

The Canadian
COURIER

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

When Justice Peeks

By BRITTON B. COOKE

The Mouth of the Gift Horse

STORY BY JOHN A. HOLDEN

A New Panorama of Travel

By W. L. ARCHER

Mainly About Men

Illustrated Talks on Popular People

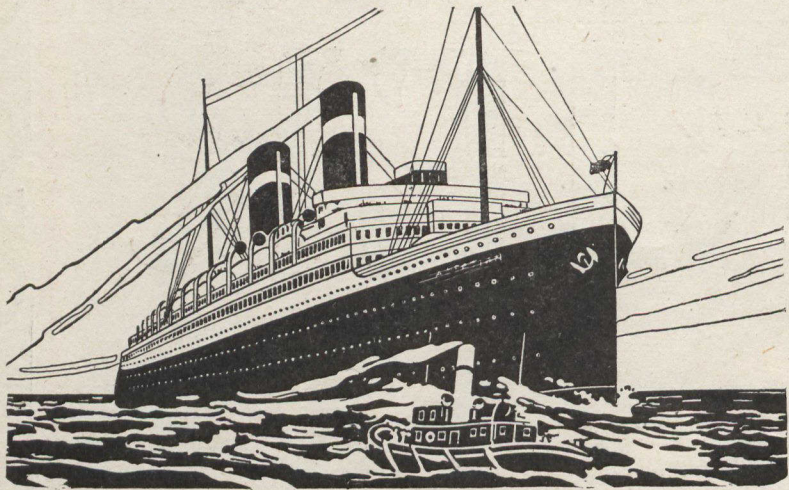
The Battle of Burrard Inlet

By MABEL DURHAM

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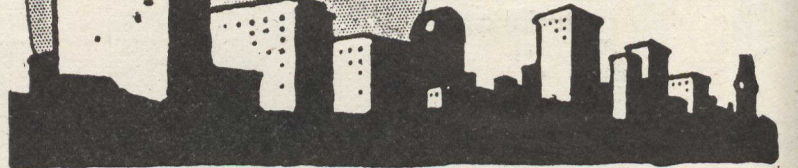
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO

NO. 10

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Editor's Talk

OUR annual Home Products Number will be issued on August 22nd. It will be radically different from any of its predecessors. We believe that in the making of great industries the native genius of a people is ultimately of as great if not greater concern than the possession of raw materials and industrial power. This special number will be the most complete illustrated representation ever sent to press of the men who have built up the industries of Canada.

Just at present there is a slight lull in our manufacturing activities from causes by no means peculiar to this country. Yet there has been no wholesale reduction in factory staffs, factories have not closed down, some are as busy as ever, some working on slightly reduced payrolls, and many without night shifts, which for some years so tremendously increased the output of our factories to keep up with an enormously increasing home market. So far as we have been able to gauge the sentiment of manufacturers, and so far as this special issue of the "Canadian Courier" is concerned, there is every prospect that without fresh world-wide disturbances affecting capital and industry there will be a gradual return to normal conditions.

The more than a billion dollars of investment in Canadian factories is fundamentally safe and sound. The \$1,200,000,000 of annual output from those factories is not seriously endangered. In 1914, after an unparalleled period of expansion, which might have become one of reckless investment, we are reaping the sane results of a wise protective policy enacted in 1878 and since respected by every government that came into power.



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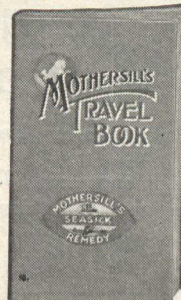
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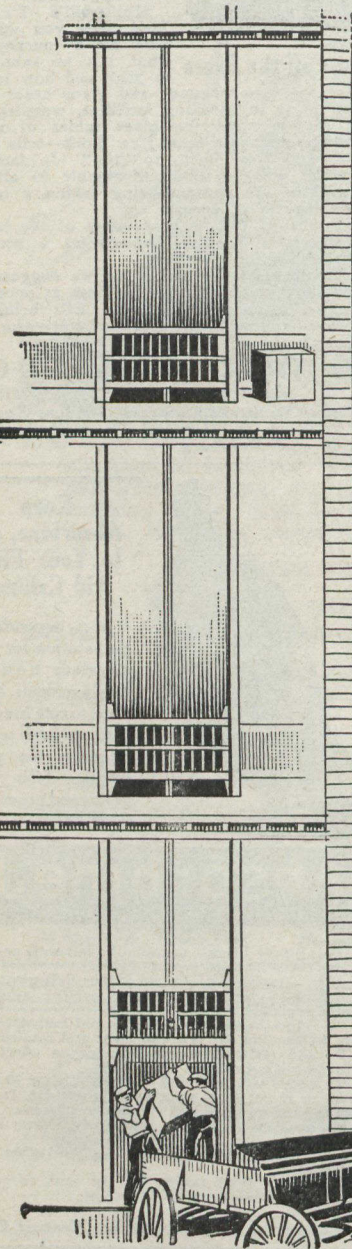
Just stop a moment and consider what this means!

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In Lighter Vein

Try This.—Sponger (meeting acquaintance)—"Do you know, old man, I really believe I'm losing my nerve? I'm getting so I hate to ask any one for a loan. As soon as I saw you I began to tremble."—Boston Times.

The Reason Why.—"Tell me about your aunt, old Mrs. Blank. She must be rather feeble now," said the man who had returned after a long absence. "We buried her last year," said the other. "Buried her? Dear me! Is the old lady dead?" "Yes; that's why we buried her," was the response.—New York Post.

Song of a Suffragette.

For work in the home, it is plain degradation;
But work in the office is work for the nation.
"The creche for the babies, and canned food your ration,
Will do," says the suffragette girl.
—The Argonaut.

Needed Advice.—"He's a self-made man."
"I know. He surely made a mistake in not consulting an expert."—Detroit Free Press.

The Original Handy Man.—A colonel wanted a man-servant, so he inserted an advertisement in the local weekly. One of the applicants who answered was an Irishman.

"What I want," explained the colonel, "is a useful man—one who can cook, drive a motor, look after a pair of horses, clean boots and windows, feed poultry, milk the cow, and do a little painting and paperhanging."

"Excuse me, sor," said Murphy, "but what kind of soil have ye here?"

"Soil?" snapped the colonel. "What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, I thought if it was clay I might make bricks in me spare time."—Everybody's.

The Season for Oats.—A long wisp of artificial grain that served as a stick-up on the sweet girl's hat was placed horizontally, so that it tickled up and down the face of the man who sat next to her in the street car, until it came to a resting place with the end nestling in his right ear. After the car had travelled a few blocks the man was seen to remove from his pocket a large jackknife, which he proceeded to strop on the palm of a horny hand. Excitedly the girl inquired: "Why are you doing that?" "If them oats gits in my ear again," the man ejaculated, "there's gonna be a harvest."—The Argonaut.

And Next?

When grandma toured in foreign parts,
Her letters were an education—
Twelve pages of impressions, sights,
Heights, distances, and population.

Mother, doing Europe,
In four pages told
Whom she met and where the best
Gowns and hats were sold.

Maud, abroad,
Gets all she's able
Upon two post-cards
And one cable. —Life.

Satisfied.—Hair Dresser—"Your hair's very thin on the top, sir." Customer—"Ah, I'm glad of that; I hate fat hair."—Tatler.

The Natural Deduction.—One day two farm labourers were discussing the wisdom of the present generation. Said one: "We be wiser than our fathers was, and they were wiser than their fathers was." The second one, after pondering awhile and gazing at his companion, replied: "Well, Garge, what a fule thy grand-father must 'a' been!"—The Argonaut.

What's in a Name.—She was a young missionary in China, not yet quite proficient in the language of the country, and was giving a little dinner to some friends. During the course of the meal she asked the servant to bring in some fruit—at least she thought she did.

He objected; she insisted; he refused; she grew angry. At last he left the room. Presently he returned, carrying a large platter, which he placed before her with an air of supreme contempt. On it, carefully arranged, were her husband's every-day trousers!—The Weekly Scotsman.

Canadian National Exhibition

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Boy Scouts' Review
Canada's Biggest Dog Show

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The CANADIAN COURIER

The National Weekly



Vol. XVI.

August 8, 1914

No. 10

A NEW PANORAMA OF TRAVEL

Describing the Route From La Tuque, Que., to Cochrane, Ont., Over the National Transcontinental

By W. L. ARCHER

OUR second era of great railway construction is coming to a close. The President of the C. P. R. announces that huge extensions to that system are for the present not on the programme. The Canadian Northern has entered upon its last purely transcontinental stage. The Grand Trunk Pacific between Winnipeg and Prince Rupert was linked up a few months ago. Our National Transcontinental between Winnipeg and Moncton will be completed this year. The Quebec Bridge across the St. Lawrence will be finished soon after. The year 1915 will see twentieth century Canada into her second era of development when the railways already built will become a vast network of traffic, the freight train in place of the gravel train and the steam shovel, the palace Pullman in place of the tar-paper shack, the hand-car and the gangs of navvies. Most of our far-flung army of pick-and-shovellers will be absorbed by farms, factories and civic corporations. The subjoined article is the story of a trip from La Tuque, in northern Quebec, to Cochrane, the junctional point of the national road with the provincial road, the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario.

KANATAWAGATUKE—the lake of the rippling waters—is at this moment in my sight. Over to the left is the black clearing—a mere brule—which will be the more prosaic Doucet, the third divisional point on the National Transcontinental Railway from Quebec, 350 miles away. The early part of the journey brought us through the wonderful rock cuts and great fills that have been devised to make possible this bold alignment across the Laurentian granite, the one-time bed, perhaps, of a mighty sea. And they are worth seeing, these wildernesses of Northern Quebec. Up the St. Maurice Valley, across, time and again, an undulating Ribbon River, across Gatineau and head waters, this big construction train even, is a simple matter. Water power after water power—in its

last days of unharnessed freedom—thousands of acres of pulpwood, with a percentage of commercial timber; these for the practical man; for the poet, lakes and rivers, all enclosed in rolling Laurentians, their white birch gleaming in the sun, miles of these.

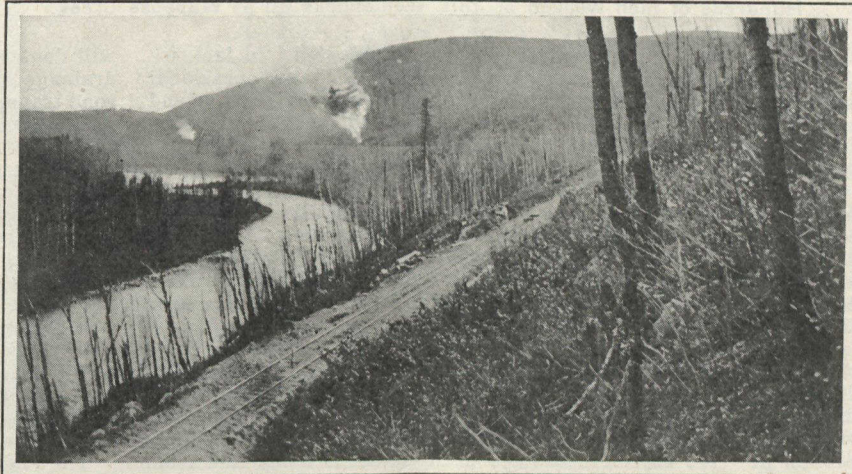
From Parent, the newest town, one can go by canoe to Ottawa in four days by the Gatineau. But the magnetic North draws our minds in the other direction to La Loutre. Far, far up the St. Maurice, near the Obijnan post of the H. B. Co., at La Loutre Rapids, the Quebec Government will presently construct an enormous storage dam—a quarter of a mile long and its estimated cost a million and a quarter dollars—to regulate the flow at La Tuque, Grand Mere and Shawinigan, where the great electrical and paper companies are weakened by the discrepancy between high-water maximum and dry season minimum.

AT Parent the stationary railroad equipment included twelve miles of track in the yards, a twelve-stall roundhouse, a steel tank, and the fine divisional station (Standard Design D) will soon be finished. On the hill is the H. B. Co.'s new store, a splendid retail outfit. A few years and the present population of saw mill employees will be augmented by a large staff of railroad workers.

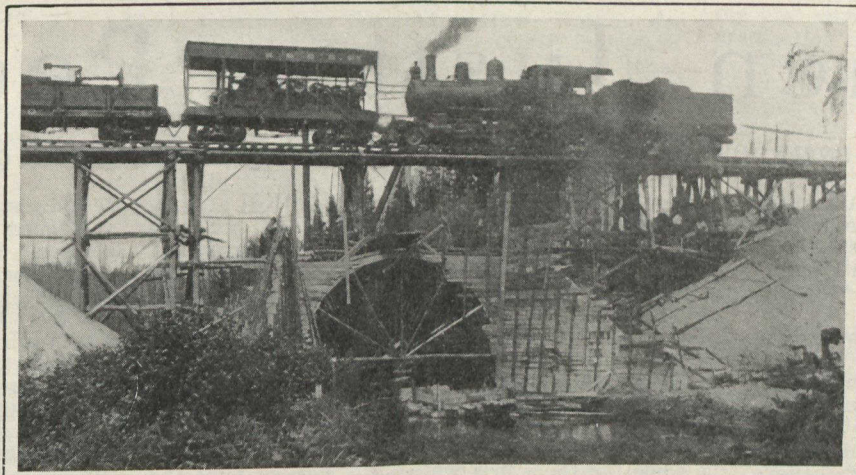
From Parent we strike boldly westward. For ordinary people a bi-weekly train service is provided, packed always with contractors, engineers and their employees. Not this for us. To sum it all, I travelled hence by hand-speeder, track motor car, locomotive, and canoe, also—perhaps more ignominiously—by hand-car and on foot.

After all, that is the way to see the country. No prairie here to hasten over. This is not, and never will be, agricultural land. Doubtless, settlers will come and will scratch where they can, but farming I must find nearer Abitibi. The wealth of this land is its

acres of jackpine, spruce and birch. We are here some twelve hundred feet above sea level. The policy of the Transcontinental Railway, rigidly enforced, of a maximum four-tenths per cent.



A River and a Ribbon of Steel through Thousands of Acres of Pulpwood.



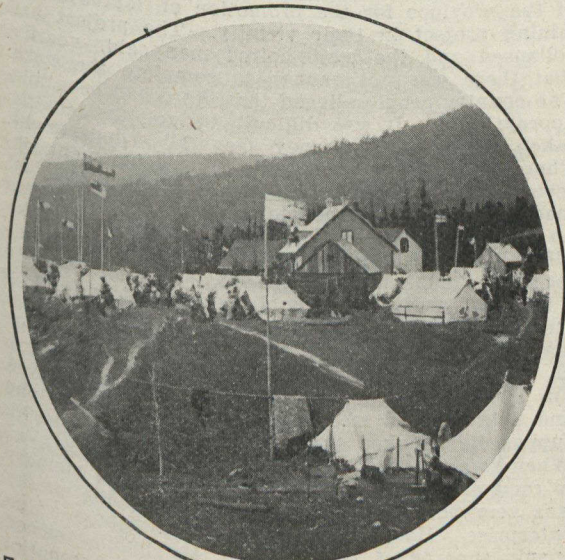
Ploughing off Ballast on the Temporary Trestle over a 14-Foot Culvert.



A Final Onslaught on the Ancient Granite.



A young Bear ready to grow up with the stock market



Furpost and Indian Camp at Weymontachingue, P.Q.

grade, eastward bound, compelled our location parties to seek easy ways across the watersheds, and it is hard to believe we are on the height of land from which waters flow to Hudson's Bay. At the Pitch-pine and Marten Rivers we see the last of the southward bound streams, though curiously enough Lake Oscalaneo (Seagull Lake) empties away to the north into St. Maurice waters. Long, narrow lakes abound, spring fed and conveniently paralleling the line. The hills are growing less rugged; more muskeg, more placid streams. Railroading is easier here—the tangents are surely twice the average length of those along the St. Maurice, and only the contractors can regret the absence of the deep rock cuttings.

ALL is life about here just now. Ballast pits with those would-be human steam shovels, filling the hollow places, and adjusting the track to grade, keep the work trains and the hundreds of foreign labourers busy. Another few months and the host will have passed on. Other inhabitants than these transients there are few, and these few trace, in a more or less mixed strain, their ancestry to those who once ruled the forest. So far there are no settlers. Presently they will appear and transform these log cabins and tar-paper shacks into primitive farm-houses. For their convenience, station buildings are under construction, and the present resident engineers will have their names displayed for generations on the signboards of these cases. But imagine Kamiskamak becoming McCarthy! I suppose it will save much worry to the clerical staff of the Grand Trunk Pacific, but one hates to see the passing away of an indigenous nomenclature. But on to the ever-advancing "End of steel"! Long lines of boarding cars on temporary sidings welcome us. All during this construction these same cars have been the pioneers and their day is nearly done. A cook from Naples, a Florentine cookee, serve our supper along with the "steel gang," and we hasten on (via that wearying hand-car) towards the setting sun. Four miles more, and we find the last rays sparkling on the newest rails, and the outlook is a long, sandy stretch, broken at last by the low hills. Beyond that we know another crew have just stopped laying steel eastward. Still

four miles, on foot now, to Doucet, where everyone is waiting for the invaders.

I leave it for the last time in its sylvan peace and take up my pack for the march toward Cochrane.

This stage begins with a delightful disappointment; a six-mile canoe trip is better than walking

and deep and is a valuable tributary to the Bell, which it joins.

My ears prick up at the hoot of a locomotive in the distance. Further advance shows that the last cutting is being completed, and it is only a mile to another.

The rest of the story is soon told, for Jim Cassidy was an old friend, and his gasoline car was just starting. Seventy miles that afternoon. The second Megiskan and Bell River flash by. Still there is muskeg in abundance, but I gradually realize that it is a transitional strip and prospects improve. At last we reach the place whose name has aroused my curiosity, Peter Brown. Peter, it seems, was a primitive settler of wide renown.

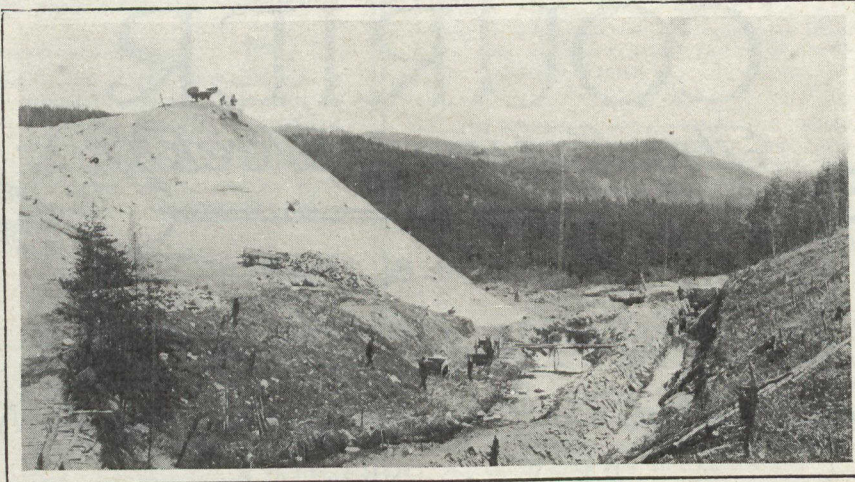
THIS is one hundred and fifty miles from Cochrane. At present I can hardly recommend the construction train service, for it takes from daylight to dark. There is more hope for farmers both east and west of the Provincial Boundary. Robinson Lake, or O'Brien, where progress is being made on divisional yards, is a centre for a real agricultural district, to be. The land is covered with light timber, an asset to the incoming homesteader. Both Quebec and Ontario Governments

will doubtless assist him with colonization roads and drainage ditches, and the excellent facilities for railroad transportation will make this location attractive. The advantage over the prairie is that the colonist can busy himself all the winter with turning his wooded lands to material advantage, which is not the case on the prairie.

The Harricanaw crossing brings us some prospectors from north and south. Each has his own tale of joy or woe, but the former is retailed only into individual ears. It is most probable that there are great mineral deposits to be unearthed; who can foretell? Another Cobalt? A second Yukon? Why not?

We pass just to the north of glorious Lake Abitibi and rapidly now to Cochrane—the town of abundant faith, courage, and hope. Cochrane deserves the realization of its ambition.

The end of this story involves the tale of a tenderloin steak in the good King George at Cochrane. It was opportune.



Hundreds of men worked on this tremendous fill at Waboose Creek.

and the Atik River is perfectly adapted. In fact, we could have gone much farther with an occasional portage, but at Canyon creek I left my good friend the engineer, and gave the grade more detailed inspection. First, I found fine sand; then came the muskeg. This is the beginning. I thought I had seen muskeg before, but I had not. They say that if it's on a clay subsoil it is good tillage. That is not the essential point. If, as in some of this country, there are not enough valleys along with artificial ditches, to give drainage—it will remain muskeg, with the suction of a devil fish. My trousers bear the marks of its reeking tentacles.

At last to the Megiskan. The Megiskan flows south at the eastern crossing and then turns north, and we bridge it again before it breaks away for the Bell River and James Bay. The eastern crossing marks the division between Districts B and C; it is the objective towards which steel is being laid from either end. A canoe brought me over and there was just a glimpse of fine rapid. The Megiskan is broad

When Justice Peeks

Off-Hand Observations of More Than Ordinary Interest to the Average Man

By BRITTON B. COOKE

THIS is not an accusation; it is a suggestion. I say: "How much does Pull have to do with the affairs of, for example, your local police court? With all the courts in which criminal cases are tried?" You may reply at once: "Nothing whatever!"

Very well, then. I could not prove you wrong unless you happened to make the denial on the part of the few particular cities I happen to know best, in this regard. There, Pull counts for much more than one might suppose. I will not say that, in itself, this Pull is altogether wrong, but it is mischievous and, what is more, I am loath to believe that the examples which have come to my attention are the only examples to be found, or that the cities in which they happened are alone in their weakness. You, in repudiating the suggestion, may be allowing your civic loyalty to quench your natural thirst for Truth, which is to some extent quite proper. For there may be times when loyalty is better than destructive truth; and you may be an excellent judge in such matters. But whether you admit or deny the possibility which I have intimated, it would be no less discreet for good citizens generally to keep an eye on the Pull and wire-pullers, particularly in the matter of Justice. Does Justice, in your city, peek, as it were, from under the bandage which you suppose covers her eyes? Can she, by her olfactory or other nerves, detect the presence of a friend in the dock or on the list of those who should be in charge of the police? Or does the Crown Attorney whisper to her when a friend of his, or a friend of a friend of his blunders into an unwilling policeman's arms.

This article does not refer to bribery. It is unthinkable and I think has never so much as been whispered against a Canadian court officer. Bribery has nothing to do with the situations to which I refer. But Justice may be cheated before the offender is actually brought to trial. There are many loop-holes between the issuing of a warrant and the prisoners' dock, and these avenues of escape open to certain influences: influence through lodge, through club, through outside political associations, through personal relationship. And this Pull is only a few steps from the pull which is based upon the exchange of money, and which, when we read of it in the United States, we call Bribery.

In a fashionable house in a residential district in

an eastern Canadian city, was a "poker joint." Across the road was the house of a man who had occasionally played a game in that house. It had seemed for a long time to be immune from the attentions of the police. On this certain day the local Crown Attorney, passing the doctor's house, dropped in for a visit, and as they looked out a front window together, admiring the day, the Crown Attorney chuckled:

"See that house over there?" he laughed. "There'll be some fun there in a while. It's a poker joint and we're going to raid it at eight o'clock."

"At eight!" exclaimed the other. Then, in another tone of voice, "I guess you don't know who's in there, Charlie?"

"No," replied the Crown Attorney, startled. "No. Who?"

"Why Jimmy —. He's been playing poker there for two days. You'll get him for sure."

"Phew!" exclaimed the Crown Attorney. "Where's the 'phone?"

The doctor led the way.

"Main 999!" ordered the lawyer. "Hello! Police switchboard? That you Jerry? Give me No. seven." (The police division in which the poker house was situated.) "Hello Seven. Sergeant, get me Inspector Perkins. That you, Inspector? This is Worrel. About that little visit we were going to make to-night . . . Yes . . . Well, listen: I don't really think we had better make it a clean-up—at least, not this time. Take your men in plain clothes and give them a scare. Tell them to shut up or we'll clean them out. But since we haven't given them any sort of warning before, don't gather anybody in. Just put the fear of the Lord into 'em; that's enough."

THE Inspector, who liked the Crown Attorney because he had helped him get his promotion, laughed. There was no raid. Both the lawyer and the doctor breathed a sigh of relief to think how narrowly they had averted trouble for Jimmy —, one of the "best scouts" in their acquaintance.

All things considered, there was nothing very wrong with what the Crown Attorney did. Most whole-hearted and red-blooded people will say that

he did just about what he ought to have done—what any "good head" would have done under the circumstances. The interests of the community at large were apparently served as well by warning the gamblers as by dragging them off in a dirty waggon to a dirty jail, and having them fined in the morning. Yet in principle was it safe?

FOR instance, the Inspector knew, just as well as the Crown Attorney, that the public prosecutor was sheltering a friend. Being a man with a sense of humour and a capacity for good fellowship himself, he admired the Crown Attorney all the more for it. But subconsciously he lost a little of his respect for the theory of the Law, and the next time that he, in the course of his duty, encountered a friend he thought less of letting him go. Even that was not dangerous.

But in that same city a white-haired man was called upon to account, one day, for monies which he had obtained from municipalities in another part of the province for the promotion of, let us say, a mining project in their vicinity. The project had collapsed and the white-haired man said, wearily, that there was not enough to complete the work. The country people alleged that there had been misappropriation. It was difficult to get the matter taken up by the Attorney General's department. There was not any evidence, the department objected. The man was undoubtedly crooked and had made away with the people's money, but there was no use taking any action, for it was one of those difficult cases where you could prove nothing. Better let it lie, thought the department.

But the pressure of public opinion grew very strong and the Attorney General saw that departmental objections were useless. He arranged for an investigation by a committee of the Legislature. For some reason or another the committee delayed and delayed, and when finally it was ready, the supposedly crooked promoter was found to be ill. When he recovered he had to go to Hot Springs, Va., to recuperate, and when he came back, his memory was very poor, respecting the affairs of his mining enterprise. He had lost some of his papers. Men openly sneered at his evasions; the public seemed satisfied that the man was guilty. Finally, essential papers were missing and the whole case was on the

verge of collapse, when by accident they were found. The committee brought a report condemning the man for fraud. Days passed and finally a warrant was issued for his arrest. The man was now supposed to be resting in a nearby health resort. A provincial detective went after him only to find him gone. Feeble mention of a reward was made. Circulars were ultimately sent to other police bodies in America, but that was all. The man escaped. Months later, by an unfortunate fluke, he was seen in an American city by a citizen of his native place, and the police were forced to make another search. This time they found him, brought the man home, committed him for trial, allowed him out on bail and allowed the case to drag on and on, from postponement to postponement, until the man died. The authorities seemed to breathe a sigh of relief when he died.

The curious thing is that this man had scarcely a friend among the powers that be, and although the newspapers, too, seemed in the conspiracy to let him go, he was not related in any way to that fraternity. The mystery of his case was simply ex-

carry that sense of obligation to strange extremes just to "oblige" someone. The great ambition of this type of man is to be considered "a good scout." A "good scout" apparently means a man who never tells, who abhors meanness, or anything that is not straightforward, but who, when another "good scout" departs from the paths of righteousness, prefers to turn his back and forget the man's existence, hoping in the meantime he will have sense enough to get out of town and not force the police to arrest him.

This streak of generosity, and this attitude of, "Oh well, what's the use of hounding the poor devil after he's made a mistake?—consider his poor wife," is in many respects admirable. There is something big, and broad and generous about it, when you look at it all by itself. But it, like many other good things, collapses when viewed in proper perspective. Not long ago a very clever man who had worked himself up in the financial world by sheer ability, was sent to penitentiary because the loan and building concern which he had created collapsed and it was shown that he had kept certain facts from the government inspectors. Of course it was a crime and of course he deserved the punishment he was given. But it was curious to note that because this man was not of the same "set" as that in which court officials and their friends moved no effort was made to protect him. Later, when a club man—and a member

of a certain political party—did precisely the same thing, with the books of another concern, every possible means was taken to screen him, and though he had to stand trial and was found guilty, he received a very much lighter sentence than the other.

The offenders who thus are sheltered or who are allowed to escape are chiefly financial men, men who have gathered in the savings of less gifted people and have squandered them on themselves or on foolish enterprises. The class of criminal whose sin against society is much less far-reaching in its effect, gets short shift. There is no pull working on his behalf. If he offered money to a police officer, he would be tarred and feathered. Money to a Canadian policeman, attorney or judge? Never. But let the "quid pro quo" be, in place of a coin, friendship with old Tom So-and-so, or let him have some political party in his debt for campaign funds, or services rendered in the past, and there is hope for him. Pull is a great thing, sometimes a good thing, but always a dangerous thing, and when it affects the operation of the legal machinery in our communities it is especially mischievous, for it breaks down the respect in which the law is held, and when the present generation of "good scouts" is dead, and a bigger city and newer population arrives, worse forms of corruption might just possibly creep in.

Home Rule and Federalism

By SCRUTATOR

SIR EDWARD GREY'S suggestion, some months ago, that the way to peace, as between Home Rulers and their opponents, might be found in the establishment of a federal system for the United Kingdom—such establishment to be completed during the six years for which, under Mr. Asquith's amending bill, such Irish counties as desire to do so are to be permitted to vote themselves out of the operation of the Home Rule measure—may even yet be fertile in result. Especially is this possible if all parties could be brought to agree, as the basis of compromise, to the exclusion of a defined area of Ulster, pending the arrangement of such a federal system, during the next six years, and the immediate establishment of a statutory commission to report as to the best means of arranging the same.

Much, of course, must depend on what Sir Edward Grey, as the government spokesman on this head, means by "federalism." And, happily, his election address tells us that the kind of Home Rule he desired, three years ago, to see established in Ireland resolved itself into "local powers similar to those enjoyed by the Provinces of Canada." And such a form of Home Rule would assuredly not be incompatible with a "federal system," as that expression is understood throughout the British Empire. But it is equally certain that the present Home Rule Bill proposes to confer on an Irish Parliament far wider powers than that. Hence, the Liberal contention that the measure in question is but a first step applied to Ireland, as "prior in point of time and urgency," towards the establishment of a complete "federal system" for all the countries of the United Kingdom, is, to the non-biased observer, a little difficult of comprehension.

It seems unlikely that the Parliament at Westminster, under any such "federal system," would be content with powers substantially less than those reserved to the federal government in any of the three greatest British self-governing Dominions overseas. And yet the present Home Rule Bill proposes to confer on an Irish Parliament powers which are substantially greater than those enjoyed by provincial legislatures in any of the three. For instance, the Irish Parliament is to be allowed to vary customs duties. This is bound to hamper the free circulation of commodities as betwixt Great Britain and Ireland. Whether in the American, the Canadian, the Australian, or the South African federations, it has been recognized that such free circulation is an essential of union. Again, and still in the realm of commerce, whereas, in Canada, legislation as to banking, bills of exchange, and bankruptcy, has been exclusively and specifically reserved to the federal parliament, legislation on such matters is to be handed over to the Parliament at Dublin, instead of being reserved to that at Westminster.

The post office, the census, fisheries—these are all matters which it is desirable, as has been recognized in Canada, should be reserved to the federal government to secure uniformity throughout the union, if for no other reason. And yet these are all matters over which it is proposed that the Dublin Parliament shall have jurisdiction. A more serious deviation yet from the true federal idea is to be found in the fact that the Home Rule Bill contains no reservation of any kind with regard to the criminal law. That is to be a subject as regards which the Dublin Parliament is to have unfettered power, whether as regards the execution, or the enforcement, of the laws against crime. Under the Canadian constitution, the subject of criminal law has been specifically reserved to the federal parliament. Moreover, the judges, under the Home Rule Bill, are to be appointed by the Dublin Parliament,

and they will be entirely independent of the central authority. There will be no federal court at all with original jurisdiction as there is in Canada. There is to be an appeal, in civil cases, to the Privy Council. And this last provision, in itself, goes to show that the Bill does not seriously contemplate preserving the United Kingdom as a federal entity, for the House of Lords, and not the Privy Council, is the historic ultimate appeal court for the United Kingdom.

Far be it from me to contend that all federal systems must be cast in the same iron mould. But the cumulative effect of the few deviations—and it would be possible to tabulate many more—I have indicated from any known system of federalism in the Empire, is enormous. It is especially significant when one remembers that the Home Rule Bill is declared by the Unionists to be the antithesis of federalism, and is asserted by the Liberals to be the first step towards it. If anything like a federal system for the United Kingdom comes into being, it must either be a gift to all parts of the Kingdom simultaneously, or many of the powers conferred by the Home Rule Bill on the Dublin Parliament must subsequently be withdrawn, unless the Parliament at Westminster is to be turned into the weakest central legislative body of which the Empire holds record. On the question as to how many separate component parts of the suggested federation there should be, the differences of opinion are acute. Many Unionists dislike the federal idea altogether, nor is there any liking for it among the Nationalists, who foresee that, as I have pointed out, it must almost necessarily derogate from the powers the present Home Rule Bill confers on Ireland. Such Unionists as favour federalism (and many Liberals, too) think that Ulster, by herself, should form one of the separate component units of the federation. But the Nationalists, and the majority of Liberals, view this idea with much aversion.

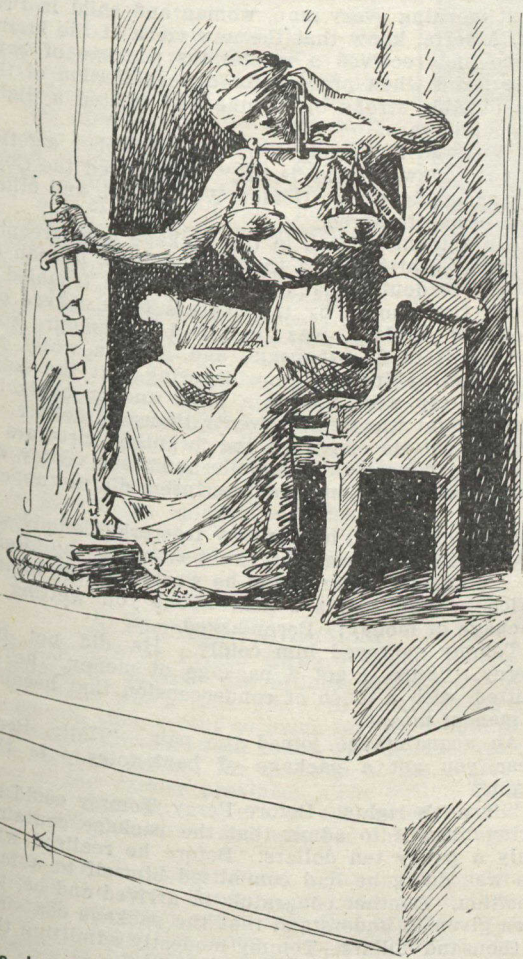
The God of War

"TO safeguard peace we must prepare for war"—I know that maxim; it was forged in hell. This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar

And makes the very war it guards against. The God of War is now a man of business, With vested interests. So much sunk Capital, such countless callings, The Army, Navy, Medicine, the Church—To bless and bury—Music, Engineering, Red-tape, Departments, Commissariats, Stores, Transports, Ammunition, Coaling-stations, Fortifications, Cannon-foundries, Shipyards, Arsenals, Ranges, Drill-halls, Floating Docks, War-loan Promoters, Military Tailors, Camp-followers, Canteens, War Correspondents, Horse-breeders, Armourers, Torpedo-builders, Pipeclay and Medal Vendors, Big Drum Makers, Gold Lace Embroiderers, Opticians, Buglers, Tent-makers, Banner-weavers, Powder-mixers, Crutches and Cork Limb Manufacturers, Balloonists, Mappists, Heliographers, Inventors, Flying Men, and Diving Demons, Beelzebub and all his hosts, who, whether In Water, Earth, or Air, among them pocket When Trade is brisk ten million pounds a day.

—Israel Zangwill.

[Editor's Note: Mr. Zangwill's last line said "ten million pounds a week." A recent conservative estimate is ten million pounds a day.]



Does Justice, in your city, peek, as it were, from under the bandage which you suppose covers her eyes?

plained by the fact that his crookedness had been shared in by one of the best-liked men in a certain club in that city. His trial would have dragged in this man, and others. By a curious network of business, social, political, religious and other connections, this case was related to too many interests. It would have hurt too many people, and, as the Attorney General himself put it to a colleague—"What the devil good would it have done? It wouldn't have recovered the stolen money." One last interesting phase of the matter was the way in which postponement after postponement had been obtained after the man had been committed to trial. The reason lay in the fact that the partner of the lawyer representing the people who had been swindled was under social obligation to one of the other men who had been mixed in the deal, and thus was forced to take advantage of his partnership to secure the co-operation of his partner in letting the man die before coming to trial.

There have been cases, in other cities, where vital documents in a case were unaccountably lost, or where men who were "wanted" were suddenly "tipped-off" to the advisability of getting out of town. Detectives, on their way to make arrests, have been mysteriously delayed. Doctors, making post-mortem examination reports, before coroners' juries, have seen fit to bury important evidence in their shoulders. This is said to have happened recently in the case of a prominent man in a small town who, while drunk, had run over and killed a girl with his automobile.

Men who belong to clubs in any of the cities which I have in mind, or who know high police officials, know how true, in a general way, these allegations are. They know that amongst many of the most intelligent men of the city, men who are themselves unimpeachable in their private affairs, the custom is to consider duty to a friend's friend before duty to the abstract principle of Justice. They sometimes

The Mouth of the Gift Horse

Tommy Peck, as Near as Nothing, Paid Out Nine Hundred Dollars to a Couple of Crooks

By JOHN HOLDEN

"JIMINY! I wish I could meet up with a cinch like that." Tommy Peck laid his newspaper down and gazed thoughtfully out the Pullman window. "Imagine having a fortune left you because you'd done some rich old boy a favour so long ago you'd forgotten it!" For upwards of an hour he sat, hardly conscious of the prairie landscape scudding by through the gathering gloom, pondering the vagary of Fate that rewards a casual act with a fortune and tosses the husks of existence to a life of toil.

"Berth's now ready, sah."

The young man repaired to his reservation on receiving the porter's message, muttered a mild condemnation of a system that forced him to bundle his modish apparel like washing in a basket, and, rather against his will, continued to muse on the story of the benevolent deceased and the fortunate youth.

The clickety-clack of the train-wheels presently became a soothing lullaby that wafted his tired senses to dreamland, where he busied himself with innumerable good deeds for kind old gentlemen with bestowable fortunes.

He was somewhat rudely awakened by the Pullman porter.

"S'cuse me, sah," that worthy apologized, "but ah just thought ah'd ask if you might be good enough to give up yoh berth to an ol' gen'lman that wants one powerful bad. The lower ones a... gone, sah."

"Aw, tell him——" Momentarily oblivious of aught but the unpleasant fact of his awakening, Tommy was almost moved to a caustic rejoinder. "Er—what kind of an old gentleman?" he queried, with timely discretion.

"Fine lookin' ol' man. Rich, ah guess. Swell clothes—diamon's. Might be worth yoh while, sah."

"You've got some uppers left, haven't you?"

"Yessah."

"All right, then; tell him he can have mine."

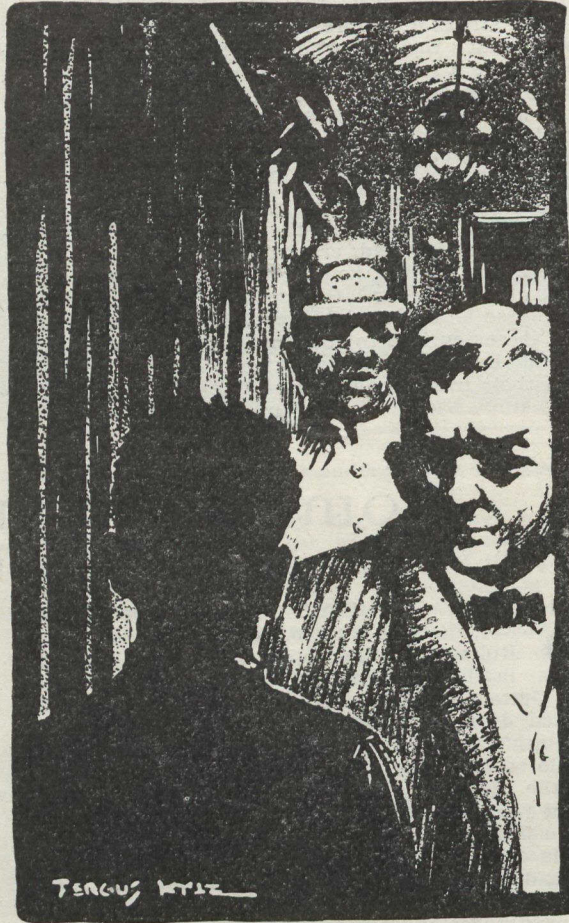
Tommy shifted his belongings across and down the aisle. He lingered about his vacated berth for an unwonted length of time searching for a collar that he knew perfectly well had not been lost, and at last his diligence was rewarded. The "ol' gen'lman" was ushered in.

"Two-fifty you paid for this, eh?" His authoritative voice matched his masterful bearing. "Here's your money," thrusting the exact amount into Tommy's expectant palm. "Name and address?" Tommy gave it. "Much 'bliged. 'Night." With this scant courtesy the beneficiary disappeared behind the curtains, leaving the astonished benefactor to creep dazedly back to his "upper" and there meditate on plutocratic insolence. The porter came along presently and Tommy loosed a portion of his accumulated wrath.

"Yessah, dat's right; dese here rich folks powerful abrupt thataway. Took yoh name, though, didn't he? Well, yoh ain't likely to be sorry. Ah speaks from 'sperience. Yessah."

"Jiminy! I came near forgetting that." Tommy soothed his outraged expectations with the cheering thought that a reward of some sort would doubtless be forthcoming. He was not a selfish young man, but if kindheartedness could be made to pay dividends—well, he was engaged to be married and he needed the money.

However, a week passed rewardless, then another,



"Two-fifty you paid for this, eh?"

and still another. The sleeping-car incident had almost faded from Tommy's memory when, one morning, he found at his employer's office a card notifying him that an express parcel from Winnipeg awaited him at the local agency.

"Say, what have you been up to, anyhow?—getting a package of money this way?" marvelled Old Ike Blundell, the agent, as he pushed the receipt-book toward Tommy and indicated an ink-encrusted pen.

"Package of—what?"

"Money," I said. "Bills—currency—coin o' the realm."

The recipient gurgled incoherently. "Lemme see it," he managed to articulate. He tore off a corner of the package. Sure enough, it was a bundle of bills—dollar bills! The package was some six inches deep. If all the notes were of the unit denomination—some might be higher—there must be at least a thousand dollars in the package!

"Jee-ru-sa-lem!" he chuckled. "I might have known that old boy on the train didn't take my name and address for nothing. Queer gift, though, isn't it? Never heard of a reward like that before." He turned to the agent. "Any message with this? Who sent it?"

"Jasper Mills sent it." The agent regarded Tommy with a modicum of suspicion. "Say, there ain't anything funny about this here deal, is there? You're sure there isn't another Thomas Peck in town? Seems strange you don't know who sent it."

"Oh, it's for me, all right. You see, it was this way——" and Tommy proceeded to relate the story of his meeting with the autocratic individual on board the train.

ON leaving the office Tommy betook himself to his two-by-four bedroom with considerable haste—in fact, two or three citizens were willing to testify later that his movements were fraught with suspicion. Behind a locked door he broke the wax seal, cut the double cord, and unwrapped the heavy brown paper. Sure enough, it was a package of currency. There must be at least a thousand dollars.

Moistening a trembling digit on his tongue, Tommy commenced to count. He got as far as ten when a dissimilarity in the bills brought a joyous exclamation to his lips—the eleventh bill was a yellow-back—then plunged him into an abyss of black disappointment as the truth burst upon him. The eleventh bill was an imitation!—no carefully executed counterfeit, but a mere advertising dodger, printed in semblance of a fifty-dollar bill, that adjured all and sundry to take Doctor Grindel's Vigorino for nervous debility, sick headache and other ailments too numerous to mention. With sinking heart, Tommy examined the twelfth bill, the thirteenth, all the remaining bills, and found each and every one of them a duplicate of the eleventh.

The first sharp agony of his dashed hopes over, Tommy scrutinized the wrapper. "I'd like to know who this Jasper Mills is," he thought. "He must be the old skinflint I gave my berth to. Who else could he be? Doc Grindel's Vigorino, eh? Guess he thought I needed some the way I stood for his guff that night. Sure enough

I did." He gazed on the masquerading dodgers, then brightened a bit as his eye rested on the genuine dollar bills. "Oh, well, I guess ten bones are not so worse. What's the sense of looking a gift horse in the mouth? Every little bit added to what you've got——" He warbled a few bars of the song, and presently had regained his customary good humour.

Meanwhile Ike Blundell had been stirring up a little excitement. "If that ain't a fishy yarn now I'm a liar," he ruminated, after Tommy had departed with the mysterious package. "I'll bet there's more to this than I think." He scrutinized Tommy's signature. "Well, they can't blame nothing on me, that's sure."

Within five minutes he had mentioned the occurrence to a friend. The friend repeated the story. Next morning every man, woman and child in Prussia, Alberta, knew that the new clerk at the lumber office had received a mysterious package of bank-notes, and when pressed for an explanation of this inexplicable stroke of fortune had related a highly incredible yarn.

"W'y, the bloke might be a bank-robber a-gettin' that there swag from 'is pal," conjectured the Cockney bartender at the Golden West Hotel, and others were prone to agree.

The amount of cash in the package kept creeping up, too. Starting at a thousand dollars, it soon expanded to double that amount. No one troubled to verify the amount by the express book, where one thousand dollars was recorded. Rumour soon boosted it to five thousand and, after a while, the pool-room habitués were whispering that the dollar bills on top were merely a blind and probably the real amount was nearer twenty thousand dollars. A hopeful coterie examined the "wanted" circulars at the town policeman's domicile and were visibly disappointed when Tommy's description did not appear.

NEXT morning, on his way to work, Tommy was halted in front of the post-office by Percy Sanders, under whom he worked at the lumber office. "What's this I hear about you getting a package of money?" Percy asked.

Tommy surveyed him coldly. He did not like Percy. "Sure, I got a package of money," he admitted, with a touch of condescension that becomes a man of means.

An acquaintance joined the pair. "Hello, Peck; hear you got a package of bank-notes. Is that right?"

"Sure it's right." Before Percy, Tommy could not bring himself to admit that the package contained only a paltry ten dollars. Before he realized what he was doing he had committed himself to a false position. Another congratulator arrived and he, too, was given to understand that the package contained a thousand dollars—Tommy modestly admitting that twenty thousand was an exaggeration.

Time and again he was called upon to repeat the story of his meeting with Jasper Mills. Some believed him and some did not. No one, it seemed, had ever heard of the donor.

However, interest in the mysterious package was short-lived. Two days later natural gas was struck in the municipal well, and in the attendant excitement

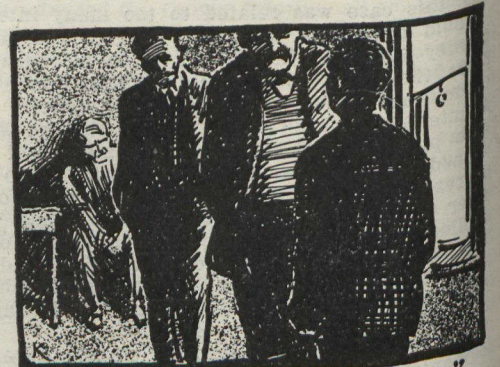
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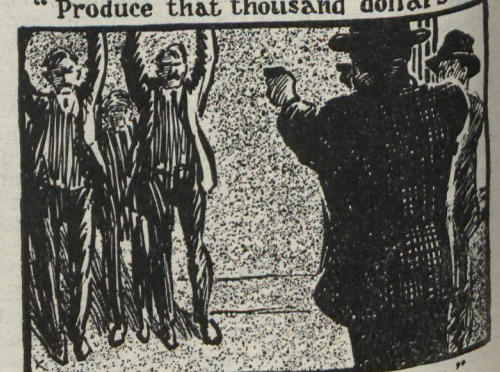
He counts the cash



Rumor boosted it to five thousand



"Produce that thousand dollars"



"There's a reward out for them"

Mainly About Men

ment House; aquatic parade; fireworks and torchlight procession. August 19—Unveiling tablet; addresses, society parade; athletic sports; banquet and band concert. August 20—Motor car trip to fox ranches and Cliff Hotel; military review; garden party and grand ball at Prince of Wales College.

A Practical Governor

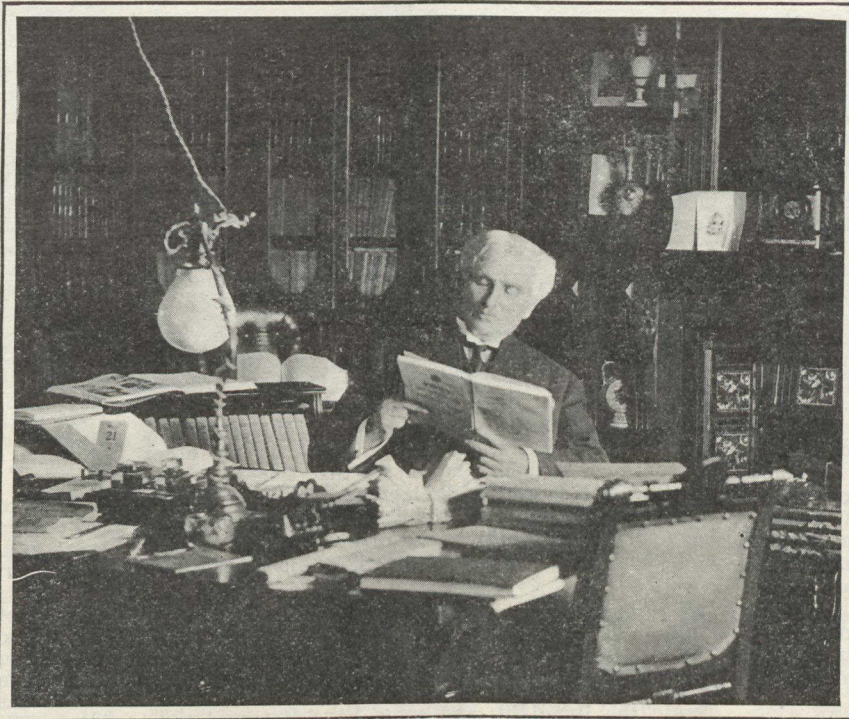
AT the first good roads congress ever held in Quebec Province, at Montreal a few weeks ago, Sir Francois Langelier, Lieutenant-Governor, was one of the most active workers. Sir Francois has diligently identified himself with three or four well-defined public movements since he became Mayor of Quebec City in the days of the Marquis of Lorne. When he was afterwards member of the Legislature and of the House of Commons he was deeply interested in good roads and trees. There is a peculiarly passionate aptitude about a cultivated Frenchman. Sir Francois, long before he became a knight, had the same shrewd interest in these two simple betterments as many men have in books or pictures or fine horses. Most French-Canadians love good roads, because many of them drive fast horses. The best macadamized roads in Canada used to run out of Quebec City. That was some time after Francois Langelier quit the mayoralty and entered politics. In the matter of trees which have so much to do with really good roads, this public-minded French-Canadian was one of the earliest apostles. He took up the cause of Arbour Day. He believed not merely in trees but in planting and caring for trees; for he lives in a province of wonderful trees. Where in Canada can you find greater maples and elms and pines than in Quebec? To round out his interest in out-of-doors Sir Francois has taken a very live grip on the boy scout movement in Quebec.

These are not merely genial episodes in a busy life; they are a very important part of a career which has had much to do with public affairs, with politics and law and religion and manufactures. Sir Francois is an eminent lawyer. He is also an able politician of the statesman variety, and a very enthusiastic Liberal; a consistent follower in turn of Mackenzie, Blake and Laurier; member for Montmagny and for Portneuf in the Legislature, and for Megantic and Quebec Centre in the House of Commons. He was also Commissioner of Crown Lands and Treasurer for the Province of Quebec and an eminent judge. In the absence of Sir Louis Jette he acted as administrator of the Province. He was knighted by King Edward in 1907.

The Author of "Le Debutant"

HERE we have, at last, a French book written by a French-Canadian author, that is not written for little girls. This book is "Le Debutant," and the author is Arsene Bessette, a journalist who has long been in the newspaper field of the Province of Quebec. He has narrated in a creditable way the toils of a beginner in journalism, interwoven with an effective love story, and he has depicted a living picture of some aspects of the political situa-

(Concluded on page 22.)

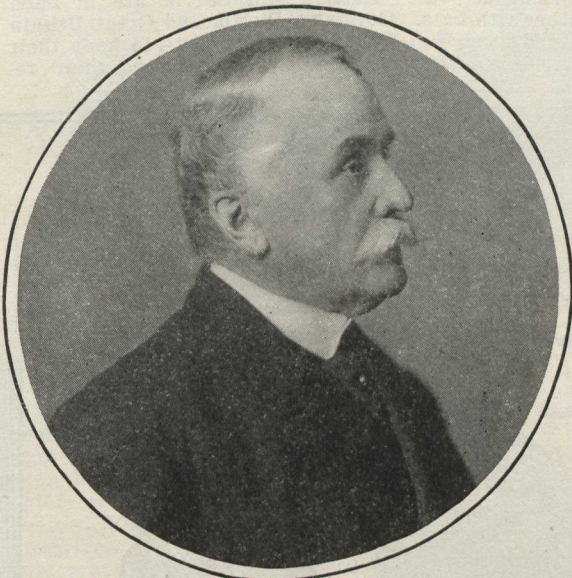


Sir William Wilfred Sullivan in his Charlottetown study.

Bayer, Photo.

page, taken from a painting many years ago.

Let me tell it now and it will be the first time of the telling, that at one stage of the great movement, Whelan had a petition circulated in that province for signatures favourable to the movement



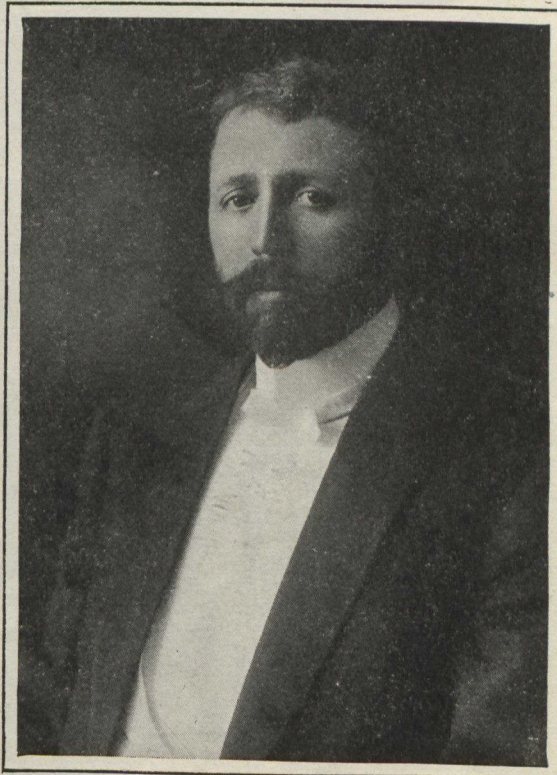
Sir Francois Langelier, a Man of Public Hobbies.

and it was signed by just nineteen people. But the movement grew. Whelan and D'Arcy McGee were great friends. I remember the grief of Whelan on receipt of the news of McGee's death. Whelan was my uncle, and I was in his house at the time. He was the editor and proprietor of the "Examiner," a paper of great influence in its time. The Montreal "Gazette" wired Whelan to write an appreciative article on the death of McGee. That was how Whelan received the news.

It is a singular thing that both McGee and Whelan, two young Irishmen, living at the extreme ends of Canada, should be what may be termed violent Confederates. Whelan represented the district of St. Peter's in the legislature for over twenty consecutive years. He was defeated on the Confederation issue and shortly afterward died of a broken heart. Still, I am told, he is not one of the "fathers of Confederation." In Prince Edward Island his name is ever green in the hearts of the people. He was an Irishman and a Roman Catholic. He fought the battles of responsible government for the island province. He gave the people there the free school system which they now enjoy. If he was not a "father of Confederation" he was at least a martyr for the cause, and yet to-day the island province contains no monument to his memory. In the old Roman Catholic cemetery at Charlottetown he sleeps his long sleep and only a plain, marble slab marks the spot.

When the people have assembled at Charlottetown to celebrate the anniversary of that important conference they should not forget the lonely grave in the cemetery on St. Peter's Road.

The programme for the celebration is: August 18—Church services; addresses of welcome by Premier and Mayor; patriotic children's choruses; British naval review; dinner at Govern-



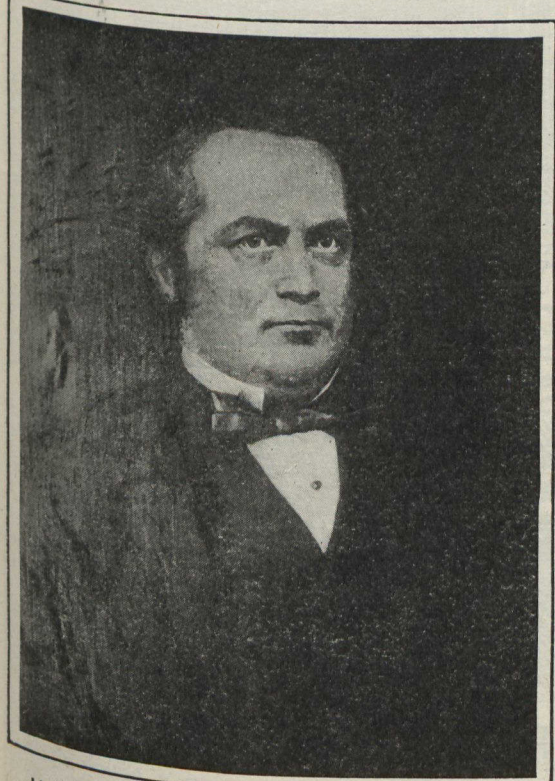
Arsene Bessette, Author of a Newspaper Novel.

SEATED in his study at his home, Brighton Villa, in Charlottetown, the second native of Prince Edward Island to receive knighthood, looks back upon a long life devoted entirely to the interests of his native province. Sir William Wilfred Sullivan is a rare example of a distinguished Canadian who never needed to budge from his own bailiwick to become eminent. He was born on a farm, as most P. E. Islanders of any prominence have been. That was at New London in 1843. His early education was entirely local, at the Central Academy and St. Dunstan's College in Charlottetown. His first ambition was to become an editor. He accomplished this when, as a young man, he worked himself up from local reporting to the joint editorship of the Charlottetown Herald. He was writing editorials when the first Confederation Conference was held in that town in 1865. He was also studying law—the beginning of his second ambition. The year that Confederation became a fact the young editor, age 24, was called to the bar. His greatest case in those early years was as counsel for the local government before the Land Commissioners' Court under the Land Purchase Act of 1875. Twice he was made a Q. C.—by his own government in 1876, and in 1879 by the Marquis of Lorne. That year he entered politics; without any previous parliamentary experience, becoming both Attorney-General and Premier. In 1889 he quit this stage of his career to become Chief Justice of the Province and local judge in Admiralty. In June, 1914, he was made a Knight Bachelor by King George. Is there any other Canadian, living or dead, who without meddling in high finance or general politics or any other part of Canada than the island he was born in, has become so quietly and deservedly distinguished? It looks easy. But Sir William Sullivan, in his quiet way, has always worked tremendously hard.

A Pioneer Enthusiast

THE Province of Prince Edward Island is preparing to observe the fiftieth anniversary of an event which took place in Charlottetown and which in time meant so much for the people of what we call Canada. That event was the first conference held to discuss the question of the confederation of the various provinces. The writer, as a lad of less than seven years of age, stood on the wharf at Charlottetown and watched the delegates land.

Prince Edward Island played a far more important part in the great Confederation movement than is generally supposed. It is true that province was tardy in entering the union, but nevertheless the movement, in its infancy and in its course of formation, was keenly debated and had its warm friends and its bitter opponents in the little island province. Hon. Edward Whelan, one of the island delegates to the Quebec conference and who acted as secretary of that body, was perhaps the first live exponent of the idea of federation on Prince Edward Island. A rare portrait of him appears on this



Hon. Edward Whelan, an Irish Federationist.

Hot Weather Reflections

By S. T. WOOD

STRANGE it is that man does not cry out against the tyranny of clothes. Milder arrogance and less onerous inflictions have provoked revolutionary world-movements. He sees his sister pass with bared neck, cool and comfortable, inviting the soothing airs that soften the sun's sweltering heat, while a starched abomination grips him by the throat and holds him relentlessly. The inventor of starch must be classed with those who have brought afflictions on humanity. Women bowed to its tyrannies and tortures for a generation, but they have successfully rebelled. It still imposes occasional annoyance and inconvenience, but its worst tortures are to them things of the past, like the rack and thumb-screw. Man is still its slave. It manacles his wrists through the long, torrid days while his emancipated sister with arms clad in cool, transparent gauze, looks pityingly on his distress. Even if he were to carry a successful revolt against the tyrant starch he would suffer the tortures of a coat of heavy cloth with lined sleeves, padded shoulders and fiendishly irritating design. The temptation to pun on the coat of male is almost irresistible. It is true that man under the tyrant clothes has some advantages when compared with emancipated woman. There is no tyranny or oppression entirely lacking in compensations. He can climb a fence or run to catch a street-car with greater facility. But a very small portion of the individual life is spent in climbing fences or chasing street cars.

The squandering of time on a man's toilet is a waste to grieve over, especially when contemplating the paucity of results. It is true that his sister spends almost as much time putting up her hair as he does over his morning shave. But the inartistic pressing, the uncleanly starching, the futile ironing, the creasing, sponging, hooking, binding, chaining, clasp and pinning make a lamentable waste that has strangely escaped the conservation commission. The man who can afford the services of half a dozen experts does not feel the fruitless loss and waste, but in any household where the high cost of living

is an ever-present reality every member of the family must be pressed into the service and every day must be made an industrial emergency to make the man presentable for the street. And such a result! The veil of charity cannot cover up its awful hideousness. Sixteenth century prints tell us that man's costume once had the merit of being artistic. Now it would seem as if some fiend had exhausted his ingenuity in devising a combination of afflictions to torture the human eye and inner sense with ugliness, to vex man's soul with annoying inconvenience, to bind him with rigid bands, to intensify his sufferings in the intolerable heat and waste his time in a multitude of futilities. Woman, with the courage that faces death from starvation for an idea would never submit to the sartorial domination that keeps man in pained humility. Even her present impediments are not endured without protest, and she keeps up continuous threatenings of revolt against the moralists, artists, philosophers, costumers, husbands and other conventional people who insist that her biological classification as a biped be ignored. From man there is not protest or even plaint. Ages of submission have taught him to bless the manacles on his wrists and glory in the garroting clutch at his throat.

Sir Edward, Peacemaker

SOME men are born limelighters; some achieve the limelight, and some have it thrust upon them. It is but a few months since Sir Edward Grey, another Edward the Peacemaker, saw his aim consummated, and the Balkan peoples if not in absolute harmony, at any rate no longer belligerent. All through that war the commanding figure was not King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, nor Nicholas of Montenegro. It was Edward Grey.

Once again the world stands on the brink of a disastrous war. Austria and Serbia are at each other's throats. Germany, Russia and Great Britain stand ready—at no matter what cost—to keep their respective national words, and support their re-

spective allies. In this crisis, as in the last, and in the Moroccan affair before that, all eyes are on Britain's foreign minister. His name leaps to the lips of the man on the street. Can Grey hold back the dogs of war? He will if he can.

Somehow, everyone is willing to trust Grey. This man of silences has captured the confidence of a continent. More than a politician, less, perhaps, than a statesman, he is a consummate diplomat. He stands for all that is best in diplomatic tradition.

It is curious that such a man should hold such a place in the popular esteem. Less is known about Sir Edward Grey than about any other British Minister to-day. Ever since he entered politics this was true of him. For nine years he has been Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the Asquith Government. The public has no method of finding out just how arduous his tasks have been. Grey won't talk. Lloyd George may raise the roof at Limehouse. Asquith may lay down the law at Ladybank. Winston may speak in Celtic Park, but the voice of Edward Grey, at any rate in the country, is rarely heard. He is too busy doing things to find time for saying very much.

He is the Sphinx in British politics. Sitting with his hand on his head on the treasury bench at St. Stephens, nor taunt nor sneer can irk him. When someone rises to ask him a question, he gravely tells as much as he wants and withholds the rest. No one can surprise him into a reply if he doesn't want to. But he always has the ear of the House. And afterward, in the lobbies, the questioning goes on amongst the members, ending up with the remark that Grey has spoken, and Grey knows what he is talking about. There is a solidity and a stolidity about the man that inspires respect and trust alike. He is the Gibraltar that cannot be shaken.

The House always fills, if it is known that Grey is up. There are few empty benches for him to talk to. But he would rather be in his office settling the foreign policy of Great Britain, or strolling over the hills with Teddy Roosevelt, or perhaps thinking of an extra chapter he might have put in his book, "Fly-fishing." Hearing himself talk has no fascination for Edward Grey. And I don't think that hearing other people talk has very much. "Deeds, not words," might very well be his slogan.

But it is something to have gained the confidence of a continent, when you don't even know enough French to conduct a conversation over the round table in that language.

H. S. E.



HAS THE EMERGENCY ARRIVED ?

AND IS IT TOO LATE FOR SIR ROBERT AND SIR WILFRID TO GET TOGETHER AND SAVE CANADA'S HUMILIATION ?



After the battle between the Tug Sea Lion and the Komagata Maru, troops awaited orders to go aboard the Rainbow.

The Battle of Burrard Inlet

Scenes From the Hindu Drama on the Komagata Maru

By MABEL DURHAM

mutineers recoil for a moment, but they returned to the ship's side and hung on there while they continued their fusillade upon the helpless constables beneath them. So many of the latter sought the shelter of the outer side of the tug that she came

the music of wildly beating tom-toms. Nearly every pane of glass in the tug had been broken, while her deck was littered with wreckage and freely splashed with blood. Forty members of the attacking party were more or less seriously injured, eight of them having to be taken to the general hospital.

The Hindus employed the hours of the Sabbath

OF all the visitors who have come to Vancouver's shores none ever had so many people out to see them off as gathered along the waterfront one day this summer to witness the fervently hoped-for departure of the Hindu tourists on the Komagata Maru. For two months these Orientals marooned upon the shining waters of Burrard Inlet, created one of the most amazing situations with which the authorities of this country ever had to grapple.



Gurdit Singh, Wily Character of the Maru.

It was on a Tuesday that the dramatic exodus of the unwelcome sojourners was anticipated. The excitement was the sequel to the "Battle of Burrard Inlet," the name which has been applied to the encounter between the Hindus and the Vancouver police on the preceding Saturday night. Armed with swords, daggers and crude weapons of their own manufacture, as well as a few revolvers, hurling fusillades of coal, and fighting like

demons with all the fanaticism of their Oriental natures, the 352 passengers on board the Komagata Maru, urged on by five Sikh and Mohammedan priests, repulsed 120 policemen and 40 special immigration officers who attempted to board the vessel from the tug Sea Lion.

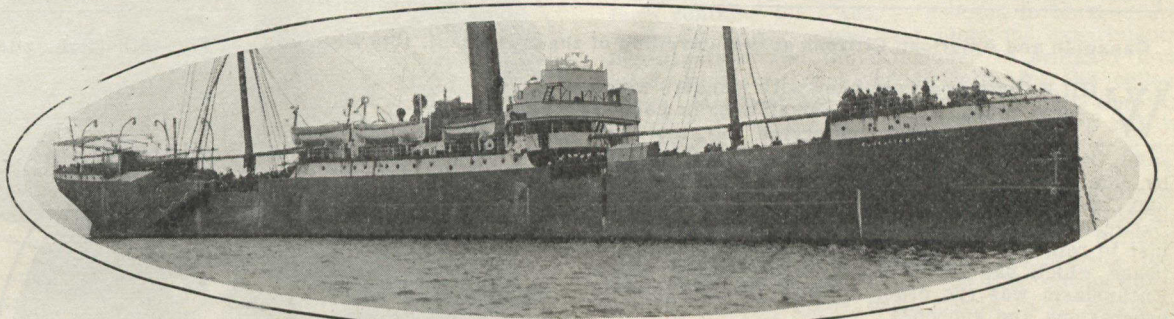
In the afternoon Captain Yamamoto, the Japanese captain of the ship, in compliance with the orders of the Dominion Government, had attempted to get up steam and leave the harbour with the Hindus, who had been ordered for deportation. Upon being stopped by his unruly passengers, who threatened his life, he came ashore and applied for police assistance. The "Battle of Burrard Inlet" was the result.

As the tug approached the Komagata Maru and the search-light swept the decks of the big ship, it was revealed to those on the tug that the expedition was likely to be more serious than it had at first appeared to be. Crowded along the rail were the swarthy Hindus, wearing their multi-coloured turbans and picturesque raiment, while their impassioned faces and fanatical yelling indicated the impending trouble. High above the din could be heard the five priests on board the immigrant ship, shrieking, exhorting, praying and singing battle hymns. From the deck of the tug fifteen feet below, the blue-coated white men looked up in silence at the turbulent rabble of brown men.

As the prow of the tug touched the steel side of the steamer, a grappling iron was thrown and caught a firm hold. As the policemen sprang from the rail and tried to catch the iron stanchions that appeared above them, the Hindus, with spears made of long bamboo poles, to the ends of which sharp knives were bound, stabbed at them and forced them back onto the tug.

Then from the big boat there was a cataract of variegated missiles, and the sound of breaking glass could be heard above the hoarse shouts of the combat and the cries of the wounded. Bricks from the boiler settings in the stoke hold, scrap iron, and pieces of steel plate with sharp edges, lumps of coal and other things were thrown, and almost every missile found a mark on the crowded deck of the Sea Lion.

A hose was brought into action, making the



The Ship of Too Much Trouble.

near capsizing. One man who was stunned from a well-aimed blow on the head fell overboard and had a narrow escape from drowning.

It was soon obvious that without bringing into requisition their firearms it would be impossible to gain possession of the deck of the Maru. Rather than have recourse to this extreme measure the chief of police and immigration superintendent deemed it expedient to withdraw. So the tug backed away from the vessel amidst wild shouts of triumph, curses and imprecations from the mutineers and to

in erecting fortifications on their ship, carrying up chunks of coal for use as projectiles, and generally making ready for another attack. The agitated citizens of Vancouver soon became aware that orders had been issued for the transfer to their city of the Government cruiser "Rainbow," from Victoria, with regular troops from Esquimalt and other men of the permanent forces.

The "Rainbow" arrived in the harbour on Tuesday morning. At the same time the Japanese Consul received instructions from his government to see that



The Turbanned Mutineers on board the Komagata Maru; in front, at left, is Gurdit Singh.

the crew of the Maru was not mixed up in any battle. The entire Japanese crew was therefore taken off the ship and the excitement grew.

Most of the people expected it to end in further violence. The preparations for war in the harbour blackened the waterfront with great crowds of people, who expected to see a naval battle on a small scale. The spectacle of a grim, war-grey cruiser with deadly guns and British blue-jackets, and the khaki-clad troops with shining rifles, thrilled the thousands of people who waited all day for stirring events to happen. Vancouver's waterfront offers a magnificent grand stand. It has been used many times by the citizens for spectacles which took

place upon the harbour waters. A few weeks ago it was crowded with people watching the Japanese cruisers Asama and Azuma given a cordial civic reception. American warships have more than once been given popular ovations on that esplanade. But never before had such a spectacle or such a crowd been seen in the city of Vancouver. The roofs of the sky-scrapers were black with people, and the windows below were crowded. Thousands lined the wharves and piers; thousands filled the street-ends which open onto the harbour, and throughout the day they stood upon their points of vantage and sent messengers to near-by cafes for food.

All day long the wharves bore the appearance of

active military occupation. The 72nd Seaforth Highlanders, the Sixth Regiment, Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles, the Ambulance Field Corps, the Vancouver police and special immigration officers were all under arms and ready for service.

All day long while the people waited, negotiations were carried on between the authorities on shore and the leaders of the rebellious Hindus on the Maru. At last, about eight o'clock, the word went around that the mutineers had decided to accept the terms offered by the Government as the price of their peaceable departure, and the most spectacular chapter in the history of the immigration service of Vancouver was brought to a conclusion.

Remembering Lundy's Lane



Canadian and American Citizens at the unveiling of the monument, July 25th.



The 48th Highlanders of Toronto and other troops at the celebration.

WHILE the wires were busy with rumours which next morning proved certainties, in connection with the Austro-Servian war, ten thousand Canadians and Americans were standing side by side on the very spot where, one hundred years ago, their forefathers had been waging war in the Battle of Lundy's Lane. The host of ten thousand met to remember the war of 1812 by celebrating the peace which has lasted for a hundred years since. Enthusiasm was the order of the day. There were processions and speeches.

American and British historians to this day are not agreed in their verdict as to who was the victor at Lundy's Lane. Mr. Frank A. Leverance, secretary of the Buffalo Historical Society, teased the historians about this. He said: "It was the longest battle on record. It has been fought continually for a hundred years. The British forces won a decisive victory here, if you read British and Canadian history. If you read American history the verdict is reversed. I take it that this afternoon is an armistice in the succession of hostilities. To-morrow, if you insist, the merry war may go on."

BUT, whoever won, the battle was memorable. The British and Canadian guns were captured by the Americans, who subsequently lost them again, and many fell on both sides. One of the prettiest incidents in the celebration last week was the decoration by six Canadian and six American girls of the graves of the soldiers who died for their countries. In his speech, the Lieut.-Governor, Sir John Gibson, told how stubborn a battle it was which they were celebrating. The carnage was appalling. All through the dark night charges were made by the



Lundy's Lane Monument in the Background.

opposing armies. Real bravery and heroic devotion were displayed that night which were comparable to the incidents in the storming of Sebastopol.

Dr. Alexander Fraser gave a carefully prepared historical review of the causes and the issues of the war. He urged three reasons in support of his argument that the British won. Col. P. A. Porter, of

Niagara Falls, N.Y., spoke eloquently of the bravery of America. He said that the war of 1812 established the position of the United States among the powers of the earth.

Several important authorities on the history of the time followed. The celebration was worthy in every way of the traditions of the heroes who participated in the battle. Inspiration for the prevention of concord and international amity; pride in the two countries who have been friends for a century and determination to keep the friendship were the features of this memorable gathering. These celebrations from time to time are the outward and visible sign of the American-Canadian amity.

A sonnet referring to the stirring battle was read by Miss Janet Carnochan. It is as follows:

Upon this hill we came to celebrate
That fateful day a century ago,
How saved our heritage with forceful blow
We meet to tell the tale, but not in hate.
We meet their loyal names to consecrate
Who fought and fell, shall we forget? Oh, no,
But high emblaze their names and proudly show
How nobly stood our sires in dangers great.
To tell the inspiring tale that so we, too,
May meet our hill of difficulties well,
For we have problems hard to solve to-day
And enemies of greed and gold not few.
Heaven grant us grace their forces to repel
And at the call of duty straight obey.

Oarsmen at the Canadian Henley Last Week



Don Rowing Club Eight-Oar—one of the Best.



Robert Dibble and Fred. Lepper of the Dons, winners in senior doubles.



Some of the young Westerners who graduated from the Manitoba Agricultural College in 1913 with a knowledge of real farming bigger than mere wheat.

Agriculturally Bigger Than Wheat

Manitoba Youths Study the Art of Real Farming

By KENNETH M. HAIG

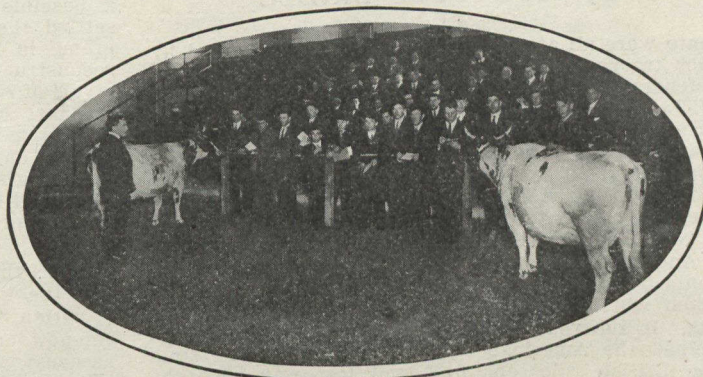
AGRICULTURE is the chief industry of Manitoba. Therefore agriculture should be treated as a science. Therefore Manitoba needs an agricultural college. That might not appeal to John Stuart Mill as an absolutely perfect syllogism; but then John Stuart wasn't a farmer and he didn't live in Manitoba. Anyway that is the way the situation struck the Government of Manitoba, and, as a result of their faith, the Province now boasts one of the finest agricultural colleges on the continent.

It was Manitoba that taught the great West how to raise wheat. In comparison to area the province is still the greatest wheat-growing section in Canada. But in the pioneering of No. 1 Hard Manitoba has learned also that pure wheat growing is uneconomic farming. With wheat as the main business of agriculture, there would have been no need of a farm college costing several large fortunes. With mixed farming as the hope of the soil and sound economics on the farm as the only salvation of the farmer, the new college is in a fair way to demonstrate its value to the government that built it.

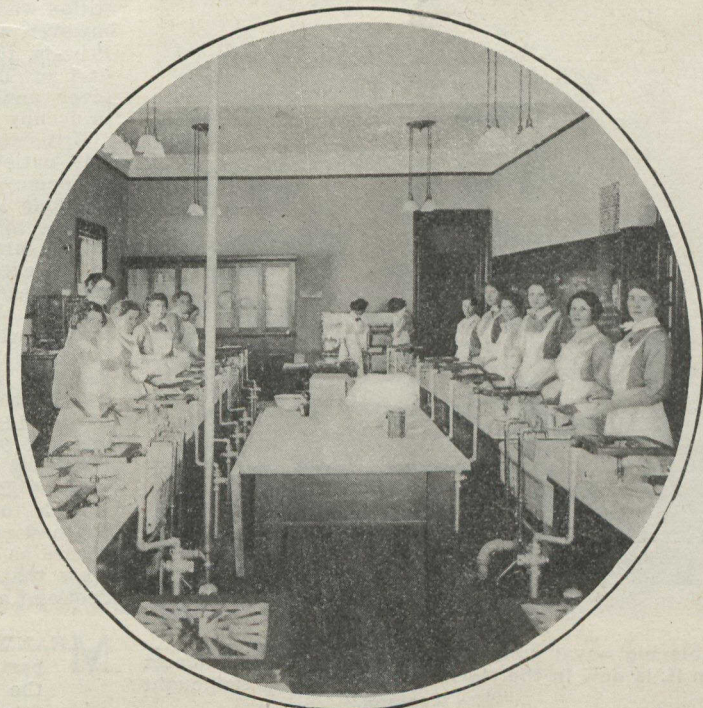
YEAR by year the West learns more surely that the only sound economic regime for a farm is to make the farm as far as possible a co-related series of industries. A wet summer may spoil a large percentage of the wheat crop. Without cattle and hogs the spoiled wheat becomes almost a total loss. Continuous wheating depletes the land. Rotation of crops gives the land a chance to recuperate. The growing of roots, with the necessary cultivation that it gives the soil, becomes one substitute for a relatively scarce supply of fertilizer. The growing of clovers has a similar function.

The effect of crop rotation on the land is itself a science varying with the locality, soil and climate. What might be good agricultural science in Ontario or Nova Scotia does not apply equally well to the prairie provinces. Even the raising of wheat is a different matter in the West to what it has become in the East. Cattle and hogs have their own local conditions and must be studied where they are raised. The cost and conditions of farming on the prairie must be investigated as a local as well as a general problem.

More and more in the West it has become a fact that farming must be regarded as a business, carried on by men of high intelligence, equipped by practical education for their work. Intensive farming is on the increase; as yet an infant, but a healthy one. It is recognized that the man who stakes off a half section or so and by the means of machinery and continual cropping proceeds to bleed the land is in no sense a real farmer. He is a parasite. The wheat miner is doing the West only less harm than the



Students judging live stock as part of the modern method.



Young women in one of the cooking laboratories.



Cattle and Horse Barns of Manitoba Agricultural College.

land speculator; in some respects even more. The man who treats the land as a plantation which he inhabits a few months in the year for the purpose of glutting an elevator with wheat and then goes away to spend his money is not a farmer. The only man who can be sensibly called a farmer is the man who builds a home and makes his farm the maintenance of it; the man who rears his family on the land and gives them all as far as possible a healthy love of the land, so that after him they may continue to carry on his work even better than he did it.

AND there is but one way to produce in the West people who have the high regard for the land and the business of farming that makes it a perennial source of increasing wealth to the nation. That is by education. The farmer's son must be taught to realize that there is more future for him on the land than in helping to glut the city and the town. He must be taught that in order to become a real producer and therefore an independent citizen he must treat his farm as carefully as he would his family.

The agricultural college is not the only way to develop such people. But it is one way. Teaching agriculture in the schools is the ultimate goal of all agricultural education. But unless there is a strong central institution devoted to the expert study and practice of farming in all its phases, the rural farm classes have little incentive and inspiration. The Manitoba Agricultural College is intended to serve that purpose. It is not intended to develop a corps of specialists hankering for highly-paid jobs in other colleges. It is intended to give the young men and women of Manitoba a chance to glorify the farm by living on it and by using it as a means of increasing the wealth of the country.

The new college, with its pile of splendid buildings, was completed last autumn, and has now concluded its first term and graduated its first class. Situated some nine miles from Winnipeg, in a well-wooded bend of the Red River, it combines one of the most beautiful prospects possible on the prairies. The farm contains 435 acres, 25 devoted to horticultural work, 50 to permanent test plots for experimental investigation, and the remainder to ordinary farm work, supplying feed and so forth for the college barns. A street car line connects up with the city. Between three and four millions of dollars will be expended upon the buildings, but the whole work has been planned with an eye to the future. All the buildings are of the finest construction and design, and consist of an administration building, students' residence, horticultural and biology building, chemistry and physics building, engineering hall, dairy building, stock judging pavilion, power house, poultry houses, horse barn, cattle barn, piggeries, sheep barn, and the President's residence. They are all uniform of colour and design, built of stone, brick and reinforced concrete, and are fire-proof throughout. Heat to all the buildings is supplied from the central power house by four large boilers, each with a capacity of 600 horse-power. Dr. James Robertson, Commissioner of Technical Education, states that it is the best layout of buildings that he has ever seen.

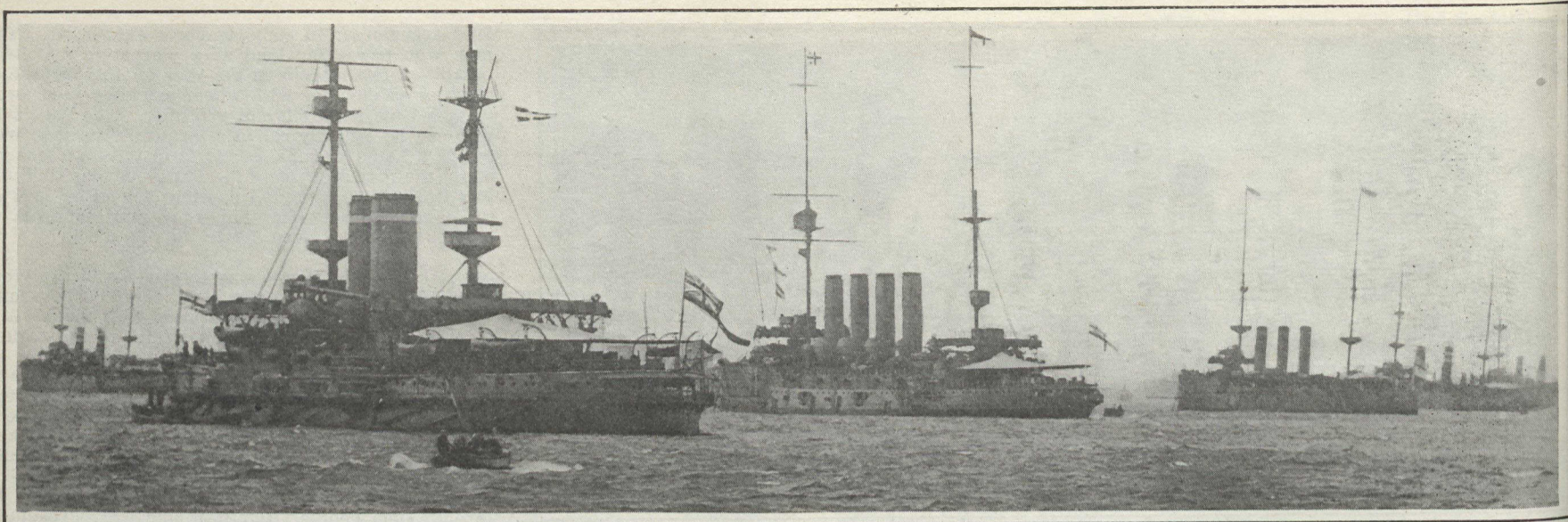
Commenting on the magnificent accommodation provided, President Black made a remark significant both as to the character of the faculty and the administration of the college: "I would much rather," he said, "that we had grown from small beginnings, rather than started in such state. This institution will be here fifty, a hundred years hence. Our eyes must be on present and future as well and build for both."

The college was established in 1902, and its first year in the old buildings its staff consisted of five teachers and the attendance was eighty-three. This year the staff consists of thirty-seven instructors and some eight hundred students passed through. This number included the four hundred in the regular college course and those in the special course for normal students; also those in the special courses of engineering, poultry-raising and home-nursing. The students hailed from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia and two from the United States.

BE it understood that the college is organized in three sections, all equally important, teaching in agriculture, in home economics and extension work, short courses in the college and sending out lecturers for extension work. A fourth department, that of research, will be added directly. This will conduct investigation into problems affecting life and work both on the farm and in the home.

And it is only fair to add, that if by their fruits ye shall know them, then already the graduates of Manitoba Agricultural College have justified their agricultural mater. At the Dry Farming Congress, at Lethbridge, they took first place in grain judging, and the live stock show at Chicago always reckons the Manitoba students high. As well, and most important of all, they take a recognized place in their communities, proving practical and effective missionaries both in the home and the field for the college of which they are graduates.

It is a good thing that nearly all these students come from the western provinces, whose problems in agriculture should continue to monopolize most of the M. A. C. curriculum if the college is to fulfill its real mission.



A few days ago King George reviewed this pageant of Dreadnoughts at Spithead. Not one had ever been in real action. Next time he reviews them—how will they look?

The Throb of the War Drum

Looking Backward Over the Wars of a Hundred Years With Their Effect Upon Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

REMEMBERING that it was an English poet who said,
 "When the war drum throbs no longer and
 the battle flag is furled
 In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of
 the World,"

you naturally read the fifteen-minute newspaper extras these days and respond by asking the poet, "But when, O Tennyson, is that millennial, When?" Just as this article is being written, newsboys four thousand miles and more from Belgrade are croaking themselves hoarse in crying out the apparent downfall of several great powers in Europe. Stock exchanges have closed in all the financial centres of the world. Germany has declared war on Russia and invaded France. She has tried to upset the neutrality of Belgium, probably according to the Napoleonic theory that the occupation of Belgium and Holland is a "pistol pointed at the heart of England." While one section of the German army is busy with Russia, that moves with the speed of a glacier, the other section is probably beginning what is intended to be an avalanche on the head of France. The British fleet is in the North Sea. Part of the French is there also. We are told that British ships sunk seven German vessels hours before England, after formally notifying France of her active alliance, declared war upon Germany. The report was not confirmed. The British Cabinet has held special midnight sessions. The war element, headed by Sir Edward Grey and Winston Churchill, is said to be in the ascendant. The Canadian Cabinet is all for war. The Canadian militia are to be mobilized, not on a volunteer basis, as in 1899, but as an integral part of the British army in the same kind of emergency that a volcano in eruption is. The Governor-General, touring the West, has hurried back to Ottawa. Volunteers are knocking at the doors of the armouries asking for enlistment. The marine service has been put upon a war basis. Vessels are held up. Trade routes are to be kept open.

In the midst of all this—where is Gabriel Princip, who shot the Archduke Ferdinand? He is the match that got burned up in the explosion.

For a hundred years now we have had next to absolute peace in Canada. Only a week ago a peaceful congregation of Canadians, Americans and Indians gathered on the battlefield of Lundy's Lane to celebrate that hundred years of peace between Great Britain and the United States, so far at least as Canada is concerned. In that hundred years we have had in this country only two or three spasmodic flare-ups; the Upper Canada Rebellion of 1837, the Fenian Raid of 1866, and the two half-breed rebellions, one in 1870, the other in 1885. So very naturally ask:

"Why should this country be so profoundly affected by a European war, and why should it be considered even remotely possible that Canadians should volunteer to go to the front?"

LET us recall that in 1812-13-14 this country was fighting as never it fought before, alongside British regulars and Indian natives, to keep the north half of North America under British rule. And the very year that the Treaty of Ghent brought that border war to a close, Napoleon escaped from Elba to rally his demoralizing forces for a last stand at Waterloo. It will also be remembered that all the wars that have made Canada what she is in the Empire to-day were started thousands of miles from the mouth of the St. Lawrence by people who had never even seen Canada; that for most of a hundred years the troops of Canada were British soldiers, before we began to have a militia system of our own: that Halifax, Louisburg, Quebec, Montreal and To-

ronto were all at one time or another garrisoned by such troops, sometimes attacking, sometimes on the defensive. The battle of the Plains of Abraham in 1759 was part of a world-wide war between the British and the French. The American Revolution, that sent the United Empire Loyalists into this country, was a sort of great civil war forming a prelude to the French Revolution, which grew into the greatest cycle of wars in modern times, the battles of Napoleon against the forces of all Europe.

And that was the last great European war that could begin to measure up in magnitude to the war about which the newspaper headlines are now talking. In the year of Waterloo, after the French had helped the American colonies to break away from the British rule, our first and last war with the United States was concluded. For nearly thirty years before that Europe had been the theatre of wars that upset all calculations, staggered all mon-



This big naval gun, with the ship's bulldog mascot on it, is now in the North Sea with the Dreadnought "New Zealand."

archies, ravaged the greatest continent in civilization from Cadiz to Moscow, and from the Danube to the English Channel, and made one man for a time the dictator of the whole world.

Some time during the Napoleonic wars, in which Great Britain was finally the greatest victor alongside of Prussia and the troops of Blucher at Waterloo; after Napoleon had marched his legions across most of the countries of Europe, and but for Nelson would have invaded the "nation of shopkeepers," he gave utterance to a statement that seems of peculiar interest in 1914. He said:

"With 800,000 men I can oblige all Europe to obey me. I will destroy Russia, and Spain will easily fall though assisted by England. My destiny is not yet accomplished. I must have but one nation of European states, and Paris must be its capital. I want but one code of laws, the Napoleonic, and one system of weights and measures."

Other things he said that he would have found it hard to say in 1914, with the Triple Alliance and the

Triple Entente, along with Japan, getting ready for a possible pan-European conflict. But Waterloo settled the fate of Napoleon and left England supreme in Europe. France entered upon an era of reconstruction under successive republics and revivals of Napoleons, and Europe had a rest from war for just about fifty years. The world was war-bankrupt, in an age when a year's fighting cost less than a day is estimated to cost now with modern armaments. Canada began to work out her place in the world through an era of peace, after more than a century of battlefields between Halifax and Detroit.

THEN the Crimean War demonstrated that Europe, the kindergarten, if not the cradle of civilization, had recovered her perennial appetite for gun-powder and blood. That was in 1853. The cause, as usual, was greater than the pretext. Russia then was the real provocator of hostilities. The desire of the Emperor Nicholas to dismember Turkey, and a proposal from him to Great Britain and other powers to become joint parties to such a partition was the immediate cause of the war. France, however, was concerned, and so were Austria and Prussia, to each of whom Russia proposed to give part of Turkey's dominions. England was to be given control of Egypt if Russia were permitted to occupy the main part of Turkey.

British diplomacy was adverse to giving Russia this outlet to the Mediterranean, because British diplomacy saw that Russia might some time want to preclude the British from that part of the world's marine highways. And although no statesman had as yet foreseen the Suez Canal, it was obvious that in the extension and rule of a great Empire on the seven seas, British ships must be given free passage through the inland ocean where she had already fought with Napoleon.

For the first time since the Napoleonic wars, England allied herself with France against Russia. The battle of Balaklava, with its famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," Inkermann and Varna, the siege of Sebastopol and of Kars, were added to the repertory of great battles fought and more or less won by British troops outside of British territory. Canada took no part in this war, which, in 1856, put a grand crimp in the policy of Russia and went on record as one of the most miserable and melancholy wars that had ever seen the redcoats of England. Scotland and Ireland thousands of miles from home.

MEANWHILE, history was being made in another part of the Anglo-Saxon world. The next war of the nineteenth century that became of world-wide concern before cables were in vogue and before hourly newspapers kept the world in a ferment, was the great Civil War in the United States. That, as thousands of people in this country remember, began in March of 1861. And, as schoolboys all over the world have been taught, it was the greatest moral conflict ever undertaken between two sections of the same people. It was the North against the South, the Yankee commercialist and federalist against the slave-owner and the Confederate. It was the one great work of Lincoln, and it cost him his life.

From 1861 till 1865, when the war drum ceased to throb in the United States, Canada was directly concerned in this greatest of all internal wars; perhaps not less concerned, because it was so close to home, than she has lately been in a probable civil conflict in Ireland. There are in this country to-day thousands of negroes who came, many of them by the "underground railroad," from the plantations of the South to escape slavery just before and during the war. Hundreds of Canadians, unable to find jobs at home, took soldiers' pay from the Federal Government and went into the camps of the North-

ern army. Canadians are still living who remember that during the quadrennium, 1861-65, the price of wheat went as high as it did ten years earlier during the war in the Crimea. Financiers are still living in the United States who remember that fortunes were begun by their fathers during that period of depreciation, of demand outrunning the visible supply, of army contracts and stock market juggleries conditioned on true or false reports of what was happening over a vast field of conflict 2,000 miles long and 1,500 miles wide.

That war freed the slaves. It changed the industrial and commercial character of the land south of Mason and Dixon's line. It left as a legacy a black race problem and lynch law, race hatred and white trash outlawry in the mountains, a martyred President, and a great revival of national impulse. It demonstrated that before the American Republic was quite a hundred years old it was capable of carrying through to the bitter end a devastating four-years' war that would have demoralized any other country in the world. It cost the Federal Government nearly 400,000 men in killed and wounded. In the four years it put on a programme of one battle of some sort or other every four days, a total of 330 engagements. And it cost the United States the fine round sum of just about \$1,500,000,000.

TWO years after that, Canada became a Confederation—without gunpowder. About the same time, modern Germany began to emerge in the North German Bund, under Bismarck. Up till 1870 Germany had been celebrated mainly as a land of war and religious reformation. It now began to compete with the rest of Europe in the arts of peace.

What is this tremendous power lying like a huge wedge in central Europe? It is the most compactly organized one-nation country in the world. It is seventy millions—nearly all Germans, crowded into a country that has become too small; held there by a centralizing purpose that Bismarck the empire-builder got from Napoleon. Frederick the Great gave Prussia the ascendancy over Austria, which was once the seat of German empire. Bismarck welded the Prussian states into the Bund. He practised on Germany the arts that Napoleon used to build up the power of France in Europe. With Von Moltke head of the army he was successful. The modern German empire, born with Bismarck, was handed down by him to the present Kaiser. That empire was to sway the destinies of Europe as Napoleon had done. It was to develop industry, trade, art, philosophy, religion, poetry, science—and war based upon the greatest conscriptive army in Europe and a navy which since 1900 has become a close second to that of England.

The idea has succeeded. Germanism is the result. Germanism is too big for Europe. It was intended to dominate the world. Greece had her day; Rome hers; Napoleon his; and England, the only country in Europe surrounded by the sea, has hers, with the greatest Empire in the world, based upon individual liberty and self-government.

Why should not the greatest one-nation country in the world, the Fatherland, not have her fling at the world also? Why should not Germanism at one and the same time dictate to Europe and establish her twentieth century civilization in the world at large? In central Europe the saying goes: "The nineteenth century belonged to the British Empire; the twentieth belongs to Germanism—and the army and the navy of the Fatherland are to prove it."

So German officers drink taciturnly to "The Day"—meaning the day when Germany may do what Napoleon failed to do with the "nation of shopkeepers" across the Channel.

The first move in the grand march of modern Germany was against France. During the Thirty Years War France acquired two partly German provinces known as Alsace and Lorraine. Modern Germany wanted them back. In 1870 the French nation, after



Not long ago the Crown Prince of Germany gave his children a lesson in war by riding them at the head of the Death's Head Hussars, his own regiment. The Crown Prince may find the real war, if it comes, not so jocular a business.

a remarkable recovery from the Napoleonic wars, was led into a war with Germany on the pretext that a German prince was to occupy the throne of Spain. France was forced into taking the initiative.

The Franco-Prussian War was the result, in 1870 and 1871. The battles of Metz, Strassburg, and the Sedan were followed by the ignominious siege of Paris. It was a year of swift and terrible triumph for confederated Germany against a nation which had just recovered from the world-rampages of Napoleon. The French underestimated the strength and the preparedness of Germany. They had not learned how thoroughly Germany understands and practices the art of learning the secrets of other people.

The Siege of Paris, when Hessians sat smoking on the boulevards after the capitulation, cost France the staggering sum of \$1,000,000,000 indemnity, to be paid within three years, plus the provinces of Alsace and part of Lorraine. The indemnity was paid from the long red stockings of the French people and was as good as forgotten. The memory of Alsace-Lorraine remained. And the result of the Franco-German War was—The German Empire.

AFTER the Franco-German War the military affairs of Europe for a while were confined to the operations of British troops in Afghanistan and Zululand, the borders of China and the sands of Egypt. It became a sort of hereditary notion that modern warfare, which was becoming so costly in an age of iron and steam and electricity was likely to be confined to the edges of uncivilized countries in need of civilization—to the annexing of Poland and Finland and the curbing of Turkey—and the regulation of the Balkans, for some years considered as the military joke of Europe. In this country we had all but forgotten the meaning of war, until the half-breed rebellion of 1885, when troops from Ontario and Quebec went out to a prairie battle ground a thousand miles square.

And it was not until the United States undertook to settle the affairs of Spain in Cuba and the Philippines that we remembered how war feels when it is close to home. That brief and somewhat comic-opera war, though not worthy to be classed among the great wars of last century, proved that the United States is in the making of a good second-rate

naval power, and that Col. Roosevelt was the genius of modern America before he became President.

Two years later this country took its first modern plunge into a real war of Empire when the Boer War in South Africa, which was to have been a picnic for a few British generals and a few thousands of troops, developed into a two-years' conflict with 200,000 men in the field under the two greatest generals of modern times. It staggered humanity, as Paul Kruger said it would; it cost Great Britain many millions and a change of Government; and it demonstrated that, according to the doctrine of the late Joseph Chamberlain, the overseas dominions are not mere colonies but young nations side by side with the old.

That all-Empire war is now fifteen years in the background; and it is now no matter of opinion whether or not this country will again be as eager to plunge into an Imperial war as she was then.

The last great war was the Russo-Japanese, which, because it brought into the limelight a new modern naval and military power just across the Pacific pond from our Western ports and elevators, proved to be of considerable interest to this country. Since that time Canada has worked up a considerable trade and a good-sized race problem with the country to which we used to send nothing but missionaries. The appearance of Japan as a probable ally of Russia by means of the Anglo-Japanese alliance gives us a curious round-the-world relation to the war which now seems to be getting ready for the stage in the concert of Europe.

SINCE the Russo-Japanese War most of the European war scares have arisen along with the tremendous development of the German navy to a close second to England. For most of that time newspaper opinion has foreseen an Anglo-German struggle in which Germany would take the initiative. Some of this has been mere war talk fostered by sensational newspapers and armament makers. Much of it has been based upon facts. Germany has been arming both on land and water for a great struggle somewhere in Europe. In 1905 Germany demanded the dismissal of M. Delcasse, the French Foreign Minister, because his plans did not suit her. France acquiesced. The same policy was attempted by Germany at the Moroccan conference in 1906; but was defeated owing to the support of England and Russia. In 1908, when Austria boldly annexed Herzegovina and Bosnia, and Russia, crippled by the Japanese war, dare not prevent it, Germany stood behind Austria.

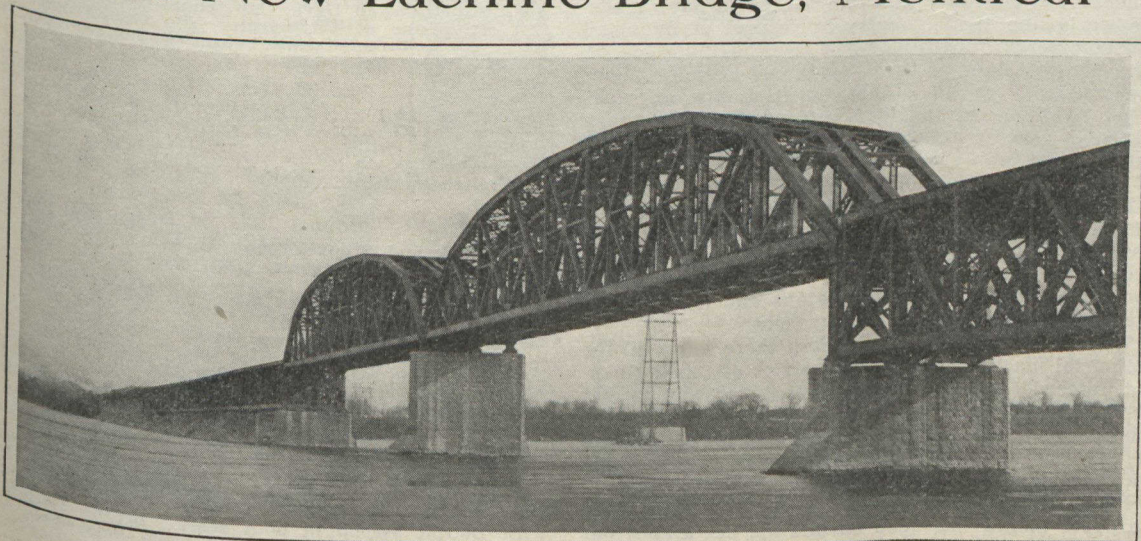
The present general melange in the Concert of Europe is the result.

The spirit of modern Germany was expressed aptly by Kaiser Wilhelm in 1910 as the spirit of conquering France was expressed by Napoleon a hundred years earlier. Speaking at Konigsberg, he said:

"German women must impress upon their children's children that to-day the principal thing is solely and alone to keep the Fatherland before one's eyes, solely and alone to stake all the powers of mind and body upon the good of the Fatherland."

This was said at a time when Germany had become perhaps the first land power and certainly the second sea power of Europe. It embodied the spirit which animates modern Germany in contrast to the genius of Great Britain. It is the expression of the dominant idea that finds its highest utterance in the Japanese—that the individual is nothing and the State everything. This is the spirit that will carry Germany into war, not in blind enthusiasm as Russia will go by millions, not animated by splendid Latin impulse like the French, not with the spirit of individual liberty in harmony with the State as in England—but all for the sake of the Fatherland.

The New Lachine Bridge, Montreal



The re-built C. P. R. Bridge over the St. Lawrence, at Lachine, now open for traffic.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Canada and War

FOR years Canada has been urged to make preparations for the day when a big European war might involve the British Empire. Equally strong arguments have been advanced to prove that Canada did not need to adopt a warlike attitude and that no war could ever touch the Canadian people. There were two sets of national advisers—those who bade Canada prepare, and those who thought they saw universal peace in the near future.

Last week, when the announcements came over the cables that an European war was in sight, Canada suddenly discovered that the national interests of this country had a direct relation to what was happening in Europe. The people who buy stocks and those whose business it is to sell stocks, found themselves in a panic. The Toronto and Montreal stock exchanges closed down and the brokers and bankers had not the courage to open them for several days. The militia department at Ottawa immediately sent out a notice that it was prepared to mobilize a Canadian army, and send it to Europe if necessary. Not a single public man and not a single journalist had sufficient nerve to come out and say that Canada should mind her own business and take no notice of what was happening in Europe. They knew they would be laughed at if they made any such unpopular declaration.

Whether there is a great European war or whether there is not, surely it is quite clear that the people who have been crying for a non-militant attitude on the part of Canada, have received their answer. So long as Canada remains within the British Empire the Monroe doctrine has no application to this country. Those who have preached that Canada is defended on land by the Monroe doctrine and on the sea by the Anglo-Japanese Alliance are shown to be mere dreamers of idle fancies.

Whether the Armageddon, so long prophesied, has come, or whether it comes in a future year, it is quite clear that Canada, as a part of the British Empire, must always be prepared to take part in any war in which Great Britain may be involved. That part may be no more than to supply adequate coast defence on land and adequate coast defence at sea for her own territory. There must be a preparedness for war on a broader scale than has yet been acknowledged by the Canadian people. It was an appreciation of this situation which led a number of prominent citizens in Winnipeg and Toronto to urge, in a non-partisan memorial, nearly two years ago, that the Canadian Premier and leader of the Opposition should come together and decide upon a national naval policy which would meet with the support of all classes of citizens. Had they done so there would have been a feeling in this country quite different from that which prevailed last week.

Every Canadian feels that a great war among highly civilized nations is almost unthinkable. The doctrines of Christianity are supposed to have eradicated the murderous instincts of all the races that have been touched by Western civilization. The events of the past week show to what an extent this is a mere supposition so far as Austria, Serbia and Russia are concerned. While it must be admitted that the United States and Canada are farther advanced in this respect, nevertheless neither nation may shut its eyes to the attitude of the European nations. While each of the North American peoples has undoubtedly striven and will certainly strive to avoid entanglement in such wars as have their origin in semi-barbaric Europe, yet they must at least seek to protect their own territory and their own national interests. This is the only justification for a United States army and a United States navy. It is also the chief justification for a Canadian army and a Canadian navy.

The German Emperor

FOR the moment the people of the world have been free to discuss once again the question as to whether the German Emperor is a man of peace or a man of war. In his earlier days he undoubtedly deserved the sobriquet of "War Lord," but in more recent years he seems to have been sobered by his responsibilities. Indeed, some have gone so far as to dub him "A Prince of Peace."

The main point under discussion for the past few days is, "Would Austria have declared war on Serbia if the German Emperor had forbade it?" Some answer in the negative and some in the affirmative. The weight of evidence seems to support the view that the German Emperor gave his consent before Austria made its peremptory demand upon Serbia. It is almost inconceivable that Austria would have taken such a serious step without the Kaiser's knowledge and permission.

Those who take this view point to the fact that the Kaiser had reason to expect that Russia would submit to Austria gobbling up a portion of Serbia

in the same way that Russia submitted, five years ago, to Austria's annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia has troubles of her own at the present time. Moreover, her two partners in the Triple Entente, Great Britain and France, also have troubles of their own. It seemed an opportune time for the Triple Alliance to humiliate the Triple Entente and push the German wedge a few hundred miles nearer the Mediterranean Sea. This seems to be a possible line of reasoning taken by the German Kaiser. If so, he has miscalculated.

Russia, despite her labour troubles, answered the challenge without a moment's delay and proceeded immediately to mobilize her forces. France immediately forgot her constitutional struggles, her factional battles, and her social arguments. La Belle Republique announced with great alacrity that so far as she was concerned the Triple Entente could demand of her no sacrifice which she was unwilling to make. What Great Britain answered is not known, except that the North Sea Fleet was mobilized under secret orders.

Whatever the later results may reveal, this view seems reasonable at the moment. The German and Austrian governments thought that the struggle was inevitable and decided that the year 1914 was a suitable one in which to strike for German and Austrian supremacy on the north-east coast of the Adriatic.

Explosive Alliances

OF all the great countries in the world, only one, the United States, has kept itself free from entangling alliances. Witness the folly of last week's series of events. Austria makes a demand on Serbia which was intended to humiliate that country. Serbia tries to compromise, but the Austrian guns refused time for parley. Because Austria moved on Serbia, Russia moves on Austria. Because Russia moves on Austria, Germany moves on Russia. Because Germany moves on Russia, France moves on Germany. Because France moves on Germany, Italy must move on France. Because Italy has moved on France, France on Germany, Germany on Russia, Russia on Austria, Austria on Serbia, then the whole British Empire must move on somebody. If the United States had any alliances whatever it would be compelled to follow after Great Britain, as Japan will probably find it necessary to do.

The whole situation can only be illustrated by the nursery rhyme, which has something to do with water quenching fire, fire burning stick, stick beating dog and dog biting pig, so that a poor old lady should not be overtaken by the evening shadows. The nursery rhyme was intended to be foolish and simple. It was created for the amusement of children. The entangling alliances of Europe seem to be equally foolish and equally simple. If the lives of millions of human beings are to be subject to the disastrous influences of these entangling alliances, some newer method of grouping will be necessary. In the meantime Canadians will view with satisfaction and in a new light the fact that this Dominion is located beyond the range of European alliances.

The War Scare

WHETHER there is war or not the effect upon finance and industry has been terrific. A war scare is almost as disastrous as a real war so far as the world's commercial operations are concerned. The telegraph and the cable have made the world one small country in respect of financial and commercial conditions. When the investors of one country throw up their hands and abandon hope, the investors in all other countries are affected. When the bankers and loan companies of the great financial centres refuse to lend any more money, bankers and loan companies in all the other centres of all the other nations adopt a similar attitude. When the Bank of England advanced its rate of discount to eight and ten per cent, every banker in Canada locked his vaults and refused to lend anybody a dollar. Even the loan companies and trust companies turned the combinations and held fast to their supply of so-called liquid assets.

When the wheels of credit stop there is no oil for industrial machinery. The industries of Canada cannot proceed except in a very limited way and in this respect they are in no worse position than the industries of Great Britain. This is the newest feature of modern war conditions, and marks in a notable way the transformations of the last hundred years.

No gold has been lost, no silver has disappeared, no paper money has been burned up, not a shot has been fired, not a dollar's worth of property has been destroyed, and yet the business of the whole world has been paralyzed. When the announcement of

hostilities comes, as it may come any minute, there will probably be a sigh of relief, in many quarters. The war scare seems to be worse than real war, a phenomenon which would require a school of philosophers to explain.

Mobilization

PROBABLY this week, the Canadian Militia will be called to arms. This would produce an army of 66,000 officers and men, with 15,000 horses. From these regiments a first division of 21,000 men will be concentrated at Quebec, equipped and sent to the front. The "front" will be wherever the British army authorities designate. In all probability the troops would be sent to Belgium or France and used on the line of communication.

From two to three weeks would be required to despatch this division. Subsequently, supplementary batches would follow regularly at the rate of 4,000 every fortnight, until another 21,000 had gone forward.

To take the place of these militia at home, reserve battalions would be organized. There are plenty of officers on the "Reserve List" to take charge of a reserve equal to the number now on the authorized establishment. These troops would remain at their respective headquarters until a further levy is required.

This, in rough, is the general plan decided upon by Generals French and Hamilton during their recent visits to Canada.

Canadian troops will take their own rifles and guns, but would probably be supplied with ammunition from Great Britain. All ammunition, rifles and artillery, throughout the British Empire is made on the same bore, and may be used with all makes of rifles and guns. The French ammunition is for a larger bore, and could not be used by British or Canadian troops.

The Greatest Moment

THE greatest moment in any man's life is not when he makes the most noise, but rather when he exhibits in the highest degree dignity, judgment and resolution. This is the moment for Canada to show dignity, judgment and resolution.

An Ottawa daily paper came out on Friday of last week with a scare-head, three inches deep, printed in red across the top, saying, "Hell's Let Loose." That was not dignified. It was not Canadian. Neither was it British.

Modern civilization is receiving its greatest test, and it behooves every Canadian to be cool, stable and calculating. The man or newspaper who is hysterical in this crisis is a menace to the community.

If Great Britain goes to war and wins her first naval engagement with Germany, the trade routes will be open between Canada and Great Britain, and there will be a tremendous demand for Canadian foodstuffs. An increase in the price of wheat and oats will put anywhere from fifty to eighty million dollars extra money in the pockets of Canadian producers. This must be paid in gold, and Canada will have more of this precious commodity than at any time in her history. The resultant effect upon Canadian business must be highly beneficial.

Let the people be courageous and hopeful. While Europe is terrified, the people need food and supplies. Much of this must come from Canada, so that our prosperity is assured. Indeed, there is a possibility that it will be stimulated.

Much depends upon the trade routes being kept open, and surely the people are confident that the British Fleet will be equal to that task. Let us all look upon the situation with the calmness and confidence which is the test of good citizenship.

Sporting Results

AFTER defeating the Canadians at Chicago, the Australasian Davis Cup tennis team took on the Germans at Pittsburgh. The results were the same—three straight wins, two singles and the doubles. Score for singles:

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Points.
Wilding (A.)	6	6	6	101
Krenzer (G.)	2	2	4	68
Brookes (A.)	10	6	6	117
Froitheim (G.)	8	1	2	90

	1st.	2nd.	3rd.	Points.
Wilding and Brookes (A.)	6	6	6	91
Krenzer and Froitheim (G.)	1	1	2	52

This week the winners meet the British team at Boston.

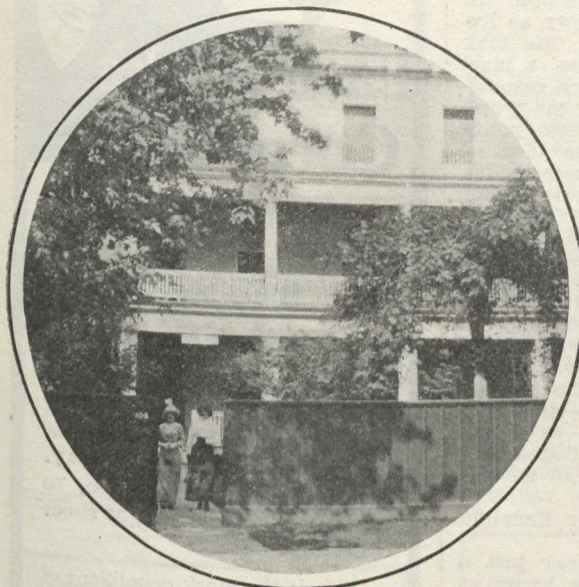
Grace Church cricket team, Toronto, failed to secure the Robertson Trophy in Winnipeg, being defeated by the present holders, the Winnipeg Wanderers—six wickets.

Robert Dibble again won the Canadian championship for single sculls at the Canadian Henley, on Saturday last. The Argonauts won the senior and junior eights, with Detroit second in both cases. In the 140-pound eights, Argonauts, Lachine and Dons finished in the order named. The intermediate fours went to the Dons and the senior fours to the Argonauts, with Ottawa second in each.

The Woman "Brought Up by Boys"

An Appreciation of Mrs. Broughall, Who Founded the Georgina House, Toronto

By ALICE WETHERELL



GEORGINA HOUSE, TORONTO.
A Church of England boarding-house for self-supporting women, which was named for its founder, Mrs. A. J. Broughall.

motherly heart could not withhold the word of praise. "What a useful boy you must be at home," she said, encouragingly.

"Oh!" the boy grunted, "Cook won't let me in the kitchen; but then, granny, you were brought up by boys, so you're all right."

SO much for Mrs. Broughall's family life. Had her influence ended here, it would have been great. But it has been by no means bounded by home ties. In the early days, nursing had not become a profession. Many a night did this woman of broad sympathies spend in caring for some poor sufferer. Her help was never then and is never now asked in vain. In fact her intimate friends are sometimes almost jealous of her time, and tell her that they must be either ill or wicked to get to her. However that may be, Mrs. Broughall has always considered the sufferer her especial charge. She is still an Associate of St. John's Hospital, and, it is said, had no little to do with the founding of that institution many years ago.

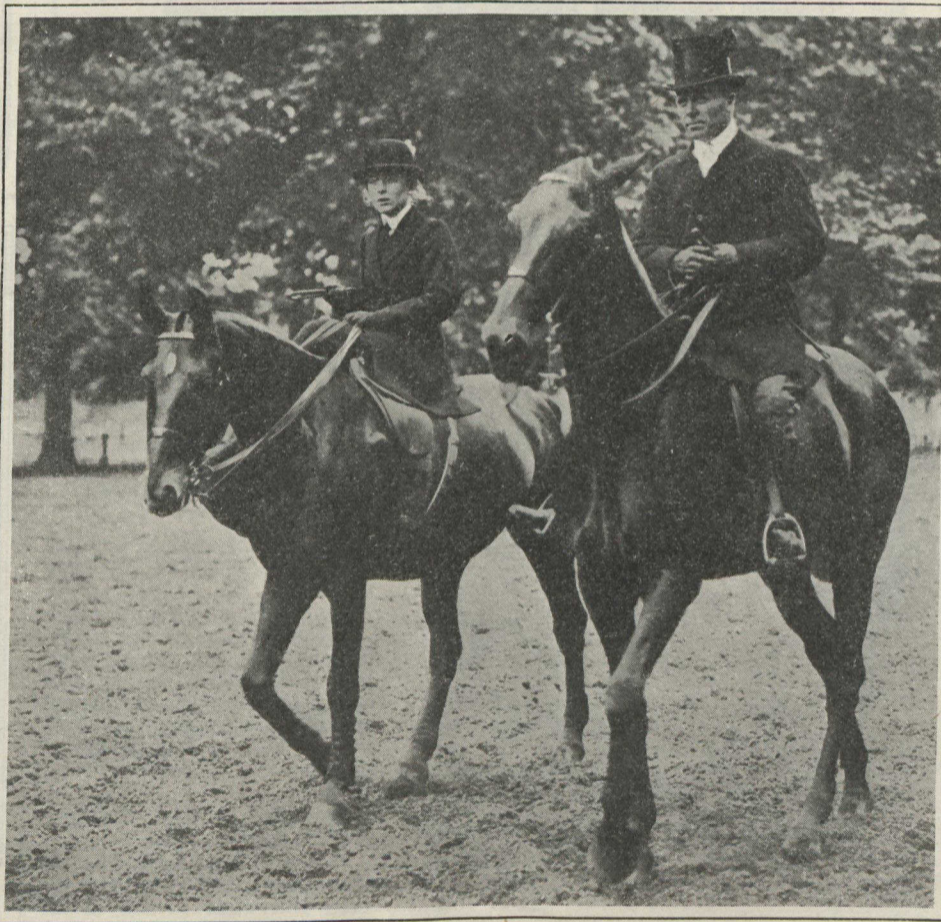
Mrs. Broughall's love for girls, even in those early times, took a very practical form. For some years, her cares and continued ill-health necessitated her giving up all Sunday-school duties, but her help was needed badly. A parishioner once asked her if she had no Bible class her daughter could attend. The response was made like lightning: "No, but I will have." Mrs. Broughall accepted this as a call, and a class of five girls was immediately formed. It soon became quite evident that the woman who was "being brought up by boys" was the woman who could reach the hearts of girls from every sphere of life. From all parts of the city, and from all denominations, the women and girls would come to St. Stephen's Church, until Mrs. Broughall found herself every Sunday afternoon talking of the sacred things of life to 200 eager listeners. The benefits were mutual. The girls gained who can tell how much; the teacher found her knowledge of the inner life of many a girl who was boarding in the city, and from this knowledge learned how distasteful to the

"EVERYBODY knows Mrs. Broughall." This was the exclamation on more than one occasion when it was suggested that this noble woman's work should be made known. And invariably a word of praise was added. The "helping hand," the "burden-bearer," and the "comforter" were the kind of appellations used. Indeed, Mrs. Broughall just seems to be a true disciple of the Perfect Comforter. She works in secret places, and those who have been helped, like the leper of old, will not be silent, but are publishing abroad the uplifting power of this, their benefactor.

This power has worked not only in secret, but also in public, and perhaps the greatest witness to its strength is an institution which has lately been established in Toronto, a comfortable residence for business women. Georgina House, named, by the way, after its founder, the subject of this sketch, was formally opened by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, not many weeks ago. Previous to this, it existed for five years under less favourable conditions, but its influence for good was quite undoubted. So well-recognized, indeed, is the value of the Georgina House and all it stands for, that letters have come from British Columbia and Winnipeg asking for information with a view to establishing similar houses in the West. It is the earnest hope of Mrs. Broughall and her helpers that a chain of Georgina houses may be some day opened from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast.

And this great work is but a sample of the practical religion of Mrs. Broughall. Married at the age of eighteen to Rev. A. J. Broughall, rector of St. Stephen's Church, the young bride had all of life to learn. Experiment, not theory, was the way of progress, and even the scrub-woman and the cook became her teachers. Mrs. Broughall believed that a minister's wife should not do half her husband's work, but be his helpmate. Indeed, one gathers that she has but little sympathy with some of the modern movements to change the woman's sphere. Her own life is an example of broadening that sphere rather than deserting it for others. The rearing of twelve children would seem to be an ample task for any woman. Mrs. Broughall performed this work so well that three of her sons followed in the footsteps of their father, and are now distinguished members of the clergy. One of these for some time assisted his father at St. Stephen's Church, and now is rector of Grace Church on the hill.

Mrs. Broughall tells an amusing story to show how stalwart sons do seem to influence a woman's life. A little grandson, who delighted in his grandmother's company, was visiting her one fine day, and helping her with little tasks about the house. The



A FAIR RELATION OF THE GOVERNOR-ELECT.
The younger daughter of the Duke of Teck, brother of Prince Alexander of Teck, who will assume the Canadian Governor-Generalship upon the retirement next month of the Duke of Connaught, is here seen riding in Rotten Row, London. She is young, but already a notable horsewoman.

home-loving instinct were many of the existing conditions in a boarding-house. So it may be said that from that little class of years ago grew the great project which gave rise to the Georgina House.

Many years ago, after Mrs. Broughall had safely passed the crisis of a serious illness, a dear old lady was talking to Canon Broughall in heartfelt sympathy. "I think Mrs. Broughall will pull through to be a comfort to you yet," she said. The ambiguous language did not hide the true sentiment, and one is thankful that Mrs. Broughall did pull through that and many other trying times to be a comfort again and yet again to many.



MISS NELL CARTER
A member of the late Laurence Irving's company, snapped with her unprepossessing mascot.

A Mascot

By M. B.

THAT which is being held before the camera, by the very pretty girl in the accompanying illustration, is not a preconceived idea of nightmare, neither is it a make-believe dwarf playing at being real. It is called Cuthbert, and was the mascot of the Laurence Irving Company, during their Canadian tour, which recently had such a tragic conclusion.

And now for a word about the pretty girl who seems to be so attached to Cuthbert. She is Nell Carter, who was understudy to Mrs. Irving, and played the big role in "The Lily." She is very enthusiastic about the Canadian West, and wants to come back again, some time. And if one may use the Western press as a candid critic, she will be as welcome on her return as she herself will welcome that return.

Miss Carter has not been before the lights very long. She is one of those fortunate beings who seem to fall into luck, or have it thrust upon them without any warning. Being exceedingly pretty, with fluffy brown hair which crinkles all up into fuzzy little curls around her eyes, she naturally was chosen, right in her first engagement, to understudy the most beautiful woman in the company, the star of the company, by the way. This was Ellaline Terris, the wife of Seymour Hicks, both great favourites in London.

Miss Carter was rather spurned by the majority of the company, who in this particular case were members of the chorus. The reason why she was spurned is quite a simple one, as choruses go. She appeared every morning for rehearsal, in a simple serge suit slightly worn as to the elbows. Many of the chorus queens, on the other hand, drove to the theatre in their own motor cars, wore sealskin coats, etc. They called modest Nell Carter the "shabby flapper" of the show.

ONE day, something happened. Miss Carter received a special delivery note that she was to appear that night as the star of the production. Miss Terris was ill. Her opportunity had come!

She arrived at the theatre, as usual, that night, in her worn serge suit. Presently, however, the audience wondered who the young substitute could be. Nell Carter! They had never heard of her before. And she could act! Anyhow, the result of it all was that she played Miss Terris' role for the remainder of the season.

That was the stepping stone to other things. She has understudied many parts. It seemed only natural that Laurence Irving should have chosen her to appear in the same capacity to his brilliant wife.

Cuthbert, the mascot of the company, who belongs to Miss Carter, sailed with her on the "Teutonic." Who knows, perhaps if he had been on the unfortunate "Empress"—?

Well, he was not—and tragedy had its way.



Courierettes.

B RITAIN is having ructions with Ireland. The United States is waiting till Mexico becomes nasty again. Austria is warring on Serbia. And we have just made a memorandum of the Battle of Vancouver for the new history books. But on December 25th shall we still sing "Peace on Earth"?

The army worm seems to have travelled to Europe.

Isn't Austria hungry for Serbia?

The Kaiser is said to be a warlike monarch. Is the deduction made from the fierce turn of his moustache?

Where is Norman Angell?

These are the dog days. The dogs of war?

The discord in the concert of Europe is making Sir Edward Grey.

When it was suggested that Jones had married for beauty, the cynic said he thought the reason was booty.

An hysterical jury has acquitted Mme. Caillaux, and that cause celebre is already a thing of the past. The result proves that murder, committed by a French woman, is naught but a recreation, a pastime, a sport. The idea of suggesting that one should be punished for amusing themselves thusly!

The "Mail and Empire," Toronto, devotes a column of space describing the remarkable feat of a man who took thirteen hours to land a salmon. There are women, numbers of them, who have spent years of their lives in landing an ordinary lobster and never a word is printed about them in the papers. Yet they are called the weaker sex!



More Likely. — Gertie.—"I hear Jack is going to Ohio to get a divorce. Is that the state he was married in?"

Bertie—"It may be, but I always understood it was in a state of intoxication."



Worth Dying For. — First Little Slum Girl—"The doctor has been to see Milly Jones and says mebbe she ain't goin' to get better."

Second L. S. G.—"What's the matter with her?"

First L. S. G.—"Ate too much ice cream at the Sunday school picnic."

Second L. S. G.—"Gee, what a bee-autiful way to get sick and die!"



More Than Paid Expenses. — Jones—"Hear you had a party up at your house the other night. Was it a success?"

Brown—"A success! Well, I should say so. My wife got three-eighty for the empties."



The Fish That Forgot How to Swim.—You can believe this story or not, as you like, but Hank, who is a gentleman, a guide, and a fisherman, told it for the truth.

One day when he was poking along the shore he came across a hollowed-out, water-soaked, old log thrown up on the beach out of the reach of the waves. In the log he found a catfish, whose apparent intention of doing a little house-boating had been frustrated by the storm that had flung the log ashore. The catfish, however, had lived quite contentedly in the beached log, until Hank came along. Hank took the fish home, dropped it into an old barrel outside the kitchen door, and fed it bits of bread and an occasional

worm or two. The catfish, Hank says, began to watch for his coming and would stand up spryly on his tail when he heard the kitchen door bang and knew Hank was coming with his dinner. Presently Hank taught him to jump for his food, and progressed so well with his training that in no time the catfish could jump as high as the top of the barrel. One day he made the top and flopped overboard, and started to follow Hank into the house.

Well, to cut it short, it soon came to be an everyday occurrence to see Hank striking off for the village with the old catfish lopping along behind him, and the children would run to the gate to see him go by, and the older inhabitants would exclaim, "Well, would you look at that now. I never seen nothing like it in my lifetime!"

Hank says he was fonder of that catfish than he could have been of any dog—"no common, ornery, everyday pet, that"—when one day a mean thing happened. Hank was crossing the bridge over the river, with the catfish, as usual, at his heels, when he came to a large crack in the flooring. Before you could say scat! the catfish had dropped through into the water. Hank ran back to shore, scrambled down under the bridge, got a boat and pulled out into the river. The catfish was just coming to the top for the third time. Hank got him, but he was dead. Drowned, poor fellow!

Hunting The Hangman.—It happened on a Toronto daily newspaper. The city editor was a man of sudden impulses and brilliant ideas who made life a phantasmagoria to some

UNDAUNTED.



"Why do you hesitate so about your answers? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?"

"No, sir."

—The Tatler.

of his reporters. There was one writer on the staff who came in for a good share of this man's impromptu caprices.

One morning the editor said to Hartman:

"Look here, it seems that in one of the big jails of Europe it has been decided to have a permanent scaffold to do away with the bother of erecting a new one every time a man is hanged."

"Yes, sir?" said the writer. "And—?"

"Well go and interview the hangman here—get his address from the directory—and ask him what he thinks of this as a suitable scheme for Toronto jail."

"Oh heavens," mumbled the writer. However, he made sure from the reporters' staff, who were strong on names, of the exact spelling of this name—"Radcliffe," they told him.

In the directory he was set down as living on A street at No. 21. He took a car and reached the house, a nice-looking residence on a very respectable street—wondering all the while how the people of that very polite neighbourhood relished the idea of having a hangman in their midst. He had been told weird stories about this hangman; that he had his front parlour decorated with the ropes of his many victims. But he was told by a very pleasant lady that the said Mr. Radcliffe had moved from there some months before and was now to be found at No. 74 B street. On he went several blocks farther. At the second address he found a house even more respectable than the first, and a lady who seemed to be as gentle as the profession of her alleged husband was discreditable. And he was very loath to ask her.

"Pardon me—but does Mr. Radcliffe live here?"

"Well, no; he moved away just a few days ago. He is now living at the Homer House"—which was a very orderly and popular home-circle hotel downtown.

Down went the scribe to the Homer House. The clerk seemed not at all surprised when he was asked:

"Does Mr. Radcliffe stay here?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but he's out just now. You'll find him at his office down on C street."

This was a new one. How could a hangman have an office? Though, of course, when he came to think of it, a man spent very little of his time hanging other people and must have plenty of time on his hands for side lines of business. And it seemed that Mr. Radcliffe was a partner with some merchant down town.

Therefore, feeling sure that this was the last lap in the chase after the elusive hangman, the scribe hustled himself down to the address given him at the hotel. He entered a long, silent office. Behind a high desk, seated on a stool, was a diligent-looking, genteel person very busy over a ledger. The scribe scanned him over a moment before saying a word. This man wasn't the least like any photographs of the hangman he had seen in the newspapers. However, it was surely the man. And Hartman screwed up his nerve to the point where he could ask this innocent-looking person the awful question.

"You are—Mr. Radcliffe, I believe?"

"That's my name," smiled the other. "What do you want?"

"Well, sir—to be quite frank—I've been sent by the 'Evening Call'—to ask you—what you think about the wisdom of—of erecting a permanent scaffold—uh, a regular structure, you understand—so as not to have to bother with—"

Then the man at the desk kindled into a smile.

"Ahem! I guess you've got the wrong man," he said. "The man you want to see is the hangman. His name's Radcliffe. Oh don't apologize. You're not the first that's made the mistake."

But the scribe beat a hasty retreat to the office of the "Call" where he wrote out, not his scaffold story—but his resignation.

Ingenious.—A small boy, as is the habit of his kind, longed for pennies to spend. He had a habit of asking his mother's guests to give him them. His mother promised a thrashing, if she found him continuing the game.

So he had another stunt. He went up to a visitor and said: "Do you know anyone who would lend me a penny and not ask for it back?"



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

One Tragic Week

IT is necessary to go back to 1907 for a parallel in the demoralization of the stock markets and the money markets of the events of the past week. On Saturday, July 25th, the first tremors came in consequence of the news that Serbia had refused compliance with Austria's demand. The markets were in no condition to stand the shock. As the tables in The Canadian Courier showed, the average of representative Canadian stocks had sunk in the previous week to 99, which is the lowest average in years. C.P.R. was quoted on Saturday the 25th at 177½, a then new low. Over that week end, declines of from five to nine points were sustained, and a widespread crumbling of values was apprehended. At that, prices on Canadian exchanges were better than London quotations, though, compared with prices a month ago, they showed up badly.

On Monday (27th), the group of bears on both Toronto and Montreal exchanges found a windfall in the grave news from Europe, and made haste to cover. Brazilian was margined wholesale. It closed on Saturday at 69½; trading abroad lowered it to 61¼, and it opened here at 64. Thus, in one day's trading, it broke five points. Toronto Rails, which was quoted in Toronto on Saturday the 25th at 119, slumped nine points in London, opened in Toronto on Monday at 116, broke to 111¼, and hardened to 115. C.P.R., 177½ on Saturday, was seven points off in London, opened here on Monday at 175½,



and closed at 176. These three stocks were at once the most active and the weakest stocks in Toronto market. C.P.R. and Brazilian were correspondingly weak in Montreal on Saturday. On Monday, Laurentide and Power joined the group on the toboggan and broke respectively seven and five points.

Tuesday was the blackest day that the Canadian Exchanges have had in years. Both exchanges closed down, Montreal at noon and Toronto at 2.15. Panic reigned; security values were being slaughtered. On the floors, half a dozen widely differing prices were made on the same security at one and the same time. Values tumbled precipitately on both exchanges, and the whole of the members were much relieved when the bell rang and the exchanges were closed. The action, while unprecedented, was justified. Prices were smashed, irrespective of values, and the wrecking had to be stopped. C.P.R. slumped everywhere. Berlin sold it on its own account and for Austria. London sold. New York sold. In New York it sold for 157, which was a drop of twenty points. Brazilian touched 53½ just before the exchange closed on Tuesday. One month before it was 77. On the Saturday, even, it was 69, so that it broke ten points over the week end. Barcelona, which has sold for 40, sold on Tuesday for 15½. Toronto Rails, once selling at 140, sold for 110. Montreal Power, which has registered 235, sold for 211. Canadian General Electric, quoted at 110 in January, sold for 91. Much of the selling of the Montreal people was put on the shoulders of the Toronto brokers. Right along through the trouble, New York has been selling on about a fifth of its total selling orders for holders in Europe.

The following are the prices of some of the leading stocks on the Canadian exchanges on Saturday, July 25, and Tuesday the 28th, which was the day when the exchanges closed down:—

	July 25.	July 28.
Barcelona	17¼	15¼
Brazilian	69¼	45
C. P. R.	179¼	173¼
Can. Gen. Electric	93%	90¼
Laurentide	175	164
Mackay	79	75
Montreal Power	227	211
Toronto Rails	118¼	111

The recess on the Montreal and Toronto exchanges will continue till August 4th and probably longer. Meanwhile, the local situation is being steadily improved. The bankers are helping all they can, and have tacitly agreed not to call loans. They are making every effort to prevent the sacrifice of good securities. A New York banker, speaking of the situation, hit the nail on the head. He said: "It is not a question of money; there is enough and to spare. But it is a question of credits, and more especially as to what extent credits have been impaired."

Local brokers say that on the whole the huge number of calls for margin

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have been well met. The strain has been very severe, but it looks as if, when the markets reopen, there will not be many accounts sold out. The whole trouble has been that the disquieting news came at the wrong time, and everybody rushed to realise—no matter at what cost.

The Economics of War

ON Friday last the London and New York stock exchanges decided to close until further notice. Practically all the European exchanges had been closed during the week. The transactions were nominal. When New York on Friday morning discovered that it was to be the dumping ground for the whole world, there was nothing to do but close. New York might have absorbed all the international stocks that were offered without injury, but it could not prevent its own national stocks falling in sympathy with the international securities. Hence the action taken.

What would be the effect of a general war upon the financial and commercial conditions of the United States and Canada? The general opinion seems to be that the effect, in the long run, will be good. If Canadian and United States securities prove to be better than the securities of any other country, then the world's capital will flow this way in an ever-increasing stream. It all depends upon the wisdom of the governments of the two countries. If there are no impediments put in the way of financiers, railway managers and industrial leaders, industry will thrive and dividends will be earned. The financial success of each country depends upon its commercial and agricultural success.

If the United States and Canada are alive to their opportunities a general European war would greatly benefit the North American continent. The United States will have the greatest crop in its history—nearly six billion bushels of wheat, corn, oats, barley and other field products. Its crop of wheat alone is estimated at close to one billion bushels. An increase of fifty cents a bushel in wheat and twenty-five cents a bushel in oats would mean a great deal to both countries. It would do much to retrieve the Canadian Northwest, but it would do more to improve conditions in the United States.

Then there is the broader phase. If the United States has the only vessels on the high seas, owned by a "neutral nation," then much of the carrying trade now held by Great Britain and Germany must pass to the United States. How much of this would be secured and how much of it would be held would depend upon the duration of the war and the extent of the damage which Germany and Great Britain would inflict, the one on the other.

Canada, as a British Dominion, would not reap much of this benefit because Canadian ships, flying the British marine flag, would be liable to seizure by privateers or war ships owned by Germany or Italy. Nevertheless, Canadian industry would benefit, as well as Canadian agriculture, because a great volume of our products would find their way out through United States ports.

The Cry for Gold

WHEN it comes to war-time there is only one medium that stands all the test, and that is gold. It is to get gold that the people of Europe are dumping their securities on the stock markets so fast that purchasers cannot be found for them. Hence the stock exchanges of the world have closed. Hence the Bank of England changed its rate from three to four per cent. one day, and then jumped it to eight per cent. the following day. Two days later it soared to ten per cent. It was at this level in the Crimean war, but has never been like anything so high since. Hence the people of Paris were last week paying 28 francs (\$5.60) for British sovereigns.

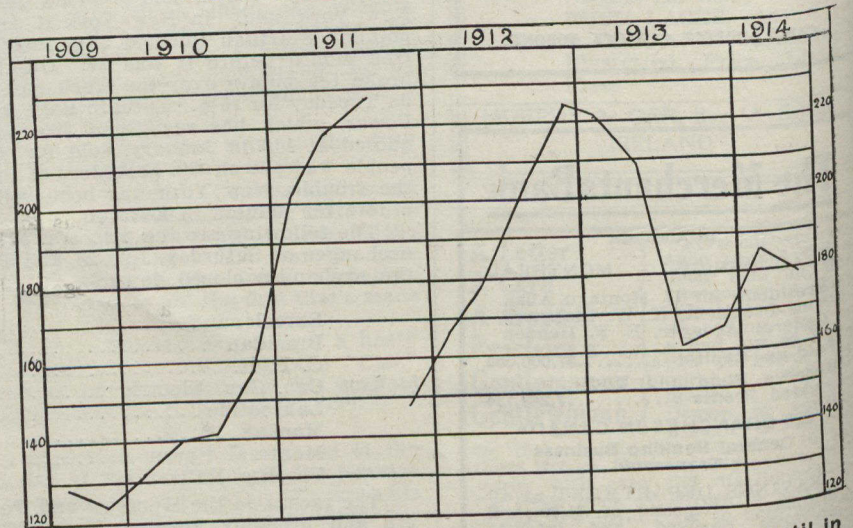
One must go back sixty years to find a time when the Bank of England rate was ten per cent. In 1907 it was seven per cent., its highest in forty years. Also one must go back to Sept. 30th, 1873, to find a day when the New York Stock Exchange was not able to do business for fear of a crisis, and to the Crimean war period for a similar record on the London Exchange. It is quite true that the New York Exchange did remain closed on May 11th, 1901, but the panic of May 9th was really over.

Few of us can remember even May 9th and 11th, 1901, and still fewer the dark day in 1873. Even our fathers can scarce remember what happened in the Crimean war time. But, everything considered, there has never been in the history of the modern world a more striking "Black Friday" than that of July 31st, 1914. It was the cry for gold that was the root of the trouble.

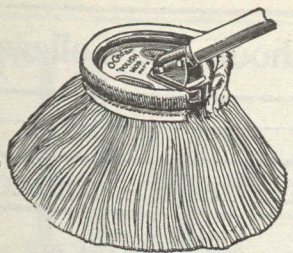
Steady Increase in Laurentide

A GREAT deal of money has been made by those who have pinned their faith to Laurentide stock. Every hundred dollars originally invested by the stockholders is now worth \$360 market value. This has been accomplished by the usual process of doubling the shares. The company makes paper at Grand Mere, Que., and Sir William Van Horne is the President. The Laurentide Company, Limited, was originally the Laurentide Paper Company, Limited. In the latter part of 1911 the transformation was made on the stock exchange, although the deal was really consummated at a shareholders' meeting in August, 1910. The old stockholders got two shares of the new stock for one of the old. The new capital is seventy-two thousand shares of \$100 each, a total capital stock of \$7,200,000. The bonds outstanding are

THE COURSE OF LAURENTIDE COMMON.



In the last quarter of 1909, Laurentide sold at 125. It rose steadily until in the third quarter of 1911 it touched 228. Then two shares were issued for one, and again it went over the 220 mark. Now it is selling around 180. less than one million. The first half of the foregoing chart shows the course of the old stock during 1909, 1910 and 1911. The break indicates where the old stock went off, and the new stock came on.



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The Real Cause?

THE Monocle Man, writing in a recent issue of the "Canadian Courier," discussed the prospect of better times next year. He said the root of the trouble was no funds. A correspondent writes to urge another reason of the hard times, which we have had for a year:

Hanover, 26th July, 1914.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

The "Monocle Man" has his finger very neatly on the mainspring of the hard times that have struck us; but that being beyond our control, we can not take much benefit from the exposition. There is another side, however, from which we might gain a useful lesson, and which you ought to take up in a future paper. The main question for us is, "Why did the blow crumple us up so disgracefully?"

And in answering that, the real estate raid which you have dismissed so lightly will certainly come in for a share of attention. To elucidate, let me tell a tale of facts observed in my own town and township; easily representative, no doubt, of all Canada.

A few years since Mr. A. bought a farm in the North-West at \$6 per acre, wild prairie, paid \$1 per acre down out of his savings and \$5 he borrowed from J. B. One year later he sold the farm to Mr. B. for \$12 per acre. B. paid \$2 down and borrowed \$5 from J. B. Two years later B. sold to C. at \$16 per acre, C. paying \$1 down and borrowing \$5 from J. B. Two years later C. sold to D. at \$22 per acre, D. paying \$2 down and borrowing \$5 from J. B. Last of all D. returned the farm to E. at \$25 per acre; but when E. applied to J. B. for a loan of \$5 per acre, J. B. said, what is on that farm, anyway? Any crop, any improvements? And E. said, no, but I can soon sell it again for \$30 per acre. Then J. B. buttoned up his pocket and said, "I have lent \$20 per acre on that place already, and I'm dinged if I lend another penny on it until there are some improvements made." But by that time the price was so high that no farmer could pay it, add the improvements and make his own out of it. Then the slump began. Now, who was to blame and why? Surely we have been devoting too much of our time and money to non-productive enterprise, if the Europeans leave theirs to destructive forms.

Yours, etc.,
E. T. EEDE.

Another Method

A TYPE of industry new to Canada is to be located in British Columbia. Mr. St. John Harmsworth, a distinguished British capitalist, and a brother of Lord Northcliffe, is the prime mover in an enterprise for the development of medicinal springs near Windermere. In association with a group of wealthy men, he proposes to develop the Sinclair Radium Hot Springs at Kootenay, and will erect there a large sanitarium and bottling works. The idea seems to be to make a spa, such as Marienbad, in Germany, or Harrogate.

This is not Mr. Harmsworth's first hot-springs enterprise. Through him, Perrier water has become famous the world over. It was he who, seeing the springs at Perrier, decided to turn their medicinal properties to commercial account.

As some people are very anxious to see the bar abolished in Canada, they should welcome the news of the production of a new table water, regarding it in the light of a competitor against the liquor traffic. Possibly, by elimination and substitution, the bar might thus be abolished. Mr. Bryan quaffs a glass of grape juice and finds it good. Why shouldn't our ministers go in for popularizing this new drink?

Too Often.

According to the Washington Star, Mr. George Ade was sitting with a little girl of eight, who looked up from her "Hans Christian Andersen" and asked: "Does m-i-r-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?" "Often, my child," said the cynical bachelor.—Youth's Companion.

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ABOUT THE CLOTHES MOTH.

There are several closely allied species of Clothes Moths, *Tineina*, all so much alike that it is difficult to tell them apart. The Moth finds its way easily into chests of drawers and wardrobes, and lays its eggs. From these eggs the larvae which eat our garments are hatched. Each larva makes a case for itself from fragments of the material on which it feeds.

Nothing short of hermetical sealing will keep the Clothes Moth out of wardrobes, chests of drawers, boxes and similar places where clothes and furs are kept, and under ordinary household circumstances hermetical sealing is impossible. The one way to prevent damage by Moth is to use Keating's Powder, which kills every moth with which it comes into proper contact before it can lay its eggs, or should the eggs have been already laid, it kills the larvae immediately they hatch. Before putting away furs, blankets, Summer or Winter wearing apparel, and clothes of all descriptions, first thoroughly shake them, and then well sprinkle them with Keating's Powder; leave the powder on them. Carpets.—Before relaying carpets see the floor is thoroughly dry, then dust all over with "Keating's" and lay the carpets on top. Furniture.—Blow "Keating's" freely and regularly into the folds of all upholstered furniture and the backs of chairs, bedding, etc.

It is necessary that both the Powder itself and the article on which it is used are absolutely dry. So used it will not injure the finest fabric.

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CONTENTS.

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

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—San Francisco Examiner.

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Norman Richardson
12 E. Wellington St.
Toronto

The Mouth of the Gift Horse

(Concluded from page 8.)

ment Tommy and his package were forgotten. In fact, Tommy had ceased to think about it himself when one day, several weeks later, he received an unexpected message over the telephone. Could he call at room 17, Golden West Hotel, at eight o'clock that evening?

He could—and did. He found three men in the room; two of them robust of frame, hard-featured and rough-mannered; the third a shrinking wisp of a fellow with a weak chin and a furtive air. A nameless apprehension seized Tommy the moment he entered the room—and it did not abate any when one of the men interposed his six-foot-two of Herculean frame between him and the door.

"Well, Kid, the stuff's off," he said. "The little shrimp there"—indicating his timid-looking companion—"has confessed and you might as well come across with the loot without any trouble. The bank's willing to let the matter drop, but you've got to make good the coin—almighty quick, too."

"W-what are you talking about?" gasped Tommy. "Come! Come! You can't work no bluffs on us. See this!" The spokesman threw back his coat and displayed a detective's shield; and his companion did likewise. The sorry third figure wilted like an October geranium. "It's the only way out," he whimpered. "You'll have to give it up."

"Give up what?" In his excitement Tommy failed to connect the detective's presence with the package of money.

"The thousand dollars that Jasper Mills—that dirty little thief there—stole from the Security Bank at Winnipeg and expressed to you, of course. D'ye mean to say you didn't get it?—that you weren't his accomplice in the robbery?" The officer was getting angry.

"My God! No! I never heard of any robbery."

"Didn't you get a package of money from Jasper Mills, Winnipeg, a few weeks ago?"

"I—I thought it was a present." "Present!" The sleuth laughed sardonically. "Well, what you thought don't matter. All you gotta do is turn over the thousand dollars—"

"But I didn't get a thousand dollars," wildly protested Tommy. "There was only ten dollars and some imitation bills."

"You're a liar! Ain't you been telling all over town there was a thousand dollars?" The officer grasped his victim's shoulder in a grip of iron and shook him like a terrier shakes a rat.

"See here, Kid!" he thundered, "we've stood for enough of your guff. You produce that thousand dollars in this room by six o'clock to-morrow or—" He drew a pair of handcuffs from his pocket and jangled them meaningly. "That'll be all for to-night. There's the door."

The young man who had not profited by the old adage regarding the gift horse and its mouth betook himself to his room in the manner of a school-boy who has chewed his first chew of tobacco.

From his book-case the bogus bills of Doctor Grindel leered at him in yellow mockery. If only he had told some one about them! Well, it was too late now—no use crying over spilled milk. He had some nine hundred dollars saved up against the day of his dreams—his wedding day. It would have to be sacrificed. Could he borrow another hundred?

Next day Tommy trod the thorny path of the borrower. The office kindly advanced him fifty dollars on his salary. In small amounts—being a comparative stranger—he borrowed another forty dollars. All his friends worked, in desperation he called on a mere acquaintance, the station-agent, for the remaining ten. The agent listened to his story patiently enough and finally advanced the money, but before doing so he called a man from an inner office who also listened to Tommy's story.

"It wouldn't make any difference if I went over to the hotel with you, would it?" asked the stranger, whom the agent had addressed as Jim. "Those two detectives may be acquaintances of mine. Perhaps I can persuade them to let you down a bit easier."

At the hotel, Tommy knocked at room 17 and entered, followed by his newly-found friend. He had not had time to utter a word when the command "Hands up!" rang out like a pistol shot. The hands of the two officers and the embezzling bank clerk went into the air like semaphores, and Tommy turned to see Jim holding a brace of automatics on the trio. Take the handcuffs out of my pocket and chain those crooks up," he instructed Tommy. "They've worked that little game of theirs all over the East and there's a reward out for them."

Later the railroad detective shared the reward with Tommy. "From your description," he said, "I imagine the man you gave your berth to was Old Millionaire Hobbs. If it was you were lucky to get your two-fifty back."

Mainly About Men

(Concluded from page 9.)

tion in Quebec as he has seen them.

"Le Debutant," or the tyro, as we would say in English, bears on its title page that caution: "this book has not been written for little girls." One would be very mistaken if he expected that a work thus introduced was an immoral one, intended especially for those who read what "little girls" must not read. What the author meant to do and what he has successfully accomplished, was to depart from the deplorable tradition which weakens French-Canadian literature and according to which authors in this province, instead of writing for the public at large, devote their chief efforts to producing books that are devoid of the characteristics of real life, in order that they may not offer offence to anybody. And while they strive to achieve works that can be read by little girls, the intellectual public of Quebec neglect their weak productions and read the French novels from France, because those latter do not suffer from the lack of virility that is noticeable here.

Mr. Bessette's work is his first one, but it is a singularly attractive and interesting story, and he has attained from the first a very high degree of perfection. He deserves to be ranked with the best contemporary French-Canadian writers, as Mr. Bernier and Mr. Rodolphe Girard, the author of

many good books.

Paul Miro, the beginner, whose struggles and adventures are told in "Le Debutant," was a little country boy full of enthusiasm and with a decidedly poetical turn of mind. After going through a classical course of studies he enters into the journalistic career, where, as might be expected, he meets with disappointment and gets hurt in his fight with the hard reality of life. He mixes in politics and this supplies the author with an opportunity for making an excellent sketch of the political situation in the Province of Quebec. We are also treated to an inside view of the newspaper's editorial rooms and this picture, although it dates back some ten or fifteen years ago, is very typical. Miro was supported and encouraged in his uphill fight by the love of a very sympathetic young woman, whose death nearly brings his own. And that's the end of it.

Mr. Bessette has advocated broad-mindedness and the union of the different races in Canada. He has been true to life and true to nature, and the example he has set should be followed by other local aspirants to literary fame. His work is good because it is true, and it is also beautiful because of its genuineness, as truth, goodness and beauty are all one.

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The College is a Government institution, designed primarily for the purpose of giving instruction in all branches of military science to cadets and officers of the Canadian Militia. In fact, it corresponds to Woolwich and Sandhurst.

The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and there is in addition a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such an important part of the College course. Medical attendance is also provided.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis the cadets receive a practical and scientific training in subjects essential to a sound modern education.

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The annual competitive examination for admission to the College, takes place in May of each year, at the headquarters of the several military districts.

For full particulars regarding this examination and for any other information, application should be made to the Secretary of the Militia Council, Ottawa, Ont.; or to the Commandant, Royal Military College, Kingston, Ont.
H.Q. 94-5. 9-09.

The FIFTH WHEEL

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

Twenty-four hours sounds more important than one day, yet the same swing of the pendulum marks the passing of years and the fulfilment of a life-time. How much, or how little may be accomplished while the hands move round the clock?

THERE had been twenty-four hours of absolute calm in the sick-room, during which Laurie seemed to be in a peaceful sleep—the first natural continuous sleep since his illness began.

Mrs. Pridham, who had shown signs of breaking down from the nervous strain of this ceaseless watching and waiting, was ordered by Dr. Fraser to go for a drive every day and had reluctantly withdrawn from her usual afternoon vigil, leaving Theo in her place.

Recently Theo had begged to be allowed to take her turn in the sick-room, pleading that to have no occupation was insupportable to her, and that, whereas Agnes had outside work in the shape of visiting the poor, and moreover liked to spend many hours in church, she herself found it difficult to pass the time.

She sat at Laurie's side, her hands idle but her thoughts busy, trying to follow the two wanderers with whom her heart had set sail over the sea.

And suddenly all the grief that had been within her heart, all the restlessness, the regret and the longing, welled up in one great sob, and sinking down, she buried her face in the coverlet, on Laurie's bed, and murmured brokenly, "Oh, come back everybody—Tubby, Fen, Laurie! You're all so far away! 'Come back!' She did not see the ripple of life that came over the still white face close to hers, nor the gradual lifting of the eyelids, until Laurie's eyes were gazing at the ceiling with the dawn of a real awakening in them.

For a moment he lay quiescent—his mind a blank, slowly invaded by puzzled memories. Then it occurred to him to shift his gaze, which, travelling downwards, met the familiar objects of his own room and reassured him.

The echo of Theo's words was still faintly throbbing in his brain—Tubby, Fen, Laurie,—and he wondered where and why, in some remote past, those names had meant something to him. Finally a ray of light broke through the darkness of his long lapse; and dispelled the lingering unconsciousness.

And with the light came an overwhelming desire to pick up the broken threads and piece them together.

"Fen!" he said, while he tried to raise himself on one arm. "I want her. Where is she?"

In an instant Theo had sprung to her feet, her limbs shaking under her, her brain dizzy with the shock of hearing and seeing Laurie in his normal state.

For even in the short sentence and the first mutual look between them, she understood that Laurie had "come back."

"Where is Fen?" she stammered. "I don't know, Laurie. But—but I will fetch Agnes."

He sank back on his pillow, weak with his transient effort.

"Have I been ill?" he asked, "long ill?"

Theo's colour came and went, and she tried to steady her voice lest its trembling should convey alarm to Laurie.

"Yes, dear," she answered softly,

"you haven't been very well lately. But you are better now. Mother told me to let her know if you wake up. I'll go and find her."

"Don't go," he pleaded. "Ring for someone and send a message. I want you to tell me what has been happening. I feel as if I had lost count of things."

And as she moved softly to the bed, he added: "Why ring at all? I am all right; I only want to get my mind clear about things. Come and sit down. Do, please, child!" Again he tried to raise himself, stretching out an imploring hand to her, and Theo felt that it would be dangerous to thwart him.

"Now," he said, as she sat down, "to begin with—what made me ill? Something happened—something dreadful—but I can't quite remember what. Tell me, Theo!"

"You had a fall," she replied soothingly, "on your way to the station. But, Laurie, please don't talk about it—yet. You are not strong enough, nurse would not like you to. I ought to let her know—really."

"I have had a nurse, then!" he said. "How long ago was this fall? Wait—it is beginning to come back to me. It was the night my leave ended—I went to the station—I remembered that I had left something here—something important—that I must come back for. I came back—Wait! Did I come back, or was that all a dream?"

HE passed his hand over his eyes, his voice quivering with weakness and agitation.

Theo, really alarmed, wished that Agnes would return. It seemed to her that this sudden complete recovery of Laurie's lost memory might presage a crisis—possibly a dangerous one. (She had heard of people coming to themselves just before the end. But directly she moved, his hand grasped her wrist.

"Theo," he said, in a hesitating troubled tone, "is it part of my dream that someone was murdered?"

It was a terrible moment for her. His eyes were full of a wild appeal, his fingers throbbled on her wrist.

"For God's sake," he added piteously, "tell me. I am so afraid of the cloud coming back over my brain I want to get clear."

Theo hesitated no longer. It seemed to her that any truth must be better than this horrible uncertainty for him.

"You are thinking of Lisbeth Bainton," she said quietly, though her heart was throbbing with anxiety. "She came to a sad end just about that time."

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "Liz Bainton, of course. Murdered—stabbed on the canal path. And the knife—the knife was here—put back! Fenella was there. Did she know? Had she seen or heard something?" Again he pressed his brow, distracted with the effort to regain full possession and control of his brain.

"I think," Theo went on, "that Fen saw you from her window and went down to meet you. You came back for her photograph, Laurie dear."

"That's it!" he exclaimed eagerly. "I came back for her photograph. And then—what happened after that? Go and fetch Fen, Theo! Tell her I must see her at once!"

"I'll ring for someone to come to you first," she said, "because mother asked me not to leave you alone." Laurie, who had closed his eyes in order to concentrate his confused

thoughts, made no further opposition, and when the bed was answered, Theo directed that the nurse should be sent for, and that either Miss Agnes or Mrs. Pridham should be found, if possible.

As it happened, they all three arrived on the scene within a moment or two, for the housemaid ran down in a scared way to say that Miss Theo looked frightened to death, and she believed Mr. Laurie had passed away in his sleep.

Quickly and silently, with anxious questioning glances at Theo, they hurried to the bedside, and as the nurse bent over him, and Mrs. Pridham, sinking into a chair, let her hand rest on his, Laurie opened his eyes again.

"Mother, dear, I'm so glad you've come," he said, faintly but naturally; "I expect you've been worrying about me. But I'm all right now." It was too much for Mrs. Pridham.

All the agony of love and suffering which she had held in check only by doing the utmost violence to her feelings, welled up from her heart to her lips, as she cried out: "My boy!" and then her face worked and she broke into a passion of tears.

"Hush!" said the nurse reprovingly, "You ought to laugh, not cry, Mrs. Pridham. I always rejoice when a patient turns the corner. Why, we shall have him up and about in no time now. What will Dr. Fraser say, I wonder!"

She bustled about, and, mixing some restorative, held it to his lips, talking meanwhile to give Mrs. Pridham time to recover herself and to prevent Laurie from being too upset at the sight of his mother's emotion.

Agnes, gently moving to Mrs. Pridham's side, whispered: "Be brave, mother! Remember how critical it is!" and persuaded her to move away where her sobs were not so painfully evident to Laurie.

Laurie drank obediently at the nurse's command, and allowed her to prop him up with a pillow.

Theo glided out of the room, and ran straight downstairs and to the library.

Her father, sitting, as he had been accustomed to do latterly, thinking, with his head on his hand, seeing her flushed face, sprang to his feet.

"Not—?" he questioned. And Theo, with a catch in her voice, caught him up quickly.

"Yes, Laurie's himself again. He's talking quite rationally. He woke up from his sleep with his mind clear. Oh, father, ring up Dr. Fraser and tell him to come at once."

For her father had taken a step backwards, as though he would reel and fall, and she realized the danger that good news may be. Instinct told her that to do something, to help in some way, would be a safety valve.

She was right. Mr. Pridham, his ruddy face purple, and his hands trembling, seized the telephone and rang up the doctor.

And then Theo, in her turn, gave way. She sat down in her father's chair and, letting her face fall on her clasped hands, cried her heart out.

The first glimpse of light in the impenetrable darkness had been too much for all of them. There is no moment when a mental strain comes so near to snapping the fine ligaments of the brain as the reactionary one when the intolerable burden has just been eased!

Mrs. Pridham came down to her husband before long, for the nurse depre-

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cated anything more being said to or by Laurie until the doctor should have seen him.

Only Agnes remained with her brother, praying inwardly, her quiet face a reassurance to him whenever he felt the dizzy vagueness returning.

She yielded her place to Dr. Fraser when he arrived, and went away to her own room, where one corner formed a little oratory for her devotions, and spent the next hour on her knees there.

"This is a great improvement, Nurse!" said the doctor cheerfully. "We shall have him convalescent before long."

"The way to get me quite well," Laurie remarked, "is to let me have a long talk with you, Fraser, quite by ourselves."

"Certainly," Fraser answered, "as soon as you are a bit stronger. We'll give you a tonic."

"I don't want to wait for strength," Laurie replied firmly. "I want peace of mind; that will be my best tonic. We will have our talk to-morrow, please. I'll only ask one question to-night. Where is Miss Leach?"

The doctor saw that any attempt at prevarication would be a mistake.

"I understand," he answered, "that she has gone with an old school-friend, abroad."

"Where?"

"I have no idea."

"Was she obliged to go?"

"No; she went of her own free will, without consulting anyone."

Laurie nodded. "We must find her and get her back," he murmured resolutely. "I want to set right anything that has gone wrong."

CHAPTER XXV.

We place a silver wreath on twenty-five, marking perchance the lining to a passing cloud.

"THIS is the most extraordinary"—Mr. Pridham repeated the word with prolonged emphasis—"the most extraordinary and amazing thing I ever heard! Listen to this, Selina!"

Mrs. Pridham simply turned her eyes away from the White Sale List which she was studying and, without laying it aside, signified in this way that she was willing to give him her attention, provided his communication was a brief one.

"It's a letter from Hassall. He says: 'What I have to tell you is only another convincing proof to me of the Almighty's direct intervention in human affairs, an answer to prayer, revealing how we are guided in our desire to help others who are in trouble. When I left you with the promise that you and yours would be remembered in my prayers, I little thought that I held already the slender thread which was to deliver us out of our maze of perplexity. My exchange with Butler, to do his more strenuous work, in Bristol, while he found comparative rest in my quiet little parish, was merely an act of friendship which was arranged suddenly for his benefit. He left me a list of his poor parishioners whom he commended to my special notice and, with it, a memo attached telling their particular needs. I read through this list on the night I arrived, and you can understand my surprise when almost the first name that met my eyes was Mrs. George Bainton, in great sorrow owing to the murder of her daughter.'

"Mrs. George Bainton!" The Sale List fluttered to the floor from Mrs. Pridham's hands. She came from the window where she was standing, and leant over her husband's shoulder, to read the letter, while he continued aloud, after clearing his throat impressively: "Is it not something more than mere coincidence that I should have come here unexpectedly from the place where Lisbeth Bainton met her death, to be entrusted with the spiritual consolation of her bereaved mother? God led me here for His own purpose, the unconscious instrument of His own will, as you will understand fully when I tell you more. I went this morning to visit Mrs. George Bainton and found her living in poor circumstances, support-

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ed by her son, a young man of twenty-five who works at the Docks. She was extremely reticent at first, until I told her that I had met her daughter and had officiated at the funeral service, to which her son came. She is a wonderfully self-controlled woman, and only shed a few tears when speaking of her grief, reproaching herself for having allowed the girl to leave home and go away to look after the old grandmother. She said, "It seemed to be our duty at the time; but it was a lonely place for a young girl to be living in, and I blame myself for letting her go." Then we spoke together of the mystery surrounding the case, and I asked her if Lisbeth had any lover or admirer who might have been jealous of such a handsome girl. The mother said: "No, we always kept ourselves to ourselves, and Liz did not care for the sort of young men she met, living as we do here. I never encouraged my son to bring any of his mates to the house; they're rather a rough lot down at the Docks, and we've known better days, so I didn't wish my daughter to associate with people of that sort!" I expressed my surprise again that such a good-looking girl should have had no suitable admirers, and then Mrs. Bainton admitted reluctantly that there had been one man—a sailor—who had become very friendly with her son, a year or so before, coming home with him several times to tea. She said she would rather not mention his name, adding: "He used to pay Liz compliments, as any sailor might do. He'd travelled a lot, and was very entertaining, but we did not think much about him until the day he came to say good-bye. Then he spoke out very straightforward to the girl, before my son and me, said he loved her, and would work hard to make a good home for her when he came back, if she'd wait for him. Liz told him she hadn't any thoughts of getting married, and they parted quite friendly. The next day a ring came by post to her; blue forget-me-nots on it, but no word who sent it. She guessed it was my son's friend, but he'd gone by that time, so she could not return it—and she asked me to put it away. I've got it still." After that I asked Mrs. Bainton to describe this man. She said he was a big, burly individual, dark and black-eyed, a rollicking sort of jolly fellow who always had his joke and was very lavish to his friends—so her son told her—in giving drinks and so forth. She believed her son had a snapshot of them somewhere, taken together in a group with the rest of the crew who were going out East. I begged her to let me see it, but at that she suddenly took alarm, and asked me not to mention what she had told me, as her son had forbidden her to speak of it. He said, "We don't want any talking about our private affairs, especially about my poor Liz."

"ALL this seems to point conclusively, in my mind, to the motive for the crime. You told me yourself you bought that curious Chinese knife from a sailor, and here we find the connecting link—a sailor-love who went away to the East, after sending the girl a ring. There can be no doubt he had returned to this country and followed her to the place where she was living. Report gives it that she had a gentleman admirer—and there at once you find the elementary passions aroused, if the two men came in contact.

"I send you this communication to use as you please, knowing the distress of mind suffered by you and all your family. A shadow has rested over your house which God in His mercy will dispel, bringing the light of joy and gladness to you again. With kindest remembrances to your wife and daughters, Yours very sincerely,
JOHN HASSALL."

Mr. Pridham folded the letter and put it back into its envelope; his hands trembled and he was unable to speak. But his wife found words to express her first thoughts—"And people have dared to think our boy had some part in this wicked crime!

Horatio, you must set to work at once to find that sailor and bring it home to him. Spare no expense."

He rose impatiently. "I'm not likely to count the cost in clearing our name from the smallest suspicion—but how are they to bring it home to the right man? The police have scoured the country for any clue. He must have gone straight away after selling the knife, or surely someone would have seen him and known he was here."

"NOT necessarily. Such men can be very cunning. The police must begin all over again. But there are the girls coming across the lawn. We won't say anything about this to them."

"Why not? We have no reason to be secret about it. The more it's talked about, the better for us, Selina." Mr. Pridham was turning over the rest of his correspondence abstractedly, now he gave an exclamation and tore open another letter. His wife walked away to the window, to intercept their daughters, before they broke in upon their tete-a-tete. Then she heard a loud, excited "Hallo!" and looked back to see Mr. Pridham elated, with flushed face. "It never rains but it pours! It's come at last—what I've toiled and moiled to get—and now it seems like Dead Sea Fruit, bitter to the taste."

"What has come, Horatio?"

"The title we've wanted. This is an intimation that I can have a baronetcy by the paying for it. And now I can't accept—"

"Can't accept—and why not, I should like to know?" Mrs. Pridham was her own imperious self again. "Can't accept, indeed! What are you talking about, Horatio?"

"How can I accept a title with this trouble still hanging over us—Laurie in his state—and no clear proof that he's an innocent man. We're not in the position at present to put ourselves forward in the public eye!"

"Rubbish! you will accept the title at once, Horatio, and let everyone see that we are not mere nobodies, to be slighted and ignored. It will be the best proof to the world that there is no cloud hanging over our name. Nothing succeeds like success! And you'll find there will only be sympathy and consideration for Sir Horatio and Lady Pridham in their son's long illness—without any reference to outside events. Trust me—I know!"

"I believe you do, old lady!" Then, with a chuckle, he corrected himself. "My lady, I should say—and, as usual, your ladyship gets her way."

With a smile of triumph, Mrs. Pridham stepped out on to the terrace. "Girls!" she called to Theo and Agnes, slowly crossing the lawn, "come and congratulate your father. He's got his baronetcy, as we expected!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Two, plus six, makes eight, and in the occult world eight is an undesirable number—two circles united that together form an impasse.

L AURIE was sitting up in an arm-chair when Dr. Fraser arrived next day.

"I've had a most wayward and unmanageable patient," said the nurse with a smile; "he simply wouldn't stay in bed. Insisted on getting up and says he must go back to duty at the end of the week."

"When one has lost a whole slice out of one's life," said Laurie soberly, one wants to make up for it as soon as possible. I feel a malingerer as it is. I wonder what the Colonel thinks about me by this time!"

"He knows of your illness," said Fraser. "He can hardly court-martial you as a deserter."

"There is no excuse for me really," Laurie observed, "but from his letters to my father he is going to let me off. I had no right, you see, to run myself to the last moment. I ought to have gone up by the ten-fifty-three. Then none of this would have happened."

The nurse had finished patting his pillows and arranging various accessories of comfort within his reach; and took her departure now, leaving the two to their talk.

"That's true," remarked Fraser,



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"but I suppose you had a good reason for missing that train?"

"I had a reason, but it was one of love, not duty," Laurie replied. "I am going to be absolutely frank with you, and tell you the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!"

His cheeks were flushed and his eyes over-bright. The doctor felt his pulse and shook his head.

"I think we must put it off till tomorrow. You must take it easy until you get your strength up a little."

"Look here, doctor, I daresay you are right in the main, but for the moment you must give me my way. My brain won't rest—it has been asleep too long—and I shall never get right until the whole thing is threshed out. I have questioned my people, and though none of them wanted to tell me anything, I have gleaned a bit from one and a bit from another, and there appears to be nothing but hopeless muddle and trouble. So I'll tell you all I can remember and let you see what you can make of it. You'll give me your word of honour to keep it all to yourself?"

"Of course—on the understanding that there is no direct infringement of the law."

"THERE is none. This is what happened. I started for the ten-fifty-three up, with the intention of going straight back to Hounslow. At the station I remembered that I had left something behind—a photograph of Miss Leach, to whom I had just become privately engaged. She had written on it, so I did not care to think it might be found. The car had just turned out of the gates, but I thought I might catch it if I ran. When I reached the corner, it was a long way ahead. I decided to take the short cut, and calculated I had just time to reach home and get on to Woking for the train there.

"I ran most of the way, only slowing down a little when I came near the canal. Just after I passed Chevening Rise, by the trees that overhang the canal, I saw someone on the path that leads down to it. He had his back to me and seemed to be waiting for me to pass, as he was leaning against a tree, quite motionless. I recognized him at once, however. It was Mauleverer; I could swear to that. It struck me that he had reached the top of the path a minute before I came into sight, had seen me coming, and had retreated in order to deliberately avoid me. This seemed a little queer, and I wondered whether it had any connection with a certain episode of a few days before. The episode was this. I picked up a letter in the avenue one day, and as it had no beginning, and was signed only by an initial, I could not tell to whom it belonged. Possibly, I thought to one of the servants. I put it in my pocket, hardly liking to destroy it, and yet not wishing to make it public property because of the private nature of the contents. I had forgotten it for the moment, when I pulled it out, by mistake, an hour later, on the lawn. Theo picked it up and read out the signature, 'Yours till death, L.' It was a stupid thing to do, but she's only a child and I stopped her at once and took it away from her. To my surprise, Mauleverer claimed it and it occurred to me that he must be playing rather a double game because he had shown a good deal of preference for my sister, and I knew that my mother was quite prepared to allow them to be engaged. I probably showed him something of what I thought, for he was very short with me. Anyhow I wondered, when I saw him there at the canal path, whether he had been meeting anyone. I passed on and came to the bridge where, being absorbed and hurried, I did not see you until you suddenly stepped out from the shadows.

"Then you told me about the murder of Liz Bainton. You said to me—do you remember?—It is inexplicable, for she was as good as she was handsome. Those words struck me particularly, for I thought what a dastardly crime it must have been to strike down an innocent, trusting girl. Then you described the wound, and I was filled with horror, for I

knew that such a wound could be made by the Chinese knife hanging up in our hall, and I was startled and shocked, not knowing what to think. Anyhow it flashed into my mind that if it was known I had passed along the road at that time, I should be questioned. I might have to say I had seen Mauleverer. So I asked you not to mention having seen me. When I got here the house was all shut up, but I have a key of the little door at the bottom of the steps leading to the billiard-room.

"I opened it quietly and went along to the hall, where I looked at once to see if the knife was in its place. It was there right enough; I could just see it in the moonlight. I took it down and it didn't look as if it had been used. I was putting it back when I heard a slight sound, and, looking round, saw Miss Leach watching me. She said she had seen me from her window when I skirted the corner of the house and, concluding I had come back for her photograph, had run down to let me in quietly. It worried me that she should have seen me at all. I was afraid that it would lead to my return becoming known, and I was thinking of Mauleverer.

"I fetched the photo and got away as quickly as possible, telling her to close the door softly and not to mention having seen me.

"THEN I realized that I must not cross the bridge again—where I saw people moving about with lights, and that it would take me five minutes more to go round by the other way to Woking.

"I ran through the pineland until I could see through the trees the cross-roads where I could make a straight line to Woking; then I made for the edge of the clearing and took a flying leap down into the road. That is the last thing I remember. Something caught my foot as I jumped. I suppose I came down on my head with my wrist bent under me. What do you make of all that?"

"I suppose," said Fraser, "as you are quite determined to pursue the subject to the end, it is no good beating about the bush. Mauleverer has gone away from home—so has his sister. No one appears to have connected him with the affair at all, although people have thought it strange that they should go away just in the midst of all the summer gaieties here. There has been a good deal of gossip about Miss Leach and her sudden departure. It got about that she had come downstairs that night and had been overheard by one of the under-servants here. People have even gone so far as to say she may have committed the crime."

Laurie made an exclamation of keen pain. "How can they think it remotely possible? What would be the motive?"

"Jealousy," the doctor answered.

"Jealousy!" echoed Laurie, "then—you don't mean, Fraser, that they think I had anything to do with that poor girl?"

"I am afraid that has been surmised."

"Then why have I not been arrested?"

"Because of your condition."

"My God!" Laurie's face was drawn with pain. This last revelation was overwhelming to him. "I shall have to clear Fenella," he said, "whatever happens. She must not be allowed to rest under a shadow of suspicion. The first thing is to find her. I will go to town to-morrow."

"No, you won't!" said the doctor firmly. "You don't leave this room for three days yet, if I know it; and we can talk about town after that."

"Doctor," said Laurie earnestly, laying a fevered hand on Fraser's wrist, "get me well—get me well—patch me up so that I can go and see about all this. It's the only thing that will keep me sane. Miss Leach is going to be my wife, you understand, and this disappearance of hers, under a cloud, is unthinkable. I have let her in for it. It's for my sake she has done it, and I shall never rest until I find her and get her out of it. For God's sake get me fit to travel as quickly as you can. I don't mind what risks I take as long as I don't break down before I have set things right."

"Very well, I'll do my best," Fraser

said, "if you'll follow my orders for the next forty-eight hours. Tell me one thing, Pridham—did you know Lisbeth Bainton at all?"

"Not at all. I knew her by sight because I met her on the road near the bridge once or twice and thought how handsome she was and one day, when I was driving Mauleverer in the car to the station, we passed her and I asked him if he knew who she was. He said, 'I believe she's a girl called Bainton—Liz Bainton,' that was all."

"Right," said Fraser, "well, my impression is that someone who was jealous of Mauleverer revenged himself on the girl. And I agree with you that the more light that is thrown on the whole business, the better. Now, get back to bed, there's a good fellow, and try to give your mind a rest. I'll write you a prescription and you must take all the nourishment you can."

Laurie gave an affirmative and Dr. Fraser, summoning the nurse, went away. Laurie sat meditating for a long time until at last the nurse, anxious lest his mind should have clouded over again, asked him whether he would like her to read to him, and what he was thinking about.

"I am thinking," he said, "that the straight course is always the best in the long run. I ought never to have left it. In future, I shall take a straight and a strong course and fight the difficulties as they come. Anything is better than fighting the air!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

Twenty and seventy may be far apart as May and December, but drop the 0 in each case, which counts as nothing, and there you have twenty-seven united, although that might represent midsummer allied to madness.

SALLIE MAULEVERER was in her element. She had left home in a fit of perverse temper, finding everything had gone wrong with her plans; Laurie, who was to lead her to the altar, after the usual preliminaries of handsome marriage settlements, showers of diamonds and pearls and all the other accompanying glorification of a bride, Laurie was to all such intents and purposes non est. And Tubby, who might have provided some amelioration by bringing a smart friend or two from London to enliven the flatness of country life, had also thought well to vanish into space. Two dinners, vis-a-vis with Lord Brismain, decided Sallie that she was (to use her own expression) fed-up with it. A long-suffering housemaid packed her young mistress' trunks next morning, and the Honourable Sarah Mauleverer travelled to town. She followed swiftly on the heels of a telegraph boy who had brought the yellow envelope to Bruton Street where Lady Adeliza Mountjoy (a widowed sister of the deceased Lady Brismain) read her niece's concise announcement, "Arriving before lunch. Sallie."

"Is anything the matter? Brismain got the bout or Theodor married to a charwoman?" her ladyship enquired with rather sardonic humour.

Sallie lightly touched the withered cheek with her red lips.

"I was bored to death and couldn't endure Chevening a moment longer—"

"And wanted some new clothes, which you knew I should be fool enough to pay for!"

"You always are a kind, old dear. We'll go shopping together this afternoon." Sallie drew off her gloves and applied herself without further delay to the demolition of oysters. Lady Adeliza was rich and easy-going. Sallie's tantrums and impertinences amused her. She had no children, and the handsome girl was an attractive addition to her luxurious house. For Tubby she had no use, and never encouraged his visits. She thought him extravagant and idle. He took no pains to please her, and called her a selfish old cat.

While lunch progressed, Lady Adeliza told her niece she was already preparing for departure, first to Lausanne and on to Aix-les-Bains for a course of the waters.

(To be Continued.)

Discovered.—Jinks: "What sort of a chap is Johnson?"

Binks: "Well, if you ever see two men in a corner, and one looks bored to death, the other is Johnson."—Puck.



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