

The Canadian
COURIER
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Women and the Militia

How the Militia Has Popularized the Teapot in Camp



He Wants That America Cup

Pictorialized Story of Shamrock IV and Sir Thomas Lipton

By JAMES JOHNSTON



Coming Class War in England

By ARNOLD WHITE



The Appeal of Weakness

STORY BY WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

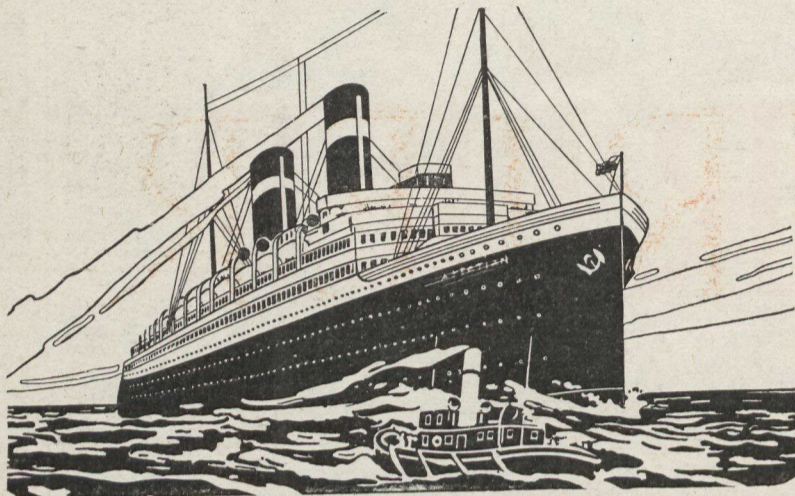


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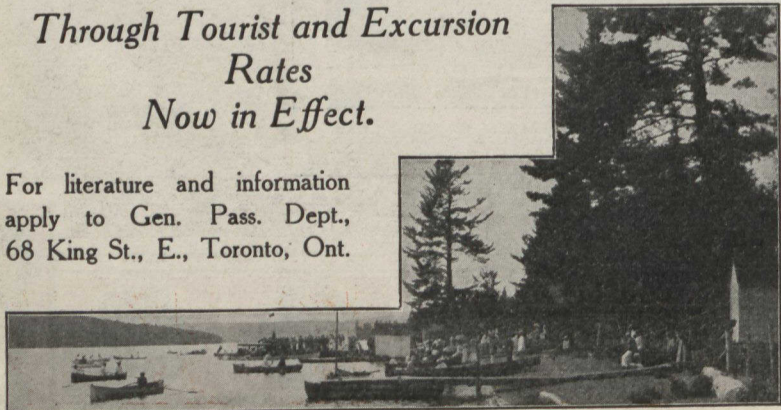
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Published at 12 Wellington St. East, by the Courier Press, Limited

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 3

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" dismisses "Our Light Afflictions" in a breeze of talk on that and other subjects; Alice Wetherell presents an account of the work of Miss Margaret Davidson, of Toronto, under the title, "An Advocate of Vocational Training"; M. J. T. half-humorously bewails the passing of "the muslin bride," and the consequent shrinkage of the bridegroom; Miss Florence Harvey, the champion golfer, contributes some valuable golf comment; and the fortnight's news is covered in text and picture.

- Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
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Editor's Talk

MANY people have many minds, so the old proverb runs. The contributors to the Canadian Courier have many points of view and naturally these do not always coincide with the editorial opinions. A journal which publishes only such articles as contain views which coincide with those of the editorial staff would be a very narrow paper indeed. Some of our readers recognize this and accept the situation. Others think the editors should control the contributors and not allow them to express opinions which are at variance with the editorial policy. To the latter class of reader we would respectfully say that such a programme is an impossibility. The columns of the Canadian Courier are open to every contributor who has views to express and information to spread. It matters not whether these contributions are in the form of articles or letters. This is a national paper, aiming to provide a free and full discussion of national affairs.

One subscriber writes recently from Chipman, N.B., to say that he understood the Courier took an independent part in politics, but he does not think that any fair-minded person could make that statement after reading some of our editorials. This gentleman is entitled to his opinion, but we can say to him that there are at least fifty thousand readers of the Canadian Courier who disagree with him. Even independent journalists must occasionally write as if they sided with either party or the other. Both parties are not always wrong.

Another subscriber, who is the head of a commercial high school in the city of Toronto, writes as follows: "I might add that the class in economics found the magazine very helpful as well as stimulating. It gave them an insight into national and municipal affairs. When classes resume next September I intend to continue supplying the Courier to all my pupils. One of the boys would like it continued through the summer and until the end of the year."

We receive many letters of commendation and they encourage us in our work. We are always glad to hear from subscribers, even when they find something to criticize. If these letters are not always encouraging, they are sure to be helpful and instructive.



It's Not Her Fault

The stenographer can't do good work with poor equipment.

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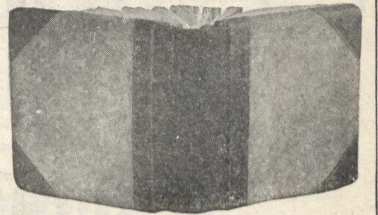
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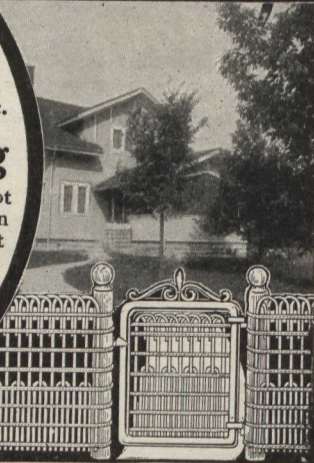
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Traction
Tread, is right
there when you most need it—
and is the only tire not covered
with chains on real slippery days.



T. 107

In Lighter Vein

Expectancy.—Old Man—"What are you fishing for, sonny?"
Sonny—"Snigs."
Old Man—"What are snigs?"
Sonny—"I don't know; I ain't never caught any yet."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Assisting the Sale.—"Yes, sir, I represent the largest button house in the country. Why, only last month one of my orders alone was for one thousand gross, an' that's no josh."
"I can quite believe it. The number of buttons my daughter's baby swallows must be something enormous."—Life.

Not Granted.—One night, when her grandmother was putting her to bed, three-year-old Olive said, "Grandma, every night when I go to bed I ask God to make brother Fred a good boy."
"That is right," said her grandmother. "But He ain't done it yet," replied Olive, soberly.—Harper's Magazine.

Headquarters.—"Do you have as much trouble finding cuff and collar buttons as you used to?"
"No; I always find 'em in one place."
"Indeed!"
"Yes; I go to the vacuum cleaner."—Judge.

Contrariwise.—Mrs. Beat—"Tell the gentleman I'm not receiving to-day, Nora."

New Maid—"But he ain't deliverin', mum; he's collectin'!"—Puck.

The Little Ball Player.

With legs apart and shoulders bent
And sparkling eyes he stands,
The magic sphere of his delight
Clutched tightly in his hands.
With all his strength he sends the ball,
And views its rapid flight,
A frown upon his chubby face
So softly pink and white.

His aim was true, he straightens up
And feels himself a man
Who hears upon a crowded field
The plaudits of the fan.
Tricycle now, and teddy-bear,
And choo-choo cars and all,
Are toys he'll never want again—
He's learned to play baseball!

—MINNA IRVING.

Honest Sam.—Teacher—"Did anybody help you with this map, Sam?"
Sam—"No, sir. My brother did it all himself."—Life.

An Ominous Adage.—When a lady patient living far from town had to telephone for her physician she apologized for asking him to come such a distance.
"Don't speak of it," said the doctor cheerfully; "I happen to have another patient in that vicinity and so can kill two birds with one stone."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Never Do This.—"India, my boy," said an Englishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is just the finest climate under the sun, but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they eat, and they drink and they die, and then they write home to their friends a pack o' lies and say it's the climate that has killed them."—Sacred Heart Review.

Pork by the Yard.—The summer is generally known as the bachelor's paradise, so far as Washington is concerned, because, while most men remain behind, the women go summering where it is cool. For this reason many men have fun going to market, cooking, keeping house, merely by way of advertisement as the French would say. Now, Tompkins, although a millionaire, is fond of many vulgar dishes, and taking advantage of his wife's absence undertook to be a bohemian. One day he went to Centre Market (where Secretary of State Bryan goes regularly), and approached a counter where a woman with overabundance of avoirdupois stood at the cash register and a meek young man served customers.

The millionaire wanted to have some fun, and so he asked, "Madam, can you supply me with a yard of pork?"
"John," she cried, "give the gentleman three pig's feet!"

Why that Corn?

Why that pain, when
Blue-jay would stop it
instantly?

Why have a corn, when
Blue-jay would remove it in
two days?

Why that discomfort, when
millions of people could tell you
a way to get rid of it?

These are the facts:
Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy.
And from that instant all pain is
stopped.

Then, while you work or sleep
or play, **Blue-jay** undermines the
corn. In two days you can lift it
out, without any pain or soreness.

Think how easy, how simple.

While you pare corns, or doctor
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The
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The National Weekly



HERBERT
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Vol. XVI.

June 20, 1914

No. 3

Women and the Militia

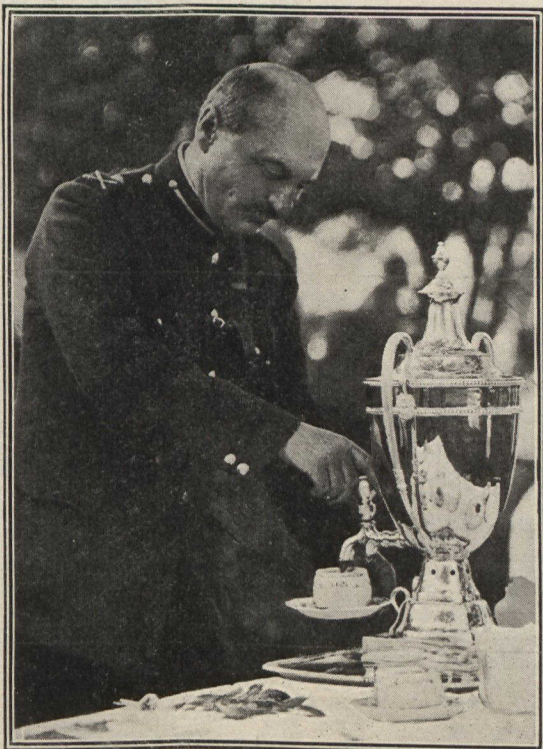


The new order at Niagara Camp—the Ladies and Afternoon Tea.

A MILITIA in which the women of the country are not interested cannot be a great success. If that interest is confined to the wives of the officers, and they glory only in the gaudy apparel in which their husbands are clad, it is not enough. The women must realize that the militia is the defence of the home and an essential portion of the training of the lad as he passes from youth to manhood.

In ye pioneer days, the mother on the farm and in the tiny village knew that the old musket or flint-lock on the wall might be needed any day to protect her and her children. To her defence was a real necessity. Hence every man could hit a six-inch target at fifty yards, and had all the necessary accoutrements and skill to qualify him as a militiaman. Between 1800 and 1850, every man was a member of the militia, serving without pay, and being fined if he did not parade. In 1840, the Province of Canada had an enrolled militia army of 250,000 men—or two and a half times the army which the Dominion of Canada has to-day. That army bought its own rifles, moulded its own bullets, supplied its own uniform, and drilled without pay. It was organized on the same principles as the Swiss army of to-day—the finest citizen army in the world and the least expensive.

WOMEN to-day are being brought into the position they lost fifty years ago, so far as the militia is concerned. For fifty years, the militia have gone to camp to have a good time—some of them, it is sad to say, to have a “boozy” time. Recently, however, the spirit has been changed. Liquor has been driven out of the camps, and the men are being taught not to go to neighbouring hotels. This is in accord with the spirit of the age. Men who go to camp go there for work—



THE TEA-POT.
 General Lessard learning to manipulate the machine from which comes the cup that cheers but—

earnest work. They are seeking mental and physical development. Hence the movement to bring the women back to their ancient position of “moral supports.”

LAST week, a battery at Petawawa was found to have seven per cent. beer in its possession.

The case was proved to the satisfaction of the Minister of Militia and the resignation of the officers was accepted. Last year, the Minister was freely criticized because of his outspoken condemnation of some officers who imbibed freely at a Halifax dinner at which he was present. These and numerous other incidents have shown that the Minister is determined to have a militia army which can get along without strong drink.

One of the chief results is that the Minister and his various staff officers through the country are able to appeal to the women's organizations to lend their moral support to the militia. Last week, at Niagara camp, about one hundred ladies were present from Toronto and other places on special invitation from the staff—not for a holiday, but to see exactly how the camps are managed and how the moral and physical welfare of the soldiers in training is looked after. University women, W. C. T. U. women, Daughters of the Empire, and social workers of note were present to see if the “temperate army” was a misnomer or a reality. They were shown over the camp, and had every detail explained to them. At the conclusion, they tendered a vote of thanks to General Lessard and his staff for a pleasant and profitable day.

SUCCESS is crowning the efforts of the militia. Canada's citizen army is in good condition. It stands higher, perhaps, in the estimation of people than at any time in the last fifty years.

No Oil, No Symphony Orchestra

Music Romps Ahead in the West, But in Calgary it Depends Somewhat on the Oil Wells

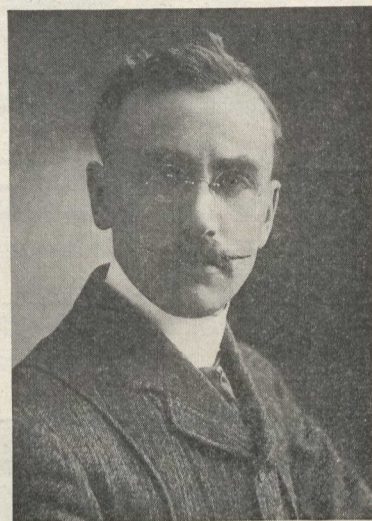
By THE MUSIC EDITOR



Mr. Rhys Thomas, Festival Adjudicator from Winnipeg.

MUSIC in the West, which comes to a climax considerably later in the season than it does in the professionalized, unenthusiastic East, has recently recovered from the two big provincial festivals in Alberta and Saskatchewan. But though the shields and medals and silver-mounted batons and cups are all awarded for this year clean from the borders of Manitoba to the edge of the Rockies, considerable of the musical fate of a large part of the West remains in a state of uncertainty. Most of the uncertainty is in Calgary, which as usual had much less to do with the Alberta festival than had Edmonton, where this music-fest is regularly held. For some time past these two cities have been working out musical problems along different individual lines. With considerable choral enterprise in common, with good church choirs and ambitious soloists in each centre, and with a very good-natured species of rivalry, Edmonton has been more absorbed in choruses, while Calgary has taken hard

conductor and organist of the All Saints' Choir for thirteen years, which in the West is a very long while. When he first took the choir there was but one other choir within two hundred miles of any consequence; for in those days Edmonton musical talent traveled as far as Calgary giving concerts. For several years there have been a large number of English, Scotch and Welsh singers in and around both Edmonton and Calgary; and these have contributed a great deal to making the excellent choirs which have made the Alberta Festival so conspicuous for its choral work. Edmonton is easily the first choral city in the two provinces, with Saskatoon a close second. What Edmonton is now and what she began to be several years ago, is due in a high degree to the fine art work done by Mr. Barford, who is himself an Englishman, a clever organist and teacher of piano, besides being the recognized chorus-master of Edmonton and the surrounding country.



Mr. Vernon W. Barford, choral conductor in Edmonton.

Another pathmaker of more recent date

in Edmonton is Mr. Howard Stutchbury, formerly of Toronto, who, though not wholly engaged in music, has donated annually a Stutchbury Cup to the winner among former gold medallists. The winner of the Stutchbury Cup this year was Mr. P. K. Macgregor, with 87 points, the highest in the festival.

Lieutenant-Governors in the West take a much greater interest in music than they do in the East. In Alberta, Governor Bulyea donates a cup. In Saskatchewan, Governor Brown takes as much interest in music festivals as he does in the Legislature. He believes in a traveling festival and is dead against centralizing interests of any kind in one city or town. In this respect Saskatchewan differs musically from Alberta. Now, if Governor Bulyea would come to the relief of the Calgary orchestra situation, and decide that whether Calgary gets a real revival from oil or not, there will be a symphony orchestra in the foot-hills next year anyhow—the millennium might begin

to dawn. When a little town like Weyburn can do so well winning trophies at a festival of 1,500 entries as to consider having the next festival at Weyburn—there is a great work going on in western provincial music.



Conductor Max Weil, of Calgary, who is hoping for oil.

tors all from Saskatoon. The other thirty-one awards were given to the following cities and towns:

Regina—Church Choir, First Baptist; Male Quartette and Mixed Quartette, Metropolitan Church; Orchestra, Whewell's Orchestra; Contralto, Class A, Mrs. J. A. Wright.

Prince Albert—Vocal Solo, B. W. Wallace; Church Choir, Class B, St. Alban's Choir; Urban School Chorus, Central School; Violin, Class D, Miss Emery Valade.

Moose Jaw—Children's Choir, Urban School Chorus, Class B; Soprano, Class A, Miss Violet Johnston; Class B, Miss L. Taylor; Mezzo, Miss Stansfield; Piano, Class C, Miss C. Eyreman; Violoncello, Miss C. Palmer; Tenor, Class B, Howard Large; Bass, Class B, W. T. Parker.

Humboldt, Condie, Weyburn and Yorkton also got awards, Weyburn with a children's choir.

ALBERTA'S festival was very largely an Edmonton affair—as usual. The most successful of all the contestants here was Mr. Vernon W. Barford, who, with his All Saints' Choir, again took the Lieutenant-Governor's Cup, which his choir won last year. Mr. Barford has been

When the Circus Comes

A Demi-Semi-Historic-Humoresque

By DAN DALY

WILL the higher critics ever destroy the faith of mankind in the circus? If they do let them be anathema! But the dear old circus is surely having a hard time. Between the people who want to modernize the circus and those who don't want us to believe in it anyway, it looks as if the day may come when there will be no more circus. It takes a lot of illusion nowadays to carry a boy's fancy roaming over the world of the unknown. And it's because the circus is the oldest illusion in the world that it has been the intermittent joy of humanity as far back as we can remember and others before us.

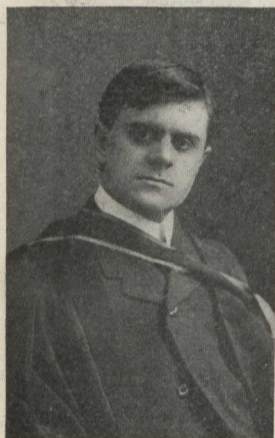
The first circus in the world was not started by P. T. Barnum; neither by Forepaugh or Ringling Bros. or Teddie Roosevelt. Where did the circus people get their spectacles from; the tented city, the gilded and carved juggernauts of four and six-horse procession, the hippodrome and the amphitheatre, the kalsomined clown and the flop-eared parade of the shuffling elephants, the long-necked caravans of the camels and the grand turnout of tens of thousands on the sidewalks along the route to listen for the first blare of the startling trumpets in the haze of the oncoming lines of dust? Maybe it was from Rome and the Roman triumph, when the conquerors got back to the sacred city from pushing out the borders of empire in the lands of the nose-ringed people from Ethiop's way. Maybe so. Rome conquered the world and led the world back in procession to the first city in the world; and the citizens, plebs and patricians, turned out to see them come. The circus has ravaged and rummaged a bigger world than Rome ever knew and brings it all, such as it may be and such as it was thousands of years ago, into your town and mine; and we forget that there ever was such a thing as an airship and a wireless

telegraph, as we watch the ages of the world go by in the sun and the heat to the conquering chorle of the steam calliope.

But the circus of to-day and of yesterday is older than Rome. It was as old as the hills when Romulus and Remus were being suckled by the wolf. The story of it is told in a book which is read by more people than any other book in the world; a book which the higher critics have been trying to reduce to history and pure reason—when they might as well give up the job. The story of the first circus in the world's history is told in the Bible, away back in the book of Genesis somewhere. It is a story of what happened to the world when it had become very wicked because there were no circuses to go to. It is the story of a time when all humanity was swept away by a flood except Noah and his family, who took to the Ark.

AND the first circus ever known was managed by Noah himself, when he had all the animals of the world, two by two on board the Ark, and when his three sons, Shem, Ham and Japhet fed the animals. It is not known that there were any rings in this circus, or any trapeze artists, or any amphitheatre and pink lemonade. But the real joy of the circus, which is the menagerie, was there in all its glory in that circus of Noah on board the Ark. And the circus of to-day will cease to be a joy to mankind if it ever outgrows the days of Noah.

They may modernize the circus by bringing in vaudeville, but it doesn't fill the bill. The circus belongs to the centuries. It is the only live institution in the world that sums up past and present; and if they try to improve it by introducing the methods of the modern theatre, it will be no longer a circus.



Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Adjudicator from Hamilton, Ont.

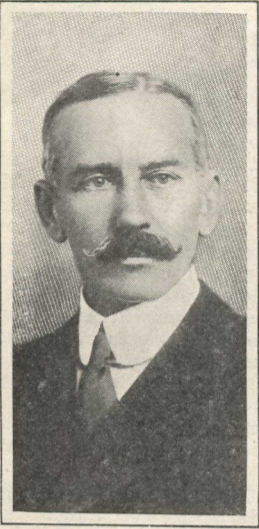


Mr. Francis Stevenson, choral conductor and prize-winner of Saskatoon.

But apart from oil and Calgary, the musical tournaments held recently in the West have once more proved that music is marching ahead just as fast as ever. The price of real estate has nothing to do with the number of choral societies and amateur orchestras and church choirs and bands and soloists that year by year take up the vast chorus of the western hymn of praise at the music-fests. This year two eastern judges, Dr. A. S. Vogt and W. H. Hewlett, from Hamilton, and one western, Mr. Rhys Thomas, were the committee to decide the difficult task of who among these many contestants were entitled to the awards. In Saskatchewan there were fifty awards, nineteen of which went to the city of Saskatoon. The biggest prize of all, the Grand Challenge Shield for choirs and choral societies, went to the Orpheus Club of that city, conducted by Mr. Francis Stevenson, whose choral work was outlined in the "Courier" more than a year ago. Mr. Stevenson also captured the Choral Societies' Shield. Saskatoon also got the shields for first among bands Class A., won by the city band; for ladies' choirs, won by St. Thomas Presbyterian Church; for men's choirs, got by the Saskatoon Male Voice Choir. The other twelve trophies were won by as many sorts of competi-

He Wants that America Cup

There are only Three Leaves in a Shamrock, but since 1899 Sir Thomas Lipton has Built Four Shamrocks to get the International Trophy now held by the New York Yacht Club. Shamrock IV. is the most remarkable Racing Yacht ever put Under Canvas



Mr. Charles Nicholson, who designed the daring lines of Shamrock the Fourth.



Skipper W. P. Burton, who will test Mr. Nicholson's design at Sandy Hook.



THE FOURTH IRISH HOPE OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON TAKES TO THE WATER.

Shamrock IV., built to win the America Cup, was launched at Gosport, England, a few days ago. With 110 feet over all, 75 feet water-line, and 114 tons, this superb single-sticker, when rigged out and manned with her crew of twenty-five, will cross the Atlantic under her own canvas to Sandy Hook. In the rear may be seen Nelson's old flagship "Victory."

By JAMES JOHNSTON

But when the astute skippers in the American Yachting Association got their designers to create crafts on this side of the water that never in the world could cross the Atlantic at all, except under mill-pond conditions; and when they insisted that the challenger should cross the sea and compete against such longshore, technically refined creations, it became necessary to build a boat on the other side of the water that should be at the same time a small ocean liner and a superb racing craft.

And that is the condition under which Shamrock the Fourth will sail across the Atlantic in a fourth attempt to lift the America Cup next September.

Lipton declares that he will make no request for towing privileges. The Shamrock will come under her own canvas, storm or calm. She will put in at least two weeks on the high seas, no matter how she may have to reef her canvas and fasten down the hatches. After several days of tuning up she will enter the race on a thirty-mile triangle against boats that never get a hundred miles from shore without a tow-line.

Of course "what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," says the Irishman; and if by any turn of fortune or trick of design the Shamrock lifts the coveted cup, for which Lipton would be willing to chuck all his other cups overboard, as he says, it will be an easy Irish manoeuvre to keep the cup in Great Britain without changing an iota of the conditions or doing anything more than the Americans have done to make a handicap race for the challenger. Lipton is under a handicap and he knows it; but the Irish sporting blood in his makeup prevents him from having the blues. He has more faith in Shamrock the Fourth than in any of the other Shamrocks.

And she is a much different boat. Technically, as designed by Nicholson, she is 110 feet in length, by 23 feet beam, water-

proximates to the famous Sappho which as far back as 1871 was "hipped" to increase her speed.

THE famous Cup is called the America's Cup because, in 1851, it was won by the yacht America in a race around the Isle of Wight. In 1870 it was again challenged for by England, and at intervals of from two to five years ever since. In 1899 Lipton challenged for it with Shamrock I, which was beaten by the Columbia. In 1901 the Columbia held it against Shamrock II., with only 41 seconds to the good, in the final race, and a total credit balance of 5.36. In 1903 it was won by Reliance against Shamrock III., the first two races being wins respectively of 7.03 and 1.19.

NONE but an Irishman ever would build a Shamrock the Fourth, in a fourth attempt to get the America's Cup for Great Britain. Nobody but an Irishman, after fifteen years of chasing that will o' the wisp would consent to do it again, and keep his everlasting good nature under the conditions imposed by the Yankees. For they have put up a job on Tommie Lipton—he prefers "Tommie" to "Sir Thomas"—and it's a right smart Yankee dodge that it is. When the conditions were first drafted for winning the America's Cup, it was made a primary condition that the boat crossing the Atlantic to lift the cup should sail across under her own canvas, three thousand miles and more of rough and tumble on the basis of an ocean liner; after which she was supposed to be in prime condition to go into a race where almost the turn of a hair in construction, equipment and management must count on the course.

NOW, what would a scientific boxer say if his trainer insisted that before he went into the ring he should practise carrying heavy weights over a portage? That condition, however, was cheerfully accepted by the challenger for the America's Cup; and for a while after 1899, when Lipton made his first effort to lift it with his Shamrock the First, there was nothing absolutely exasperating about it.



And as Sir Thomas Lipton, after the launching ceremony by Lady Shaftesbury, watched his fourth hope go down the slips he thought of the old adage, "There's many a slip 'twixt cup and the lip." He sees more poetry in the lines of Shamrock IV. than in any other Irish play.



Resolute, designed by Herreshoff, may be the defender of the America Cup. With Vanitie and Defiance she has been given 30-mile trial races by the New York Yacht Club, off Sandy Hook. She had to house her topmasts to go under the bridges of the East River.

The Appeal of Weakness

A Case Where Science Came into Conflict with Sentiment—and Lost

By WILLIAM HUGO PABKE

HAD Robert Durant obeyed his impulse, he would have asked Evelyn Hastings to marry him on the second day of their acquaintance. Robert in love was much like Robert in business. He would brook no thought of failure. Determined he was to sweep everything before him by the overwhelming strength of his personality. His reason, however, saved him for the time being from making the mistake. He realized that she was too fine to be won easily. At the same time, his masterfulness created opportunities to see her every day, and he took advantage of these meetings to foster a rapidly-growing intimacy.

His slender stock of patience lasted a week. At the end of it, his feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction became unmanageable. When a situation became irksome to Robert, he changed it.

He was on his way to see Evelyn to tell her that life was impossible without her when he was stopped by a pain in his heart, so violent, so numbing, that he was forced to return to his club. He had felt similar twinges before; but they had never been severe enough to interfere with the affairs of the moment. This was the first time in his life that he had ever been directly thwarted, and he resented it unreasonably.

The next afternoon, he sauntered into the office of his friend, Doctor Searle, a man with a national reputation.

"I thought I'd drop in for a chat," he said, by way of introduction.

"Glad to see you, Robert," said the kindly old man; "although I'm a bit surprised. You don't spend your afternoons chatting, as a rule; do you?"

"That shows you haven't followed my career; I'm a gentleman of leisure now."

"Don't you find it tiresome?"

"It was becoming a bit trying," admitted Robert; "but I've got another interest now, a lasting one this time."

"More speculation, eh?"

Robert vouchsafed no answer. He sat tapping the floor nervously with his stick. After a moment, he said, abruptly:

"It's about this new interest that I came to see you, you old charlatan. You know what I think about your profession; you're a lot of humbugs; and you, personally, are the biggest fake of all, because you've got the gaudiest reputation."

Doctor Searle laughed. "Really, Robert," he protested, "you should show me more respect. I'm old enough to be your father."

Robert's face softened. "I've got respect enough for you as a man," he said, "respect and affection, too. But your profession! Well, I can't go it."

"Don't you believe in anything?"

"Yes, myself," declared Robert, with a frank laugh. "But to get down to my new interest: I've made it a practice, whenever I went to a venture, to take stock of my assets, to know exactly where I stood. That's been the basis of my success. Now that I'm going to shoulder new responsibilities—"

"I see," interrupted his friend. "You're worried about yourself. You turn to our profession for comfort, even if you won't admit it."

"Not a bit of it," denied Robert, impatiently. "It's merely this: your word is law; and, if you gave me a free pass to health, I shouldn't feel any compunction about doing what I am going to do."

"And you're going—"

"To marry Evelyn Hastings."

"My dear boy!" cried the Doctor, extending his hand.

"Congratulations aren't in order yet. I have still to propose."

"Failure would be impossible in your case, of course."

"Naturally," said Robert, ignoring the sarcasm with a beautiful ingenuousness.

DURING the pause that followed, he hesitated about unburdening himself. Presently, he began with assumed nonchalance:

"I'll tell you my symptoms. Please remember that I won't believe anything you say and that this little game isn't for my benefit."

"Then why are you here?" cried the little old man.

"I'll be good," laughed Robert. "To begin with: I've had queer and marvellous pains around my heart, extending down my left arm. Also a most damnable choking sensation, which brought with it a fear of impending disaster. It isn't pleasant, and I'd like you to stop it for me—if you can. I'll elaborate, if you wish, and—"

"Never mind," said the Doctor, hastily, reaching for Robert's wrist and rolling the artery between his finger-tips.

The personal relation vanished instantly. The

Doctor became a scientist, and Robert a problem, at once.

"Take off your coat," he said, brusquely.

He laid his ear against Robert's chest and listened. The problem was becoming interesting. The scientist laid bare the flesh beneath which the heart was hammering, fluttering, fainting; and, with deft fingers, he examined for shape and size. He listened again and caught a murmur as of defective machinery, the sucking sound of a leaking valve. He pressed his fingers on the spot again and studied the pulsations carefully. They were irregular, tripping, like the workings of a machine ready for the scrap-heap. Once more, he felt the pulse, hoping that his sense of touch had played him false. This time, he knew.



"He laid his ear against Robert's chest and listened."

Drawn by A. M. Wickson.

The personal element returned, transforming the cold scientist into a friend again, a friend with very human sympathies.

"Robert," he said, "tell me frankly how far this affair with Evelyn has gone. I knew her when she was a little girl; hence my interest."

"She knows that I care."

"And does she—care?" asked the Doctor, avoiding Robert's glance.

"No."

"Then, don't make her—don't, Robert."

"And why not, pray?" Robert's shoulders straightened and his jaws closed with a snap.

"Because of what I have found here." The Doctor tapped Robert's bared chest with his finger. "It wouldn't be right," he continued, earnestly. "It would be criminal to gain her love, to marry her merely to desert her in a day, or a week, or a month; I can't tell which it would be."

"Desert her!"

"Don't you understand? If you live quietly, without excitement of any kind, an easy, restful, uneventful existence, you may live for years. You may, I say; but I can't promise it. On the other hand, a shock, a surprise, a sudden fit of anger, or a strong emotion would bring on one of the attacks that you have described. You may pass safely through one, perhaps two; but, sooner or later—" the Doctor ended with a shrug.

"There speaks the charlatan," growled Robert. "I told you I wouldn't believe you, and I don't. Here's

a case of acute indigestion, or perhaps a mere nervous affection, and you tell me I'm going to die. Pshaw! And as regards its being a crime to marry Evelyn—that's rot. I will marry her and I won't take anybody's advice in the matter."

"But you came to me, intending to be governed by an advice," said the Doctor, struggling to speak calmly. "Why do you change your attitude now? I tell you that you are in no condition to assume the responsibility of any woman's happiness."

"We won't argue the matter," said Robert, curtly. "Is it impossible for you to consider any one except yourself?" implored the Doctor.

"It's absurd!" cried Robert, vehemently. "I've never known a sick day. Why should this thing come upon me suddenly? It's nothing, I tell you. I've overcome every obstacle in my life, and I won't be thwarted now by a transient ache."

HE walked rapidly the length of the room and back again, stubbornly fighting against the doubt that was entering his mind.

"It's not a 'transient ache,' as you call it," corrected the Doctor; "it's angina pectoris."

"I don't care what you fakers call it," cried Robert. "In a year's time, in six months, I'll live it down." He strode toward the Doctor, excitedly. "I won't be browbeaten by a pain, and what I've planned I will execute. I'm going now to see Evelyn. I will ask—"

He stopped and pressed his hand to his heart.

His face became livid, his lips a purplish blue. He staggered forward, and would have fallen if the Doctor had not caught him. He gasped for breath, the fear of death distorting his features. His heart was bursting. Each laboured throb was a sword-thrust. His pain was so acute that he fancied he could see it. In the blood-red flashes before his eyes, he seemed to recognize the enemy that was robbing him of breath, strangling him, hurling him into a hell of torment.

The Doctor opened a drawer in his desk, snatched a pearl of amyl nitrite, crushed it in his handkerchief, and held it to Robert's nostrils. The volatile drug acted instantly. The sweetish fumes raced through the patient's body, opening the hardened, contracted arteries, and relieving the strain on the heart. In a moment, a flush spread over his face, the veins stood out boldly on his forehead, and his breathing became easier.

He sat quite still, apparently nursing his returning strength. To the watchful physician he seemed to be merely resting; but he, himself, knew that he was fighting, fighting desperately, that his untamed spirit was crossing swords with Fate.

Presently, he rose unsteadily, reaching for his coat. "I don't believe you, at that," he said, shaking himself like a dog coming out of the water.

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "There are some men so obstinate—" he stopped short, his eyes blazing. "Good-by, Robert," he continued quietly; "you'd better find another physician."

Robert came out on the street thirsting for victory. He turned toward Evelyn's house. Not once during his walk did he swerve from his purpose. The effect of the

drug gave him a momentary sense of physical well-being; the crisp air cleared his brain. Failure seemed far removed as he entered the familiar room and waited impatiently for Evelyn to appear.

"I've had a hard day, Evelyn," he said, as she greeted him. "I've been badgered and worried, and I lost my temper."

"I am sorry for your bad day; but that hardly gives you the right to call me 'Evelyn,'" she replied, with asperity.

"Perhaps it doesn't; but I can't propose to you from the standpoint of 'Miss Hastings,' and that's what I'm here for."

"Indeed?" Her brows became supercilious semi-circles.

"As though you didn't know it!" exclaimed Robert, testily. "I don't understand women; they let a man get to the point of proposing; then, when he does ask one to marry him, she is insulted. Hasn't he a right?"

"After a week?" she asked, frigidly.

"A week or a month or a day, what difference does it make? I'd have proposed to you the second day I knew you, only I thought my chances would be better if I waited. But this is about the limit of my endurance."

"I must admit that I have never been made love to quite in this manner before," she said, a humorous little quirk relieving the severity of her lips.

"Then, that's the reason you've never been won," suggested Robert calmly. "O don't be offended at

that," he continued, in answer to her refuting gesture. "I am going to win you."

"You're amusing," she said, disdainfully.

"I'm more than that. You'll find it out."

"By what right do you thrust yourself on me in this way?" she asked, surprising herself by the puerility of the remark. Never in all her calm life had she felt so futile, so inconsequent. She knew that her feigned disdain was unconvincing, and the thought nettled her.

Robert smiled grimly.

"Haven't I spent with you every minute that I could, in all decency, during the past week? Haven't I shown you that I'm in love with you? And didn't you show me in return that you were interested in me? I want you as I have never wanted anything in my life before; and everything that I have desired I have gained. Possessing you will be my crowning success."

"Would be, you mean?"

"Will be, I mean," he asserted, the old fighting look in his eyes.

HE took a step forward and laid his powerful hand on her shoulder as though he had advanced to take possession of what he already considered his own. She shook herself free from his grasp with an impatient gesture.

"I suppose nothing short of my dashing out and

marrying you this instant would satisfy you," she said, with heightened color.

"That admits the possibility of your doing it," he laughed excitedly. "However, I won't be so exacting as all that. Just give me your promise now; that's all I ask."

"I won't," cried Evelyn, petulantly. "O why won't you wait? I—I refuse to be coerced—and that is final."

Robert's face blanched with the shock of his defeat. It was a strange sensation this, to fight, and lose; an unwonted experience that left the masterful, undisciplined man dazed and rebellious. So possessed was he of the unaccustomed spirit of the vanquished that he failed to grasp at the hope implied by Evelyn's request that he wait.

HE turned and started for the door, his eyes glooming with disappointment. He took only a step when he stopped short, a look of horror distorting his face. The last few moments had been anything but uneventful, restful, and, he must pay the penalty.

Again, he felt the grip on his heart, the two iron hands crushing, crushing out his life. Again, the torturing battle for breath. He dropped into a chair, and all went black before him.

With a little sobbing cry, Evelyn ran to his side and leaned over him yearningly, tenderly. Gone

was the resolve, the defiance of a moment before. She was yielding, yielding to the appeal of his weakness.

"Robert," she whispered. "Robert, what is it?"

He opened his eyes and smiled wryly. "I guess the Doctor was right," he said, whimsically. "It's my heart. An uneventful—existence—for me."

"And you didn't believe him?" she asked, with swift comprehension. "It's so like you not to."

He shook his head in bitter self-railery.

"But Robert, you must!" She bent lower. "You must, for my sake."

With incredulous gaze, he searched her face. "You mean—"

She sank on her knees beside him. "I mean that I wouldn't be coerced; that you could never have won me that way; but—but—" her voice became wonderfully tender—"you need me, dear—and see, I give myself to you freely."

He drew her toward him, a great joy dawning in his eyes. For a long, blissful moment, he held her close; then, he grasped her shoulders and thrust her away from him.

"The doctor says," he began heavily, "that I may—"

"Hush!" She put her hand over his mouth. "We'll fight this thing that threatens," she said, fiercely.

"O Robert! it will be worth while winning! We'll fight it together!"

Coming Class War in England

By ARNOLD WHITE

GRADUALLY—sometimes swiftly—the old battle between political parties tagged with historic slogans is giving way all over the world to a far greater conflict between classes created by new conditions. In this country no expert pretends to distinguish a "Grit" from a "Tory" by applying an economic or a tariff test. In the United States the last election clearly demonstrated that the old-line parties as such had to throw overboard much of their old cargo in order to grapple with conditions imposed by the great mass of the people who find no solution of their real problems in either party. In Germany the Socialist element has become the most powerful organic force in the country, breaking up old lines of cleavage for the sake of the welfare of the common man endangered by militarism. In Great Britain the class war stimulated by suffragism, syndicalism, socialism and the general upheaval of the under classes has come almost to a climax under a government which has done more to disturb the old order of things than all the Imperial wars. The world over there is beginning to be an emergence of new issues caused directly by the forces delineated by the late Henry George in his brilliant work, "Progress and Poverty." It is now generally conceded that in the democracy of human effort, titles, family names and seats in the House of Lords are not immune from the social iconoclast who prefers to know why the Duke of Thus-and-So has the right to keep wealth from being more evenly distributed by collecting ground rents on property acquired by his ancestors in the Middle Ages.

In the following article, by Mr. Arnold White, reprinted in part from the "British Review," the case of the common man against the oligarchy of government, democratic or otherwise, is brilliantly expounded in a style that might have emanated from the pen of that witty smasher of idols, George Bernard Shaw. The writer evidently has no hesitation in believing that as a result of the class war now fermenting in Great Britain the power of the country to resist foreign invasion will be lessened owing to a moral breakup in the army and navy. Some of his prophecies may be classed as nightmares. But the general tenor of his article, with all its exaggerated style of rhetoric, should be a stimulus to all those who, especially in hot weather, incline to a comfortable belief in such proverbs as "Let Well Enough Alone," "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie," "Muddle Through," and "For Heaven's Sake Don't Make a Row!"—Editorial Note.

THE British community is on the verge of civil war. The sky is not blue but black. The promise of perpetual spring is replaced by as dark a prospect as the world has seen since the French Revolution. War abroad and war at home seem almost inevitable. Instead of everlasting youth and health, the State subsidy for malingering and the State organization for the destruction of thrift has lowered the stamina, the character, the personality and the power of the people of England.

The coming Class War is due to the cult of the useful lie. For eight years the Treasury Bench has been occupied by men whose minds are detached from a feeling for truthfulness. Dion Cassius said of the Augustan age:

"We find many things commonly stated which never occurred, while others which really took place are not mentioned at all; and almost

every instance is distorted from the truth of the fact."

As the evil wrought by Nero or by Tiberius was not indulgence in unbridled orgies, such as are described by Suetonius and Petronius, but in the creation of an atmosphere of mendacity which destroyed the Roman Empire as soon as society was saturated with general intent to deceive, so the astute, eloquent, and cultured men who for eight years have deceived the people on every subject, including preparation for war, have made a conflict between classes inevitable.

Democracy under dishonest governors cannot govern because concentration of power in dishonest hands is the result. Under democracy the inner ring of Government is supreme and individual men are small. Democracy, like the grave, surrenders nothing that it has swallowed. It abhors all institutions which it has not made. The Militia, our old constitutional force, lasted a thousand years, and therefore must have possessed some quality in harmony with the instincts of the British race. The Militia was abolished under a tissue of statements by the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues in which the percentage of untruth varied from three per cent. to seventy per cent. The preamble of the Parliament Bill lulled the suspicions of good, easy men and upright Archbishops and Bishops who voted for a Single Chamber and an empty Throne, but no student of democracy imagines that any effective Second Chamber which shall record the convictions of the electors as the House of Commons records their moods, will be re-established until these matters are "put to the proof," and until rivers of good red blood have flowed. The abolition of the Constitution, the disappearance of the Second Chamber, the Ministerial attack upon the Army, with the consequent disintegration of the Navy, has already reduced the Monarchy to the execution of decorative or philanthropic functions. The disappearance of the Throne, for a time at least, cannot be avoided unless the racial consciousness of Englishmen awakens in the sense that the racial consciousness of Celts, of Ulstermen, and of Loyal Canadians has awakened.

THE two dominant factors in the disintegration of the Kingdom are, first, organized mendacity; and, second, the appetites of needy lawyers and unscrupulous politicians, who play upon the intelligence of honest idealists, who generate steam and supply force to propel the projectile of destruction. Politicians who line their own pockets are generally clever townsmen. Husbandmen whose success with their crops depends on the honesty of their tilth and shepherds who must manage their flocks with due regard to the conditions that govern the life and health of lambs, sheep, rams, and wethers will go into bankruptcy if they neglect the inexorable laws that govern pastoral success. Shepherds and husbandmen who lead out-door lives make good soldiers. Of the two the shepherd makes the better soldier. Tartars, Arabs, Scythians, Boers, Australasians, are better soldiers than the young townsmen of Britain who have been trained in Socialist Sunday Schools and who are duped by the promises of the Party rhetorician.

The sabibs of Britain represent the shepherds and husbandmen—that is why the Navy and Army are predominantly Unionist, Monarchist, and individualistic. They are profoundly dejected at the prospect of the coming Class War. The secret conclaves of the Cabinet at which the vote-catching campaign was planned evidently decided to allot various sec-

tions of the populace to individual Ministers. Mr. George carries weight with factory workers and town-dwellers. It was not difficult to work them up to a pitch of hysteria and to make them believe that writing the formula of Socialism upon a skin of parchment is the same thing as achieving the abolition of private property, of aristocracy, of monarchy, and of human inequality. It is not.

ALL far-seeing officers in the British Army and Navy have a profound objection to the use of British regiments and British ships of war for the suppression of labour troubles. No officer and no man joining the Services has any idea of fighting against any other foe than the enemies of their country. The cry of the "Army versus the People" which has been raised by urban and suburban Socialism is raised in ignorance. Any Army that is raised by the nation and paid for by the nation will always be divided by Civil War. The only conceivable alternative is a system of janissaries who are more likely to turn upon the Government that raised them than upon the people from whom they spring.

The complexity of modern life in the United Kingdom in the absence of a Second Chamber and with the Monarchy reduced to the status of a mechanical automaton operated by a revolutionary Junta means rank chaos from top to bottom of society. In the old Civil Wars half Britain knew nothing about chaos. No railways, no telephones, no wireless, no newspapers, no dynamite, and but little Socialism tended to localize disturbance. In 1642-8 there was little intercommunication of any kind. Food was produced in every part of the country. The destruction of Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Bristol, and Liverpool, or even of London, would have had little more effect upon the future of our Kingdom than the burning of Moscow on the future of Russia.

In the coming Class War, if the food of London or of Liverpool fails, the food of the country fails also. People living within fifty miles of Oxford, a great distributing centre, might be fed for a time, and motor cars will of course tend to equalize prices of such food as might be procurable. Starvation, however, will arise from two causes. Food may be inaccessible because its price may be beyond the purchasing power of the people, or food may be inaccessible because it does not exist. The formation of "corners" in food would be an irresistible temptation to cosmopolitan regraters, and the outbreak of anti-Semitism on a large scale, as was seen at Llanely on a small scale, would be a natural and certain symptom of the coming Class War. Synagogues, please note.

REVOLVER shots in the House of Commons, the burning of Westminster Abbey, spoliation of the undefended wealth in the British Museum are among the lesser evils that will accompany the outbreak of the Class War. The declaration of the Radical Party cry, "The People against the Army," will be followed by the withdrawal of the sentries from the Well at Cawnpore and by the splitting of the British Army in India. Germans, Belgians, Americans, Non-Anglicized Jews, and the large cosmopolitan element in the great cities will wish to know who is going to win before committing themselves to a patriotism that will be inconvenient when a "sotnia" of Cossacks or two squadrons of German Dragoons mount guard at the Bank of England.

When a mob is drunk with blood, loot, and lust, it refuses to disperse, unless rain or hail falls heavily. In modern street fighting the carnage is horrible. Heaps of men, lads, and women with babies in arms lie helter skelter, dead, or bleeding in the mud. Writhing, cursing, groaning defiance at they know

not what, wounded citizens will watch the bloody, muddy water trickle down the gratings at the curb. The poisonous scent of picric acid will pervade the town. If the Regular Army has been broken by the time Class War breaks out and the Government is discredited in the eyes of the majority of the nation, ammunition will be withdrawn from the majority of Territorial battalions in accordance with the precedent of 1911. Of the Territorials who are called out in aid of the civil power some will refuse to fire upon the insurgents, and it is difficult to foresee any reason why the burning of London should not be as natural a consequence of the Class War as the burning of Paris was the result of the success of the Commune.

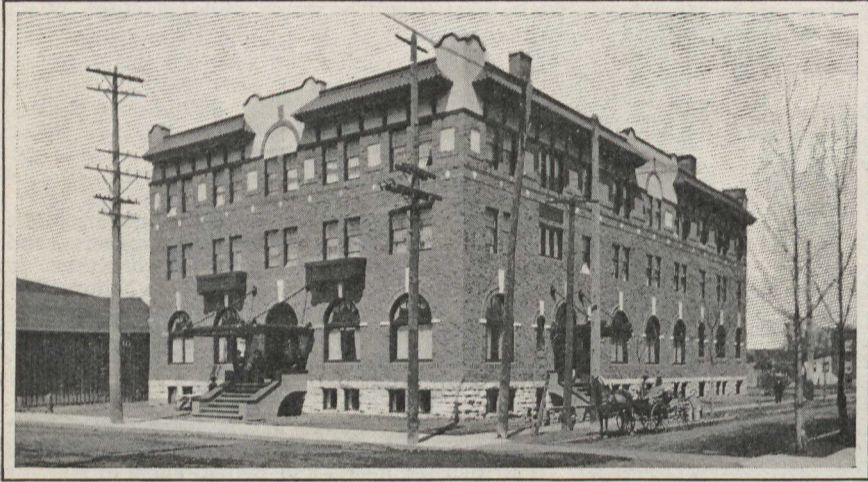
THE coming tyranny of the new Feudalism of the new Terror is due to the refusal of a mendacious and flabby Government to govern. Flabby government and organized falsehood have already created a new and pestilential form of tyranny. The new tyranny is no less oppressive than the old. The new tyrants despise the traditions established by the men who won freedom at home and settled

the hash of five continental tyrants in succession—Charlemagne, Charles V., Philip II., Louis XIV., and Napoleon.

The Conservative Party in the House of Lords assented to a law in 1906 known as the Trades Disputes Act. That instrument placed a minority of manual labourers above the law, above brain workers, above the Second Chamber, above the King, above India, above traditions, above the rule of the best, above everybody. It is unfair to saddle the Liberal Government with the sole responsibility for that infamous measure. Twenty-two per cent. of one section of the population were authorized to terrorize, to intimidate, and to destroy seventy-eight per cent. of their mates. A special and privileged caste was created which had none of the grace and all the disgrace that belonged to the oligarchy who exploited the public in the old times before us. Some of the old aristocracy were and are venerated for goodness, for courage, for liberality, for patriotism, and for large hearted belief in the cardinal law of friendship of classes. The first duty of government is to see that everybody is free to go about his business. Government has deliberately re-

nounced that objective. The new John Bull intends to gain control of the old John Bull's property by the second, third, and fourth clauses of the Trades Disputes Act. The stoppage of railways and mines means the assassination of society, if society refuses to use the apparatus provided by itself for the purpose of carrying on its own business. As a private individual of no account, may I suggest, while there is yet time, that no telegram, no telephonic communication, and no letter relating to a general strike be despatched, conveyed, or delivered by the taxpayers' Telegraph, Telephone, and Post Office Departments? The use of public communications for anarchic mobilization should be forbidden to the organizers of strikes against society. Unless the Government protects the public the public must organize, as Ulster has organized. The charter of illegality is immunity for lying. The mettle of the nation will be shown by scotching the contemplated general strike by refusal to allow the revolutionaries to use the public services for the creation of Class War.

Keep hold of communications, cease lying, tell the truth and avoid the Class War.



A bar-less hotel which was recently erected in Renfrew, Ont., by a company of the citizens as a civic enterprise.



Local option put this hotel on the market and it is now used as a creamery, at Cannington, Ont.

The New Hotel and the Old

WHATEVER the politicians may say and whatever the old-line hotelkeepers may think, there is a new era in the hotel business. The distillers and the brewers may deprecate, the personal-liberty advocates may fulminate, the moderate drinker may waver, but the hotel business is being turned upside down.

The ancient English-Canadian inn, with its box-stove, its shining counter, and its red-faced, cheery host has gone, never to return. The idea of hospitality has gone too—gone with the stage-coach and the waggon travel. Indeed, most of those went years ago. All that were left were a number of hotels in towns and villages where an occasional traveller got a night's lodging and where the people who were accustomed to indulge in foaming drinks were wont to foregather as in a club. This now is passing also. The minister has decided that there shall be no club but the church. He may possibly tolerate the Y. M. C. A. for a little while longer.

ABOLISH the bar is a slogan which is but a reflex of the people's determination. They have decided that the hotel of the future must be a hotel which will not serve spirituous liquors. This is their right. What the people determine to have is likely to be what is best for them. If the "bar" is to go, it will probably be found that the "bar" deserved banishment.

In the process of bringing in the new hotel, there is much heart-burning and much clash of interests. Ye ancient hotelkeeper hates to see a good paying business destroyed. He is an honest man as a rule, and honourable in his own eyes. He has given sons and daughters to the world of whom he is not ashamed. The government might buy him out or give him some recompense. Premier Gouin is doing that in Quebec, but Whitney and Rowell are not so generous in Ontario. Perhaps Roblin and Morris will be more kindly in Manitoba. So, poorer in purse, he seeks some other livelihood. His hotel is turned into a boarding-house, a livery stable, or a creamery. The accompanying photograph shows an example of the latter. The methods may vary, but the result is the same—the ancient hotel which was half saloon and half lodging-house will soon, except in the large cities, be as extinct as the Dodo.

THAT a hotel can be run at a profit without a bar has been demonstrated in a few places since local option came into vogue. But as a rule private capital is timid about investing in that kind of hotel, especially in places where there is little or no casual traffic and down-town noon trade such as keeps cafes and restaurants busy in big cities. It

By NORMAN PATTERSON

is the no-bar hotel in the small town that has been looked upon as a small white elephant by private investors. And Renfrew is one of the first towns in Canada to recognize this in organizing a first-class, modern hotel, minus a bar and plus the co-operation of the citizens at large. The Hotel Renfrew was opened a few days ago without the popping of a single cork or the twist of a bottle-opener—unless it was Apollinaris or ginger ale. The banquet called out most of the best citizens, both ladies and gentlemen, and it was opened with a grace from one of the three clergymen present. Some of the prominent citizens at the dinner had money invested in this no-bar hotel; and they expect to get dividends on it within two or three years. They were shareholders who for the sake of showing how public ownership is able to overcome sentiment put their money into what looked like a risky enterprise. Renfrew is a dry town. But Renfrew has an up-to-date citizens' hotel; not merely a temperance hotel, but an inn built for the prime purpose of feeding and accommodating travelers and all those who prefer paying board bills at a quiet place to living at home. The project took two years to bring to a climax; and much of the credit is due Mr. M. J. O'Brien, a wealthy mine-owning citizen of Renfrew, who advanced a large share of the money at low rates of interest.

Let no man think that the passing of the "beer and whiskey" hotel and the abolition of the bar will stop drinking. Only long years of

education will do that. In 1870, every Canadian man, woman and child consumed one and a half gallons of whiskey, and a little over two gallons of beer. If any of them did not use up their share, their parents or friends did it for them. Since then Canada has had the Scott Act, the Dunkin Act, Prohibition, Abolish the Bar, and years of earnest agitation. So, the result—instead of three and a half gallons per head, every Canadian now consumes seven and a half gallons.

In forty years Canada's daily consumption of liquor has doubled. Perhaps you doubt this statement. If you do, get The Canadian Year Book for 1912, published at Ottawa under the authority of that greatest of all temperance advocates, Hon. Geo. E. Foster, and you will find the figures on page 375. Here they are:—

Per Capita Consumption of Spirits.	
1870.....	1.434 gallons spirits.
1870.....	2.163 gallons beer.
	3.597
1912.....	1.030 gallons spirits.
1912.....	6.598 gallons beer.
	7.628

As a people we love our whiskey and our beer, and the distillers and the brewers will thrive long after the present generation has been safely gathered to its fathers. Canada may abolish the bar, but it will be a long time before ginger ale and lemonade become the national beverages.

Popularizing the St. John

DOWN along the lower waters of the St. John River, which ends at the city of St. John, there is a panorama of enchantment. The St. John is one of the most beautiful rivers in Canada. Outside of the Maritime Provinces few people say much about it. The St. Lawrence, but for its higher banks, cannot be more fascinating to those who like the window seat in a railway coach. The inhabitants of St. John have become aware of this; though it took some of them a very long while. Now there are hundreds upon hundreds of summer cottages along the St. John, owned mostly by St. Johnites, but many of them by Americans who have the faculty of knowing a good thing the moment they set eyes on it.

This Yankee appreciation of Canadian scenery has been recently expressed along the St. John River. With all the thousands of people who live in summer cottages along the St. John, there is nowhere in the St. John valley a decent summer hotel. Trav-

ellers often wonder why. They want to stop off along the river. There is neither special steamer service to carry them up and down, nor a good summer hotel where they can be accommodated.

Now, at a point seventeen miles up the river from St. John, a large summer hotel will be built by Boston and Maritime capital. The company is capitalized at \$100,000, which seems a small amount in comparison to the possibilities. The company has purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land, with a long stretch of sandy beach and a hill behind it overlooking one of the most beautiful portions of the river. It is also proposed to have tennis courts and a golf course, and tents for such as prefer that kind of living. The hotel will be built of concrete, and it is expected will be ready for use next summer.

This is the beginning of a movement to popularize the St. John River among more people than the inhabitants of St. John.

Comment on Imperial Affairs

Kipling as a Politician

KIPLING broke into politics at Tunbridge Wells on May 16th. He has always been at the game more or less, but usually as a non-partisan. Now, he has doffed his high imperial tone, and got down to purely partisan criticism. He accuses the present British cabinet of supplementing their incomes with "tips." This was a reference to the stock exchange transactions in which some of them were concerned. Arguing along similar lines, he makes an attack upon the Parliament Act, by which, when a Bill has been passed three times in the House of Commons, it becomes law without the approval of the Lords. He said:

"A good deal of crooked work on the part of the Cabinet ended in the passage of the Parliament Act, by which the Cabinet assured itself of a straight run of five years' salary. The Parliament Act meant that if their majority could be kept together, the Cabinet stood to make four hundred thousand pounds alone during their term of office.

"The House of Commons voted itself four hundred pounds per head per annum out of the nation's money. It was crooked work, but as the Premier pointed out, the House of Commons was supreme, and master of the situation. Therefore, it embezzled public funds under trust, well knowing that it could not be called to account. The meanest sneak thief takes his chance against the laws of civilized society. The House of Commons took none. As long as the Cabinet stayed in office, every coalition member of Parliament knew that he would get his cheque for one hundred pounds every quarter. Men will do a great deal for the sake of four hundred a year certain for five years."

Kipling then goes on to argue that it was also necessary to bribe the Nationalists in order to ensure the Cabinet getting their four hundred thousand pounds and the private members their comfortable incomes. The Government could not continue in power without the Nationalist votes. Hence the reason for the Home Rule Bill. "A province and a people of Great Britain are to be sold to their and our enemies." There you have the kernel of his argument.

Perhaps such a brief statement of the basis of his speech against Home Rule is unfair to Mr. Kipling, but it is sufficient to show that he is in a most partisan mood. He attacks the Cabinet in language which, in Canada, is reserved for stump oratory in the ward rooms or the back concessions. Such language would not be countenanced in our House of Commons, where men are prone to go the limit in denunciation of their opponents. One may even disapprove of Home Rule, and yet recognize that Rudyard Kipling and those with whom he associates have reached a state which would be considered grievous even in Canada.

There is this to be said. If Mr. Kipling's violent language indicates the feelings of even a small minority of the people of the United Kingdom, then a change of Government cannot be long delayed.

The Imperial Squadron

LAST year, Canada was startled, stimulated, enthused and electrified by the announcement that a flying Imperial Squadron of Dominion battleships was to be placed at Gibraltar, for the quick defence of the outlying portions of the Empire.

Alas and alack! A year has rolled around, and there is no Imperial Squadron. There is not a single ship available for it. Even Mr. Churchill, the brilliant father of this remarkable precocious idea, seems to have forgotten his offspring.

Canada was to contribute three Dreadnoughts. But when Mr. Churchill ordered the British Fleet to get ready to proceed against Ulster, nothing more was heard from Canada.

Australia was to contribute two—but Premier Cook and Minister of Defence Millen of Australia say "Nay, Nay." They announce that the Royal Australia Fleet will stay in Royal Australian waters except in times of war. Indeed, a writer on Australian affairs in the June "National Review" says that "Mr. Churchill's proposed Imperial Squadron, which is to perambulate the Empire, is not regarded seriously."

New Zealand—yes, the New Zealand battleship is available. But New Zealand is hurrying along preparations for a New Zealand fleet which will mean that the "New Zealand" will serve in times of peace in New Zealand waters.

Yes, the Imperial Squadron is dead, dead, dead. Eh, what?

Speculation by Ministers

QUITE a severe rule has been laid down by the Lords Committee appointed to investigate the Marconi Transaction of Lord Murray of Elibank. Certain shares of the Marconi Company were to be listed on the stock market on April 19th, 1912. On April 17th, Murray bought one thousand shares

at \$10 a share, from or through Sir Rufus Isaacs. On April 18th, announcement was made in the press of an agreement between the Marconi Company and the British Government. On April 19th, the shares were duly listed, and sold like "hot cakes" at \$16.25. On the same day Sir Rufus Isaacs sold 357 shares for Lord Murray at \$16.50 or thereabouts, and on the following day another 500 were sold for Murray at about the same price. Later, he had other dealings, some of which were not so profitable.

The Lords Committee now says that the April 17th purchase was "a speculative transaction and was a grave error on Lord Murray's part, but we acquit him of any dishonourable conduct." Finally, the Committee stated:

"In conclusion, we think it is within our province to express our strong opinion that there should be henceforth an inflexible rule to preclude those who hold office from entering upon any speculative transactions in stocks or shares in any circumstances whatsoever, and that this rule should be by them inculcated in their subordinates both by precept and example. The evils that may arise from a violation of this principle are incalculable."

Here is a standard for Canadian Cabinet Ministers which they might well consider seriously. It is well known that such a rule has not been followed by many of our ministers in the past. This is not to

accuse them of dishonesty, but of taking chances in a dangerous practice.

Home Rule Amended

PREMIER ASQUITH announced in the House of Commons on Thursday of last week that the Amending Home Rule Bill will be introduced into Parliament before the House of Lords is asked to vote on the second reading of the main Home Rule Bill. Some of the opponents of Home Rule wanted this course followed in the Commons, but Mr. Asquith refused; he forced the House to vote on the main bill before seeing the Amending Bill. With the Lords he will follow a different course. They will have a chance to deal with the Amending Bill before they take their second and decisive vote on the main bill.

The new bill will not reach the House of Lords before the week beginning June 21st, so that no final decision regarding the main bill will be reached before some time in July. It may be that the Amending Bill will be so satisfactory to the Ulsterites and to the Lords that they will pass the Home Rule Bill itself. It becomes law, in any case, and they might do this for the sake of peace and concord. If this were done on July 11th, it would take much of the snap and danger out of the Orange speech-making, in Ulster and Canada on July 12th.

"IMPERIALIST."

Tips Defined

TIPS are carefully prepared pieces of information handed out by those who have knowledge for the purpose of misleading those who have not that knowledge.

LITTLE COMEDIES OF MILITIA CAMPS

Drawn by H. W. Cooper



The Passing Show of 1914, an old story to the veteran, is as novel as a circus to the recruit. This year the ice-cream cone is a new note.

Through a Monocle

Municipal Playgrounds

FOR the life of me I do not see why municipalities should not do something toward providing healthful recreation for some of the rest of us beside "carriage folk" and "slum children." Municipalities do spend our good money on providing "playgrounds" for people wealthy enough to keep carriages and motors, and on people poor enough to have no toys of their own. But the great bulk of the population, which lies in between these two classes, is left neglected. That it is not a case of providing for the poor only, is shown by the fine carriage drives and motor roads we create for the rich. They do not need municipal aid; and yet they get it—and Provincial and even Federal aid into the bargain. And poor children have unhealthy swings and perilous trapezes and all sorts of playing material provided for them at the public expense. I am heartily in favour of both these charities—though I shudder when I see the kids on some of the contrivances set up for them.

BUT why neglect my very good friends, the young man on a low salary who cannot afford to join a "club," and the young lady "stenog." or clerk who is hard put to it to pay for a "hall bedroom" and must accept the attentions of men if she is to get any recreation at all? These make a very numerous class—and they fairly ache for lack of the free and abundant play to which they were always accustomed to "back home" in the village or small town. There is absolutely no place where the young man or woman, without money to spare, can "play" in a large city. Play, which was so free in the village, becomes a costly luxury in the city, for which prices are charged which stagger the new-comer.

MY first experience as a "prisoner" in Toronto is fresh in my mind. I was only a boy at the time; but I was living on a small salary, and the only margin I could manage for "play" was boat-

hire for the privilege of dodging about Toronto Bay. One could not simply walk out of his house, and get into a "ball-game" on the first vacant lot. In fact, it was one of my tortures that I could not seem to get into anything like a vacant lot at all. I would go out on the interminable streets, and walk and walk and walk between rows of houses and trim gardens, meeting well-dressed and decorously behaved people, until sheer weariness compelled me to turn back again—without having once pressed with my eager foot the soft turf of a free "common." For a town-bred lad, it was misery. But there was no escape then. I once took the dawdling old horse-car line out Yonge Street North to its very end; but, even then, I only got into the fields by venturing on open trespass.

QUEEN'S PARK, you say! Yes; there was a Queen's Park then; there is none now. But it was a dry and barren spot. No one seemed to be joyous there. Even the Sunday orators reminded one constantly that, in Toronto, "life was real, life was earnest," and the grave might as well as not be its goal. High Park? In those days, it took a long time to get to High Park on the cars; and then what was there to do but to stroll quietly and sedately about, and eat a mussy lunch on the grass! If anybody played games there, I never caught them at it. Of course, there were boating clubs into which I might have got, but they cost money. Other people seemed to play games at times behind high fences; but I felt that I would be about as welcome there as if I walked into their drawing-rooms. For a young, active fellow, passionately fond of athletics and "good at games," the difference between Toronto and the Central Prison was that, in the former, the corridors were longer and the cells more commodious.

I PRESUME that all this is worse now than it was then; for Toronto has grown over a greater area. Thousands of young men, strangers in the city, are slowly petrifying into stiff and starchy

paraders along cement pavements, growing pale under their hat brims, losing that swiftness of hand and sureness of eye that came from judging the position of a ball, aging visibly and souring with envy and longing, perhaps seeking forgetfulness by the wakening of passions which out-of-doors life lulls to sleep. And all for the lack of a place to play! The poor children must have their playgrounds—and I am the last to grudge them this benefit. But, to be frank, they would probably suffer less from being compelled to play in the streets to which they are accustomed, than do these young exiles out of "God's country" from being suddenly deprived of all play in a seething city, full of harpies of both sexes who know how to coin the pent-back energy of youth into sordid gain.

AND think of the shame of it! Canada, with its abundance of out-of-doors, is about the only civilized country in the world which does not provide public playgrounds for all classes. We think of the Americans as being engrossed in money-making; but, in most American cities, there are public golf links where the young man or woman can go and play the live-long day without money and without price. In Great Britain, public golf links are a regular feature of municipal government. And golf is a game which can be played by any young man without much initial expenditure. Then there are the famous Commons of the Old Country where all the population play cricket or football; and it is a regularly recognized duty over there for the wealthy people to subscribe to the funds of workingmen's clubs of all descriptions. They realize that a certain amount of healthful recreation is a necessity of life for the young, and a rejuvenating influence for the middle-aged. But this is a feature of the "rush to the cities" with which we have not dealt in Canada. We leave our young people to fester in inaction or to seek relief in the nervous and anaemic distractions which the greedy dime-seekers are so ready to offer—the amusement parks, the "movies," and the interminable parade on our most popular streets. If our young men and women "go wrong," we who have "imprisoned" them in an artificial hot-house, in which the excitements of sex and alcohol are about the only attractions, will surely not be held blameless.

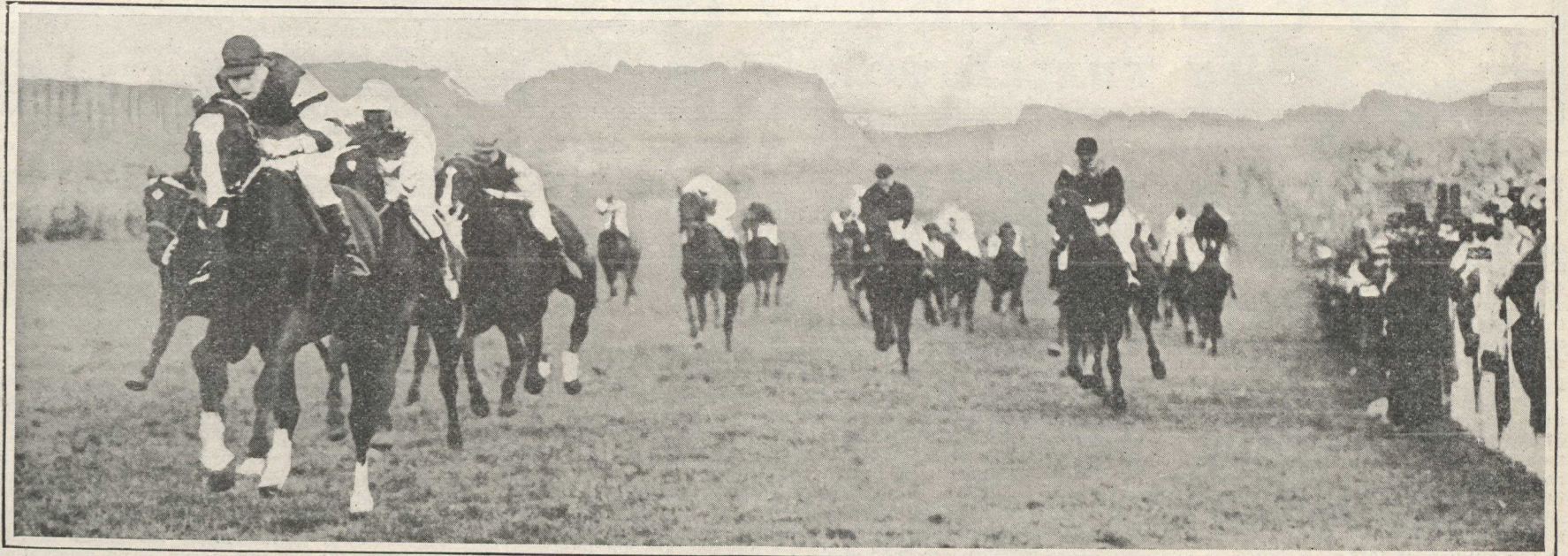
THE MONOCLE MAN.



AN ARID EXPEDITION

ROWELL BEY ON HIS THIRTY-DAY DASH FOR THE POLITICAL MECCA

England Forgets Her Troubles on Derby Day



Gallery finish of the Derby when Durbar II., a French-trained horse, owned by Mr. H. B. Duryea, an American, won against a string of thirty. Sir Ernest Cassel's Hapsburg and Mr. H. J. King's Peter the Hermit finished second and third. Kennymore, the favourite, was badly beaten.



Mr. Duryea leading in Durbar II., winner of the Derby.



In the parade before the race the King's horse Brakespear was given first place.

The Choir That Almost Made Weyburn Famous

A YEAR or two ago Weyburn, Sask., proved itself bigger than its town limits by establishing a bank which grew out of a money safe. A short while before that Weyburn was not even mentioned in a railway timetable. Now this progressive town in Saskatchewan has established the beginning of a musical reputation by winning awards in the recent Saskatchewan sangerfast in which there were 1,500 entries from all over the Province. It was the children that did most of it, the little choir of twenty-five voices that, under the direction of Miss Amberton, and aided by the enthusiasm of Inspector of Schools Mr. A. Kennedy, won the shield donated by the Waterman-Waterbury Co. for Class B in children's choir work. It was the Weyburn Urban School Chorus in Class A, including the Class B choir that came second to the Prince Albert choir in the same class and won the shield donated by Mr. R. M. Mitchell, M.L.A. The Class B choir, of which Weyburn is so justly proud, and a group photograph of which appears on this page, had two splendid juvenile choirs to beat—the Indian Head girls' choir of 19 voices, which came but one point behind, and the Moose Jaw children's choir of 90 voices. More pretentious prizes may have been carried off by larger places in the festival, but when the children of all such places as Weyburn win honours in this form of democratic art, it means vastly more for the general development of music in the West than for adults and picked solo voices to get awards.

After the festival a concert of a high order of merit was given by the Children's Choir in Weyburn, the proceeds of which were set aside to repay as much as possible of the amount advanced by the City Council for financing the festival competitors. Civic support of music is not confined to Toronto:



The Children's Choir that won the Class B award at the recent Saskatchewan festival in Saskatoon.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

The Ottawa Prorogation

PARLIAMENT has prorogued, and in all probability will not meet again until January of next year. The session lasted just five months, and speaking generally was productive of a reasonable amount of legislation. Canada's budget has grown so large and so extensive that the mere discussion of it occupies a great deal of time. The appropriations this year were over two hundred million dollars, and many weeks were devoted to an examination of the details as well as a debate on the general principles involved.

The Redistribution Act is the first measure mentioned in the Prorogation Speech. It is to the credit of Parliament that this measure was passed unanimously, on the report of a committee made up of representatives from each of the parties. The Bill increases the number of members in the House, but such increase will not be effective until after the next general election, which will probably be held in the autumn of 1915.

The second reference in the Prorogation Speech is to the measures which have been passed providing for the completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways. The C. N. R. Bill took more of the time of the House than any other piece of legislation, and in the popular mind is the monument erected during the 1914 session. Forty-five million dollars is a large sum to guarantee and Parliament did not do it hastily.

Another bill of supreme importance, but one which has attracted little attention, is the Naturalization Act, which provides for British as well as Canadian citizenship. A corresponding measure is now before the British House and should be passed shortly. Similar measures will also be passed in the other self-governing dominions in due course.

Reference was also made in the Prorogation Speech to the tariff adjustments made during the session, to measures relating to Safety of Life at Sea, to a measure for more effective supervision of Cold Storage Warehouses, to the new Trust and Loan Company Act, and to the provision for the building of larger dry docks in the national harbours of the Dominion.

Only two important measures were throttled in the Senate. One was an appropriation of something over a million dollars for the relief of the shareholders of the defunct Farmers' Bank. The other was a Post Office Bill, giving the Postmaster-General full and unlimited power to fix the rates of postage to be paid by newspapers and periodicals. The former bill was defeated largely because the Senate believed that it was being passed for political advantage and because it might set an awkward precedent. The latter was defeated because it was unsound in principle, and because of the opposition of the Canadian Press Association.

Who Are the Cowards?

DURING the past session, neither the Government nor the Opposition mentioned the navy question. The word "emergency" was avoided and so was the phrase "a Canadian navy." The defence of the Empire, which a year ago was the most burning question at Ottawa, was never discussed.

Who are the cowards?
If the Conservatives are as loyal as they claim to be, why did they not make an appropriation for naval defence?

If the Liberals are in earnest in desiring to see the beginning of a Canadian naval service, why did they not try to persuade the Government to do something?

The citizen who is not blinded by partisanship must plainly see that the leaders of both parties either have no convictions on the subject or else have not the courage of those convictions. This is a sad conclusion to draw, but there is none other.

Wild-Cat Speculation

OUR provincial governments are sadly lacking in preventive statesmanship. Only one province, Manitoba, has a law to prevent wild-cat speculation.

Here is a canker which is eating into the vitals of the nation, and yet only one provincial government in nine has had the courage to grapple with it. All sorts of laws are passed to promote or to hamper legitimate business, but the illegitimate runs wild without restriction.

If a postman steals a letter with a dollar bill in it, he goes to the penitentiary and his life is ruined. If the promoter of a wild-cat oil company, or fox-raising company steals a hundred thousand dollars from ignorant investors, he is accounted a great man, gets his picture in the newspapers, and becomes a "leading citizen."

If Canada is to be the great nation that most of

us hope to see it, we must distinguish between the essential and the non-essential. We must tackle the big evils, not the little evils. We must punish the big criminals and let the petty ones off with a reprimand. At present our criminal law and our commercial statutes fail to mention the worst crimes committed in the name of business.

The Inefficient and the Tariff

HON. GEORGE E. FOSTER made a strong point at the Manufacturers' Banquet in Montreal last week when he said he did not want to see the tariff used as an excuse for lazy and inefficient manufacturers. Skill, economy and honest workmanship, he pointed out, will do as much for the manufacturer as the tariff has done.

This is a splendid message. Coming as it does from an avowed and life-long protectionist, it should be a warning to the Canadian manufacturer to do his best. The days of high protection are not likely to be long in this country, and the manufacturer who is wise will prepare for the inevitable. He must so organize and perfect his business that he will be able to sell his goods on a free-trade basis. The tariff is there, but he should be selling on a basis which will enable him to succeed if that tariff is lowered or eliminated. This is the ideal. The older manufacturers should be close to it now, and the newer keeping it in front of them as a goal to be reached at an early date.

A tariff for revenue only would average about fifteen per cent, and every manufacturer who is wise will be preparing for the day when Canada will adopt that policy. Investors in industrial stocks should also keep this in mind and buy stocks only in such industries as seem likely to be in that position at an early date. Many investors have already taken warning, and this accounts in a measure for the recent drop in steel and iron securities.

The Ontario Elections

NEVER was there a more interesting election in the Province of Ontario than the one now being so vigorously waged with Sir James Whitney leading the Conservatives and Mr. N. W. Rowell leading the Liberals. Previous campaigns have been fought upon the quality of the administration, its extravagance and its mal-administration, or the reverse. These topics are practically forgotten in this particular struggle. Whether the Government has been good or bad in the general sense is not an issue; whether it has been economical or spendthrift in its expenditures, is not an issue; whether the members of the Government have administered the affairs of the Province without governmental or personal corruption, is not an issue. That the present administration has been long enough in office and that it is time their opponents got a chance is not seriously discussed. Even the Hydro-Electric policy, which has been the chief topic of discussion in Ontario for six years, is not a bone of contention between the parties. This is where the campaign has an individuality of its own.

The chief topic is "Abolish the Bar." Mr. Rowell has so far succeeded as the leader of an Opposition that he has forced the issue. It is usual in all general elections in this country for the Government to decide what the chief topic of discussion at a general election shall be. In 1896, when the Conservative Government at Ottawa fell before the onslaughts of the Liberals under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the issue was made by the Government on the Manitoba School question. It is true that the Liberals opposed that policy in the House, but the Government was content to go to the people and fight it out. Similarly, in 1911, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was content to have a general election on Reciprocity. In both these cases the Government selected its own fighting ground, and went down to defeat on an issue which was largely of its own making.

In Ontario, Sir James Whitney's government did not desire a fight on the temperance question. Indeed, it might be accurate to say that it did not expect a conflict wholly on this question. It knew that Mr. Rowell had put the "Abolish the Bar" plank in his platform; it knew that he had brought the subject up in the Legislature and had forced several divisions on it. But the Government did not realize that the Liberals would make a full and complete alliance with the temperance party and the Protestant churches, and force the temperance issue to the premier position. They knew that the temperance question would be discussed, but not that it would be discussed to the exclusion of all other topics. They expected an ordinary election campaign, but not a crusade.

Had the Government any anticipation that Mr. Rowell would succeed in forcing this issue in the way that he has done, they would never have an-

nounced the elections for the 29th of June. They would have waited until after the Presbyterian Assembly, the Methodist Conferences and the Baptist Associations had held their meetings. By bringing on the elections at this particular time they gave all the Protestant ministers of the Province a chance to endorse as a body and in a spectacular manner Mr. Rowell and his "Abolish the Bar" policy. If the Government foresaw such a possibility, they greatly underestimated the attitude of the Protestant churches to the Rowell policy. If the Government did not foresee the situation, then they were sadly lacking in political acumen and foresight.

Those who follow political fights in the role of observers will find much in this campaign to invite their attention. It is quite open for them to speculate whether it is wise to have a general election in a province turn on one particular issue to the exclusion of many others of equal importance. If these observers deem this unwise, they may speculate as to the reasons why such a situation has arisen in Ontario. They may decide for themselves whether it is weakness on the part of the Government or an evidence of strength on the part of the Opposition. This speculation is quite legitimate without any particular reference to the merits or demerits of abolishing the bar. The question of what policy the Government shall adopt towards Good Roads, Civil Service Reform, Methods of Taxation, Hydro-Electric Railways and Colonization in New Ontario is entirely neglected. It was certainly not the intention of those who founded our Parliamentary institution that anything of this kind should occur. The original idea was that all public questions should be discussed on a broad basis and in such a way that the newly-elected legislature would have some index to the sort of programme which it was to follow during its four years of existence.

There is another feature well worthy of consideration, and that is the interference of the churches in a political election. For many years the Protestant churches of Canada have been complaining of the interference of the Roman Catholic Church in general elections and the influence of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in political affairs at other times. Just now the Protestant churches are doing exactly what they have condemned in their Roman Catholic brethren. They will answer that they are working for the general good of all the people, Roman Catholic as well as Protestant, and not for the particular advantage of Protestant bodies. This is a fairly complete answer. Nevertheless, there are many people who see grave objections to the course that has been followed, and who believe that the temperance question should have been kept non-partisan. They object to members of the Protestant ministry offering themselves as candidates for the Legislature, and thus setting a precedent which, if followed by all religious bodies, might create an entirely new and baleful condition in political affairs.

Whatever one's ideas may be on the various points which have been raised here, the present situation in Ontario is a wonderful tribute to the growth of temperance sentiment and to the development of the temperance organizations throughout the Province of Ontario. Whatever the immediate or ultimate results may be, the people are certainly showing evidence of a keenness on this subject which is entirely new and decidedly exceptional.

Ontario's Political Campaign

(Toronto Sunday World.)

WHETHER Mr. Newton Wesley Rowell's quest of the Premiership is rewarded with the longed-for guerdon or not, he has certainly succeeded in stirring up the dry bones of both parties. Hitherto Dominion and Provincial politics have been mainly inherited. In Canada, even more than in Britain, every little girl and boy has been born a little Liberal or else a little Conservative. To abandon the ancestral political creed meant a social ostracism comparable to that which has attended the Asquithian and Lloyd Georgian campaign against hereditary privilege. No doubt the party organs did their best to create the impression that the labels under which they fought were more than names, and meant real differences in principles of policy and of conduct; but these efforts were not taken very seriously, interest attaching not to the matter itself but to the manner of its presentation. To-day, however, in Ontario electors are offered more than an opportunity to oust one set of politicians from the fleshpots and introduce another. Men who have proclaimed their conviction that the drink problem can be solved, or rather removed, by legislation are now called on to make their choice between their temperance propaganda and their political proclivities. Other men who disapprove restrictive legislation on principle are also compelled to decide between their party and their convictions. There will be "bolters" on both sides, but the extent of the "bolts" and their result will be matter of doubt until the counting of the votes.

A Resume of the Ottawa Session

(Toronto Telegram, Ind. Cons.)

SO Parliament has adjourned. Another session has gone down into history. The statistician will probably find that the five months of talk in which the Federal legislators indulged was divided as follows, although this is by no means official:

Two months to Maritime members pleading the cause of one-armed Grit wharfingers who were deprived of their jobs by a wicked Tory Government.

One month to noisy declamations by prairie members to the effect that the immigrants to whom Canada has given free land in the west demand the instant abolition of the tariff.

One month to lengthy speeches by Hon. Frank Oliver, Hon. Henry Emmerson, and Hon. Thomas White.

Three weeks to a sham fight over the Canadian Northern Railway deal.

And the rest of the time to transacting just enough real business to allow the members to face their constituencies at home without blushing.



Courierettes.

"YOU NEVER KNOW YOUR LUCK" is the title of Sir Gilbert Parker's new book. Perhaps it is born out of his experience with previous books.

Looks as if the watchword on the royal coat of arms in Britain should be changed in this day of militancy to "Safety First."

One of the features of the Ontario election campaign is the inclination of Mr. Rowell's friends to orate and their disinclination to be candidates.

These are the days when the sweet girl graduate is torn by conflicting emotions in the choice between Minerva and Cupid.

"It's a season of stripes," says a fashion writer. Too bad this bit of consolation cannot reach the prisoners in their cells.

C. A. Moss is Liberal candidate in Northeast Toronto, which is a rolling stone sort of a riding.

Belfast money is said to have prevented civil war in Ireland. Money talks—with persuasive eloquence.

"May be an upheaval," says the Toronto Star, speaking of the Ontario elections. To adapt Shakespeare, "much virtue in your 'may.'"

Mayor Martin, of Montreal, will wear an elaborate uniform and a sword by his side on state occasions. He'll find himself "all fussed up and nowhere to go."

Uncle Sam has a new and formidable gun which fires 300 shots per minute. It seems that this old world is paying more attention to man-killing than to man-building.

One of the Liberal candidates in Toronto is holding campaign meetings in tents. He probably calculates to make them in-tensely interesting.



Humour in the Police Court.

Sometimes the most humorous incidents happen in the places where one looks for tragedy.

In the Toronto Police Court the other day, for instance, an old fellow named McDonald leaned up against the railing of the dock to answer a charge of drunkenness. He had stood there frequently before, and had been given "chances" time after time by a lenient magistrate. For the old fellow seemed to be simply the victim of an unconquerable thirst.

This time the magistrate remembered him and recalled the fact that he had made many appearances in court of late.

"I thought I told you, McDonald," said the man on the bench, "that I didn't want to see you here again."

McDonald blinked and nodded his head emphatically.

"Yes, sir, that's what I told the cop that pinched me, sir, but he would bring me here again, sir."



A Slight Variation.—When the night of June 29 falls in Ontario, some of the beaten candidates may be hollering for the abolition of the bar—the bar of public opinion.



Military Note.—Soldiers must be very dishonest chaps. Every few hours a sentry is relieved of his watch.



How It's Proved.—"Cheats never prosper"—a rule that is proved by the numerous exceptions to it.



Rather Mis-mated.—A woman weighing 600 pounds has married a man

who tips the scale at 90, according to the papers. The pair should have remembered in time that Bible text which warns folks not to be "unequally yoked together."

Besides, if there is to be a weight handicap, in these days of militancy the man should have it.



The Solution.—Poor old John Bull is sorely worried about the militants Uncle Sam advises him to let the women die in prison.

Canada suggests their deportation to some desolate isle.

France is amazed that order-loving Britain has not suppressed the suffragettes.

Germany comes along with the proposal that corporal punishment be resorted to.

English women suggest flogging.

But nobody seems to seize on the possible solution of the whole problem—to give the blooming women what they clamour for and are bound to get sooner or later—the ballot.



Sure to Be.—"I'm thinking of taking a plunge on the stock market." "Well, you'll find there's lots of water there."

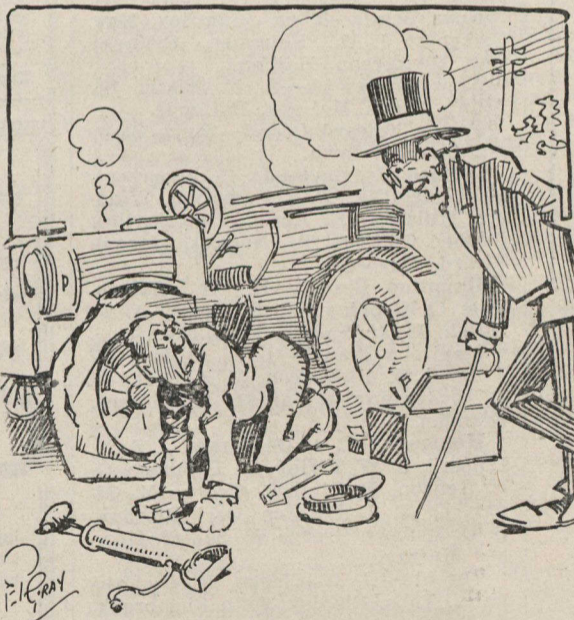


The Right Answer.—"Papa, why do they call a boat 'she'?" "Because it costs so much to rig her out."

Here's Mary Again.

Mary had a little lamb,
A pound and a half or so,
So recklessly extravagant
Was she with daddy's dough.

The Handicap.—The woman who hasn't lost her appendix, cannot play bridge or do the tango, is able to keep her servants, and takes a real interest in her children, is up against a terrible



UNFORTUNATE CURIOSITY.

"Had a puncture, my friend?"
"No, sir. I'm just changing the air in the tires. The other lot's worn out, you know."

handicap when she tries to keep up a conversation in high society circles.



Speaking of Gushers.—Petrolea reports that another gas gusher has been discovered. That's nothing. All over Ontario the people have been listening to them for weeks past, and the infliction will continue until June 29.



The Sad Fact.—Ontario is spending a million dollars on a fine new palatial Government House. But the sad part

of it is the Government is not likely to be a blame bit better because of it.



Not in the Play.—Miss Catherine Proctor, the Toronto actress, who is leading lady this summer for the Bonstelle Players in that city, says that the most amusing incident she remembers in her stage career was during a performance of "The Easiest Way."

Miss Proctor played the part of Laura Murdoch, the chorus girl who



Catherine Proctor.

tried to "keep straight" for the sake of her lover, but who found the pinch of poverty too much, went back to her broker "friend" and was in the end deserted by both men. It was in the second act, where she is living in a squalid little room, dirty, dismal, and dark.

Here she is in the midst of her misery. She is trying to be honest and good and the world won't give her an even chance. It is a part of the play in which the actress has to use every resource to rouse sympathy for Laura.

Just as this scene got going nicely, some careless stage-hand made a fatal mistake. He tripped over some of the scenery in the wings, and down came the wall of Laura's little room. It fell in on top of Laura and the coloured maid, and the mass of rickety furniture and old bric-a-brac that came with it almost buried the two actresses. It was a realistic touch that was not in the play. The audience shook itself with laughter, and the tragic note was entirely lost while Miss Proctor and the actress who played the maid busied themselves in an heroic attempt to raise the wall to its proper place in the setting.



La Princesse Bleue.—The present Minister of Inland Revenue, the Hon. Bruno Nantel, is an inveterate cigar smoker, but cannot quite equal his late deputy, Mr. W. J. Gerald. A few years ago Mr. Gerald, to encourage the consumption of French-Canadian tobacco, induced a Montreal cigar manufacturer to put up a cigar with a filler of French-Canadian tobacco and a wrapper of imported leaf. It was known as the "Blue Princess," the cover of the box conforming to the name. As a smoke it was execrable. In the days when Sir Henry Joly was Minister of Inland Revenue, it fell to Major Beattie, M.P. for London, to call upon the courtly old Minister upon some matter of departmental business. Sir Henry waved the Major to a seat, expressed his pleasure at seeing him in his office, and invited him to join him in a smoke. The box of "Blue Princesses" was submitted to the Major, and he and Sir Henry lit up.

After they had got through their business Sir Henry asked the Major how he liked the cigar. Equally as courteous as the Minister, Major Tom expressed his delight with it.

"I will send you a box," said Sir Henry.

"I am afraid I am giving you too much trouble," replied the Major.

In the course of the afternoon a hundred "Blue Princesses" reached the Major's desk in the House of Commons. An hour or so later the member for London seized the opportunity to drop into the vacant seat alongside Sir Henry to enquire of the Minister how much he owed him for the cigars.

"Tut, tut, mon cher ami: they are a present to you avec mes compliments," replied the seignior of Lotbiniere. "They only cost \$15 per thousand."

The "Blue Princesses" were disposed of principally amongst the messengers of the House, but needless to say they were not made wise to the fact that they only cost a cent and a half each.

F. C.



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Manufacturers in Convention

FROM Tuesday to Friday of last week the Canadian Manufacturers' Association held their annual convention at Montreal. The attendance was small—275 representatives attending—but it was felt that this is the result of the difficult business situation. A good many manufacturers are at home "sawing wood," preferring to look after business and curtail expenses rather than attend conventions.

The elections resulted as follows:
President—Mr. E. G. Henderson, Windsor, Ont.

First Vice-President—Mr. J. H. Sherard, Montreal, Que.

Second Vice-President—Lt.-Col. W. M. Gartshore, London, Ont.

Treasurer—Mr. George Booth, Toronto.

Auditor—Mr. Wilton C. Eddis, Toronto.

The following committees were appointed:

Tariff—H. H. Champ, chairman, Hamilton; W. C. Phillips, Toronto; John Firstbrook, Toronto; Geo. W. Watts, Toronto; C. V. Harding, Toronto; Lt.-Col. C. A. Smart, Montreal.

Transportation—S. R. Parsons, chairman, Toronto; Geo. H. Olney, Montreal; J. A. Riordan, Toronto; J. F. Ellis, Toronto; W. R. Dunn, Hamilton; Henry Bertram, Dundas.

Legislation—J. R. Shaw, chairman, Woodstock; G. W. Sadler, Montreal; H. J. Waddie, Hamilton; John Turnbull, Toronto; S. Harris, Toronto; Atwell Fleming, Toronto.

Membership—J. W. Hobbs, chairman, Toronto; H. Y. Hatt, Welland; J. A. McMahon, Hamilton; H. Daly, Toronto; C. B. Lowndes, Toronto; R. H. McMaster, Montreal.

Insurance—John A. Gunn, chairman, Montreal; H. W. Fleury, Aurora, Ont.; J. W. Millard, Hamilton; J. F. M. Stewart, R. F. Fairbairn, W. C. Laidlaw, Toronto.

Education—J. C. McKinnon, chairman, Toronto; Howard Murray, Montreal; H. H. Mason, Toronto; F. A. Merrick, Hamilton; A. R. Clarke, Toronto; Wm. Rutherford, Montreal.

Workmen's Compensation—P. W. Ellis, chairman, Toronto; J. R. Shaw, Woodstock, Ont.; Atwell Fleming, Toronto; H. H. Biggart, Hamilton; Geo. W. Watts, Toronto; S. Harris, Toronto.

Nova Scotia—Thos. Cantley, New Glasgow; J. H. Plummer, Sydney; Geo. Henderson, Halifax.

New Brunswick—S. E. Elkin, St. John; Angus McLean, Bathurst.

Prince Edward Island—Bruce Stewart, Charlottetown.

Quebec Province—J. C. Casavant, St. Hyacinthe; F. J. Campbell, Windsor Mills; J. E. Alain, Victoriaville; Quebec City—E. T. Nesbitt, Joseph Picard, Quebec.

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Toronto—G. R. Clarke, R. D. Fairbairn, Thos. Findley, John Firstbrook, S. Harris, C. B. Lowndes, W. K. McNaught, J. S. McKinnon, George B. Meadows, T. F. Montpenny, W. C. Phillips, Thos. Roden, T. A. Russell, W. B. Tindall, Geo. W. Watts.

Ontario—Don M. Campbell, Preston; J. D. Chapin, St. Catharines; Geo. Y. Chown, Kingston; E. J. Davis, Newmarket; H. W. Fleury, Aurora; M. Kennedy, Owen Sound; R. O. McCulloch, Galt; G. M. McGregor, Walkerville; R. S. McLaughlin, Oshawa; Alex. Saunders, Goderich; J. Frater Taylor, Sault Ste. Marie; J. M. Taylor, Guelph; H. J. Thomas, Ottawa; C. H. Waterous, Brantford; Arthur White, London; C. C. L. Wilson, Ingersoll.

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CHAMPAGNE

MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Decline in Nova Scotia Steel

ONE question is seriously disturbing the minds of Canadian investors, and that is the ethics of the average director of a company whose stock is listed on the stock markets. The directors seem to feel that they are justified in tipping off their friends as to whether the earnings are good or bad. Almost every increase in dividend or decrease in dividend is preceded by activity on the stock market, which shows that some investors or brokers



R. E. HARRIS, K.C.
President of Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Co.

know more than the newspapers or the general investing public. A splendid example of this unfortunate state of affairs was the decline in Dominion Canners. The men who put this stock down were men who had inside information, and such information must have come from the directors or officials of the company. These gentlemen gave out private information which enabled a number of individuals to sell out their stocks or to go short before the official announcement of the passing of the dividend. This is a very sad state of affairs. Another case is that of Nova Scotia Steel. In a few days the directors will meet to decide whether or not the quarterly dividend will be paid. Judging from the way the stock has acted in the last two weeks somebody has received advance information that the dividend will be reduced or passed. It seems incredible that all the movement that has taken place should be entirely a guess on the part of some shrewd broker. In 1904 Nova Scotia Steel paid three per cent. on its common. In 1905 and 1906 it paid nothing. In 1907 it paid six, in 1908 one and a half, in 1909 one, in 1910 four and a half, and in 1911, 1912 and 1913, six per cent. If the dividend should be cut at this particular time it will prove that the directors have been travelling close to the margin of safety. It will prove that they have been paying too high a dividend, and not keeping sufficient in reserve. Of course, there has been depression, but the depression has not been so great that the company should not have been prepared for it. In an interview which Mr. R. E. Harris, president of the company, gave to the "Canadian Gazette," during his recent visit to London, he stated that the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company had a varied business, and was therefore not affected, to any great extent, by the depression in the steel business. He estimates that the company's output of coal in 1914 would be in excess of 1913, and that the output of iron ore would be equal to last year. A recently published statement from the first five months of the year rather bears out this estimate. In March, April and May the company mined more ore than in the same period last year, but took out a little less coal. The falling off in business is reflected mainly in the decline in the production of pig iron and steel ingots. There has also been a falling off in the business of the Eastern Car Company, which is a subsidiary concern.

There is nothing in all this to justify the decline in the price of the stock if the company had kept its cash reserves at a reasonable amount. The general reserve account on December 31 last stood at \$750,000, and the special reserve accounts contained another \$1,085,693. The surplus profit and loss for the year 1913, after the payment of all interests and dividends, was a little over six hundred thousand dollars. With such reserves the company should have been able to maintain its six per cent. on the common stock. The first quarterly dividend for 1914 was paid on April 15, and the second quarterly dividend is due on July 2.

The latest prospects are that the directors of Nova Scotia will declare the usual dividend this week and that the stock will recover some of its losses. Mr. Harris is to be congratulated on his telegraphic message which stopped the stampede.

New C.M.A. President

FOLLOWING Mr. C. B. Gordon, prominent in Dominion Textiles and other like concerns, as President of the Canadian Manufacturers, is Mr. E. G. Henderson, of Windsor, Ont. He moves up from the vice-presidency to the presidency, according to precedent, and according also to the rule whereby the office is held alternately by an Easterner and a Westerner. Mr. Henderson is a keen, active Irishman, of fifty years, slightly over medium height and with a head crowned by a thick growth of grey hair. It was probably black once, but black hair turns early with cares of business. In his face there is the colour of youth, and his movements have the snap of a man who makes things go.

Mr. Henderson was trained as a civil engineer. He helped build the C. P. R. and then was called in to examine the salt resources at Windsor. To recover the salt was an engineering problem, and out of a professional consultation developed the business of the Windsor Salt Company. He has amassed a fairly large fortune and gives much time and money to the Anglican Church, of which he is a member.

Mr. Henderson may be relied on to sustain the traditions of the office to which his confreres have appointed him.

Toronto's Sinking Fund

WHETHER a city should have a sinking fund or not, and whether that sinking fund shall be maintained on an honest basis, depends entirely upon the City Council in each city. In some of the provinces there is legislation to regulate the fund, but the legislation is a dead letter, because there is no officer or board to enforce it. The charge has been made and denied that Toronto's sinking fund is impaired, and in a muddle. On June 8 the "Mail and Empire" contained a three-column article on the subject. It quotes the Municipal Act regulating sinking funds, and says:

"The letter of the Act has been observed at all times, but violation of its spirit has been the permanent policy, bookkeeping devices being utilized to keep the system within the law. Sinking fund moneys are used for the city's general purposes, in advance of taxation, by the expedient of depositing the

INVESTMENT vs. SPECULATION

"A high return should at once excite suspicion in the mind of the prospective investor" — Financial Post.

There are securities which promise a high rate of interest and the chance of an increase in value, but for those dependent upon the income from their investment, or endeavoring to lay up money for their old age, they are too speculative. With such, the Bonds of the Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation are a favorite investment, because they know that if they invest \$1,000 in these Bonds they will get the \$1,000 when it becomes due, and that the interest upon it will be promptly paid in the meantime.

These bonds may be obtained in any sum from one hundred dollars upward. They are, therefore, available for the investment of small sums.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Established 1855.

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Reserve Funds \$13,000,000
Total Assets \$180,000,000

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Head Office, 82-88 King St. E. Toronto

funds in a bank and 'borrowing' an equivalent amount of cash from the same bank. Bonds are bought for the fund as 'investments' and sold back to the city as having been 'temporary investments,' the bookkeeping consideration being par in each transaction, no matter what price the city may get for the bonds after it has bought them back from itself. Thus the loss on bonds sold out of the sinking fund is not charged against the fund."

The Mayor of the city denies the charges that the sinking fund is muddled, but admitted that several hundred thousand dollars of the city's sinking fund were being used by the Hydro-Electric System as working capital. He also stated that the fund had earned 3.65 per cent. during the past year. Alderman Wickett replied that the earnings were ridiculously low, and that the funds should have earned at least four and a quarter per cent. He also claimed that the Mayor's admission that part of the sinking fund was used as working capital by the Hydro-Electric System was a severe condemnation of the methods of those in control of the fund. He suggested that the city should employ a debenture expert, who should act with the treasurer in the supervision of the sinking fund and the sale of debentures.

Representative Stocks for Six Weeks

LAST week developed some new weak spots in the Canadian stock markets. The bears turned their attention from Cannery to Nova Scotia Steel and pounded that stock down below 40. On Saturday it had recovered to 45. The conditions were favourable for a bear attack all along the line and quotations were mostly lower. The newly-listed stocks of the Canada Steamships' merger, which includes R. and O., Northern Navigation and Niagara Navigation were hammered hard and closed the week at 69 for the preferred and about 10 for the common. The Montreal "Financial Times" suggests that at least five million dollars of promotion stock issued by this company should be returned to the treasury, but it is hardly likely that the directors will take this good advice. The closing bids for the last day of the week compare as follows:—

	May				June	
	9	16	23	30	6	13
Barcelona	25	26	26	27	25½	25¼
Brazilian	xd76¼	73¼	76¼	78¾	78¼	77½
Bell Telephone	144½	145	146	146	146	145½
Canada Bread	28	28¾	31½	31½	37¼	80¾
Canada Cement	28½	28½	28½	28¾	29	29½
Can. Gen. Electric	102	103	103½	104	104	101½
C. P. R.	190¾	193	193½	xd195	194½	193½
Dom. Steel Cor.	21¾	22	22¾	21½	21½	22¾
Lake of Woods	127½	128¾	127	127	126½	127
Laurentide	175	179	177½	178	179	175
Mackay	78½	81	80¾	82	81¾	81¼
Montreal Power	218¾	220½	220¼	221	223½	224
R. and O.	99½	99¾	97	97	96	83½
Toronto Railway	132	xl133	131¾	131½	131¼	129

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TOTAL BENEFITS PAID, 42 MILLION DOLLARS

For further information and literature apply to
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New Issue of Twin City

ANNOUNCEMENT has been made of an issue of \$1,900,000 new common stock of the Twin City Rapid Transit Co., the issue to be offered at par to both the preferred and common stock holders of record June 15th. The company has outstanding \$3,000,000 preferred and \$20,100,000 common, so the offering gives shareholders the right to subscribe in the proportion of about one share of new for every twelve shares of old stock.

The offering, both on account of the price at which the stock is selling—only five to six points above par—and the fact that the allotment is so small—only 1 in 12—naturally gives no valuable market rights. At 106 for the old stock, rights to the new issue would have a mathematical value of about ½ point, and the market usually shades the apparent value. The rights will probably command around ¼ to ⅓.

The last issue of Twin City stock was in June, 1906, when \$2,100,000 was offered at par; in June, 1905, an issue of \$1,000,000, and in May, 1902, an issue of \$1,501,000 were also offered at par.

The Test of Industrials

SOME wise people believe that no industrial stock should sell at par unless the company is making fifteen per cent. per annum. For the purpose of determining what are good industrial investments, and what are not, the following list will be useful:

Company.	Per Cent. Earned on Common.		Value on True Basis
	1912.	1913.	About
B. C. Packers	24.80	16.40	133
Can. Cement	2.10	3.03	20
Can. Cottons	7.56	6.13	40
Can. Fairbanks	21.31	8.44	100
Can. General Electric	18.70	14.96	110
Dom. Steel Corp.	4.31	2.73	23
Dom. Textile	8.49	6.98	50
N. S. Steel	5.07	7.25	40
Penmans	10.31	12.15	75
Steel of Canada	4.15	4.44	28

If you believe this is a fair basis, then compare the values given in the third column with current prices, and you will know whether the stocks are cheap or dear. Packers, Cement, N. S. Steel and Dom. Textile are selling higher than the values shown here, while Penmans, Steel of Canada, Canadian Cottons, and General Electric are selling lower. There are special circumstances in almost every industrial which affect any general rule one may lay down.

No Bonus at Present

NOTICE was given last week that the directors of the Ottawa Light, Heat and Power Co. had declared the regular dividend of 2 per cent. for the quarter, payable July 1st to holders of record June 20th. The bonus of 1 per cent. given this time a year ago was not included in the declaration. The possibility remains that a bonus of 2 per cent. may be declared with the dividend for the last quarter of the year, instead of two half yearly bonuses of 1 per cent., as in 1913, but the prospects apparently are that shareholders will receive a smaller distribution this year than last, when 8 per cent. was paid in dividends and 2 per cent. in bonuses.

It was pointed out when the annual statement for 1913 was made public in February that the net revenue was hardly increasing at a rate which would permit the maintenance of a 10 per cent. distribution this year. This has been discounted in the market, 147 being a low price for a public utility stock if the distribution were on 10 per cent. basis.

National Trust Company Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend for the three months ending June 30th, 1914, at the rate of **TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM**

has been declared upon the Capital Stock of the Company, and that the same will be payable on and after July 2nd next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 20th to the 30th June, both days inclusive.

By order of the board.

W. E. RUNDLE, General Manager

Toronto, June 2nd, 1914

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Women's Double Tipped 20-inch Long Silk Gloves. Made with 2 domes, Atlanta silk, and double wear finger tips. By placing an order in August 1913, and thus keeping a manufacturer busy during the dull season we are able to give you this exceptional bargain. Many big merchants would be pleased to have such a glove as this to sell at seventy-five or eighty-five cents. If you need gloves, order now.

20-X550. Black. DON'T FAIL TO STATE SIZE

20-X550A. Tan.

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Sizes: 6, 6½, 7, 7½ and 8.

Shipping weight: 2 ounces each pair.

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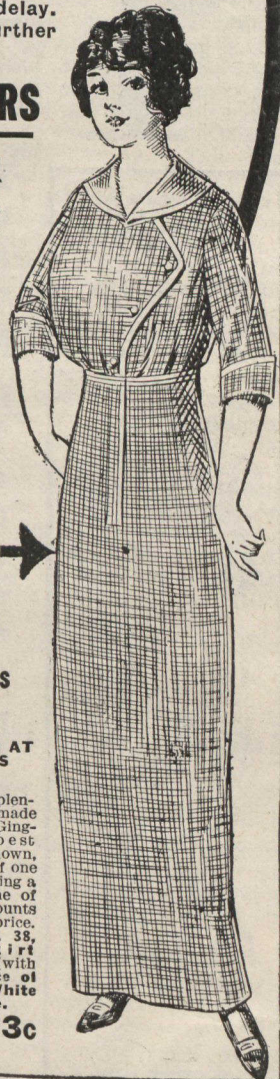


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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

Men and Manners

S AID a bright young debutante the other day: "Have you ever noticed that an Englishman is either very much nicer than other men, or else he's simply horrid?"

"I really don't think I've had time to notice," replied an older woman, promptly. "Except to remark that an Englishman usually has a voice, to which it is a pleasure to listen."

"Well, if you'll notice, after this," continued the maiden of her first season, in a tone of kindly advice, "you'll find that an Englishman has no happy medium. He's either a charming person, who is ever so much nicer than any Canadian or American can be, or else he is perfectly detestable, and you know just why there are suffragettes in England."

"It's the same story with the Englishwoman," said a busy woman, who comes in contact with many citizens, in the course of her service to public philanthropies. "The Englishwoman is either more capable and courteous than other women, or she is inefficient and rude to an appalling degree."

"They can be rude," nodded the debutante. "I met an English girl the other day, who asked me if we have any gentlemen in this country—and she had met my two brothers. I'll never ask her to the house again."

"That's nothing," scoffed the lady of the philanthropies. "Did you ever hear how Winston Churchill acted at the St. James's Club in Montreal?" There followed an account of one of the adventures in the gentle art of making enemies, enjoyed by the gentleman, who is now Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty. Someone else, who had encountered Mr. Churchill in the course of his visit to London, Ontario, contributed another story of an English guest driving a coach-and-four through the amenities of polite society, concluding with the remark: "I am no suffragette, but I hope that Sylvia Pankhurst will hit that man with a brick, some day."

"Yes, some day, when she is aiming for Lloyd George," said another friend, pensively.

"But when the English are nice, they're so awfully nice," continued the debutante, returning to her original statement. "I suppose they are like the little girl who wore a bang on her forehead."

"When they are bad, they are horrid," was the continuation of the lady of the philanthropies. "The only way to do with the English who desire to tell you the wholesome but unwelcome truth, is to treat them in the same fashion and be perfectly frank and candid, fairly shouting the fact that a spade is a spade, and is very seldom known in modern society as an agricultural implement."

"Don't you hate candid people?" said a timid little lady, who wouldn't like to hurt a typhoid germ. "I had a candid friend once. Poor thing, she is dead now, but she certainly used to tell you dreadful things, all for your good."

As we welcomed the appearance of Brown Betty, and all the "tea things," I reflected on candid friends I had known and their surprise over their rapidly shrinking crowd of admirers. The only course to adopt with a candid citizen is to be candid in return, and then the truth, in its entirety, becomes less admirable when it is received and not given. I have known even a frank and outspoken woman from Birmingham, cured of the truthful habit, by having acidulated sincerities served out to her by persevering associates. In the meantime, all Canadians might give heed to Mr. Bourassa's recent lament concerning Canadian manners.

Our List of Correspondents

DURING this graduation month of June, ever so many girls will promise a host of friends "to write every week." Before the first day of September, the promises will be as withered as the roses which were bestowed upon the girl graduates, and, ere the year is out, the list will have shrunk to half its original length. Then the years go tripping by and we suddenly awake to the fact that we have hardly any "regular" correspondents. Do you remember the long epistles, with many italics, which those two fair creatures in Scott's "Guy Mannerling" used to write to each other? They were

crammed with delicate sentiment and fond phrases and make pleasant reading, even for the busy world of to-day. We seem to be losing the art of letter-writing, save in a few shining exceptions. This reflection arises, after receiving a dainty note of thanks for a very small service, from one whom I have known for many years, and who always does things with a "difference" of touch and manner. It is true that we live in a busy and practical age, in which it is not easy to observe the graces of life. Yet, they make the day's work so much brighter, and life, itself, much worthier the living.

Some letter-writers have such an individuality that one is very unwilling to consign their written messages, however trivial, to the grate fire or the



A HOSTESS IN CANADA'S OLDEST CITY.
Lady Gouin, wife of Hon. Sir Lomer Gouin, who previous to her marriage to the Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec was Miss Alice Amos, of Montreal.

waste paper basket. So we keep them until they are crumpled and yellow, just because they seem so filled with the writer's own vital charm. But such letters are becoming rare in the modern world.

Our Light Afflictions

WE were discussing some of our dear friends and acquaintances, the other day, when someone said of Mrs. Malaise:

"I don't like that woman. She is always talking about diseases and operations. Now, I am not a Christian Scientist, but I think it is most unhealthy and disgusting to talk about things of that kind."

"I suppose we all do it," said another. "Even children seem to discuss nerves and adenoids. Why, it is simply ridiculous to hear young girls talking about nerves. I did not know that I possessed such an encumbrance as a nerve until I was over thirty-six years old and had the operation for appendicitis. The day after the operation—"

Here we all giggled, and the narrator, after an offended stare, joined in the laugh, concluding: "There, I was going to say something about the anaesthetic. It was just as well for you to interrupt."

"Really, there is a certain happiness, though, in what my husband calls 'swapping symptoms.' If you've been healthy all your life, of course you don't

understand it," said a lady with a certain fetching air of languor.

"I think it's abominable," said the first speaker, vigorously. "I don't care whether it's headache or small-pox, I believe in holding one's tongue about it, except to the doctor and the nurse. Talk about the weather, if you must, but, for goodness' sake, leave health out of the conversation."

Emerson's advice about a cheerful breakfast table is rather suggestive for all of us. The first meal of the day is more or less an ordeal, and it is no wonder that tempers are tried when some of us are sleepy and others are cross, while all are in a hurry. Yet, at times, it seems to lighten affliction to discourse on its vagaries, and if you have ever visited an old ladies' home you will find that the venerable inmates take more comfort out of talking over rheumatism than most of us get out of Ibsen or the Very Newest Thought.

There is nothing, however, which is more disastrous to friendship than too frequent dwelling on our misfortunes. The best of friends does not wish to know just how "miserable" you are to-day and how "wretched" you were yesterday.

"A Perfect Treasure"

A MID these days of much discussion of the servant problem, it is rather refreshing to come upon instances of service of the old-fashioned kind. The old order has changed, and the modern housewife must meet the change; yet that is no reason for depreciating what was good in the fashions of another regime. Years ago, I visited a household in an Ontario town, where there was a faithful member of the good old name of "Honor," and, when I commented on her bright face to my hostess, the latter said: "Yes, we are very fortunate in Honor. She has been with us almost ever since my marriage."

I nearly dropped the tea-cup, for there were six children in the household and the eldest son was ready for Varsity. The hostess seemed rather amused at my astonishment and said: "I don't know" what we should do without Honor. Of course, she seems just like one of us, and takes a real interest in all the children." After the grumbling about inefficiency on the part of the servant and selfish negligence on the part of the mistress, it was a genuine pleasure to see the mutual respect and good understanding between Honor and the chatelaine of that bright home. That was six years ago, and it was one sunshiny afternoon last month, that I visited the same town and happened to meet the husband of the fortunate lady. "My wife said to tell you," he remarked, with a smile, "that Honor is with us still."

Of course it is quite right and proper that domestic science should remake household service, especially in our city communities. But I like to think of Honor and those who have been fortunate enough to have her services all these changing years. Perhaps, after all, the nature of the employer, herself, has much to do with it, and it may be literally a case of "Honor to whom Honor is due."

ERIN.

"A Bit of a Nuptial"

Showing that the Passing of the Muslin Bride has Caused a Certain Shrinkage in the Bridegroom

M ID-JUNE has arrived and the bride prevails as she always has and always will in season. But with her this year the elaborate wedding has reached surely its pinnacle of folly—to the groom's dismay.

When the Wellsian hero-by-courtesy, Mr. Polly, had his mind made up (by the Larkins family) to marry one of the numerous Larkins sisters, it was false bravado on the bridegroom's part when he alluded to the prospective event in light and airy phrase as "a bit of a nuptial." For Mr. Polly belonged outright to the present day and the present generation, and the romancist-shopkeeper knew right well that there is no such thing as the fraction of "a nuptial" for him who is contemplating matrimony.

To begin with, the "muslin bride" has passed; and upwards from the blooming female relations of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker to the daughters of the members of the Senate, she is utterly a chiffon and charmeuse creature. Her trousseau is marvellous to behold. What lingerie, what negligees, what wonderful gowns of diaphanous

An Advocate of Vocational Training

Being a Personal Sketch of Margaret M. Davidson, Director of Household Science and Art for the Toronto Technical Schools

By ALICE WETHERELL

AMIS-GUIDED member of educational circles not long since was privately voicing her convictions concerning the modern trend of education. "It's all wrong," she exclaimed, with vehemence. "We're vocational training mad. The children growing up know nothing, not even the three r's."

This is the kind of opposition the idealists of to-day are meeting and combating—a forceful influence which is hard to overcome. Fortunately, the number of such enemies to progress is steadily declining, for one by one they are brought to see that training in practical work, which, in addition to its everyday use, affords exercise for the mental faculties, is quite as important as many kinds of book-study. On the whole, our people are waking to the importance of vocational training, and more particularly of Domestic Science. The demonstration of the absolute success of this comparatively new study may be seen in thousands of homes in our broad land, where new interest in the daily routine has been aroused, and where due importance of these seeming trifling duties has been instilled in a way never to be forgotten.

No woman, perhaps, is more aware of this gradual development than Miss Davidson, the Director of Household Science and Art for the Toronto Technical Schools. Twelve years ago, when Miss Davidson took up her present duties, the pupils of her department numbered about 200. To-day, she has in her domain perhaps half the pupils of the Technical Schools, of which the total enrollment is now about 3,800. For the past seven years hundreds have been turned away, on account of lack of accommodation, but better conditions are looked for in the new school which is being erected.

Miss Davidson's pet theme is Efficiency and Thrift in house-keeping. To all those business girls who prefer to spend their evening hours in study here rather than in amusement she tries to impress with the idea of pride in the home and in the simplest duties connected with the home. And one cannot



MISS MARGARET M. DAVIDSON.

Director of Household Science and Art in Toronto Technical Schools and Honorary President for the coming year of the local Business Women's Club.

tissues! There's not a bit of plain-song nainsook in it.

Which recalls the case of a bride last season whose superb equipment of fans and boas and blouses which you could draw through a ring without harm to the silken cobweb fabrics, the writer had been called upon to gasp at. She did gasp then and again when the friend was discovered in a sea of Lonsdale with a very business-like pair of scissors cutting out, as she termed it, "something to wear." The matron-of-a-month despised her trousseau!

But to return to the point of view of the bridegroom. There's the devil to pay at a charmeuse wedding. He is there in the shape of the officiating priest, the florist lurking in (mental) ambush, the jeweller who supplied gifts for the rainbow troop of bridesmaids, pages, "the merry minstrelsy," and the maids of honour. And he hovers in the big and bulky shape of the proprietor of the professional garage. "A bit of a nuptial"? Poor, poor Mr. Pollies!

And not only is the expense financial. It is social as well to an excruciating limit, for what is the groom on his wedding-day except a Mr. So-and-So from Somewhere? The tiniest bead on the bride's gown and the smallest bud among her orange blossoms are matters of scarcely such minor detail as he is in the average "social column." So "a bit of a nuptial" it may seem to him—the affair, "the nuptial," of course, and he the fragment.

M. J. T.

Of Present Interest

THE June meeting of the Heliconian Club of Toronto was a delightful event of last week, held, as it was, at the country home of the president, Mrs. Agar Adamson, at Port Credit.

Miss K. Wilks, of Galt, and Mrs. William Hendrie, of the Holmstead, are the honorary patrons of the Hamilton Horse Show, which opened at that city on Thursday last.

Miss Muriel Dodd, the golf champion, has become engaged recently in England to Mr. Alan Macbeth, another golf enthusiast.

The seventh Toronto company of B. P. Girl Guides presented an original fairy play, "The Magic Kiss," last Saturday, at the grounds at "Casa Loma," which were loaned for the event by Lady Pellatt, who is Dominion Commissioner of the movement.

A dinner was given in Montreal last Monday by the local suffrage association in honour of Miss Margaret Hodge, the Australian suffragist who was setting sail for England the following Thursday.

Steps were taken at a recent meeting of the Anglican Church Synod to provide for the establishment in the Diocese of Toronto of a rescue home for girls and women who have passed through the courts for grave misconduct.

A highly popular innovation at the recent Winnipeg Horse Show was a special demonstration for boys and girls, when among the riders in the arena were Miss Dorothy Hoskin, Miss Betty Moss, Stewart Tupper, Cecil Holden, Jack Stovel, Jack McMahon and John Moss L. Alexander.



MRS. J. K. UNSWORTH.

President of the Local Council of Women of Vancouver, and probably the most active member of women's organizations in her province.

go to interview the green-grocer and the dealer in fresh fish. Thus they procure first-hand a very practical knowledge in the value of staple articles. They also have the chance on these little outings to observe conditions in the factories. The flourishing department of sewing, millinery and dress-making has also seen its rise under Miss Davidson's direction.

In all the broad outline of different courses, the idea of basic principles is held in view. The embarrassing situation of not being able to mix the simplest concoction without resorting to the cook-

book has been an experience not unknown among domestic science experts of the past. On such occasions the well-trained cook has felt about as much disturbed as the musician who is unable to play without her music. At the Technical School, the students are taught to depend on the basic principle theory. The standard proportions for cakes, soups and countless other foods are easily remembered, and on these the ingenuity of the individual may ring a hundred changes. Thus the girls are learning to broaden their intelligence rather than to become mere automatic machines to perform a set task with a set amount of material in a set order.

MISS DAVIDSON, as before noted, has taken a peculiar interest in the business girl. She began some years ago a course of Friday evening lectures on Household Economics. A popular lecture once a month was given in this connection, where prominent women from the different spheres of the work would speak on the subject most dear to their hearts. From these monthly evening lectures may be said to have grown the Business Women's Club. The original idea was to guide the business girl's amusements along educative lines; to give the girls in youth a taste for helpful recreations which might prove a comfort and a solace in their later life. In addition to this, the important object was to instil patriotism in the girls, and to interest them in civic improvements, especially those concerning the welfare of the family.

None can quite gauge the influence of a life like Miss Davidson's, coming in contact, as she does, with so many young women, active and ambitious. She has not confined her interest to school and school-hours. She seems to consider the Canadian girl her personal charge. As convener of a committee of the Household Economic Association, for a whole year Miss Davidson poured forth much of her energy in battling for the milk depots which now provide pure milk for infants in the city. And, at present, as an active member of the Local Council of Women, Miss Davidson is giving of her best brain power to help to plan a perfect method of providing women with sanitary and comfortable rooms to live in at a reasonable expense. It is under the supervision of a committee convened by her that the plans are being made by the Toronto Housing Co. for the purpose. There are hostels, of course, already in existence which extend the wage-earning woman many comforts, but houses such as are being planned are an immense advance on the institutions which are partly maintained by the churches and other bodies.

In the modest fashion of most really influential



AN OTTAWA BRIDE-ELECT.

Miss Joy Hopewell, eldest daughter of ex-Mayor Charles and Mrs. Hopewell, who will be married at home in the Capital on June 25th, to Mr. Charles Askwith, a popular member of the Senate Hansard staff.

but feel that a woman of Miss Davidson's business-like capability and strong personality must wield no small influence over the independent type of feminine mind which is all too apt to scorn housework and everything pertaining thereto.

Miss Davidson has introduced among one class of girls a system of investigation which must prove helpful. With their own instructors they go in classes to visit the linen counters, they make a trip to the butcher's to see him cut a side of beef, they

women, Miss Davidson insists that she has done nothing worthy of publicity. Her life is centred in her work, and many a Canadian girl and woman is thankful for it. Miss Davidson has had many offers of higher salary from American cities. Not so many years ago, there came from one of these cities an offer of a position which

would have brought \$1,000 more a year than Miss Davidson was receiving at the time. But Canadian hearts are surely true. The Canadian woman's friend saw greater possibilities of effective work among her countrywomen in Toronto, and to the satisfaction of her many friends she did not hesitate to refuse the offer.

Ladies' Golf in Ontario

Comment on the Eleventh Annual Championship Matches

By FLORENCE L. HARVEY

Provincial Title Holder

STRANGE it is that no matter how many tournaments one plays in no two are ever the same. However, there is nothing so good for one's game as championships, and I doubt if any of us ever played in one without learning something: a new shot, or possibly an unexpected weakness in our own game.

In 1904 the cup known as the Hamilton Trophy was presented to Ontario by the ladies of the Hamilton Golf Club, with the condition that the competition was always to take place on that course. The reason for this is that every second year the Canadian championship is played for in Toronto, so the young players of that city have a chance to compete in a big tournament there. Many young Western Ontario golfers, on the contrary, do not feel their game justifies the expense of entering the National championship without more experience, so this tournament in Hamilton has served as an excellent preparatory one for the younger players, with but little expense to them—and with much enjoyment and excellent golf.

As so many of the Hamilton players have competed in tournaments in Great Britain and the States it was decided, this spring, that this trophy should be open to all comers in future as a token of appreciation of the many kindnesses shown to members of our club in other places. So, after this, the first open tournament, one can imagine with what a different feeling Miss Joyce Hutton will now enter the Canadian at Lambton. To reach the final of the Ontario, the first time she competed in it, is something of which she and her club may feel very proud. If she continues as she has begun, Miss Hutton is destined to win greater honours. She reminds one of the tall, athletic-looking young British girls with their loose freedom of swing, and natural, unforced style. Her work with wooden clubs leaves nothing to be desired. The long iron shots are excellent, and her putting sound, though she really had some very bad luck in the final, when her ball just slipped past the cup time after time. The only weakness in her game is one which will vanish with time and ex-

perience, and when she plays her bunker shots and short approaches with a little more confidence, with her fine driving and splendid temperament, there can be no question of her future success.

Miss Ada Mackenzie is another



THE FINALISTS

In the recent matches of Ontario Ladies' Golf at Hamilton, Miss Florence Harvey, the champion, on the right, and her runner-up, Miss Hutton, of Toronto.

Photograph by Mr. Fred Mather.

young player who made an enviable name for herself in her first tournament when two years ago she took Miss Dorothy Campbell (Mrs. Hurd) to the nineteenth hole in the Canadian. Her style, too, is the natural easy one we associate with those who have taken up the game as children. When she adds greater assurance on the putting green to the really beautiful golf she plays otherwise she will indeed be worthy of championship honours.

Before I speak of one other young golfer who, too, gets splendid distance

from the tee, I want to say that the four best scores in this driving competition compare very favourably with the records of the Canadian. Miss Dick, 540 yards; Miss F. Scott, 524 yards; Miss Mackenzie, 522 yards; Miss Hazel Shannon, 519 yards, for three balls each. But when a beginners' competition shows such results as Miss Knowles, 471 yards; Miss Hamilton, 440; Mrs. Pryce Park, 436 yards, we may well be proud of the possibilities of our young players in this department of the game.

But useful as long driving is one should never lose sight of the fact that consistency is the great thing one should strive to attain, and although she is my own club-mate, I consider that the most remarkable showing of the tournament was made by Miss Frances Scott. To win the Gross Score Prize when medal play is acknowledged to be the weak point of her game; to be second in the driving, first in the approaching and putting and first in the obstacle approaching competition, shows that our long-driving young player has added consistency to her really fine game. Fortunately for me she seldom plays her best against me, and had we not met in the second round, she might have captured even more prizes than she did. Speaking absolutely impartially I consider that Miss Frances Scott has a wonderful golfing future.

There are others I should like to speak about, but space forbids, so I will simply say, in all truthfulness, that though naturally pleased that the tournament resulted as it did, my most vivid impression of it is that of rejoicing in the fine game shown by our young players, and the consequent knowledge that the future of Canadian golf may safely be left in their hands. Also, that the wave of enthusiasm which has swept over the Dominion since the introduction of the British handicap system, will result in even better things, especially from the younger players, so that some day the Ladies' Golf Union will have every reason to be extremely proud of the standard attained by its Canadian Branch.

Ladies' Day at Niagara-on-the-Lake

REMINISCENT was it of the ancient jousts the other day at the camp at Niagara when a good four thousand of Ontario's militia were reviewed for the special delectation of a hundred or so applauding dames and damsels. The "eternal feminine" looked on, surely, and the thrill was the same at the flash of steel as the troops marched by in red and khaki as it was in the day when the lance unseated knighthood.

However, in the case of the modern woman there was more than the mere pleasure of the senses to be satisfied in her view of the militia. For home is dear to Ontario mothers, wives,



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ON TOURNAMENT DAY AT THE HAMILTON GOLF CLUB-HOUSE.

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Photograph by Mr. Fred Mather.



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G. Y. CHOWN, Registrar, Kingston, Ont.

sweethearts and daughters, and they saw on the old historic camp-ground, where once defence was indeed vital, soldiers-in-training to be the home's defenders. War may be set down in Rome as bad by members of the National Council of Women and, at the same time, by other members present at Niagara, defence may as rightly be accounted precious.

Ladies' Day at the Headquarters Mess is an annual event, which had its beginning in a desire on the part of the officer in command to secure the co-operation of women in building up a strong and true militia. And since the canteen has been done away with, and the lads in camp now run no danger of learning the taste of strong drink there, there is less hesitation on the part of mothers to allow their sons to undergo the training.

And what a training it is one saw when the guests were escorted throughout the camp by gallant offi-



Miss Janet Carnochan (on right), president of the Niagara Historical Society, was a wise informant on by-gone events to the ladies who met this writer at Niagara.

cers and saw the troops at their noon-tide mess, and previously at sundry occupations. The hospital tent was visited also—in charge of a capable nursing sister, who has seen active service in the Transvaal. The supply depot was a marvel of order and, indeed, the entire camp was a place of neatness.

Lunch was served in the officers' compound, where Major-General F. L. Lessard was an ideal host, with his captains and colonels assisting the entertainment beneath the trees. The ladies were further regaled in the enclosure by “the noise of bagpipes” not, alas, “on distant Highland hills,” but savage and brave in startlingly close quarters.

The grand review, already referred to, was the next event on an interesting programme, after which many of the guests paid visits to such historical spots in the district as St. Mark's Church, the Niagara Museum, old Fort George, with its formidable ramparts, and Navy Hall, where it is thought by historians that Parliament met in 1792. For these excursions the visiting ladies had the advantage of the escort of Miss Janet Carnochan, who is president of the Niagara Historical Society.

Tea at the compound closed the events and Ladies' Day had supplied new viewpoints concerning the training of soldiers, alike to the University women, the prominent members of the I.O.D.E., the workers in the National Council of Women, the journalists, and the W.C.T.U. enthusiasts, who had responded to the General's invitations from many towns and cities in the province. Gallantry can be, and gallantry was, convincing.

M. J. T.

The Rose Society of Ontario, of which the President is Mr. E. T. Cook, and the first Vice-President Mrs. Allen Banes, both of Toronto, has recently issued its annual for the year 1914. The pamphlet which is attractive in form contains much valuable information on the planting and care of the acknowledged “queen of flowers,” attention to which should increase its Canadian fame.



The fashion of the present day demands that the complexion of the well-groomed woman shall be clear and of snowy whiteness. The regular use of

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The Canadian Women's Press Club

MISS MARGARET HODGE, of Australia, addressed the Women's Press Club of Winnipeg during her recent visit to that city. She pointed out the difference in the punishment meted out to the offenders in the countries where women have a voice in making the laws. The city of Dunedin, N.Z., has the lowest infant mortality rate in the world, and only 4 per cent. of the New Zealand young men who present themselves for military service are declared physically unfit. This is also a record, some countries rejecting 48 per cent. on account of physical weakness.

THE latest members of the C. W. P. C. are Mrs. B. Langridge, editor of the Swan Lake Echo, Swan Lake, Manitoba, and Mrs. Arvie Queeber, of the Tribunen, Wetaskiwin, Alberta.

MRS. ARVIE QUEEBER, of Wetaskiwin, Alberta, who is admitted this month to the C. W. P. C., is our first Norwegian member. At present, Mrs. Queeber conducts a page on her husband's paper, The Tribunen. The woman's part is written in Swedish and the children's in English. Her pen-name is "Tante Anna." Mrs. Queeber was born and educated in Norway, and was confirmed in the old cathedral in Trondhjem, in which all the sovereigns of Norway and Sweden have been crowned, the last being King Haakon and Queen Maud. In 1900 Mrs. Queeber emigrated to Minneapolis, U.S.A., where she attended business college. Shortly



Mrs. Arvie Queeber, of Wetaskiwin, Alta., a new member of the C. W. P. C.

afterwards she took a position as bookkeeper with a firm in which a knowledge of three languages was necessary. In 1903 she was married to Mr. Queeber and, for the last eleven years, has been a regular paid correspondent to the Scandinavian journals in the United States and Canada. Mrs. Queeber is a clever and witty raconteuse. On one occasion, in Minneapolis, when Governor Eberhardt failed to take the chair at the opening of a public building, Mrs. Queeber was unanimously called upon to take his place. In Northern Alberta she is the unqualified leader of the Scandinavians, and she it was who arranged at Edmonton, in May, the celebration of the 100th anniversary of Independence Day in Norway. Mrs. Queeber is now a Canadian citizen, and is doing much to educate the Scandinavians of the West to Canadian ideals. We hold it an honour to add her name to our list of members.

THE Fort William and Port Arthur Club have opened their club room in the Fort William City Hall, when very handsome gifts were received, including cheques from the four local newspapers, furniture, china, pictures, vases and statuettes, silver, linen, etc. The president of the club is Mrs. A. J. Barrie.

MISS HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON, a distinguished teacher and writer on economics, delivered an address to the Toronto Club on methods of spending money. She advised women in planning their outlay of income to divide it into five de-

partments—food, rent, clothes, operating expenses and higher life. Mrs. Forsythe Grant also addressed the club recently giving some interesting reminiscences of other years in Toronto.

AT their last club luncheon, the Calgary members discussed the Peace Centenary and the war of 1812.

"MONA LISA," a poem by Mrs. Charlotte C. Talcott, of Bloomfield, Ont., a member of the C. W. P. C., was reproduced in the last number of the Trinity University Review.

AT the Edmonton Press Club meeting held in May, three papers were read on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Mrs. Arthur Murphy wrote on the officials; Mrs. George B. O'Connor on its hotels, and Miss Maud McKenney on its geography and shipping.

A SERIES of clever sketches called "Portraits of Noted Canadian Women," by Miss Marjory MacMurchy, is appearing in various papers throughout the country. She has dealt with the work of such well-known press women as Miss E. Cora Hind, Mrs. Nellie McClung, and L. M. Montgomery. The last to be published is entitled "Making Good as an Interior Decorator," and gives an interesting account of the art of Mrs. Agar Adamson, of Toronto.

MRS. REGINALD SMITH, our Dominion Secretary, is at the head of a movement in Edmonton to establish a convalescent home. The City Council have offered her the use of a building and the citizens have already subscribed handsomely to the fund which she has inaugurated.

THE Edmonton Club recently entertained the Hon. Mrs. Norman Grosvenor, of London, and her niece, Miss Wortley, who are travelling through Canada in the interests of the Colonial Intelligence League for Educated Women. In her address, Mrs. Grosvenor said the League had sent out 240 women to Canada, and have established a ranch at Vernon, B.C., where the residents are occupied in poultry farming and fruit cultivation.

MRS. W. THOMPSON extended the hospitality of her pretty new home in Port Arthur to the sister members of the Women's Press Club recently, and at the close of the programme served toothsome refreshments. Mrs. A. J. Barrie presided and Mrs. E. G. Seaman gave an original sketch entitled, "A Country Walk." Mrs. Gratton read a bright paper on "The Attractive Farm Home." It is expected that the next meeting will be held in the new club room, Fort William.

THROUGH the kind invitation of Mrs. Rutter members of the Toronto branch held their May meeting at her delightful home on the Kingston Road. A picnic tea under the fruit trees in the orchard was a happy feature of the afternoon.

MRS. HUGHES, of Brandon, was the guest of honor at the meeting of the Fort William branch, the members of the club remembering her kind hospitality on the occasion of their visit to Brandon four years ago. Miss Dobie reported a donation of a handsome chair for the press room, a gift from I. L. Matthews, and, in recognition of the valuable service rendered by the woman's department of papers in advertising the recent exhibit of electrical devices for the household, in assembly hall, the F. S. Jones Electric company presented the club with a handsome electric stove for their new quarters.

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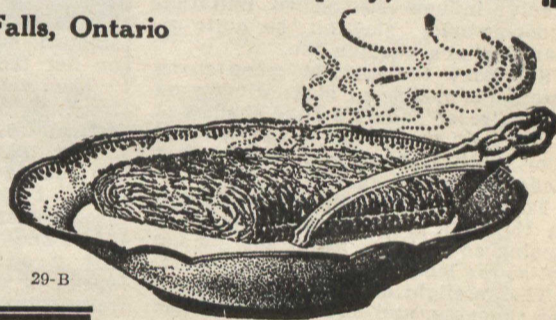
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The FIFTH WHEEL

By *Beatrice Heron-Maxwell* and *Florence & Eastwick*

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS.

Horatio Pridham is a nouveau-riche, with a son Laurie, and two daughters, Agnes, quiet and reserved, and Theodora, more or less a tomboy. Mrs. Pridham makes plans to get them all well married. A former school friend of Theo goes to stay with the Pridhams, supposedly as a governess for Theo. She and Laurie are in love.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"BEING in love alters people a good deal," remarked Theo; "Fen used to be so equable. She's all jumps now."

"Say good-night to her for me," said Agnes. "Tell her I'll talk again in the morning." She glided out and along the corridor to the side staircase which led to her room.

Theo, after practising her step several times, grew weary of waiting and roved round the room looking for something to amuse her. She had thoughts of following Fenella downstairs, but the moonlight, of which she had a vague dread, prevented her.

The house was too new to be haunted, she argued to herself, but then, if you counterfeited an old dwelling, perhaps you made a right-of-way for occult influences, and an imitation ghost would, she felt, be quite as alarming as a genuine one.

She knew the way the moon shone through a mediaeval glass window on the staircase and threw the shadow of a knight in armour on to the polished floor, with a ghostly eeriness that made one feel creepy.

Finding a novel, she threw herself on the sofa and began to read, becoming so interested that she did not notice the length of Fenella's absence.

Then a slight distant sound recalled her thoughts, and she glanced at the clock.

"Half-past eleven!" she exclaimed. "By Jingo! I had no idea it was so late. What on earth can Fen be doing? I wonder if I dare go down! I hope nothing has happened to her."

She paused irresolutely, and again the vague, far-off sound came.

Then fear seized her, and she stood staring, in a panic, at the door, until it swiftly opened and Fenella came in. Her face was strangely white, and she was out of breath and shaking, so that she could scarcely speak.

"Did you—" she gasped, "did you wonder what kept me so long, Theo? I thought you would have gone to bed—tired of waiting."

Theo went close to her. "What's the matter?" she demanded in a frightened whisper. "Why do you look so odd, Fen? Have you seen a ghost?"

"I don't know," Fenella stammered. "No—no, of course I haven't, Theo—I'm only joking. I ran up the stairs rather quickly, that's all. I—"

"You're hiding something from me. You have seen something or someone. I've never known you like this before; you're always so brave. I shall fetch Agnes." She was running to the door when Fenella caught her. "No—don't go—you shan't go. 'I'll tell you, if you wait.'"

"Well—quick—you frighten me! What is it?"

"It was—oh! Theo, you must promise to tell no one—not a soul. Promise!"

"I can't promise. Why should I?"

"Then I won't tell you."

"Very well, I promise then. Go on."

"You know when I said I must go down and see if Laurie had remembered the photo?"

"Yes—yes—well?"

"I was looking out of the window—my blind was up—and I saw—someone coming round the corner of the house."

Theo clung to her, alarmed at some indefinable excitement and distress in Fenella's voice and eyes.

"A burglar?"

"No—Laurie."

"Laurie! Rubbish. He was to catch the ten thirty-three up."

"Yes, I know. But it was Laurie—and I thought—I guessed he had come back for the photo. It flashed into my mind that there was another train, a later one, and that he had walked back, over the fields, because of the photo."

"Well—what then? You went down to him? My goodness, Fen, if anyone had caught you! what would mother have said then?"

"I went down because I didn't see how he was going to get in. I meant to open the little side-door to him. But it was open when I got there, and I could hear Laurie moving very softly in the hall—in the dark. I followed—I thought when I was near enough I would call to him very quietly. But when I got to the hall and drew the curtain back, Laurie was standing by the recess."

She stopped, the look of fear deepening on her face.

Theo made an inarticulate sound of impatience. There was something contagious in Fenella's agitation.

"He was putting something back on the panel of weapons in the recess. I saw it glint in the moonlight as he lifted it. I felt frightened—I don't know why—he seemed to be doing it so stealthily—and I couldn't speak or move. But he stopped and listened. I think he must have felt someone was near and then he turned and saw me. He looked—oh, Theo! he looked so strange—startled and not a bit glad. He came to me and I whispered that I had seen him from my window and thought he had come back for the photo. He said yes—that was why he had come back, and he went into the morning-room and found it in the book and put it in his pocket. Then he said he must run or he would lose the night train, and he asked me to fasten the door after him. But—but—"

She stopped, and a tear that had gattered in her eye fell, while her lip quivered.

"But what?" asked Theo gently. "Don't cry, old girl. I expect it gave you a fright. Perhaps he heard you coming down and thought it was a burglar and was getting something to protect himself with."

"No—he was putting it back, not taking it down. And—he never said a word of love, Theo. He seemed vexed that I was there. He said: 'Run upstairs quietly, little girl, and don't tell a soul you saw me.'"

The words ended in a sob, and Fenella laid her head down on Theo's shoulder.

"How extraordinary of him!" Theo said. "It looks as if he hadn't come back for the photo after all. But what else could he have come back for?"

Fenella checked her sobs. "Yes—that's it! What could he possibly have come back for? Why did he seem so different? I noticed his boots were muddy. Yet the path across the fields, from the station, isn't wet, is it? And why should he want to take the knife down?"

"The knife! Was it a knife?"

Theo's tone was tinged with the same horrified uneasiness.

"Yes, I think it was the Chinese one—the one your father bought a little while ago. Don't you remember?"

"Yes. Why do you think it was that one?"

"I know it was. I saw where he put it—and I looked when I passed back."

"Fen! what does it mean? It's very mysterious."

"I shouldn't mind if he had been the same to me. But he was different somehow—so different that I didn't dare to ask him about the knife or even to say I had seen him with it."

There was silence for a minute, then Theo said softly: "Didn't he even kiss you, Fen?"

Fenella shook her head, and the tears glimmered again.

"How odd! I don't wonder you feel worried. But perhaps he'll write to-morrow. He'll realise that it was strange and tell you all about it."

"YOU must go to bed, Theo. It is much too late for you to be up. What would Mrs. Pridham say if she knew it?"

"Would you like me to stay with you all night? I shall be sure to wake before the tea comes, and I can run back so that even Jessie won't know. Do! I feel horribly nervous."

Fenella yielded at this, and they lay down side by side. But it was morning before either slept, and they were both slumbering deeply when the maid brought the morning tray.

"Oh, you're here, Miss Theo!" she exclaimed. "It gave me such a turn when I saw your light still on and your bed not slept in. I was for going to Mrs. Pridham, and then I thought I'd ask Miss Leach first."

Theo laughed, a little consciously. "I didn't even know I was here till you woke me, Jessie," she said. "What happened, Fen?"

"You were so tired that you fell asleep while we were still talking," Fenella explained, "and I hadn't the heart to wake you. I fell asleep myself before I had decided what to do."

The maid looked at them a little doubtfully. "Perhaps you were nervous, Miss Theo," she said.

"Nervous! What of?" asked Theo carelessly.

"Well, miss, a dreadful thing happened last night. The under-gardener came in and told me just now."

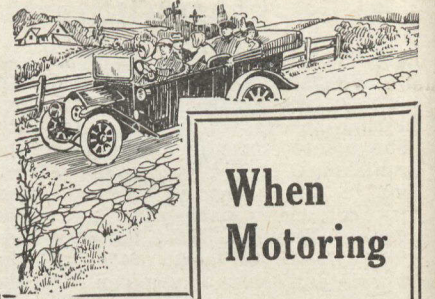
Fenella, busying herself with the tray, felt her heart stand still. The premonition of some ghastly revelation was so strongly upon her that she could not speak.

She heard Theo tell the maid to speak up, and she heard Jessie answer: "A murder, Miss Theo—an awful murder. A girl called Lisbeth Bainton killed on the canal path—just down there under the bridge—stabbed to death. It must have been done in the night, he says."

The words jangled through Fenella's brain and the room went round with her awhile; as a wave of red darkness closed her eyes, she seemed to see a Chinese knife flashing in the moonlight.

"Lard's sake! she's fainted!" exclaimed Jessie, as Fenella swayed and sank back on the pillow, her face colorless and blue shadows round her lips and eyes.

"You shouldn't come and tell us



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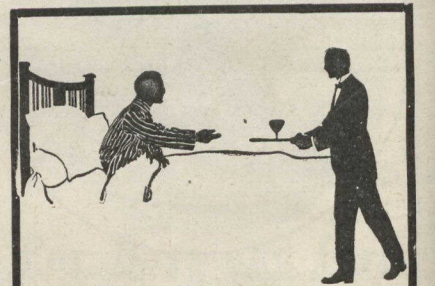
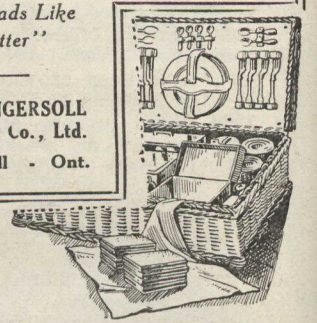
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such ghastly things," said Theo angrily. "Miss Leach has a weak heart just now." She had sprung out of bed, and was busily fanning Fenella with a book. "Fetch the salts—over there on the table—that's right. No, don't go for anyone; she's coming to."

Fenella opened her eyes and looked round wonderingly. "What is it, Theo?" she asked faintly.

"Nothing," answered Theo cheerily. "You felt a bit off color, that's all. You're all right now. Have some tea—that will pick you up."

The maid, still wide-eyed and curious, stood looking on. "I'm sure I'm very sorry to have startled you, Miss," she said.

Then the color rushed back into Fenella's puzzled face, and Theo saw that she remembered. She pressed her fingers warningly on Fenella's arm.

"That will do, Jessie," she said. "Miss Leach is all right now. You needn't mention anything to mother. She doesn't like us to be nervous or delicate. It worries her."

Jessie withdrew, eager to relate the incident in the servants' hall and bring herself into the picture which was monopolised at present by the under-gardener and his tragic story.

As soon as she had gone, Fenella sat up, white as death again, and shaking.

The two girls looked at one another, an unspoken question in each mind.

"It's too horrible," said Fenella at last. "Theo, you don't think—you can't for a moment feel—?" She broke off with a tearless sob. "Oh, God! I'm so wretched," she said. "I wish I hadn't told you about last night. But you promised, Theo—you promised."

"I know. I shouldn't tell anything even if I hadn't. And I'm glad you did tell me, because it would have been maddening for you alone."

"What can I do?" asked Fenella. "I was going to write to Laurie today—to Hounslow. Shall I? or shall I wait till he writes to me?"

"Better wait. He'll see all this in the papers."

They were silent again, neither daring to put into words the thoughts that coursed their brains.

"Who is this girl—this Lisbeth somebody?"

"Lisbeth Bainton, Jessie called her," Theo said. "I don't know. Wait, though! I heard Tubby speak of a girl called Liz once. He was talking to Laurie. But I can't remember what he said."

"We must get up," said Fenella suddenly. "We must seem to be just as usual. No one must notice any difference in us. I expect—I am sure it's quite all right, but we don't want to risk any gossip. Hurry, Theo! we are late already."

She was still feeling faint and ill, but the unacknowledged terror in her heart for Laurie—Laurie whom she loved with all the strength of a girl's undivided heart, steadied her, and gave her courage.

CHAPTER IV.

There are those who put two and two together so clumsily that they make three or five.

MR. and Mrs. Pridham were questioning the butler in the breakfast-room about the murder which had occurred within a stone's-throw of their own land. Mrs. Pridham, majestically interested, noticed neither the appearance of the two girls, nor their lateness in coming down.

"Who is the poor thing?" she was saying as they entered.

"A very respectable, superior, young woman," answered Hoskins; "came here some months ago to look after her grandmother when the grandfather died. Old Mrs. Bainton is very feeble and Liz was a good girl to her. She had a first-rate character round here, too. No one has a word to say against the girl."

"And she was stabbed, you say, on the canal path?"

"Yes, ma'am. Right in the heart—and must have been a strange sort of knife—two cuts like a cross."

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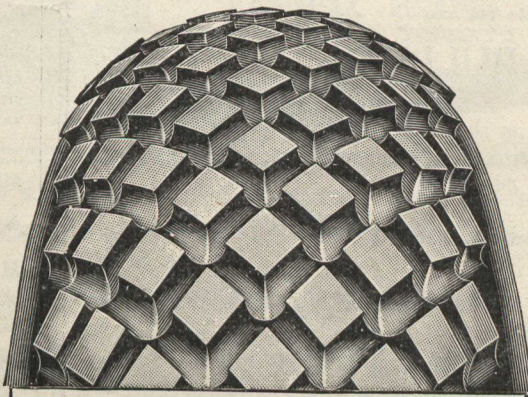
Some resent extra prices. There are 18 U. S. and Canadian makes which this year cost you more than Goodyears—up to one-half more. And those prices are unjust.

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"Eh, what's that?" demanded Mr. Pridham.

"There's no sign of the weapon, sir, but she was lying so close to the canal it might have been thrown in there. They're dragging it now, sir."

"Dragging it, are they? Might have had the decency to come to me about it considering it's nearly mine. I must look into this."

Mr. Pridham rose, leaving his breakfast untasted, and went to the door, telling Hoskins to order the car round at once.

"Why don't you walk there?" said his wife, who approved of no one's initiative but her own.

"Because I'm going to the Urban Council first," he replied briefly, and departed.

Hoskins re-appeared in another minute, looking exceedingly perturbed.

"If you please, ma'am," he said, "Mrs. Marsh wishes to speak to you."

"Presently," answered Mrs. Pridham. "I can't attend to housekeeping now."

"She says it's very pressing, ma'am, or she wouldn't disturb you. She thinks you ought to know at once."

The two girls, Fenella and Theo, stole a look at one another. Fenella was wrestling with an inclination to faint again.

"Very well," Mrs. Pridham said, and the housekeeper came in, apologetic but important.

Her glance fell on Fenella, and she said, dramatically—"I think it would be as well for me to speak to you alone, ma'am."

"WHAT is it all about?" demanded Mrs. Pridham irritably. "I haven't finished my breakfast, Marsh."

"I'm sorry, ma'am, but—it's awkward before the young ladies."

"Well come in here then." And Mrs. Pridham crossed to a conservatory, which opened out from the breakfast-room.

The housekeeper followed and Fenella put her hands up to her face to still the trembling of her lips. "Theo," she whispered. "I wonder what!"

The murmur of voices in the next room went on for some moments and then Mrs. Pridham returned, flustered, indignant, hectoring.

"I have just heard something very unpleasant," she said. "It appears, Miss Leach, that you went downstairs last night and were overheard speaking to some man in the hall, and that you let him out at the side-door, and bolted it after him. What does this mean?"

Fenella's courage had returned. The instinctive sense of Laurie's danger was a powerful stimulant to her.

"Who says this of me, Mrs. Pridham?" she asked quietly, though the heavy throbs of her heart made her mouth dry and her voice difficult to control.

"Mavis, the kitchen-maid, heard a noise and went down the back stairs to see what it was. She thought the house might be on fire. She saw you pass across the inner hall and she watched. She says she distinctly heard a man whispering and she saw two figures in the moonlight cross the little passage to the side door. Then she crept nearer and saw you lock it and go upstairs. And now Jessie says that Theo was in your room this morning instead of her own and that you both seemed very queer and you fainted when she spoke of the murder."

"What is all this, mother?" Agnes entering had heard the last sentence and, seeing that her mother's wrath was directed against Fenella, moved towards her.

Mrs. Pridham waved the interruption aside.

"Did you or did you not go downstairs, Miss Leach?" she said.

Fenella was silent for a moment, thinking deeply. Agnes slipped her hand inside Fenella's arm and pressed it reassuringly.

"Yes," answered Fenella, "I did, Mrs. Pridham."

"You confess it! And you admitted a man by the side door?"

"No."

"No? I should advise you strongly to speak the truth, Miss Leach."

Again Agnes pressed her arm kindly. "Fenella will speak the truth, of

course, mother," she said gently. "We can trust her to do that."

"What did you go down for?" asked Mrs. Pridham insistently.

"What did Mavis go down for?" broke in Theo. "Fenella probably heard the same noise and went down for the same reason."

"That will do, Theo. I will deal with you afterwards," Mrs. Pridham said, as Theo rebelliously tossed her head.

"I would rather not explain, Mrs. Pridham," said Fenella. "I went down for no harm and if it annoys you, I'm sorry."

"Annoys me! Good gracious," Mrs. Pridham said, "you speak as if it was a trivial incident. Don't you understand what the servants are all saying and thinking?"

"No. Please tell me."

"You heard what Hoskins said about this murder—and you think it of no consequence that at the very time it must have been committed, or soon after, you were having a clandestine interview with some man in the hall?"

"I have not said that that was true." "No, but you have not denied it. Why, it is all over the village by this time. Mrs. Marsh said that the baker's boy heard every word that was said while he was waiting for orders."

The telephone bell rang sharply in the hall at this moment and Mrs. Pridham clasped her hands in angry despair. "Go and see what it is, Theo," she commanded, and as soon as Theo obeyed, she turned to Fenella. "I must insist on a full explanation from you at once. We do not want to be mixed up in any scandal and it seems to me that your conduct has been unpardonable, whatever your motives may have been. I am reluctant to believe the worst of you—"

She broke off; for Theo had entered hurriedly and had run to Fenella, round whom she put her arms.

"Don't be frightened, Fen," she said. "It will all come right, I am sure, but someone is coming here to see you."

"To see me?" Fenella's lips formed rather than said the words.

"My poor dear," said Theo, disregarding her mother's imperious demand for an explanation, "the telephone message was from father. He told me that they are sending someone here, and he said we were to keep you here—not to let you go out of our sight."

A DEAD silence reigned in the room, while Fenella stood staring rigidly into space. Even Mrs. Pridham's volubility was stopped for the time being.

She was the first to recover her voice. "Good heavens!" she said. "what does it all mean? Did you know this poor girl—this Liz Bainton?"

"No—I never heard of her." Fenella spoke in a level toneless voice.

"Who was it you met in the hall? If you don't tell us we can't possibly help you, and I'm not sure we ought to help you."

"Mother, don't—please don't!" pleaded Theo. "Fenella is quite innocent. Whatever she did, it was nothing wrong; I can swear to that."

"Why were you with her last night?" asked Mrs. Pridham.

"I was nervous—that was all. I stayed talking to her till rather late and fumbled going back to my room, so I asked her to let me stop. What can we do about this man coming, mother? Can't father stop him—can't he protect Fen in some way?"

"Of course not. Don't be so childish, Theo. Your father as a magistrate cannot possibly impede the law in any way. If Miss Leach does strange and underhand things which she refuses to explain, she must expect trouble. She has brought it on herself."

"If I were you, Fen," Agnes said gently, "I should tell everything—the whole truth. No good ever comes from hiding it."

"She will have to tell it sooner or later," Mrs. Pridham continued with acerbity, "and, whatever her reason is, it won't do her any good to have concealed it."

Fenella smiled faintly. Even in the plight she found herself,

the thought of Mrs. Pridham's change of tone if the reason were suddenly revealed was too humorous.

"It is no laughing matter, Miss Leach," Mrs. Pridham said, noticing the smile. "Young ladies who have clandestine interviews at the dead of night lay themselves open to suspicion of every kind. It will be extremely uncomfortable for us if this local scandal becomes connected with our house. We do not wish to be made notorious in the country in that sort of way."

Fenella smiled no longer. She saw suddenly that she was creating a wider gulf between herself and Laurie, in Mrs. Pridham's eyes, than already existed. To interfere with Mrs. Pridham's social schemes was to be anathema maranatha.

ON the other hand, the scandal from which she was shielding Laurie would be infinitely greater than the one Mrs. Pridham was dreading. There was no question about that.

"Look here, mother," said Theo, suddenly, "Fen's reason for not explaining the whole thing may be an unselfish one. You had much better trust her."

"When I want advice from my youngest daughter," Mrs. Pridham majestically replied, "I will ask for it. You are only a child. Theo, and cannot be expected to understand a matter as serious as this."

Theo held her peace. A warning look from Fenella reminded her of her promise.

At this moment two things happened.

Mr. Pridham returned in the car and simultaneously a telegram was handed in, for him.

He opened it as he entered the room and his florid face changed colour as he read the contents.

"What does this mean?" he said, handing it to Mrs. Pridham.

She read it—to herself first and then aloud, to all of them.

"Lieutenant Laurence Pridham's leave expired last night. He was absent from parade this morning and we have no news of him. Kindly wire if he is with you and reason—James Bray, Lieutenant-Colonel Chiltern Fusiliers, Hounslow Barracks."

In the momentary silence that followed, Fenella and Theo, staring at one another, saw each other's apprehensions written on their faces.

"Horatio!" Mrs. Pridham's voice changed, agitated, appealing, rang across the room, "something has happened to the boy. He left here for the ten-thirty-three up—he was going straight to the Barracks. Where can he be? We must do something at once." She shook her husband's shoulder in her alarm, for Mr. Pridham was standing, mute and paralyzed, with fixed, unseeing eyes that seemed to look on something distant and yet horrible.

He roused himself with an effort and stared into her distracted face. "Of course," he stammered, in a curious way, "something must be done at once. Come into my study, Selina."

They went away together and the study door closed on them.

"Theo," whispered Fenella, "shall I take my chance now and run away?"

"Why? What do you mean, Fen?"

"I mean—they would follow me—and it would take up time—and—oh! don't you see Laurie's danger. Absent without leave and—"

She broke off. It would never do to tell Agnes, because if Agnes knew the truth, and if she was questioned, she would let it out. But Agnes saw enough to realize that this defection of Laurie's at such a time was an untoward coincidence.

"Laurie must have had some very strong reason for outstaying his leave," she said, "but surely, Fen, you don't mean that people could possibly connect him with this dreadful crime?"

"I don't know what to think—it is all so strange and terrible," Fenella said. "Agnes, help me to get away—now at once, before this man comes to torture me with questions."

"But, Fen," urged Agnes, "wouldn't it be better for everyone to know that you and Laurie were engaged and that you went downstairs to get the

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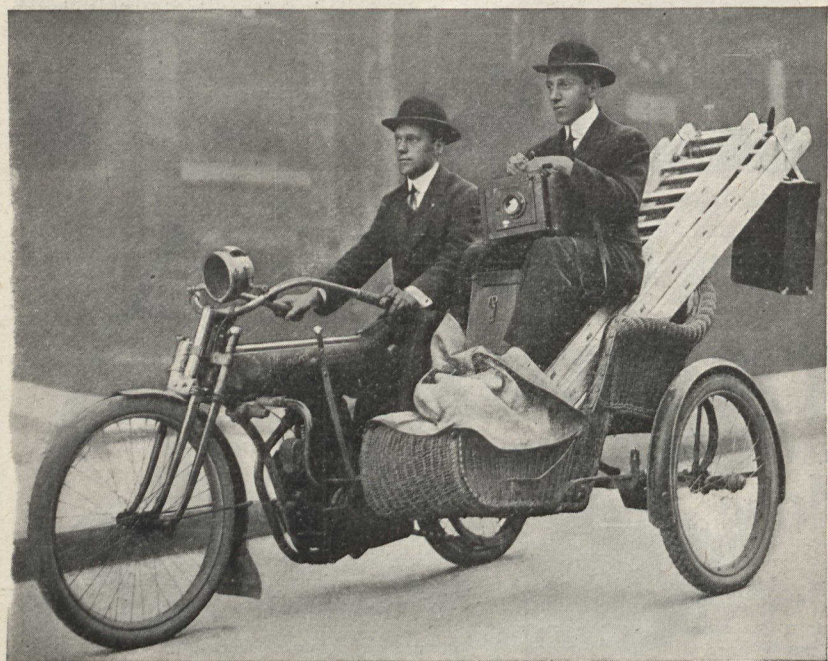
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photograph. That would stop them worrying you with questions, and as it has to be told some time, why not now?"

"No, no, it would never do," Fenella protested; "the less I let them know about Laurie, the better. I can assure you, Agnes, the kindest thing to Laurie is for me to obliterate myself at the present moment."

Fenella went out quickly, caught up a soft golf cap from a peg in the vestibule and, crossing the lawn, was lost in the shadow of the trees beyond.

CHAPTER V.

There are five factors that count in a man's life—hunger, thirst, ambition, love and duty.

A MILE and three quarters to the west of Spinney Chase, at the corner of a lane that, even in summer, was like a wet ploughed field, Mrs. Bainton's cottage looked across a wooded patch to the railway line—the only sign of human enterprise or nearness that the pine land waste vouchsafed to her.

She sat always—old Mrs. Bainton—in a chair drawn up close to the diamond-paned casement, and gazing out with eyes that were keen under their puckered brows, watched the smoke of the passing trains that represented life to her, stranded in the backwash of it here by the retreating tide of years.

When her husband, who was old and feeble, but could still fend for them both, passed away, she had sunk into a still retrospect, living over again the days that had been hers with him from her girlhood.

The advent of Lisbeth, whom she thought of only in an abstract way, as "my son George's handsome girl," made no ripple in the old woman's absorbed life. Liz came and went as she pleased. She was full of energy and the daily task of setting the cottage in order and attending on her grandmother had seemed a light occupation which left her free between whiles to wander in the woods and lanes. Mrs. Bainton asked no questions and evinced no interest in Liz's life outside the cottage walls. Thus it came to pass that when the girl was found dead at some little distance from her home, no information could be gained respecting her movements from Mrs. Bainton, and humanity dictated that the actual tragedy should be concealed from the old woman. She was told that Liz had been injured by an accident and could not return home. A neighbour undertook to carry out the dead girl's duties—and with that Mrs. Bainton appeared perfectly satisfied. She dismissed the subject with the remark, "Poor lass! I'm sorry that she's hurt herself—but I expect she'll soon be all right again. Her father, George, was a fine strong fellow and Liz takes after him."

The mental repose which often accompanies helplessness of body made Mrs. Bainton resigned and almost happy, to sit there, hour after hour, gazing out of the window and silently reviewing the events of a long life of activity. She was quite alone for the moment, Mrs. Case, the friendly neighbour, having gone briskly round the edge of the common, making the excuse that she must attend to the needs of her own household. In reality she was consumed with the desire to gain the latest information respecting the crime. Hence Mrs. Case's peregrinations took her much further afield, and unconsciously she found herself hurrying towards the canal path. Meanwhile Mrs. Bainton sat in solitary tranquility gazing across the waste land.

Suddenly the apathy on her wrinkled face changed to vivid interest. A man had come from the shade of the copse and now, with shambling, unsteady gait, approached the cottage. He pushed open the door with a blow of his hand and lurched into a seat by the table. The old woman regarded him attentively. He was young and obviously of gentle birth. Mrs. Bainton had been lady's-maid to a Marchioness in her youth, and she could discriminate between the upper and lower ranks of life. The man was a gentleman, she was sure, although his clothing, originally of good

quality, was ragged and weather-stained. He was without hat or collar. His shirt, of fine white linen, was soiled and torn open at the throat, showing the fair skin on his chest where the line of sunburn ended. He spoke no word but filled a cup with milk and drank it off at a gulp, then snatched at the loaf and ate ravenously.

"I'm thinking you're parched and hungry, sir," Mrs. Bainton said quietly, and he turned his head at the sound of her voice and stared at her, with fevered blue eyes from which the light of reason had departed. Mrs. Bainton recognized that she was in the presence of a man not in possession of his full faculties, but her impotency to protect herself rendered her immune from fear.

"Yes—I'm thirsty. I've had nothing to eat or drink for a long time—I don't know how long . . . ever since I've been trying to find my way out to parade." He rose, with the crust of bread still in his hand, muttering hoarsely, "I shall be late—must go on—and on—and on! If only I knew the way."

A good-looking face always appealed to Margaret Bainton's simple code of philosophy and now her sympathies went out towards the stranger who had come to her door in such sore plight.

"What's happened to you that you're all mud and rags? You look fair clemmed, poor lad."

The young fellow passed his hand across his forehead—and the keen dark eyes watching him saw, with a sensation of discomfort, that there was dried blood on the hand, and the shirt-cuff and sleeve of his coat were stiff and discoloured with the same dark stains.

"Maybe you've been fighting, young man?" the widow queried with a touch of severity.

He shook his head. "No—no—but can't you tell me the way? I ought to be on parade by this time."

"Parade? No, I know of no such place about here. You must be thinking of Aldershot, which is some distance away. If my girl, Liz, were at home, she might direct you."

A startled expression, as of recognition, crossed the man's face. "Liz—Liz—is she here? Yes, of course, it was Liz." He paused, then added with emphasis, "A good girl and a handsome one!"

"It's not likely that my Liz and the one you're talking of are the same, although what you say is true of my lass. I'm Mrs. Bainton. . ."

"Yes, yes," he broke in with feverish impatience, "Liz Bainton—that's the name!—as handsome as she's good. Who could have wanted to hurt a girl like her!"

MRS. BAINTON was convinced by this time that his wits were wandering. "Of course no one would wish to hurt the lass; it was an accident."

"No accident but a cruel deed. She was struck down—murdered, I tell you," he thundered out with sudden fury, and the reflection that it is wise to humour a madman induced Mrs. Bainton to change the topic of conversation. "Your boots are precious dirty for my clean floor, young gentleman, and I'm thinking you'd best be going on your way. There's nothing here to keep you."

He went towards the open door, in obedience to her suggestion, walking as if in his sleep, then stood hesitating, with the brilliant mid-day sunlight striking full on his pallid, drawn face. "I wish I could remember . . ." he muttered, then looked over his shoulder with the final injunction, "If Fenella comes here, please tell her I had to go—duty first and before all things. You won't forget my message? Duty first and before all things."

"A good sentiment, sir," the old woman told him, then, like a shadow, he was gone from the doorway and she saw him flit across the rough corner of land and vanish under the trees. Silence returned to the cottage—a silence almost as unbroken as that which enveloped the bare room near the canal, where Liz Bainton lay in the still majesty of death, the dark eyes closed with a fringe of black lashes resting on the marble cheeks,

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the rounded face framed in the curling dark hair.

"The pity of it!" was the thought uppermost in the mind of George Fraser—the doctor whose duty it had been to certify as to the exact nature of the fatal injury. One wound only on the beautiful body, but that one terrible, in that it formed a cross above the heart which had been pierced. Strange and inexplicable! for this cruel cross of death seemed to suggest some racial or fanatical hatred and revenge. Yet the girl's dead face bore no impress of terror or abhorrence such as the doctor would have expected to discern on the features of anyone thus brutally done to death. No! Liz showed no sign of despair or anguish, rather she smiled, with lips curving upwards, wearing the ineffaceable expression of a great and final triumph. The doctor went from the darkened room perplexed and troubled in mind. The brilliant sunshine outside the building seemed like a mockery of the brooding horror on which he had just closed the door. He passed through the group of people standing on the footpath, who checked their vague surmises and respectfully made room for his passage to the waiting car.

"That's Doctor Fraser, who was called to her when she was found," whispered Mrs. Case to another woman, and pointed a finger towards a glimpse of the canal, dark and sluggish, some yards away. "It was just there—beyond that hedge! Well I must be getting back to poor old Mrs. Bainton." A touch on her arm drew her attention to a girl who had just reached the outskirts of the lingering crowd. "Mrs. Bainton, did you say? I am going to her cottage. Can you tell me the quickest way?"

Fenella, flushed with walking quickly, received with scarce concealed impatience Mrs. Case's instruction and finishing remark, "I'm going there myself."

"Thank you, but I must hurry on." Then Fenella hastened forward, a straight and lissome figure in her short, well-fitting tweed skirt.

Dr. Fraser caught sight of her from his car, with the thought, "Miss Leach! I should like to have spoken to her—asked her a question," but even while he debated, she had turned sharply out of the main road—and professional work carried him in the opposite direction, so he went one way while Fenella went the other. And as she went forward unhesitatingly, as if a magnet drew her, she could hear a voice calling, "Fenella! I want you." And her heart answered, with loving assurance, "I am coming, Laurie, coming!"

(To be continued.)

Cyril Maude and the American Press Woman

CYRIL MAUDE, on his return to London, gave a very interesting account of some of his experiences on his American tour. He said: "With the woman interviewer I was not perhaps so favourably impressed. In the number was one who induced Margery to say—of the briefest and most matter of fact nature I need hardly say—something about her appearance at Balmoral Castle just before we left England. Imagine her horror on reading next morning something to the following effect:

"As I made my entrance upon the stage my knees were knocking together, and I trembled in every limb. So entirely overcome with nervousness was I that I could scarcely speak a word. The lights swam before my eyes. I felt as if I were about to faint. What would I not have given had the floor opened in front of me and swallowed me up? Then suddenly from the royal box came a sweet, womanly voice saying, "Courage, my child." It was the Queen's. From that moment I was myself again."

"The only comment I have to make is that Margery wasn't a bit nervous, that at Balmoral there is no royal box and that the Queen did not speak one of the words attributed to her. Otherwise the account is absolutely correct."



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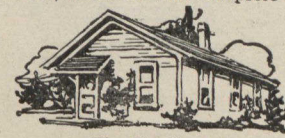
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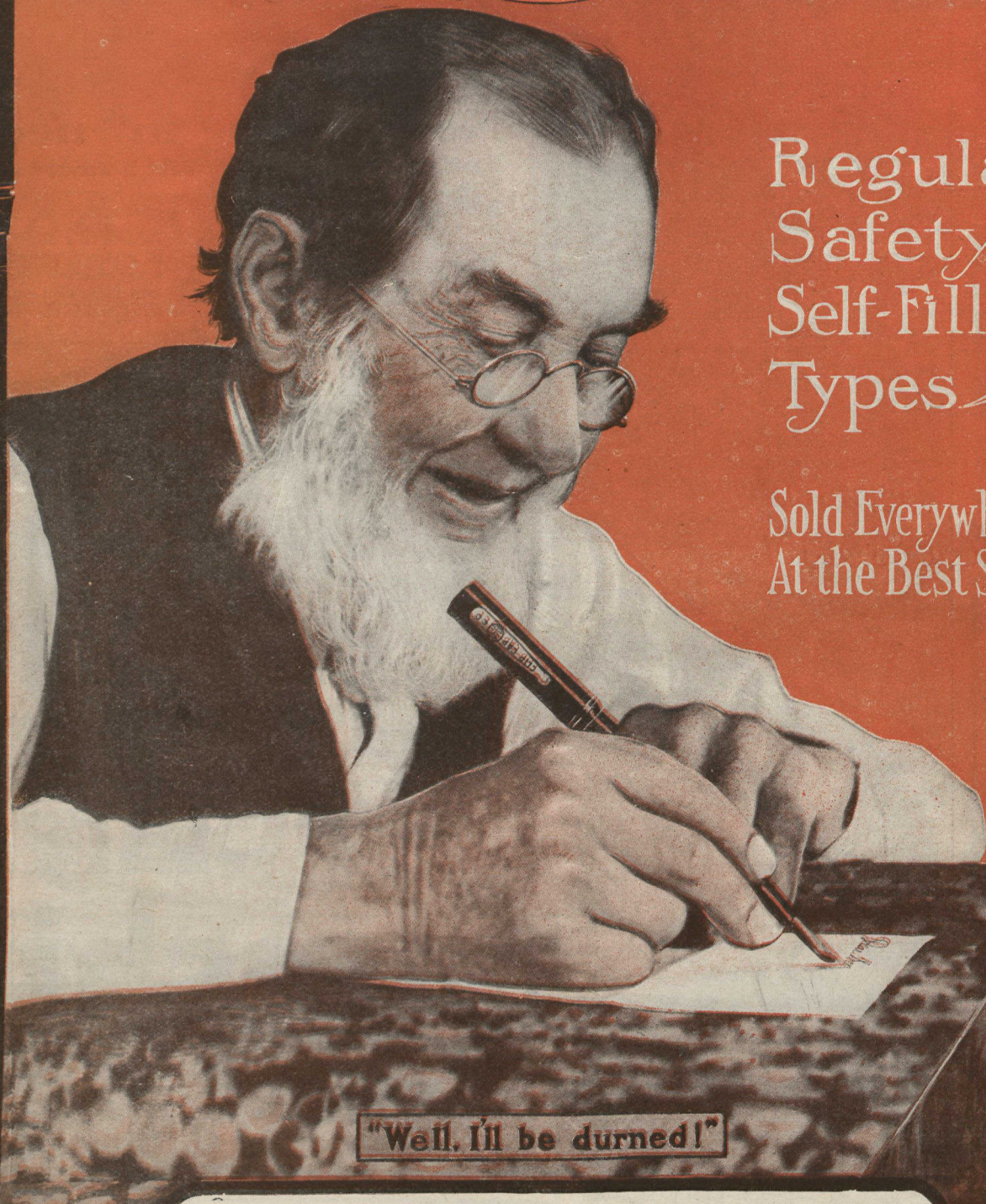
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