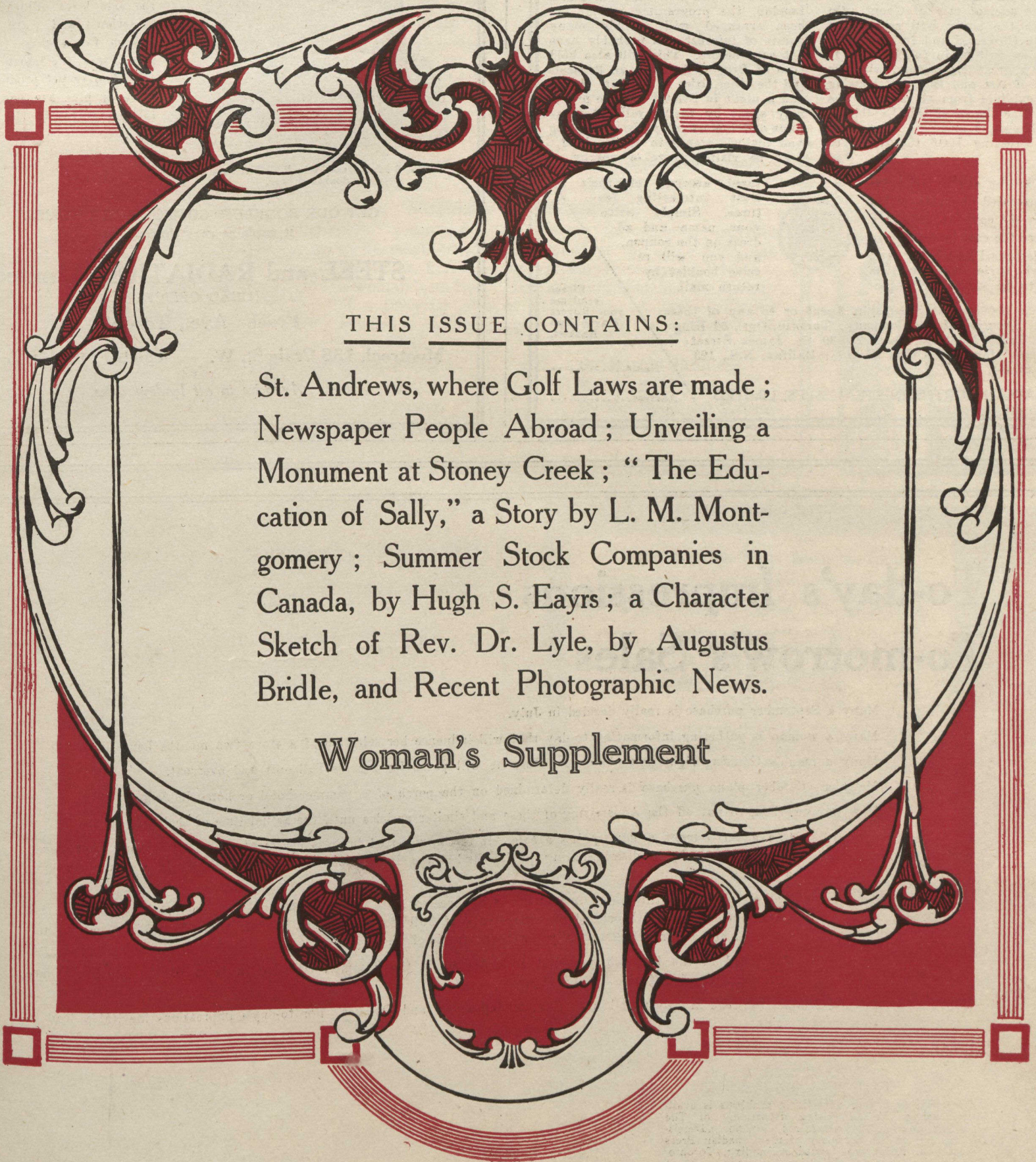


The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



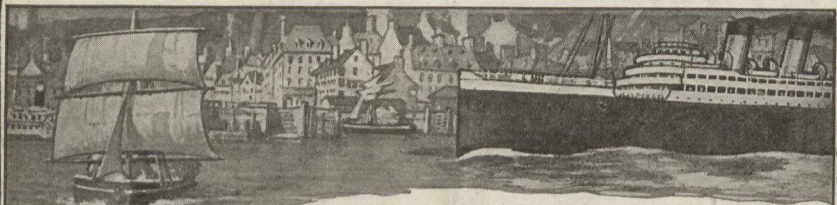
THIS ISSUE CONTAINS:

St. Andrews, where Golf Laws are made ;
Newspaper People Abroad ; Unveiling a
Monument at Stoney Creek ; "The Edu-
cation of Sally," a Story by L. M. Mont-
gomery ; Summer Stock Companies in
Canada, by Hugh S. Eayrs ; a Character
Sketch of Rev. Dr. Lyle, by Augustus
Bridle, and Recent Photographic News.

Woman's Supplement

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO



CANADIAN NORTHERN "ATLANTIC ROYALS"

St. Lawrence Route Montreal to Bristol

Here is an opportunity to see some of the most famous places of the Old World at a modest outlay. A health-bringing trip and a liberal education combined. You take the "Royal Edward" at Montreal on July fifteenth for Bristol. Special arrangements have been made for the balance of the tour which includes a visit to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Ostend, Antwerp, the Isle of Marken, Bruges and historic city of Ghent.

Special—Rovers' Travel Club Tour

This is an especially good year to visit the ancient city of Ghent. On the date the party will reach that city, the Universal and International Exposition will be in full swing. It will be a great Exposition, with its Palaces of Art and Industry housing unique exhibits from all parts of the world. The slogan of this Exhibition is "A Thousand and One attractions Worth Crossing Half the Globe to See."

By all means ask or send for the illustrated booklet which contains the complete itinerary and gives the cost in detail. In it is described in chatty and informal style the various places to be visited with pic-



Familiar as you are with Paris and London, the programme which has been arranged will include many points of interest you probably have not seen before. This will also hold true of Bruges, Amsterdam, Brussels and the other cities on the list. A day and a night in Bristol may be profitably spent by the traveller because some of the most intensely interesting and historic scenes in all England, may be visited there or nearby.

tured account of their most interesting features. Simply write your name and address on the coupon, and you will receive booklet by return mail.

Please send me your Rovers' Travel Club Booklet.

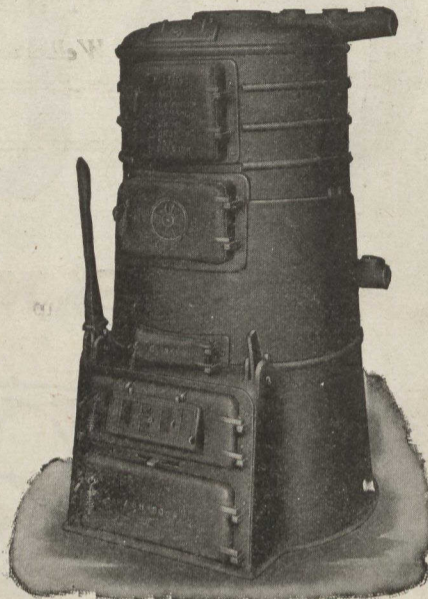
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With a "KING" Hot Water Boiler and "KING" Radiators, solves the house-heating problems. . .



No. 6 High Base "King" Boiler, showing double shaker.

The "KING" Boiler has ALL the latest improvements in operating equipment and fuel saving features known to boiler construction.

TROUBLE PROOF GRATES

The "KING" patented grates and shaking mechanism are of the side lever adjustable construction and are simple enough for a child to understand, yet the most efficient ash remover yet produced. No bolts or pins are used in attaching grates to the connecting bar.

GET OUR BOOKLET "COMFORTABLE HOMES."
It explains very thoroughly.

STEEL and RADIATION, Limited
(HEAD OFFICE)

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Agencies in all leading cities.

To-day's Impressions To-morrow's Sales

Many a September purchase is really decided in July.

Many a woman is gathering information to-day that will influence her selection of a stove two months hence.

Many a man is thinking right now about the store he will patronize for his Fall suit and overcoat.

Many an October piano purchase is really determined on the porch of a summer hotel or home in August.

How unwise, then, to put off the Advertising of these and similar articles until the actual time of their use arrives.

One advertisement seldom makes a sale. It is the repeated impressions created by Advertising that develops purchases by a discriminating public—and these impressions are seldom built up in a day, a week or a month.

Yet some manufacturers and merchants still procrastinate until the first nip of frost is felt—and then besiege the public with belated announcements of Fall clothes, kitchen ranges, home furnishings, winter underwear, and other articles usually purchased in the Fall.

Purchased in the Fall—oh, yes—but decided upon in the Summer. Decided in favor of the goods that are continuously advertised.

It's the Advertising read in July that bears fruit in September and October. For to-day's impressions inevitably lead to to-morrow's sales.

Advice regarding your advertising problems is available through the advertising department of The Canadian Courier, any recognized Canadian advertising agency, or the Secretary of the Canadian Press Association, Room 503 Lumsden Building, Toronto. Enquiry involves no obligation on your part—so write, if interested.

BECK'S

Imported
GERMAN
LAGER

Brewed and Bottled in
Bremen, Germany

BECK'S LAGER

has a much finer flavor than other
so-called German Lagers.

For sale at all Hotels and
Liquor Stores.

CANADIAN AGENTS:

F. EDWARDS & CO.

18 Front Street East
TORONTO

PARIS

(France)

Hotel Continental

5 rue de Castiglione and on Rivoli
St., facing the Tuileries Gardens

Modern Comfort--Elevators,
Baths, Hot and Cold Water
in every room.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV

TORONTO

NO. 3

CONTENTS

- British Amateur Golf Champion By "Bunker."
 Summer Stock Companies By Hugh S. Eayrs.
 Newspaper People Abroad Illustrated.
 Remembering Stoney Creek By C. W. McCullough.
 The Education of Sally By L. M. Montgomery.
 A Story of Rare Perception into Child Character.
 A Broad-Gauge Parson By Augustus Bridle.
 Poetry is Dead By the Monocle Man.
 A November Election? By "C."
 First of a Series of Guesses at the Political Riddle.
 The New Bridge Opened at Edmonton.
 News of a Week Photographs.

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

"Erin" pronounces the Woman Reformer a creature to be resented upon occasion; at the same time, she makes an arresting appeal for Decency in Drama—a woman's matter. Miss Durham sketches the history of a thriving club in Vancouver. A Man—married beyond a doubt—gives a valuable tip to the would-be-wedded.

- The Impostor, Serial By Harold Bindloss.
 Demi-Tasse By Staff Writers.
 Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
 Reflections By the Editor.

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Pens
250
styles



The smooth, easy-writing qualities, long wear, and ability to hold a large quantity of ink, are some of the things that have helped to make Esterbrook's Jackson Stub No. 442 the most popular of all stub pens.

Write for illustrated booklet.

Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John St., New York
Works: Camden, N.J.

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Ask your stationer

EUROPE

THE PURPOSE

"The purpose of a journey is not only to arrive at the goal, but to find enjoyment on the way."—Henry van Dyke

That describes the White Star-Dominion Service by the picturesque, land-locked St. Lawrence route

IN SUMMER:
FROM MONTREAL & QUEBEC

IN WINTER:
FROM PORTLAND, ME.

LARGEST CANADIAN LINERS

Ask the nearest Agent for Particulars.

WHITE STAR
DOMINION LINE



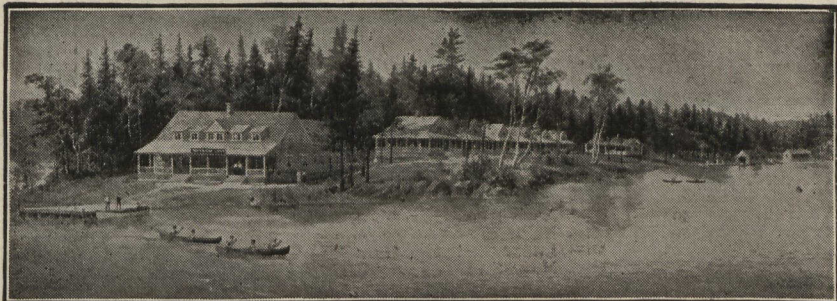
ALGONQUIN NATIONAL PARK

THE IDEAL SUMMER RESORT FOR CAMPER, FISHERMAN, CANOEIST.

200 miles north of Toronto, 175 miles west of Ottawa

Altitude, 2,000 feet above sea level

Good hotel accommodation



THE NEW CAMP-HOTEL "CAMP NOMINIGAN"

being inaugurated this season, will prove attractive. This sort of camp is new to the "Highlands of Ontario." It consists of log cabins constructed in groups in the hearts of the wilds, comfortably furnished with modern conveniences, such as baths, hot and cold water, always available.

Handsomely illustrated folder free on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal; C. E. Horning, Union Station, Toronto, Ont.

G. T. BELL, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal.

H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.

Don't Blame the Floor, Blame the Finish

if the dragging of furniture causes unsightly streaks—if heels leave their imprint,—if, in a word, your floors are marred, streaked or spotted. Use ELASTICA.



is easily applied, dries hard over night and gives to any floor, whether old or new, a finish that is not only beautiful to look at, but one that will remain for months free from streaks, mars and spots.

Write for Book No. 84, "How to Finish Floors"—Home Edition.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.
LIMITED

TORONTO WINNIPEG
Canadian Factory of Standard Varnish Works.
New York, Chicago, London, Berlin, Brussels, Melbourne
Largest in the World and first to establish definite standards of quality.



The Cent in Alberta

ENGLISHMEN, who revere the "ha'penny" as a national institution, must have been oddly jolted by reading May 31st issue of the Canadian Mail, on the front page of which there appeared this heading:

COPPERS IN THE WEST

COMING OF THE CENT WESTERN SHOPKEEPERS' CONCESSION

(Special to "The Canadian Mail")

The article called attention to a fact of Western history which constantly surprises even people from Eastern Canada—the five-cent piece that until lately has masqueraded as a copper. Says this Albertan correspondent:

"The coming of the copper has been one of the events of the season. It is an axiom out here that no copper coin is used in the West, nothing lower than the silver five-cent piece—just as the quarter-dollar, or 25-cent piece (still quite commonly known as 'two bits') used to be the lowest coin used in California. This is no longer true. The copper coin has come.

"For some years past the shopkeepers have been pricing numerous articles at odd figures. Butter, for instance, is now selling at 27½ cents a pound. But this only means that you get two pounds for 55 cents. If you dare to ask for a single pound you pay 30 cents. The Government, of course, cannot charge more for stamps in the West than in the East; but if you ask for a one-cent stamp and tender a five-cent piece, the postmaster tells you he cannot make change. Cheques may be drawn for any odd amount, but if you present a cheque for \$4 and 33 cents, the bank teller will only give you \$4 and 30 cents, though if you pay in the same cheque to your account you will be credited with the full amount.

One for One Cent.

"A few months ago, however, one of the department storekeepers boldly decided to stop giving credit—monthly accounts having been customary—and, at the same time, he announced that single cents would be accepted. At the candy counter, for instance, you may now see sticks of peppermint and other sweets labelled 'one for one cent.' Very few of us have been able to take advantage of this for lack of the coin itself. But some of those who come from the Eastern provinces, or have been down there on a visit, have had a few coppers lying useless ever since in odd drawers. These are now being hunted up and given to the children, who are having a good candy-time accordingly.

"Some see in this, and in the establishment of cash stores, a hope that an era of cheaper living is about to open. There are other hopeful signs. But the fact is that living out here is not so dear as you may imagine from the high prices quoted for many articles, or so dear as people find it who have not yet learnt to do without certain things—things brought in from a great distance, which they can easily dispense with—and to buy what they want in the most economical way. Of course, people who live in towns and have to buy everything they use have not the advantage that we farmers who live on the land possess. We kill a fat pig, for instance, and for months he keeps our table supplied with roast and boiled pork, bacon, ham, brawn and lard. At the present market price we reckon the cost of that pig at 4½d. a pound. The price is low, for good food—and pork is extremely good out here. Also, it is high, from the producer's point of view. That is the cause, not of woe but of rejoicing, for pigs even at 8½d. a pound, pay fairly well, and at the present price they are profitable in the extreme."

Splendid Shopping Facilities.

The article goes on to refer to the scale of prices for groceries, vegetables and grain commodities. It points out that the West has splendid shopping facilities, and makes very clear the fact that Alberta and the West generally are by no means crude and uncivilized.

Sensational Gains This Week

Miss Blanche F. Bourque, of Sydney, N.S., Gains Over 80,000 Votes and Has Reached the Quarter Million Mark.



Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S., Who Gained Over 80,000 Votes This Week and Now is Over the Quarter-million Mark.

SOME very sensational changes have taken place in the Canadian Courier Contest standing this week. The greatest gain of all was made by Miss Blanche F. Bourque, of Sydney, N.S., who advanced over 80,000 votes for the week, bringing her grand total up over one-quarter of a million. In fact, it has been the largest individual gain since the

contest started, and gives Miss Bourque a lead of almost 50,000 votes over her nearest competitor. The advance is a tremendously handsome one and proves that Miss Bourque must have a splendid lot of friends in her town. From the very start Sydney, N.S., has given its candidate the most splendid support, and deserves the credit of being one of the most live and enterprising cities in all Canada.

The next important gain is that made by Miss M. Augusta McLeod, of Goderich, who went ahead nearly 55,000 votes during the week, an advance which was very creditable indeed, and gives Miss McLeod a strong hold on second place. Miss McLeod has been a splendid candidate, and her friends have been most loyal in their support. She has now over 200,000 votes, and it will not take her long to reach the quarter of a million mark.

Other important gains have been made as follows: Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, over 18,000; Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B., 4,000; Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask., 5,000; Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S., 13,000; Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I., 5,000; Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, 7,000; Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, 6,000; Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S., 7,000; Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, 5,000; Miss Katharine McDonald, Truro, N.S., 9,000; and others who gained smaller amounts.

The standing follows:

Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S.	251,750	Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B.	11,600
Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont.	209,000	Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C.	11,500
Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont.	189,800	Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont.	11,500
Miss Esther Downey, Comox P.O., B.C.	151,150	Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont.	11,150
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B.	112,700	Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont.	10,950
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.	83,600	Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont.	10,950
Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask.	80,150	Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta.	10,800
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont.	59,700	Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont.	10,800
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I.	58,900	Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B.	10,800
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont.	54,700	Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont.	10,750
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	42,250	Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont.	10,550
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont.	40,700	Miss Alice Guilford, Ottawa, Ont.	10,400
Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C.	37,850	Miss Alice Hamill, Meaford, Ont.	10,400
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S.	35,500	Miss Kathleen Platt, Toronto	10,100
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C.	32,900	Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont.	10,000
Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont.	28,750	Miss Mary Sumara, Amherst, N.S.	10,000
Miss Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S.	28,200		
Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S.	25,500		
Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont.	24,450		
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que.	24,450		
Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont.	23,300		
Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B.	22,750		
Miss Edna Coutanche, Vancouver, B.C.	22,650		
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man.	20,500		
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S.	20,100		
Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man.	18,300		
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B.	16,850		
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask.	16,600		
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont.	16,500		
Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont.	16,150		
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask.	15,550		
Miss Ethelne Schleifauf, Iona P.O., Ont.	15,400		
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto	15,000		
Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal	14,900		
Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont.	13,500		
Miss Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont.	12,700		
Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont.	12,250		
Miss Marie A. Hebert, Theftord Mines, Que.	11,850		
Miss Maud Chambers, Sudbury	11,850		
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont.	11,650		
Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal	11,600		

Ballot No. 17

This ballot is good for 50 votes in the CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss

Address

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before July 12, 1913.



TRADE MARK
W.G.P.

Athletic Underwear

Licensed under Klosed Krotch Patents
Light, cool, comfortable.
Made of soft, washable fabrics. Designed to eliminate the gaping seat and opening between the legs. For sale by all good haberdashers. \$1.25 and up.

61

STAMMERING

or Stuttering may make life miserable for your child, or for one of your family or friends. If it does, you owe it to the sufferer to investigate the successful Arnott methods of permanently curing these disturbing impediments. We will gladly give you full particulars and references. Cured pupils everywhere.

ARNOTT INSTITUTE
Berlin, Ont., Can.

Editor's Talk

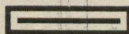
E DUCATION is an annual theme of the "Canadian Courier," just at the time that Canadian youth are getting their year's results and making their decisions as to next year's work. We shall present in our issue of the 28th a few attractive and currently interesting phases of this subject.

Mr. Gordon Waldron has made the newspaper statement that there is a movement on foot to Oxfordize Toronto University with professors and lecturers imbued with Oxford ideas about the Empire. The Toronto "News" calls Mr. Waldron's statement an attack on the rights of free thought in the University. President Falconer thinks there is nothing in it. Mr. Waldron will write an article for next week's "Courier" dispassionately reviewing the whole situation. In the same issue a recent university lecturer, one of the first Rhodes scholars at Oxford, will have an article on the relation of the university man to commercial life. A member of the staff writes on the subject of a great country and some little educators. A story by a talented Westerner, Edith Beynon Thomas, humorously and naively describes the experiences of a young woman teacher in a prairie school. "Banking on Sam" is the title.

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts has not been heard from in the "Courier" for some time. He will re-appear next week in a fine animal story, entitled, "The Monarch of Park Barren." This story will be illustrated by Arthur Heming, whose moose and bear pictures are as well known as the Roberts stories.



We need some more short stories, but they must be of a particular class. We want stories which depict the men and women of to-day at their tasks. Not the story which deals with heroes and heroines of history, or heroes and heroines of other countries—just our own heroes, ourselves as we are. For there are heroes in every walk of life—in the office, the workshop, on the farm, in the pulpit, and even in the ranks of those who serve the public in relation to the governing of the municipality and the legislatures. They are fighting battles; they have all the passions and experiences that any set of people, past or present, have had. They are wonderfully interesting to those who have the key to unlock their secrets. The Canadian at His Task—is not that the best theme for Canadian story writers?



K Kalamazoo Point Number Four K

The Kalamazoo
Loose Leaf Binder
has great expansion

note the big stretch

Expansion is one of the chief features in a loose leaf binder, and one make is said to be superior to another if its expansion is greater.

The expansion of the KAL-AMAZOO binder is practically unlimited, for it will hold any number of sheets from one to one thousand—just as many as one requires for use. With this binder there is neither minimum nor maximum, and the necessity of the office is the only limit to its capacity.

Examine it thoroughly before deciding, for it is the last word in loose leaf binders.

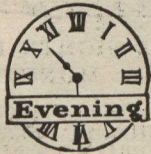
Ask for Booklet "CI" describing the binder, and giving a partial list of firms using the Kalamazoo.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter
Limited
Loose Leaf & Account-Book Makers
Toronto

King & Spadina

The best time to take

"Wincarnis" is whenever you feel below your usual standard of health and fitness, but for those requiring a course of treatment, there are certain times of the day when there is an extra need for



Many people, especially those with a poor appetite for breakfast, find it necessary to take a "pick-me-up" during the morning. A glass of "Wincarnis" at eleven o'clock will dispel faintness, brace you up, and give you renewed strength for the morning's work.

One glass of "Wincarnis" during the afternoon will banish headache or fatigue brought on through over-exertion whilst shopping, travelling, walking, or through household work. "Wincarnis" not only refreshes and revives, but gives permanent energy for the rest of the day.

If you take a glass of "Wincarnis" before retiring for the night, you will be protected from the risk of colds and chills on leaving a warm room for a cold one. You will also be assured a sound night's rest, and you will wake in the morning refreshed and invigorated.

These are particular times when thousands of people take "Wincarnis" regularly with the best possible results, but you can take "Wincarnis" at any time, in any circumstances, with safety and benefit.

"Wincarnis" can be obtained from all leading Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.



Over the hills to the poor-house he goes in a heavy money-burning monster. But can you afford to spend ridiculous sums for automobile travel when a Ford will carry you in comfort, style, safety and record time at minimum cost?

More than 275,000 Fords now in service—convincing evidence of their wonderful merit. Runabout, \$675; Touring Car, \$750; Town Car, \$1,000—f. o. b. Walkerville with all equipment. Get interesting "Ford Times"—from Dept. G., Walkerville factory. Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.

Nothing Like It For the Home

No game in the world will afford as much enjoyment in your home as English Billiards.

Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Tables

are built in various sizes, each size correctly proportioned. There's a table suitable for YOUR home. For instance, there's the Billiardner, a convertible dining and billiard table. Then there are tables for small, medium and large size billiard rooms. Burroughes and Watts' English Billiard Tables are acknowledged to be the world's finest—the choice of Royalty. Write for full particulars and prices.

Burroughes & Watts,

Limited

34 Church St., Toronto

Montreal Agents: James Hutton & Co.,
St. James St.

Winnipeg Agents: J. D. Clarke & Co.,
Portage Ave.

By Royal Warrant to H. M. the King.

In Lighter Vein

Going Down.—Gabe—"He claims he is a descendant from a great family."
Steve—"Yes, and he is still descending."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Shift.—Office Boy—"There are two men out there, sir, who want to see you; one of them is a poet and the other a deaf man."

Editor—"Well, go out and tell the poet that the deaf man is the editor, and let them fight it out between them."
—Tit-Bits.

Pretty Close.—First Stude—"How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?"

Second Stude—"Two seats away."
—Widow.

Any Price Enough.—A little car of the "roadhouse" type chugged painfully up to the gate at the Elgin races.

The gatekeeper, demanding the usual fee for automobiles, called:

"A dollar for the car!"

The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief, and said:

"Sold!"—Illinois Siren.

Rapid Revision.—"Bloop has turned cubist."

"Rot."

"Sold his first picture for a thousand."
"Fine!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Cordon Bleu.

MY better half's a splendid cook!

I do not care a button
That yesterday she quite mistook
A piece of beef for mutton.

For she it is adds spice to life,
And gives it all its flavour—
Besides there's no one like my wife
Knows how to curry favour.
—George B. Morewood, in New York Sun.

The Cowards!—Mayor Gaynor of New York declares that marriage is the only cure for the English malignant Suffragettes. We fear, however, that in these decadent days our men lack the necessary pluck to give the suggested remedy a trial.—Punch.

One.—Trotter—"While I was in England I met one nobleman who actually believed in the abolition of the House of Lords."

Blotter—"Did you, really?"
Trotter—"Yes. He said it was such a nuisance to go there."—Puck.

Refined Punishment.—The golf bug's soul came back from a little range around Satan's preserve with a smile as wide as the Amazon River.

"I say," he exclaimed. "I don't call this much of a hell. They have the finest golf course out there I ever saw in my life."

A droll-looking old soul who was sitting on the safety-valve looked up.

"But did you see anybody playing on it?" he asked. "No," the newcomer admitted. "I didn't." The old-timer chuckled. "That's it," he said. "He won't let anybody play on it."—Cleveland Leader.

An Extraordinary Tale.—A story is told about Dr. Michael Clark, the noted free trade Liberal from Red Deer, which the honourable gentleman strenuously denied. It is said that one of his favourite phrases when he first came to Canada from Newcastle was, "How extraordinary!" On one occasion he rode horseback across the prairie to call on a friend or a patient and tied his horse at the gate while he went into the house. When he came out he found the horse lying on the ground.

"How extraordinary!" said the doctor. While he was trying to get the horse to its feet a man came along and started to help him. Again the doctor remarked, "How extraordinary!"

"Not extraordinary at all!" snarled the man. "When you tie a horse to the post with a slip-knot, it is not extraordinary if you come out and find him dead."



All Such Corns

Can be Ended in Two Days

Apply a little Blue-jay plaster.

Right from that moment the corn becomes comfortable.

Then the B & B wax begins to loosen the corn, and in 48 hours the whole corn comes out.

The chemist who invented Blue-jay studied corns for years. And his

method is now employed on a million corns a month.

No pain, no soreness, no discomfort. The way is gentle and results are sure.

Don't pare corns. Don't apply liquids. Don't use ancient methods in these scientific days.

You can end the corn forever in this simple, modern way. Try it on one corn.

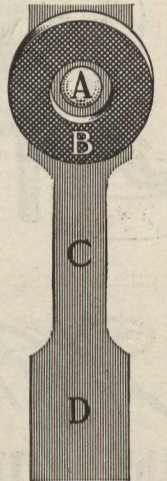
A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B stops the pain and keeps the wax from spreading.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

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



Cosgrave's Half-and-Half

Take good
care of your
digestion—
Drink
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Where the Golf Laws are Made—Royal and Ancient Club House at St. Andrew's, Scotland. Scene on the Eighteenth Green after the Finish of the First Round Between Hilton and Harris for the Championship of Great Britain. Hilton Won Easily.

British Amateur Golf Champion

By "BUNKER"

ONCE more Hilton is amateur golf champion of Great Britain. This is his fourth win. Last year he played at Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto on his way to defend his American title at Chicago, and many golf enthusiasts were anxious to see his play. But last year was his off year. He lost the British championship at Westward Ho, being beaten by A. B. Hambro five up and four to go. At Chicago, he lost the American championship, which he won at Apawawis, in 1911, being beaten early in the competition, which was finally won by Jerome D. Travers.

The representative of the Royal Liverpool Golf Club had one narrow escape this year. He met a young American by the name of Schmidt, who worked his way over the ocean on a cattle boat to get a chance to play. At the end of the eighteenth they were even, and on the nineteenth Hilton had to make a 25-foot put to win. But he made it. In the semi-final, he played Aylmer, of Hanis, whom he defeated by only one up. In the final thirty-sixth he easily beat Harris, of Acton.

Hilton is a man about 48 years of age, and golf is his vocation as well as his hobby. He is secretary of the Ashford Manor Golf Club, and makes a good deal of money writing golf articles for numerous sporting publications. He has also won the open championship, on at least one occasion.

The British amateur championship is always played in May, and the open championship in June.



H. H. Hilton, Winner of Amateur Championship at St. Andrew's Links, Driving off in Second Round of the Final.

There are six championship courses, three in Scotland and three in England. This year it was St. Andrew's turn.

St. Andrews, which is on the North Sea, north of Edinburgh, is a golf town. It has three courses. The championship is played on the old course. All three are public-free courses, owned by the town. The municipality thinks, talks and works golf. Its business is golf.

THE Royal and Ancient Golf Club House, shown here, is on the old course, but is a private institution. It has members all over the world. Indeed, it is the fountain head for the world's golf news. It is also the golf parliament house. Here all golf laws are made. When the Royal and Ancient Golf Club has spoken, there is nothing more to be said.

The steps from the Club House lead down to the first tee and the eighteenth green are seen in the picture, the teeing ground to the left, the green to the right. These steps are also famous as being the mark for Edward Blackwell's record drive of 387 yards. He was playing the eighteenth hole when he made it, driving towards the Club House. The ball struck these steps.

CANADA'S amateur golf championships for 1913 will be decided in the week of July 1st, at the Toronto Golf Club's new course, near Toronto. Mr. George S. Lyon, the present champion, will compete, though he has scarcely recovered from an operation which kept him in the hospital for some time during the past winter.

The Summer Stock Company

An Institution That Has Come to Stay—And the Reasons Why

By HUGH S. EAYRS

HERE is an old saying among members of "the profession" that an actor or an actress must get their stage training in a stock company. There can be no better school, because there can be none more rigorous. An actor or an actress playing in a stock company has no bed of roses; that is why he or she is usually a success, for the way to success on the stage is pretty much the same as in any other walk of life, in that there are more thorns than roses. Twenty, thirty, and even more years ago than that, stock companies were put on in the cities of Canada. Thirty-odd years ago, William Crane, that fine actor, lately seen in Toronto in "The Senator Keeps House," played at the old Royal Theatre, on King Street. Financially, the venture was a failure, for the day of the stock company was not yet. Many players, now noted, tried their hand, but always, whatever their merit, from a histrionic point of view, the venture financially was a fiasco. Comic opera was tried for many summers; occasionally a company was maintained at the theatre, and every week a New York star would be imported, but the result was the same—the stock company in Canada was a failure.

Now, however, it is a success. There are in Toronto, this summer, two excellent companies, and both are playing to crowded houses. The reason is not necessarily the fact that the talent is unusually good for a stock company. That has been the case before. The primary cause for the success and assured popularity of the stock company is that the growth of the cities of Canada has been so large and so rapid that there is now a large enough public for things dramatic during the summer. And a secondary reason, as important in its way as the first, is that someone was shrewd enough to size up the situation, and daring enough to risk failure, and determined enough to predict success. That someone is the clever and charming lady who is playing, with her own stock company, for the fourth year in Toronto—Miss Percy Haswell.

IN the spring of 1910 Percy Haswell came to the Royal Alexandra Theatre. She was then one of the Shubert stars, and was known casually to Torontonians. "Those who know" shook their heads wisely, and said she would close in two weeks. She didn't. She played that season through, and the next, and the next. And she is once more "At Home" at the Royal, this year of 1913. Every season has not only been a success, financially, but each has eclipsed its predecessor in this regard, and the present season—if the opening is an indication—will beat all records. When Miss Haswell commenced her season, on the 26th of May, she received an ovation as great as that accorded William Faversham or E. H. Sothern and his talented wife.

The question naturally arises, why has Miss Haswell been able to do what others could not do? Others have had the same favourable opportunity, in the last few years, so far as the fact of a growing public goes, and yet they have not succeeded financially.

Miss Haswell's success is due in a large measure to her personality. She came to Toronto, and worked hard, always with the intent to please. She did not only act well, but she made her public like her for herself. She chummed up with the matinee girl, choosing her offerings with a regard for what her "dear ones"—as she called them a few days ago—would like. She made a fuss of them, and gave them a little speech when they clamoured for it. She received them when they came to see her, and exercised her wonderful memory by recalling on the occasion of an admirer's second visit what was the subject of the first. In short, Miss Haswell set out to make herself admired and supported by all, but especially by the matinee girl. Consequently, you may drop into the Royal Theatre on a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon and see the place packed out at two o'clock by girls, of all ages. If you cast your eye over the house, and keep on looking, you will find here and there a few of the sterner sex, but for every "mere man" there appear to be ten maids. Usually, the girls rave over the actor, not the actress. In London there is a club named the "Keen-on-Waller" club, which, for your better information, is a band of ladies who go into raptures—and I don't blame them—over Lewis Waller. If somebody started a "Keen-on-Percy" club, I believe there would be "some" waiting list.

And Miss Haswell's penchant for completeness in every detail has done much to assure her success. Every play she puts on is staged with as much care, completeness, and comprehensiveness as if it were going to have a run of six months instead of one week. The same thing may be said about the acting of Miss Haswell, and her company. The fact that eight performances only of each play are to be given is not allowed to excuse a slipshod presentation. The staging is as good, and the acting as polished, as if rehearsals had been going on for three months, and as if the play were running for six. Of course, that means hard work, but Miss Haswell is not afraid of that. A woman who plays the stellar role in twenty different plays for as many consecutive weeks, can't be afraid of hard work.

The excellence of Miss Haswell's supporting company has become almost proverbial. That is because she has chosen the members herself, and has exercised the discrimination that made her

famous as a Shubert star. All her companion-players are competent, and clever. They appear to be playing at their work, because they are working at their play. They are imbued with something of their leader's spirit, and are out to make their audience happy; consequently, they enjoy themselves.

Miss Haswell says she is going to give a more varied programme than ever this season. In addition to the light comedy, with which we have come to associate her name, she will present "Romeo and Juliet." Torontonians will not forget for a long while her wonderful performance as Juliet to Mr. E. H. Sothern's Romeo, last year, at twenty-four hours' notice. Incidentally, the box office receipts for this performance constitute a record for "Romeo and Juliet" in Toronto. "A Butterfly on the Wheel"—Mr. Hemmerde's great divorce court drama—has already been presented. Not even Miss Titheradge, who created the part, made a better Mrs. Admaston than Miss Haswell. As a further variation, we are to have a "revue" of the type that is filling London halls just now. For the rest, "Sham," "The Glad Eye," "The Runaway" and other New York successes will be offered during the season.

AND half a mile away, in Shea's Theatre, the Bonstelle players are filling the house nine times a week. The leading lady is "our own Kathleen Macdonnell," as a critic put it. Seven years ago she made her debut, "a shrinking, timid girl," to quote the lady herself. Her training was that of a stock company too—in Philadelphia. Her rise has been rapid. She played with Mrs. Fiske in "Bumpstead Leigh" and again in "Julia France," and was noted by the critics as an actress of whom more would be seen. She arrived in "Bought and Paid For," George Broadhurst's latest and best effort. Her interpretation of the telephone girl who became the wife of a millionaire is perhaps the best thing she has done, and is well known to Canadians. It is a pity that other engagements prevented her accepting the offer of Allen Aynesworth to play in London, where the play was a great success. But she goes to London next year, where a personal triumph is assured. Miss Macdonnell is one of the most prominent of our younger actresses. She has climbed high, and will go higher.

Mr. Edward H. Robins, a Belasco star, is leading man for the Bonstelle Players, while in the support is Mr. Fuller Mellish, whose wonderful acting of the part of the Dictator, in Julius Caesar, will long be remembered in Toronto.

The incursion of such leaders of the American stage into stock demonstrates that it is an institution that has come to stay. The dog days for the stock company are over. Its popularity is assured. There is a public for it. The people of Canada who are enthusiastic over the stage need something to sustain their interest in things theatrical during the summer months, as well as in the season. The stock company adequately supplies that need.

Scriptures in Parliament

PARLIAMENTARIANS are not always adept at quoting Scripture. For instance, Hon. W. T. White, in criticizing the Liberal naval policy, described it as being "like the image seen in his dream by Belshazzar, principally brass, but with feet of clay."

"Belshazzar or Nebuchadnezzar?" queried Mr. Archie McCoig, of West Kent, who, by the way, is a good Presbyterian.

But the Minister of Finance heard or heeded not. He continued to tell the House about Belshazzar and his dream.

One of Mr. White's colleagues, Hon. Robert Rogers, missed a Biblical quotation at the next sitting. "My honourable friends opposite," said Mr. Rogers, "should remember the scriptural injunction: 'When I became a man I put away the things of a child.'"

Equally amusing was the counsel of Mr. W. F. Carroll, who urged his political opponents to take note of the Biblical words: "To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

"What part of the Bible?" enquired Colonel Hugh Clark, another Presbyterian.

Mr. Carroll was not abashed. "Some honourable members of this House," he retorted, "seem to have never read their Bible, and I am afraid never will."



MISS PERCY HASWELL

Four Seasons a Summer Stock Idol in Toronto.



MISS KATHLEEN MACDONNELL

Leading Lady with the Bonstelle Players Presenting Popular Successes in Shea's Theatre, Toronto.



The Education of Sally

By L. M. Montgomery

Drawings by A. Lismer

WHEN Sara Currie married Jack Churchill I was broken-hearted, or believed myself to be so, which, in a boy of twenty-two, amounts to pretty much the same thing. Not that I took the world into my confidence; that was never the Douglas way, and I held myself in honour bound to live up to the family traditions. I thought then that nobody knew except Sara; but I daresay now that Jack knew it also, for I don't think Sara could have helped telling him. If he did know, however, he did not let me see that he did, and never insulted me by any implied sympathy; on the contrary, he asked me to be his best man. Jack was always a thoroughbred. I was best man. Jack and I had always been bosom friends, and although I had lost my sweetheart, I did not intend to lose my friend into the bargain. Sara had made a wise choice, for Jack was twice the man I was; he had had to work for his living, which perhaps accounts for it.

So I danced at Sara's wedding as if my heart were as light as my heels; and after she and Jack had settled down at Glenellyn I closed Owlwood and went abroad—being, as I have said, one of those unfortunate mortals who need consult nothing but their own whims in the matter of time and money. I stayed away for ten years, during which Owlwood was given over to moth and rust, while I enjoyed life elsewhere. I did enjoy it hugely, but always under protest, because I felt that a broken-hearted man ought not to enjoy himself as I did. It jarred on my sense of fitness and I tried to moderate my zest and think more of the past. It was no use. The present insisted on being obtrusive and pleasant; as for the future—well, there was no future.

Meanwhile, Jack Churchill, poor fellow, died. A year after his death I went home and again asked Sara to marry me as in duty bound. Sara again declined, alleging that her heart was buried in Jack's grave, or words to that effect. I found that it did not much matter—of course, at thirty-two, one does not take these things to heart as at twenty-two. I had enough to occupy me in getting Owlwood into working order and beginning to educate Sally.

Sally was Sara's ten-year-old daughter, and she had been thoroughly spoiled. That is to say, she had been allowed her own way in everything and, having inherited her father's outdoor tastes, had simply run wild. She was a thorough tomboy, a thin, brown, scrawny, little thing, without a trace of Sara's beauty. Sally took after her father's tall, dark race, and on the occasion of my first introduction to her seemed to be all legs and neck. There were points about her, though, which I considered promising. She had fine, almond-shaped, hazel eyes, the smallest and most shapely hands and feet I ever saw, and two enormous pig-tails of thick, nut-brown hair.

FOR Jack's sake I decided to bring his daughter up properly. Sara couldn't do it and didn't try to. I saw that if somebody didn't take Sally in hand, wisely and firmly, she would certainly be ruined. There seemed to be nobody except myself at all interested in the matter, so I determined to see what an old bachelor could do as regards bringing up a girl in the way she should go. I might have been her father; as it was, her father had been my best friend. Who had a better right to watch over his daughter than I? I determined to be a father to Sally and do all for her that the most devoted parent could do. It was, self-evidently, my duty.

I told Sara I was going to take Sally in hand. Sara sighed one of the plaintive little sighs which I had once thought so charming, and now, to my surprise, found faintly irritating, and said that she would be very much obliged if I would.

"I feel that I am not fitted to cope with the problem of Sally's education, Stephen," she admitted. "Sally is a strange child—all Churchill. Her poor father indulged her in everything and she has a will of her own, I assure you. I have really no control over her whatever. She does as she pleases, and is ruining her complexion by running and galloping out of doors the whole time. Not that she had much complexion to start with. The Churchills never had, you know"—Sara cast a complacent glance at her delicately-tinted reflection in the mirror. "I tried to make Sally wear a sunbonnet this summer, but I might as well have talked to the wind."

A vision of Sally in a sunbonnet presented itself

view his supplanter with resentment and distrust; but his old familiar comrade was a person to be taken to her heart.

Fortunately for the success of my enterprise, Sally liked me. She told me this with the same engaging candor she would have used in informing me that she hated me if she had happened to take a bias in that direction, saying, frankly,

"You are one of the very nicest old folks I know, Stephen. Yes, you are a ripping good fellow."

THIS made my task a comparatively easy one; I sometimes shudder to think what it might have been if Sally had not thought I was a ripping good fellow. I should have stuck to it, because that is my way; but Sally would have made my life a misery to me. She had startling capacities for tormenting people when she chose to exert them; I certainly should not have liked to be numbered among Sally's foes.

I rode over to Glenellyn the next morning after my paternal interview with Sara, intending to have a frank talk with Sally and lay the foundations of a good understanding on both sides. Sally was a sharp child, with a disconcerting knack of seeing straight through grindstones; she would certainly perceive and probably resent any underhand management. I thought it best to tell her plainly that I was going to look after her.

When, however, I had encountered Sally tearing madly down the beech avenue with a couple of dogs, her loosened hair streaming behind her like a banner of independence, and had lifted her, hatless and breathless, up before me on my mare, I found that Sara had saved me the trouble of an explanation.

"Mother says that you are going to take charge of my education, Stephen," said Sally, as soon as she could speak. "I'm glad, because I think that, for an old person, you have a good deal of sense. I suppose my education has to be seen to, some time or other, and

I'd rather you'd do it than anybody else I know."

"Thank you, Sally," I said, gravely. "I hope I shall deserve your good opinion of my sense. I shall expect you to do as I tell you and be guided by my advice in everything."

"Yes, I will," said Sally, "because I feel sure you won't tell me to do anything I'd really hate to do. You won't shut me up in a room and make me sew, will you? Because I won't do it."

I assured her I would not.

"NOR send me to a boarding school," pursued Sally. "Mother's always threatening to send me to one. I suppose she would have done it before this only she knew I'd run away. You won't send me to a boarding school, will you, Stephen? Because I won't go."

"No," I said, obligingly. "I won't. I should never dream of cooping a wild little creature like you up in a boarding school. You'd fret your heart out like a caged skylark."

"I know you and I are going to get along together splendidly, Stephen," said Sally, rubbing her brown head chummily against my shoulder. "You are so good at understanding. Very few people are. Even dad darling didn't understand. He let me do as I wanted to just because I wanted to, not because he really understood that I couldn't be tame and play with dolls. I hate dolls. Real live babies are jolly, but dogs and horses are ever so much better than dolls."

"But you must have lessons, Sally. I shall select your teachers and superintend your studies, and I shall expect you to do me credit along that line, as well as along all others."

"I'll try, honest and true, Stephen," declared



"Tearing madly down the beech avenue with a couple of dogs."

to my mind and afforded me so much amusement that I was grateful to Sara for having furnished it. I rewarded her with a compliment.

"It is to be regretted that Sally has not inherited her mother's charming colour," I said, "but we must do the best we can for her under her limitations. She may have improved vastly by the time she is grown up. And, at least, we must make a lady of her. She is a most alarming tomboy at present, but there is good material to work upon—there must be, in the Churchill and Currie blend. But even the best material may be spoiled by unwise handling. I think I can promise you that I shall not spoil it. I feel that Sally is my vocation, and I shall set myself up as a rival of Wordsworth's 'Nature,' of whose methods I have always had a decided distrust in spite of his insidious verses."

Sara did not understand me in the least; but then she did not pretend to.

"I confide Sally's education entirely to you, Stephen," she said, with another plaintive sigh. "I feel sure I could not put it into better hands. You have always been a person who could thoroughly be depended on."

Well, that was something by way of reward for a life-long devotion. I felt that I was satisfied with my position as unofficial adviser-in-chief to Sara and self-appointed guardian of Sally. I also felt that, for the furtherance of the cause I had taken to heart, it was a good thing that Sara had again refused to marry me. I had a sixth sense which informed me that a staid old family friend might succeed with Sally where a stepfather would have signally failed. Sally's loyalty to her father's memory was passionate and vehement; she would

Sally. And she kept her word.

At first I looked upon Sally's education as a duty; in a very short time it had become a pleasure—the deepest and most abiding interest of my life. As I had promised, Sally was good material and responded to my training with gratifying plasticity. Day by day, week by week, her character and temperament unfolded naturally under my watchful eye. It was like beholding the gradual development of some rare flower in one's garden. A little checking and pruning here, a careful training of shoot and tendril there, and lo, the reward of grace and symmetry.

HOYDENISM and crudity fell away from Sally like the garments she discarded in her larger growth. Other people—Sara among them, languidly grateful—told me that "Sally was so much improved. Really, they would never have known the child." I made lifelong enemies in some quarters by laughing at them. Improved! Were they talking of a turnip or a cabbage?

Sally grew up as I wished Jack Churchill's girl to grow—spirited and proud, with the fine spirit and gracious pride of pure womanhood, loyal and loving, with the loyalty and love of a frank, unspoiled nature; true to her heart's core, hating falsehood and sham—as crystal-clear a mirror of maidenhood as ever man looked into and saw himself reflected back in such a halo as made him ashamed of not being more worthy of it. Sally was kind enough to say that I had taught her everything she knew. But what had she not taught me? If there were a debt between us it was on my side.

Sara was fairly well satisfied. It was not my fault, she said, that Sally was not better-looking. I had certainly done everything for her mind and character that could be done. Sara's sigh implied that these unimportant details did not count for much, balanced against the lack of a pink-and-white skin and dimpled elbows; but she was generous enough not to blame me.

"When Sally is twenty-five," I said, patiently—I had grown used to speaking patiently to Sara—"she will be a magnificent woman—far handsomer than you ever were, Sara, in your pinkest and whitest prime. Where are your eyes, my dear lady, that you can't see the promise of loveliness in Sally?"

"Sally is seventeen and she is as lanky and brown as she ever was," sighed Sara. "When I was seventeen I was the belle of the country and had had five proposals. I don't believe the thought of a lover has ever entered Sally's head."

"I hope not," I said, shortly. Somehow, I did not like the suggestion. "Sally is a child yet. For pity's sake, Sara, don't go putting nonsensical ideas into her head."

"I'm afraid I can't," mourned Sara, as if it were something to be regretted. "You have filled it too full of books and things like that. I've every confidence in your judgment, Stephen—and, really, you've done wonders with Sally. But don't you think you've made her rather too clever? Men don't like women who are too clever. Her poor father now—he always said that a woman who liked books better than beaux was an unnatural creature."

I didn't believe Jack had ever said anything so epigrammatic and foolish. Sara imagined things. But I resented the aspersion of blue-stockings cast on Sally.

"When the time comes for Sally to be interested in beaux," I said, severely, "she will probably give them all due attention. Just at present her head is a great deal better filled with books than with silly, premature fancies and sentimentalities. I'm a critical old fellow, but I'm satisfied with Sally, Sara—perfectly satisfied."

Sara sighed. "Oh, I daresay she is all right, Stephen. And I'm really grateful to you. I'm sure I could have done nothing with her. It's not your fault, of course—but I can't help wishing she were a little more like other girls."

I GALLOPED away from Glenellyn in a rage. What a blessing Sara had not married me in my absurd youth! She would have driven me wild with her sighs and her obtuseness and her everlasting pink and whiteness. But there—there—there—gently! She was a sweet, good-hearted little woman; she had made Jack happy; and she had contrived, heaven only knew how, to bring a rare creature like Sally into the world. For that much might be forgiven her. By the time I reached Owlwood and had flung myself into an old, kinky, comfortable chair in my library I had forgiven her and was even paying her the compliment of thinking seriously over what she had said.

Was Sally really unlike other girls? That is to say, unlike them in any respect in which she should resemble them. I did not wish this. Although I

was a crusty old bachelor I approved of girls, holding them the sweetest things the good God has made. I wanted Sally to have her full complement of girlhood in all its best and highest manifestation. Was there anything lacking?

I observed Sally very closely during the next week or so, riding over to Glenellyn every day and riding back at night, meditating upon my observations. Eventually I concluded to do what I had never thought myself in the least likely to do. I would send Sally to a boarding school for a year. It was necessary that she should learn to live with other girls.

I went over to Glenellyn the next day and found Sally on the beeches on the lawn, just back from a canter. She was sitting on Lady Locket, the dappled mare I had given on her last birthday, and laughing at the antics of her rejoicing dogs around her. I looked at her with pleasure. It gladdened me to see how much, nay, how totally, a child she still was, despite her Churchill height. Her hair under her velvet cap still hung over her shoulders in the same thick plaits; her face had the firm leanness of early youth, but its curves were very fine and delicate. The brown skin that worried Sara so was flushed through with dusky colour from her gallop; her long, dark eyes were filled with the beautiful unconsciousness of childhood. More than all, the soul in her was still the soul of a child. I found myself wishing that it could always remain so. But I knew it could not; the woman must blossom out some day; it was my



"Stood waving her hand to me as I rode away."

duty to see that the flower fulfilled the promise of the bud.

When I told Sally that she must go away to school for a year she shrugged, frowned, and consented. Sally had learned that she must consent to what I decreed, even when my decrees were opposed to her likings, as she had once fondly believed that they never would be. But Sally had acquired confidence in me to the beautiful extent of acquiescing in everything I commanded.

"I'll go, of course, since you wish it, Stephen," she said. "But why do you want me to go? You must have a reason—you always have a reason for anything you do. What is it?"

"That is for you to find out, Sally," I said. "By the time you come back you will have discovered it, I think. If not, it will not have proved itself a good reason and shall be forgotten."

When Sally went away I bade her good-bye without burdening her with any useless words of advice.

"Write to me every week, and remember that you're Sally Churchill," I said.

Sally was standing on the steps above me, beside her dogs. She came down a step and put her arms about my neck.

"I'll remember that you are my friend and that I must live up to you," she said. "Good-bye, Stephen."

She kissed me two or three times—good, hearty smacks—did I not say she was still a child?—and stood waving her hand to me as I rode away. I looked back at the end of the avenue and saw her standing there, short-skirted and hatless, fronting the lowering sun with those fearless eyes of hers. So I looked my last on the child Sally.

That was a lonely year. My occupation was gone and I began to fear that I had outlived my usefulness. Life seemed flat, stale, and unprofitable. Sally's weekly letters were all that lent it any savor. They were spicy and piquant enough. Sally

revealed unsuspected talents in the epistolary line. At first she was dolefully homesick and begged me to let her come home. When I refused—it was amazingly hard to refuse—she sulked through three letters, then cheered up and began to enjoy herself. But it was nearly the end of the year when she wrote,

"I've found out why you sent me here, Stephen—and I'm glad you did."

I had to be away from home on unavoidable business the day Sally returned to Glenellyn. But on the next afternoon I went over. I found Sally out and Sara in. The latter was beaming. Sally was so much improved, she declared, delightedly. I would hardly know the dear child.

THIS alarmed me terribly. What on earth had they done to Sally? I found that she had gone up to the pine wood for a walk, and thither I betook myself speedily. When I saw her coming down a long, golden-brown alley, I stepped behind a tree to watch her. I wished to see her, myself unseen. As she drew near I gazed at her with pride and admiration and amazement—and, under it all a strange, dreadful heart-sinking, which I could not understand and which I had never in all my life experienced before—not even when Sara refused me.

Sally was a woman. Not by virtue of the long, white dress that trailed about her feet and clung to her tall, slender figure, revealing lines of exquisite grace and litheness; not by virtue of the glossy masses of dark-brown hair, heaped high on her head and held there in wonderful, shining coils; not by virtue of added softness of curve and daintiness of outline; not because of all these, but because of the dream and wonder and seeking in her eyes. She was a woman, looking, all unconscious of her quest, for love. The understanding of the change in her came to me with a shock that must have left me, I think, somewhat white about the lips. I was glad. She was what I had wished her to become. But I wanted the child Sally back. This womanly Sally seemed far away from me.

I stepped out into the path and she saw me, with a brightening of her whole face. She did not rush forward and fling herself into my arms, as she would have done a year ago; but she came towards me swiftly, holding out her hand. I had thought her slightly pale when I had first seen her; but now I had concluded that I had been mistaken, for there was a wonderful colour in her face. I took her hand—there were no kisses this time.

"Welcome home, Sally," I said.

"Oh, Stephen, it is so good to be back," she breathed, her eyes shining.

She did not say it was good to see me again, as I had hoped she would do. Indeed, after the first minute of greeting she seemed a trifle cool and distant. We walked and talked for an hour in the pine wood. Sally was brilliant, witty, self-possessed, altogether charming. I thought her perfect, and yet my heart ached. What a glorious young thing she was, in that splendid youth of hers! What a prize for some lucky man—confound the obtrusive thought! No doubt we should soon be over-run with lovers at Glenellyn. I should stumble over some forlorn youth at every step. Well, what of it? Sally would marry, of course. It would be my duty to see that she got a good husband, worthy of her, as men go. I thought I preferred the old duty of superintending her studies. But there, it was all the same thing—merely a post-graduate course in applied knowledge. When she began to learn life's great lesson of love, I, the tried and true old family friend and mentor, must be on hand to see that the teacher was what I would have him be, even as I had formerly selected her instructor in French and Botany. Then, and not till then, would Sally's education be complete.

I RODE home very soberly. When I reached Owlwood I did what I had not done for years—looked critically at myself in the mirror. The realization that I had grown older came home to me with a new and unpleasant force. There were marked lines on my lean face and silver glints in the dark hair over my temples. When Sally was ten she had thought me "an old person." Now, at eighteen, she probably thought me a veritable ancient of days. Pshaw, what did it matter? And yet—I thought of her as I had seen her, standing, like a white, star-eyed, young queen under the pines, and something cold and painful laid its hand on my heart.

My premonitions as to lovers proved correct. Glenellyn was soon infested with them. Heaven knows where they all came from. I had not supposed there was a quarter as many young men in the whole county; but there they were. Sara was

(Continued on page 25.)



Members of the Canadian Press Association Going to Dine in the Dome Mine.



Having Dined They Came up Again and Resumed Their Journey.

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE IN THE GOLD MINES

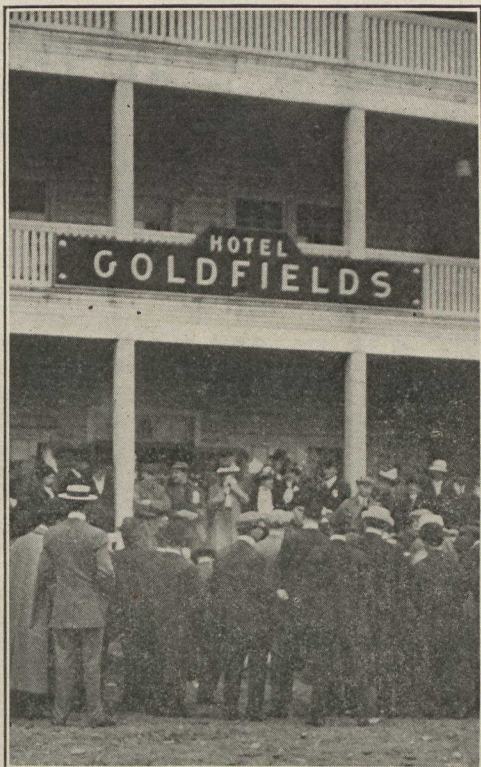


At the Dome They Made Merry with Kazoos.

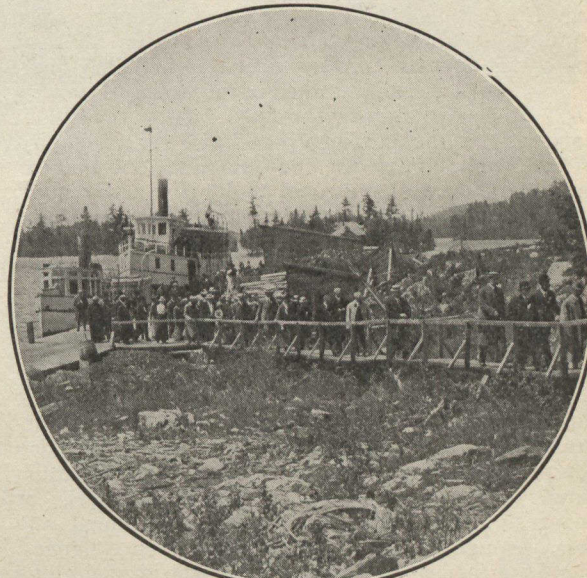
WHEN a press association goes wandering, it usually has an object in view. Just why the Big Press Body went up to see the mines in Cobalt and Porcupine, nobody seems quite sure. The railways took them, not the mine-owners, therefore it is reasonable to assume that the trip was the thing, not the mines. Besides, who ever heard of an editor buying mining shares? He may publish mining ads. but no mining shares for him. He knows that game too well.

Northern Ontario has mines, gold and silver, and of great value, but Ontario has but one or two mining stocks in which it is safe to invest. The editors saw the real mines, not the mining exchanges where the unwary lose their money.

Also they saw that wonderful sporting region which



Here, as May be Surmised from the Sign, the Newspaper Jasons at Last Found the Golden Fleece—at Timmins.



The Excursionists Leaving the Steamer at Temagami.

includes Algonquin and Temagami parks—the greatest sporting region in America without a doubt. The Government of Ontario has made "reserves" of these parks and future generations will have some of the pleasure. Incidentally the Grand Trunk Railway is getting some traffic because it taps these regions and because it has built hotels and camps there which are attractive.

Algonquin Park is coming to be both a summer and winter resort. One hotel there is open all the year round. Thus are we introducing methods which have made Switzerland the greatest of tourist's resorts.

The man who said "See America First" did a good thing for the States. The visit of the press men to Cobalt and the Porcupine is along the same lines.



AFTER WAITING TWENTY-ONE YEARS

Edmonton Has Now Got Direct High-level Connection with the C.P.R. In 1892 the C. & E. Line Was Built from Calgary to Edmonton. In 1899 the Government Built a Low-level Bridge Across the Saskatchewan. In 1901 the C.N.R. Built a Spur Line Across This Bridge and Planted a Temporary Station on the Flats. In 1905 the C.N.R. Main Line Reached Edmonton. On June 2, 1913, the First Train Was Run Over the C.P.R. High-level Bridge Connecting Edmonton with Strathcona. In the Background May be Seen the Old Hudson's Bay Company Fort, and the New Parliament Buildings Costing \$3,000,000.



POETRY IS DEAD

I DO not know whether a Poet Laureate will be named before you read this or not; but I am willing to venture a surmise that, if he is, you will think that he ought to be ashamed to drink the "wine." I am glad, at all events, that they are not leaving the choice to me. I think I should name some great railway builder or daring bridge-projector or canal-digger or "captain of finance." J. Pierpont Morgan was the late Poet Laureate of the American imagination. Cecil Rhodes should have been the Poet Laureate of modern England at one time; and now it is nice thing between Lord Kitchener and Lloyd George. We don't write poetry any more—we live it. Tennyson was the last of the penman poets. The imaginative men of modern times cannot stay in a dim library, matching rhymes and scanning lines. They must be out on the brink of a soaring cliff, dreaming an iron bridge across the gap below them; or coupling up the continents to make an empire. Where we had room for one Columbus, one Pizarro, one La Salle, we have room to-day for a thousand; and our poets have turned their goose quills into eagles' feathers and fly in the face of the sun.

OUR modern poetry may be a bit sordid at times; but that is because non-imaginative men will—and always did—write verse. When Tennyson was weaving his glamorous picture of the Table Round, there were a lot of little fellows who were imitating him in halting couplets which have fortunately died out of human memory. So to-day where one glorious adventurer laughs at a mountain range and throws over his lasso of steel, or charges, full-tilt, at the waist of a continent and cuts through it with his steam-driven "lance," there are thousands of petty souls who grovel along safely in the valleys and get together some things that at a sufficient distance look like "poetry." They have the money and the shunting freight cars and the tow-paths and the safe and sane constitutional improvements, which go to the making of constructive "poetry," just exactly as the letters of the alphabet are found alike in doggerel and in "The Princess." But poets? They do not know the meaning of the word.

IT is easy to tell a Poet from a plodder—quite as easy as it was when the Poet wore long hair and a halo and published his verses in limp bindings. The poet is the man with an imagination. He may be beaten, of course, in a business sense, by the plodder. The "safe and sane" manipulator takes fewer risks and sometimes wins. In fact, I suppose that he generally wins; for the majority of the Poets must fail for lack of luck or the plodder's dull knowledge of detail—and then we superior dullards call these Poets visionary and reckless. But the distinction is always clear enough. Napoleon was a Poet—Wellington was a plodder. Wellington had his soldier's work to do, and he did it faithfully; but he would never have made himself Emperor or launched an expedition into Egypt or challenged the white kingdom of the Czar. That is why all the world is dazzled by the star of Napoleon; and why even romantic Englishmen can hardly bring themselves, at this late date, to rejoice in proper, patriotic fashion at the issue of Waterloo.

"BUT"—you say—"all that is not poetry at all." It is the antithesis of poetry, you contend. Poetry is beauty, you tell me, disregarding the much praised work of Masefield; while all these splendid achievements are—in the last analysis—simply something to eat. Poetry is a Pegasus on which our forefathers rode away from all that; and forgot for the time the struggle, the titanic endeavour, the mere making of things. They floated above it on the wings of song, and lived only for "the blue things of the soul." Admitted, my friend. Admitted with sorrow, and in sackcloth and ashes—if this beastly summer would only permit. But we haven't got Poets of that sort any more; and I am only trying to cover our nakedness. The Poet is extinct—as extinct as the Dodo. We have not so much starved him to death as let him die of neglect. He can probably get more money now for his

poetry than he ever could—unless it is very good poetry—but he has lost his pedestal. We—that is, we of the practical English race—have ceased to worship at the altar he serves. His shrine is forgotten; and he—its lonely priest—breaks his lyre and turns to writing advertisements for penny-catchers. He finds that his broken "lyre" comes in handy there, though he even forgets how to spell it.

THE magazines buy poetry now, and use it as an alternative to stolen "jokes" as a neat means of filling up the quarter-page left by the too-early close of a story about a gum-chewing girl in a candy store and a pompadored young man from a "notion" counter. The only poems we read are "poems of passion," our young people having found out that a poetic license permits the saying of things which would be against the police regulations if written in prose. Of course, we like

"funny" poetry. Very stale and vapid wit sounds as comic as a Sunday supplement when rhymed or mis-spelled. Oh, we have become a great reading public, I tell you. No one has anything on us in "cultuah!" I notice that some caustic remarks have been made about the gentleman who set himself up as Toronto's dramatic censor, and then admitted that he did not know who wrote "Faust." But that was all right—I venture to say that four-fifths of the people, whose dramatic bill-of-fare he undertook to adjust, were in the same delightful state of uncertainty on the subject. That "German fellow" hasn't put anything in the fifteen-cent magazines for at least a year now.

SO, if we have no Poets and do not propose to permit any more of them to appear above the surface, why not glorify the Poets we have got? The man who bridged Niagara is better than the vulgarian who rhymes hackneyed "slop" under the impression that he is writing poetry. Nor can we expect to get Poets when we rank successful speculators above them. The Poet is a king; but he must have some human recognition of his kingship. If men will not award him the laurel crown, he will stifle his love of measured beauty in chosen words, and devote himself to the seeking of the crown of gold which this age of Midas-worshippers will consent to honour.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Guesses at the Riddle of Politics A NOVEMBER ELECTION?

ALL sorts of speculations are being made as to the Government's programme. The Ottawa *Free Press* says, "It is expected that next session will be largely devoted to the tariff," and that the Hon. Mr. White, Minister of Finance, is leaving for the West to study conditions at first hand, so as to know what changes are necessary and advisable. Others claim that the tariff will not be touched until after another general election, as the Government intends to allow nothing to interfere with its main item, "Reform of the Senate." A gentleman who is very close to the inside of political gossip at Ottawa prophesies as follows: "The Government intends to hold a fall session so as to give the members another \$2,500 before the general election, which is inevitable this autumn. It was proposed to give the members a bonus of \$1,000 for their work during the recent session, but at the last moment the deal fell through. At first it was thought the Senate would agree to this bonus for the Commoners, because the Commoners have had to sit longer than the Senators. When the big fight was on, the Senate adjourned for three weeks, and the most of the Senators went home. But some of the Senators decided that it would look like truckling to the Commons, and the deal was off. Hence, the fall session, which will give the members another full indemnity for a short period of expense. The surplus will help them with their election expenses, and this fall session will be short and sharp. The Naval Bill will be re-introduced in its present form and closed through. So will the Highways Bill, which the Senate rejected. Then will come a Redistribution Bill, which will be intentionally drastic. The Senate will reject all these bills, and the fight will be on. The Government will immediately appeal to the country on the cry of 'Reform the Senate,' and the election will probably take place in November."

This seems like a probable programme, more probable than the talk of Tariff Session. Premier Borden and his colleagues must recognize that the navy question will not be settled until after a general election and they must also recognize that their reputation at home and abroad depends upon their ability to get the measure through. Their chief desire is to win out on their navy bill and they have gone too far to turn back. Their Ontario followers agree with their Quebec followers that this question must be settled before any other big question is tackled. If redistribution goes through, so much to the good. If redistribution does not go through, then the unpopularity of the Senate will have to be worked to the limit.

By November, the Government hopes to be in better shape in Quebec. There are those who believe that there will be changes in Quebec cabinet representation with a view to strengthening the party in that province. Pelletier, Nantel, and Coderre are all right; but they are not strong enough. There will be one new man at least; perhaps two. Quebec is a tremendous proposition, now that the Nationalists are definitely and openly work-

ing their ancient agitation against any naval programme whatever. The Maritime Provinces are safe enough; Ontario will follow the "Old Flag"; Manitoba is still dominated by Roblin; British Columbia is under the thumb of McBride; and the two Prairie Provinces can be handled in the usual manner. Quebec alone is a worry, and something must be done to prevent a serious loss there. When the Quebec leak is stopped a general election will be ordered.

It looks like a general election towards the end of the year. Of course events may happen to change "the dope," but they must needs be big events. Sir Hugh Graham, Mr. Ames and a number of others are working hard to bring the Quebec situation out of chaos and they hope to accomplish their task within the next few months. If they are successful, then there will be a session in September, and an election about November.

That "Oxford Influence"

Toronto, June 16th, 1913.

Editor, CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—There appeared in the issue of the Canadian Courier, dated June 14th, an editorial to which, I think, objection may fairly be raised.

You suggested in this editorial that the reason for the recent changes in the Literary Society at the University of Toronto might be traced to the "Oxford influence." In this, I think, you are in error. In the first place, you say: "This society is the largest within the student body and the most influential." It was just the fact that the society was ceasing to hold such a position that brought about the change. The "Lit." was gradually coming to be looked upon with derision by all but the few most closely connected with it. The students began to look about to see what course might be adopted to revive interest in the society. They saw that Oxford, Cambridge, and McGill had flourishing societies run on the lines of party politics. Our representatives to McGill functions were instructed to make particular enquiry re the McGill Model Parliament, and in practically every case they reported favourably on it.

In the second place, you refer to the change as being brought about "suddenly." This, too, I believe is an inappropriate use of words. The proposal was spoken about during the college year of 1911-12. A few days before the election in the spring of 1912, one of the parties decided to make the proposal a plank in its platform. The other party objected, with the result that a compromise was arrived at whereby both parties pledged themselves to take up the matter in the fall. When college opened last fall a committee of students, with Prof. Kylie as chairman, was appointed to consider the matter; this committee brought in a report which many of the students regarded as a mere half-way measure, with the result that it was thrown out—they had decided that the "Lit." should remain absolutely as it was so that the change should be perfect. On taking a referendum, it was found that a majority of the students were in favour of the change, and party politics were adopted. Your further suggestion that the Liberal party as a whole brought about the change is quite erroneous. The campaign which preceded the referendum was, I believe, of a nature that many political campaigns might well use as a model.

"SENIOR."

When the Women's Press Club Captured Winnipeg



Afternoon Tea at Athabasca Park Was One of the Items of Entertainment Provided by Winnipeg Citizens for the Canadian Women's Press Club, on June 7th.

The Eaton Gala

THE annual athletic games of the Eaton Athletic Association have come to be of more than local importance. This year there were not as many stars as usual, but the competition was keen. Two Canadian records were lowered, the 1,000-yard and the international relay medley at one and one-quarter miles. Mel Shepherd made two starts, but was beaten twice. J. Tressicler, Toronto, won the 440-yard handicap from scratch in 51 2-5 seconds. The three mile open was won by D. McLaren, Toronto, handicap 440 yards, with Arthur James, Woodstock, second, and Stewart Allen, St. Catharines, scratch, third. H. McGavin, Toronto, won the 220 yards handicap, and Ted Phillip the 1,000 yards handicap. In the latter race Tait came second from scratch and made the new record of 2.19 1-5. The inter-city relay was won by Toronto.

America Beat at Polo

AFTER all, the sportsmen of the United States are preserving their reputation for skill and mettle and muscle. They are holding their own with their Anglo-Saxon brothers in England and Canada in all that is best in sport, whether golf, tennis, polo or athletics.

The United States polo team won the International Cup by two straight victories making a third contest unnecessary. The first game, on Tuesday, the 10th, was a clear victory for the United States, both in games and points. The games were 7 to 3 and the points 5 to 3½. The second game, played last Saturday, was closer, but still a United States victory. The score by 4½ to 4¼, each team scoring five goals. Captain Cheape scored four goals for England, and Mr. Freaque one. Both played a hard, clever game, but the American players were able to hold them in check and make equally clever rushes. The latter deserve great credit for their well earned victory.

Proof positive of the interest of the people over the line in the series is found in the fact that the receipts from the two games last week were close upon \$200,000, \$96,000 being the "gate" for the first game, and \$101,000 the "gate" for the second.

Of the 42 ponies brought to America for the series 27 only will be returned, these being chiefly the Duke of Westminster's string. Eleven of the others have already been sold, and the remainder will easily be disposed of.

Real Cricket

AUSTRALIAN cricket has Canadian cricket "done to a frazzle" as the vernacular of this continent has it. At Prince Albert, where the natives expected to give the Australians an argument, the Australians had 472 for seven wickets, while all Prince Albert went out for 78 runs. In Toronto, the Canucks made a better showing but were soundly beaten.

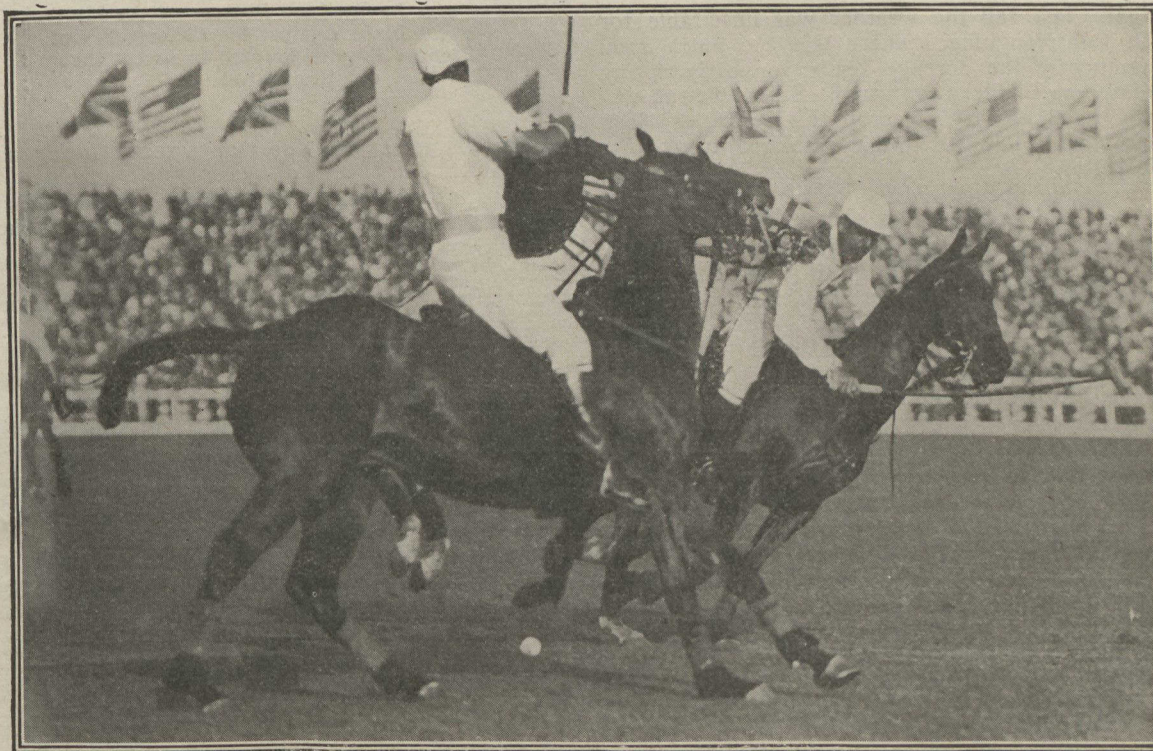
Montreal did badly also, the final score being 596 to 197, but to get this big score the Australians had two full innings—the only time they had done so to date. Bardsley contributed 139 for Australia in the second.

No one who watched the game at Toronto can call cricket "slow." It was a splendid game, energetically played, and the presence of the eleven from the Isle of the Kangaroo was widely appreciated.

Two Sporting Events of International Interest



THE WONDERFUL FINISH OF THIS YEAR'S HISTORIC DERBY. Craganour, Third from Left, Won, But Was Disqualified. The Race Went to Aboyeur, Fourth from Left. Aboyeur's Rider Has White Sleeves and Stripes.



BRITISH AND UNITED STATES POLO TEAMS AT MEADOWBROOK. A British Polo Team is in the United States for a Series of International Matches. The First Went to the United States by a Score of 5 to 3½. The Second Was Also Won by the United States, by the Narrow Margin of a Quarter of a Goal.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Saving the Forests

ANNOUNCEMENT concerning the annual convention of the Canadian Forestry Convention, at Winnipeg, on July 7th, reminds us all that forest fires are still raging, and wicked, careless lumbermen are still doing business. The national heritage in timber is being burned up or torn up or neglected. The annual fire loss is still about a hundred million dollars' worth of timber a year.

Fifty years from now, there will be Canadians who shall say as hard things of us as we say of those who mismanaged our forests a half century ago. We are midway between what was criminal and what is wise. We are half-criminal and half-wise.

Some day the Dominion Parliament will pass a law saying that for every tree cut down, another shall be planted. But, alas, not yet—not yet. To keep us in timber, pulp, an equable water supply and fish and game, we must have trees.

A Pattern Hospital for Canada

TORONTO this week will open a new general hospital—a pattern hospital for Canada. Though not the largest in America, it is probably the best for its size. It will accommodate 670 bed-patients, and nearly 400 attendants. The total cost will be three and a half millions. About half a million was contributed by the corporation, half a million by the University of Toronto, and the remainder by private subscription. It has, therefore, a three-fold character—civic, educational and charitable. It will, however, be known as a "teaching" hospital, because of its close affiliation with the University of Toronto.

The credit for this splendid institution is not to be given to the yearly-elected, vote-hunting aldermen, but to a small body of self-sacrificing business men who have given freely of their influence, their business skill and their leisure hours. It is ever thus. The greatest progress is obtained when public work is undertaken by men who are not affected by popular election or partisan politics.

Prospects in the West

ON the whole, the prospects for the wheat crop in the West are fair. There are no grounds for undue optimism or undue pessimism. The truth is that there are no more farmers in the West to-day than there were a year ago. The building up of the new cities and towns, and the rise in real estate values, took people off the land in the past year or two. The new settlers no more than made up for the leakage into the towns and into British Columbia.

Again, last fall the weather was unsuitable for much fall ploughing. There was too much rain. Consequently the acreage ready for early spring seeding was smaller than usual. Saskatchewan will hardly have as large a crop this year as last. Alberta will hold its own. Manitoba may do a little better.

The spring opened cold and dry, and rather unsatisfactory. Last week showed a considerable improvement and prospects are now average. But the Western farmer is handicapped with debts contracted for gasoline engines, implements and new buildings, and he is short of cash. Besides, he is loaded up with land which he is holding for a rise. Consequently, he is not working to the best advantage. However, there is every prospect of an average crop.

A Charlottetown Ship-yard

SOMEbody sent out a despatch from Ottawa last week telling a wonderful story about the Government having decided to construct a marine yard at Charlottetown to build smaller cruisers and commercial vessels. It is a strange tale. There is no by-election coming on in the Island, and no general provincial election. Hence, one wonders why such a silly despatch should be framed up and inflicted on the people.

In the first place, no one expects that the Government is likely to establish a Canadian ship-yard or to announce one until the Naval Bill is out of the way. It is the proper thing to do—but the par-

tisans in the constituencies are not prepared for the proper thing.

Next, Charlottetown is about the last place in the Maritime Provinces for a marine ship-yard. If the Government wants to do something for that city, let them build a summer hotel and run it in connection with the government railway. Prince Edward Island is a summer garden and a summer resort, and should be developed as such. To try to establish manufactures there would be nonsensical.

Charlottetown harbour is on the strait, not on the ocean. And haven't the people of Prince Edward Island been telling us for years that they want a tunnel to the mainland, because communication is stopped by the strait freezing over every winter? Sydney, Halifax, St. John and a dozen other harbours would be much better sites for a marine yard, because they are accessible twelve months in the year by water and twelve months by land. Around a marine yard must grow up many small industries supplying parts of these great vessels, and no manufacturer would select Charlottetown. He could not be sure of getting his materials

IS HE THE GREATEST BRITON?



Sir Edward Grey, Britain's Brilliant Foreign Minister, as he Appeared at a Levee a Few Days Ago. Rumour says he Resigned Because of the Marconi Charges Made Against his Colleagues, but Premier Asquith Refused to Accept the Resignation.

Photo by L. N. A.

in nor his wares out for many weeks during the year.

There should be a government marine yard somewhere in the Maritime Provinces. Either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick would bonus it well. Halifax, Sydney or St. John would help it financially. But Charlottetown would be satisfied with a big summer hotel.

Inaction at Ottawa

THERE is grave disappointment in certain circles at Ottawa. It was generally expected that Mr. Arthur Meighen, member for Portage la Prairie, would have been sworn in as solicitor-general last week. This would put him in line for promotion and make him the probable successor of Dr. Roche, if that long-talked-of resignation should materialize. Every day, a public announcement was expected, but none came. Now Premier Borden has gone to Nova Scotia for a fortnight and the interesting event is delayed.

Again, there are four vacant constituencies, three in Ontario and one in Quebec. Why is there no announcement or rumours of by-elections? Is the Government afraid to test the people on the navy question? If the overwhelming sense of the public is in favour of the contribution policy, why is it

not advisable to give an ocular demonstration of the fact? These are the questions now being propounded by those interested in watching political events.

Finally, Sir Wilfrid Laurier holds two seats and Sir Rodolphe Forget holds two. Why are these gentlemen not forced to give up one of their constituencies? Is Sir Wilfrid as timorous as Premier Borden about opening up constituencies? In Great Britain, which both these gentlemen profess to admire, no constituency is left without a representative for more than a few weeks. Even if the Government anticipates defeat, it holds the by-election.

These are the reasons why Ottawa is a very disappointing centre at the present moment. The people are looking for news and it comes not.

Peace and Politics

MANY people in this country think we are talking too much of war and too little of peace. Perhaps the charge is true of parliament and the politicians, but it is not true of the people. The latter do not want war nor preparation for war. They favour preparation for defence, not for offence.

This is the basic difference in view between those who favour a contribution to an Imperial navy and those who favour a Canadian army, a Canadian navy, and Canadian coast defence. Those opposed to a contribution may be wrong in their apprehensions, but they fear a contribution would make Canada a participant in European quarrels. This is a view which is at least worthy of serious consideration. It is a view which indicates a peace spirit rather than a martial spirit.

Senator Belcourt, in his speech in the Senate on the Naval Bill, spoke as follows:

"For my part, I propose to hold tenaciously to this conception of the future of Canada and shall endeavour to do nothing which can in any way mar or prevent it. All the more so since I am convinced that the time for general disarmament cannot be delayed very much longer. There is a general uprising against blatant jingoism. Nations will soon revolt against the nefarious influences and odious tyranny of gun and armament makers, and refuse to be bled to death for their sole benefit. The classes are never going to put up with being the sport of professional parasites, schemers and plunderers and the pawns in the horrible game of war."

Here is at least one Canadian statesman who is seeking peace rather than war. Those who talk in the opposite way are mostly doing so for political purposes. Most of them are honest enough in their talk, but they are not giving that quiet and thoughtful consideration to the problem which Norman Angell and other thinkers have done and are doing.

Canada's Message to World

SHOULD Canada send a message to the world such as this: "We are warlike descendants of a warlike race, and we intend to take our part in the making of armaments"? Or should we say: "We believe that the world has gone crazy on the building of big navies, and while we shall prepare to protect our own, we shall not join the world-wide craze"?

In his speech in the House of Commons in May, Hon. W. A. Charlton made a notable speech against war and preparations for war. This was favourably commented upon by many journals. One paragraph may be quoted:

"The world has had three historic scourges—famine, pestilence, and war. Commerce has slain the first, and science has overcome the second. Who is to destroy war? Christianity, sensible people. I have said that all the commercial interests of the world are in favor of peace, and all the labor interests, all the educational interests, all the moral and spiritual interests are working for it to-day. There is an international organization in favor of peace, and more and more the nations are beginning to favor it. What about the churches? What are they for? In every pulpit and congregation in Christendom they are praying for the peace of the world, that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. Is this all for nought? Is it a mere mockery in the service? No, surely not."

One Ottawa paper says Mr. Charlton's remarks were "received with levity by some members." Surely the frenzy of the politicians and the fury of partisanship are to be credited with this "levity." The people of Canada agrees with Mr. Charlton, and any party which stands for war, warlike preparations and the jingo spirit will not long survive in this country. Canada is for peace. We may wisely train our citizens in the art of self-defence, both by land and sea, but we may not wisely add to the furious spirit of armament which is bankrupting Germany and will ultimately cripple Great Britain if it persists in its present course.



Prominent Men and Women at the Unveiling of the New Stony Creek Monument, Near Hamilton, on June 6th, 1913, Being the Hundredth Anniversary of the Battle.

Another National Monument By C. R. McCULLOUGH

CANADA is adding to her historical records by tablets, parks and monuments. On June 6th, a new monument was unveiled on the historical battlefield at Stony Creek, largely through the efforts of the Wentworth Historical Society. By arrangement, Queen Mary touched a button at Buckingham Palace, and by direct electric communication, the veiling was dropped. Addresses were given by Hon. J. S. Hendrie, Hon. W. J. Hanna, Dr. James L. Hughes, Mr. C. R. McCullough, Hon. Samuel Barker, and others. Thus was celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of a celebrated victory.

The address of Mr. McCullough, which follows, embodies the spirit of the occasion:

ON the high anniversary of the victory of Stony Creek we are met not to glorify a conflict between kindred men, but rather are we assembled together to dedicate with thankful hearts this monument to the memory of men who gave their lives for a principle.

The triumph of our patriotic fathers beneath this historic hill laid safe and sure the foundations of a nation yet to be, and we, their heirs, possess in peace and plenty the rights and liberties for which their lives were spent. Well might a convicting conscience wait upon those who in the long ago sought to impose upon our freedom-loving fathers a freedom foreign to their faith, and ruthlessly let loose the latent passions of a kinsmen's war.

Look out upon these smiling fields margined by emerald heights and the celestial blue of old Ontario, and measure the princely patrimony come down to us through their great sacrifice! Upon the momentous struggle of this war depended whether Canada should be bond or free. That she is free is due to the spirit of our ancestors on this and other fields a full century ago.

Here was staged one of the most sanguinary scenes in that dread drama that made way for a peace that has now blessed two kindred peoples for a hundred years. May the Father of nations give unto both such wise forbearance as may ensure a like condition for centuries to come. May the rattle of musketry and the roar of guns never more rouse the awful echoes or war within this smiling vale, and may those who teach their children from the self-same page of holy writ show forth in act the tenets of their common faith.

May this monument impress upon the wayside traveller and upon the scholar on his way to school that in the earlier years of his country's history his cause was fought upon this sacred soil by men of high and noble daring who accounted life itself not so dear as the rights and liberties they possessed under the gentle sway of Britain's sceptre. But the real and enduring monument is not that seen with the outer eye. This massive masonry reared by patient hands, these entablatures composed with scholars' cunning do not constitute the true memorial to our illustrious dead. An imperishable memorial is set in the hearts of a grateful people and there are enshrined the names of Harvey and of his gallant men. There shall they live from generation to generation and so long as virtue dwells within Canadian breasts.

The possession of broad acres, of innumerable industries, of great financial institutions and other forms of personal and public wealth, will not prove our tower of sole defence in the day of a future visitation. We must be strong in body, soul and spirit if we would hold those rights and liberties won for us on many a hard fought field and hand them on intact, if not enriched, to future generations.

Let it ever be remembered to the glory of the motherland that in our day of greatest need, and her need, too, she sent her soldiers, and her sailors,



The Old Monument at Stony Creek, Decorated for the Occasion.

too, to help her struggling child against an unprovoked aggressor. And, too, lest we forget, she at the same time strained herself to battle on sea and land for the freedom of a world and gloriously o'erthrew Napoleon in the zenith of his power.

Let this monumental pile be the testimony of this after generation of grateful remembrance of heroic souls whose devotion to King and Country preserved to us this goodly Northern Land.

IN the dominant spirit displayed by the men of Queenston Heights, of Stony Creek, of Chateauguay, of Chrysler's Farm and Lundy's Lane lay in their day the safety of Nation and Empire, and shall so lie whilst these endure.

May the tale of Stony Creek be told beside unnumbered firesides in the long hereafter of our country's history, and may its telling arouse young souls to high endeavour for home and native land. When dangers threaten, let us learn as they of old the wisdom of "unity in our councils," and seek in all we think and say and do to harmonize the varied elements composing this Canada of ours—that living mass of Briton, Celt and Gaul, that human trinity, which, happily harmonized and fittingly fashioned together shall be the very body, soul and spirit of this young nation of illimitable possibilities.



The New Stony Creek Monument, Unveiled by Direct Cable from Buckingham Palace by Her Majesty Queen Mary on June 6th. This Picture was Taken Just After the Curtain was Released.

Photographs by Fred Mather, Hamilton.

Civic Management for the People

Last of Three Articles Dealing With Civic Problems Abroad

By J. O. MILLER
PRINCIPAL OF RIDLEY COLLEGE

*I*N his previous two articles Mr. Miller made several well-studied thrusts at comparative civic conditions in Germany and Canada. He showed that German cities are governed by a mayor and an administrative board called the Magistrat, and a municipal council. The German council has little to do with actual government. It is chiefly a deliberative and advisory body. It handles no civic funds. There is no patronage. The council merely makes recommendations to the Magistrat. Councillors are elected for six years. This gives solidarity not known in Canadian councils.

The Mayor is a municipal expert; usually chosen by advertisement from among successful mayors of smaller towns. He is generally appointed for twelve years at a salary ranging from \$1,000 to \$9,000 a year. He has power to fine, suspend or imprison members of the magistrat; controls the police, inspects all municipal departments, and becomes the centre of all civic activity.

The Magistrat is chosen by the council; paid magistrates for twelve and unpaid for six years. Paid magistrates are professional administrators who give their whole time to civic service. They include heads of departments as the Kammerer, financial; Syndikus, legal; Schulrat, primary education; Bourat, department of works; Sanitsrat, sanitation, etc. The Magistrat is the agent of the national government; it prepares all city council business; supervises municipal undertakings; has charge of revenues, city property, public franchises,

public service corporations and paid employees of the city—thus doing away with ward patronage and corruption, the "boss" and the "grafter," and maximizing economy and efficiency.

The German City Council is chosen for six years. In Prussian cities the council is elected by a three-class system; one-third by wealthy men who pay one-third of the taxes; one-third by a middle class, who pay a third of the taxes; the rest by the remaining electorate, who pay a third. Thus the weight of influence is in the hands of those who have most at stake in property.

German councils are composed of the very best citizens. Election is a high honour. There is no salary. Some councillors serve for twenty-five years. Charity organizations are all civic. There is no waste and no overlapping. In Berlin 4,500 citizens co-operate in caring for the poor. Civic government is a great business corporation. Its strength is its permanency. German cities own immense tracts of land. In one year Frankfort spent \$50,000,000 on land purchase and now owns 12,800 acres of land within the city limits. Other cities vary from 39,000 to 12,000 acres. The results of large civic ownership of land are, good parks, beautiful cities, splendid streets and buildings, checking land speculation—and the unearned increment goes to the reduction of taxes.

THE wealth of the German cities arises from the public ownership of large areas of land, and from the prudent and profitable management of public utilities, and careful oversight of public service corporations. When a city owns a block of land that needs to be sub-divided for building lots, the gain from these sales goes into the public purse. It is surprising that our Canadian cities have as yet made no attempt to utilize this source of wealth. Some of the increase in value of lands due to street-cars, sewerage, light and water, surely should go to the city, whose growth and development make the greater part of that increase in value. When the Canadian Northern Railway proposed to build a tunnel through the mountain at Montreal, it first purchased a tract of land on the far side, which the railway would serve, an excellent example of business prudence that municipal corporations might well imitate.

One of the great problems that the Germans have to deal with is that of fuel. Coal is scarce and very dear, and the same is true of wood. As you travel through the country you see the short, stump-like trunks of trees, from which every vestige of branches has been cropped to supply the demand for kindling wood. In southern Germany and Italy you see waggon-loads of these twigs being delivered at bake-houses, apparently the only fuel used in baking bread. Forest lands are, therefore, very valuable. The city of Frankfort owns 8,500 acres of forest lands and makes a good profit out of its municipal wood-yard. Some cities have a yearly auction of marked trees in their wood-lands, which are also used as places of recreation for their citizens in the summer-time. Every city realizes the value of wood lots, which are carefully reforested as mature timber is cut down.

It is a well recognized principle of civic government in Germany that public utilities should be managed for the benefit, financially and otherwise, of the whole population. If the mayor of a German city were to look into our civic conditions he would probably go home and say: "How foolish are those Canadians! They operate for the people the public utilities that do not pay, but allow private corporations to enjoy the profits of the franchises that are valuable." Now, it may be true that the Germans, from our point of view, carry paternalism in civic government to extremes. They operate their own street railways, water and lighting systems, sewerage, sewage disposal works, pawn-shops, municipal theatres. They even tax theatre tickets to supplement their poor funds. In Cologne, Frankfort, and Mannheim they own and manage docks for fresh-water navigation. Many cities operate abattoirs under strict veterinary regulation; provide municipal bands for public recreation; manage their own public baths and finance their own hospitals.

Such a variety of civic enterprises would seem

to Canadians not only impossible in our cities, but even undesirable, and perhaps an unwarrantable interference with private enterprise. But their system contains certain features that we might wisely copy. Perhaps, after fifteen or twenty years of stable civic government, with practically permanent management of departments, we should come to look at these questions in a different light. The Germans attain financial prosperity because their city government is permanent, and they are able to lay down a definite municipal policy for long years ahead, and proceed to carry it out as their means and opportunities allow.

IT has long been the policy of the Germans to make their cities comfortable and beautiful for their citizens. Every city follows some regular system of town-planning for convenience, comfort and elegance. Streets are not allowed to be laid out by private enterprise. The owner of a building lot must consult the building police as to the position of a proposed building, and as to the amount of space it may occupy. In some cities there is a general rule that in the down-town sections buildings must not occupy more than two-thirds of the ground, and in the residential quarters not more than one-third. There are rules as to what streets shall be planted with shade trees, in what streets front gardens shall be permitted, and what space they shall occupy. Care is taken as to the class of buildings to be erected in the various sections. An effort is made to keep factory buildings in separate districts, so as not to interfere with the comfort and cleanliness of the residential quarters.

A notable instance of the determination of the Germans to maintain the beauty of their older places is to be found in the little town of Rothenberg, about sixty miles west of Nuremberg. It is a perfect example of a mediaeval town. It has a lofty situation, and is surrounded by its original unbroken wall. The place contains about five thousand inhabitants. Every care is taken to preserve its beauty. No modern building is allowed within the walls. All repairs to its structures are carried out in harmony with their original design, even to roadways. The torture-basket and the gibbet, still frown above the foss. All gates but one are closed at night. Nuremberg is another example of a city with old and beautiful fortifications, where the needs of to-day have made breaches in the walls, otherwise carefully preserved, but where the modern buildings are made to conform to the ancient type.

The comfort of the working classes is not neglected in German cities, and building regulations relating to their housing are strictly enforced. In places like Frankfort and Munich there are no "slums." For the purpose of workmen's houses Frankfort is divided into three zones. The inner zone may have buildings with basements and four stories; three-storied buildings may be erected in

the middle zone; but in the outlying districts houses must be of one or two stories. Plenty of open spaces, are provided, because there are no workmen's houses standing alone with individual gardens, owing to the high cost of land. Ample provision is also made for the care of the sick, and the civic hospitals bear a high reputation. Munich has a city hospital, which, when completed, will have accommodation for four thousand beds.

THE extra-mural education of the masses is an important subject for German municipal enterprise. The city of Munich affords a notable instance of what is being done in this respect. It has two immense picture galleries, one for old, the other for modern, paintings. In the former the collection is one of the best in Europe. There are three other excellent picture galleries, and a large and fine building filled with sculptures. There are also the national Bavarian museum, the army museum, and the workmen's museum. The last is a very instructive collection, showing all sorts of devices for the practice of domestic economy, for improvement of methods in various trades, and for securing the safety of workmen in many sorts of employment.

But Munich is renowned for its great Deutches Museum, a stupendous undertaking, in which the whole empire has joined. It is on a new and original plan. Every department of natural science and technology is there displayed in logical and historical order, from its earliest beginnings to its latest development. There are sixty-eight different departments, and the exhibits occupy two of the largest buildings in the city. The museum is intended to quicken the interest of the people in all things that enter into modern civilization, for the improvement of methods, and for arousing the spirit of invention. A cursory description of this remarkable institution would require a separate article. Munich is a model city, and it is no wonder that the stream of visitors from this side of the Atlantic, now numbering nearly a thousand, should be constantly on the increase.

CAN we learn anything from a study of municipal administration in Germany? There is undoubtedly much in their system that is foreign to the spirit of our people. The Germans long ago acquired the habit of being thoroughly governed, and they are now perhaps a little boastful at being thoroughly well governed. Great is their civic pride, and it is justified. No greater honour can befall a German citizen than the call to civic service. In Canada we are, as yet, a long way from that standard.

But in England civic pride is great, also. Germany affords no better example of well managed cities than does our mother land. Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Birmingham are unsurpassed in their civic administration by any German cities of their own size, or importance. Into the causes of the excellence of municipal government in England it is impossible here to go. Doubtless, the underlying principle has been the arousing of the civic conscience.

But if we compare the two systems we shall find that they possess one element in common, namely, permanence. The administrative body in English and German cities does not change. The Germans have their magistrat; the English have a body of highly paid permanent officials, with whom, in the actual pursuit of their duties, the members of the city council do not much interfere. English cities have the fact of permanence; German cities have the fact plus the form.

Our own municipal system is based upon English laws. In England the city council is supreme, and this was the principle that guided those who laid the foundations of our civic government. That it has not always given satisfaction is due to two causes; first, that the membership of our councils is constantly changing; and secondly, that the best class of our citizens will not enter municipal politics. In all government the personal equation is the supreme consideration. A city is not to be governed by laws; it is governed by men. Good city government is government by good men. The chief error in our system is our present plan of yearly elections. The prominent business man, immersed in his own affairs, busy all day and every day, will not submit to the turmoil of a yearly election, with the criticism of the hustings, and the mental hustling

by ward politicians. Offer such a man the opportunity to serve his city for five or six years, and he will not lightly turn the offer down. Some permanency of tenure of office is necessary to tempt the sort of man a city needs in its council.

DISSATISFACTION with present conditions has led to several proposed changes. Some cities hope to find a panacea in government by commission; others advocate the appointment of a business manager. Almost all of our cities have at least one special commission, in charge of public utilities. All cities in Ontario of over 100,000 in-

habitants are obliged by law to have a board of controllers, who take certain functions out of the hands of the city council. These changes, actual or proposed, are copied, not from English, but from American institutions. Now American municipal government is, taking it by and large, probably the worst in the world. So dissatisfied with it are the American people that they have tried, and are trying, every known device for improving their condition. Government by commission may, or may not, be a very good thing. The point is that it is as yet untried, except experimentally. Why should we depart from our own British institutions,

which have stood the test of time?

If you clip the power of the city council, by various commissions here, by boards of control there; if you take from it the management of its own police, as has been done in Ontario, then you destroy its prestige, and lower the calibre of the men who form its members. If men of power are sought for to rule a city, power must be given them. And the lesson of the German cities for us is that it must have the element of permanence. Canada is a new country. She is building up a reputation for solidarity. An earnest study of civic conditions is needed. It will be well repaid.

A Broad Gauge Man of the Cloth

Rev. Dr. Lyle of Hamilton, Promoter of Art and a Student of the Drama

By **AUGUSTUS BRIDLE**

IT was in Robert Duncan's V-shaped bookstore on James St. The brawny and much-reading Presbyterian pastor was there on his daily visit; Rev. Samuel Lyle, D.D., the most regular customer that Duncan ever had. He had a list of books most of which were to be sent for by the dealer, because it's no easy matter in a modern bookshop to light on a Shakespearian work or a Maeterlinck, or a copy of *belles lettres* among dizzy ramparts of best sellers.

Dr. Lyle is fundamentally a man of books. He is also a man of action and a promoter of art. He is an Irishman, born at Knockauboy, County of Antrim, educated at Magee College, Londonderry, at Glasgow University and at Glasgow Free College. In 1878 he came to Hamilton to begin his education all over again. Since that time—thirty-five years—he has been studying and working in many things outside of theology, in the strangest intellectual city in Canada.

Blessed are they who understand Hamilton! Few do. Some of the wise elect are, Sir John Gibson, most prominent citizen; Sir Edmund Walker, born and bank-clerking there when a young man; Robert Hobson, the steel president; W. J. Southam, who thirty years ago rejuvenated the *Spectator*; Sanford Evans, ex-mayor of Winnipeg, raised in Hamilton and once its most promising academic orator; Hon. Adam Brown, postmaster, public student and orator now much over 80; J. S. Hendrie, prominent manufacturer and horse-man; Charles McCullough, founder of the first Canadian Club; old Mr. Bruce, father of "Billy" Blair Bruce, Canadian painter abroad; several artists born in Hamilton but now elsewhere, Heming, Crisp, Kilvert; and Dr. Lyle, who, in his canny, genial way, has seen men come and go in the making of a modern Hamilton.

These men represent the two Hamiltons; because the history of the city under the mountain is "A Tale of Two Cities," not historically, like Montreal, nor religiously, like Toronto, but intellectually in a class by itself. To understand the present character of a man like Dr. Lyle, it is necessary to remember that Hamilton is the cradle of a great many national impulses and unusual movements, a casual list of which will include the National Policy (considerably like Homer), electric transmission, schools of art, and artists, musical composition and performance, the Canadian Club movement, the smelting of Canadian steel, domestic science, kindergarten work, the 13th Regimental Band, the only labour representative in the Ontario Legislature, the strangest murder mystery in Canada—and the everlasting joke about the man that had his choice of going to the gallows or to Hamilton and preferred the gallows.

It must be the influence of the mountain. Sitting in Gore Park, which is the heart of Hamilton, bounded east by an ugly statue of Sir John Macdonald and on the west by one of Queen Victoria, the famous lines of Byron continually dingdong through one's brain:

"The mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the sea."

For there is the bay and the lake—and somewhere down the line the growing city of Toronto which, with an hourly train service, is now a convenient suburb of Hamilton. And it is a somewhat melancholy reflection—if Toronto had been given a mountain what a mouse it might have brought forth!

SOME day, perhaps, if the shrewd suggestion of Dr. A. S. Vogt is carried out, Hamilton may become the Blackpool of Canada for choric competitive festivals. And if so, be sure that somebody in or about the Steel Company of Canada will be

behind the movement. For you can't chuck a stone into any high-class average office window in Hamilton now without hitting somebody that has something to do with the Steel Company.



A Man who Regards the True and the Beautiful as Part of a Very Comprehensive Religion.

No man so oddly understands as Dr. Lyle how Hamilton has been developing away from its primal character into a restless city of moving pictures, radial railways and millionaires.

And Dr. Lyle is essentially a broad gauge man of the cloth. He never forgets that he is a minister. He wears the round hat and the clerical broad-cloths regularly. He never apes the appearance of a man of the world. In a tweed suit he would look like a distinguished business man, but he would be out of his part.

It is when you hear Dr. Lyle talk, which he is quite as ready to do in Duncan's bookstore, or on the street-corner, as he is in his study, that you find out what a humorously broad outlook he has upon life. A few years ago he went to Germany that he might get acquainted with modern philosophy at its source. He is an omnivorous reader of Shakespeare and the drama. He is a keen observer of pictures and considerable of an authority on art. And he was the chief founder of and inspiration for many years to the once celebrated Art School in Hamilton—alas! now obliterated by the Board of Education and run as an obscure side-show by the civic authorities. For there was once a Greek age in Hamilton, and Dr. Lyle was one of its forces. He is now something of an alert bystander, not querulous, like Goldwin Smith used to be, but humanly interested in what may be considered a decadence.

"Ah," he said, "we can't expect a school board such as we have in Hamilton now to care much about art. We have become obsessed with technical education. The useful has crowded out the beautiful."

He observed a paradox.

"People are so quick to see what they call indelicate in art," he said. "Why are they so careless about what is ten times more indelicate on the

stage? Why is the nude in a beautiful picture regarded with suspicion and the semi-nude often indecently presented on the stage looked upon as a harmless diversion?"

He pointed to a new moving picture house on one of the main streets.

"That's a phase of the modern drama," he said. "I daresay it has many things to recommend it. Certainly cheap drama is a good thing, so long as it is good. The people can never have too much good drama, no matter how cheap it is—even though the theatre is supported by the state and the civic authorities, as it is in Germany, or made free to the masses, as it was in ancient Greece. But I'm afraid it isn't good drama that the managers want, any more than the school boards or civic authorities care about good art, or the librarians about good books."

QUITE obviously he had in his mind the day, not long ago in his own career, when in a city like Hamilton art and books and the drama were all a matter of study. He remembered the excellent libraries of Mechanics' Institute, where young people and old people got a common inspiration, and where nothing was regarded as of prime interest in art, or books or dramas that did not make at least a rudimentary appeal to the intellect.

"But that's a thing of the past," he said. "Our stocks of bad fiction show it, just as much as our preference for cheap and gaudy stage presentations of our mawkish suspicion of anything in a work of art that is not merely pretty or useful."

"And in religion how is it?" the preacher was asked.

Though it was plain that Dr. Lyle has always looked upon good art and good books and good plays as part of a very broad and comprehensive religion, "Well, he said, "I had an argument with a doctor here not long ago. He said to me; "

"There are not ten Christians in Hamilton."

"O yes," I said. "There are hundreds and thousands of Christians in Hamilton. But remember—there are a lot of low-grade Christians."

To be candid about Dr. Lyle, it must be admitted that he is not losing faith in people or society. At times he is vastly amused by the follies of mankind. But he does honestly deplore the fact that in the scurry and bustle of a money-making age, even young people are deterred from getting a real vision of life in the true and the beautiful.

And Hamilton has always been a cradle of good impulses. The mountain is still there. The old ideas are still alive. But the number of men that propagate them is steadily diminishing—and Dr. Lyle is one of them.

Report on Forests

THE fourteenth annual report of the Canadian Forestry Association has just been issued from the office of the Secretary, Mr. James Lawler, Canadian Building, Ottawa. The document embodies the proceedings of the Convention held in Victoria, B.C., last September, and of the annual meeting in Ottawa in February. The addresses of all the prominent conservationists present on the former occasion, notably those of Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia; Hon. W. R. Ross, Minister of Lands, and H. R. MacMillan, Chief Forester, under whom a new Forest Act and advanced policy have been inaugurated; of Mr. R. H. Campbell, Dominion Director of Forestry, and of the representatives of the Provincial forest services and the organizations from the Western States, are given in full. Both at the convention and the annual meeting, many evidences were given of the rapid strides which conservation has made.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Living on Porridge

EVERY man who owns anything in Canada at the present time should hold it if he has to live on porridge. And after all, porridge is a good, wholesome food. It has been the chief brain and muscle producer of the greatest race of all the British peoples. Most of us have been living on tenderloin steaks and canvas-back duck until our taste is a little vitiated. A few months on porridge will bring back that ancient zest for good food.

Canada has had one innings, and another is sure to come. Don't sell anything at a sacrifice. Cache it and get a bag of oatmeal. All these stocks and bonds and "inside" real estate and other good properties are just as valuable to-day as they ever were. Our "unbounded natural resources" are just as unbounded as they were a year ago. The soil and the waterpowers and the forests and the mines haven't moved away. And these are the basis of prosperity. The population alone is needed to create wealth, and the population grows bigger day by day.

Yes, hang on. Don't let the bank manager scare you. Don't listen to the broker who advises you to sell because "the market will go lower." Grip the saddle with both knees and sit tight.

There is a man in Guelph who had a couple of streets of town lots in Winnipeg, bought somewhere about 1890. The price of real estate went down and down until people said the property would be farmed some day. But he sat tight and lived on oatmeal. For ten years he waited and then it began to come. He started to sell little by little, and finally cleaned up a good half million. To-day he is a millionaire living in an Ontario city—not Toronto. If you want his address in order to confirm the story, drop a post-card to the editor of this column and you can have it. He will confirm the story. And there are hundreds of others who have lived on oatmeal for a few years and then got back to tenderloin steak with mushrooms.

Don't be stampeded. The only people who will suffer are those who bought outside subdivisions and mining stocks. And they ought to suffer. About a million town lots have been sold in the West and a few thousand in the East that will keep their owners living on porridge for a great many years—more than ten. But all the inside stuff is still good and some of the outside. But you must keep your taxes paid and live on oatmeal.

As for C. P. R., and Power, and Mackay, and all the Canadian railways and industrials, they are just as good as they ever were. Their profits may not be quite as high for a while. The manager may be forced to get down an hour earlier in the morning and play golf once or twice less per week. But the value is still there. Don't be a coward and chuck any of them. Porridge is a wholesome food.

The Bank Act Through the Senate

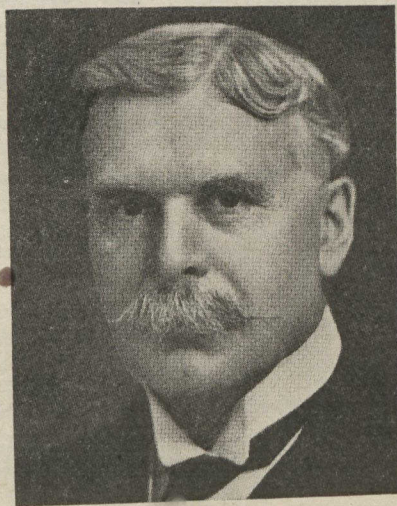
THE Senate has finished with the Bank Act, and it will go into force on the first of July. A number of amendments of a technical character were adopted, but they do not affect the principles of the Act. One significant change is made, the word "shall" in the clause referring to banks establishing stock transfer agencies in each province being altered to "may."

On the whole, the new Act will give satisfaction. The amendments, for the most part, appear to be not only necessary, but also beneficial to the people and to the bankers themselves.

On and Off the Exchange

The Situation in Dominion Steel

FOR the twelve months ending March 31st, the net earnings of the Dominion Steel Corporation were \$4,714,057. Surplus available for the \$31,927,525 common stock, on which dividends were paid during the year, was \$1,375,000, equal to 4.31 per cent. on the stock, as compared with a showing of just under 5 per cent. in the last statement. Out of the year's operations the balance remaining to be carried forward to surplus was \$98,000. The figures do not appear to compare very favourably with those of last year, but Mr. J. H. Plummer, President, made the reasons clear. He pointed out that reserves and surplus was \$130,000 more for this year than last, as much money being put back into the property as was paid out in dividends.



MR. J. H. PLUMMER
President Dominion Steel Corporation.

Regarding the general situation in steel, Mr. Plummer expressed himself as being in no wise disconcerted by the reported slackening of the trade over the border. He said that his company had sold practically all its output up to the close of the shipping season at very satisfactory prices.

Mr. Plummer has had a long struggle getting this over-capitalized business into good condition, and he deserves much credit for the measure of progress that has been made.

A Consolidation Justified

THE Tuckett Tobacco Company, of Hamilton, has completed its first year since the reorganization, and the results justify the policy of amalgamation. Net profits for the year were \$303,384. In 1912, the combined profits of the three companies now united were \$293,024. A sum of \$141,842, which is equal to 5 3/4 per cent. on the common stock, was credited to profit

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and loss. The Company has no bond issue, so that profits go directly to the stock, of which there is \$2,000,000 preferred and \$2,500,000 common.

The directors report the erection of a large factory at Hamilton, which is one of the finest cigar manufactories in Canada. A new additional plant is to be constructed in Montreal.

Richelieu Intelligence

THE Richelieu Board has ratified the plans which have been under way for some time in connection with the organization of a new company, incorporating the R. & O. and some ten other steamship lines on the Canadian lakes and the St. Lawrence River.



MR. JAMES CARRUTHERS
One of the Prime Movers in the Recent Navigation Companies Merger.

A committee has been appointed to see the negotiations successfully completed. The probable name of the new company will be Canada Lakes, River and Ocean Corporation. A proposal which met with unanimous approval is to offer the shareholders, in return for their assets, the following securities of the new corporation: \$12,000,000 seven per cent. preference cumulative shares and \$4,000,000 of fully paid ordinary shares; this is at the rate of \$120 seven per cent. preference, and \$40 of ordinary shares for each \$100 share of the R. & O.

The new company will have an authorized capital of \$25,000,000, divided into \$12,500,000; half of it in seven per cent. cumulative preference stock, and the other half in common stock. The company will also have \$7,500,000 of five per cent. 30 year first mortgage debenture stock. A strong market for the

new issues is assured; they will be listed on the Canadian and London exchanges.

An Echo of the Farmers Bank

SOME relief is to be given the depositors in the ill-fated Farmers Bank. Premier Borden announced recently that this will be provided in a bill to be introduced next session. Such action is unusual, and rightly so; the Government cannot be expected to shoulder the burden of the depositors when a bank fails, for the Treasury Board is very careful in granting new bank charters.

Nevertheless, the Government apparently thinks that in this case some responsibility for the unfortunate happening accrues to the Board, and that the Government must shoulder it. In this connection the Premier says:

"While the direct subsequent cause of the loss was the fraud and dishonesty of the bank manager in the administration of its affairs, there is nevertheless a certain connection between that loss and the power and status with which he became invested upon the granting of the certificate."

An Anecdote for the Pessimist

IN the tight money period of 1907 a pessimistic financial man went to John W. Gates, full of groans and tribulation.

"What is your opinion, Mr. Gates? Don't you think things look as if they were going to the dickens?"

"Tut, tut," was the reply. "We are not living in China!"

A New Steel Company

LETTERS patent have been granted to the Ontario Steel Products Company, of Ojibway, which is the new Canadian branch of the United States Steel Corporation. The authorized capital stock is \$20,000,000. The company is empowered to enter into agreement with any other company in Canada for the purpose of combining interests.

Royal Exchange Assurance

ASSURANCE companies in Great Britain have noted the wide field for business in Canada. The Royal Exchange Assurance Co., whose Canadian branch is in Montreal, again report distinct progress and a strong financial position. The assets are \$33,000,000. During the year, 2,569 proposals were received for a total sum of \$6,000,000. Of these, 2,304 assuring \$4,900,000 were completed. The total premium income for the year was \$1,700,000, being an increase over 1911-1912 of \$48,000.

An English Land Company's Year

THE Southern Alberta Land Company, of London, England, report a good year. The profit and loss account shows a credit balance of \$77,650 for the year, after all charges have been paid. During the year, the balance of the outstanding options or shares was exercised, and the amount now standing to the credit of the premium account is \$500,000. The reserve account stands at \$125,000. The total area of the property owned by the company is 369,000 acres.

Pulp Company to Build

THE Riordan Pulp and Paper Company, of Riordan, Quebec, have decided to build an up-to-date sulphite plant in Northern Ontario, which will have a capacity of 30,000 tons per annum. Ground will be broken next April and the plant will be in operation early in 1915. The company has mills at Hawkesbury and Merritton, with a joint capacity of some 50,000 tons of sulphite pulp. When the new mill is created the company will make the largest capital fibre concern in the world.

Next Week's Meetings

THE Home Bank of Canada, the St. Lawrence Sugar Refineries, and Tooke Bros. will hold their annual meetings next week.

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Associate Editor of the Standard Dictionary, treats the hundred and one questions that arise in daily speech and correspondence which are not treated of in the dictionary.

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A New Serial

The River of Stars

By Edgar Wallace

A new serial will commence shortly in The Canadian Courier, a thrilling and humorous story of a diamond mine in Africa. While some of the scenes are laid in the Dark Continent, many of them occur in England. Amber, the hero, is a most interesting creation. He is clever, laconic, and resourceful. He and Peter Mush are philosophers. The keynote to the story is in one of Peter's remarks:

"There's a tale I've been readin' about a feller that got pinched for a perfectly innercent crime."

Amber's wit may be gathered from his remark to one of the audacious promoters of the mine:

"Whitey," he said admiringly, "you're the last word in refrigeration! Come in on the ground floor! . . . Not into the basement, my Whitey!"

The author's philosophy may be judged from the following paragraph:

"Whitey was a man with no illusions. The wonder is that he had not amassed a fortune in a line of business more legitimate and more consistent than that in which he found himself. Since few men know themselves well, and no man knows another at all, I do not attempt to explain the complexities of Whitey's mind."

Every reader of The Canadian Courier will be interested in Amber, the man of many adventures, of many disguises, and of infinite resource. Whether working for the British Diplomatic Service or busying himself in saving the heroine and the heroine's family, he is always interesting and refreshing.

This is a splendid story for the summer hammock.

Canadian Courier, Toronto

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

When Woman Would Reforming Go

IF there is anything in the modern world which is not being reformed, we should like its name and address. Babies, school children, sweet-hearts, mothers, fathers, grandparents, schools, churches, prisons and cemeteries—are they not all being cleansed, repaired and reformed? All this activity is good for the newspaper profession, but is it not slightly wearing to the individual? Do we not, with human contrariness, often feel like saying to the woman with a spiritual scrubbing-brush in her right hand and moral uplift in her left eye—"Let us alone. We want to stay just where we are—for a restful quarter-of-an-hour."

The female of the species, as Mr. Kipling calls the lovely woman, is certainly more earnest than the male, when she sets out to make this old Earth into a Spotless Town. She can see no cause but the one in which she is interested for the time being and devotes herself, with an energy which often means disaster to her own nervous system, to the task of reconstruction. It is her ardent sympathy which inspires such effort, but, in this world, it is quite as important to think as to feel. A heart, uncontrolled by a head, is a dangerous reforming agent.

Decency in Drama

IN connection with this matter of reform, cannot the women of Canada do something of a positive nature to form a taste for good drama in the younger members of the community and thus give the best assurance that theatrical productions of a low nature will fail to appeal? We have passed the conditions when the theatre was utterly condemned. Many church members in the best standing now go to the theatre occasionally without any fear of pastoral denunciation. But the quality of the productions patronized by our theatre-goers is a matter which has rightly caused much concern.

During the month of May, a play made its appearance in the city of Toronto which was condemned by the Police Magistrate in its uncensored form. This decision was subsequently "quashed" by a judge who saw a private acting in censored form. The play, at the present time of writing, is having a week's run in Toronto, and, needless to say, has been greatly advertised by all this discussion. I did not see the production, either censored or uncensored, but I have yet to meet the woman who saw it and failed to condemn it in the strongest terms. Certainly, the "story," as told in the newspapers, would lead one to consider it highly objectionable—material for the dissecting-table rather than for the drama. The women from whom I heard an expression of opinion were widely-read—in most cases University women—and the verdict was unanimous in its expression of disapproval.

Has all the clamour about this undesirable production done any service to Toronto? At present, it does not seem to have accomplished much, and yet one would hesitate to say that no good will come out of the unfortunate clash between authorities who ought to be united in their efforts for the civic welfare.

The whole matter touches women closely, as the majority of our theatre-goers are women who are supposed to form the taste of the boys and girls, already absorbed in the charms of moving picture shows. Is not the philosophy of this whole matter one of prevention rather than cure? It is quite true that we must try to get rid of the indecent dramas, but is not the best way to secure their disappearance the formation of a taste for better things? The outward abolition accomplishes little, if there is no attempt to substitute clean amusement for what is undesirable. I am no believer in the cynical theory that the public will not patronize wholesome plays. Look at the crowds which invariably went

to see E. S. Willard in "The Professor's Love Story" and "Tom Pinch"! Consider the success of Maeterlinck's exquisite "Blue Bird" and Sir James Barrie's delightful "Peter Pan," to say nothing of the popular appeal of Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

If the drama is to represent "this our life," it must include the sinful and repulsive, as well as the nobler and happier phases—but such depiction is not immoral, unless there is an attempt to throw a glamour over vice, or to represent its results as anything but what they are. Aristotle's old dictum regarding tragedy, that it must contain the elements of purification, is as worthy of observance to-day as it was in the palmy age of the Grecian drama.

It lies with woman to form the taste of childhood for what is good and true in music, art and litera-



MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY, OF EDMONTON.
The Clever Pen-woman, "Janey Canuck," of Western Canada, Who Has Newly Been Elected President of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Mrs. Murphy, Who Was Recently Ill, Has Thoroughly Recovered, and Was Ideal in Her Capacity of Hostess at the C.W.P.C. Triennial Convention.

ture. In a recent reading of Frederic Harrison's "Life of Ruskin," I was struck by the infinite care which his mother took that her "blue-eyed lad" should, from his earliest years, see the best pictures and love the best books. So, the world is eternally in debt to the guiding mother—hardly less than to her genius son. We might have missed something from the majesty of "Mountain Gloom," something from the radiance of "Mountain Glory," had the mother been less mindful of her charge. Mothers who patronize the "cheap and nasty" plays can hardly give their children a taste for anything but tinsel and trash. In all this discussion of what plays we are to avoid and what we are to cultivate, an ounce of mother is worth a pound of censor.

"Ladies' Day" in Camp

OUR military authorities, with the native gallantry of the "profession," arranged that representatives from the Daughters of the Empire, the Press and the W. C. T. U. should visit the camp at Niagara on June 10th and see for themselves how our citizen soldiers keep house. The members of the militia always attract a good share of feminine attention—and this is quite as it should be. Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B., commanding the second Division, having requested the pleasure of their company at the Headquarters Mess, found himself the host of a large party on

a day which was as perfect as June sunshine and fragrance could make it, in a spot which is unsurpassed for loveliness in the Province of Ontario. Old Niagara never looked more peaceful and smiling than on that bright morning, and the white tents of the soldiers shone bravely against a background of verdant richness. The visitors were escorted through the entire camp, being shown the army medical department, the hospital, the culinary operations and the whole equipment of the commissariat, which created in the feminine beholders a wholesome respect for the completeness of the arrangements for camp house-keeping. In fact, many a housewife would be put to shame by the orderly account books of the Army Service Corps. Cleanliness, smartness and an atmosphere of alert exercise of both mind and body were the impressions left on the guests, who enjoyed the glimpse of immaculate tents, sweet-smelling bakeries and amply-supplied mess-tables. The officers were most genial and courteous hosts, who made the seven-hours' visit seem all too short, while the sumptuous luncheon and five o'clock tea, served at tables on the lawn, in front of the Headquarters, with immemorial elms, locusts and maples for shadowy setting made an entertainment long to be remembered, both for picturesqueness and savoury delights. Perhaps it is the presence of so many medical men in the militia which makes the arrangements of the camp those of an extra-hygienic community. Incinerators burn all waste material from the cooking, and baskets for odds and ends preserve an appearance of neatness about the camp precincts which any well-ordered residential street might emulate. The moving picture show every evening supplies the last word in up-to-date amusement. More than three thousand men were encamped, and as one saw the shooting on the rifle ranges and watched the brisk marching, it was with the reflection that such training could not but encourage vigorous and athletic manhood. Many citizens, especially women, imagine that these camps mean an encouragement of the war spirit and "disorderly conduct." It ought to be possible to inculcate the military virtues of obedience, cleanliness and hardness, without the fostering of any offensively belligerent spirit—and such seems to be the happy condition in our modern Canadian militia. The pleasantest words I heard were those from a Canadian officer in praise of the "fitness" of a certain Buffalo regiment. The disciplined citizen is not "spoiling for a fight," but he is learning under clear Canadian skies the age-old virtues of endurance and good comradeship.

The guests of the camp found the day so delightful that they consider it a "precedent."

The President of the C.W.P.C.

AFTER four years of most efficient and faithful service as President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, of Toronto, has been elected Honorary President, and Mrs. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, has been elected as chief official. Mrs. Murphy is known as the writer of several books of "chronicle and comment," as "Janey Canuck," or by her maiden name of Emily Ferguson. She belongs to Cookstown, Ontario, by birth is Irish by descent, and is an "old girl" of Bishop Strachan School, Toronto. She is essentially a book-lover and is also a great devotee of open-air sports and pastimes. In fact, it would be hard to say whether she prefers the delights of a rare old poet to the joy of a canter along a western hillside. As a writer of book reviews for a Winnipeg journal she shows both literary culture and discrimination. Mrs. Murphy has a positive genius for "presiding" and is deservedly popular, not only for her executive ability, but for the eternal buoyancy of spirit, which makes her the best of good company. Mrs. Murphy is never so happy as when she is giving others the merriest time of their lives—and the Press Club is to be congratulated.

ERIN.

Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver

By MABEL DURHAM



MRS. JONATHAN ROGERS

Who Recently Resigned the Presidency of the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver.

OF the many women's organizations which are engaged in various fields of endeavour in the city of Vancouver, none has become a more potent factor in the social and intellectual life of the community than has the Women's Canadian Club, which recently brought to a close a year marked by great progress. The advancement made was manifested not only in a largely increased membership roll, but also in the zeal with which all the women connected with the club joined in striving to further the aims of the society, namely, to foster patriotism and promote a study of Canadian institutions, history, art, literature and resources, and to unite in a closer bond the women of the country for the welfare of the Dominion.

The Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver was formed four years ago, with a charter membership of about one hundred, and with Mrs. C. S. Douglas, wife of the mayor of the city, as the president. The formal inauguration of the society took place on September 7th, 1909, when the Governor-General of Canada, Earl Grey, who was at that time making a tour of the West, gave an address at a luncheon, at which the Countess Grey and Lady Evelyn Grey were also guests. Since that time the members of the club have had the privilege of hearing many distinguished speakers who, from time to time, have addressed them upon subjects pertaining to the past, present and future of Canada and the Empire.

A year ago, on the retirement from the presidency of Mrs. R. Mackay Fripp, the administration of the affairs of the club was undertaken by Mrs. Jonathan Rogers, under whose conduct the membership rose from four hundred to nearly eight hundred, and the organization achieved a recognized position as an established institution and one which was wielding a strong influence in the upbuilding of the city.

During the year the club had the honour of presenting to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, on the occasion of the royal visit, a specially bound volume of the late Pauline Johnson's "Legends of Vancouver," and to the Princess Patricia a portfolio of British Columbia views, accompanied by an address of welcome.

Upon the resignation of Mrs. Rogers, at the recent annual business meeting, Mrs. J. J. Banfield was elected to the office of president, in which position she will have the support of a capable body of women who make up the executive. Mrs. Banfield, who was a member of the Oille family, well-known throughout the Niagara district, and who formerly made her home in St. Catharines, has been a resident of Vancouver for many years, and has always been closely identified with every movement for the advancement of public welfare.

THE first vice-president of the club is Mrs. Henderson, wife of Judge Henderson, late Governor of Yukon; the second vice-president, Mrs. Lockett, who, before her marriage to Dr. G. V. Lockett, of Vancouver, two years ago, was Miss Dill, of Philadelphia, where she held the responsible position of librarian of the Drexell Institute; third vice-president, Mrs. F. M. Cowperthwaite; fourth vice-president, Mrs. S. D. Scott; fifth vice-president, Mrs. A. H. MacNeill; sixth vice-president, Mrs. L. N. MacKechnie; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Ralph Smith; literary correspondent, Miss Florence Morrison; executive committee, Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Mrs. W. C. Brown, Mrs. J. T. Blowey, Mrs. H. A. Stone, Mrs. F. C. Saunders, Mrs. G. W. Seymour, Mrs. J. J. Dissette and Miss Kilby.



MRS. J. J. BANFIELD

Formerly of St. Catharines, Who Succeeded Mrs. Jonathan Rogers in Office as President.



MRS. G. V. LOCKETT

The Second Vice-President; Was Formerly Librarian of the Drexell Institute, Philadelphia.



MRS. HENDERSON

Wife of Judge Henderson, Late Governor of Yukon, Holds the Office of First Vice-President.



MRS. RALPH SMITH

Secretary-Treasurer of the Women's Canadian Club of Vancouver.

The enthusiasm of the past year shows no sign of waning, and the members of the club are looking forward with confidence to a period of still greater activity and usefulness.

Romance or Alliance

By A MAN

MARRIAGE is both a romance and an alliance. If it is all romance, or all alliance, it will not be successful. In this country, the "dot" is scarcely known. A girl with a "dot" might attract a fool or a knave, the father thinks. In France and other older countries, a different view obtains. In France, the father teaches his children the value of money and encourages them to save it. Instead of fine dresses and candy and theatre tickets, he gives the girl an allowance and sees that she banks it. Instead of wasting her time gadding the tea-rooms and the streets, she is sewing and embroidering. When she comes to be married her "dot" is ready and it is hers, not her husband's. The father sees to that. (Such a marriage may be both a romance and an alliance, but it cannot be a romance only.)

When marriage is an alliance as well as a romance, the woman has her own private purse. She is not a drag on her husband while he is building up his business or his career. She can get her own luxuries, while he supplies the necessaries. If she has been properly brought up she will use her "dot" to the advantage of herself, her husband and her children. If she should find herself the wife of a bankrupt, the "dot" will alleviate her misery. If she should be widowed, the "dot" will be helpful and the business training of considerable value.

There is much silly false modesty in Canadian families concerning future marriages. The parents do not talk about it, unless some outsider makes a joking reference to it. Neither the son nor the daughter is properly educated with regard to it—especially the daughter. And when the daughter gets married, the father buys her an extensive trousseau, invites all the family friends to the wedding, and sends the daughter forth with an empty purse. This is extravagance and waste. It is the father's vanity and the father's foolishness. If the money recklessly spent on weddings was banked in the daughter's name, there would be more genuine happiness.

When the girl has a bank account of her own and is well prepared by her parents for marriage, she makes an attractive and happy wife. Then and then alone is marriage both a romance and an alliance.

Let Nature Be Your Censor

"HOW kindly it speaks for the human world"—a woman was the speaker—"that one never finds a place like this without a path already!"

It did speak kindly. The place was a wood. It was aisled with trees. It was holly choired with hymns of hermit thrushes. Incense drifted. One looked for an altar, almost. And there was the path. And my mind's eye saw, in a haze, innumerable altars and all the paths, innumerable also, leading thitherward for souls' renewing.

The thought struck me: the country is pure and the city is sick for Nature's fumigating. More outdoors and less "Deborah" is Nature. And Wisdom cries: "Let Nature be our censor. The month is June!"

Women's Affairs of a Fortnight Briefly Noted

VICTORIA ladies are doing their best to correct the Arnold Bennet impression that concert-goers hear music for the most part "in a state of beatific coma"—so he puts it—"like a baby looking at a bright light." Victoria, at any rate, is being educated, through the agency of Ladies' Musical Club.

A year of really astonishing progress was recently reported and the following list of officers re-elected: President, Mrs. Hermann Robertson; Secretary, Miss Cecilia Helmcken; Treasurer, Miss Cecilia Green; Professional Secretary, Miss Lilian Smith; Executive, Mesdames Richard Nash, Bennett, H. C. Hannington, Harry Briggs, Saunders, Duncan Ross, Tilley and J. D. Gordon and Misses McNaughton Jones and Alexa. Russell.

ACCORDING to the mind of Miss Rattée, a social worker who recently addressed the Presbyterian Assembly in Toronto, a Joan of Arc is needed at once to clean up Canada. Why, we would ask, a Joan of Arc? Why go to France,

when Victoria ladies won the game, against Tacoma and Seattle.

THE Management Committee of the Board of Education is considering the immediate establishment in Toronto of a separate school for mentally defective children. Recently a deputation from the Parents' Association waited upon the committee and pointed out the profit which London, England, is gaining from such a move. London has now one hundred special schools for the help of this class.

MISS GEORGINA BINNIE-CLARK, the successful woman farmer, the lecturer, the author, the musician and the suffragette, has just completed her lectures in England, on immigration subjects, and is back on her land again at Fort Qu'Appelle. Miss Binnie-Clark made no shift of her ground, when interviewed in Toronto, despite the amount of criticism, in Vancouver especially, her statements concerning the state of the West, in her recent addresses, evoked.

A Few Funny Assertions

By E. R. MacDONALD

THESE are a few of the very amusing objections offered to Equal Suffrage: "Why should women vote? They are represented by the men of their household."

Are they, indeed? Does a man have a vote for each woman of his household? A man with a wife, four daughters, and two sisters (let us say), would then have seven votes besides his own special one. Quite exciting and distracting for the man! And if it is true

that men are representing the women in exercising the franchise, should not they be willing to let us represent them

in the same way? Would they like to rest from their arduous political labour of casting the ballot, and let the women of their household do it for them? I think not! May I be pardoned by the ultra-refined if I quote a homely and most applicable proverb—"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander!"

"If women vote, they ought to fight and do police duty"—objection two.

Women are already doing police duty in many places, with excellent results. As to fighting, men vote who never fight and never intend to fight. Is militarism to form the standard of our civilization? Our statesmen, clergymen, doctors, lawyers, musicians, artists, authors, according to this objector, should lose the vote at once. "It would interfere with a woman's business, the care of the house," say the critics.

This is one of the most trivial and laughable of all the so-called "reasons" for objecting to equal suffrage. In the first place, not by any means all women make housework their profession, any more than all men chop



AN OTTAWA BRIDE
Miss Phyllis McCullough, Whose Marriage to Mr. Fred Carling, Jr., Was Celebrated This Month.

wood or clean streets as a means of livelihood. In the second place, whatever a woman's work in the world may be, it takes her no longer to cast the ballot than it takes a man to perform the same duty. Do men find that voting seriously interferes with their daily avocations? If so, why not give it up? Think of the work you might be doing while you are casting that vote!

WEDDED.

TWO weddings of first social importance in Canada this season were: the marriage of Miss Katie Hazen, daughter of the Hon. J. D. and Mrs. Hazen, to Mr. Hugh MacKay, at St. John, on June 18th, and the marriage of Miss Millie White, daughter of the late Hon. Thomas White, to the Hon. George H. Perley, Acting Minister of Trade and Commerce, at Ottawa, last week.



MISS ETHEL TODD
Whose Engagement to Mr. Harry Buttell Created Interest in Ottawa Society.

with militant ladies at large by the tens and fifties 'ome in England? An economic solution at last to the how-to-manage-the-militancy problem! One excuses the foreign idea on the score of the speaker's Frenchy predilections.

THE long-suffering down-town girl, a being of whom there are thousands in Toronto, has, together with other lunchers-in-public, a champion of her health in Dr. Hastings. No more is it needful to take the precaution of dipping the spoon in the drinking-goblet and wiping it surreptitiously off on the tissue paper napkin. The spoon and all the other utensils are henceforth to be virgin upon arrival; the fine, in default, being five to twenty dollars.

MRS. ELEANOR ROBINSON, of St. John, New Brunswick, has given up the private school which she and Miss Coster jointly conducted for some years in that city, in order to assume the editorship of the "Canadian Review." The paper, which for many years has been published by Dr. G. U. Hay, will continue under the control of Mrs. Hay.

THE "singer with two voices," Miss Dorothy Toye, has again been scoring a list of successes in Western Canada. Miss Toye is a Manitoba young woman; nevertheless, her praise in Regina, Nelson and other places, is due to more than the fact that she is a native. The remarkable double-voice of Miss Toye—tenor and soprano—was appraised by New York audiences last March.

THE present days are the holy days of the golf enthusiast—whose name is increasingly Woman, in this country. Miss Violet Pooley, of British Columbia, distinguished herself recently in British golfing circles by her splendid play in the fight for the Ladies' Championship, in England. Miss Ravenscroft, last year's champion, lost to Miss Pooley. Another brilliant Pacific Coast golfer is Mrs. Ricardo, who recently played



MISS GWEN HERRIDGE
A Bride of the Capital, Whose Wedding to Mr. Eric McLaughlin is One of the Season's Numerous Happy Events.



The Most Beautiful Woman in the World

would soon lose her title if her complexion was poor.

Your features may be perfect—your teeth pearly white and even—but if your skin is not clear and clean with the beauty and freshness of healthy and vigorous youth you have lost whatever claim you may have to beauty.

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The Pick o' the News

Amassed Out of the Week's Account and Cut for Easy Readers

DELIGHTFUL weather favoured the festivities provided by the Edmonton hospitable citizens for the Canadian Women's Press Club delegates. The motor drive, which the Ad. Club tendered, and the garden party given later for the guests and their hostesses by Mrs. Seccord, were two features distinct in the general pleasure.

The business session of the Club's convention resulted in the following elections: Hon. President, Miss Marjory MacMurchy, Toronto; President, Mrs. Arthur Murphy, Edmonton; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay of Vancouver, Miss Cora Hind of Winnipeg, Miss Jane Fraser of Toronto, and Miss Marshall Saunders of Halifax; Recording Secretary, Miss Mantle, Regina; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Dickins, Edmonton; and Treasurer, Miss Heydon, of Calgary. The personnel, be it noted, is largely western.



MISS MARJORY MacMURCHY
For Three Years President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, is the Newly-elected Honorary President of That Body.

ATIP which should make for dispatch in business, however at the expense of the private diversion, is to hand in the British Columbia corre-



MRS. JOHN GARVIN
The Gifted Writer, "Katherine Hale," Who is President of the Toronto Women's Press Club, and Who Was Recently with the Club in Edmonton.

spondence—contained in the item:—
"There has been completed in connection with the Fairmont exchange building of the B. C. Telephone Company a handsome, fire-proof, brick and stone addition for the sole use of the school in which the company trains its switchboard operators. An elaborate course of instruction has been instituted, the ultimate object being to give Vancouver as excellent a service as possible. In this school new operators are not only given practical lessons on a working switchboard, but are also given a course in voice training under a competent teacher of elocution."

The Canadian accent, it is determined, is to be taught. Which gives us pause. What is the Canadian accent? The average of the aggregate, no doubt, of the languages which are rampant in the

country. Vancouver's success will amount to a feat in the finding.

THE names of a hundred Western Dianas are enlisted on the Winnipeg Hunt Club roll at present. Equestriennes noted as smartly-mounted at the formal opening recently of the Hunt Club's new headquarters at St. Vital were: Mrs. Vaux, Mrs. Leigh McCarthy, Miss Heubach, Mrs. R. G. Rogers, Miss Constance Nanton, Mrs. Douglas Newby, Miss Champion, the Misses Windatt, Miss E. Cross, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Cartwright, Miss Christie and Mrs. H. G. Mayes. Society, there, was equally brilliant afoot.

THERE is likely to be a distinct falling off of weddings in little churches round the corner. Couples are to be "cried" three times in the realm of Bishop Sweeny, who was found to be very strong on the point, at the meeting of the Anglican Synod last week, in Toronto. He commands that the banns be preferred to the marriage license. The executive declared that the marriage act passed at the last session of the legislature was a step in the right direction. Publishing the banns for three Sundays before the date of marriage will certainly compel deliberation.

MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, Canadian actress, is busy devising some new effects connected with her next Shakespearian productions. In her repertoire for the forthcoming season four plays are included: Antony and Cleopatra (the feature), Twelfth Night, The Taming of the Shrew, and As You Like It.

Twelfth Night will not be Elizabethan, by Illyrian, with suggestions of the Moorish, as to the setting. As You Like It, on the other hand, will be distinctly English, scenically. The Taming of the Shrew will be pure Renaissance. Antony and Cleopatra will show a new Alexandria, the ancient city of commerce, the eastern mart, and Cleopatra will vary her Egyptian costumes with Greek and Roman. The work of Miss Anglin in connection with popularizing Shakespeare is as laudable as it is noteworthy. Canadians are justly proud of this talented actress.



SNAPPED AT STONY CREEK.

Members of the Women's Wentworth Historical Society, to Whom Was Due the Success of the Celebrations Recently. The Group Included: Mrs. John Calder, Mrs. J. S. Hendrie, Mrs. Crerar, Mrs. Thomas W. Watkins, Mrs. F. R. Waddell, Mrs. Bertie Smith, Miss Calder, Miss Barker, Miss E. G. Zealand, and Miss M. J. Nesbit.

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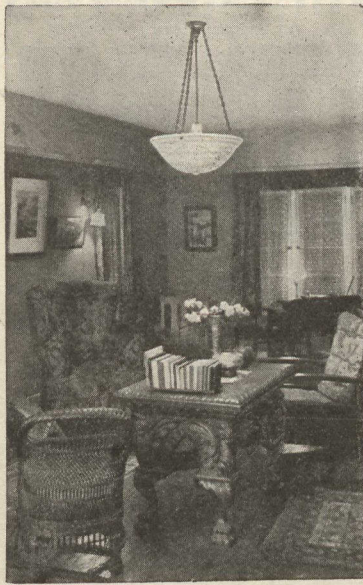
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The Education of Sally

(Continued from page 10.)



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in the seventh heaven of delight. Was not Sally at last a belle? As for the proposals—well, Sally was not the girl to count her scalps in public, but every once in so long a visiting youth dropped out and was seen no more at Glenellyn. One could guess what that meant.

Sally apparently enjoyed all this. I grieve to say that she was a bit of a coquette. I tried to cure her of this serious defect, but I found that for once I had undertaken something I could not accomplish. In vain I lectured; Sally only laughed; in vain I gravely rebuked; Sally only flirted more vivaciously than before. Men might come and men might go, but Sally went on forever. I endured this sort of thing for a year, and then I decided that it was time to interfere. I must find a husband for Sally—my fatherly duty would not be fulfilled until I had—nor, indeed, my duty to society. She was not a safe person to have running at large.

None of the men who haunted Glenellyn was good enough for her. I decided that my nephew, Frank, would do very well. He was a capital young fellow, handsome, clean-souled, whole-hearted. From a worldly point of view he was what Sara would have termed an excellent match; he had money, social standing, and a rising reputation as a clever young lawyer. Yes, he should have Sally.

They had never met. I set the wheels going at once. The sooner all the fuss was over the better. I hated fuss, and there was bound to be a good deal of it. But I went about the business like an accomplished match-maker. I invited Frank to visit Owlwood and before he came I talked much—but not too much—of him to Sally, mingling judicious praise and still more judicious blame together. Women never like a paragon. Sally heard me with more gravity than she usually accorded to my dissertations on young men. She even condescended to ask several questions about him. This I thought a good sign.

TO Frank I said not a word about Sally; when he came to Owlwood I took him to Glenellyn, and, coming upon Sally wandering about among the beeches in a ruby atmosphere of sunset, I introduced him without any warning.

He would have been more than mortal if he had not fallen in love with her upon the spot. It was not in the heart of man to resist her—that dainty, alluring bit of womanhood. She was all in white, with flowers in her hair, and for a moment I could have murdered Frank or any other man who dared to commit the sacrilege of falling in love with her.

Then I pulled myself together and left them alone. I might have gone in and talked to Sara—two old folks gently reviewing their youth while the young folks courted outside—but I did not. I prowled about the pine wood and tried to forget how blithe and handsome that curly-headed boy Frank was, and what a flash had sprung into his eyes when he had seen Sally. Well, what of it? Was not that what I had brought him there for? And was I not pleased at the success of my scheme? Certainly I was! Delighted!

Next day Frank went to Glenellyn off his own bat, not even making the poor pretence of asking me to accompany him. I spent the time of his absence overseeing the construction of a new greenhouse I was having built. I was conscientious in my supervision; but I felt no interest in it. The place was intended for roses, and roses made me think of the pale yellow ones Sally had worn at her breast one evening the week before, when, all lovers being for the time absent, we had walked together under the pines and talked as in the old days before her young womanhood and my grey hairs had risen up to divide us. She had dropped a rose on the brown floor and I had sneaked back after I had left her in the house to get it before I went home. I had it now in my pocket-book.

Frank's wooing seemed to prosper. The other young sparks who had haunted Glenellyn faded away after his advent. Sally treated him with the most encouraging sweetness. Sara smiled on him; I stood in the background, like a benevo-

lent god of the machine, and flattered myself that I pulled the strings.

At the end of a month something went wrong. Frank came home from Glenellyn one day in the dumps and moped for two whole days. I rode down myself on the third. I had not gone much to Glenellyn that month; but if there were trouble Sallyward it was my duty to make the rough places smooth.

As usual, I found Sally in the pine wood. I thought she looked rather pale and dull—fretting about Frank, no doubt. She brightened up when she saw me, evidently expecting that I had come to straighten matters out; but she pretended to be haughty and indifferent.

"I am glad you haven't forgotten us altogether, Stephen," she said coolly. "You haven't been down for a week."

"I'm flattered that you noticed it," I said, sitting down on a fallen tree and looking up at her as she stood, tall and lithe, against an old pine, with her eyes averted and the sunlight falling in a fine rain over her dark hair. "I shouldn't have supposed you'd want an old foggy like myself poking about and spoiling the idyllic moments of love's young dream."

"Why do you always speak of yourself as old?" said Sally crossly, ignoring my reference to Frank.

"Because I am old, my dear. Witness these grey hairs."

I pushed up my hat to show them the more recklessly.

Sally barely glanced at them. "You have just enough to give you a distinguished look," she said, "and you are only forty. A man is in his prime at forty. He never has any sense until he is forty—and sometimes he doesn't seem to have much then," she concluded impertinently.

My heart beat. Did Sally suspect? Was that last sentence meant to inform me that she was aware of my secret folly and laughed at it?

"I came over to see what has gone wrong between you and Frank," I said gravely.

Sally bit her lips. "Nothing," she said.

"Sally," I said reproachfully, "I brought you up—or endeavored to bring you up—to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Don't tell me I have failed. I'll give you another chance. Have you quarrelled with Frank?"

"No," said that maddening Sally, "he quarrelled with me. He went away in a temper and I do not care if he never comes back."

I shook my head. "This won't do, Sally. As your old family friend I still claim the right to scold you until you have a husband to do the scolding. You mustn't torment Frank. He is too fine a fellow. You must marry him, Sally."

"Must I?" said Sally, a dusky red flaming out on her cheek. She turned her eyes on me in a most disconcerting fashion. "Do you wish me to marry Frank, Stephen?"

Sally had a wretched habit of emphasizing pronouns in a fashion calculated to rattle anybody.

"Yes, I do wish it, because I think it will be best for you," I said, without looking at her. "You must marry sometime, Sally, and Frank is the only man I know to whom I could trust you. As your guardian I have an interest in seeing you well and wisely settled for life. You have always taken my advice and obeyed my wishes; and you have always found my ways the best in the long run, haven't you, Sally? You won't prove rebellious now, I am sure. You know quite well that I am advising you for your own good. Frank is a splendid young fellow who loves you with all his heart. Marry him, Sally. Mind, I don't command. I have no right to do that, and you are too old to be ordered about if I had. But I wish and advise. Isn't that enough, Sally?"

I had been looking away from her all the time I was talking, gazing determinedly down a sunlit vista of pines. Every word I said seemed to tear my heart and come from my lips stained with my lifeblood. Yes, Sally should marry Frank, but heavens, what would become of me?



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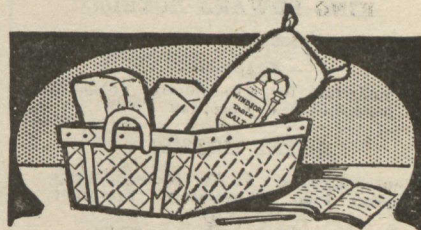
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Sally left her station under the pine tree and walked around me until she got in front of my face. I couldn't help looking at her, for if I moved my eyes she moved, too. There was nothing meek or submissive about her; her head was held high, her eyes were blazing, and her cheeks were crimson. But her words were meek enough.

"I will marry Frank if you wish it, Stephen," she said. "You are my friend. I have never crossed your wishes, and, as you say, I have never regretted being always guided by them. I will do exactly as you wish in this case also, I promise you that. But, in so solemn a question, I must be very certain what you do wish. There must be no doubt in my mind and heart. Look me squarely in the eyes, Stephen—as you haven't done once to-day, no, nor once since I came home from school—and, so looking, tell me that you wish me to marry Frank Douglas and I will do it. Do you, Stephen?"

I had to look her in the eyes since nothing else would do her; and as I did so all the might of manhood in me rose up in hot revolt against the lie I would have told her. That unflinching, impelling gaze of hers drew the truth from me in spite of myself.

"No, I don't wish you to marry Frank Douglas, a thousand times no," I said passionately. "I don't wish you to marry any man on earth but myself. I love you—I love you, Sally. You are dearer to me than life—dearer to me than my own happiness. It was your happiness I thought of—and so I asked you to marry Frank because I believed he would make you a happy woman. That is all."

Sally's defiance went from her like a flame blown out. She turned away and drooped her proud head.

"It could not have made me a happy woman, to marry one man, loving another," she said in a whisper.

I got up and went over to her. "Sally, whom do you love?" I asked, also in a whisper.

"You," she murmured meekly—oh, so meekly, my proud little girl.

"Sally," I said brokenly, "I'm—too old for you—I'm twenty years your senior—I'm—"

"Oh!" Sally wheeled around on me and stamped her foot. "Don't mention your age to me again. I don't care if you're as old as Methusaleh. But I am not going to coax you to marry me, sir. If you won't marry me I'll never marry anybody, that's all. You can please yourself, of course."

She turned away, half laughing, half crying; but I caught her in my arms and crushed her sweet lips against mine.

"Sally, I'm the happiest man in the world—and I was the most miserable when I came here."

"You deserved to be," said Sally cruelly. "I'm glad you were. Any man as stupid as you deserves to be unhappy. What do you think I felt like, loving you with all my heart and seeing you simply throwing me at another man's head? Why, I've always loved you, Stephen. But I didn't know it until I went to that detestable school. Then I found out—and I thought that was why you had sent me. But when I came home you almost broke my heart. That was why I flirted so with all those poor, nice boys—I wanted to hurt you, but I never thought I succeeded."

"It's the most wonderful thing that every happened, that you should love me," I said.

"It's not—I couldn't help it," said Sally, nestling her brown head on my shoulder. "You taught me everything, Stephen, so nobody else could teach me how to love. You've made a thorough thing of educating me."

"When will you marry me, Sally?"
"As soon as I can fully forgive you for trying to make me marry somebody else," said Sally.

It was rather hard lines on Frank, when you come to think of it. But such is the selfishness of human nature that we didn't think very much about Frank. The young fellow behaved like the Douglas he was. Went a little white about the lips when I told him, wished me all happiness, and went away quietly, "gentleman unafraid."

He has since married and is, I understand, very happy. Not as happy as I am, of course. That is impossible, because there is only one Sally in the world, and she is my wife.

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THE IMPOSTOR



BY
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CHAPTER XXIII.—(Continued.)

Payne called to a comrade outside, who was, as it happened, new to the force, and they spent at least ten minutes questioning the servants and going up and down the house. Then, as they glanced into the general room again, the trooper looked deprecatingly at his officer.

"I fancied I heard somebody riding by the bluff just before we reached the house," he said.

Payne wheeled round with a flash in his eyes. "Then you have lost us our man. Out with you, and tell Jackson to try the bluff for a trail."

They had gone in another moment, and Witham still sat at the foot of the table and Barrington at the head, while the rest of the company were scattered, some wonderingly silent, though others talked in whispers, about the room. As yet they felt only consternation and astonishment.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Courthorne Makes Reparation.

THE silence in the big room had grown oppressive when Barrington raised his head and sat stiffly upright.

"What has happened has been a blow to me, and I am afraid I am scarcely equal to entertaining you to-night," he said. "I should, however, like Dane and Macdonald, and one or two of the older men, to stay a while. There is still, I fancy, a good deal for us to do."

The others turned towards the door, but as they passed Witham Miss Barrington turned and touched his shoulder. The man, looking up suddenly, saw her and her niece standing close beside her. "Madam," he said hoarsely, though it was Maud Barrington he glanced at, "the comedy is over. Well, I promised you an explanation, and now you have it you will try not to think too bitterly of me. I cannot ask you to forgive me."

The little white-haired lady pointed to the ears of wheat which stood gleaming ruddy-bronze in front of him.

"That," she said, very quietly, "will make it easier."

Maud Barrington said nothing, but everyone in the room saw her standing a moment beside the man with a little flush in her face and no blame in her eyes. Then she passed on, but, short as it was, the pause had been very significant, for it seemed that whatever the elders of the community might decide, the two women, whose influence was supreme at Silverdale, had given the imposter absolution.

The girl could not analyse her feelings, but through them all a vague relief was uppermost; for whatever he had been, it was evident the man had done one wrong only, and daringly, and that was a good deal easier to forgive than several incidents in Courthorne's past would have been. Then she was conscious that Miss Barrington's eyes were upon her.

"Aunt," she said with a little tremor in her voice, "it is almost bewildering. Still one seemed to feel that what that man has done could never have been the work of Lance Courthorne."

Miss Barrington made no answer, but her face was very grave; and just then those nearest it drew back a little from the door. A trooper stood outside it, and his carbine glinting in the light, and another was silhouetted against the sky, sitting motionless in his saddle further back on the prairie.

"The police are still there," said somebody.

One by one they passed out under the trooper's gaze, but there was the

usual delay in harnessing and saddling, and the first vehicle had scarcely rolled away when again the beat of hoofs and thin jingle of steel came portentously out of the silence. Maud Barrington shivered a little as she heard it.

In the meanwhile, the few who remained had seated themselves about Colonel Barrington. When there was quietness again he glanced at Witham, who still sat at the foot of the table.

"Have you anything more to tell us?" he asked. "These gentlemen are here to advise me if necessary."

"Yes," said Witham quietly. "I shall probably leave Silverdale before morning, and have now to hand you a statement of my agreement with Courthorne and the result of my farming here, drawn up by a Winnipeg accountant. Here is also a document in which I have taken the liberty of making you and Dane my assigns. You will, as authorized by it, pay to Courthorne the sum due to him, and with your consent, which you have power to withhold, I purpose taking one thousand dollars only of the balance that remains to me. I have it here now, and in the meanwhile surrender it to you. Of the rest, you will make whatever use that appears desirable for the general benefit of Silverdale. Courthorne has absolutely no claim upon it."

He laid a wallet on the table, and Dane glanced at Colonel Barrington, who nodded when he returned it unopened.

"We will pass it without counting. You accept the charge, sir?" he said.

"Yes," said Barrington gravely. "It seems it is forced on me. Well, we will glance through the statement."

For at least ten minutes nobody spoke, and then Dane said, "There are prairie farmers who would consider what he is leaving behind him a competence."

"If this agreement, which was apparently verbal, is confirmed by Courthorne, the entire sum rightfully belongs to the man he made his tenant," said Barrington; and Macdonald smiled gravely as he glanced at Witham.

"I think we can accept the statement that it was made, without question, sir," he said.

Witham shook his head. "I claim one thousand dollars as the fee of my services, and they should be worth that much; but I will take no more."

"Are we not progressing a little too rapidly, sir?" said Dane. "It seems to me we have yet to decide whether it is necessary that the man who has done so much for us should leave Silverdale."

Witham smiled a trifle grimly. "I think," he said, "that question will very shortly be answered for you."

Macdonald held his hand up, and a rapid thud of hoofs came faintly through the silence.

"TROOPERS! They are coming here," he said.

"Yes," said Witham. "I fancy they will relieve you from any further difficulty."

Dane strode to one of the windows, and glanced at Colonel Barrington as he pulled back the catch. Witham, however, shook his head, and a little flush crept into Dane's bronzed face.

"Sorry. Of course, you are right," he said. "It will be better that they should acquit you."

No one moved for a few more minutes, and then with a trooper behind him Sergeant Stimson came in, and laid his hand on Witham's shoulder.

"I have a warrant for your apprehension, Farmer Witham," he said. "You

probably know the charge against you." "Yes," said Witham, simply. "I hope to refute it. I will come with you."

He went out, and Barrington stared at the men about him. "I did not catch the name before. That was the man who shot the police trooper in Alberta?"

"No, sir," said Dane very quietly. "Nothing would induce me to believe it of him."

Barrington looked at him in bewilderment. "But he must have done—unless," he said, and ended with a little gasp. "Good Lord! There was the faint resemblance, and they changed horses—it is horrible."

Dane's eyes were very compassionate as he laid his hand gently on his leader's shoulder.

"Sir," he said, "you have our sympathy, and I am sorry that to offer it is all we can do. Now, I think, we have stayed too long already."

They went out and left Colonel Barrington sitting alone with a grey face at the head of the table.

IT was a minute or two later when

Witham swung himself into the saddle at the door of the Grange. All the vehicles had not left as yet, and there was a little murmur of sympathy—when the troopers closed in about him. Still before they rode away, one of the men wheeled his horse aside, and Witham saw Maud Barrington standing bare-headed by his stirrup. The moonlight showed that her face was impassive but curiously pale.

"We could not let you go without a word; and you will come back to us with your innocence made clear," she said.

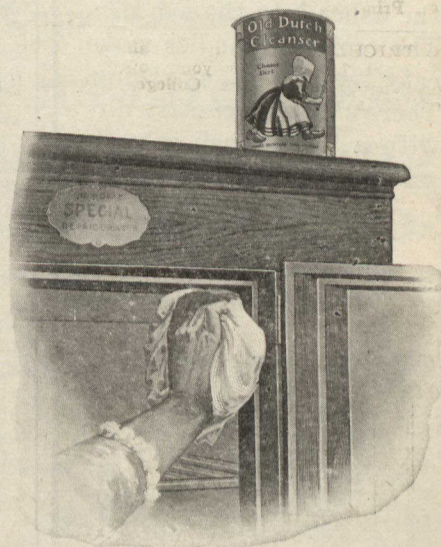
Her voice had a little ring in it that carried far, and her companions heard her. What Witham said, they could not hear, and he did not remember it, but he swung his hat off, and those who saw the girl at his stirrup recognized with confusion that she alone had proclaimed her faith, while they had stood aside from him. Then the Sergeant raised his hand and the troopers rode forward with their prisoner.

In the meanwhile, Courthorne was pressing south for the American frontier and daylight was just creeping across the prairie when the pursuers, who had found his trail and the ranch he obtained a fresh horse at, had sight of him. There were three of them, riding wearily, grimed with dust, when a lonely mounted figure showed for a moment on the crest of a rise. In another minute it dipped into a hollow, and Corporal Payne smiled grimly.

"I think we have him now. The creek can't be far away, and he's west of the bridge," he said. "While we try to head him off, you'll follow behind him Hilton."

One trooper sent the spurs in and, while the others swung off, rode straight on. Courthorne was at least a mile from them, but they were nearer the bridge, and Payne surmised that his jaded horse would fail him if he essayed to ford the creek and climb the farther side of the deep ravine it flowed through. They saw nothing of him when they swept across the rise, for here and there a grove of willows stretched out across the prairie from the sinuous band of trees in front of them. These marked the river hollow, and Payne knowing that the chase might be ended in a few more minutes did not spare the spur. He also remembered, as he tightened his grip on the bridle, the white face of Trooper Shannon flecked with the drifting snow.

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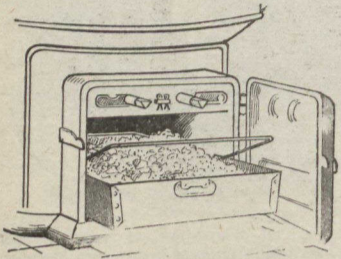
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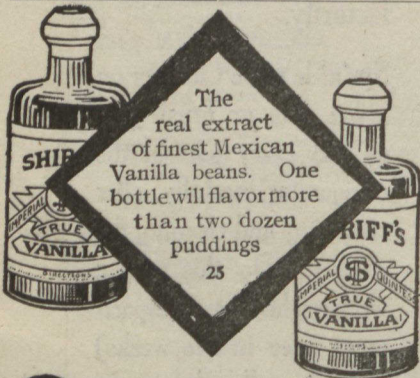


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The bluff that rose steadily higher came back to them, willow and straggling birch flashed by, and at last Payne drew bridle where a rutted trail wound down between the trees to the bridge in the hollow. A swift glance showed him that a mounted man could scarcely make his way between them and he smiled dryly as he signed to his companion.

"Back your horse clear of the trail," he said; and there was a rattle as he flung his carbine across the saddle. "With Hilton behind him, he'll ride straight into our hands."

He wheeled his horse in among the birches, and then sat still, with fingers that quivered a little on the carbine stock, until a faint drumming rose from the prairie.

"He's coming!" said the trooper. "Hilton's hanging on to him!"

Payne made no answer, and the sound that rang more loudly every moment through the greyness of the early daylight was not pleasant to hear. Man's vitality is near its lowest about that hour, and the troopers had ridden furiously the long night through, while one of them, who knew Lance Courthorne, surmised that there was grim work before him. Still, though he shivered as a little chilly wind shook the birch twigs, he set his lips, and once more remembered the comrade who had ridden far and kept many a lonely vigil with him.

Then a mounted man appeared in the space between the trees. His horse was jaded, and he rode loosely, swaying once or twice in his saddle; but he came straight on, and there was a jingle and rattle as the troopers swung out into the trail. The man saw them, for he glanced over his shoulder, as if at the rider who appeared behind, and then sent the spurs in again.

"Pull him up," cried Corporal Payne, and his voice was a little strained. "Stop right where you are before we fire on you!"

The man must have seen the carbines, for he raised himself a trifle, and Payne saw his face under the flapping hat. It was drawn and grey, but there was no sign of yielding or consternation in the half-closed eyes. Then he lurched in his saddle, as from exhaustion or weariness, and straightened himself again with both hands on the bridle. Payne saw his heels move and the spurs drip red, and slid his left hand further along the carbine stock. The trail was steep and narrow. A horseman could scarcely turn in it, and the stranger was coming on at a gallop.

"He will have it," said the trooper hoarsely. "If he rides one of us down he may get away."

"We have got to stop him," said Corporal Payne.

Once more the swaying man straightened himself, flung his head back, and with a little breathless laugh drove his horse furiously at Payne. He was very close now, and his face showed livid under the smearing dust; but his lips were drawn up in a little bitter smile as he rode straight upon the levelled carbines. Payne at least understood it, and the absence of flung-up hand or cry. Courthorne's inborn instincts were strong to the end.

There was a hoarse shout from the trooper, and no answer, and a carbine flashed. Then Courthorne loosed the bridle, reeled sideways from the saddle, rolled half round with one foot in the stirrup and his head upon the ground, and was left behind, while the riderless horse and pursuer swept past the two men who, avoiding them by a hairs-breadth, sat motionless a moment in the thin drifting smoke.

Then Corporal Payne swung himself down, and, while the trooper followed, stooped over the man who lay, a limp huddled object, in the trail. He blinked up at them out of eyes that were almost closed.

"I think you have done for me," he said.

Payne glanced at his comrade. "Push on to the settlement," he said. "They've a doctor there. Bring him and Harland the magistrate out."

The trooper seemed glad to mount and ride away, and Payne once more bent over the wounded man.

"Very sorry," he said. "Still, you see, you left me no other means of stopping you. Now, is there anything I can do for you?"



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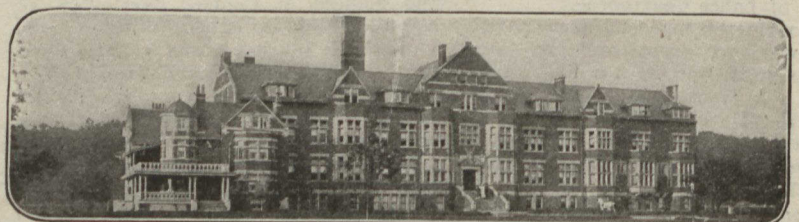
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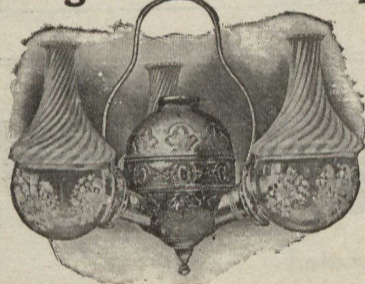
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A little wry smile crept into Courthorne's face. "Don't worry," he said. "I had no wish to wait for the jury, and you can't get at an injury that's inside me."

He said nothing more, and it seemed a very long while to Corporal Payne and Trooper Hilton, who rejoined him, before a waggon with two men in it beside the trooper came jolting up the trail. They got out, and one of them, who was busy with Courthorne for some minutes, nodded to Payne.

"Any time in the next twelve hours. He may last that long," he said. "Nobody's going to worry him now, but I'll see if I can revive him a little when we get to Adamson's. It can't be more than a league away."

They lifted Courthorne, who appeared insensible, into the waggon, and Payne signed to Trooper Hilton. "Take my horse and tell Colonel Barrington. Let him understand there's no time to lose. Then you can bring Stimson."

The tired lad hoisted himself into his saddle and groaned a little as he rode away, but he did his errand, and late that night Barrington and Dane drove up to a lonely homestead. A man led them into a room where a limp figure was lying on a bed.

"Been kind of sleeping most of the day, but the doctor has given him something that has wakened him," he said.

Barrington returned Payne's greeting and sat down with Dane close beside him, while, when the wounded man raised his head, the doctor spoke softly to the magistrate from the settlement a league or two away.

"I fancy he can walk to you, but you had better be quick if you wish to ask him anything," he said.

Courthorne seemed to have heard him, for he smiled a little as he glanced at Barrington. "I'm afraid it will hurt you to hear what I have to tell this gentleman," he said. "Now, I want you to listen carefully, and every word put down. Doctor, a little more brandy."

Barrington apparently would have spoken, but while the doctor held a glass to the bloodless lips the magistrate, who took up a strip of paper, signed to him.

"We'll have it in due form. Give him that book, doctor," he said. "Now repeat after me, and then we'll take your testimony."

It was done, and a flicker of irony showed in Courthorne's half-closed eyes. "You feel more sure of me after that?" he said, in a voice that was very faint and strained. "Still, you see, I could gain nothing by deviating from the truth now. Well, I shot Trooper Shannon. You'll have the date in the warrant. Don't know if it will seem strange to you, but I forget it. I borrowed Farmer Witham's horse and rifle without his knowledge, though I had paid him a trifle to personate me and draw the troopers off the whisky-runners. That was Witham's only complicity. The troopers, who fancied they were chasing him, followed me until his horse which I was riding went through the ice; but Witham was in Montana at the time, and did not know that I was alive until a very little while ago. Now, you can straighten that up and read it out to me."

The magistrate's pen scratched noisily in the stillness of the room, but before he had finished, Sergeant Stimson, hot and dusty, came in. Then he raised his hand, and for a while his voice rose and fell monotonously until Courthorne nodded.

"That's all right," he said. "I'll sign."

The doctor raised him a trifle, and moistened his lips with brandy as he gave him the pen. It scratched for a moment or two, and then fell from his relaxing fingers, while the man who took the paper wrote across the foot of it, and then would have handed it to Colonel Barrington, but that Dane quietly laid his hand upon it.

"No," he said. "If you want another witness, take me."

Barrington thanked him with a gesture; and Courthorne, looking round, saw Stimson.

"You have been very patient, Sergeant, and it's rough on you that the one man you can lay your hands upon is slipping away from you," he said. "You'll see by my deposition that Wit-

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ham thought me as dead as the rest of
you did."

Stimson nodded to the magistrate. "I
heard what was read, and it is con-
firmed by the facts I have picked up,"
he said.

Then Courthorne turned to Barrington.
"I sympathize with you, sir," he
said. "This must be horribly mortify-
ing; but, you see, Witham once stop-
ped my horse backing over a bridge into
a gully when just to hold his hand
would have rid him of me. You will
not grudge me the one good turn I have
probably done any man, when I shall
assuredly not have the chance of doing
another."

Barrington winced a little, for he re-
cognized the irony in the failing voice;
but he rose and moved towards the bed.

"Lance," he said, a trifle hoarsely, "it
is not that which makes what has hap-
pened horrible to me, and I am only
glad that you have righted this man.
Your father had many claims on me,
and things might have gone differently
if, when you came out to Canada, I had
done my duty by his son."

Courthorne smiled a little, but with-
out bitterness. "It would have made
no difference, sir; and, after all, I led
the life that suited me. By and by you
will be grateful to me. I sent you a
man who will bring prosperity to Silver-
dale."

Then he turned to Stimson, and his
voice sank almost beyond hearing as he
said, "Sergeant, remember Witham fan-
cied I was dead."

He moved his head a trifle, and the
doctor, stooping over him, signed to the
rest, who went out except Barrington.

It was some hours later, and very
cold, when Barrington came softly into
the room where Dane lay half-asleep
in a big chair. The latter glanced at
him with a question in his eyes, and the
Colonel nodded very gravely.

"Yes," he said. "He has slipped out
of the troopers' hands and beyond our
reproaches—but I think the last thing
he did will count for a little."

CHAPTER XXV.

Witham Rides Away.

THE first of the snow was driving
across the prairie before a bitter
wind when Maud Barrington stood by
a window of the Grange looking out
into the night. The double casements
rattled, the curtains behind her moved
with the icy draughts, until, growing
weary of watching the white flakes whirl
past, she drew them to and walked
slowly towards a mirror. Then a faint
tinge of pink crept into her cheeks,
and a softness that became her into her
eyes. They, however, grew critical as
she smoothed back a tress of lustrous
hair a trifle from her forehead, straight-
ened the laces at neck and wrist, and
shook into more flowing lines the long
black dress. Maud Barrington was not
unduly vain, but it was some time be-
fore she seemed contented, and one would
have surmised that she desired to ap-
pear her best that night.

The result was beyond cavil in its
artistic simplicity, for the girl, know-
ing the significance that trifles have
at times, had laid aside every adorn-
ment that might hint at wealth, and
the sombre draperies alone emphasized
the polished whiteness of her face and
neck. Still, and she did not know whether
she was pleased or otherwise at this,
the mirror had shown the stamp
which revealed itself even in passive
pose and poise of head. It was her
birthright, and would not be disguised.

Then she drew a low chair towards
the stove, and once more the faint colour
crept into her face as she took up a
note. It was laconic, and requested per-
mission to call at the Grange, but Maud
Barrington was not deceived, and recog-
nized the consideration each word had
cost the man who wrote it. Afterwards
she glanced at her watch, raised it with
a little gesture of impatience to make
sure it had not stopped, and sat still,
listening to the moaning of the wind,
until the door opened, and Miss Bar-
rington came in. She glanced at her
niece, who felt that her eyes had noticed
each detail of her somewhat unusual
dress, but said nothing until the younger
woman turned to her.

"They would scarcely come to-night,
aunt," she said.

Miss Barrington, listening a moment,
heard the wind that whirled the snow

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about the lonely building, but smiled incredulously.

"I fancy you are wrong, and I wish my brother were here," she said. "We could not refuse Mr. Witham permission to call, but whatever passes between us will have more than its individual significance. Anything we tacitly promise the others will agree to, and I feel the responsibility of deciding for Silverdale."

Miss Barrington went out; but her niece, who understood her smile and that she had received a warning, sat still with a strained expression in her eyes. The prosperity of Silverdale had been dear to her, but she knew she must let something that was dearer still slip away from her, or, since they must come from her, trample on her pride as she made the first advances. It seemed a very long while before there was a knocking at the outer door, and she rose with a little quiver when light steps came up the stairway.

In the meanwhile, two men stood beside the stove in the hall until an English maid returned to them.

"Colonel Barrington is away, but Miss Barrington and Miss Maud are at home," she said. "Will you go forward into the morning-room when you have taken off your furs?"

"Did you know Barrington was not here?" asked Witham, when the maid moved away.

Dane appeared embarrassed. "The fact is, I did."

"Then," said Witham dryly, "I am a little astonished you did not think fit to tell me."

Dane's face flushed, but he laid his hand on his comrade's arm. "No," he said. "I didn't. Now, listen to me for the last time, Witham. I've not been blind, you see; and, as I told you, your comrades have decided that they wish you to stay. Can't you sink your confounded pride and take what is offered you?"

Witham shook his grasp off, and there was weariness in his face. "You need not go through it all again. I made my decision a long while ago."

"Well," said Dane, with a gesture of hopelessness, "I've done all I could and, since you are going on, I'll look at that trace clip while you tell Miss Barrington. I mean the younger one."

"The harness can wait," said Witham. "You are coming with me."

A little grim smile crept into Dane's eyes. "I am not. I wouldn't raise a finger to help you now," he said, and retreated hastily.

It was five minutes later when he walked quietly into Maud Barrington's presence, and sat down when the girl signed to him. He wondered if she guessed how his heart was beating.

"It is very good of you to receive me, but I felt I could not slip away without acknowledging the kindness you and Miss Barrington have shown me," he said. "I did not know Colonel Barrington was away."

The girl smiled a little. "Or you would not have come? Then we should have had no opportunity of congratulating you on your triumphant acquittal. You see it must be mentioned."

"I'm afraid there was a miscarriage of justice," said Witham quietly. "Still, though it is a difficult subject, the deposition of the man I supplanted went a long way, and the police did not seem desirous of pressing a charge against me. Perhaps I should have insisted on implicating myself, but you would scarcely have looked for that after what you now know of me."

Maud Barrington braced herself for an effort, though she was outwardly very calm. "No," she said, "no one would have looked for it from any man placed as you were, and you are purposing to do more than is required of you. Why will you go away?"

"I am a poor man," said Witham. "One must have means to live at Silverdale."

"Then," said the girl with a soft laugh which cost her a good deal, "it is because you prefer poverty, and you have at least one opportunity at Silverdale. Courthorne's land was mine to all intents and purposes before it was his, and now it reverts to me. I owe him nothing, and he did not give it me. Will you stay and farm it on whatever arrangement Dane and Macdonald may

consider equitable? My uncle's hands are too full for him to attempt it."

"No," said Witham, and his voice trembled a little. "Your friends would resent it."

"Then," said the girl, "why have they urged you to stay?"

"A generous impulse. They would repent of it by and by. I am not one of them, and they know it now, as I did at the beginning. No doubt they would be courteous, but you see a half-contemptuous toleration would gall me."

There was a little smile on Maud Barrington's lips, but it was not in keeping with the tinge in her cheek and the flash in her eyes.

"I once told you that you were poor at subterfuge, and you know you are wronging them," she said. "You also know that even if they were hostile to you, you could stay and compel them to acknowledge you. I fancy you once admitted as much to me. What has become of this pride of the democracy you showed me?"

Witham made a deprecatory gesture. "You must have laughed at me. I had not been long at Silverdale then," he said dryly. "I should feel very lonely now. One man against long generations. Wouldn't it be a trifle unequal?"

Maud Barrington smiled again. "I did not laugh, and this is not England, though what you consider prejudices do not count for so much as they used to there, while there is, one is told quite frequently, no limit to what a man may attain to here, if he dares sufficiently."

A little quiver ran through Witham, and he rose and stood looking down on her, with one brown hand clenched on the table and the veins showing on his forehead.

"You would have me stay?" he said.

Maud Barrington met his eyes, for the spirit that was in her was the equal of his. "I would have you be yourself—what you were when you came here in defiance of Colonel Barrington, and again when you sowed the last acre of Courthorne's land, while my friends, who are yours too, looked on wondering. Then you would stay—if it pleased you. Where has your splendid audacity gone?"

Witham slowly straightened himself and the girl noticed the damp the struggle had brought there on his forehead, for he understood that if he would stretch out his hand and take it what he longed for might be his.

"I do not know, any more than I know where it came from, for until I met Courthorne I had never made a big venture in my life," he said. "It seems it has served its turn and left me—for now there are things I am afraid to do."

"So you will go away and forget us?" Witham stood very still a moment, and the girl, who felt her heart beating noticed that his face was drawn. Still, she could go no further. Then he said very slowly, "I should be under the shadow always if I stay, and my friends would feel it even more deeply than I would do. I may win the right to come back again if I go away."

Maud Barrington made no answer, but both knew no further word could be spoken on that subject until, if fate ever willed it, the man returned again, and it was a relief when Miss Barrington came in with Dane. He glanced at his comrade keenly, and then, seeing the grimness in his face, quietly declined the white-haired lady's offer of hospitality. Five minutes later the farewells were said and Maud Barrington stood with the stinging flakes whirling about her in the doorway, while the sleigh slid out into the filmy whiteness that drove across the prairie. When it vanished she turned back into the warmth and brightness with a little shiver and one hand tightly closed.

The great room seemed very lonely when, while the wind moaned outside, she and her aunt sat down to dinner. Neither of them appeared communicative, and both felt it a relief when the meal was over. Then Maud Barrington smiled curiously as she rose and stood with hands stretched out towards the stove.

"Aunt," she said, "Twoinette has twice asked me to go back to Montreal, and I think I will. The prairie is very dreary in the winter."

(To be continued.)

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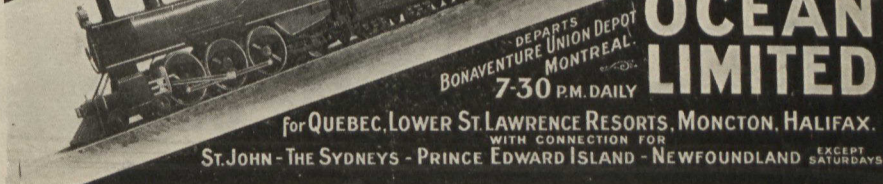
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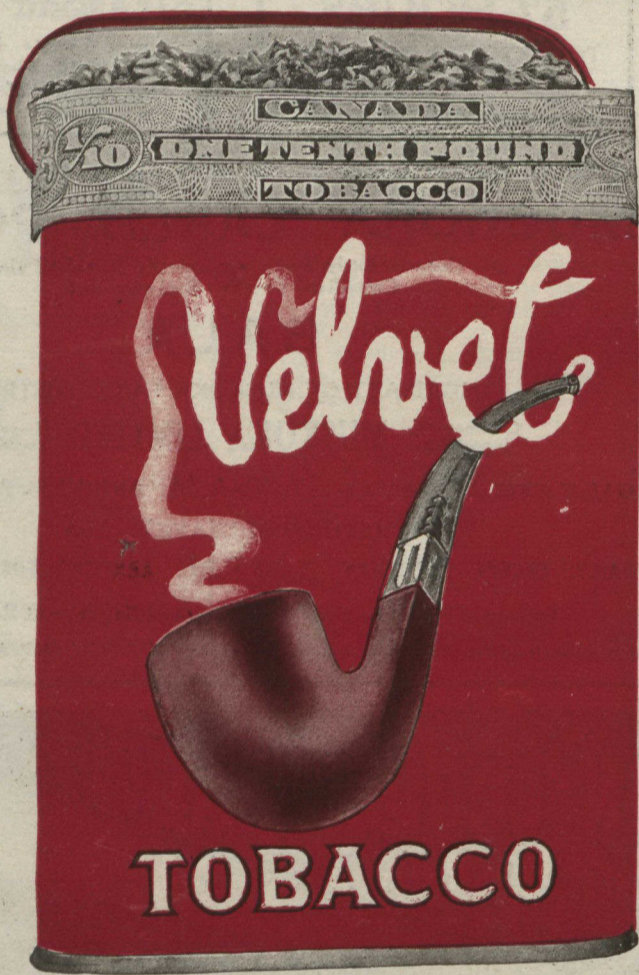
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