice-president of the New York Central, and later again, president of the four directorates comprising the New York Central Lines. He was fifty-four then, and the commander-in-chief of an army of 160,000. No man on the continent is better posted on railroading. If he had come to Canada he might have been another Dan Mann, and Canada might have had another few thousand miles of steel in her lap. But Mr. Brown was ever an organizer and a business head rather than a great railway builder. His it has been to develop and consolidate rather than to originate. He has had his finger on the pulse of the mighty machine and it has been his task to weld together rather than to plan fresh incursions into new fields.

Mr. Brown is to be succeeded by A. H. Smith, senior vice-president of the New York Central lines.

A Prominent Craftsman

THE present Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada is Mr. William David McPherson, lawyer and legislator. There has been nothing spectacular in Mr. McPherson's career, but rather it has been one of steady and definite progress. He was born in the County of Lambton, educated at Strathroy Collegiate and the Ontario Law School; became a barrister in 1885 and a K.C. in 1908. For some years he took an interest in the educational affairs of the city of Toronto, and in course of time became chairman of the school board. Once he competed unsuccessfully for the mayoralty. In 1908 he was elected to a seat in the Legislature for one of the Toronto constituencies.

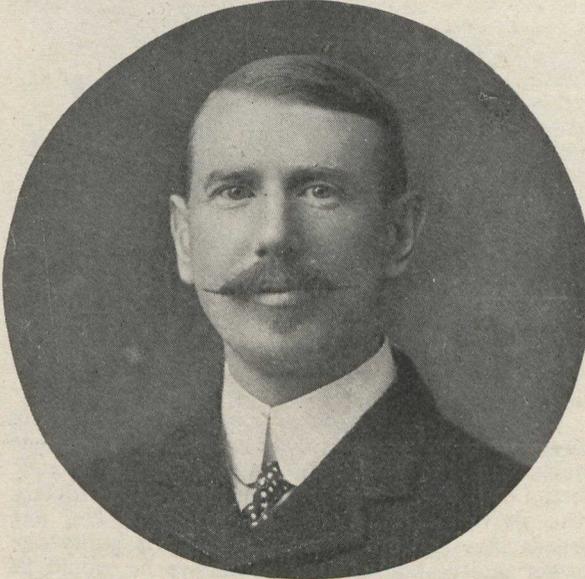
As the head of one of the leading law firms of the city, Mr. McPherson has been connected with many important cases and is highly spoken of as a legal advisor. Patient and methodical, he accomplishes much of private work as well as public service. Even in temperament and modest in speech, he has all the qualifications of a Chief Justice or a Lord High Chancellor.

Saul Among the Prophets

THE old Latins used to have a proverb, "The safest path is in the middle of the road." There are those in Canada who are modern exemplifications of this policy where the Naval question is concerned. The latest recruit is Mr. Hamar Greenwood —



WILLIAM C. BROWN
 The Retiring President of the New York Central Lines.



WILLIAM DAVID McPHERSON
 Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Canada.



ROBERT J. FLEMING
 President National Live Stock Show and
 General Manager of Toronto Street Ry.



HAMAR GREENWOOD
 A Canadian Member of the British
 Parliament.

"Our Own Hamar." He has just returned from Australia and has come back to tell Great Britain and Canada and, incidentally, the world, the best way to settle the Dominions' naval question. In an interview with the London Daily Mail, the leading Unionist daily paper, he admits that his pilgrimage to the Antipodes has taught him things. Hamar Greenwood has always been in favour of cash contributions, but while maintaining this attitude, he told the Mail the other day that "there was in Australia a deep-rooted feeling that at the moment nothing but a local fleet would satisfy the needs of the Dominions, for two reasons—first, because it was considered more in keeping with the power in future of Australasia to have her own navy, and secondly, because it was feared that in some armageddon of the future Australia might be left unprotected while the main force of the Imperial fleet was engaged in home waters."

A statement like this from Hamar Greenwood will cause some people to ask pertinently: "Is Saul also among the prophets?" If he is, so much the better for Saul. He is a man who has impressed his friends and foes alike with his faculty for doing the unexpected. The first time he displayed this propensity was while he was an undergraduate of the Toronto University. When the long vacation came along he went on a summer tour playing the heavy villain in a barnstorming theatrical company who were presenting "Down the Slope, or the Slippery Road to Ruin." The company went down the slope and Hamar was stranded up at Goderich until a Toronto friend sent him \$5.00. A few years ago he told a Canadian friend that he would marry an Earl's daughter in Westminster Abbey. Here again he did the unexpected—for he didn't! But if his new stand on the navy question is unexpected it will nevertheless gratify a good many people, and perhaps go part way towards absolving him from the name that Arthur Hawkes gave him when he said that he belonged to the "Cuckoo Patriots."

A Man of Many Parts

MR. ROBERT JOHN FLEMING, manager of the Toronto Street Railway, is a man of many parts. His latest role is president of the National Live Stock Show, which held its first exhibition in Toronto last week. Canada has had many live stock shows, and the annual affair at Guelph is the most notable of these. Some have thought that a larger show should be established laying greater emphasis on the title "National." They desire to see something in Canada which would rival the famous annual show at Chicago. Mr. Fleming, being an admirer of Jersey cows and other cattle, was invited to take the presidency of the new organization which has secured permission to use the splendid buildings of the Toronto Exhibition.

Mr. Fleming was Mayor of Toronto in 1892, 1893 and 1896. He was then made assessment commissioner. In his six years in this office he made sufficient of a commercial reputation to cause Sir William Mackenzie to invite him to become general manager of the Toronto Street Railway and the allied electrical corporations. Sir William's choice has been more than justified by public opinion and financial results. Mr. Fleming is also something of a social reformer, especially along the lines of temperance. He was presiding officer of the National Prohibition Conference in 1894.

A New Portfolio

THEY are saying up at Ottawa that Dr. Roche may find it necessary to take a less strenuous department, and there may be a new Minister of Interior. Mr. R. B. Bennett, M.P., of Calgary, is mentioned for the position. It seems probable that a new portfolio, the Health Department, will be created, and if so, the professional training in medicine of Doctor Roche, the present Minister of Interior, would fit him pre-eminently for the new department. In this case Mr. Bennett, lawyer and legislator, might be the new Minister of Interior.

The Civic Official

Fourth in a Series on Phases of Municipal Life

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THE most pathetic figure in connection with city governments in this country is not the poor, over-burdened tax payer, nor the deluded gentleman who buys the bonds for a trunk sewer for Smith's Corners, nor the disappointed applicant for a position on the city scavenging department, nor the haggard alderman, panting in the pursuit of recalcitrant voters, nor the mayor, dizzy with the effort to keep his balance on the fence, nor the feverish reformer blowing on the blisters which his cruel rake has raised on his tender palms. It is the civic official. Does anyone love the civic official? Has he ever any credit—that he dare accept? Does anyone move in his defense, or his praise? Is he permitted to have ambition or ideas or friends or a decent bank account that is not likely to inspire a graft investigation? What sort of a life does he lead? No life at all. His is the sad figure in the municipal pageant. Though he is often a sinner he is more often than not the victim of other people's sinning; the victim of municipal indifference which encourages him to be a loafer and discourages him in any efforts to show his metal; the victim of the alderman and the board of control and the mayor; the victim of the cliques that also victimize the alderman; and the victim of the tradition which insists that a gov-

thing else, what references could he give? The City Hall? What worse could he give?

Then there is the kind of city servant who takes part, secretly, in ward politics. He holds a small office in a political organization. He picks a big man who he thinks is a likely winner and therefore someone to be cultivated in connection with the City Hall, and he offers himself as toady and chief doer-of-menial-offices. His life is one constant dread that somebody else will get a better "stand-in" with "the chief" than he has, or that an election will slip up on him some day, or that the chief will drink too much beer and die of apoplexy or get religious or do something that would make the services of a toady unnecessary. It is a very miserable life.

Then there is the honest but unimaginative official who is having more work crowded on him than he can take care of, who knows that if the public ever hears of his neglect of some of the work it will never consider the real cause for it. He is afraid to say boo for fear he will be discharged and find himself in the cold world with no recommendation but the fact that he worked in the City Hall. He

One day this man announced that he would resign. He had been offered a position as engineer to a large and growing western city and at a largely increased salary. The friendly papers told their readers how they had always said this man was a good man, the other hinted that the western city was buying a pig in a poke. As a matter of fact the western city took this man on the recommendation of an engineering expert who explained to the westerners just how good a man the engineer was and why he was not getting a fair chance in Toronto. "That man," he said, "has just one weakness. He can easily be over-ruled. He hates fighting. He hates trouble. He will do anything rather than have a row. He's nervous. Hire him. Give him plenty of rope and on technical matters take his say-so exactly as he gives it, and you will make no mistake. If a particular job is too big for him he is honest enough to say so and call in a specialist for the time being. But if he offers his engineering opinion, believe him—he's right. What was wrong with him in Toronto was just this: He would recommend that a bridge be built in a certain way, or that a sewer be laid a certain way, or certain materials be used in this or that piece of city work. But the aldermen or the mayor would meantime have been lobbied by some contractor, or some friend, or some newspaper had heard of some fancy stunt done in some fancy Yankee city, and they would tell the engineer to go ahead and use that kind of material, or that form of construction. Being afraid of trouble he would accept the ruling—and the job would often fail. He was a sound man and a good one, but he lacked the moral courage to tell the interfering old nancies where they got off."

The western city took the Toronto engineer, gave him rope, and have had great satisfaction from him.

IN another city a man, otherwise supposed to be a first-class commissioner of public works, failed because contractors were continually going to friendly aldermen and getting instructions over his head. He would carry the plans for certain work so far and then find the work taken out of his hands and given to some firm with a pull. Other engineers would be put in over his head. He was put in a junior position in respect to that contract, amounting to little better than an expert clerkship. Was it then any wonder that this man finally dropped into the habit of doing only routine work? Was it to be wondered at that he ceased to take a keen interest in his work and failed to keep himself posted and make the suggestions to save the city money as once he had done? Time had been when this man would sit up till all hours planning works for the city, putting his very best thought into them, doing his utmost to show that he loved his work and was a good man. But when he died, he had lost all of that. He was only a common civil servant, a slightly expert clerk, with a chronic grouch and a hobby or two. And his chief anxiety was what?—that he should not lose his position. For with interest in his work he lost also his skill. He got rusty. He made a few attempts to retrieve himself, but was always met with a series of rebuffs sooner or later. He lost confidence, lost his nerve and spent the rest of his days in office grumbling under his breath and hiding his incompetency from his own clerks. That was real tragedy! The tragedy of the civil servant.

In a certain city the aldermen have a certain way of trimming the budget so as to make a good showing before the voters. As a matter of fact the voters know very little about it and the aldermen might as well save themselves the trouble or rolling up what looks like a surplus. But they do it, and this is how; first they over-estimate the possible and probable revenues, tacking on five thousand dollars here and there, or even as high as fifty thousand. They increase an item with a mere stroke of the pen, and the city is not in a position to deny it. Then, on the other side of the book, they start making reductions. A certain department wants so much money. It has to have that money to get along. It has mentioned necessary items and added only a small percentage for necessary extensions of work. The aldermanic pen goes through this department's estimate. It is cut down five per cent., ten per cent.—anything at all. It makes little difference. It makes it appear on the city budget that the city will have a surplus for the year. The departmental head is supposed to try to cut down his expenses as indicated. If he is a wise head he pays



"What worse could he give?"

ernment job is a soft snap held by a man who couldn't get a job anywhere else.

There are many varieties of these lugubrious figures. There is the plain clerk whose wife's uncle used to be an alderman and stood strong with the Oddfellows or the Orangemen or the Knights of Columbus or something like that. He has a fairly comfortable clerkship in a cozy office, without too much to do, with no responsibility and with no hope of ever getting any further than he now is. His wife's uncle asked for a clerkship and a clerkship he got and a clerkship he will keep till he dies, except and unless somebody starts an investigation of something or other and all the innocent, harmless old clerks are picked out as goat-meat and "dumped," to satisfy the cravings of a reform appetite in the city. There is one subject that never dare be mentioned to this clerk; that is politics. He has a vote. He recognizes that fact, but when election day comes he steals away privily and votes surreptitiously for the men he thinks are sure to be elected. That is all he cares; he wants to be sure he picks the winners so that without lying he can say, should the question ever be raised, that he voted for the powers that be. He lives in dread of a crusade of municipal purity, not because he has ever done anything wrong, or revolts at the idea of purity. As a matter of fact he is a very pure-minded man. But he knows in such crusades it is not always the saracen that feeds the crows. His is a sad, furtive, frightened little life. The only place he expands is at home, behind drawn blinds with his wife and the kiddies, and every night they pray that the chief kiddy may grow to be a good son and get a job as a railroad president—something a long way from a city hall. If this man were "fired" or gave up his clerkship to apply for some-

is the man whose life is one long evasion, one long effort to cover up half-done work, or badly-done work. He is afraid of his shadow. He is the ready victim of bolder men, contractors or higher officials, who shove off their misdeeds on him. He, too, dreads investigations, not because he is guilty—he is not guilty—but because he knows he would be blamed for what he is really not responsible for.

There may be the real grafter, the real plunderer. I don't think there are very many of his kind in Canada. Most of the graft, if any, is in cigars and perhaps a little free coal from coal dealers, and paint from the Property Department and so on. But the next kind of municipal servant I am interested in is the departmental head, who wants to do his duty, has the brains, the ambition and the energy, but who is so held down by circumstances that he can't. He is the real man to be sorry for.

THERE once was in a Canadian city an engineer who knew his work, liked it and loved his city. He was an expert. His profession recognized him as a first-class man. His department ran along all right for years, until the city began to undertake additional works—which at that time came under his department. Some of these, after completion, did not give satisfaction. Some of the newspapers took it up. There was a mild protest. A certain paper began to nag at the engineer's department. It nagged him day in and day out. It found fault not only with the wrong things, but with things that were not wrong at all. It set up certain aldermen to agitate for the engineer's removal. Other papers backed him up as best they could, not because they knew anything about engineering, but because something told them this man was a good man; they liked the way he looked folks in the eye.

no attention, but administers his department as it ought to be administered, and lets the aldermen take care of themselves. If he is a nervous man, afraid of the council—which most of them are—he tries to obey the mandate and skimps his department. In this particular city there were a certain number of arc lights, each of which was certain to be in use and each of which cost a fixed sum per year. Yet the aldermen cut down the item by twenty per cent. The departmental head paid no attention to that, but chopped something off another part of his expenditure. He didn't want to. He knew he shouldn't. But he was afraid to do otherwise.

There is only one thing that will keep a departmental head in a city hall from being ruined for life, and put in the "pathetic figure" class, and that is courage. Not mere courage, but confidence in himself and his intentions, and a tactfully controlled contempt for the weaknesses of the administrative system. In a certain big Canadian city there is such a man. He is a big, rollicking chap, who has ideas about efficiency and reads the latest books on engineering and knows all the little wrinkles of all the little businesses that are mixed up in his department; something about electrical work, pavement work, engines, pumps, paving, excavating, street railways and so on. He has more good humour and philosophy than you could crowd into ten ordinary men. He has a laugh that is a disinfected and a smile that thaws water pipes. The aldermen half love him, half fear him. They do what he says, because they know if they don't they'll make fools of themselves. He is not afraid of his job. He knows he could get another one better if he wanted it. He draws the munificent salary of eight thousand a year. Enough? Of course it is enough, because he happens to be a curious kind of man who is content with last year's automobile and isn't afraid to be seen eating in a quick lunch counter. He loves his city and he loves his work. But one of these fine days a big corporation will cast its eye round and will see this man. It will offer him fifteen thousand or fifty thousand. At first he will want to refuse, because, as I said before, he loves his city and his job. But after all, fifty thousand or even fifteen thousand is about as human a bait as could well be tickling any man's nose, and he can easily develop the habit of driving next year's model and eating in fashionable clubs. What is more, the big corporation would appreciate such work as this man does. It would pay him well to begin with and would let him know very soon whether it liked his first annual report or not. But is there praise for this man in his present position? No. Virtue is its own reward. He knows what he knows and is content to know that he is doing his work well. Who would take his place? Probably a perfectly well-meaning engineer, just as clever technically as the other man, or more so. But unless he had this other man's qualities he would soon deteriorate into an ordinary city servant, and his department would deteriorate accordingly.

THERE is a movement coming to the rescue of the city official. There are two goals ahead of the cities. One is government by commission or something of the sort, which is a deep and an involved subject not to be discussed here, and the other is the Municipal Survey and the Bureau of Municipal Research. As things stand at present the average citizen, or even the average alderman, cannot tell which of all the departmental heads is doing good work and which is doing bad work. You may say the Health Department is better run than the Works Department, but it is not fair to compare two such different departments. To judge the Works Department you should be able to place it against other works departments that have similar problems to deal with. You should measure your health department against other health departments. You may then find that the Works Department in your city is really better run than the Health Department. But how can you find these things? By travelling from city to city and spending years studying the departments in question in order to understand them? That is impossible. The Municipal Survey scheme is the only real alternative.

This is not intended as an advertisement for Municipal Surveys and the Bureau of Municipal Research in New York City, but even if it were it would be doing good and not harm. Seven or eight years ago the administration of the city of New York was the subject of inquiry by a number of citizens. They saw that no mere surface inquiry would avail them anything and they began an expert investigation. They employed accounting experts, law experts, engineering experts and health experts to criticize privately not only the handling of the money, but the doing of the work of the city. In the water works department of the city it effected an increase of \$4,000,000 per year in the

revenue, or forty per cent. on a \$10,000,000 basis. At the same time it cut down the operating expenses of the department \$200,000 a year. It had not increased the water rates. It merely made the department efficient. In other departments it did likewise. But the result with which I am concerned in this article is the fact that it revealed which of the city officials were good officials and which

were bad ones. It was the means of having the good men recognized and the inefficient or dishonest men removed. In thirty-two other cities in the United States it has done the same thing on different scales. It has been invoked in Toronto recently and is expected to do good there. It is the one hope of the city official who is doing honest work.



Pity the Poor Hangman!

AN ex-hangman has just died in England; and his life story consequently figures in the press. It seems that he resigned his position prior to his death because his "nerve was broken" by the discovery that he had hanged two innocent people. He went to the judge who had pronounced sentence in one case, and told him what he had learned. The judge tried to comfort him by saying that it was not his fault if he hanged twenty in their innocence. "Take and hang them yourself, then," replied the hangman; and he never executed another man.

I HAVE always felt that there is something radically wrong in the attitude of society toward its own servants who do for it what we sometimes call its "dirty work." It is looked upon by the majority as a disgrace to be a hangman. The hangman himself very often wears a mask to conceal his identity; and, in the old days when there was no regular official but the Sheriff merely picked up whom he could for the job, the vigilant newspaper reporters tried every strategy to find out who he was. Now all this is very, very unfair of society. It insists upon murderers being executed for its own protection; and then it visits a sort of social ostracism upon the man who actually does the executing.

YET what has he done? He has killed a man for the safety of his fellow-countrymen. If that were not the motive in the execution of the criminal, then the execution was murder—and the murderers were society-at-large. The disgrace does not lie, surely, in the fact that the executioner has killed a man. The soldier does that. And the more men the soldier kills, for the safety of his fellow-countrymen, the more do we pile honours upon him. Consequently, if we were logical, we should not shroud our hangmen in disgrace—we should cover their breasts with medals. They have taken upon their shoulders a most disagreeable duty for the rest of us—they have killed a man for our advantage—why do we mask the hangman and paint portraits of the soldier?

ONE very evident reason appears on the surface. The soldier does his vicarious killing under circumstances which call for great personal courage; the hangman is never afraid that the murderer may turn the tables and strangle the executioner with his own noose. I rather fancy that if we analyzed our feelings, it would be right here that we would find much of the material for our sentiment toward the unfortunate agent of society who does our official killing for us. It is not a cowardly deed—in fact, it calls for a lot of courage, "Dutch" or otherwise—but it looks like one. The victim has not a sporting chance. If society would permit the executioner and the murderer to fight a duel, we would all feel better about it. In that case, we would be willing to go on supplying executioners *ad lib.* until one of them bowled over the murderer—provided, always, that we never heard anything about the executioners' families or other details touching the results of their "taking off."

WE are an awfully "squeamish" lot when it comes to dealing with the rough side of life. Yet we do not propose to get along without the rough side. We only propose to delegate certain people to live on that rough side—and never to tell us anything about it. Sometimes we go farther and never want to so much as see them—even if they will consent to talk of something else. The hangman is one of these "substitutes" of ours. He goes to the wars for us. And we treat him as Ian Maclaren's Scotch folk treated their solitary police-

man. I wonder if we couldn't invent some plan which would rescue him from this uncomfortable position and ourselves from our hypocritical quandary. It certainly would save us from momentary twinges in our self-respect whenever we hear of the woes of the public executioner.

WE might take a hint, for example, from the army, and arrange to have criminals executed by some system under which no one could quite tell who did it. A firing squad will be ordered to shoot a deserter. Only some of the rifles are loaded with ball-cartridge; and the soldiers do not know which men have them. They all fire together—the deserter falls—but no one will ever know whose finger it was that released the fatal bullet. In some such way, we might impanel a jury of citizens who should all take seats in a room, with no knowledge which of them seats himself in the chair so arranged that his weight springs the trap in the next room. Or—better still—his weight might make the electric connection which sent a deadly current through the occupant of the "chair."

WHY should this be any harder a task for a jury than it is to compel them to bring in a verdict of "guilty," which starts all the trouble? If a jury did not find the prisoner "guilty," the hangman would never be called in. I only throw this off as a hastily-hatched suggestion; but what I am getting at is that the community should arrange in some way to do its own hanging if it is going to visit with such cruel ostracism the "substitute" whom it now sends to the firing-line. If we could only shake off our hypocrisy, this would not be necessary; but can a leopard change his spots? Life is hard enough to live through, with the softening aid of all our hypocrisies; and we shall never give them up. We are far more apt to add to their number.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

"The Miracle and Other Poems"

A BRILLIANT woman's service to Canadian literature will be recognized, by the critical reader, in Mrs. Sheard's new volume, entitled "The Miracle and Other Poems."

One is entertained, in perusing the book, by the very great diversity of subjects and convinced of a breadth of experience which makes the same substantial—a quality missed in the Pickthall poems, which latter are merely the exquisite products of fancy. On the other hand, Mrs. Sheard is less unerring than Miss Pickthall, as touches perfection of form and charm of language. Yet, invariably, Mrs. Sheard's verse is attractive in its treatment, whether that treatment be lyrical, contemplative or dramatic. And it is all three.

In "The Crow" occur four exquisite lines of which, in emotional subtlety, one must go for the counterpart to the highest sources:—

"Or did'st thou sit upon the bare, brown branches
And hear the sap go singing to the trees?
Did'st watch with keen, far-seeing, downward
glances,

The leaves unlock their cells with fairy keys?"

Such lines are interspersed throughout the songs. The two long poems, "The Miracle" and "In Egypt," are intensely dramatic in the reality of the figures which are made to move and live and speak before one.

On the whole, "The Miracle and Other Poems" is a book I would not be enraged to receive from a well-meaning friend for a Christmas present. And that is the highest praise from one who is quite unable to love a book merely because a fellow-Canadian wrote it and whose book-giving friends have been largely patriotic. (Toronto: J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd.)

M. J. T.

What the French-Canadian Reads

By ALFRED MOUSSEAU

CERTAIN newspapers in France indulged in some curiosity, a few months ago, and asked many prominent Frenchmen to name their favourite authors. The answers were numerous and varied considerably; an academician stated his favourite author was the fabulist Lafontaine; another named Renan, the famous historian; Taine, Brunetiere, some Latin writers and some contemporaries were in the run. It was easily seen that each writer had his own peculiar public and that each one had his fair share of the approval of the readers.

No such enquiry was ever made amongst the French-Canadians, but those in touch with the population of the Province of Quebec can supply the information. And it is certainly more interesting to ascertain what a whole population reads than to ask a few chosen ones what tickles their literary taste.

A BROAD enquiry of this kind covering a whole province must begin on general lines, and gradually narrow to particularities.

Then, there are the country folks and there are the city people.

I am sure I can safely assert that practically every home in the Province of Quebec receives a newspaper every day, except in some remote districts where they receive only a weekly newspaper, and in some still more remote places where they receive none—but this is a very rare exception. In the country, only the French papers find their way to the mass of the French-Canadians, but in the cities many of them read at least one English paper every day. Those of the enlightened class make it a point of keeping themselves posted upon the doings of their English compatriots by reading the English papers. Most of the professional men living in the country are on the subscribers' lists of one English paper or another. As a matter of fact, one of my friends, a health inspector who is often called to the country by his duties, has stated to me that in some out of the way places, where he thought he would find only wilderness, he sometimes found a high standard of civilization and of intellectual culture. He read, in little villages far from any important centre, the very latest and the very best productions of French literature, fresh from Paris. This is an exception, however, and couldn't be accepted as the general standard, but my friend rejoiced in such finds, which prove that there is

more intellectual activity amongst our population than a casual observer would think.

Up to twenty years ago the literature, that is, what little of it was circulating amongst the rural populations, was nearly a half century backwards, and the intellectual movement in France was followed here only from a distance. To-day, this state of affairs has been wonderfully improved and the farmers, their wives and children, have a better and more up-to-date supply of books at their disposal. This supply is still very small, however, as it consists chiefly of the books contained in the parochial libraries kept by the parish priests. Those books are lent to the parishioners and they are circulated from hand to hand. The rural libraries include very few works of great literary worth, although one finds in them a few books by such authors as Francois Coppee, Huysmans, Bordeaux and Rene Bazin. The "good authors" predominate and it must be understood that they are "good" from the moral point of view, more than from the literary one.

In mixed localities, where there are both French and English people, in the Eastern Townships, for instance, English novels and English magazines and newspapers have nearly as much circulation amongst the French element as amongst the English one.

THE situation described in the few lines above is also prevalent in the small cities and there are really only two important intellectual centres, namely, Quebec and Montreal. In those two cities, one finds all the latest productions of French literature, and fully one-half of the population of those cities is deeply interested in the reading of books.

French magazines from Paris, somewhat similar in make to the American magazines and containing one or more complete and recent novel in one issue, enjoy great favour from the thinking and cultivated public and they contribute, together with the French plays given in the theatres, to the diffusion of the works of the contemporary writers.

Of course, there is also a small elite in many other cities besides Montreal and Quebec, and the persons composing it take an interest in high-class literature.

Novels are most in demand, in the book stores

as well as in the libraries. The best writers of fiction and the poets of "La Belle France" are read with much interest. Those authors that are commendable from a Catholic point of view enjoy more favour than the others from the buyers. The readers in the public libraries, however, seem to be less particular and they ask for everything in sight, provided it be good literature.

Historical literature is also a good deal in demand. Philosophical literature is read only by a few students and by the clergy, as is scientific and economic literature. Many artisans go to the libraries to enlighten themselves upon technical subjects.

The novel writers whose works are most patronized at the present time are Henry Bordeaux and Rene Bazin, Paul Bourget, and a few others. Jean de la Brete, M. R. Montlaur, Mathilde Serao, Pierre L'Hermite, Pierre de Coulevain, Abbe Moreux, Lichtenberger, Rodenbach, may be mentioned as rivalling with the first ones named. The sales are not equal for all. Delicate and exquisite writers as Lichtenberger and Rodenbach don't enjoy the same popularity as Pierre L'Hermite and a few others of the same type, who write popular fiction and don't strive to achieve masterpieces of literature.

It will be noticed that I have not mentioned the names of such famous authors as Renan, Michelet, Victor Hugo, Dumas, Maurice Barres, Anatole France, etc. Those gain favour every day, but they are not the best "sellers" in the book stores. They are bought by few and are read especially in the public libraries. Many volumes are read that are not bought, because people already have them on their book-shelves, in their homes.

Popular fiction, either written by the masters of the pen and published inexpensively, or written by "cheap litterateurs" and sold for a few cents, takes well, and thousands of copies of that class of books are sold every year.

Giving a mere enumeration of books, without making any restrictions and without giving a few explanations, in such a matter, would not be fair. I think I have said enough to make it clear that the French-Canadians read more than they used to and a better class of literature. They read French literature, because it is more diversified and of a higher standard than the French-Canadian literature, this latter still being in its embryonic stage.

Canada in Fact and Fancy

A Somewhat Unusual Review of a Recent Addition to Canadian Literature

By REUBEN BUTCHART

PALTER with the fact as they may, the appraisers of the literary output of Canada in 1913 must admit that "The Canada Year Book, 1912," which has recently come from the Government press, under the "authority" of Hon. George Eulas Foster, Minister of Trade and Commerce, is one of the heavy books of the year. It is a hefty volume of 470 pages, bound in blue cloth, in conformity with other works of a similar nature, with the name "A. Blue" appearing as author. As many have apparently thought that this was a *nom de plume* for the purpose of giving a name to the "blue" series, we take this opportunity of correcting this impression. "A. Blue" is a real personality and genuine author, and may be freely communicated with at the Census Office, Ottawa.

Before taking the plunge into this literary mine, let a few words preface the statement that this is no ordinary book. We affirm that fearlessly. Light readers would do well to consider. It is not a volume to be toyed with. Forbidding in aspect, like a page of Browning or Whitman, it will, like them, yield up its sweetness to the patient reader. And as to its faults, if it has any, it may be thought to be really too concrete and to abound in over-illustration. It tells a tremendous story, but may be said to be shy of synthesis. For indifferent readers, like ourselves, it is often hard to feel the connecting links of the story. Still we know they are there. One does not care to own discouragement in a recognized authority and one must be up-to-date. Therefore, one struggles on. Enough to realize that the theme is Life—in Canada—as seen by A. Blue.

Speaking still cursorily, it may be said that Mr. Blue has a passion for Facts. Facts! The term is too small. No single statement of mere plurality

can express the contents of this volume. Facts stated by the line, the column, the page, in running text and tabulated column; diagrams, succinct statements, logical proofs, analysis and co-related statistics and again—facts, floods upon floods of them! They come first as a single spring where the weary reader may refresh his soul; the slender stream shortly becomes a flowing fountain; very soon the reader is wading with high boots, and still the flood runs on! Next stage—and he is in a mighty river, swimming for life.

ONE more animadversion before the plunge. The hand is the hand of Blue, the *motif* the *motif* of Foster. No one but he could do it. That cold, clear, logical, definitive brain. It possesses the soul of a Burroughs adder with a vitalizing instinct for figures. With remorseless and passionless accuracy Foster and Blue have seen the drama of our Canadian life played before their eyes—and have tabulated it. Verily we have become as "figures in a moving show."

Come now, you well-informed, what do you know of Canada? First, its People; their origin and geographical disposition; their vital statistics; their crimes; their industries and manufactures; their occupations; their wealth-producing factors; their savings; their religion; their charities; their reforms; their social struggles; all in a word that partakes of the nature of information which can be written down. Well, one has it here. Second, the Country; its weather and climate; its productiveness in forest and mine, in cattle on the hills and grain in the fields; its railways and canals; its butter and its petroleum; its electric energy and

condensed milk. Remove your hat; you can get it all here. From whatever angle it may be viewed, the new Year Book is simply the apotheosis of FACTS.

The word is weak. We apologize for using it. The facts portrayed are beyond comprehension, though not beyond apprehension. They are served up in the most appetizing way. The astute factor in their preparation sees to it that their significance shall not escape. We are treated to the science of strategy and ambush of facts, as well as attack in open order. Down they come upon us in unbroken ranks of Blue. Their precision and voltage is fearsome. Take it as regards population—if we are forced to select where selection seems invidious. Table number 2 gives us the population of Canada by provinces and territories in the years 1871-81-91-1901-1911. Table number 3 provides us with the actual figures from 1871-1911 in each province. Table number 4 takes up the tale again and goes one better, showing the percentage of increase. Table number 5 gets down to details and splits the province into districts, showing acreage, division into male and female, and the number of each to the square mile. Table number 6 starts over again with cities and towns having over 5,000 inhabitants in 1911 and compares with 1871-1911, and then proceeds by easy stages to the details of towns and villages having over 1,000, and a careful observer notices quickly, as did we, by what a narrow squeak Bienville got into the list with its 1,004 souls. Facts! They are there by the armful. They ex-hale from the pages. The book may be said to be radio-active with 'em.

Another digression; the strain is intense. The difficulty of reviewing a book of this sort is great. Other books may be glanced through; tendencies

noted; conclusions guessed at; and the whole thing tied up definitely in a few pregnant phrases. Not so with this arcanum of knowledge. Like Life itself, it must be grappled with; perhaps absorbed, as the infant Hercules strangled the serpent that threatened his cradle. We must each for one's self find the answer.

For example, take the question of "poles." Turn to page 156 and you have "poles—hoop, hop, telegraph, and other." You will find that from 1908 to 1912 the exports have decreased from \$161,424 to \$74,190, or over 50 per cent. "Grindstones" in the same period have been, as the markets say, "steady," just a variation of 20 comparing 1908 with 1912. Stuff—what interest is that, do you say? Consider, now, if one is a pole-producer, and there must be many such; or perhaps the owner of a grindstone quarry. There is the question of railway freights and tariff walls, and the rising cement industry as affecting poles. Also the increased difficulty of procuring and marketing same. Any human endeavour there? Any human interest, as philosopher Bridle remarks? Any puzzling brains, perhaps business failures with heartbreak and loss? Yes, verily, all those sorts of things.

A GAIN, take "explosives and fulminates n.o.s." They diminished from \$223,900 in 1908 to \$56,385 in 1912. What tremendous energy in that item? What bearing think you, household philosopher, will this have on international peace? O dilettante, if you come in some measure to think at all of this outstanding fact in our national life—will it not be because you read it in a *Globe* peace editorial only this morning? So we could go through 1,999 other items and draw conclusions—but we leave something to the reader. Here he can get the facts as imports or exports, for and against, coming and going, right side up and upside down, in years and decades, in quantities, parts and values, n.o.p., n.o.s., *ad val.* and *et al.*

Should the foregoing lines not be attractive, there are plenty of others in which the reader may wallow, so to speak. Perhaps one may be a social reformer. How is this? "Annual consumption of beer per head, 1869 to 1912," on page 375. Think only of the difficulty of obtaining the facts—ye who write books out of your heads, or make speeches, buy and sell for gain and all that and nobody to question. Off hats to Archibald Blue and Hon. George Eulas Foster. Or one may be a politician. Under "Defence—Naval Service," page 455, we have a succinct statement of the Laurier and Borden policies. Two pages of pica type tell the story. What a historian is our author. Think of the Great Flood of 1913 (oratory) on the subject. The Hon. Minister does

not explain his alleged change of front since 1909. Forced we are to believe that the historian has strangled the parliamentarian. How sententious and settling seems the little phrase at the end—"the Bill consequently failed of enactment." Truth, what a mighty weapon. Conscience, what a wonderful monitor thou art! Out of the storm-winged capitol at Ottawa comes the still small voice, exponent of the country—"the bill failed." No apologies, few reasons, but—for the People—in their



Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett Who, Years Ago, Endeared Herself to Many Through "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and Who Has Written "T. Tembarom," One of the Big Successes of the Year.

Year Book—the absolute truth!

Take, again, the record of the Dominion Ministries since 1867. Let us look at the 6th ministry. "Premier Hon. Sir Mackenzie Bowell: Took office Dec. 21, 1894." Now read the foot-note—"In Jan., 1896, several members of the cabinet resigned, and on the fifteenth of the month it was reorganized with four new members." Here is an example of the Muse of history dealing out the Facts, but oh what poor, small, lame, unmeaning things they may become when stripped of the warm atmosphere which vivified them in the minds of our fellow-countrymen. Any vaulting ambition, any heart breaks, any classic phrases born in the events of that fortnight? Yea, truly! And yet we have had

History—impartial history, too—by a valiant fighter of those days!

Getting any ideas that a Year Book has imagination, fancy and romance in it? Why, the smallest item reveals hints of struggle, or promises of victory. The book is the "book of the year" in our opinion. It is Life. Indeed it possesses the element of certainty that every-day life holds in hazard. Who would think of disputing, or even checking, a statement by Blue? 'Tis absurd. That way madness lies. When we read the tables of export and import we feel the thrill of millions. What boy will not read with regret that whilst in 1910 the number of whales marketed was 958, it dropped down to nothing in 1912. If he has read Ballantyne he will blubber at the news. We note the Methodist increase of 17.78 per cent., against the Mormon increase of 131.77 per cent. And we cannot but ask, Why?

THEN, by the way, note the literary interest. Names, more than figures, yield romance. Isaac Taylor and Bishop Trench would have simply danced a hornpipe over the Year Book. It abounds in the picturesque. Look on, say, page 68, "The bait used is chiefly herring, squid and capelin; and the fish principally taken are cod, haddock, hake, pollock and halibut. The means of capture employed by boat fishermen are gill-nets, hooks and lines, both hand line and trawl; and from the shore are operated trap-nets, haul seines and weirs. The commercial food fishes are the cod, hake, haddock, pollock, halibut, herring, mackerel, alewife, shad, smelt, flounder and sardine." A Kipling reads this and straightway writes another "Captains Courageous." Think, too, of the romance back of these names, at random—of Quebec, Hochelaga, Maisonneuve, of Terrebonne and Soulanges. What transpires, say, at Chilliwack? Comox-Atlin—it has the sound of Bow Bells. There are a hundred pages of historic stimulus in the book.

Judged by all standards, the book is a great one. We learn that the authors are contemplating a ripping sequel with nearly the same plot and characters next year. If so, it may be assumed that the output will be enormous. There is literally no end to a literary career based as this one is. It is practically continuous. Take, too, the matter of illustrations. No book in recent years is so correctly illustrated. The drawings are perfect. The reason is that they are "drawn to scale." Think of what this means. But we must hasten on.

As we were saying, the central theme of the book must be developed. In about four columns—

[Editor CANADIAN COURIER: No, not a paragraph more. This is a review, not a—]

[Author: Very well; we shall then simply have to wait for the sequel.]

The Year in French-Canadian Literature

By BERNARD MUDDIMAN

Maurice River. We meet a young French Vicomte, Jacques, who is turning the globe with an artistic friend, Gilbert. When the story opens they are in



Hector J. Bernier, a Coming Man Among French-Canadian Novelists. He is the Author of "Ce Que Disait la Flamme" and "Au Large de L'Ecueil."

the village of St. Jacques des Grandes Piles, on the banks of the St. Maurice River in Quebec. Here he meets Marie-Anna Cartier, a French-Canadian girl, on whom he tries the art of flirtation to no better purpose than falling seriously in love

with her. So serious is he, in fact, that, a child of sunny Normandy, he decides to endure a Quebec winter to be near her.

In such little points as this Floris Bluther, in his charming, witty French way, pokes fun at us. But behind his book there is a deeper message. "Les Canadiennes ne savent pas aimer," cries the Vicomte, when he finds all his arts cannot conquer Marie-Anna like a French girl. And she replies: "Oh, vous, vous trompez, monsieur! . . . Elles savent aimer, au contraire, mais d'une manière différente, peut-être, de celle des jeunes filles de votre pays." But just when our gallant Vicomte has subdued the delightful Canadienne girl, he is called home to France to attend a great family wedding. Yet, before he goes, he sings that sweet old "chanson d'adieu":

"Je vais revoir ma Normandie
C'est le pays qui m'a donné le jour . . ."

But the course of true love cannot be allowed to run smooth in a novel that is only half done. When the Comte and Comtesse in France hear with whom he has fallen in love, their aristocratic souls are up in arms; while the parents of Marie-Anna quite recognize the impossibility of the match. They want their daughter to marry a small, silent, young French-Canadian, who is going out into the world to butcher people as a doctor, but who has played with her in childish days. The Vicomte writes his Canadienne letters, which she answers; but, as time goes on, her letters grow more distant and shorter. He is distracted. Her family are winning her over to the doctor idea. He must return to Canada and win her. Finally he forces his parents' hands and is allowed to go. Arriving, he finds the newly-made doctor engaged to her. He persists

THE present year of grace in French Canada has not been remarkable for any new discoveries. The world of letters in Quebec has not been startled by any new genius or school suddenly springing a mine under their decidedly clerical feet. For the moment the influence from Paris, that which inspired the literary movement of the Chateau de Ramezay, is not very vital; but there is no doubt that it is working in secret and leavening a great deal of the crudity of the native authors.

In this year's output of French-Canadian books, the most interesting features for students of belles-lettres are two novels. Unlike so many of the Canadian novels issued in English, that deal with our romantic past or the far northland of white snows, both these French-Canadian works are novels of manners. They deal with contemporary life in Quebec along the St. Lawrence, and, though they thus lose perhaps a certain fictitious charm, they are far more valuable than the average English-Canadian work as documents from our life.

The first of these is "Marie-Anna La Canadienne," a novel written in a good and easy style by Floris Bluther. It is the author's first work. The writer's real name is Monsieur Francois Baboulene, one of the Professeurs aux Hautes Etudes Commerciales at Montreal. He is an old country Frenchman, which explains the wit and ease of the book. You are never bored. There is nothing stilted about the sentences. They run along like well-trained carriage horses with a smooth action. As a rule, a French-Canadian novel makes me sleep owing to its cumbersome style, its aping culture, its wearisome reiteration. But you will enjoy "Marie-Anna." You will read it for its love story and its picture of the country of the St.

in his suit to such a degree that Marie-Anna goes to Shawinigan Falls to escape him. He follows her there, rescues her from the falls, and on his recovery from injuries, received in so doing, he comes to see that it is best for him to return to France, and for her to marry the doctor.

The second novel is the work of Monsieur Hector Bernier, the most brilliant of the younger French-Canadian novelists, who made such a hit last year with his first novel, "Au large de l'écueil," dealing with religion. It is a rather far-fetched tale on social conditions in Canada—a tirade against snobbism, if you like. In "Ce que disait la flamme" we have an exceedingly rich and vulgar French-Canadian father, of the name of Fontaine, who has a son, Jean, of refined education and ashamed of his father, and a daughter, who makes a foolish match with a young snob. Jean himself is imbued with strongly patriotic ideals of the usual modern Quebec type. He falls in love with the daughter of one of his father's workmen and endeavours to persuade his parent to expend his wealth in bettering the conditions of the poorer French-Canadian.

There is much fiddle-faddle made out of Jean's class prejudices at the thought of making a mesalliance with a work girl. However, in the end Jean becomes engaged to Lucille. But his purse-proud father, after the time-honoured tradition, orders him out of the house. So Jean marries Lucille and settles down in a poor suburb of Quebec to aid and reform the habitants. But the father and daughter find the wages of wealth are discontent. Yvonne leaves her snobbish husband and returns home to her father. There, father and daughter, looking in the fire one evening, decide to beg Jean to return to them.

Apparently, Monsieur Bernier would teach us that the idealist is alone happy in this world.

Albert Lozeau, from his sick room, has only issued detached poems since the publication last year of his second volume, "Le Mirroir des Jours," which, to my mind, shows a marked falling off from his first work. In fact I think he has run his gamut.

The young literary school of Montreal are not up to the power of Nelligan or to the sweetness of Lozeau's first work.

This year's books of literary interest, besides those already mentioned, include W. A. Baker's "Prose et Pensees"; Thomas Chapais's second series of Conferences; and R. Chopin's "Le Coeur en Exil." The number of verse plaquettes are, as usual, numerous. A blind girl in Hull, Clara Lanctot, has, for instance, issued "Visions d'Aveugle." A typical example, neither better nor worse than many of the others, is Engelbert Galleze's "La Claire Fontaine." Monsieur Galleze is a kind of poetic realist. He sings of washing dishes with your pipe in your mouth. He writes of the things he knows, and as most of the things he knows are very matter-of-fact, there is not much of the divine fire about his versé. He makes a few desperate efforts to verbal originality; but, if they are not pathetic they are "bathetic."

French Canada's great clerical Sainte-Beuve, the Abbe Roy of Laval, has not published anything. Neither has Monsieur DeCelles, Benjamin Sulte or any of the older men. So we must wait on the new men who have yet to come. On the whole it has been an unexciting year.

The Public Taste in Books

Views of Toronto's Leading Retail Bookman

By WILLIAM TYRRELL

LOOKING back over several years of congenial work as a bookseller, I recall with pleasure many happy associations that have come to me by way of my daily work. No more friendly atmosphere exists for the meeting-place of strangers, than that created by a mutual love of books. By its stimulating warmth reserved natures expand, and at times even go so far as to show signs of enthusiasm. Prudent minds forget to be careful when they talk of the books they love, and sometimes even those of suspicious temperament display unusual trust in human nature while subject to the influence of the printed page.

The normal man who has had time and opportunity to know books finds them no mere luxury. They have become to him a necessity—they are the elixir of life, the fountain of perpetual youth. In them he renews the pleasures of life, forgets his worries, stands out on the high places, sees men of all ages as his brothers and in the end thanks God for books. Such men cannot be narrow-minded or bigoted. They walk through life uprightly and without fear. Their understanding sympathy has no feeble qualities and the books they read never divert them from the main issues of life.

For this reason most eminent men are great readers, and in Canada it is true of our best political leaders, our greatest financiers, and many of our captains of industry. It has, however, often struck me as curious, that one can never be sure of the taste in books that may be shown by prominent men when in search of recreation. As an illustration of the unexpected I may recall the fact that the late Sir Richard Cartwright greatly enjoyed, and was a constant reader of, the adventures of Henty's boy heroes—those doughty lads who performed with ease prodigies of valour that a strong man would find difficult. Another conspicuous Canadian, one of our great financiers, finds delight in simple girl heroines of the type made famous by Miss Alcott. Other successful men of conspicuous position find real pleasure and refreshment in well written detective stories, such as Sir Conan Doyle's genius created in his "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes."

WHILE these instances illustrate the pleasure that great minds take in simple things, it would be absurd to assume that this class of men neglects the more substantial literary works of the day. Anyone familiar with the book trade knows that Canadians are keenly interested in important publications relating to all departments of human activity, whether published in England, Canada or the United States. Works of biography and travel were probably never more popular than they are to-day, notwithstanding the absurdly high prices at which they are usually published. Books on engineering and economic subjects always find a ready sale, particularly when written in a popular style.

The most wonderful thing of the present day is the revival of interest in poetry and the drama. In this money-making twentieth century the unexpected has happened. Hurrying crowds who were formerly contemptuous or ignorant, now stop in smiling silence to listen to the lilting music of the poet's pipes. Canadian booksellers of any importance must now carry in stock the works of many poets whose names were unknown a few years ago,

and their books sell so regularly that they must be ordered over and over again to supply the demand.

But returning to the bookseller's customers, it must be said, that it is not on the very rich man, nor the eminent politician, nor the great financier, that he depends for his support. They are too few in number or too much burdened with the affairs that engage them to find but little time for the real pleasures of life. So, after all, it is the "man on the street," his wife, his sons and daughters, who make up the great body of readers that come to the bookseller and buy regularly of the magic he has to offer. The man on the street has been mentioned first, but usually he comes last, and his daughter first in the buying of books. As in so many other things, the Canadian daughter is Queen, and her subjects (including mother), loving to be ruled by her, hasten, when occasion offers, to buy the very latest book so that she may read it before the ink is dry almost. To offer her a novel more than a week old is to class yourself as behind the times.

Books and Book-Sellers

By NORMAN MURRAY

A Montreal Book-Seller

AS there are arts and secrets in most trades, the question arises whether a bookseller should discuss publicly his method of doing business. As a friend of the newspaper fraternity in general, however, it is hard to refuse the highly complimentary request of the editor to write something for this forthcoming Book Number. The wide-awake bookseller must follow closely the various authors' progress as well as the ever-changing public tastes and hobbies. He must follow the book reviews and then classify in his mind his customers and their tastes and hobbies.

It is always easy to sell anything if you know of some one who wants it. Suggestion plays a very important part in book-selling. The subscription book publisher's instruction to agents, "Sell the Morocco first," should always be kept in mind by the bookseller. The books that sell best, the books on which most profit is to be made, and the best-paying customers, should be looked after first, but no enthusiastic bookseller makes a god of his profit account. To him bookselling is more than a mere business.

There are various phases of the book trade and many types of buyers. Some customers will continue the magazines that their fathers and grandfathers before them bought year after year, as in the case of Chambers's Journal. Booksellers themselves may have favourite lines that they dispose of to best advantage. In my own case, being born in Scotland, and coming to Canada in 1881, when twenty-eight years of age, I have naturally been more interested in British publications, including Canadian, than in publications published in the neighbouring republic. For twenty-five years I have read the London Publishers' Circular every week.

Then we have different seasons for different

Therefore, it is natural to find that a strong recommendation to some buyers is to say of a book that it is "just out," as if it was a new hat or the latest thing in gloves. On the other hand, many readers more discriminating require other qualities inherent in the book itself.

At the last we come to the first and most important of all the bookseller's customers: those sane, wholesome, discriminating and appreciative men and women who want the best. Their libraries are filled with accumulated purchases of years. No books that they possess need be kept under lock and key. They have none on their shelves that their daughters may not read. Their friends are encouraged to borrow, and if the books they lend come back no more, the bookseller is asked to replace them. In the summer they buy literally arms full of books to take to their country houses or cottages and when they return in the autumn the books are left behind to bring joy and delight to lonely farmer families or remote lumber camps where books are treasured in a way that city people never know.

The long winter nights, of course, are more conducive to long and serious studies than the summer months. When the warm weather comes people take more to the open and read lighter literature than they do in the winter months. For twenty-seven years I have made a special feature of the Christmas Numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, *Sporting and Dramatic News*, *Sketch*, and *Graphic*. Some years quite a number of Christmas Globes are bought for mailing abroad. One drawback in reference to the *Globe* is that it is generally a little late in being offered for sale. The publishers of the London illustrated papers send me samples of the Christmas supplement during the summer. I have these mounted on cotton for the purpose of showing them to my customers.

The wide-awake bookseller must have reference books at hand to refer to in these matters to refresh his memory. A wise bookseller will always be glad to examine the samples of any travelling representative of the various publishers. Mr. Musson's annual spring visit to Montreal is one of the events of the season for the booksellers. A real bookseller should be a student of literature and find pleasure as well as profit in his profession. There is room for all who wish to exert themselves.

The public is certainly not progressing in taste for literature that requires thought. In Montreal there were more book-stores twenty-seven years ago, when the population was less than half of what it is now. While the cost of living has gone up in other lines, the price of books has gone down considerably, so that the sale of books might reasonably be expected to increase. Except in certain cheap lines, this is not the case. The Canadian bookseller of to-day must study his business more than ever to maintain himself. Usually, he must add other features to attain a decent competence.

The Best Books for Boys and Girls

By MONA H. COXWELL

ONCE I asked an old lady of over eighty, "What was the most delightful book you ever read?"

"The first book I ever read," she answered, promptly. "I don't remember its name, or who the author was, or what it was about, but I can truly say I have never read a book since that gave me so much delight. I was a very little girl at the time. An uncle who had never seen me before came to visit us and, forgetting that little girls do not grow up into big girls overnight, like little mushrooms grow into big mushrooms, he was very much surprised to see how much of a child I was still. "I had an idea that she was almost a young lady," he said, "and I have brought her a book instead of a dolly." My uncle knew that a book was a rare treat to a girl in those days. I would not have him think me a baby, so I begged for the book. "See," I said, when it was given to me, "I will show you that I can read it." To my mother's astonishment, for my schooling had not been a matter of much importance up to that time, and to my uncle's delight, I picked my way through half a page of the wonderful volume without a mistake. The book was mine! I shall never forget the dear delight of reading it. It took days, weeks, and even months, and when it was finished I cried bitterly. I felt that I had lost a host of friends. I knew that no other book people I should ever meet would be as dear to me as they had been. And



An illustration from "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," a Christmas Tale, by Annie Fellows Johnson.

they never were. I have read many stories since, but the happiness in them has never so thrilled me, the sorrow so cast me down, as did the sorrow and happiness in my first book, read so many years ago."

If you were to ask a dozen grown-up people the same question I am sure most of them would give you much the same answer—the first books they

read gave them more pleasure than all that came after them. Perhaps that is the reason why many authors love to write for young people and why the crop of splendid books for boys and girls grows larger year by year. This autumn the publishers' reports of books especially intended for "juveniles" is a most attractive one. A real "boy's story," full of adventure and enthusiasm, is "The Wilderness Castaways," by Dillon Wallace. (McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto.) It tells the adventures of a pampered New York youth invited to join a party of men who are sailing into the northland in search of big game and fish. Through his own selfishness and heedlessness he becomes lost with a sailor companion, Dan Rudd, 'way up in the arctic region, and is obliged to spend a winter of peril and hardship in that desolate land. The story of their hardships, sufferings and miraculous escapes in their efforts to battle their way back to civilization makes stirring reading that will be enjoyed by grown-up boys as well as younger ones.

The same publishers have brought out the latest book by Annie Fellows Johnson, under the title of "Miss Santa Claus of the Pullman," one of the most delightful Christmas stories lately written. It is the tale of the tender faith of two little country children in the justice and bounty of the great Father Christmas, their firm belief that goodness will be rewarded and badness be punished when the Day of Giving arrives. Every one will love the trusting little Will'm and Libby, his seven-year-old sister, in whose superior age Will'm was so much awe. The way in which their reward for "goodness" came about on Christmas Day is part of the story, but there is more to it than that. It is an ideal book for the Christmas stocking.

For boys from twelve to fifteen years of age, Louise S. Hasbrouck has written a romantic history of Canada called "The Boys' Parkman." A copy of this volume should be placed upon the bookshelf of every school boy who is struggling to learn history after the conventional manner of the text book. It turns raw history into romance, and every boy loves romance. The notes of explanation and references found in the back should also be valuable.

Any Canadian boy or girl who is familiar with the Roy and Ray stories of Mary Wright Plummer will be delighted to know that the latest volume of this series deals with their own country. Encouraged by the assurance that "Roy and Ray in Mexico" had met, partially at least, a need in education expressed by parents, teachers and librarians, the author has prepared this record of a summer recently spent in the eastern part of the Dominion of Canada, in the hope that it may be equally useful. The book is interestingly illustrated with photographs and should be found very readable by young people.

Another "Oz" book has made its appearance, a more fascinating and entrancing volume than all the others that have come before it. I envy the small girl or boy whose name is opposite "The Patchwork Girl of Oz" on Santa Claus' Christmas list. Once more they will meet all the old friends from the fairyland of Oz. New friends are also introduced—the most delightful among them being the Patchwork Girl herself, though we must not forget Ojo and his Unc Nunkie, who journeyed to the Munchkin Country and there met with such wonderful adventures.

The book is made gorgeous with coloured illustrations and a great many sketches in black and white. For the child who has never lived in the Land of Oz, which exists between the covers of Mr. Baum's delightful books of fairy tales, "The



An illustration from "The Wilderness Castaways," a Story for Boys, by Dillon Wallace.

Patchwork Girl of Oz" will be a joy; for the child who has travelled there with Dorothy and all the other fairy people, the reading of this book will be a new journey of delight.

For the small person a new and charming edition of the old Mother Goose Nursery rhymes has been published, beautifully illustrated in colour, and in black and white by the famous English illustrator, Arthur Rackham. It is called "The Arthur Rackham Mother Goose." (McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto.)

A picture book for very small people is called "Bunnykins," by Grace G. Drayton. (Copp, Clark Co. Toronto.) The rhymes are simple and easily memorized, and children will delight in the quaint sketches of the Bunny family and their queer adventures. The cover is very attractive, and shows a round-eyed baby bunny dressed in a little Red Riding Hood cape, with cunning brown shoes and blue stockings and a carrot in his chubby hand.

Further adventures of the Brownies, those jolly little people invented by the clever brain of Palmer Cox, will be found in his new book called "The Brownies' Many More Nights." (McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto.) It is the latest and best of his popular stories of these little people.

Canadian Fiction of a Year

By HUGH S. EAYRS

SINCE the last Book Number of the CANADIAN COURIER was issued, a year ago, many new books have been published in Canada, and have found favour with the reading public of the Dominion, which is, no matter how the contrary is urged, a country that reads and reads hard. Old and familiar names have gained fresh lustre and earned new laurels; new and unknown names have come into prominence as the names of authors of first books worth while, whose second book will be awaited with interest, often with eagerness. As the years go by, the Canadian contribution to the fiction of the world grows in quality and in size. Moreover, this year's Canadian novels, save in one

or two cases, are the production of well educated men and women, which goes to knock on the head the criticism of some people that we in Canada are too busy looking after the almighty dollar to give education its proper place.

IN many ways the novel of the year by a Canadian writer was Sir Gilbert Parker's book, "The Judgment House." This was published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, and had a big sale in the Dominion. It is not unnatural that so distinguished an author should have created his public

in England, too—where, bye-the-bye, Sir Gilbert lives—and the sale over the water was immense. On all hands "The Judgment House" was claimed as a great novel. The story deals with three men and one woman. The three men were in love with the one woman. The mysterious death of one lover is the reason why each of those remaining tries to saddle the other with the crime, and eventually the two men—and the woman—go out to South Africa, the two men with their regiments and the woman in the uniform of a nurse. The features of the book are the superb character delineation and able and colourful description of South Africa in its most spectacular history. The book is a book to

read, and re-read, and then put on a convenient shelf of your library, and fished out again.

Mrs. L. M. Montgomery's contribution to the year's novels was "The Golden Road," published in Boston by A. C. Page and Company, and handled in Canada by William Briggs, and by McClelland and Goodchild. In some ways this is L. M. Montgomery at her best, and as the *Courier* said in its notice of the book, it is no wonder that the public of this author clamour—like *Oliver Twist*—for more. On another page in this issue "The Golden Road" and its author are treated more extensively.

Charles G. D. Roberts more than maintained his reputation in "Children of the Wild," and readers who expected something good from the author of "Feet of the Furtive" will not be disappointed. As usual with Mr. Roberts, the stories deal with the world of the out-of-doors. "Rippling Rhymes," by Walt Mason, is in its way inimitable. There is only one Walt Mason. Theodore Goodridge Roberts—a brother of Charles G. D. Roberts—wrote "Two Shall Be Born," which, though rather too melodramatic, was a forceful and interesting story. Pauline Johnson, being dead, yet speaketh in "The Moccasin Maker" and "The Shagganappi," both works of unusual power. The loss of this talented lady will be keenly felt, for through her books she stood for much that was beautiful in Canadian literature.

A new novel by a new author, Mr. J. P. Buschlen, is entitled "A Canadian Bank Clerk." It is attracting considerable attention, chiefly because it puts candidly and frankly the case of the bank clerk against the bank. The book cannot be said to be well written, so far as style enters into the matter. But the story, because it is true to every-day life, reads well. The author favours a mild treatment

of his subject, and perhaps lacks "punch" now and then. But that is probably because he thinks the public only needs a hint, and its common sense and fairmindedness may be safely left to do the rest. "A Canadian Bank Clerk" is having a good sale—and rightly so.

THE Rev. H. A. Cody has been responsible for "The Chief of the Ranges." In many ways this story is his best. It deals with the great North-West, and, as all Mr. Cody's work, is picturesque in description and able in characterization. Lawrence J. Burpee gave us "Scouts of Empire" and "Humours of the True North." The latter was noteworthy because of what it did not say rather than because of what it did say. No mention was made of much that is representative in Canadian humour, and, unkindest cut of all, Prof. Leacock was entirely disregarded. "The Law Bringers," by "G. B. Lancaster," is quite one of the best-written Canadian books of the year. Miss Lyttleton, like a good many others, found ample scope for a story in the North-West Mounted Police, and her book, which was exceedingly well done, turned out a best seller. "Jack Chanty," by Hulbert Footner, was another winner in more senses than one. It, too, was a tale of the Canadian North-West. Mr. Footner knows how to tell a simple story really well, and in "Jack Chanty" made the very most of a well-worn theme.

A historical novel of some account was C. H. J. Snider's "In the Wake of the Eighteen-Twelvers." Mr. Snider is the city editor of the *Toronto Telegram*. "The Way Home" is the latest production of Basil King, a Prince Edward Island writer, and is a charming story. "Empery," by S. A. White, while by no means his best work, more than sus-

tains his reputation as an adventure writer. It had a ready sale. Norman Duncan wrote interestingly, if a little dramatically, in "Finding His Soul," and A. M. Chisholm wrote "Precious Waters," a strong, trenchant novel, which made some people sit up and exclaim.

A book which evoked a good deal of enthusiasm was "William Adolphus Turnpike," by William Banks, junior, of the *Toronto Globe*. In parts it was funny, in parts it was well written, and it was an important contribution to Canadian publications of the year. But if, as Arnold Bennett says, a book is to be judged by its effect on the reader in making him act along new lines, then "William Adolphus Turnpike" is not an overwhelming success, for while it is pleasant reading, it doesn't get you anywhere. The Rev. Hugh Pedley, in Montreal, gave us "Looking Forward," half a novel and half a homily, but wholly worth while. Alan Sullivan's collection of tales of border life under the title of "The Passing of Oul-I-But" are immensely interesting.

For the rest, "The House of Arnold," by Charles Sparrow; "The Company of Adventurers," by Isaac Cowie; "Linked Lives," by D. Kinmount Roy; "The Blue Wolf," by Lacey Amy; "Candle-light Days," by Adeline Teskey; "The Great Gold Rush," by W. J. P. Jarvis; "Greater Love Hath No Man," by F. L. Packard, and "The End of the Rainbow," by Marion Keith, are all good novels and well-worth reading.

One other book should be mentioned. "Both Sides of the Road" is the work of Mr. B. A. Clarke, an Englishman resident in Toronto. It is a collection of short stories that have appeared in several of the leading magazines in Great Britain, and is well worth while.

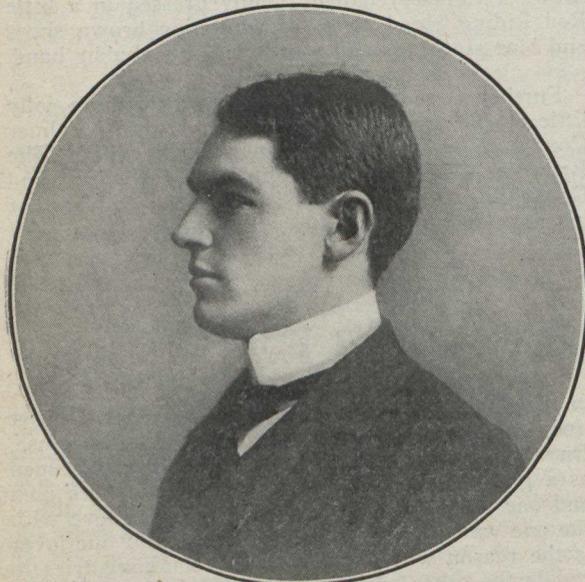
Canadian Genius in Poetry, Humour and Fiction

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

THE three principal Canadian writers of 1913 are Miss Marjorie Pickthall, Mr. Stephen Leacock, and Mrs. Ewan Macdonald (L. M. Montgomery). Many wise persons will consider that it is drawing a long bow to speak of these three writers as possessing genius; but it is an unhappy habit of mind never to be able to achieve enthusiasm over good work. Good work, of course, is not always proof of genius. It is one thing to be hard-working, clever, conscientious, of sterling honesty, and so on. Dozens of books written in a year by Canadians merit these adjectives. But genius is the inexplicable, the little more which is magic. What mystery gave Miss Pickthall the power to write these lines:

Many a shepherd, many a king,
I fold them safe from their sorrowing.
Gwenever's heart is bound with dust,
Tristram dreams of the dappled doe,
But the bugle moulders, the blade is rust;
Stilled are the trumpets of Jericho,
And the tired men sleep by the walls of Troy.
Little and lonely,
Knowing me only,
Shall I not comfort you, shepherd-boy?

A clever verse-writer might labour a life-time and never get nearer to lines like these.



C. H. J. Snider, a Toronto Journalist, whose "In the Wake of the Eighteen Twelvers" is an Important Historical Novel of the Year.

Mr. Stephen Leacock's new book, "Behind the Beyond," has chapters put in for the sake of making the book big enough to appear comely to the pub-

lisher and the public. They are well enough indeed and good reading. There is no deception of the public in offering them such excellent stuff as "Parisian Pastimes," a disquisition on French dogs and children. But the Stephen Leacock who has written "The Dentist and the Gas," number two in "Familiar Incidents," overawes any superior reader. How does he create it, this medium of disabling laughter?

"I think," said the dentist, stepping outside again, "I'd better give you gas."

Then he moved aside and hummed an air from a light opera, while he mixed up cement.

I sat up in my shroud.

"Gas!" I said.

"Yes," he repeated, "gas or else ether or a sulphuric anaesthetic or else beat you into insensibility with a club or give you three thousand volts of electricity."

These may not have been his exact words. But they convey the feeling of them very nicely.

"When are you going to do it?" I said, in horror.

"Right now, if you like," he answered.

His eyes were glittering with what the Germans call Blutlust. All dentists have it.

I could see that if I took my eye off him for a moment he might spring at me, gas in hand, and throttle me.

"No, not now, I can't stay now," I said. "I have an appointment, a whole lot of appointments, urgent ones, the most urgent I ever had." I was unfastening my shroud as I spoke.

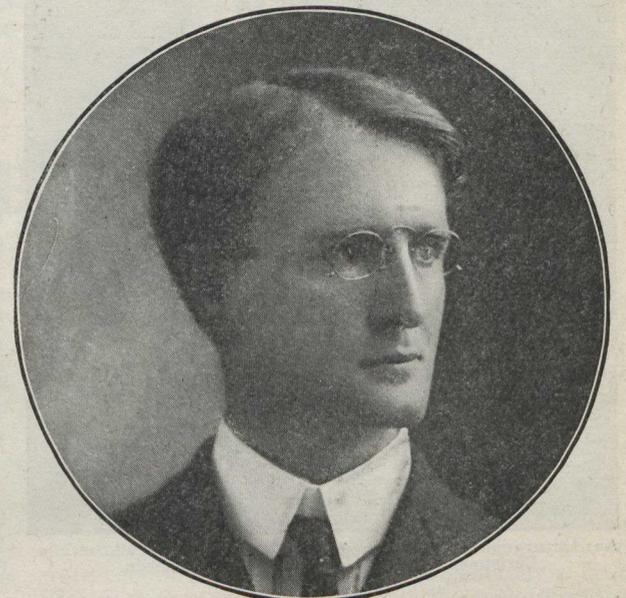
"Well, then, to-morrow," said the dentist.

"No," I said. "To-morrow is Saturday. And Saturday is a day I simply can't take gas. If I take gas, even the least bit of gas, on a Saturday, I find it's misunderstood. . . ."

ONE has a confidence that this isn't the professor of political economy nor lecturer on Imperial topics; this particular Stephen Leacock is a gnome, a "possession," in short, which seizes upon the professor of political economy and commands him to write until laughter is satisfied. No one can explain how such writing is done.

Such a book as "The Golden Road," by L. M. Montgomery, seems easy enough to explain. It is a pretty book for girls, the continuation of another work of fiction, "The Story Girl." The author is a lover of her native province, Prince Edward Island. She is a lover, too, of girlhood, and she is a story writer. These facts are simple and sufficient, or they seem sufficient at first sight. But there is a point when the love of one's native country becomes a passion which shuts out other

things. There is an absorption in young life which becomes a genius for understanding youth. There is a quality in such a book as "The Golden Road" which is not just exactly defined as the common light of day. Girls and women care too much about it somehow; they are too much moved. It is not



Prof. O. D. Skelton, of Queen's University, who has written "A General Economic History of the Dominion."

just story telling; there is some magic in it. Only genius of a certain variety can make an old woman feel like a young girl.

These three writers are young: Miss Pickthall is not yet thirty; Mrs. Macdonald is some years over thirty; Mr. Leacock is over forty. Miss Pickthall, who was born in England, brought up and educated in Toronto, is now with relatives in England. Mr. Leacock, as everyone knows, lives in Montreal. Mrs. Macdonald came to live in rural Ontario two years ago. Each of the three writers has a personality which makes itself felt. Miss Pickthall is serious, one who listens; when she does speak it is with the utterance of a richly endowed mind; her appearance is that of a poet, and her eyes have the remarkable beauty of a poet's eyes. Mrs. Macdonald is quaint and picturesque; she has far better playtimes with her thoughts and her dream children than she tells most people. Mr. Leacock is a typical professor who is young, modern and a man of affairs. There is more of a twinkle about his smile than any professor needs. What these writers may yet produce is likely to have a considerable influence on Canadian letters.

Motors at Olympia

TWELFTH annual Motor Show at Olympia, London, opened on November 7th. Last season it was the electric light feature and the elimination of acetylene lamps; this year it is the electrical engine-starter. The British car makers have lagged a little behind the Americans, but they are now catching up in these two devices. Lamps are being built into the car, not hung on brackets; and also, the electrical lighting and starting apparatus is taken into account in building the chassis. At first the electrical machine were accessories; now they are parts. Besides, there are smaller improvements in lubrication, cooling, and so on, which tend towards greater reliability, greater ease of control and greater economy.

In coach-work or bodies, boat-shaped bodies are coming nearer. This tendency is noticeable in the more pointed radiators. The old square radiator front is not seen in the best models. "Stream-line" torpedo bodies are prominent; but not exclusive. Then there are limousines, limousine-landaulettes, landaulettes, dome-shaped limousines, phaeton bodies, coupe bodies, torpedo, cabriolet-torpedo, the "Prince Henry" body, the sporting type and all manner of touring bodies.

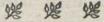
As for prices—the Rolls-Royce show a limousine-landaulette at \$7,000, a limousine at \$7,500, and a touring car at \$6,500. Don't forget to add the duty, if you care for one. There was a Napier touring car at \$5,500, a Clement-Talbot at \$4,500, and a Siddeley-Deasy with Silent Knight engine, at \$5,000. Then to fill out the £800 class were the Daimler, Argyll, Armstrong-Whitworth, Delannay-Belleville, and so on.

In the £600 class were the Sunbeam, Lancia, and the Wolseley. The latter make is said to have a greater demand than any other make of British car. Their range of prices runs above and below the figure mentioned.

Then follow the economical cars. The Argyll at £575, White-Coleman (successor to the White steamer), Crossley, Clement and Cadillac. In the £400 to £500 there are many makes with names unfamiliar to Canadian readers. In the next step down comes the 12 h. p. Darracq at £310, and the 16 h.p. at £375, the Panhard, Clement, Rover, Oakland, and so on.

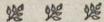
The popular class was the £200 to £300 type, of which 250 varieties were shown. And then there were small cars at a still lower price—Hillman, Peugeot, Standard, Adler, Ford and others that attract the man who has only enough spare money for first-class material and sound workmanship.

This was the varied choice, with general consensus of opinion that the Rolls-Royce is the greatest British car and the Wolseley the greatest in the total value of output.



South Lanark Contest

THERE has been political trouble in South Lanark since Hon. John Haggart died. The constituency gave its old member a majority of about one thousand, hence no Liberal is anxious for a nomination. Dr. Hanna, of Perth, is the Conservative convention nominee, but Lieut.-Col. Balderson, of Smith's Falls, another Conservative, claims the convention was not regular, and has declared his intention of running. No blandishments, real or supposed, have had any effect upon his decision. Now Mr. Arthur Hawkes, of Toronto, has decided to be a third candidate—an independent with a Canada First bias. Whether the newly formed "Canada First League," fathered by Mr. John Lewis, Mr. Gordon Waldron, Mr. W. D. Gregory, Mr. G. G. S. Lindsey and others in Toronto, and Mr. J. C. Walsh and others in Montreal, is behind his nomination is not stated. In all probability Mr. Hawkes is running on his own account. While he has, no doubt, small hopes of success, his campaign will certainly stir the dry bones of party politics in South Lanark.



Big Publishing Centres

MONTREAL, Toronto and Winnipeg are the big publishing centres of Canada, according to an Ottawa correspondent. The total number of daily papers, weeklies and monthlies sent out from each city in one year is as follows:

Montreal	65,000,000
Toronto	76,000,000
Winnipeg	38,000,000

Toronto has six daily papers: Globe, Mail, Star, News, Telegram and World. Montreal has nine dailies: Star, Gazette, Mail, Telegraph, Herald, La Patrie, La Presse, Le Devoir, Le Canada. Winnipeg has only three dailies, but two have evening editions: Free Press, Telegram and Tribune (evening only).



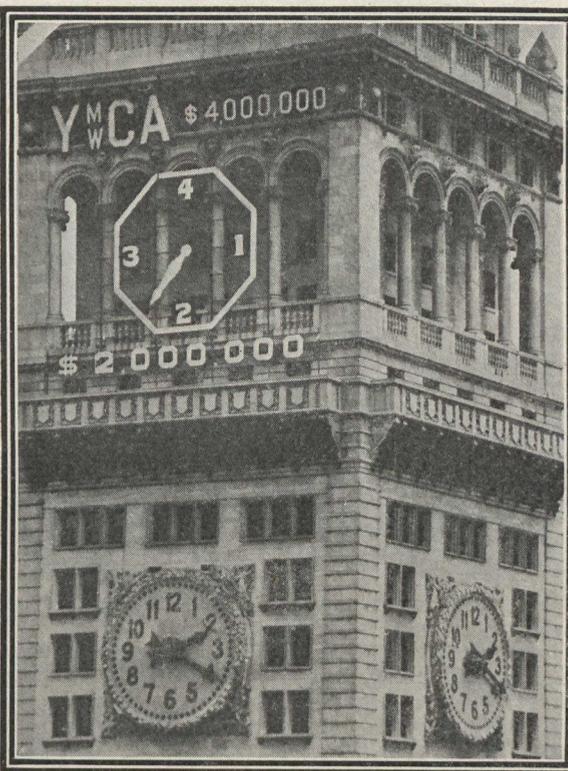
Western Municipal Contests

WINNIPEG holds its annual municipal voting on December 5th. Aldermen are elected for two years, controllers and mayor for one. Monday, December 8th, there will be elections in Regina, Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Medicine Hat, Lethbridge and other places. Few cities in the West have the ward system. Calgary is dropping



HAS CANADA ANY COMPETENT ILLUSTRATORS?

Opinions Differ, But the Recent Mainly Black and White Show in the Art Gallery of the Public Library, Toronto, Looks Encouraging. About Thirty-five Artists Were Represented by Drawings, Etchings, Pastels and Water-colours.

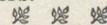


WHERE TIME WAS MONEY.

At 2.20 p.m. on Monday, November 10, by This Clock on the Metropolitan Tower, New York, Half of a \$4,000,000 Fund Was Raised in a Single Day for the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. in That City. John D. Rockefeller Gave \$350,000. The Campaign Lasted Two Weeks. Up to November 22 Three Million Dollars Had Been Secured.

it, and Moose Jaw is adopting it. Most of these cities have two or three permanent commissioners, appointed for six years, who, with the mayor, form the board of administration or control. Lethbridge will hold its first elections under the commission form of government—a mayor and two commissioners, known as Commissioner of Public Utilities and Commissioner of Public Works.

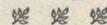
Ontario's municipal elections come on January 1st or thereabouts, and Montreal in February. Toronto elects all its rulers yearly. Montreal gives a two-year term to mayor and aldermen, and four years to its controllers.



Temperance Suggestions

FRENCH women have presented an immense petition to parliament asking that all liquor licenses shall be limited to beer and wine and that distilled liquors shall not be sold in hotels and cafes.

A Province of Quebec commission has suggested the abolition of the counters in bar-rooms and the substitution of European cafes where there are tables and chairs. This body also recommends a trial of the Gothenberg system in cities of more than 4,000, under which those who sell liquor refreshments will have no interest in the profits which go to the state and municipalities.



Canadians at N. Y. Horse Show

CAPTAIN RODDEN, of Montreal, Captain Douglas Young and Captain Walke Bell, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and Captain J. W. Sifton have been winning honours at the New York Horse Show. For army officers riding two abreast, Great Britain was first, Belgium second, and Canada (Young and Sifton) third. For pair of jumpers over hurdles, Captain Rodden won, with Sifton's pair second. Many blue ribbons come to Canada as usual.



TWELFTH ANNUAL MOTOR SHOW, OLYMPIA, LONDON.

General View of This Year's British Motor Show, Which is Larger and More Varied Than Any of Its Predecessors. The British Cars Are More Numerous and Attractive Than Ever, and the Price Ranges from £150 to £1,750.

Helping Mrs. Muggins

A Story With a Side-light on the Problem of Effective Charity

By E. A. TAYLOR

OUT of doors at eight o'clock that morning the thermometer stood at five below zero. In doors—in the Smith kitchen—it must have been summer heat. The big stove was glowing dully red in parts of its top, and the boiler, not quite boiling yet, was beginning to fill the house with the scent of hot soapsuds. Tubs and all the paraphernalia of washing day possessed the kitchen, and Mary Smith, the "house-mistress," was busy sorting the heaps of soiled garments.

Mr. Smith had gone to his work. Lulu, a High-school girl, was helping her mother before she started off, while Horace, who went with her, was bringing the clothes down, in laundry bags and big basket. The smaller children were collecting books and mitts, etc., by themselves, understanding that on wash-day mother must not be called on until the last minute. It was Lulu who inspected them, then mother came for a good-bye kiss, and the school parties were off. "And now," said Mary to herself, as she hurried to the boiling boiler, "Where is Mrs. Muggins?"

A washerwoman who is due at eight-thirty, and not on hand at nine, is annoying but not unusual. Mary started the work herself, but at half-past nine, when she was still alone, the pucker of worry on her forehead was very pronounced. She did not see how she could either do the big wash herself, or leave it just begun. Then Mrs. Muggins came—a slim-looking figure who reeled into Mary's arms, with blue-dumb lips and ghastly eyes. Somehow Mary got her to the couch, where she lay, silent and stiff, and made a woman's universal panacea—hot tea.

Then the washing was neglected and forgotten while Mary worked over the washerwoman. She was much afraid that it needed greater skill than hers, but at last Mrs. Muggins was able to move, and drink down the tea in sobbing gasps. The reason for her condition was very evident, she wore only a black straw hat, a pair of broken boots, a dirty print wrapper, and under it nothing but a very soiled cotton nightgown.

"To think of giving you all this trouble, Mrs. Smith," she panted. "But Mr. Muggins's out of work, and there wasn't a bite to eat in the house. And the cold's come in so sudden that I never had no chance to get clothes and things, and I thought it wouldn't hurt me to run over this little way just as I was, but the cold it went through me and into my head like a knife."

"But haven't you your last winter's coat?" asked Mary.

"Mrs. Smith, it hasn't a button on it, and it's all ripped open down the back; it was just falling to bits, and I gave it to the rag-man. The raincoat I wore in the summer's gone, too. I did think of taking Mr. Muggins's coat, but we daren't keep only the least bit of a fire, coal's so dear and we have so little, and he said he must have it to wear in the house. I don't know how the children'll get through the day. I told them they'd better stay in bed—poor place as it is."

The housewife part of Mary ached as she thought of the abandoned washing and all her week's work upset, for she was following her heart, and hunting up underclothes and a warm, not-much-worn house-dress, that she had meant to fix over and wear herself again.

Mrs. Muggins, tearfully grateful, but certainly not fit for work that day, sat at her ease in the kitchen, warmly clad and eating hot stew, while Mary phoned in the hall to Mrs. McNabb. Mrs. McNabb was the president of the Ladies' Aid at the church, she was also able and willing to manage her own affairs and the neighbourhood's, and had granite-like principles which people feared more than they did the lady herself, as she always put them aside when they stood in the way of her doing a kindness.

NOW she answered Mary sternly on the phone, "It's entirely against my principles to help the Muggins any more; they are shiftless, and she's just as bad as the rest of them. What's that you say? you can't put even a shiftless person out of the house a day like this without a coat. No, I suppose not. You keep her till noon, and I'll send Johnny over with a coat I was going to put in the missionary barrel, it is a real good one, and it's against all my principles to give it to a shiftless creature like that."

This happened on Monday morning, and on Thursday afternoon the Ladies' Aid met, and as

they sewed in the pleasant church parlour, Mary told of the misadventure that had upset her washing day.

"Poor woman," said Nell Bird, a young wife who had just joined the church and society. "I would like to help do something for her. I suppose someone has been to her home?"

"Most of us have been to the Muggins's home," said Mrs. McNabb, grimly, "and I don't think we do right in giving them anything. She has no idea of management whatever. She washes for other people, but her home doesn't look as if she ever had a washing day there. I gave her a waist last summer with two buttons off, and she never put any on. She never mends anything. I don't believe that woman knows how to thread a needle."

"But perhaps she was never taught," suggested Nell.

"A woman who needs teaching to mend her clothes is—worthless," said Mrs. McNabb, snapping her thread off sharply.

"The Muggins are a social problem," said Mary to Nell. "If they were only the one family of them we wouldn't feel so worried about them, but unfortunately they are an increasing class in Toronto. Mr. Muggins works most of the summer, he is a very unskilled labourer, and he drinks a little on pay nights."

"I don't blame a man for drinking," Mrs. McNabb put in, "when his wife never cleans up or mends his clothes, and can't cook and won't learn how. That woman spends more on her table than I do—when she has the money—cooked meats and canned stuff, and then they have nothing. Their coal is given them, and they are practically clothed by charity. And I don't think it's right to give them what we do, it doesn't really help them."

"But we can't let the children suffer," argued Nell.

MRS. McNABB laid down her work. "No, we can't let the children suffer from hunger and want of clothing, so we 'help' them—to what? The eldest girl would be seventeen by now, she was a pretty little thing, and she left home a year ago. Best not ask where she is now. The next, a boy, is in the reformatory, for continual stealing. The next had his leg taken off by a heavy cart when he was running the streets, so the state can probably look after him in a home for incurables instead of a prison."

Nell looked helplessly at Mary. "I don't understand. The parents are not wicked, you say, and I should have thought that if Mrs. Muggins was shown how to do things, she would do them. Doesn't she look after her children at all?"

"No, she waits till they are done for, then cries a lot," said Mrs. McNabb, with grim truthfulness.

"But there must be some way to help such people," exclaimed Nell, her own eyes full of tears.

"To help those who don't know enough to help themselves is the hardest thing on earth," said Mary. "But I'm going to have a real try at the Muggins. I made up my mind on Monday that there must be a way somewhere to help such folks, and as I can't think of it myself, and none of you know anything, I am going now to Sergeant Simpkins. Would you like to come, too, Mrs. Bird?"

"Very much," answered Nell, eagerly. "But who is he? a police-officer? and what do you think he can do?"

"He's a woman and a saint, and wears the blue of the Salvation Army," answered Mary, smiling. "She is a very dear friend of mine, and if anyone could tell us what to do now, she can."

They walked briskly down the pleasant street, then turned down another, narrower one, where all the houses looked dirty, the windows dirtier, and either were shamelessly bare, or hung with discoloured rags. Nell was startled to think there was so poor a quarter so near where she lived. Then they stopped at a little roughcast house, whose windows showed almost glaringly clean between its neighbours. And they went in to meet Sergeant Simpkins.

She was a tall, very thin woman, rigidly upright in her prim dress of navy blue, with a tiny silver shield at its collar. Nell noticed little but her eyes, half hid by glasses, they were so smiling, yet so infinitely tender, so gentle yet so shrewd.

Nell looked round her. The house had no hall, only four fair-sized rooms, two up, and two down

stairs. The front room was decorated with religious pictures and texts, not of a high order of art, but everything was intensely clean, and there were more books about, and of a class Nell was surprised to see in a labourer's home. Mr. Simpkins, Mary had told her, earned little more than Muggins, who lived on the same street, and the sergeant was not strong enough to go out to work, though she took a little washing in. "But as a housekeeper," Mary had said, "she beats even Mrs. McNabb. She can't waste a minute, or a crumb. You will notice a paper bag hanging by the sewing machine. That is to put all the snippings and ends of thread in, and when the bag is full it is put away till enough collects to fill a cushion."

"I SUPPOSE there are no children," Nell had said.

"Dear me, yes, five. The eldest was just going to work, and able to earn something to help at home, when she felt she was 'called,' and she is now in training for a missionary."

"I should have thought she was more called to help her parents first," was Nell's answer.

"They wished her to go. And the next, a boy, is a smart little fellow; he had to leave school when he was thirteen, but he is working hard at the Y. M. C. A. evening classes, and he is a chum of my Horace's, they are both fond of reading, and like the same books."

Nell felt a burning desire to know what it was made the difference in these two labouring men's homes. Why was Jim Muggins a juvenile thief, and Fred Simpkins the chum of Horace Smith? She said something of it at last, as Mary and the sergeant discussed the Muggins.

"Just Christ," said Sergeant Simpkins, joyously. "Just give yourself to Him, and consecrate everything in you."

"Including your commonsense," put in Mary, quietly. "Now, Sergeant, the trouble with Muggins and their class is that they don't seem to have as much sense as others, who can be taught things. Now, what can we do to really help them?"

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves," quoted the sergeant, beamingly. "Isn't it a blessed thing that we can always find a verse of Scripture to guide us?"

"And now, Sergeant," said Mary, squarely, "can you tell us how we can 'bear,' that is, carry or lift up, these who are weak?"

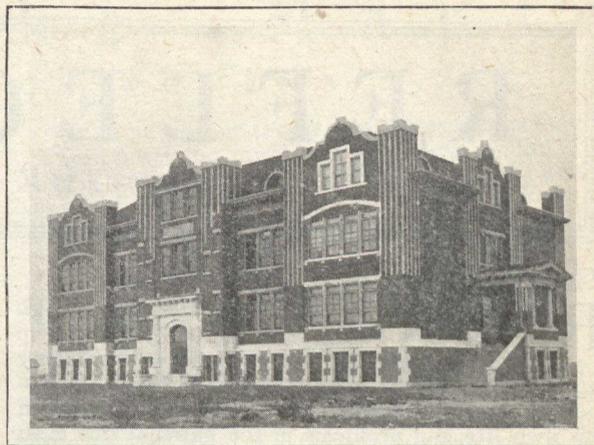
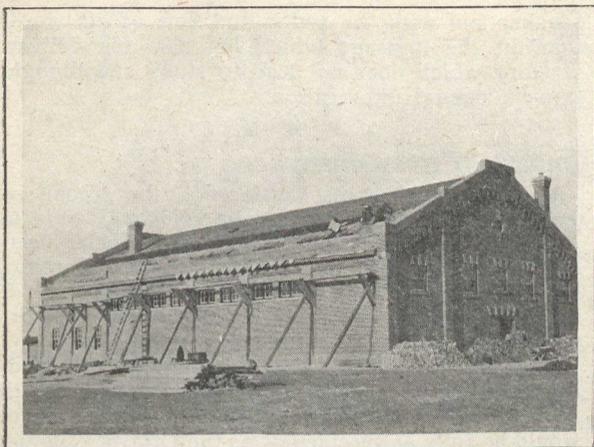
Sergeant Simpkins looked at her with eyes in which rapture was for the moment replaced by shrewdness. "I have thought a lot," she said, slowly, "of these folks who don't seem able to stand alone, and there was something I'd like to try for them. But it would take time, and money, too, though not much for a beginning. But the corps here can't take it up, we haven't the time or the workers, and besides, it isn't just straight Gospel preaching."

"Mrs. McNabb thought you could help us," said Mary, directly. "And I am empowered to hire you and your rooms for two afternoons a week to begin with, and we will take turns in working under your directions. Now, what is your plan?"

Nell was rather disappointed at what she heard; it seemed too simple, and not attractive enough, to do any real good among people like the helpless Mrs. Muggins. She was not able to volunteer to help in the work then, or even see how it did, as her husband was a railway surveyor, and had to leave town at a week's notice.

IT was nearly twelve months later that Nell stood on Sergeant Simpkins' doorstep again. She went into a crowded parlour where a dozen women, Mrs. Muggins and her friends, sat round with sewing in their hands, at which they worked slowly, constantly appealing to Mary for advice and help. Between whiles they were always watching a line across the room on which hung many garments, very evidently mended, but the darning and patching was at least strong, if not neatly done. Every garment had what looked like a price ticket on it, and puzzled, Nell would have asked what it meant, but Mrs. McNabb had risen, and all the room kept silence while she cut with flashing scissors little garments for children out of worn cast-offs of a man. Carefully and patiently she explained each detail as she worked, going over and over the same description. Then, as she finished, Nell was able

(Concluded on page 21.)



PROGRESS POINTS IN THE GREAT WEST.

There are Two Battlefords as There Were Once Two Edmontons. North Battleford, the New Town, Has Less Historic Colour Than South Battleford, the Old Capital of the Territories; But a Few Recent Examples of the New Town's Progress Are Shown Here in the New Armouries, Postoffice and High School Just Erected.

PUBLIC OPINION

A REPLY TO MR. CAHAN.

New Westminster, Nov. 14, 1913.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Why is it that your opponents of the Government naval policy always mis-state their facts?

Mr. Cahan, K.C., says that "in respect of the proposed Canadian Naval Service the suggestion is now made that the Canadian Government should vest the control of this service in the Admiralty," which is absolutely false, no one in authority having suggested any such thing.

The suggestion is made that the temporary control be vested in the admiralty, a totally different matter.

When the Canadian militia went to South Africa were they controlled by the Minister of Militia at Ottawa or by the War Office?

When they got through in South Africa they came back to Canada. When Canada wants her ships at home she brings them home.

And what analogy is there between the naval service and the "judicial, railway, customs, postal or lighthouse services"? Are the judges, trains, custom houses, postoffices, and lighthouses to hold themselves in readiness to float away in squadrons to fight an enemy?

Does Mr. Cahan, K.C., write this sort of thing because he is a "K.C.," or because he wishes to emulate Lewis Carroll?

If Canada had inaugurated her naval service when these others were begun, it would doubtless by now have attained an equal state of efficiency. But she is fifty years behind, and must make a long, quick jump to catch up.

A. E. WHITE.

FOOLISHNESS OF "GRAFT" TALK.

Crossfield, Alberta, Nov. 16, 1913.

Editor Canadian Courier:

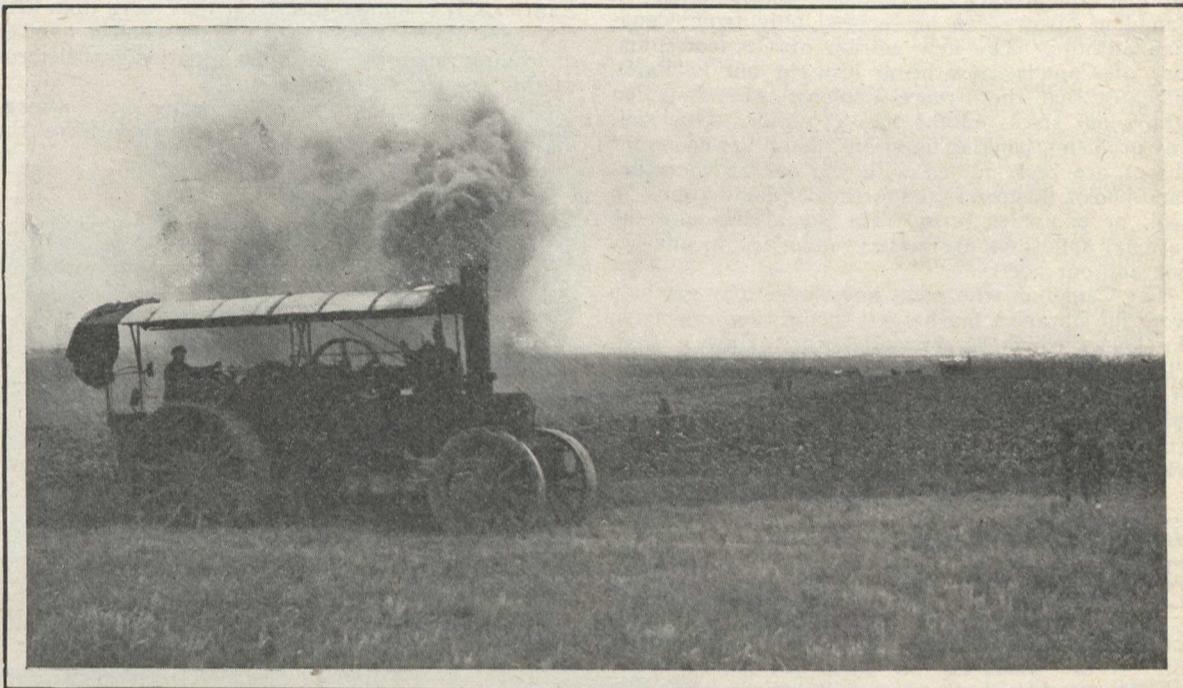
Sir,—It was with great interest that I read in your issue of the 16th inst. the letters published under the caption, "Canadian League." I was also much amazed to read the letter signed "Phillips Thompson." One naturally, if unfortunately, expects partisan sheets to print absurd charges of graft and thievery against the leading figures of the opposing faction; but to find that a man able enough to have a letter published in the Toronto Globe should deliberately accuse a Canadian Government of being capable of committing such offences is a revelation.

Leaving aside the question of naval defence, and the laudable object of the Canadian League, have we not, Mr. Editor, in Phillips Thompson's letter the very root of the greatest curse that besets Canadian public life? I refer to that utter inability, that some of us appear to show, to believe that others mean as well and are as honest as we ourselves.

The letter referred to is the very embodiment of that element of suspicion and distrust that pervades our electorate. Every Liberal (i.e., dyed-in-the-wool) firmly believes that Conservative Governments and their supporters are little better than cultured thugs, and vice versa. A change of Government ever represents to many a return to the lowest of Tammany methods.

This spirit, Mr. Editor, is surely the weakest link of all in the chain of our political system. It is the cause of preventing many great and able men from giving their services to their country. Once these men were to become prominent in the councils of the nation they would become the marks for every vile and discreditable name that disappointed partisans could lay tongue to. They are afraid, perhaps, that in time they might be tempted to earn the epithets so gratuitously hurled at them.

How can we expect to always, as heretofore, keep good, true, and honest men at the head of our body politic? We brand our leaders thieves and corruptionists; whereby, what opportunities we give to



PULLING SUGAR BEETS BY GASOLINE POWER.

Cardston and Raymond, Alberta, are the centres of the sugar beet industry in the West. Pulling the beets is the first industrial operation in the making of sugar. As shown in the picture, this is done, not by tractor machines that crush the beets, but by two cable engines with lifters going to and fro between.

those who are really bad! The cry of "wolf, wolf," is already stale. How long ere the real wolf appears?

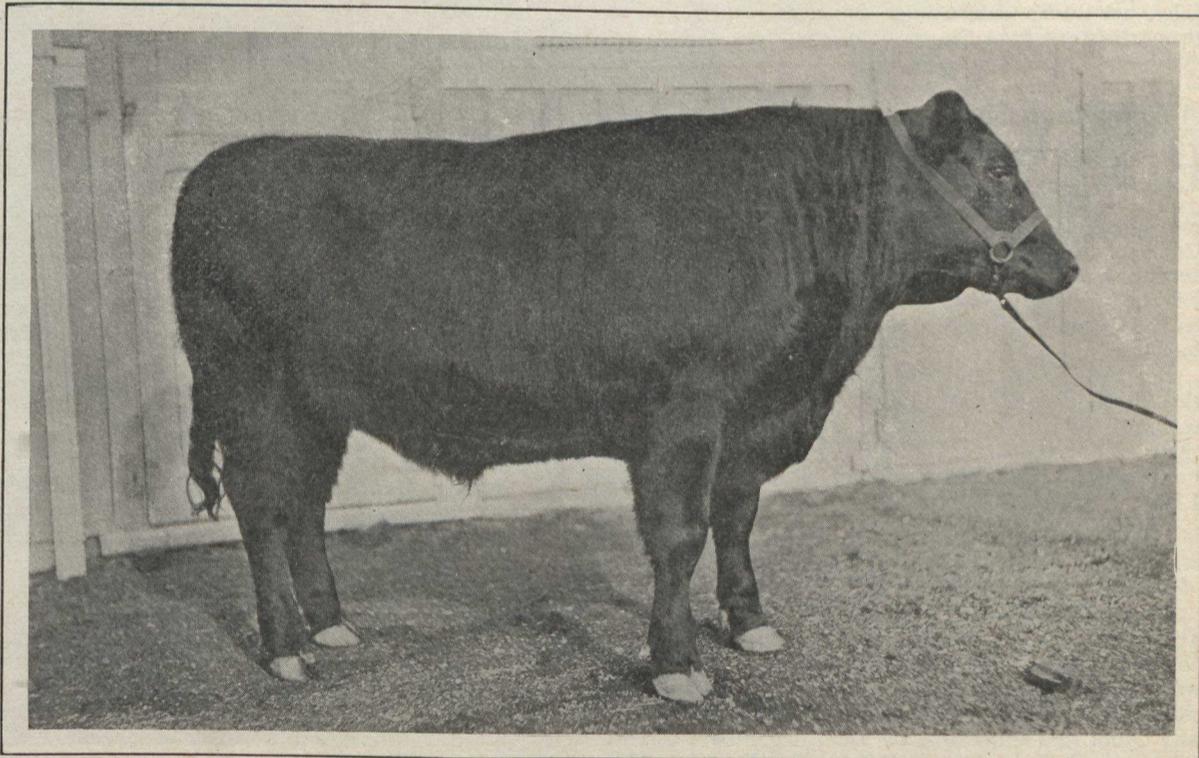
The trend of public life in Canada was vividly described by Dr. Michael Clark in his speech in the House of Commons on April 23. Behold! a great public man issuing a warning against graft and corruption in the national halls at Ottawa; and never a word of protest.

"I am afraid that the word 'graft' has a real meaning in this country." Oh! the shame of it! the pity of it! that a people should quietly listen to so scathing an indictment of its morals. Why do we

sit so still beneath the stinging lash of such scorn? Because we acquiesce in the charge, because we believe in the justice of it, and because the narrow-minded, bigoted and small-souled "Thompsons" teach us to expect it.

Let us cast from us all blighting suspicion and unite, as a nation, in giving to our public men, Liberal and Conservative, that credit for integrity, which is their due, and of which they are at least capable. Thus may we encourage them to reform other and equally important evils in the administration of Canada.

ELLIS H. MORROW.



THE HIGH COST OF LI VING AT A MAXIMUM.

With Porterhouse Steak at a Possible Dollar a Pound in the Future, This Champion Fat Steer, "Black Monarch," at the Recent Fat Stock Show in Toronto Becomes Almost an Economic Menace to Society. He Won the Championship Because He Carries the Maximum Expensive Cuts of Meat to the Hundred Pounds on the Hoof. He is a Cross Between a Shorthorn and an Aberdeen Angus, and Was Raised by John Lowe, of Elora, Ont.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Use of Books

RUSKIN said, "To use books rightly is to go to them for help." Canadians who need help must go largely to Canadian books. There are universal books, such as the Bible and Shakespeare, but the Canadian dealing with problems in his own life and problems in the national life must seek for assistance in volumes which have been produced in this country.

Canadian books are already so numerous that they bear on almost every question which is of supreme importance to Canada. Information on Canadian history can be secured only from Canadian authors. The new edition of Garneau's history of Canada, now being brought out in Paris, indicates that the French students of Canadian affairs put stress on the native author. Our railway problems, banking questions, and other economic phases are best studied with the aid of Canadian hand-books, histories and critical examinations in book or pamphlet form. The social life and the national ambitions are largely embodied in our fiction and our poetry.

The Canadian who seeks knowledge may get help from the libraries, but he gets inspiration only from the books which he himself owns. Carlyle said, "The true university of these days is a collection of books." Knowledge is important, but so is inspiration. A man gets these best in his own library. Further, a man is judged largely by the library which his friends find in his home.

Big Brothers and Books

BIG brothers who have small boys under their charge can do nothing better than to supply them with good books. But they must know the books themselves, before they will be able to interest the small boy in them. A book that is not discussed with the boy will benefit him little or not at all.

The big brother who is getting strong boots and warm clothing for some needy youngster, is not doing his whole duty. The young body needs food and raiment, but the young mind also needs food and stimulus. Let the Big Brother look back upon his own life and see how true this was in his case.

If any man who reads these paragraphs and has not yet become Big Brother to a small boy, his own or another's, let him reflect upon his opportunities. It may be possible that fifty years hence some prime minister, financial leader, or chief justice may look back a half century and say, "The books which my Big Brother taught me to read were the foundation stones of my intellectual life." The small boy who is taught that Aesop's fables or Henty's historical tales are more interesting than the "movies" is properly started on the road to greatness.

A Bi-partisan Settlement

BOTH the Halifax *Herald* and the St. John *Globe* devote a column editorial to expressing their confidence that the Canadian League is not a movement in favour of either the Liberal or the Conservative naval policy. That the leading Conservative organ of Nova Scotia and the leading Liberal organ of New Brunswick should be so fair to the League will be a source of comfort to the members.

But the *Herald* and the *Globe* are in favour of the Borden policy of giving three Dreadnoughts temporarily to Great Britain, and, judging from their comments, both are in favour of a Canadian navy ultimately. Each quotes approvingly the League's third object:

"3. To unite all citizens in non-partisan support of national undertakings, particularly those relating to national defence."

The Montreal *Gazette*, Toronto *Star* and Winnipeg *Free Press* have also signified their willingness to see the naval question settled on a non-partisan or bi-partisan basis. The Toronto *News*, in its issue of November 20th, says: "There is hardly any doubt that ultimately we shall organize a Canadian navy." It, too, is in favour of a Dreadnought contribution temporarily, but ultimately, "we should contribute seamen as well as ships to the common defence." The *News*, although a leading Conservative paper under the able editorship of Sir John

Willison, is also non-partisan enough to say, "It is no more necessary that a Canadian navy should mean separation from Great Britain than that a British navy should mean separation from Canada."

Thus the feeling in favour of a bi-partisan settlement of the navy question is gradually being extended. The idea was not original with the Canadian League, but with a group of men in Toronto and Winnipeg, who, in September, 1912, framed the non-partisan memorial which was signed by three hundred of Canada's most prominent citizens and forwarded to Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It is known positively that more than fifty members of the House of Commons and a number of leading senators also favour a national settlement of this great national question.

The leaders of the two great parties have a magnificent opportunity to show that they have the

AT SEVENTY-TWO



Last Week Sir Wilfrid Laurier Celebrated His Seventy-second Birthday. This is a Characteristic "Speaking" Picture of Him.

qualities of statesmen by acting upon the suggestion which has been so largely approved by the press and the public.

What Canadian Clubs Forget

CANADIAN clubs, or most of them, have forgotten that part of their business is to study Canadian literature and Canadian art. They seldom entertain a Canadian author or artist unless he is also a notable orator; and they seldom or never discuss Canadian literature or art as such. They are overwhelmed by the desire to entertain Big men. The other day the Canadian Club of Toronto turned out in large numbers to meet a Big Man who had few words and no message for them. If they had been asked to attend a meeting to hear a Small Man on Canadian literature, which is a Big Subject, most of them would have had "previous engagements."

The average Canadian Club member is like a man who goes into a great civic library, looks around at the countless rows of books, admires the vaulted ceilings and the system of lighting, remarks "How beautiful!" and goes out. His senses have been pleased, but his mind has not been enlarged.

Not that the speeches delivered to Canadian clubs are uninspiring; they are beneficial to the man who himself is a keen student. But the weakness is in the attitude of the average member who is listening. He is more concerned with the reputation of the

speaker and with the rhythm and flow of his words than in the message which he has to deliver. Oratory which does not lead to study and thought is mere mental intoxication.

Imperial Press Conference

AN Imperial Press Conference, the second of its kind, will probably be held in Canada in 1914. The matter came up at a special meeting of the Canadian Press Association, in Toronto, last week, and was unanimously endorsed. A special committee, with Sir John Willison as chairman, was appointed to work out the details.

A press congress in Canada, attended by the leading journalists from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Great Britain, and other parts of the Empire would be fully as spectacular as the Ottawa Colonial Conference of 1894. The greatest need of the Empire to-day is unity of feeling and unity of aim. This cause would be tremendously advanced by another such congress as was held in London in 1910. It would help to create a broader sympathy and a deeper interest among men who have most to do, outside the official circle, with moulding public opinion and unifying the national desires and ambitions of this great collection of autonomous commonwealths. Besides, it would bring to Canada a body of men who, many of them at least, have studied Canada and Canadians only at long range. The visit of so many distinguished journalists would be a further striking evidence of the part which Canada has played and is playing in the development of colonial nationalism as a cohesive force in empire-building.

Education in Quebec

THAT the Province of Quebec is making rapid strides toward a higher standard of public school education is manifest at each session of the Quebec Legislature. Last week, Mr. Letourneau introduced a bill into that body to amend the school tax law, providing that telephone and other companies should pay school taxes on all immovables such as poles, wires and rails. This act is necessary because of a recent decision by the Montreal Superior Court.

Further, Mr. Langlois is continuing his agitation to have an increase made in the salaries of country school teachers along the lines of the Whitney legislation in Ontario. Lay teachers in the country districts of Quebec get an average salary of \$155, and this can only be increased by some such legislation and assistance as was given in Ontario about five years ago. Mr. Langlois may not always show judgment in the advocacy of the reform, but he has done much by his speeches and writings to pave the way for further reforms.

Maligning Mr. Borden

ALTHOUGH Premier Borden is taking a breathing spell on a certain Virginia golf course, the Liberal papers keep on talking about his wickedness. It appears that our imports from the United States have increased \$156,000,000 during the first two years of Mr. Borden's premiership, while our purchases from Great Britain increased only \$29,000,000 in the same period. And the Liberals blame Mr. Borden. Of course this is only one of his sins, but it happens to be the one in vogue just now.

One must feel a great measure of sympathy for any man who is premier of this country. He is sure to be abused without stint by men whose revenue is derived from the profits of partisanship. The Liberals who read these misleading despatches sent out from Liberal headquarters at Ottawa must either be lacking in intelligence or they do not take their daily papers seriously. That they would tolerate papers which insult them so, is almost beyond belief. Of course, it would be the same on the Conservative side, if Sir Wilfrid Laurier were still in office. There is no distinction between the parties in this respect.

Canada's trade with the United States is growing fast because the United States manufacturer pays special attention to this market. Britain's trade grows more slowly because the British manufacturer pays less attention to this market. An examination of the advertising columns of this or any other national journal will give ready-made evidence of a convincing nature on this point. Premier Borden cannot wake up the British manufacturer any more than Sir Wilfrid Laurier could have done it.

Perhaps the British manufacturer deserves more consideration in the tariff than he has received, but the kind of talk now being indulged in by partisan journalists does not help in discovering the solution of a great trade question.

At the Sign of the Maple

A NEWS DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

The Planning of Our Town

A Parable Which May Be Aptly Applied to More Towns Than Weston, in the Making of Which Mere Woman Had No Finger

By BERTHA DAWSON

THE man from Mars was asking us how we made our town.

"First all the houses are built just anywhere the owners like, then we make streets between the houses."

"But nearly all your streets are straight and of a good width," said the man from Mars.

"Oh, we make them wider and straighten them afterwards."

"Doesn't that cost a good deal more?" he asked, in surprise, for in Mars the wise expenditure of money is taught in the schools.

"Oh, yes! It costs more. But then different people pay it and they don't notice it much."

"These roads seem very rough, are they just made?" asked the man from Mars.

"Oh, no, they were made years ago, but we have just been pulling them up to lay water mains, and that makes them a bit rough."

"Are you going to improve them now?"

"No, we will spend a few thousands on them, but next year we may put in sewage pipes, so that will all be wasted."

"Would it not cost less to plan the streets and lay the trenches before making the road?"

"Oh, yes, it would cost less, but we prefer to do it this way."

"How do you make your parks?" asked the man from Mars.

"Well, we don't need parks till the town is closely built up and the land very expensive. Then we buy some piece of land that we think desirable, pull down the buildings and plant trees. In ten years it makes quite a nice park, with some fountains and so on."

"Don't you think it would be wiser to buy land as the town grows, when it was cheap, and before the fine old trees were cut down? A park like that is so much prettier."

"Oh, yes, it would be cheaper and better, but people here don't expect to live very long, and of course they don't care how things are after they die."

"All these factories seem to make a good deal of smoke," said the man from Mars.

"Oh, yes, but we like them. We scatter them all over the town, and then they're not noticed so much. Everybody gets some smoke and so we get used to it."

"Why don't you put them all together, and keep the dirt and smoke out of your homes?"

"Dear me, that would take a lot of planning ahead, we don't bother to do that here," we replied.

"WHAT are these strange wild things that come roaring down the streets at 60 miles an hour?" asked the man from Mars.

"Those are steam engines."

"Is it not rather dangerous to have them at large in your streets?"

"Oh, we make them stick to their own street. They are not allowed to run on our roads. We made a plan about that," we said, complacently.

"I saw a child run right in front of one just now. How was that?"

"Well, you see, after we gave them their road, it wasn't long before our roads needed to cross their road, so we get in their way quite often and get killed."

"Could not you have planned to avoid this?"

"Oh, yes, we could have. Some towns do. But we don't like thinking about the future, and planning is hard work."

"What is that man doing over there?" asked the man from Mars.

"He's building a house for himself and his wife," we replied.

"What's he got in his hand?"

"That is an architect's plan. He will build the house according to that."

"Let us look at it," said the man from Mars, and taking the plan, he continued:

"It is very warm to-day, yet this man is putting a furnace in his house."

"It is cold here in the winter," we answered.

"He is building quite a large house, with more rooms than he will need."

"His family will grow, of course."



MRS. DAWSON AND SON.

The Lady is None the Less Ardent a Mother For All That She is President of the Town Improvement Society of Weston and Writer of the Clever Fable, "The Planning of Our Town," on the Present Page.



THE DUCHESS CAJOLE THE BUTCHER.

The Duchess of Marlborough Founded, Last July, in London, a Woman's Municipal Party Which is Non-Political. The Party Has Now a Candidate, in Mrs. Cassidy, for Membership on the Battersea Borough Council, and Her Grace is Pictured Here in the Role of Campaigner.

"He is putting in sewers and water connections."

"He knows the town will soon install both."

"His house is to be brick, when wood would surely be cheaper!"

"Lasts longer, burns less coal, lower rate of insurance," we murmured.

THE man from Mars thought awhile.

"Is not this wise man a councillor? He would show you how to plan your town."

"No. But we choose five men as wise as he. Over there is one of their wisely laid out houses, and we ask them to plan for us, but they don't plan."

"Let us go to his house, and ask him why," said the man from Mars, and we approached the councillor's house.

The councillor was digging in the garden.

"You are planning your garden for months ahead," said the man from Mars; "can't you plan a little for the town? It seems to be a helpless muddle."

"I thought I could when I was elected," said the councillor, "but the voters won't stand for any expenditure but what is absolutely necessary at the moment. They can't think ahead."

"Isn't that man building the house a voter?"

"Oh, yes, he's a voter."

The man from Mars looked puzzled, and then said: "The voters seem to understand planning their houses, why don't you try planning for the town?"

"Oh, pshaw, you don't understand politics," said the councillor. I might not get elected again if I tried that, and he went on digging his garden, while the man from Mars walked thoughtfully away.

Recent Events

MISS Mary Ard Mackenzie, of Ottawa, superintendent of the Royal Victorian Order of Nurses in Canada, was occupied with a tour of inspection of all the branches in and about Vancouver, recently.

Government pensions for all women, whether widows or not, who are left alone with small children to bring up, were recently proposed in Victoria, B.C., by a delegation from the Social Service Commission. A member of the delegation was Mrs. Hannington, who is regent of a local chapter of the I. O. D. E.

Ladies who participated in the amateur production, "The Mikado," of which a performance was given, recently, by the Hamilton Operatic Society, were: Miss Myrtle Currie, as Yum Yum; Miss V. Schutz, as Pitti Sing; Mrs. Caldwell, as Peep Bo; and Miss Lily Tovell, as Katisha.

Eleven of the season's charming debutantes were recently entertained at a dance in Winnipeg given by Mrs. William J. Tupper, in honour of her "bud" daughter, Miss Emma. The eleven were: Miss Emma Tupper, Miss Lorna Nichols, Miss Betty Machaffie, Miss Madge Macarthur, Miss Nora Elliott, Miss Frances Peters, Miss Mary Tuckwell, Miss Dorothy Martin, Miss Edwina Higginson, Miss Dorothy Boger and Miss Blanche Montague. Other guests present numbered about three hundred.

The Women's Canadian Club of Calgary recently tendered a delightful reception to Miss Margaret Anglin, at whose performance of "As You Like It" the majority of the members had been present. The guests were received by Mrs. Scott in the absence of the president, Mrs. Langford.

One of the most fashionable weddings of the year was that of Miss Margaret de Hertel Cunningham, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Cunningham, to Mr. William Murray Denny, second son of Sir Archibald Denny, Bart., of Cardross Park, Cardross, Dumbartonshire, Scotland. The wedding took place on November 6th, at All Saints Church, Ottawa.

The Western Art Association, through its president, Mrs. Allan Ewart, has intimated (Concluded on page 22.)



Courierettes.

MILITANTS threw hammers at the judge that sentenced them to jail. Real knockers, those girls.

Sir Henry Pellatt's appeal against an assessment of \$250,000 on his new castle was dismissed. The knight should be pleased to know that the place is worth a quarter of a million.

A son has been born to General Sir Robert Baden-Powell. Safe betting the little chap will be a Boy Scout before he's cut his teeth.

Canadian millionaires are joining in a movement to bring big British actors to Canada. Seems to be a preferential tariff in the Dominion for the old country players.

Now they have invented an alarm clock which pulls the bed clothing off when it sounds its shrill warning. That seems like adding insult to injury.

Dufferin Post informs us that Judge Britton ate his meals in a public dining room in the hotel at Orangeville. It was decent of the judge to give the natives a chance to see a real live judge swallow something more than words.

A man in Germany was arrested for staring at a policeman. They'll be arresting people for what they think over there some of these days.

Then, again, there are some policemen who would like to arrest a chap if he ignores them. So what is a poor fellow to do?

Vaudeville managers must be hard up for attractions. They have signed up Dr. Cook for a tour. Or perhaps they figure that all the world loves a — (choose your own word to finish this).

There are liars and liars, but the average thermometer is in a class all its own.

Now that Prof. Stephen Leacock, of Montreal, declares his opposition to woman suffrage, the suffragettes will denounce him as being a greater joke than the jests he writes.

Berlin Library Board will not put the Orange Sentinel in its files. Correct. A sentinel's place is not in the file.

After a thorough search in the records we find that verse is the only thing sold by meter that is fairly cheap.

A Toronto man was asked the other day to go to a vaudeville show. He said he preferred to attend the session of the City Council.

Col. Sam Hughes, Canada's War Minister, says Canada is to have the best shooting army in the world. The Colonel probably desires to make up for the absence of a Canadian navy.

The Contrast.

In olden days they all did praise
The goose that laid the golden eggs—
That's nothing! Now the housewife
pays

Just sixty cents for olden eggs.

Crane's Life Regret.—William H. Crane, the famous character actor and comedian, who though not born in Canada, may yet be ranked as Canadian on account of his many years of residence in the cities of the Dominion, when he was playing in stock companies, is one of America's wealthiest actors.

He has become wealthy largely by reason of careful accumulation and wise investment of his coin. He is, to put it mildly, cautious.

Mrs. Crane, who is his constant companion on his tours, sometimes makes a joke at the expense of her husband's frugality.

In conjunction with Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. Crane will shortly revive

"The New Henrietta." The other day at a rehearsal Fairbanks remarked that he was buying his costumes from a fashionable and expensive tailor.

Up spoke Mrs. Crane. "Why don't you go there, Will, and get the real thing?"

"Oh, I know a department store where there is an excellent cutter," replied her husband.

Mrs. Crane turned to Fairbanks. "It has been the great regret of Will's life that Woolworth does not conduct a tailoring department."

More Practical Than Poetical.

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
She took it to a slaughter house
And the poor thing felt awfully cut up.

Men Love Darkness.

(A Drama in One Act.)

Oh, turn the gas jet low, my love,
When you I come to see—
The light that lies in woman's eyes
Is light enough for me.
(Low lights and melting music.
Curtain.)

Properly Placed.—"I see the English militants are organizing an army."
"Yes, but what division of it will they put the married woman in?"
"That's easy. The infantry, of course."

Safer—And More Satisfactory.—Just at this time of the year many men go into the northern woods to hunt up a hunk of venison. We prefer the safer method of hunting it in some of the meat stores.

Mr. Simpson's Singing.—James Simpson, the Toronto labor leader, is a versatile man. Just now his chief concern is to get elected to the Board of Control. He has been a member of the Board of Education, he was on the Technical Education Commission that the Laurier Government sent to Europe and the United States, he has held high offices in the labor bodies, he has clashed with the police because he insisted on making Socialistic speeches from a soap box at street corners, and he has risen from printer's devil in the newspaper business to be an expert municipal reporter. These, however, are trifling things compared to the fact that James is a singer.

James will not deny that he is proud of that tenor tone of his, and thereby hangs this tale.

Just recently Mr. Simpson attended a reunion of former members of Parliament Street Methodist Church. That east end church has had many noted members in its history, including Mayor Hoeken and R. J. Fleming. Most of them were there on this occasion. Mr. Simpson had a jolly time and met several members of a class he used to teach in Sunday school some years ago.

But somebody asked him to sing. He sang.

A few minutes later he met a young woman who was once one of his class members.

"Glad to see you, Jimmy," she said (they all call him "Jimmy"), "and I hope you will be elected, but I am afraid you have lost several perfectly good votes here to-night."

"How's that?" queried the astonished Mr. Simpson.

"Did you not sing a little while ago?"

The Three Of Us.

I want but little here below,
My wife a trifle more—
But our small boy when Christmas comes—
He wants the whole blamed store.

What About That Uplift?—Toronto had three "crook" or "underworld"

plays last week at three of its theatres, and in each of the trio the hero of the play was the crook. Did anybody hear anything about that stage uplift movement? The stage is no higher than the heads of the audience, it seems.

The Difference.

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When in dollars and cents you
abound—

But the fellow worth while
Is the chap who can smile
When the jobs are too few to go
round.

Any Way You Like.—A Toronto man named Moon has married a girl named Day.

Now what?
Will it be a total eclipse of the Moon?

Or will the Moon shine by Day alone?

Those Tango Teas.—Toronto tea rooms have introduced what is called "the tango tea" affair. One takes a girl along, drinks tea and dances the tango.

Sounds interesting, but the fact that tea is the beverage rather takes the tang out of tango.

Easily Explained.—Daily papers tell us that Evelyn Nesbit Thaw has called detectives to her aid because she has been receiving threatening letters.

After seeing her stage performance we can easily understand that such letters might be written by folks who take life seriously.

A Concrete Case.—"Is there anything in the Bible to show that you can't keep a good man down."
"I can't think of any one the moment."

"Why, certainly, there is. The whale found it out when he swallowed Jonah."

Some Work for the Two Sams.—In the new edition of the Standard Dictionary there are 150,000 new words. This should keep those two amateurish talkers, Hon. Col. Sam Hughes and Ald. Sam McBride, busy for a day or two.

In the Woods.—The good old Toronto Globe gives us a pretty bit of prose entitled "An afternoon in the Woods."

Possibly the Globe's method of indication that it is still with its party.

Caught On the Fly.—Some chaps are so cussedly crooked that when they go to a ball game they want to steal the diamond. A base design, did you say?

The World Do Move.—The island on which Robinson Crusoe was stranded is now to be a mid-ocean wireless station. Can one imagine a stronger comment on the changes wrought by the passing of time?

Not Reciprocated.—Harry Thaw says he wants to come back to Canada. This country is not exactly inclined to meet him with brass bands at the border line after the sad show that some of its eastern citizens made of themselves.

And, while we are on the topic, it might be remarked that Thaw's best argument for his freedom is that his Canadian applauders are still at large.

Truth and Its Abuse.—A witness in a magistrate's court in Nova Scotia had sworn that on the 29th of the month he had been at a certain place. "Where were you on the 30th?" he was asked.

"Sawing wood for Jones."

"And on the 31st?"

"Hauling hay for Brown."

"And on the 32nd?"

"Working for Smith."

"And the 33rd?"

The witness was about to reply when his wife interposed.

"You old fool," she exclaimed, "don't you know there are only 32 days in a month?"

Have You Read

T. TEMBAROM?

This new book by Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is a charming novel, admittedly one of the best of the season, and certain to be widely read. Everyone will be talking about it shortly. Hence it will make a splendid Christmas gift.

—T. Tembarom, \$1.40—

Agnes C. Laut's Latest THE NEW DAWN

A striking narrative of remarkable vastness of conception, and with great concentration and strength by a writer of whom Canada may well be exceedingly proud.

—The New Dawn, \$1.25—

THE STORY OF WAIT- STILL BAXTER

Like Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's "Rebecca" books, this her newest, has an abundance of charm, and the same heart-touching features which make her work appeal to so many readers.

—Waitstill Baxter, \$1.25—

THE CHIEF OF THE RANGES

By H. A. CODY

Author of "The Frontiersman," "The Long Patrol," etc.

This one is a story of the early days of the Klondike regions—full of stirring situations, with a strong love theme.

Chief of the Ranges, \$1.25

Your bookseller has these, and can give you a host of other helpful Christmas suggestions.

Drop into his store to-morrow.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Publisher

TORONTO

The best human nature story on the market this year.

SECOND EDITION ON SALE.

WILLIAM ADOLPHUS TURNPIKE

By WM. BANKS.

TURNPIKE marks another milestone in the onward march of Canadian literature.

Very soon the question of the day will be:

Have you read "TURNPIKE"?

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A tear just once in a while."

"Wm. Banks reveals the wit, wisdom and humanity of an office boy who carves out a career for himself."—T.P.'s Weekly.

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The Year in Canadian Poetry

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

INTO Canadian poetry Miss Pickthall's volume "Drift of Pinions" comes romantic, full of colour and light, with intricate subtle melodies. We can trace no relationship with other Canadian writers of verse, and can only suppose that Miss Pickthall would have written in the same way if she had lived in any other country. Canadian life has not left an impression on this writer's genius, or, as far as we can judge, the impression has been slight. Yet since she has lived in Canada from early childhood until the publication of this volume, the outward world, familiar to us, has been transformed by her imagination into the romantic and almost Oriental visions of her poems. This remarkable contrast between the work of other Canadian poets and Miss Pickthall's poetry can be best seen by placing such a poem as her "Song of Late September" side by side with Charles G. D. Roberts' beautiful "Song of the Common Day: The Sower." Roberts writes:

A brown, sad-coloured hillside, where
the soil
Fresh from the frequent harrow,
deep and fine,
Lies bare; no break in the remote
sky-line,
Save where a flock of pigeons streams
aloft,
Startled from feed in some low-lying
croft,
Or far-off spires with yellow of sun-
set shine;
And here the Sower, unwittingly
divine,
Exerts the silent forethought of his
toll. . . .

Against this Canadian landscape
place Miss Pickthall's recital of ex-
quisite images; it is a Canadian land-
scape, too, but shone through by a
light from fairy skies.

In this irised net I keep
All the moth-winged winds of sleep,
In this basket woven of willow
I have silk-weed for your pillow.
In this pouch of plaited reeds
Stars I bear for silver beads.
Choose my pippins for your money,

Reddening pears as smooth as honey,
Golden grapes and apricots,
Herbs from well-grown garden plots;
Basil, balm, and savoury,
All sweet-smelling things there be,
Fruits a many and flowers a few—
Fiery dahlias drooped in dew,
Wood-grown asters faint as smoke,
Flame of maple, frond of oak. . . .

Miss Pickthall's poems are not pro-
found, nor do they make the heart
tremble. But they are very beautiful
in measures, picturesque details, and
imagination. How subtle and exqui-
site are the verses of the little poem
"Wanderfeld."

O would I had a swallow's wings, for
then I'd fly and find it;
O would I had a swallow's heart, for
then I'd love to roam!
With an orchard on the hillside, and
an old, old man to mind it,
O there I'd lift my lodge at last and
make my home. . . .

There is a memory of Mr. Yeats in
this song.

Mrs. Sheard's "The Miracle and
Other Poems" is of quite a different
character. It is a good work, sweet
and lovable, a woman's songs of the
ways of the world. The haunting
mystery and fairy magic of Miss Pick-
thall's work is not here. Mrs. Sheard
writes for the ordinary mortal when
he is in need of cheer and good wishes.
"The Heart Courageous" is one of
her best songs.

Who hath heart courageous
Rests with tranquility,
For time he counts not as his foe.
Nor death his enemy.

Besides these two volumes, the
additions to Canadian verse this year
include a new edition of Miss Pauline
Johnson's "Flint and Feather," with
four hitherto unpublished poems, and
a foreword by Mr. Theodore Watts
Dunton; "An Oxford Book of Cana-
dian Verse," compiled by Mr. Wilfred
Campbell; and "Love and the Uni-
verse," by Albert D. Watson, with an
introduction by Katherine Hale. None
of these volumes is as yet published.

Growth of Imperial Catalogue

By MARJORY MacMURCHY

DID any prophet know three years
back that the astonishing char-
acteristic of Canadian books in
1913 would be the amazing growth of
the Imperial catalogue? Just what it
means will have to be resolved by
statesmen. Here little can be given
beyond a list of the outstanding works.
As significant as any other publica-
tion in their own way are the series
called "Moccasin Prints," issued in
Montreal, and Mr. J. S. Ewart's "King-
dom Papers." "The Round Table," a
quarterly, has established itself as an
influence throughout the Empire; pos-
sibly its influence is greater in Lon-
don even than it is in Melbourne and
Toronto; the quarterly is recognized
as being inspired by remarkable abil-
ity. Lord Milner's speeches, collected
under the title, "The Nation and the
Empire," give Imperialism as the reli-
gion of a statesman. His introduc-
tion is as fine a statement as a great
man can give to his contemporaries
of the reason why he so orders his
life. "The Britannic Question," by
Mr. Richard Jebb, voices the sover-
eignty of the allied states, but points
out the fact that there are no longer
Imperialists and non-Imperialists. The
question now is only how the Imperial
contract is to be devised. "Imperial
Architects," by Mr. A. L. Burt, a Cana-
dian Rhodes Scholar, is a history of
schemes devised for the union of the
Empire; the most interesting part of
the history deals with discussions
previous to the American Revolution.
"Canada as an Imperial Factor" is by
Mr. Hamar Greenwood. "Canada and
Sea Power," by a writer who calls
himself "Christopher West," has a
great deal more passion than convinc-
ing argument. Professor J. L. Mori-
son, of Queen's University, in a Bulle-

tin of the Department of History on
"British Supremacy and Canadian
Autonomy," deals with somewhat the
same ground as Mr. Jebb in his "Brit-
annic Question." Many magazine
articles of weight and learning argue
what we shall do in the future, which
is to be more perfect than the present.
Lord Milner's definition of the spirit
of Empire unity as "boundless toler-
ance" is completely balanced by Mr.
Jebb's belief in "a conscious sense of
mutual aid in living."

IN history, biography, and travel, the
year has been noted in Canadian
publications. Of these volumes the
one most written about was Mr. Gold-
win Smith's Correspondence, edited
by Mr. Haultain; generally speaking,
more regret has been expressed than
satisfaction with regard to this pub-
lication. Sir George W. Ross's "Get-
ting Into Parliament and After" is
characterized by a pleasing spirit of
gayety and bravery; it is not remark-
able for political revelations, but it
shows how a political career is well
planned and brought about. The
"General Economic History of the
Dominion, 1867-1912," by Professor
Skelton, in its own way is as close a
study of Canadian politics as has ever
been published. "Quebec, the Laur-
entian Province," by Mr. Beckles Will-
son, is readable and informing.
"Leading American Inventors," by Mr.
George Iles, reads like a collection
of popular magazine articles. "Amer-
ica As I Saw It," by Mrs. Alec.
Tweedie, with several excursions into
Canada, is amusing and audacious
without being accurate or important.
Mr. Ogilvie's "Early Days on the
Yukon" is a capital book by a man of
action who is not a practised writer;

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some of his stories are inimitable. Colonel Wood's "In the Heart of Old Canada" is a collection of fine historical articles; his chapter on French-Canadian chansons is probably the best work that has been published on the subject. Mr. W. S. Herrington's "History of the Counties of Lennox and Addington" is a dignified and scholarly production. Miss Weaver's "A History of the Counties of Ontario" is careful and interesting; these sketches first appeared in the Weekly Globe. Colonel G. T. Denison's celebrated "History of Cavalry" has been reprinted during the year. Other works of some importance are "New England and New France," by Mr. James Douglas; "The Coming Canada," by Mr. J. K. Goodrich; "The Real Canadian," by Mr. J. A. T. Lloyd; "How to Buy Land in Canada," by Mr.

L. Hornby; "Wild Animals in the Yellowstone," by Mr. Thompson Seton; and "In the Heart of Gaspé," by Mr. J. M. Clarke. Special mention should be made of Miss Machar's "Stories of the British Empire, a modern treatment of famous stories, and of the excellent handbook, prepared and published by members of the staff of the University of Toronto for the Geological Congress, "The Natural History of the Toronto Region," edited by Mr. J. H. Faull. One of the most important publications of the year is "Rural Life in Canada," by Rev. John Macdougall. This book should do much to bring about a great advancement in Canadian life, and should be carefully read by leading Canadians. Mr. C. H. J. Snider's "In the Wake of the Eighteen Twelvies" is history in picture form, and good history too.

Canadian Books of the Year

FICTION.

The Law-Bringers. G. B. Lancaster. Musson Book Company.
The Judgment House. Sir Gilbert Parker. Copp Clark.
Behind the Beyond. Stephen Leacock. Bell and Cockburn.
The Blue Wolf. Lacey May. Musson Book Company.
Candlelight Days. Adeline Teskey. Cassell.
The Harbor Master. T. G. Roberts. Cassell.
William Adolphus Turnpike. Wm. Banks, Jr. Dent.
The Great Gold Rush. W. H. P. Jarvis. Macmillan.
Empery. S. A. White. Musson Book Company.
The Moccasin Maker. Miss Pauline Johnson. Briggs.
The Passing of Oul-i-But. Alan Sullivan. Dent.
Precious Waters. A. M. Chisholm. Langton.
The Traitor. Clifford Smith. Briggs.
The Feet of the Furtive. C. G. D. Roberts. Macmillan.
Guinivere's Lover. Mrs. Glyn. Langton.
Two Shall Be Born. T. G. Roberts. Cassell.
Linked Lives. D. Kinmount Roy. Copp Clark.
Greater Love Hath No Man. F. L. Packard. Frowde.
In the Wake of the Eighteen Twelvies. C. H. J. Snider. Bell & Cockburn.
The Golden Road. L. M. Montgomery. Page and McClelland & Goodchild.
Pussy Black-Face. Marshall Saunders. Page.
The End of the Rainbow. Marian Keith. Westminster.
The Chief of the Ranges. H. A. Cody. Briggs.
Jack Chanty. Hulbert Footner. Musson Book Company.
Finding His Soul. Norman Duncan. Musson Book Company.
The Love That Lasts. G. B. Burgin. Hodder and Stoughton.
The Way Home. Basil King. Musson Book Company.
Children of the Wild. C. G. D. Roberts. Macmillan.
The Point of View. Mrs. Glyn. Langton.
Lord Straneleigh Abroad. Robert Barr. Ward Lock.
Shagganappi. Pauline Johnson. Briggs.
Princess Elizabeth. Lynn Hetherington. Macmillan.
The Wilderness Castaways. Dillon Wallace. McClelland and Goodchild.
On Board the Beatic. Anna Chapin Ray. McClelland and Goodchild.

POLITICS, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, Etc.

Rural Life in Canada. Rev. John Macdougall. Westminster.
Getting into Parliament and After. Sir George Ross. Briggs.
Canada and Sea Power. "Christopher West." McClelland & Goodchild.
Self Government and How It Was Won. F. Bradshaw. McClelland & Goodchild.
Quebec, the Laurentian Province. Beckles Willson. Bell & Cockburn.
Through Our Unknown South West.

Agnes Laut. McClelland & Goodchild.
Leading American Inventors. George Iles. McClelland & Goodchild.
General Economic History of the Dominion. O. D. Skelton. Publishers' Association.
The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith. McClelland & Goodchild.
The Real Canadian. J. A. T. Lloyd. McClelland & Goodchild.
America As I Saw It. Mrs. Tweedie. Macmillan.
The Britannic Question. Richard Jebb. Longmans.
Early Days on the Yukon. Wm. Ogilvie. Bell and Cockburn.
Seeing Canada From the Tonneau. T. A. Wilby. Bell and Cockburn.
A History of the Counties of Ontario. Emily P. Weaver. Bell and Cockburn.
A History of the Counties of Lennox and Addington. W. S. Herrington. Macmillan.
Canada As An Imperial Factor. Hamar Greenwood. Collins.
A History of Cavalry. Col. G. T. Denison. (New Edition). Macmillan.
New England and New France. James Douglas. Briggs.
The Nation and the Empire. Lord Milner. Briggs.
Wild Animals of the Yellowstone. Thompson Seton. Briggs.
The Coming Canada. J. K. Goodrich. McClelland and Goodchild.
Camp-fire on the Canadian Rockies. W. T. Hornaday. McClelland and Goodchild.
The Natural History of the Toronto Region. Ed. by J. H. Faull.
The Canadian Year Book of Art. Arts and Letters Club. Dent.
Imperial Architects. A. L. Burt. Frowde.
Stories of the British Empire. Agnes M. Machar. Briggs.
In the Heart of Old Canada. Col. Wm. Wood. Briggs.
How to Buy Land in Canada. M. L. Hornby. Macmillan.
The Heart of Gaspé. J. M. Clarke. Macmillan.
Through the Heart of Canada. Frank Yeigh. Canada Facts Publishing Co.
My Life With the Eskimos. Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Macmillan.
British Columbia in the Making. J. B. Thornhill. Copp Clark.
Ten Thousand Miles Across Canada. Joseph Adams. McClelland and Goodchild.
St. Anne of the Mountains. Effie Bicknell. McClelland and Goodchild.

POETRY.

The Miracle and Other Poems. Virna Sheard. Dent.
The Drift of Pinions. Marjorie Pickethall. Canada, The University Magazine; England and United States, Langton.
An Oxford Book of English Verse. Frowde.
Flint and Feather. Pauline Johnson. New edition enlarged, preface by Theodore Watts Dunton. Musson Book Company.
Love and the Universe. Albert D. Watson. Introduction by Katharine Hale. Macmillan.
Rippling Rhymes. Walt Mason. McClelland and Goodchild.
Echoes From Vagabondia. Bliss Carman. McClelland and Goodchild.

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Helping Mrs. Muggins

(Concluded from page 14.)

to greet and question Mary.

"Any woman is welcome here from two to five, on two afternoons a week," explained Mary. "The clothes which we used to give away or make over, are now brought here, and the class under the direction of two teachers—we take turns at that—do some at least of the making and mending themselves. As an article is finished, it is priced by the sergeant and Mrs. McNabb, and hung on the line as you see. Then every month we have a sale."

"Mary Smith, you don't mean to tell me those poor women have to pay for old things they have helped mend themselves?"

"Not in actual money, dear; we should have to wait a long while for that. But don't you remember Sergeant Simpkins' plan at the start—the class is open for three hours in the afternoon, for every hour a woman is present she gets a ticket marked 'ten cents.' With these she buys the articles she wishes."

"I remember now," said Nell doubtfully. "But does it work?"

"Look," said Mary softly.

Nell looked—at Mrs. Muggins, still as untidy and unfastened as of old, but there was interest in her pale eyes as she fingered a skirt on the line, and counted over a heap of soiled tickets in her hand.

"I have given Mrs. Muggins a better skirt than that," continued Mary, "carefully mended by myself, and she has accepted it as a matter of course, and taken no care of it. Now to get that one she has managed to attend every meeting of the class for a month, somewhere near on time, and sit doing sewing of a sort—which she loathes. And when she has the skirt you will see that she will try to take care of it, in her own style. You may not think it to look at her, but she bought the dress she is wearing with tickets, and she has made occasional attempts to clean and mend it."

"Very occasional, I should imagine," said Nell.

"Mrs. Muggins will be Mrs. Muggins to the end of the chapter," said Mary. "But do you see that girl Mrs. McNabb is speaking to?"

"I noticed her when I came in—a beady eyed, hard faced, little thing. Why, doesn't she look different now? She has quite a nice smile. Whatever can Mrs. McNabb be telling her?"

SHE is Jane Muggins, aged 13.

You know the three eldest of the Muggins's came to be a charge on the State. I know of nothing but this class that has kept Jane from following her sister. She has gotten hold of the delight of working for what she gets, and every class day she rushes straight from school to put in an hour here, and she is really a good little sewer—which Mrs. McNabb takes care to tell her. You see she is quite neat, which is wonderful for a child her age who has no help from her mother. That means at nights, instead of running with a lot of neglected girls round the streets, and waiting by moving picture shows, hoping that somebody—anybody—will take her in, she stays in to fix her clothes, and boss the younger children into the way they should go. She isn't a bright child at school, but since my Molly and some nice girls have let her into their set, she sticks very steadily to her lessons. I talked to her teacher about her, and at sewing time Jane is held up for a model for the others to copy. I am afraid Jane wouldn't do to put in a Sunday school book yet; she is very conceited; she slaps the children at home more than perhaps is necessary, and she is often disrespectful to her parents. But in her case conceit has given her what she needed most of anything—self-respect. Then nothing can hurt the Muggins children as much as to be left as they were. And Jane's parents, between pride at actually having someone belonging to them who seems to be admired by society, and fear of her sharp tongue, never interfere with her doings, and

her father, especially, tries spasmodically to encourage and help her. Altogether, I think we may hope we have really helped Mrs. Muggins."

"Thanks to that blessed Sergeant Simpkins in the beginning," said Nell, "where is she? I don't see her here."

"You will in a minute. She is in the kitchen."

It was past five now. Jane Muggins and two or three of the younger women, whose dress and briskness showed they had been "lifted out" of the slough of helplessness where the others lived, cleared the work things away, then handed round cups and saucers, plates and spoons. Then tea was brought in, and poured out, and lastly the sergeant entered, with a huge, steaming baked pudding. This was served, a blessing asked, and Nell found herself sitting by Mrs. Muggins, eating like her, a generous slice of bread pudding, guiltless of milk or eggs, but palatable with abundance of sugar, and a good sprinkling of currants, and, Nell suspected, a little plain dripping.

"Say, this is real tasty," said Mrs. Muggins to Nell. "Wonder how she made it? It beats all the things she can make out of stuff you'd throw away."

Here Sergeant Simpkins stood up, and said, "You all saw that big basket of crusts Sister McNabb brought in. I heard Sister Muggins say that she didn't know I kept chickens. I don't, and you are eating those crusts and bits now, baked up in a pudding."

Mrs. Muggins looked dismayed at Nell. "Why crusts and things are always mouldy and dirty," she whispered.

"Nothing that comes out of Mrs. McNabb's or the Sergeant's kitchen could be anything but good to eat and clean," answered Nell, taking another spoonful of her pudding, and reassured, Mrs. Muggins went on with hers, while the sergeant described its making in detail, and Nell watched Jane drinking in every word.

A Remarkable Novel

ONE of the very best novels of the year—which is also turning out a best seller—is "T. Tembarom," by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the lady who wrote "Little Lord Fauntleroy" some years ago, and "The Dawn of a To-morrow" more recently. "T. Tembarom" is a very clever book. A keen news instinct, Sherlock-Holmes-like observation, and a ready pen are its big features. It is the story of a New York boy who grows up alone, and from selling newspapers on the street, gets, in young manhood, a society news assignment on a daily. When he is in the midst of making good on his job he finds himself the reputed heir to a castle and estate in England. The greater part of the story concerns itself with Tembarom as an English lord of the manor. There are two love stories and a "mystery" to make the book even more attractive.

But its real charm is the wonderful way in which Mrs. Burnett has caught the spirit of two continents, and played them one against the other. Americanisms and Englishisms are reproduced with a fidelity which is remarkable. There is a gap between the hidebound English idea of what a gentleman is and the Yankee conception. Tembarom "fixes" the gap not by spanning it, but by ignoring it, short shrift being the New York way of doing things.

All through "T. Tembarom" is brilliantly witty, which is a good deal harder of attainment than being just funny. How Tembarom deals with his valet—fancy a newspaper man, on twenty per, ascending (or, perhaps, descending) to a valet!—is a piece of subtle, droll humour that few writers could equal. Every page has a laugh for the reader, and always the laugh is justified. Humour, pathos and love are here. What more do you want? From cover to cover the book is entirely human. Its author must be a charming person to meet. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$1.40 net.)

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At the Sign of the Maple

(Concluded from page 17.)

to the committee in charge of the new art school at the Industrial Bureau, Winnipeg, that it will give two annual scholarships, one of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and one of seventy-five dollars for the two lady students making the greatest progress during the session. The committee also reports that Luscombe Carroll, of the Carroll Art Galleries, London, England, has generously donated one hundred dollars for the student making the greatest progress during the session. It will also endeavour to secure sufficient funds for two additional scholarships for male students.

THE St. George Chapter, I.O.D.E., Toronto, of which Mrs. Capreol is regent, was addressed at its opening meeting for the season by Sir John Willison on the subject of "Imperialism."

THE amateur performers in the musical farce, "Every Kid," given in Victoria recently, pleased their audience, according to reports, in spite of the crying inelegance of the title. Miss Phyllis Davis made a piquant heroine; Miss Muriel Hall was "Prudence"; Miss L. Haggerty, "Fashion"; and the parts of "Mirth" and "Innocence" were played, respectively, by Miss Bass and Miss Prendville.

THE Women's Canadian Historical Society recently held its annual meeting in Toronto. Papers were read by Miss MacCallum, Miss Fitzgibbon and Miss Mickle. Officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Mrs. Forsyth Grant; First Vice-President, Miss Fitzgibbon; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Campbell Myers; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Seymour Corley; Recording Secretary, Miss Clara Port; Treasurer, Miss Chauncey Tocque. All of whom were elected by acclamation.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Vancouver, last week held a society circus at the Horse Show Building, in aid of the animals' home. President of the Woman's Auxiliary is Mrs. E. J. Enthoven, Shaughnessy Heights.

CONSPICUOUS figures at the bazaar in Winnipeg which resulted in six thousand five hundred dollars proceeds for the benefit of the Children's Hospital were:—Mrs. C. P. Walker, who directed the vaudeville bill; Mrs. Lyle Crossen, who conducted the fish-pond; and Miss Grace MacArthur, who played ragtime between band numbers in the evening.

THE Count and Countess de Lesseps, who are now in Victoria, B.C., recently paid a visit to the north of Vancouver Island, where properties are owned by Sir William Mackenzie.

MRS. ALICE STEBBINS WELLS, the Los Angeles policewoman, gave an address in Ottawa last week under the auspices of the local Suffrage Association. The society, through the kindness of the proprietors, edited the issue of the Montreal Herald on Nov. 26th. Arrangements are now being made for a luncheon to be held at Chateau Laurier, Dec. 6th.

A RECITAL on "Canadian Women Writers" was recently given at the Normal School, Stratford, by Mrs. Jean Blewett, of Toronto.

LADY SHAUGHNESSY has fully recovered from her illness of the past few months and is now able to be out again, much to the delight of her family and friends in Montreal and elsewhere.

A DELIGHTFUL reception was tendered Miss Anglin, recently, by the Women's Canadian Club of Edmonton. It is pleasant to note the cordial feeling which prevails among Canadian women toward the native actress. Miss Anglin is being consistently feted in the western cities in

which at present she is being heard in Shakespearean repertoire.

THE ladies of the Strathcona Curling Club, of Winnipeg, already have held their annual meeting and now are looking for ice. Officers elected for the coming season are:—President, Mrs. Hugh Mackay; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. F. R. Munro and Mrs. A. B. Donley; Secretary, Mrs. Skinner; and Treasurer, Mrs. A. B. De Armond. Convener of the social committee is Mrs. McCullough.

MRS. JOHN MACDONALD, a pupil in singing of Signor Otto Morando, sang acceptably last week to a critical audience as one on the programme at a Liszt evening given in Nordheimer Hall, Toronto. Pianist of the evening was Herr Walter Kirschbaum; soprano, Mrs. Macdonald; baritone, Mr. Arthur George; and accompanist for his pupils, Signor Morando. Mrs. Macdonald sang with excellent production and with feeling and instinctive interpretation. Her selections were: Victor Hugo's song, "S'il est un charmant gazon," and Heine's dramatic "Die Lorelei." Her brilliant presence is distinctly a platform asset, as is also her perfect command of the art of dress.

A WOMEN'S Civic League has been formed in Winnipeg as a result of thought and activity on the part of the Political Equality League. In all probability its first enterprise will be to run a woman candidate for school trustee. President of the new league is Mrs. W. C. Perry, otherwise "Philistia," the "Canadian Courier's" Winnipeg correspondent.

"CALGARY women," says the Edmonton Journal, "are just now considering the advisability of bringing forward a woman candidate for school trustee, and if they can secure the support of their local council—which is an affiliation of all the women's societies—they will do so. This is an experiment on Calgary's part, and Lethbridge is also getting into line, following the example of Edmonton which expressed itself, two years ago, by electing Miss Bessie Nichols, who came within an inch of heading the polls. Miss Nichols' work on the school board has been eminently satisfactory, and nothing but a serious breakdown in health would have prevented her entering the contest again, and no doubt successfully. Now there is a new candidate in Edmonton, Mrs. E. L. Hill, who, it is expected, will sustain the honours won by Miss Nichols."

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Toronto Street Railway Situation

HOLDERS of Toronto Street Railway stock have been much encouraged by the developments of last week. The report of the valuers was satisfactory, but their report had to be submitted to two experts before the Mayor was willing to put the question of purchase before the city council for decision. If these two advised the purchase, the Mayor was willing to go ahead and complete the purchase; otherwise, he was not.

The experts have both reported favourably. Mr. John MacKay, the well-known accountant, was asked whether he would advise the purchase of the Street Railway, and the Toronto Electric Light Company. He said: "I have no hesitation in advising the completion of the transactions on the conditions stated herein." His chief basic conditions are: (1) "Competent management freed from all municipal and political influence or interference"; (2) "payment of the purchase price of \$30,000,000 by an issue to the vendors of a like amount of four and a half per cent. thirty-year debentures, at par." This was more satisfactory than was anticipated. Mr. H. H. Couzens, general manager of the Toronto Hydro-Electric, reported only on the possibilities of combining the Toronto Electric Light with the Hydro-Electric. He also was favourable in his analysis. According to him, there would be: (1) A reduction of staff expenses, etc., of \$150,000 a year; (2) a further saving in the use of spare T. E. L. underground ducts, poles, etc., of \$50,000 a year; and (3) extra benefits from consolidation and elimination of duplicate construction in future. While he does not actually advise the purchase, he puts the proposition in a very favourable light.

The question of purchase must yet be passed upon by the city council and voted on by the ratepayers. Whether these votes are favourable or not, all the reports to date indicate that the holders of Toronto Street Railway stock have every reason to be confident that the assets of the company are in good condition and that the prospects are satisfactory.

Regarding the Market

THE stock markets seem consistent chiefly in their inconsistency, this last three or four weeks. For as soon as there is what may be called consistent improvement for some little time, and people's confidence is in some sort restored, something happens—Mexico won't behave, or the Balkan people will fly at each other's throats, or some thrill comes and brings in its train depression. Then when depression has become the order of the day, and we are more or less cutting our coat according to our cloth, the skies clear, and we find ourselves bound to get up enthusiasm again, which, no sooner have we done than some municipality or other is turned down again in London, and the hopes of the people sink to zero. And so on.

There are, however, one or two signs of hope. The success of the Montreal loan in London is a cause for thankfulness, and should go a long way towards restoring confidence. The Mexican situation is, on the whole, rather better than worse, and no news from the Balkans is, we hope, good news. Then, again, Sir Frederick Williams Taylor has returned to London, and his reassuring words on the situation in Canada should—in the vernacular of the moment—"help some." Sir George Paish, the distinguished editor of the London "Statist," has words of wisdom. He says: "Conditions are fundamentally sound . . . and the disposition to go slowly has created an atmosphere of suspended animation." Which, being construed, is, "Business is slow, but there is no reason for abandoning hope."

Weathering the Storm

THE report of the Royal Securities Corporation is chiefly significant for the frank way in which Mr. A. R. Doble, vice-president, told the shareholders exactly how their corporation had managed to finance all through the crisis. Mr. Doble said: "For this year of 1913 we have something



Mr. A. R. Doble, Vice-President Royal Securities Corporation.

to be much more proud of than any profit-making record, and the shareholders can be assured that this year's profits will be quite negligible. But our unapproachable record in another respect should give every one connected with the corporation intense gratification. The Royal Securities Corporation has provided the cash requirements of every corporation for which it acts as financial agent, involving the supply of many millions of dollars. With the banks refusing advances, curtailing lines of credit and pressing customers for repayment; with bond houses declining to purchase securities and bankers to issue them, this corporation has enabled its clients to continue construction and progress by furnishing funds for their legitimate capital requirements and at the same time the companies have realized a good price for their securities."

It will be remembered that when other like corporations were showing large profits at the end of 1912, the Royal Securities adopted different methods, and that policy has been amply justified.

An Excellent Showing

MR. H. V. MEREDITH has made his last annual report for the Bank of Montreal before handing over the task of active management to Sir Frederick Williams Taylor. The Montreal's report has never been more promising. It reveals a new high record in the matter of profits, and shows, too, that the general assets have taken another long forward step. Net profits for the year were \$2,648,402, which is an advance upon the last fiscal year of \$129,994. They represent 16.5 per cent. on the paid-up capital. This is the best yearly showing the bank has ever made. During the year a record amount was distributed in dividends and bonuses, the figure being \$1,920,000, compared with \$1,894,101 last year.

The liquid assets are \$10,000,000 below last year, but the bank has evidently

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deemed it politic to reduce its call loans materially, while current loans increased by about ten million dollars. It is recognized that in view of the fact that the last twelve months have more or less reflected unsettled financial conditions, the statement is eminently encouraging.

On and Off the Exchange

Montreal Loan Well Received

THE Montreal City Loan for \$8,500,000 four and a half per cents, at 98 1-2 redeemable in 1953, has been well received in England, but the English financial writers make much of the fact that Montreal has applied rather frequently lately for money, and one paper pertinently adds that if Montreal is so pressed for funds, what must be the position of smaller municipalities? The figure, 98 1-2, may be considered satisfactory, when it is remembered that Alberta's recent loan, at five and a half, was issued at 95, and is now about two and a quarter discount. The Montreal loan was a success; it makes the third flotation for the Big City this year. Altogether, England has put up \$21,800,000 for these three flotations.

A Favourable Report and a Favourable Outlook

THE Sherwin Williams Company of Montreal has come out with a report that reflects a good year past, and a better year to come. Extensions are completed to the plant at Winnipeg. Earnings for the year ended August 31st were \$763,346, a sum of \$186,407 more than last year. After depreciation and bond interest were taken care of, there was a net of \$558,562, which represents 18.62 per cent. on the preferred, and 8.71 per cent. on the common stock. The feature of the annual statement was the announcement of the setting up of a contingency fund, a "Special Reserve Fund," to be used for contingencies. A hundred thousand dollars has been set aside for this. No dividend was announced on the common stock.

Windsor Hotel Annual

THERE was a good deal of criticism levelled at the directors of the Windsor Hotel Company, of Montreal, by the shareholders, because a copy of the annual statement was denied them. Three or four days later, the statement appeared, and seems to justify much that was said as to the management, or mis-management of the company. Net profits for the year were \$41,087. In 1912 they were \$182,743, and a drop of something over a hundred and forty thousand dollars, or seventy-seven per cent., needs explaining. The total revenue this year showed a decrease from last year of \$180,438, and the total expenses an increase of \$53,763 over the 1912 year. Those figures looked gloomy enough, but it was found that, in addition, the rest fund which, on October 21, 1912, stood at \$116,963, has been totally wiped out, and the surplus which at the same date stood at \$481,638, has been reduced to \$450,569.

The general explanation given is that the year has been a hard one for hotels, travel having fallen off considerably. Whatever the reason, the shareholders of the Windsor are more concerned with the fact that the half-yearly dividend of five per cent. had to be dropped this last half year.

Earns Over Twenty Per Cent.

A GOOD many concerns seem to have been disturbed by financial worries during the year passed, but trust and loan companies appear to have come out on top, and with colours flying. Another loan corporation which has an excellent annual statement is the Trust and Loan Company of Canada, with head offices in London, Eng. Net profits for the half year ending September 30th were \$310,910, which is a slight increase over the net for the first half year. After all depreciations, there is a balance of \$140,500 available for distribution. Out of this amount, the directors have decided to distribute an interim dividend at the rate of nine per cent. per annum for the six months.

Success of Steel Issue

ANOTHER incentive towards setting at rest some of the prognostications concerning Dominion Steel was a despatch from London which states that the underwriting of the new \$3,500,000 six per cent. five year notes has been successfully concluded. Subscriptions were largely in excess of the amount of the issue. The lists were closed, therefore, two days in advance of the set time.

A New Company

DOWN in Montreal, they have decided it is time to have a good milk supply, and the Model Dairies, Limited, has been organized with a capital of a million dollars. Its declared purpose is that of providing a high grade milk supply for the city. An issue is to be made at once of \$450,000 seven per cent. cumulative preferred stock at par, carrying with it a bonus of fifty per cent. common. The names on the directorate look good enough: Sir Montagu Allan is chairman, and H. S. Holt, C. R. Hosmer, C. B. Gordon, R. Y. Younge, and others appear on the board.

A Distinguished Writer

SIR GEORGE PAISH, editor of the London "Statist," which is the most authoritative financial weekly in Great Britain, will be in Canada shortly. Sir George is recognized as being a dean of economics. Since he was a boy of fourteen he has been associated with the "Statist." He has risen from being secretary to the editor to the editor's desk, which he has occupied since 1900. In June of 1912 he was knighted in recognition of his splendid work as a statistician and authority in economics.

Sir George is a F. R. S. S.—which being elucidated is, Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society. He has been for some time a member of its council. He is an extensive publicist and has written much that is valuable on financial subjects.

On a Five Per Cent. Basis

A STOCK which is just beginning to be more or less talked about is West Kootenay Power, and it is likely to be heard more of on the Montreal Exchange, since it has been put on a five per cent. basis, the company having declared a quarterly dividend of 1 1-4 per cent., payable December 1st. West Kootenay Power is attracting attention. It is pointed out that while it is not a get-rich-quick concern, during its existence of sixteen years it has regularly paid its dividends—they number sixty-two for that period—and seems to be in excellent shape. Its six per cent. bonds are in demand in the London market.

Next Week's Meetings

THE Quebec Bank, and the Acadia Sugar Refining Company, will hold their annual meetings next week.

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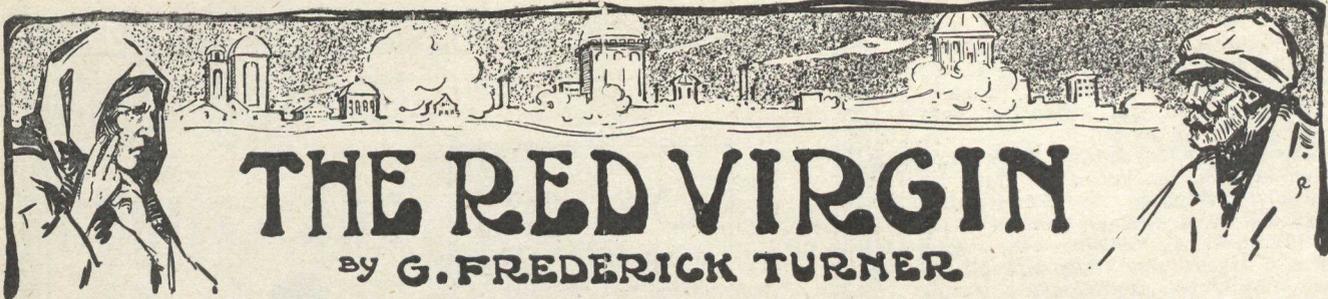
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THE RED VIRGIN

By G. FREDERICK TURNER

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

"YOU talked about the angels of Heaven coming down to hell," he said. "I am not an angel, God knows, but to-night I have been in hell. I brought my wife and some ladies on an expedition of pleasure and interest. I made myself responsible for their safety. I was not equal to the task. The storm arose and I could not prevail against it. I failed; I had betrayed my trust. I, Saunders, whose name was famous throughout Grimland, could not protect my wife and guests from a shameful death. I smiled, you say. Ye gods, there was more agony in that smile than most men learn in a lifetime. It was a grim lesson, Red Virgin. Hell teaches us strange lessons; it teaches us to forgive our enemies."

The Red Virgin bit her lip, as if to control some emotion.

"That is priest-talk," she managed to blurt out.

"Even priests talk truth when they speak the master-word, unspoiled by theology," he retorted.

The Red Virgin flashed a glance on the speaker, but Saunders' gaze was stronger than her own, and she turned her head away. She was utterly puzzled. One to whom hunger and thirst and misery were close companions, she had often risked her life, and on more than one occasion sacrificed her liberty. She had nursed sick men and women through loathsome and contagious diseases. She had starved herself that little children might live. In the midst of open vice she had lived a life of unsullied chastity. And by this process of incessant suffering and utter self-negation she had built up a wondrous power—the power of a mystic. And now for the first time in her career she met a man who faced that power and did not bow to it. Had he defied her or reviled her, as men sometimes did, she could have dealt with him. But he treated her with a sort of fraternal kindness, a strong sane compassion against which she had no armour. Perhaps for the first time in her life she was conscious of her sex, and realized that the big, complacent Englishman, so strangely compounded of common sense, muscle, and kindheartedness, was not a creature to be dominated like the others, but rather to be looked up to as a master.

Then, in the midst of her bewildering thoughts, the practical side of her nature asserted itself. She called out the three men she had named before, and some half-dozen others. An ambulance corps was formed, and the sufferers in the late encounter were dispatched to the hospital of the Samaritanhof in the Goose Market.

When they came to Major Lacherberg the wounded soldier rose to his feet and declared his unwillingness to go into hospital.

"It is nothing," he said thickly, for there was a clot of blood in his mouth. "I was a fool to tumble down for a trifling knock like that, as if I were a recruit in his first action. I must be getting old. I am going to walk home."

"Then wrap up your face," Saunders called out, "or the cold will get into the wound, and there'll be trouble."

Lacherberg blundered up to Saunders, and held out his big hand. The latter took it after a moment's hesitation.

"It's been dirty work to-night," said the Major. "I was a gentleman once and would not have undertaken it. I'm gentleman enough now to be glad it's failed, if only for the ladies' sake. It would have been stiff work saving them, if my fellows had won the mastery. But the thing was fated to

be a failure. Your friend has a destiny, and if he hadn't he has Saunders for a friend, which amounts to the same thing."

"Is it necessary to be against us?" asked Saunders, lowering his voice to a whisper.

Von Lacherberg shook his head.

"I cannot change masters," he said, almost sorrowfully. "I wish I could; but I am not built that way. I am Cyril's man, and for good or ill I do his business to the end of the chapter. But you saved me from the rope to-night, and I thank you, for it is not good that a man who was once a gentleman should be strung up by the ruff-raft of the slums. For the rest, look upon me as an open enemy, one who will fight against you with lead and steel, yet one who prays that Fate will jog his arm and blunt his sword when the time comes to end the quarrel."

The stiff arm went up to salute, and turning on his heel the hard-bitten old dragon marched unsteadily out of the "Persian Vaults."

The hall was already half empty, and those who still remained were hastening to take their departure. Further dancing was out of the question. Why the police had not put in an appearance was a mystery to all except those who were in the confidence of Herr Drechsler, the Prime Minister; and as their arrival was deemed probable and imminent, and there was no further excitement to warrant a dangerous delay the emptying process went on with great rapidity.

THE proprietor had emerged from obscurity, and with the assistance of his staff, was working in his shirt-sleeves at setting straight the disorder and debris of the battlefield. The band had taken their departure, and some of the big lights were switched off.

Saunders having satisfied himself that the ladies, including Mrs. Perowne, who was now recovered from her faint, were in a condition to essay the journey home, turned his attention to the damaged Fritz. Here he found himself forestalled by the Red Virgin, who with the help of Phoebe Perowne, was bandaging the gashed cheek and lacerated wrist in a scientific and efficacious manner.

Saunders whispered something in his wife's ear. It was not an endearment; it was merely a compliment on her present collected demeanour after an ordeal of such a terrifying nature. Yet the words seemed to please her, for her eyes danced and her lips quivered.

"The wife of Robert Saunders must be above suspicion of weakness," she said. "But your poor arm—Red Virgin, your next patient is my husband."

The Red Virgin said nothing; she was busy completing her surgical task on Fritz of Friedrichsheim.

"Will he live?" asked Phoebe tremulously.

"Yes, he will live," answered the Red Virgin. "But he will look less like a pretty woman in the future. That gash on his face has spoilt his beauty for all time."

The words were contemptuous, and Phoebe resented them.

"He was wounded a second time because he scorned to defend himself against a woman," she said.

"Doubtless!" was the bitter retort. "His class have gentler methods with the other sex. They pamper a body and kill a soul. They would be kinder if they reversed the process."

"You know him?" asked Phoebe.

"Yes, I know him," said the Red Virgin meaningly; "and if you will take my advice you will not know him."

The words implied much. They distinctly suggested the dangerous libertine. But Phoebe, having seen Herr Lugner do one fine thing, was unwilling to hear a recital of his moral delinquencies, and changed the subject.

"You have saved our lives," she said. "We owe you a deep debt of gratitude."

"You gave me a gold piece earlier this evening and told me to save twenty lives. I have made a beginning." The Red Virgin finished her iast knot on the bandaged wrist, and telling Phoebe to sprinkle the still unconscious man's face with water, turned her attention to Saunders.

"Are you in pain?" she asked in commonplace tones.

"Yes, I think so. In fact I am sure of it." Saunders' tones were more callous than her own, and added a touch of banter.

The Red Virgin winced perceptibly. "Steady!" said Saunders. "You should be used to the sight of blood, Red Virgin."

The woman bit her thin lips savagely, and banishing weakness, made a critical survey of the wound.

"Give me your handkerchief," she said.

He obeyed.

She bound the wounded member carefully, but a bright red stain won through the enveloping linen. She undid her work, and tucked the drenched rag into her bosom.

"Another handkerchief, Frau Saunders," she demanded. "The bullet has gone through the forearm, passing between the radius and the ulna," she went on in tones of unemotional precision. "It will not give you much trouble."

"You are a surgeon!" ejaculated Saunders, surprised at her glib use of scientific terms.

"I have studied surgery and chemistry," she admitted. "I can set a fracture, make up a tonic or an emulsion, mix the ingredients of an antiseptic wash—or an infernal machine."

"You are a very capable person," laughed Saunders. "Who told you, by the way, that there was trouble in the 'Perser Gewolbe'?"

"A man came to me in great urgency to the 'Three Cats.'"

"What sort of man?"

"A man with a very pale face, white haired but not old."

"Not Langli, General Meyer's manservant?"

"I do not know his name or his business, but I often see him about. He is not an anarchist, or a 'night-wolf,' but from his quiet walk and shifting eyes I should say he was a burglar."

"A forger, I believe," corrected Saunders, "but he may have studied other branches of the profession. Anyway he did a wise thing in summoning you."

THE Red Virgin finished her task of bandaging Saunders' arm in silence. When it was completed she said:

"Now we are quits. You gave me money and in return I have been of service to you."

"It seems to me the balance is a heavy one against me on the score of obligation," said Saunders. "Is it any good offering you more gold?"

She looked at him as if he had insulted her.

"No, it is not," she said, almost fiercely.

"Why not?" persisted Saunders gently. "It would not be for yourself, but for others in great need."

"You have no understanding," the Red Virgin blurted, and turned away.

"That is true. I do not understand you, any more than you understand me. I do not understand why you

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CONTENTS.

Introduction—The Conquest of Happiness—Thought—The Act—Conscience—Education—Moral Clear-Sightedness—Egoism and Altruism—Meditation—Tolerance—Indulgence—Humility—Moderation—Patience—Courage—Chastity—Sincerity—Kindness—Idealism.

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study nitro-glycerine bombs, and you do not understand why I don't hate my enemies. Nevertheless, I fancy we respect each other, and as far as I am concerned, I not only respect the Red Virgin, but I like her very much."

The woman turned as if she had been stabbed in the back. Men did not like women in the Morast—they regarded them with hot passion or icy indifference. In her own case, being of a different clay, they worshipped her. And the Englishman's simple words, spoken so frankly in the presence of his wife, seemed at once so much and so little. Hate or love she could understand, for the society of the Morast was founded on them. Devotion or detestation she was accustomed to in her daily tasks. But friendliness, subtly but not offensively patronizing, was a thing beyond her ken. It was as if an angel from the Heaven she did not believe in, visiting the hell which she identified with the Morast, had stopped, not to pity a condemned soul, but to shake him by the hand with the fraternal condescension which only the truly great know how to rob of offensiveness. She who had never conceded the right of one man to be set above another, realized dimly, but with growing certitude, that as the earth has its valleys and mountains, so has mankind its gulfs and eminences. In the dark valley of the Morast she was an eminence. Beside Saunders she was a very humble hill.

"Go back to your Palace, Herr Saunders," she cried bitterly. "Go back with your wife and friends, and never trouble the Morast again."

"I am going," he said simply. "But you have my soiled handkerchief on your person. Let me relieve you—"

A strange gleam lighted in her eyes, a thunder-flash of some inexplicable spirit-storm, and her hand closed on the gory relic as if the thing he had demanded was some precious and inviolable possession.

Utterly astonished, Saunders was about to repeat his request when the entrance door of the "Vault" was thrown open. A second later an officer in high boots and a heavy riding-coat white with powdery snow entered the hall. It was General Meyer. Behind him followed four other officers with drawn swords, and in their midst, also in uniform, was a youth of seventeen. The latter was the son of the late King, young Karl, the uncrowned King of Grimland! In the street, visible in the white light that poured through the open doorway, was drawn up a troop of Dragons.

"We seem to have arrived a little late in the proceedings," said Meyer, putting his eyeglass to his eye; "I expected a battle, I find a stricken field."

"Who summoned you?" asked Saunders.

"The admirable Langli. After a fruitless visit to the Juden-haus, I returned to the Palace to see that all was as it should be. I was engaged in arranging some matters connected with to-morrow's funeral cortege with His Majesty, when Langli appeared with his tale of woe. I at once asked permission to borrow Nolda's Dragons, and His Majesty, with great spirit, though against my advice, announced his determination of accompanying us."

"WE are indebted for admirable intentions," said he, "and to His Majesty for his kindly interest in our safety."

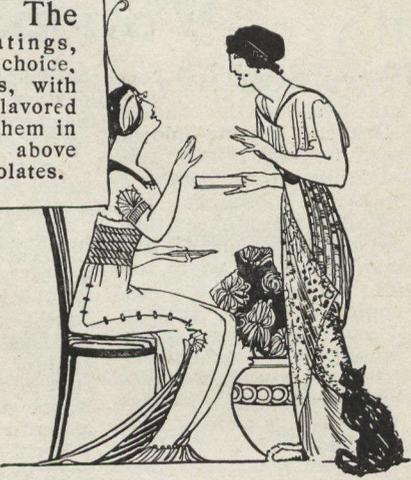
Young Karl stepped forward and insisted on shaking Saunders by the hand. The lad was tall for his age, very pale of face, having small blue eyes set rather deep in his head. He had an exceedingly pleasant smile, and he wore it now as he grasped Saunders' uninjured hand with cordial heartiness.

"My father's old friend was in danger," he said; "that was reason for my coming. Loyal hearts are too precious to be allowed to bleed to death for want of a little trouble."

"There is another loyal heart here," said Saunders, "a far more important one than myself, and one who has suffered from the night's treachery more grievously than I have."

"Who is that?" asked young Karl.

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Saunders replied in a whisper. Karl whistled. "This has been a bad business," he said, turning to General Meyer. "But now we have arrived we must arrest somebody. Is that the proprietor over there?"

"Yes, sire," replied Meyer. "He is a partially reformed coiner, and an entirely unreformed receiver of stolen goods. I should not, however, recommend his arrest. The 'Persian Vault' is an institution, and anything which struck at its existence would be unpopular with Your Majesty's lieges."

"Wise councillor!" said the young King. "Who then is that woman over there with the red hair? She has a wild appearance, and has the look of having had a hand in this matter."

"She has," agreed Saunders. "It was her presence that saved our lives. Langli, who is a man of intelligence, when he perceived our danger, went at once for the Red Virgin, as she is called. Then he went for your Majesty's Dragoons. He was clever enough to know the superiority of moral to physical compulsion."

"Indeed! Then tell this Red Virgin to come here, and I will give her money," said Karl.

"I should not do that, sire," said Saunders.

"Why ever not?"

"Because firstly you are a king, and secondly she is an anarchist. She hates kings already; do not give her cause to hate them more. But you have an order on your breast, the order of the Blessed Samaritan. It is given to those who save life under heroic circumstances, and it carries certain privileges in the matter of getting patients into various hospitals. Give her this order, sire. She has earned it, and she may accept it."

"Fetch her then," said Karl.

Saunders went to where the Red Virgin was standing in the company of Mrs. Saunders and the Perownes. Fritz having seen the King's entrance and not desiring his identity to be revealed, remained concealed behind the bar counter, and proceeded to dry his face after the liberal sousing with which Phoebe had procured his return to consciousness.

"Red Virgin," said Saunders, "His Majesty wishes to make you a present."

"I will not accept it."

"It is not a present of money—it is the order of the Blessed Samaritan."

"But I do not believe in the Blessed Samaritan."

"Naturally," said Saunders suavely, "for he was not a real personage. He is merely the hero of a very beautiful story. It is the heroes and heroines of beautiful stories who alone make life worth living. Without them we should perish in a surfeit of uncomfortable realities. Come, my girl, the King waits and I am asking you."

The Red Virgin obeyed like one in a dream. Karl took the small order from his breast and pinned it to the thinly clad bosom of the emaciated anarchist.

"You have saved life," he said simply; "would to Heaven I could say the same of myself!"

The Red Virgin did not curtsy—she did not know how, and would not have done so if she had. But she did something she had not done since she was a little child; she shed tears.

"By the way," said Saunders, turning quickly to General Meyer, "I commiserate with you on your failure in the Juden-haus."

"It seems that others are destined to accomplish what I set out to perform," said the Commander-in-Chief. "I came here to save your life, and find your lives already saved. I tried to raise an army of ruffians to destroy Neumann's brewery—"

"Well?"

"Well, we passed through the Schugasse on our way here, and Neumann's brewery—"

"Yes?"

"Is no longer a building; it is a building site."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last Offices.

THE survivors of the night's drama, with one exception, slept well. Saunders, who perhaps had suffered most deeply because of his great responsibility, slept best of all. Von

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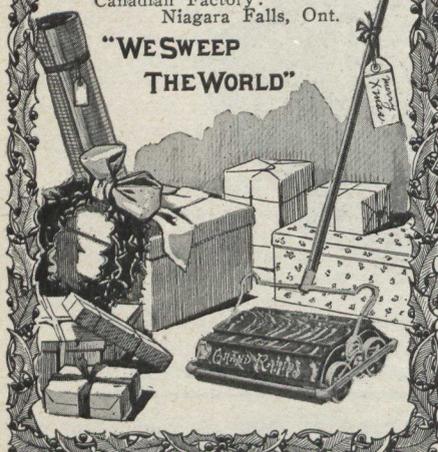
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Lacherberg slept like an old soldier, and Fritz like a healthy boy. Mrs. Perowne and Phoebe not only slept well, but woke, to their own astonishment, feeling better than they had ever felt in their lives. Mrs. Perowne attributed their recuperative powers to the intensely cold air, which, thanks to the open-window habit, they had inhaled during the hours of slumber. Her theory held truth, but was not the whole truth, at any rate in her daughter's case. In some inscrutable way the fierce stimulus of danger and racking emotion had benefited the young girl's disordered nervous system more than ice-cold air, strong drugs, or even a rigorous rest-cure could have done.

The one participant of the drama who did not sleep well was the Red Virgin. She did not sleep at all.

In the Palace of the Neptunburg young Karl was roused from a dreamless slumber at the early hour of half-past six. He was human, and he was very sleepy, but because he was a king in embryo he had to get up. He rose from his gorgeous bed and gazed out of the window. A blaze of snow was falling in a shiftless, colourless mist, muffling the bleached city with its myriad flakes.

To-day was the day of the royal funeral, and the lad's face was almost as grey as the sky which wept its crystalline tears on the mourning city.

Karl was but seventeen, and he had loved the dead man as a wholesome boy loves a genial father. And because his mother was as good as dead to him, he was oppressed with a sense of loneliness and deprivation bitterly hard to endure. But he was old for his years, and he had learned the stern lesson that the price of royalty is the eternal repression of personal emotions.

PRINCES must not weep in public; they mustn't yawn when bored; they must not flinch when the miscreant hurls his bomb or empties his crazy pistol. He was an actor on the world's stage, and till the acting became second nature he must school his gestures in the dry discipline of the Court routine. But for the moment Karl was not in public; he was alone. And as some tender memory crossed his mind his lip trembled. He mastered himself for a moment, and then on the snowy air a sound was wafted that broke through the rampart of his defence, and sent two rivulets of tears streaming down his pale cheeks. And the sound was the slow, punctuated wailing of the great tenor bell of St. Ursula's, which sobbed the crude, elemental truth that kings are but clay, and that all men must meet their Maker face to face.

Karl sponged the tears from his face and donned his dressing-gown. Coffee and rolls were brought by Herr Bomcke, amply whiskered, dutifully lachrymose, most faithful of retainers, most correct of royal servitors. Followed a barber who shaved the royal chin of some imperceptible down. Then respectful hands inveigled the young body into the absurdly inappropriate uniform of a Field-Marshal. Then Karl was escorted to the Reubens-saal, and the curtain went up on the solemn farce of the royal itinerary. The Lord Chamberlain, white-bearded, white-stockinged, circumspically ornate with gold "oak-leaf" braid, presented a host of uniformed and titled nonentities to the wan-faced monarch.

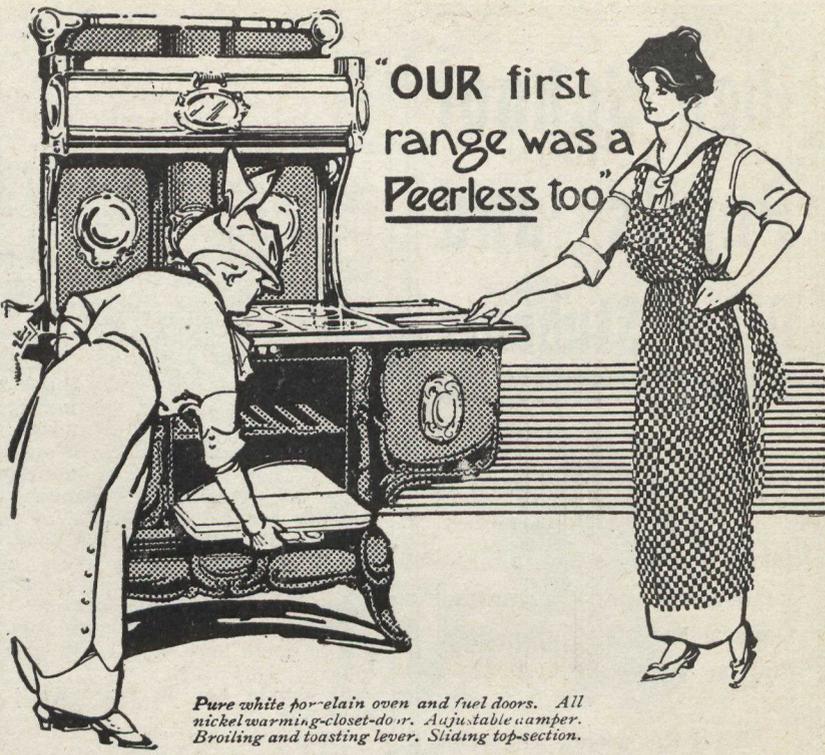
"Graf Handerbeit von Schiffeltarg," "Baron von und ver Winterthal," and the "Baronin von und zer Winterthal."

"Seine Konigliche Hoheit Prinz Christian von Keinland"—a small man with an eyeglass, and a red nose that clashed with a chocolate uniform.

"Hoffdame Fraulein Isabella zu Niederbad."

"Ihre Durchlaucht Erbprinzessin von Grunheim-Hueffers"—pug-nosed princesses these with irritating fringes.

"Seine Durchlaucht Johann Furst zer Kleinskop," and so on and so on; small men with big names, large men with small intelligences, honourable women with homely lineaments, and worthy dullards in preposterous uniforms. They were kinsmen of the Royal House, who had arrived overnight, entitled to accommodation in



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the Palace, and paying their respects to their future sovereign at the early hour prescribed for the levee intime by the archaic regulations of Court ceremonial. Karl had a word and a smile for each. He received protestations of devotion and condolence with becoming gravity and every appearance of attention. He hoped that the Hofdame had not been fatigued by her long journey from Niederbad, and the Erbprinzessin had slept well in the Neptunburg. Then the Lord Chamberlain whispered something in his ear and he rose. The company parted into two rows; the Lord Chamberlain walked backwards before him, and with a bow to right and left Karl withdrew solemnly from the Reubenssaal. He traversed a corridor and entered a much smaller room, used by his father for the transaction of private business. Here two gentlemen were awaiting him: the Freiherr of Kragg and the Arch-duke Cyril of Wolfsnaden.

He bade them a formal good morning. He did not like the Freiherr. He found him invariably dull, and was conscious of suppressed irritation in his presence. The Arch-duke he did not mind. He had an air of fierce geniality, and looked less of a lay figure than most of the people who frequented the Palace. But Karl never forgot two pieces of advice tendered by his father with almost monotonous reiteration, and emphasized with especial earnestness when the end was known to be approaching: "Trust Saunders to any extent. Do not trust Cyril of Wolfsnaden one inch."

"As President of the Honourable Council of the Rathsherren," the Freiherr began formally, "it is my privilege to instruct Your Majesty in the details of the day's sad ceremonial."

"I have learned my part by heart," was the lad's weary response; "is it necessary to recapitulate it afresh?" "It is desirable," said the Freiherr, with a dry cough, "because certain details have been altered at the last minute."

"Without my sanction?" The Freiherr slightly raised his eyebrows. "Your Majesty is not of age," he said. "We are experiencing an interregnum. Your Majesty is 'Your Majesty' by courtesy alone." "Quite so. At least let us have courtesy."

"It is a habit of mine, sire. What I meant to imply was that your position is a difficult one. You are not the King, but the King who is to be. Till you come of age your authority is not even nominal. It is true that we offer you, as head of the Ruling House, the titles and honour of royalty. We call you 'Your Majesty' because it is a little difficult to know what else to call you."

"I understand perfectly," said Karl. "Some day I shall be a substance. At present I am only a shadow. If rumour speaks true," he added maliciously, "the Freiherr himself was very near entering the world of shadows last night."

The Arch-Duke Cyril suppressed a smile, and hastened to his affronted colleague's assistance.

"It is in connection with that—episode, and other illegal actions that we are importuning Your Majesty. The Council of the Rathsherren have elected me Regent—"

"I thought," interrupted Karl dryly, "that such decisions were kept a profound secret for a week."

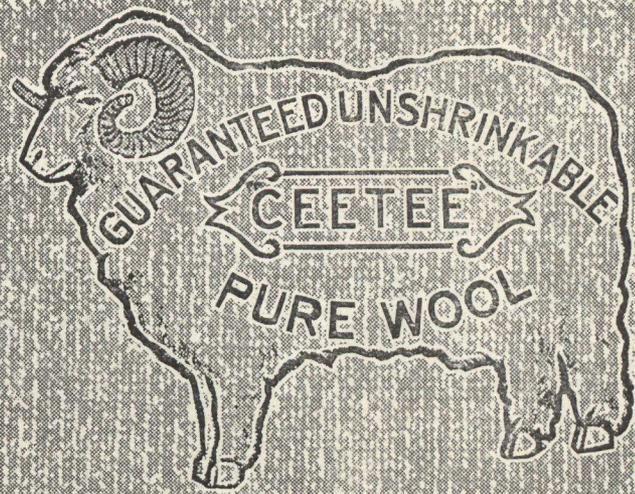
"There are no secrets from the King," retorted Cyril.

"But I am not King. I am scarcely even a figurehead. I presume I am entrusted with this secret—because it is no longer a secret."

"Our decision has certainly leaked out," conceded the Freiherr irritably, "and so far I have been unable to discover who has been guilty of this gross betrayal of trust. But the partial knowledge of the fact emphasizes the necessity of proclaiming it still more openly. Our choice is not popular with certain disaffected elements of the Stadt. We must make it impregnable, otherwise the authority of our Council is brought into contempt."

"That seems quite probable," said

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Karl, "but I am at a loss why you refer the matter to me."

"We need your assistance," said Cyril genially.

"Indeed! I had no idea my assistance was so valuable," retorted the lad.

"Your position," said the Freiherr in his ice-cold tones, "anomalous and indefinite though it be, renders your co-operation essential to our scheme."

"What has all this to do with the day's routine?" asked Karl a little impatiently.

"Simply this," said the Freiherr, "you will proceed to the Cathedral riding on horseback, as chief mourner, directly behind the royal catafalque."

"So much I know."

"After the service in the Cathedral the body, as you are aware, is to be taken to the royal mausoleum at Einfalt. In that cortege you will ride, not on horseback, but in a sleigh seated next to His Highness the Archduke Cyril of Wolfsnaden."

"Indeed!"

"That will emphasize the fact that the Arch-duke has been appointed Regent," went on the Freiherr, "and will give a quasi-royal sanction to the choice of the Rathsherren."

KARL said nothing. It was quite obvious the course he was asked to adopt was extremely convenient for the Arch-duke and the Rathsherren, but it was not so clear that it would tend to increase his own popularity. To refuse, however, was difficult, perhaps impossible.

"Is that the only change in the programme?" he asked at length.

"No," said the Arch-duke. "There is another matter to which we have given considerable thought. Your mother, who has suffered exile and indignity for many years, is now in Weidenbruck. Naturally, she desires to be on those terms of maternal affection with her son which the exigencies of State have hitherto rendered impossible. Death has intervened, and, as is often the case, it brings with it the gift of reconciliation. We desire the ex-Queen to be re-established in the honorable position of Queen Mother, and to give point to her altered status we should like her also to ride in the sleigh with you and me."

Karl was old enough to know that in the quarrel between his parents it was his mother who had failed in her duty. Also he knew that these changes in the routine, and the policy that underlay them, would be violently opposed by those whom he believed his best friends, Fritz of Friedrichsheim, General Meyer, and Saunders. But he had sufficient wisdom not to offer a useless resistance. He knew that if the wise Saunders was present, invisible, at his elbow, he would say, "Yield! yield at once and with such good grace that you do not appear to yield. The time will come when you need yield no longer."

"Both your ideas appear admirable, and the latter most charitable," he said bravely. "My approval may not be important, but it is certainly hearty."

Both men were betrayed into surprise, and Cyril darted a searching look at the youthful Karl, as if wondering whether he were an accommodating puppet or a preternaturally acute diplomat.

"Then that is settled," said the Freiherr in a tone of finality.

"And in the manner you wish," said Karl. "I shall be ready to start at the appointed hour."

In the Hotel Concordia a surprise awaited the Perownes. The procession was to pass the hotel, and they had arranged to view it from the balcony window. At ten o'clock, one hour before the cortege left the Neptunburg, there came a knock at their door.

"Herein," called Mrs. Perowne.

A waiter entered bearing a large envelope on a tray. Mrs. Perowne opened it and uttered an exclamation of astonishment.

"What is it?" demanded Phoebe.

"Seats!"

"Seats! We don't want any seats. We can see from here."

"Seats in the Cathedral," said the



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These articles will commence next week.

Canadian Courier, Toronto

mother, "to attend the funeral service."

Phoebe rose excitedly and scanned the printed cards.

"Admit bearer to the South Portal of the Domkirche. No. 854."

The second card was a replica of the first, save that it was numbered 855.

"Who ever sent them?" asked Phoebe.

"Mr. Saunders probably," said Mrs. Perowne.

"Whose signature is this?" Phoebe went on, trying to decipher a highly illegible scrawl on the card. "Why! it's signed Fritz of Friedrichsheim, and countersigned by the Lord Chamberlain!"

"Fritz of Friedrichsheim!" said Mrs. Perowne, "so it is. What an extraordinary signature. It looks as if he had written it with his left hand."

"Anyway, it will take us into the Cathedral. How perfectly lovely!"

"I thought you had no desire to see the Cathedral," said Mrs. Perowne.

"This is the one occasion on which I should like to see it—when it is not an architectural show-place, but the living shrine of a great and solemn ceremony."

"Then we must start at once."

Both ladies were already clothed in black, in sympathetic accord with the nation they were dwelling among, and the addition of Russian sables enriched their appearance without detracting from its note of mourning.

They chartered a sleigh and proceeded at once to the sacred edifice. Their cards of admission were produced, and they were ushered by a gigantic and flamboyantly uniformed official to seats in the south transept. The great height of the building, the scanty light, the odour of incense, and the vast hush of the closely packed congregation, produced an impression of almost overwhelming solemnity. The Church of St. Ursula was robed in the toneless draperies of woe. The spandrels between the pointed Gothic arches were hung with black velvet, on which huge silver tears were diaped in lachrymose profusion. The high altar was veiled with crepe, and before it, surrounded by a veritable forest of candles, was the great sarcophagus containing the mortal remains of the late Monarch.

A body-guard of household troops stood with bowed heads and reversed arms, lining the central nave and transepts. Ambassadors, legates, Court functionaries and officers, all lent colour to the sad pageantry of death, but with Phoebe the spectacular was but with Phoebe the spectacular was swallowed up in the human interest. A king said some, a strong king said all, and surely if a king is strong he is a good king, and if he is a good king he is in essentials a good man. Crude philosophy of a girl's changing mind!

The organ pealed out the old Gregorian chant, tuneless yet infinitely pathetic in its archaic solemnity. The diapason thundered in her ears, and the vox humana plucked at her heart strings, and she strove fiercely with the impulse to cry, not realizing that many a war-bitten soldier and hardened diplomatist let fall the tear that honoured alike the memory of the departed and the cheek of the mourner. The Cardinal Archbishop, wearing the plain mitra simulex prescribed for the occasion, intoned the ancient words that constitute the Church's last offices for the dead, and commend the soul of the sleeper to Him Who fashioned the clay. The troops presented arms at the Elevation of the Host, the Papal Nuncio sprinkled the last aspersions on the royal catafalque, the drums of the Guards rolled out their last salute to the twenty-second Karl, and the service was at an end.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Triumvirate.

AFTER the ceremony Saunders, Meyer, and von Bilderbaum united forces on the Cathedral steps. A great body of people was in the big Platz, and troops lined the centre of the road, to give a free

avenue for the returning cortege. Saunders was wearing his right arm inside his fur overcoat, and his companions both addressed polite inquiries as to the wounded member.

"It's really a very small matter," said Saunders lightly. "The wound is all that a wound should be—healthy and small, and clean. It gave me a bad five minutes when it was being dressed, but now—well, I hardly notice it."

"I suppose," said Meyer, "that you feel a certain un-Christian desire to get even with von Lacherberg."

Saunders shook his head. "Lacherberg is only a tool, and besides I did get even with him. He winged me, and I knocked out his best molars. On the exchange I had the best of it. No," Saunders went on with a setting of the jaw, "the man I'm feeling un-Christian about is Cyril of Wolfsnaden. He's the man who pays the unclean hand, and by Heaven! he made me the unhappiest man on earth for an infernal half-hour last night—and he's got to pay."

"He doesn't fight fair," said von Bilderbaum hotly, "and when a man doesn't fight fair—"

"Pah!" Meyer interrupted. "Does anyone fight fair in Grimland? Do we? Is there any rule of combat save one in any country in the world—kill your enemy?"

Meyer turned for confirmation of his cynical theory to Saunders, but the Englishman was speaking in low, hurried tones to someone who happened to be near him on the steps and who was lost to sight instantaneously in the press.

The man in question was the mysterious albino Langli, and he had called Saunders' attention to something that was taking place. Saunders, whose brain was never asleep, had given a quick instruction and then turned unconcernedly to his companion again.

"What is it?" asked Meyer.

FOR answer Saunders pointed below them to the road. Young Karl was at that moment entering the Arch-duke's sleigh.

That there was something unusual in this struck even von Bilderbaum.

"What does that mean?" he asked. Meyer's face darkened. Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"It means," he said, "that instead of an Arch-duke we have a Regent; instead of an ex-Queen, a Queen Mother; instead of an heir apparent, a marionette."

"But this is what we've sworn to prevent," blurted out the old General.

"Do not grudge them the appearance of a triumph," said Saunders.

"The ex-Queen is as nervous as a kitten and as pale as a sheet. Cyril is no better at ease, for all his fierce air and bristling moustache. As for the marionette, as you call him, he is training his limbs to move when the string pulls—an excellent discipline for one who will have to pull himself some day."

"May that day come soon!" breathed Bilderbaum.

"It will come in God's good time," said Saunders. "I am now going round to Fritz's rooms. Will you two accompany me?"

"You are not going to Einfalt?" asked Meyer.

"No, there will only be actual relations of the deceased present when the coffin is set in its last resting-place. We can best honour the dead man's memory by taking thought of his boy."

In silence the three men descended the steps and walked to the not distant Gerade-strasse, where Fritz's rooms were situated. There was work to be done, schemes to be threshed out, decisions to be taken, but for the period of this brief journey they gave their thoughts to grief.

They were friends, their sorrow was mutual, and because it was deep their silence was unbroken.

They found Fritz seated in an easy chair, reading the daily paper and smoking a cigarette. His head was bandaged and his arm in a sling. He greeted them cheerfully.

"How are you—after last night?" asked Saunders.

(To be continued.)

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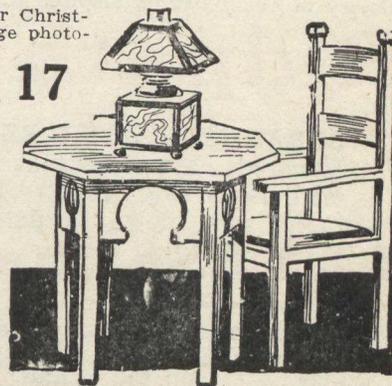
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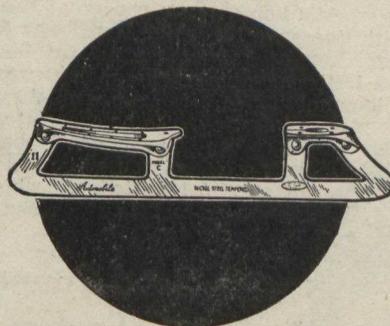
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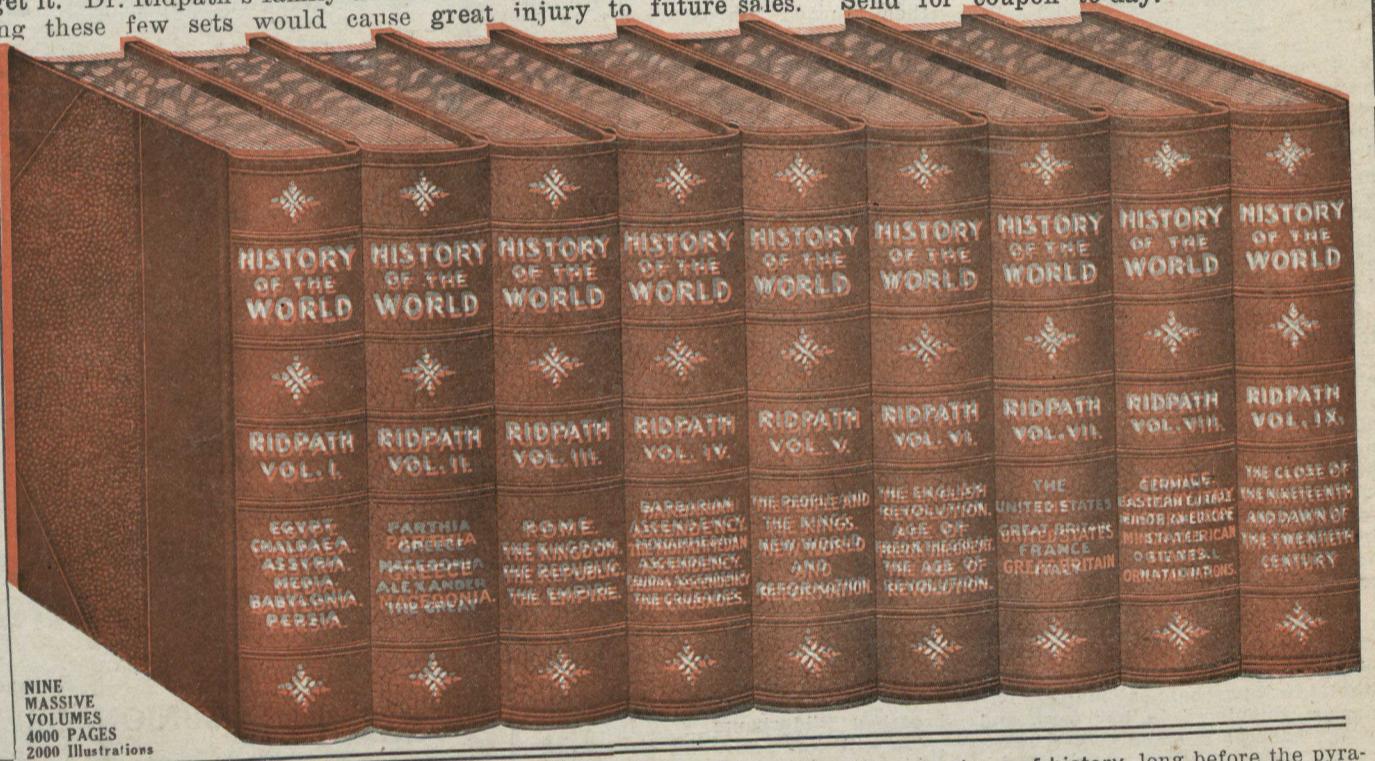
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