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CORONATION  
NUMBER



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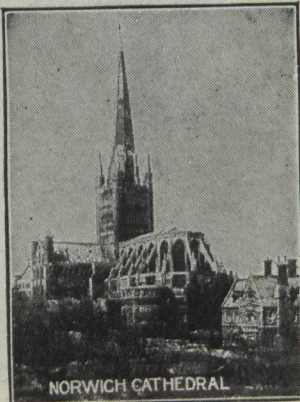
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ALL THE GOODNESS OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT.

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"Lacqueret" is the right thing for renewing the beauty of floors that are dull and lustreless.

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BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., AGENTS.

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 4

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## Editor's Talk

THE relation of a citizen to the town in which he lives is a subject not sufficiently discussed in this country. The building of our future towns and cities is a national problem. It is a tremendous problem. If any bad law creeps into the statute books it may be repealed at the next session of Parliament. It is different with the making of a city. If it is built improperly it may take many years and many millions of dollars to effect the necessary reforms. If it allows a selfish clique to get possession of the reins of civic government it may take a quarter of a century to dislodge the usurpers.

In this week's issue we publish some more of the prize essays in our "Civic Spirit" Competition. There will be another instalment of these in a subsequent issue, and also an illustrated article on the first "Women's Civic Club" in Canada. It will probably come as a surprise to many people that there is a town with a Civic Club, and the surprise is accentuated when it is known that this is an organization founded and controlled by women.

\* \* \*

The "Civic Beauty Competition," for the best series of six unpublished photographs of one town, will close on July 1st. This promises to be very keenly contested, because the winner is sure to give his town a tremendous advertisement. The prizes are Fifteen Dollars, Ten Dollars, and Five Dollars. Competitors are requested to send their prints unmounted and to use paper which is suitable for reproduction.

\* \* \*

Next week "The Courier" will publish its annual "Educational Number." It will briefly sum up the educational progress of the year and indicate in a general way the educational tendencies of the period. An examination of this issue will do much to convince the thinking man that Canada is on the verge of an educational revolution which will include the entire abolition of the rural school and the town high school as at present constituted.

Time is important to the traveller. The half hour necessary to get identification may mean missing a train or a boat, and a hold over for a whole day.

With travellers' cheques you identify yourself. Yet no one else can cash them. Get a supply for your next trip.

**THE TRADERS BANK of CANADA**

INCORPORATED 1885.  
 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA  
 Capital and Surplus \$6,650,000

**WHITE LABEL ALE**



Dominion Brewery Co. Limited  
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**PURITY FLOUR**

"More bread and better bread"

Makes just the kind of biscuits you like to make



41

**COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA**

Is good for Growing Girls and Boys—and they like it. It nourishes their little bodies and makes them healthy and strong.

Cowan's Cocoa, as you get it from your grocer, is absolutely pure. Its delicious flavor is obtained by the use of the highest grade of Cocoa beans, skilfully blended. Nothing is added to impair the health-building properties of the Cocoa.

170

Do You Use Cowan's Cocoa?



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Manufacturers of High Grade Bank & Office Fixtures, School, Library & Commercial Furniture, Opera & Assembly Chairs, Interior Hardwood Finish Generally.



This snapshot of His Majesty King George was made on a

*Wellington*

**Xtra Speedy Plate**

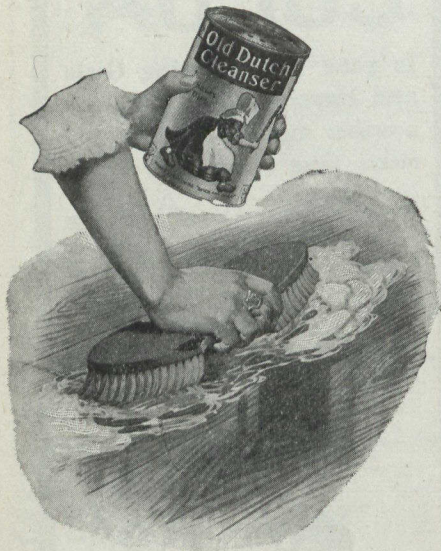
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Because the fine, porous particles of the Cleanser get right down into every crack and crevice, take up all dirt and leave the floor clean and spotless.

Wash wood, stone, cement or linoleum floor with mop; sprinkle on Old Dutch Cleanser and rub over with scrubbing brush; then mop up and wipe floor dry. No long, tiresome scrubbing necessary as with old-style soap powders.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

## IN LIGHTER VEIN

**Swift Worker.**—The young man was told that the ranches of the West were fine places in which alcohol and rum could be worked out of the human system. He journeyed forth and accosted a ranch owner with this: "I'm the swiftest fellow you ever saw. I was known as the swiftest thing on Broadway. Give me a job!" The ranch owner looked him over, had a fit of hysterics, and decided to get rid of him by giving him a job big enough to kill him. "There's a flock of sheep, two hundred of them," he said. "Go out there and drive them into that corral you see a mile away. When you've done that I'll give you a real job." In fifty minutes the swiftest thing came back and reported: "I've got 'em all in—two hundred sheep, and nine lambs." "There aint any lambs," objected the ranchman. "Come and see," suggested the Broadway racer. "I know. I rounded them up." The ranchman went and took a look. The swiftest thing on Broadway had driven into the corral the two hundred sheep and nine jack-rabbits.

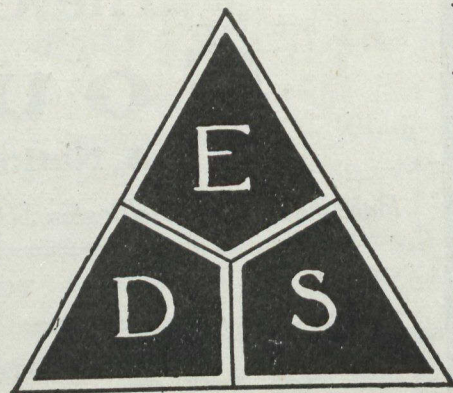
**Dangerous Sneer.**—A Down East society woman says that London fogs are useful to hide English complexions—and this, too, just as we are trying our best to bring about international peace.—Detroit Free Press.

**Faithfulness.**—He was an immaculate servant. To watch him serve a salad was to watch an artist at work. To hear his subdued accents was a lesson in the art of voice-production. He never slipped, he never smiled, and his mutton-chop whiskers marked him as one of the old and faithful stock. But one evening, to the surprise of his master, he showed unaccountable signs of nervousness. When the chicken came on, he confused it with the pheasant. He served everything in the wrong order, made blunder after blunder, and put a final touch to his shame by upsetting the salt over the only superstitious member of the party. Then, at last, when the ladies had retired to the drawing-room, he touched his master on the shoulder. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said in a respectful undertone, "but could you manage to spare me now? My house is on fire."

**Conceit.**—A story from the Folies Bergere has to do with S.g. Curti, the imported ballet master, who spent half an hour trying to drill into the walnut head of a chorus man a bit of pantomime. At last the chorus man said: "Aw, what's th' odds? Thuh Americans don't care for pantomime, anyhow." "It makes me think," said Curti, "of the old tenor. Broke, down and out, he had been sleeping in the livery stable for three months, when he suddenly got a chance to sing the role in which he had once been famous. La Scala at Milan was packed that night. He sang—most painfully—before that vast audience. At the end the audience hissed with drilled unanimity. 'Ahh!' said the old tenor, in the wings. 'Ees eet not painful? Zee Italian people, zey no longer care for Verdi.'"

**Wise Sayings.**—"It's a shame the way they crowd these cars. The passengers should rise up and insist on getting a chance to sit down." "You may send me up the complete works of Shakespeare, Goethe, and Emerson—also something to read." "I'd like to dance and I should dance only the music puts me out and the girl gets in my way." "Yes, her husband robbed her of every cent she had—and just think, she only married him because she was afraid of burglars!"

**Costly Trip.**—"Bronson has gone to Europe for his health." "How did he lose his health?" "Earning the money to go to Europe."—Boston Transcript.



# PURE JAMS

Made in Canada

On E. D. Smith's Fruit Farms in the Niagara District

None Superior---Few Equal

Write for a Bulletin to

E. D. SMITH

WINONA, ONT.



## BEETHAM'S La-rola

Is a perfect emolient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Sun, Wind and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN

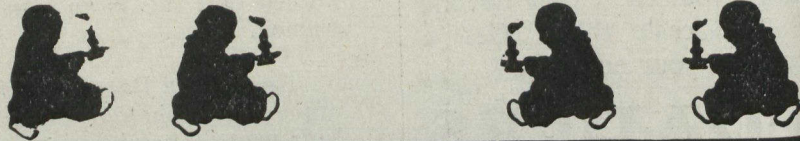
and beautifies the Complexion, making it SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.

The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Tan, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully cooling and Refreshing after MOTORING, GOLFING, TENNIS, CYCLING, ETC.

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

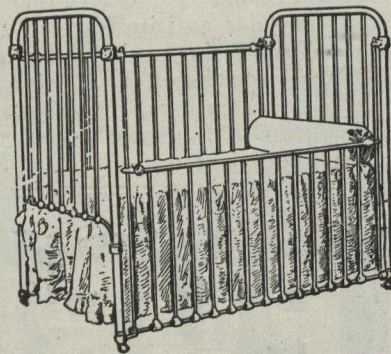
M. BEETHAM & SON

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QUALITY BABY'S CRIB No. 50



BEFORE you decide to buy a bed for your baby remember that there are two kinds of children's beds.

One is made merely to sell at a low price. The other is made to give good and lasting service, is correct in style and finish, and sold at a modest price that anyone can afford to pay. This is the kind of child's crib that bears the "Quality" trade mark.

## Quality Beds

for children are perfect all the way through, down to the smallest details. More care or better material couldn't be used in its construction even if we asked twice as much for it.

For instance, all the exclusive features of superiority which have made Quality Beds for adults famous are embodied in the Child's crib.

It includes all the points of excellence that you wouldn't expect to find only in beds selling for twice our price.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Go to your dealer. Select the style and pattern Quality Crib you like best for your

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If you are not more than pleased with the handsome appearance of your baby's bed—if it does not bear out every claim we make for it—the trial will not have cost you one penny.

SEND US A POSTAL FOR FREE BOOK

If for any reason your dealer is not supplied with Quality Beds, send us a postal and we will send you a beautiful booklet entitled "Bedtime." This book contains pictures of many styles of beds, both child's and adults'. With the booklet we will tell you how you can get Quality Beds without the trouble of shopping. Address Dept. 27



TRADE MARK

QUALITY BEDS, LIMITED  
WELLAND, ONTARIO.



THE

# Canadian Courier



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. X.

June 24, 1911

No. 4



## CANADA'S REPRESENTATIVE AT THE CORONATION

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is here shown with Hon. Mr. Brodeur and Madame Brodeur, is Canada's chief representative at the Coronation. Sir Frederick Borden, Hon. Mr. Fielding, a number of members of Parliament, some prominent private citizens and a military contingent of 800 men are also present for the various functions.

Photograph by London News Agency.



# THE CIVIC SPIRIT OF OUR TOWN

*The problem of making a town a profitable and pleasant place in which to live*

## The Civic Spirit of St. John

SECOND PRIZE ESSAY.

BY COLIN MACKAY.

**A** YEAR ago St. John, N.B., was about the most self-complacent city on the continent, with a Booster's Club, which sent to merry hades anyone who dared to criticize anything pertaining to the city. To-day it is troubled with the contagion of the modern civic renaissance, and seethes with discontent. A civic spirit has emerged, but as yet it is ill-informed, lacking inspiring ideals and a constructive programme. Here, as elsewhere, the real city problem is to make the city a place worth living in, and that the people may have the wherewithal to live, a good place for industry to locate. To this end, St. John needs home rule; full control of its civic franchises in order to assure cheap power and lighting for manufacturing purposes, and cheap and rapid transit enabling the workers to live in healthy surroundings. The city also needs a comprehensive plan of city development, a plan which would regulate its growth and assure broad and cheerful thoroughfares designed to facilitate traffic, and open spaces and parks designed to promote the health of the people, and brighten their lives. And it needs, too, a new system of taxation—one which will take taxes off of industry and improvements.

Our city council is not actively interested in these problems, and the reason is not far to seek. Civic progress in these directions involves interference with vested interests—with men who control franchise companies and big estates, men whose wives guard the door to the charmed circles of society. Our civic fathers are usually small business men—generally the most timid class in a community—and they naturally are disinclined to take up questions which would involve a conflict with big business men and interfere with the social ambitions of their better halves.

And yet our city fathers are not wholly to blame. Their conservative attitude is merely the reflection of the apathy of the citizens generally. Aspirants for aldermanic honours are not expected to have a programme or a platform; candidates who have attempted to make issues and discuss civic affairs publicly have never been able to get a score of citizens to attend their meetings.

The city council's recent effort to deal with the power problem well illustrates its shortcomings and those of the citizenship. A group of local capitalists came before it with a proposition to develop neighbouring water powers, asked for a perpetual franchise in the city's streets, and offered a reduction of 33 1-3 per cent. on the prevailing prices for electric power. At the outset the city fathers approached the problem from the point of view of thirty years ago. They did not appear to know that power prices in their own city ranged from \$135 to over \$300 per horse power, or that in many Ontario cities the prices ranged from \$15 to \$35, or went as low as \$7.50 in Sweden. They talked of giving or granting an 80 year franchise because President Taft recommended that franchises should not be granted for too long a period—not knowing that modern municipal authorities hold that a ten year franchise renewal on the good behaviour of the company is long enough. They talked of the benefits of competition—not knowing that about every city that has tried competition in public utility services has lived to regret it. And they would probably have accepted the proposition if it had not been for the appearance of an old Fabian, who had something to tell them about power prices in St. John and other places. The city fathers were thereupon properly astonished and decided that they ought to get some information from other cities.

Now the point is that the city fathers should have had all the information necessary to formulate a sound franchise policy at their finger's ends, or at least in their libraries. Before offering as candidates they should have read some of the many books on civic government in which the franchise problem is discussed, the experience of hundreds of cities reviewed and co-ordinated, and guiding principles laid down. And the second point is that the citizens should have seen to it that aldermen and their representatives had some knowledge of these problems.

After all, the problem of securing good city government is the problem of developing an interested and intelligent citizenship, and as the old boss of

the city remarked not long since city government will only begin to be what it ought to be when we start to teach civic economy in our schools and imbue the young with civic ideals. "You'll get the quickest results that way," said the boss. "Get the kids interested in their city, give them civic ideals and they'll wake up the old folks at home."

## The Civic Spirit of Oakville

THIRD PRIZE ESSAY.

BY J. M. DENYES.

**W**HERE there is no civic pride the city perishes. Civic indifference spells narrowness, neglect and failure. On the other hand a pronounced and well-reasoned civic pride means progress, optimism and ultimate success.

Citizenship involves corporate responsibility, social opportunity, brotherly love. Civic government is the embodiment of municipal ideals and should represent, not the selfish interests of any few, but the general weal in the most complete sense.

The external reveals the internal. Slovenly streets, unsightly landmarks, unsanitary conditions bespeak careless life, absence of civic spirit. A beautiful outdoors is a wonderful developer of patriotism. A beautiful city appeals to the best in the citizen and engenders civic pride. No municipal government can afford to neglect the cultivation of the aesthetic and artistic taste of its people. This is the first requisite to advanced citizenship.

Ours is a town of about twenty-five hundred. The civic government has been probably no worse, no better, than that of the average Ontario town of the size. The citizens have demanded nothing more than an honest attempt to keep down the tax-rate to a point limited only by the maintaining of the public service at a reasonable efficiency. Until recently no plans of civic improvement have been asked for, no ideal of the future discussed. The successful candidate for municipal office required to commend him only some political claim upon his fellow-citizens, an honest reputation, and a conceded general interest in the welfare of the town. He needed not to be a specialist, or to advocate any new measure of advancement.

No man has risen to demand that municipal representatives should be expert in planning a town that would be attractive to people who are seeking the best in urban life and can afford to choose the best. No objections have been registered against the unsightly billboard or the unnecessary obstruction on the public highway. Nobody has remonstrated with his neighbour for locating his new residence a few feet farther from or nearer to the street—line than his own, or for painting the said residence in as many colours as the most fanciful taste might suggest. In other words, the corporate sense has been absent.

Nature has done remarkable things for us. She has given us a most beautiful and healthful situation, a splendid lake beach, a mid-town river in a delightful ravine, groves of ancient pine and maple. The work has stopped with Nature. Possibilities of civic improvement have not been grasped. Weakness of civic spirit is thus revealed.

All this is past and has to be chronicled in the present perfect tense. New influences are at work. The vision has burst. The civic sense is become keen. Somebody has awakened. Advance and improvement are the watchwords. The man who is satisfied with things as they are must be replaced by the man with enthusiasm for better things. Nature must be assisted. Among the whole population real interest has been awakened in the town as an entity and as never before each man is able to see his important relation to the community, as a whole. Individual and selfish interests are being obscured in the general welfare. As a result there is a greatly increased interest in municipal affairs.

This interest has been manifested in the formation of a Civic Improvement League working under the direction of and in harmony with the local branch of the Ontario Horticultural Association. On the initiative of a number of public-spirited citizens intent upon civic improvement conferences were held and the Horticultural Association was approached as to the adoption in their plan of work of the suggestions offered by these conferences. The Association heartily welcomed these approaches and at a special meeting named and elected a number

of committees to act under their direction. These include in their scope the cleaning and beautifying of the town, the removing of everything prejudicial to the public health, the obtaining of larger park areas and public playgrounds, the improvement of transportation facilities and railway station grounds, the awarding of prizes for the best-kept lawns and garden-plots, the enlistment of the assistance of the ladies and the children in the schemes of improvement, and generally the encouragement of a more pronounced civic pride.

A Publicity and Programme Committee was appointed to place the new movement before the citizens, and they issued an introductory circular pamphlet setting forth the aims of the organization, to be followed by a monthly bulletin of suggestions for the work to be carried on. It was explained that it was intended that the new civic force should work in harmony with the committees of the town council, the board of health, and any other organization with similar aims for the improvement of the town.

Thus will a public sentiment be cultivated for the appreciation and attainment of the good and the beautiful in all civic affairs, a sentiment which cannot but have a beneficial reflex influence upon the moral life of the people. The claims of health, comfort and enjoyment are given their rightful consideration, which after all are the prime requisites to happiness in the social life. The saying is trite that ours is an age of materialism. If it is true as well, such a movement as I have indicated in the fostering of a lively civic spirit will prove the most effectual and powerful corrective. The aims to be kept in view are the beautifying of the natural surroundings, the elimination of all public nuisances and the improvement of living conditions to the end that they be clean, healthful and attractive. This is the true policy of national conservation.

## The Civic Spirit of Trenton

HONOURABLE MENTION.

BY E. V. ILLSEY.

**T**HE progress or stagnation which marks the life of any town or city, is almost entirely dependent upon the existence or non-existence of a spirit of co-operative aggressiveness in its citizens. It might be argued that the success of certain well-known centres has been incidental to their geographical position or transportation facilities, and to a certain extent this is true. A careful investigation proves, however, that a town with the proper energy can overcome seemingly unsurmountable difficulties, and bring to its doors prosperity. In our town, endowed by Nature with a splendid location, and benefitted by the hand of man, through the provision of lines of railway, a spirit of lethargy seems to have enervated our life for years, and allowed possibilities—rare opportunities in fact—to come and pass away unused, neglected. Our citizens have stood for years, agape at the wonderful progress of such cities as Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and in the class of smaller towns, Berlin, Brantford and Peterborough. Most of us have wondered how they seem to get all the new concerns when they have not half the natural advantages we have. Fatalistic nonsense! Could we reasonably imagine for a single instant that the industrial concerns whose advent has spelled prosperity, delved and searched among all the places available, and then because Berlin was Berlin, or Peterborough, Peterborough, made up their minds that there was the best place in the world for them to locate? Nonsense again! They came because they were sought after—sought after through the media of well-placed advertising, and the "boosting" of the town through the press, and through the mouths of its citizens travelling away from home. When they came to investigate the town, they were met by the town council, the board of trade, warmly welcomed, shown the town's advantages, existent and potential, and told that every citizen in the place was their loyal friend!

Manufacturing firms, firms of any kind soever are merely human beings. They appreciate appreciation—a handshake warms their hearts. What newcomers to any town dislike most, and what impedes progress and healthy civic life most, is the doubt-producing "cold-water-throwing knocker." He is a burden to himself, the disturber of his neighbour's peace and the "enemy within the gates" who retards



progress. We have had too many of these "knockers" in our town, and it is to be regretted that the judgment of our saner and more progressive people has been subservient to the will of the Stand-patters.

But the good will prevail. The Progressives, if we may be permitted again to make use of the class designations of our friends in the United States Congress, seem to have determined that our town must improve. The unchangeable law of life has it that there must be growth and progress, or decay. There can be no half-way condition, and our citizens in increasing numbers are coming to the determination that our choice shall be growth and progress. To this end we must have capable municipal government. Our best business men must lend

their services to the town. We never will get capable civic administration from men who either know nothing of business management or make a failure or but mediocre success, of their own affairs. The greatest deterrent to the most capable men serving in public offices, is not because of the time it takes, but because of the abuse bestowed on them if mistakes are made—and often if mistakes are not made, but a course is steered differently to that which the abusive, but far less capable, critic would have followed. We who are served must stand behind our public men, and endorse their work and not endeavour to block it.

We must have a live board of trade, too, and a capable board of education. In the struggle for industrial position we sometimes neglect the aesthetic

side of our lives. An abiding success for a town must be sought along broad lines and embrace the cultivation of refinement and the better things as well as the pursuit after material gain. A town is but a community of individuals banded together in bonds of common necessity. Let our civic bond be a strong one! Let us forget the petty differences and press forward, each for the betterment of all, to the status of the Town We Ought To Be!

(The foregoing letters, as well as the others in the "Courier's" Civic Spirit Competition, seem to indicate that there is a need throughout Canada for a broader and more active civic spirit. No more patriotic service may be performed by any citizen than to assume a portion of the leadership.)

## BASEBALL IN MONTREAL

By CHARLES HANRATTY

Photographs by Chesterfield.

"Is baseball a craze in Montreal?" asked the newcomer, after he had taken a constitutional which led him through the green freshness of Fletcher's Field, then across the north end to Parc Lafontaine, these being the city's two vast Commons. In each place he had witnessed a score of ball games on as many diamonds, and—shudder not ye of Puritan spirit—as it was on a Sabbath morn he saw these sights, he argued that this imported pastime must have been taken deep to heart in the Canadian Metropolis and raised to the height of a craze. But the citizen cicerone held to the contrary notwithstanding the testimony offered.

"No," he replied. "No, baseball is not a craze in Montreal. The only craze Montreal admits is for Bernhard, not baseball. The Divine Sarah has a grip on the affections of the people amounting to absolute devotion, but baseball is recognized only as a well-ordered business enterprise which offers as fair entertainment, the more to be appreciated because it presents its wares *al fresco* rather than 'cabined and confined' within the limits of a theatre; and because it gives its patrons an opportunity to enjoy cool breezes—if there have been any lost from the cave that day—while the performers go through their parts under the glare of Nature's great flood light, the sun, instead of the spluttering flicker of mere man's invention, while the leading man is spared the annoyance of a spot."

There you have it. Baseball has its place in Montreal but the people have not yet taken it to their hearts any more than the ordinary citizen falls in love with the crossing policeman. He accepts the position of one as he does the other.

Baseball is much played in Montreal. Without hesitation an observing person will admit that he detected ten youngsters fooling with the horsehide pill to every one engaged in perfecting himself with a 'crosse in the fine points of a game which the original native sons established even before C. Columbus crossed on the ferry and found us out. On the big open spaces in the city parks and on the vacant lots will be heard the crack of the willow as it meets the trade mark on the sphere; on the side streets will be seen hundreds of budding players pegging a few at a pal, or perhaps a tad with a young pillow on his southpaw imploring his chum to "put some steam in 'em."

There are many amateur clubs, a dozen junior and juvenile leagues, and a couple of semi-pro leagues, that account for a host of young players. One semi-professional league that plays each Sunday (and without police interference) is in a state of prosperity. Of the interest in baseball as shown by the participation of the younger men there is no doubt. Meanwhile a lacrosse Diogenes armed with a high power searchlight would have found one spot on each of the common playgrounds reserved sacred to the memory of the real national game, while a further search would have discovered more of the remains interred inside the walls of the three big athletic associations that make Montreal their

home. That's the way it looks: Baseball alive and kicking, lacrosse ready for the hearse.

While the growing generation is paying considerable attention to baseball and thousands of kiddies are to be found whacking the ball on corner lots and in the playgrounds, and sowing a crop of gnarled hands, the number of recruits from Eastern Canada in the ranks of professional clubs is so small as to be a minus quantity. There are a couple on the Montreal payroll, but their work is largely that of the understudy character, with the exception of Jean Dubuc, the husky pitcher, who is regarded as the hope of French Canada; even here it must be admitted that this hope first saw the troubles of this world among the classic Vermont hills. Perhaps when we shall have secured a crew of hired men developed on Quebec soil we may become crazed over baseball. Meanwhile the sight of a score of professionals practically all natives of a foreign land—stop! salute, for Charles Handford, native of Tunstall, Staffordshire, and fully qualified to represent the Empire at bat or in the field—using the name of Montreal for business entertainment purposes is not such as to inspire any extraordinary emotion.

This is very evident by the actions of the people of Montreal. Out! Curtis, the Montreal catcher, caught at the plate in a game with Newark.

It is evidenced by the fact that no baseball match has yet brought out a crowd to surpass any seen at contests between good lacrosse teams. It remains to be recorded that twenty thousand citizens—as in Toronto—dipped into their righthand jeans pocket and parted company with the necessary two, four or six bits to obtain seats on the humble bleacher or a pew in the lordly covered stand. So far as attendance goes lacrosse has the upstart game fiddling at the post long after the barrier is sprung. The biggest crowd to witness a local game was at a contest between Newark and Montreal, on a Saturday afternoon two years ago, when just a shade under six thousand spectators appeared despite the fact that Tom Longboat was dancing on his tiptoes that day over the dusty roads.

Then, too, you can see that baseball is not a craze by the behaviour of the crowd. They may differ in opinion from the masterly umpire, but their language addressed to him would not disturb the shell-pink ears of the littlest convent miss, and no one would ever think of heaving a pop bottle towards him. The occasions of ragging "the umps." are rare indeed, in fact we are not bent that way at all. Perhaps our enthusiasm will develop some day.

When you judge the matter from the standpoint of attendance and from impressions obtained at the contests, it appears quite clear that Montreal is not at all crazed about baseball, merely accepting the game as a timely contribution to the varied amusements and interests of a large city that has a lot of serious business on hand.

Professional and semi-professional baseball was played in and around Montreal for years

previous to the establishment of an Eastern League team, but the real beginning of the present club was in 1897. In that year Rochester was having one of its periodical bad spells and had tumbled into the cellar, to effect a rescue from which undignified position there was no rush on the part of the home folk. Finally some bold spirits in Montreal, headed by such local characters as "Bob" Boyd, "Tom" Wall, "Jack" Hasley, George O'Neill, and Lt.-Col. Cameron, banded together and made a bid for the franchise which was accepted, and in August of that year the team was turned over bag and baggage. Charley Dooley, then the Adonis of Eastern League first basemen, was made manager. The following year Montreal made a whirlwind campaign and won the Eastern League championship, the one solitary pennant to decorate the local flagstaff.

Matters financial interfered with the later



Out! Curtis, the Montreal catcher, caught at the plate in a game with Newark.

progress of the club, and the present Baltimore franchise was established on the sale of Montreal's rights. But the year in which Montreal lost the franchise saw the return to Montreal of another, Worcester, after a disastrous season, Worcester transferring its games here to finish the fall end of the schedule.

Then John Krietner, of Buffalo, got hold of that franchise and established it in Montreal, installing Charley Atherton as manager, the latter being succeeded by Ed. Barrow. Of that lot of players the only one to wear a Royal uniform to-day is "Joe" Yeager, the sturdy third baseman.

There have been various reorganizations of the club, and to-day it is a limited liability company, of which Mr. "Sam" Lichtenhein hold a controlling interest, with Mr. Hubert Cushing and Mr. E. R. Carrington associated as directors.

### Lectures American Women

THE many thousands of American women going to England for the coronation have made the life of Ambassador Reid a horror, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*. All of them demand to be presented at court. He can comply with but few of these demands. Result, feminine threats of vengeance, while the unfortunate ambassador is on the verge of despair.

Why do American women seek court presentation? For now nearly a century and a half we have lived under a republic. Are our American women but imperfectly republicanized? It would seem so, for not only do they become hysteric over the courts of St. James, of Berlin, of Petersburg, but they even crave presentation at the courts of dinky little grand duchies. Yea, even in microscopic German states do our American citizenesses abase themselves, yearning to be presented to his serene highness the Grand Duke of Pumpnickel.



Gandil tags the runner off first.



# THE SUNNYSIDE AFFAIR

*A Fight That Put Heart Into Tommy Atkins After the "Black Week"*

By FREDERIC VILLIERS

The Famous British War Correspondent

I WAS making my way back to the Modder River during that ever memorable Christmas tide of 1889 in South Africa. I had been taking a holiday down at Port Elizabeth after the battle of Magersfontein, and was returning to Lord Methuen's command.

All along the line a gloom had settled on every one, for disaster after disaster had come upon the British arms. The bloody reverse at Colenso had swiftly followed the calamity at Stormburgh, and the Magersfontein affair made the third defeat during the week just before Christmas, which will be ever known in the history of that miserable campaign as the "Black Week."

The heart of Tommy Atkins was nearly knocked out of him by these terrible set-backs. Would the luck ever turn again? This was the serious question I was met with by all whom I came across.

On the evening preceding the last day of the year, I had arrived at Belmont en route for Modder River. As usual, there was a considerable wait at the station before the train proceeded, so I lit a cigarette and strolled about outside the ticket office, where I chanced to meet Colonel Bailey, of the Australian Contingent, with whom I had travelled to South Africa from Sydney.

"Where are you off to?" cried the genial officer. "Stop over here and break the journey for a day or two; it will be worth your while." There was something about the tone of my friend's voice that to me meant more than the actual words, and there was rather an unusual stir about the station that, for the moment, puzzled me.

"I can give you a shake-down and some grub if you stay, so drop your kit out of the carriage and come along."

This offer of hospitality on my friend's part settled the matter, and I decided to stop over and let the train proceed.

"There's a man named Pilcher in command here, a rattling good fellow. I will introduce you to him at dinner. We all dine at the station hotel, the wooden shanty attached to the depot, not much of a place, but they give you pretty fair grub. A Boer and his wife keep it, or at least the wife does, for her husband is at the present moment detained on suspicion of espionage down at Orange River, and therefore can't assist his wife in entertaining us. She's a sour kind of creature, but her daughter is a ripper, quite a beauty, and all the young subs with the command are fairly gone on her."

Just at this moment I heard a piano being vigorously thumped, and a song came through the French window of the dining room.

"There she is," smiled my friend, and I stepped through the open window.

A girl of about sixteen sat at a piano. She was blonde, and her bright blue eyes, which she was using freely, gaily glanced from the young man who was singing to her accompaniment and then to the audience, comprising three other young subs, seated on a sofa near by. The youngsters seemed unusually lively, and appeared not to suffer from the depression which I had noticed troubled their comrades lower down the line.

"There is something in the wind, evidently," thought I.

"What's up?" I said, turning to my friend. "Come into my hut and I will tell you," he replied.

WE walked toward some buildings flanking the hotel where the colonel lodged. "I can only tell you this," he continued, "that Pilcher is about to make a move and I think we shall have some fighting to-morrow. Anyway, you shall sit next to the General at dinner, and probably he will let you know more about the matter."

The little dining-room was much crowded, but the Colonel, who acted as chief-of-the-staff, managed to get me next to the General.

Pilcher was a clean-shaven, smart little man, anything, regarding age, between thirty and forty. In the course of conversation I struck a pet subject and grievance of mine, the absurdity of the military authorities still keeping the old Aldershot style of entrenchment, always arranged with rectangular precision, with, generally, a fringe of white sandbags on top, so that the enemy might see them miles away, while the Boers contrived to make all their covers and shelters in such a manner that you might approach them within ten yards and be none the wiser.

"Have you seen my newly-made trenches at Belmont, Mr. Villiers?"

"No, I only arrived this afternoon," I replied.

"Look at them in the morning," said he.

I did, and found that they had been thrown up very quickly in Boer fashion. About two feet of earth had been dug up and formed into a parapet, while at odd intervals bunches of shrub or trees were stuck along the ridge, giving the appearance of uneven, scrubby ground. The Boers had got the idea from the natives, during the Kaffir war. The enemy used to stick twigs and grass in their woolly heads, and lie flat on the ground, or behind any scant cover, and were thus able to scout within a few yards of the Boers without being recognized. Pilcher's adoption of these trenches was the first attempt I had yet come across of any British officer to better the then existing type of entrenchment common with our troops.

Pilcher started at noon on the New Year with a force of five hundred and forty men, representing Canada, Australia, and the United Kingdom; for, as well as the Cornwalls, some of the Royal Musters Fusiliers were present. These were all mounted, if not on horses on buck-wagons.

The greatest precaution was taken en route to screen our movements, and every living soul we met was immediately arrested the Kaffirs being placed under lock and key in the farmhouses we passed by.

The result was, that, after a march of thirty-five miles, we caught the Boers at breakfast the next morning at a place called Sunnyside, and we supplemented their repast with two shrapnell shells, which burst right in the middle of their laager, which was pitched at the tail end of a series of Kopjes. The advent of our shells was the first notification to the enemy that we were in their vicinity for earlier in the morning their advanced outposts were so completely surprised that the men ran away without giving any notice to their confreres. The Boers rushed from their laager to their trenches and opened fire, but by this time we had completely surrounded their positions.

Under cover of de Rougement's guns, Colonel Ricardo lead his Queenslanders to a frontal attack. The Royal Musters and Canadians turned the enemy's left, while, pluckily pushing forward, "A" company, of Queenslanders, taking the enemy on the right rank and rear, came within charging distance. On seeing the hopelessness of their position, the rebels immediately stuck up a white flag, but the Colonials had heard of this ruse before, and, disregarding the fluttering piece of bunting, still pushed forward until the Boers threw up their arms, and, some breaking their rifles over the rocks, shouted in their agony of mind at the prospect of cold steel, "Don't, don't fix."

Forty-two rebels were captured, and we found that some of the rascals were at that moment receiving Her Majesty's pay, being employees on the government railway.

Pilcher's mission was now, for the first time, made apparent to all of us, for we hurriedly pushed on for Douglas, a town in which a number of loyalists had been threatened by the Boers, and had written to the British authorities begging for protection.

Toward evening, our little force, with its contingent of refugees in wagons and cape carts trailing behind it, was on its way back to the temporary base at Dover farm, fifteen miles from Belmont, very tired, but much elated by the success of its little fight. Our casualties were light, the enterprise was well planned and admirably carried out.

I had had a bad attack of lumbago, was still suffering and deadly tired. On seeing a farm house a little way off the road, I made toward it, resolving to seek some rest. I found a Free State flag floating over the house, and a stout, pleasant old dame on the stoop. I told her I was ill and asked her to befriend me. She at once offered me a room and some food, my cape cart was out spanned and the horses fed while I took a survey of the premises. I had just reached the end of the little vegetable garden when I saw our rear-guard meandering along the road. Presently two of the party caught sight of me and galloped forward, unslinging their rifles. One, with a nasty, eager look on his face, brought his weapon to the present. Then I understood the situation. The rotter took me for one of the enemy and was about to snipe me. I at once threw up my arms and held them in that position till the men were upon me.

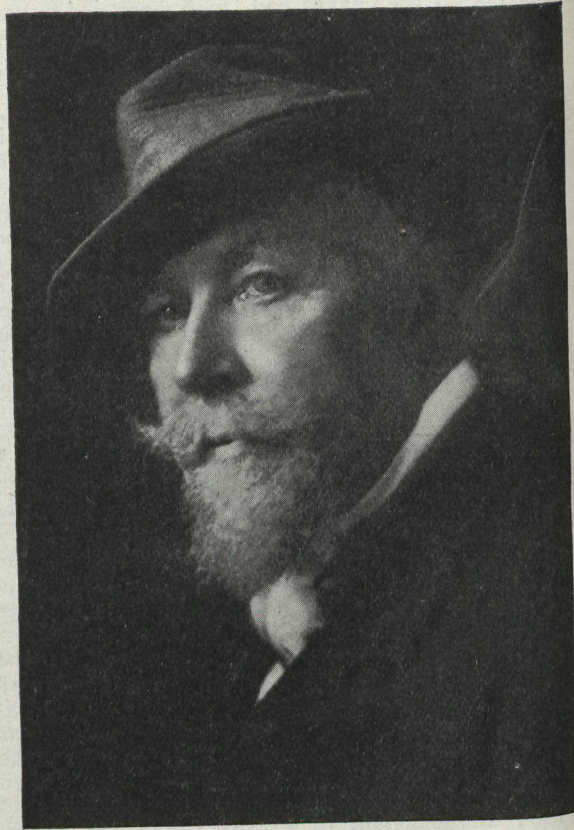


Photo by Mackenzie & Co., Montreal.

*Yours sincerely  
Frederic Villiers*

"Well, can I put my arms down now?" I laughingly asked.

"Great Scott," said the foremost, "It was a narrow squeak, we took you for a blooming Boer scout. Anyway, you don't look quite right, and you must come along with us."

By this time, my friend, de Rougement, in command of the rear guard, turned up, and, recognizing me, laughed heartily, and explained to the men.

"I must say," said he, "you might well be taken for one of the enemy, especially being off the line of march, and with that hat on."

Then I remembered that, having lost my solar-tape, I had purchased a sort of sombrero at a store in Port Elizabeth, which was a veritable Boer farmer's hat. I took good care not to risk another little excitement of that kind, and remained uncovered until there was not another fellow-countryman in sight.

I LOOKED with wistful eyes at the departure of my friend and his guard, for I was some three miles outside the British lines, staying with people about whose loyalty I was not certain. I was, however, not in doubt for long. I found that my hostess had a daughter and two sons. Her husband was away at De Arr, trading with our army, and the elder son had that day acted as guide to Pilcher's little force. So now I felt quite comfortable on that score. The old lady made some coffee and her daughter fried some ham. I was just about retiring to rest when the older son, who had lead our troops, came in with the news that some Boers were signalling with railway lanterns on the main road, only a few miles from the farm and evidently communicating with a large force of their brethren at Speyfontein, which was immediately on the rear-flank of our base at the Dover farmstead. These signalers might be at his mother's house within the hour, said he. I thought the matter over. I must at once inform Pilcher of this news. I turned to the old lady.

"Can I send a message by one of your lads to General Pilcher?"

"Why its past mid-night," remonstrated the old dame, "and the boys are dead tired, and then the danger of being shot by one of the vigilant outposts."

At any cost the message must be sent. "You see, I can hardly move myself, but someone must take it."

"Look here," I argued with the old woman, "your elder son acted as guide to us this morning. Suppose the Boers come here to-night and anyone informs them of the fact. He will be a dead man for certain. Don't you see? Why, they would not let him live a moment, but stick him up, perhaps against the wall of this very room, and fill him with bullets."

(Continued on page 24.)



# NIAGARA CAMP---GALT HORSE SHOW



Annual Militia Camp at Niagara—General Cotton on a tour of inspection.



Niagara Camp—The Evening Scrub.



Niagara Camp—Lecture on Judging Distances.

## Galt Horse Show.

**G**ALT'S Annual Horse Show, like Cobourg's is held in the open air. Dickson Park is a natural amphitheatre and the nine thousand people who attended were favoured with very fair weather, and some exceedingly keen competitions. All the well-known horse people were present. Sir Henry Pellatt, Mr. H. C. Cox, Hon. J. R. Stratton, Miss Wilks, Mr. Jaeger, Mr. Crossen, of Cobourg, and a number of others were represented. In the amateur 15.2 class, Lord Kitchener, owned by Sir Henry Pellatt; Domino, owned by A. G. Bain, of Hamilton, and Hon. Mr. Stratton's Lochryan Princess were the prize winners. In the amateur pairs, Lochryan Princess and Latest News were first. In the amateur roadster classes for teams, Miss Wilks, Mr. Crossen and Mr. Tovell were first, second and third. Probably the greatest horse at the Show was Lord Kitchener.

## Niagara Camp.

**T**HIS year the Department of Militia is trying a new experiment at Niagara Camp. Instead of one camp with a large number of soldiers, there are two camps with a small force for each. This arrangement will enable closer attention being given by the staff officers to the training of the different units. It makes the camp less crowded and gives the various battalions a better opportunity to perform broader movements. It is an open question whether the Militia Camps are a success or not. It is getting more difficult every year to get the regiments to turn out at



THE HORSE ATTRACTS THE AUTOMOBILE.

General view at the Galt Horse Show, which shows how keenly the people of that city appreciate this annual event.



Galt Horse Show—The ever popular saddle horse.

full strength. It is said that one country regiment was forced to pick up eighty recruits in Toronto on its way to Camp, and then it was not up to strength. The cry of the rural commanding officers is that men cannot be got to spend twelve days in camp for fifty cents a day, and that the pay must be increased in order to induce men to attend. The average wage of men in the smaller towns and country will run about two dollars a day, and it does seem unreasonable to expect men to sacrifice a dollar and a half a day for the sake of getting a military training. It is no doubt impossible for the Militia Department to increase the pay to two dollars, so that the country is face to face with a very difficult situation.

It might be possible to get better regiments together if the service was made purely voluntary and no wages paid at all. There are men who could be induced to serve if the service were purely honorary. They would give their services free where they would not give them at fifty cents a day. At present the better young men of the towns and villages consider it beneath their dignity to serve as privates in a volunteer corps. The local prejudice against such service is very strong.

The problem is not confined to Canada alone. The United States, Great Britain, and France are all having the same difficulty with their militia. The only country which seems to have solved this difficulty is Switzerland. There every young man is compelled to drill a few days each year and his service is given free to the state. In this way Switzerland has secured a magnificent militia which is the admiration of the world.



# REFLECTIONS By THE EDITOR



## A Campaign of Abuse.

THE campaign of abuse which is now being carried on in some British and some Canadian newspapers, directed at Sir Wilfrid Laurier, is decidedly unfair. Indeed, one might term it unscrupulous and still be within bounds. For example, in an article in last week's issue of the *Sunday World*, Toronto, the following statement is made:

"Where the ministers of the motherland and the sister states have been receptive and eager in their efforts to strengthen the tie that holds the British peoples in an imperial band, reaching round the world from England to England again, the Dominion Premier has chosen to assume the part of the indifferent, and even cynical, critic."

This statement is misleading and untruthful. Sir Wilfrid Laurier may not be a keen Imperialist, but he certainly has not opposed all the other over-seas Premiers or even the majority of them. Neither has he opposed any Imperialist propositions put forward by the British Ministers.

All this slander with regard to Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems to have arisen from his attitude toward Sir Joseph Ward's resolution in favour of an Imperial Council. It is quite true that Sir Wilfrid Laurier opposed the idea and opposed it strongly. He opposed it on the ground that it was creating a body with power to make expenditures but with no responsibility for providing the necessary revenue to meet that expenditure. Mr. Fisher, Premier of Australia, said it would violate the very principle of responsible government. He opposed it strongly and if Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a traitor then Mr. Fisher is a traitor also. After Mr. Fisher came General Botha, who stated that such a body would cause nothing but unpleasantness and friction. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the Hon. Mr. Fisher are traitors, then General Botha is a traitor also. Following them came Sir Edward Morris, who also opposed the resolution. His name must be added to the band of traitors. After all these gentlemen had opposed the resolution, the Rt. Hon. Mr. Asquith, Premier of Great Britain, expressed the opinion that Sir Joseph Ward's scheme would be "fatal to the present system of responsibility." Thus another traitor was added to the list.

It will therefore be seen that instead of Sir Wilfrid Laurier being a lone traitor at the Imperial Council, Sir Joseph Ward was a lone patriot. All the other premiers were with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and against Sir Joseph Ward. It is really too bad that the ultra-Imperialists of Canada and Great Britain should be able to find only one high-minded and patriotic statesman at this Imperial Conference. It is exceedingly unfortunate that Mr. Asquith, Mr. Fisher, General Botha and Sir Edward Morris should all have the same ideas with regard to what is best for the future of the Empire.

While there is reason for grave disappointment on the part of these ultra-Imperialists, that is no excuse for the campaign of abuse and slander which is now being carried on. In his propositions on behalf of Imperial citizenship and on behalf of a Royal Commission to investigate Imperial Trade, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has shown himself as keen an Imperialist as any man at the Imperial Conference. He is not an ultra-Imperialist like Sir Joseph Ward, of New Zealand, but he undoubtedly is as strong in his support of a united Empire as any other member of the Conference.

## A British Witness.

IF there is any reader of the *CANADIAN COURIER* who is still unconvinced that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has had the support of nine-tenths of the members of the Conference in all his actions, he should get a copy of the *Times Weekly Edition*, of June 2nd, and read the report on page 427. As the *Times* is now an Unionist paper the evidence there should be accepted. The reasons given by Laurier, Botha, Morris and Asquith, as to why they were opposed to Sir Joseph Ward's Imperial Council, are clearly and fully set forth.

The *Westminster Gazette*, in an editorial on Sir Joseph Ward's scheme, says, "The other Prime Ministers without exception opposed this scheme on the ground that it would imperil the freedom and autonomy of the separate self-governing committees."

After quoting Mr. Asquith's remarks in condemnation of the proposal, the *Westminster Gazette* writer adds: "It is interesting to observe from this debate the complete acquiescence of the Dominion Prime Ministers in the division of labour which leaves the Government of the United Kingdom the sole responsibility for foreign policy, while it leaves the Dominions unfettered control of their local forces. That rests on practical as well as theoretical grounds, for it is recognized that the Imperial Government could not be strong and efficient in foreign affairs unless it was in a position to act swiftly and decisively on its own responsibility in time of emergency."

## Imperial Trade Commission.

WHEN a Canadian statesman desires to avoid present discussion of a question, he asks for a royal commission to investigate it. Apparently this is the rule in other countries judging by the unanimity with which the Imperial Conference members accepted Sir Wilfrid Laurier's suggestion of an Imperial Trade Commission.

No matter what the motive, the Commission is a splendid idea. Hitherto all commissions on Imperial Trade have been purely British commissions, and hence somewhat blind in one eye. A commission with representatives from all the units of the Empire will have three or four points of view and should not be prejudiced in favour of either free trade or protection, of either closer commercial union within the Empire or the reverse. It will give us much interesting information and possibly some good advice.

Of course, it is ordered not to give advice. But in spite of Hon. Mr. Harcourt's attempt to take the starch out of the garment, it is to be hoped that the Commission will talk loudly and clearly and not bury its ideas in a grave of words. Moreover, the report should appear in one volume, instead of in ten. These ten-volume reports are out-of-date, besides being magnificently useless.

## Nearing the End.

SO far as the United States Congress in special session assembled is concerned, the question of reciprocity with Canada is almost settled. The discussion is drawing to a close. In another fortnight the answer will be given, and there is little doubt that it will be favourable. Senator Penrose estimates that the vote will be about two to one.

If this bill be passed by a Democratic House of Representatives and a Republican Senate, the main credit will go to President Taft. He made his bargain hurriedly, but had many clever experts to guide him. Once having made his deal, he set resolutely to work to secure congressional approval. The former congress practically refused to adopt it, and he had to let it prorogue. The new Congress was not in a position to "talk it out." It was forced to say yes or no, or remain in continuous session for four years. It was more friendly to reciprocity, but nevertheless contained a large number of people who are politically opposed to the President. In the House, the majority are his political opponents. Yet so well did he manage the movement that he has practically won from both friends and enemies. It is a personal triumph. He has done in the United States what could not have been done in Canada under similar conditions.

## Canada Must Soon Decide.

WHEN reciprocity passes the United States Congress, the question will again become a live issue in Canada. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his associates in the cabinet are pledged to put it through the Canadian Parliament. So long as the question was undecided at Washington, so long might the Canadian Parliament dally with the issue. When Washington speaks decisively, Canada must answer decisively. In a month the fight will be on in earnest.

Mr. Borden has begun his tour of the West, and is telling the people of that portion of the Dominion why he will oppose reciprocity. He is fighting courageously. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and several of his ministers are in London and will not return

for a week or two. In the meantime, the activity on the Liberal side is not great. When these leaders get back, however, there will be some big-gun firing.

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## An Idol with Clay Feet

IN Toronto there is a weekly newspaper—which is edited by somebody for some purpose. There is no evidence available as to just who that somebody is. The editor signs himself "Colonel," or some name similar to that. But if the editor is unknown, the purpose is quite clear. The purpose is to make a big noise which sounds like somebody hitting something. Of course, nothing is really hit, but the noise is there every week.

This big noise paper has been publishing a series of articles on insurance. These are intended to show that the editor or the publisher or somebody who works for them, knows that the public is being fooled by bad insurance policies, bankrupt insurance companies and inadequate governmental regulation. These articles make a noise like an investigation in the public interest.

Now, the other day, the office of Provincial insurance inspector fell vacant in Ontario. It is the most important insurance position in Canada, or will be if the Supreme Court decides this month that insurance is a matter largely within the jurisdiction of the provinces. The Ontario Government were under the necessity of filling this office. Naturally, through fear of the "Colonel," the man that makes the big noise, the Government was expected to look around for the best insurance man in Canada and put him on the job. Everybody was quite sure that this would occur. Imagine the public's surprise when it was learned that in spite of the big noise and the series of articles, the Government had selected and appointed an aged lawyer recommended by the local politicians. The appointee, so far as is known, knows absolutely nothing about insurance. There is no evidence that he has even read the articles in the big noise newspaper.

When the next issue of the aforesaid newspaper appeared, a number of people opened it with unusual curiosity. They looked for a big noise article condemning the appointment as not being in the best interests of the people. They turned the pages over and over, and sighed because of disappointment. The big noise newspaper hadn't a word to say. The suspicion in the public mind was cruelly confirmed. The idol had clay feet.

## National Circulation.

The task of giving the *CANADIAN COURIER* a national circulation is not an easy one. Our aim has been to distribute the *COURIER* throughout the Dominion so that every reader will receive his paper on Saturday of the week in which it is issued. So far this has only been partially possible. Our distribution methods were so far perfected that the *COURIER* was delivered in all the towns and cities from Regina to Halifax not later than Saturday of each week. This has been the case for about two years.

Recently some improvements have been made. By going to press earlier we have been able to mail the edition for Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia one day earlier in the week. The new train of the Canadian Pacific Railway which leaves Toronto for Vancouver at ten o'clock every evening has helped considerably. For example, the issue dated June 10th was sent out on the train leaving Toronto on the night of Tuesday, June 6th, and reached Vancouver on Saturday, June 10th, at 10.25 p.m. The following telegram is evidence of the delivery:

Vancouver, B.C., June 10th.

R. L. Thompson,  
C. P. R. Passenger Agent,  
Toronto.

Canadian Courier issue of June tenth arrived Vancouver train three Saturday June tenth twenty - two twenty - five o'clock.

H. W. Brodie.

This new train enables us to deliver the *COURIER* on Saturday throughout Saskatchewan and Alberta and a large part of British Columbia. We believe that this is the highest point of distribution efficiency yet reached by any Canadian publication.



# THROUGH A MONOCLE

## THE POWER OF THE KING

**D**URING Coronation Week, the mind turns naturally toward kingly things—the position of royalty, the symbol of the Crown, the Empire over which the new King is to reign. We in this country are not brought much into contact with any of these things. We have never seen a King. The nearest we have got to it is a Prince of Wales; and we are about to have the uncle of the King at Rideau Hall. Yet the King is a member of our Parliament. You didn't know that? The you have failed to look at the British North America Act. That much discussed and seldom-read document provides that the Canadian Parliament shall consist of the King, the Senate and the House of Commons. The Governor-General—in practice—takes the place of the King; but, legally, the King himself is as much King of Canada as of England. It is just as well for us to get this fact in our minds; and to realize that it is the Canadian King who has just been crowned in Westminster Abbey.

\* \* \*

**T**HE King will now go to India to be crowned as Emperor. Have you ever thought why he will go to India for this purpose, and will not come to Canada to be crowned at Ottawa? Canada is of far more importance to the British Empire than ten Indias. If it would do as much good for the King to come to Canada as it will for him to go to India, he would come here first. But there is a feeling on all sides that Canada is a democratic community, and does not appreciate Kings at their full worth; while a King is essential to the government of India. It may sound strangely in our democratic ears; but no one who knows India imagines for a moment that the British Empire could hold that princely possession for a twelvemonth if it were not reigned over by a King or a Queen. The people of India are accustomed to be governed by personal monarchs not by committees or Parliaments. No Republic could possibly keep that splendid realm in awe.

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**Y**OU might mention this fact to the next republican new arrival you meet who imagines that a King is a costly ornament. The Americans have a very different people to handle in the Filipinos; but they are making a lot of trouble for themselves in even that unorganized and unroyal corner of the world by their effort to govern it in their "shirt sleeves." Asiatics do not understand that sort of thing. The Englishman dining alone in the Indian jungle in full evening dress with his servant standing behind him to hand him at the right moment the "canned goods" they have carried in on their shoulders, may seem an absurd figure to the unconventional traveller from this free and easy continent; but it is precisely that absurdity—that insistence upon the supreme importance of all the customs of the "sahib"—which enables the Englishman to rule the millions of India with a handful of white "Tommys."

\* \* \*

**T**HE power of the King in England is very great. I have a friend who loves to discuss the possibility of England becoming a Republic some day—that is, he loves to put up that idea and then batter it all to pieces. One of the things he never fails to say is that he would bet all he had—in case this happened—that nothing could prevent the King from being the first President of the "Republic of Britain," and that he would remain President just as long as he pleased. No one who knows the people of the British Islands doubts this for a moment. The monarch is always the most popular personage in the United Kingdom. Now this is not a perfunctory or artificial popularity; but a real one. It would stand any test you chose to apply to it. This is an advantage possessed by a good monarchy which a Republic loses. You could never be certain that a President might not be the most unpopular person in his own land. He is often the best abused. This no English King has ever been of late—not when pugilistic Englishmen were about.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE is certainly much to be said for having a head of the State who is not at the same time the head of a party. The head of a party is bound to appear more or less in the wrong to well-nigh half the people. Even the hypnotic "Teddy" was fiercely criticized while he was at the zenith of his popularity; while it was shameful the things that

they used to say about Grover Cleveland when he was President. The New York *Sun* habitually called him "Consecration," and used to chronicle his most ponderous public actions with the remark—"Consecration seldom takes a day off." This undoubtedly gives one a feeling of "cocky" equality with the ruler. Just the other day I was told of a man who rejoiced in the privilege of frequently calling the present President of the United States "Bill" in public. But there is enough of the old Adam in most of us to like a leader to follow. We like to have the spirit of the nation personified—as it were—in one man. Germans hold their Kaiser in check; but the way they speak of him in private was never attained by any party captain in the universe.

\* \* \*

**K**ING GEORGE V. is making a good King. Queen Mary is making an excellent Queen. King George has shown an active and sympathetic interest in various movements of social reform in the United Kingdom; and Queen Mary has intervened in the domestic and purely feminine interests of her half of the Kingdom in a striking manner. The popularity of both sovereigns is far greater to-day than when they came to the throne, which is the highest praise that could be accorded any year-old monarchs. A year ago, the British people honored the office; to-day they are spontaneously cheering the man and the woman who occupy the offices. The constitutionality of the King could not be better shown than by the way he has turned to social reform while advised by a social reform Government. Should European politics become more complicated and menacing—should, for example, this Morocco question threaten the peace of the world—we may find that King George has inherited the genius of his father for diplomacy. He certainly has inherited the genius of his grandmother for working British institutions. As for Queen Mary, if she succeeded in keeping English society women from absurdities of dress, and in making the domestic virtues fashionable once more, she will have done her share toward making their joint reigns memorable.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## The Empire and the Coronation

**I**F the British Empire in its modern form was created under Queen Victoria, it was pacified, solidified and developed under Edward VII. When Queen Victoria died, the Empire was at war, and its future was not assured. The South African war had brought out the loyalty of the colonials, but it had also shown that the Empire, with boundaries as long as the circumference of the earth and as widely scattered as the continents, is difficult to manage and to defend. King Edward realized that and became the Peacemaker. After only nine years of brilliant administration, he bequeathed to his son, George V., an Empire happy, unified, and devoted to the arts of peace.

Under Edward VII. the Empire did not grow in extent. The formal annexation of the Boer republics took place under Victoria. Nevertheless it grew in other ways. The Commonwealth of Australia came into being. The union of South Africa created a new Dominion under the Crown. New Zealand changed from a Colony to a Dominion. Canada entered upon an era of great development and grew from seven provinces to nine. Edward VII. added to his titles that of King of the Dominions Beyond the Seas. Then he sent his Royal son on a visit of inspection to all these Dominions, and no more spectacular trip was made by any sovereign than that of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall in the S. S. Ophir.

Edward VII received the Empire—a kingdom and a number of vassal states; to his son he left a number of sister nations owning one sovereign and one flag. Queen Victoria governed only a kingdom; King George will govern several kingdoms. This almost invisible and somewhat theoretical change is one of the most striking developments of modern times. Yesterday it was the British people; now it is the British peoples.

This coronation is not of Britain's monarch only, but of Canada's King, South Africa's King, Australia's King, New Zealand's King and Newfoundland's King. Mr. Asquith is Premier of Great Britain, but not of the British Empire. That Empire has only one official who obtains universal recognition,

and he is George V., King of Great Britain, Emperor of India and ruler of the Dominions Beyond the Seas. Mr. Asquith may bid Botha and Fisher and Ward and Laurier and Morris to do some things, but there are also certain commands of these men which Asquith must obey. King George's word is law throughout the Empire, and none may say him nay, whether Canadian, Newfoundlander, South African, Australian or New Zealander.

For the first time, at this coronation, the leading citizens of the Dominions Beyond the Seas are present by right and not by courtesy. If Sir Wilfrid Laurier had not been invited to be present, he might have demanded admittance to the ceremony. By what right? By the simple right of being the leading official citizen of His Majesty's kingdom of Canada.

This coronation therefore appeals to every Canadian, not as a spectacle in which we have only a sentimental or curious interest, but as a national event. Canada's sovereign is being crowned. If it should ever occur that Canada will leave the Empire and take up a role of independence, there will be no relation to sever except that which connects King George or his successor and the people of Canada. The crown is the only connecting link, the Union Jack the only common emblem.

King George's first duty as heir-apparent to the Throne was to make a tour of the Dominions. One of his first duties as a crowned sovereign will be to visit some of these Dominions—the first reigning monarch of Great Britain to make such a visit. This in itself is an acknowledgment that this coronation means more to the Empire than any that have preceded it. On the personal qualities of this sovereign largely depends the future of the Empire.

## Japan Invites Us.

**M**R. C. YATA, Japanese Consul at Vancouver, writes to the *Monetary Times* on behalf of the new Anglo-Japanese treaty. He is anxious for Canada to come in and wonders why Messrs. Birrell, M.P., and Cowan, M.P., are opposed to such action. He says: "I am at a loss to find the reason why Japanese people should be so disliked by the Canadian people." Mr. Yata shouldn't have much difficulty in discovering that this moderate "dislike" is not personal or national, but racial. The races differ and that difference produces the condition of mind called "dislike."

British Columbia has another reason which the rest of Canada does not yet share. The Pacific Province is afraid. In California, the Japanese constitute more than one-seventh of the male adults of military age, as follows: Caucasian males, 262,694; Japanese males, 45,725. If these males, having few, if any, females dependent upon them, were to unite together to create a disturbance, they would be formidable. So in the State of Washington, there are 17,000 Japanese males, as against 164,000 Caucasian males of military age. Once a Jap, always a Jap. Once a servant of the Mikado, always a servant of the Mikado. Heaven is attained that way. Such is the explanation in both California and British Columbia. In the other parts of this continent there is no dislike of the Jap. He is regarded as a clever and business-like person. His goods are bought and to him sales are made. Farther than that the Caucasian race cannot go.

Canada's trade with Japan grows slowly. Our exports have grown from \$112,308 in 1900, to \$660,522 in 1910. If they grow as fast in the next ten years, they would amount to over three and a half million dollars in 1920.

On the other hand, Canada buys more from Japan than Japan buys from Canada. For several years now, Canada has bought about two million dollars worth of Japanese goods annually.

It would thus seem that in what trade there is between the two countries, Japan has the best of it. Great Britain is the only country to whom we sell more than we buy.

Japan may some day become an important market for Canadian flour and wheat, but the present customs duties collected by that country on these commodities seem rather high. A reduction would be very pleasing to Canada.

## Dr. MacPhail Injured.

**D**R. ANDREW MACPHAIL, the well-known author and essayist, was seriously injured last Sunday night by the explosion of a bottle of aerated water at his residence on Peel Street, Montreal. Glass from the shattered bottle entered both eyes. The doctor was immediately operated upon at the Royal Victoria Hospital, where a specialist pronounced that one eye could be saved and that there were good hopes of saving the other.





# HISTORY OF CORONATIONS



## Coronations of the Past.

**I**NTERESTING features, as well as some regrettable incidents, marked the coronation of other rulers of Britain. Following are some of the more interesting points concerning the coronations from the time of "Good Queen Bess" to that of "Victoria the Good."

The coronation of Queen Elizabeth was the last of a long series of similar ceremonies in which the most striking feature was a procession from the Tower to St. Peter's Abbey, at Westminster. A feature of the decoration was the erection of a series of arches, each of which was the scene of some allegorical representation.

Charles I. enjoyed the rare distinction of being crowned twice, first at Westminster, and several years later at Scone, in Scotland. A contemporary account of it says: "His Majesty received the Communion, and after crowned in his purple robes ascending the stage and throne, took homage of all the peres, they putting handes into his, and being kissed by him did him both homage and fealtie."

The crowning of Charles II. was characterized by lavish expense, some of the noblemen spending several thousand pounds on their horse-trappings alone. The Tower procession was supplanted by a water progress from Whitehall to the Abbey. London was superbly decorated.

With James II. was crowned his Queen, Mary of Modena, and the crown she wore was said to have been worth three hundred thousand pounds, and her jewels were valued at a million pounds. Patrick Lamb, the royal master cook, provided a banquet which was picturesque but which lengthened out the ceremony needlessly.

At the coronation of William and Mary theological differences had an unfortunate effect. Judges and bishops alike appeared to fight shy of the proceedings. The Archbishop of Canterbury made an excuse and wouldn't attend, so the Bishop of London officiated in his place, assisted by the Archbishop of York. In preaching the sermon Bishop Burnet very cleverly contrived to say something pleasant for both sides.

Queen Anne, though still under forty when she was crowned, was suffering from chronic ill-health. Owing to gout and obesity she was almost unable to move, and during the procession she had to be carried in a sort of sedan chair. The day concluded with bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells and other demonstrations of joy.

On the day of his coronation, George I. went to Westminster Hall very early in the morning and walked in procession from there to the Abbey. The Bishop of Oxford preached a sermon full of fulsome flattery from the words: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."

George II. was crowned with his Queen, Caroline of Anspach, the ceremony being much like the preceding one. The illuminations were of a very elaborate and striking character. The King was so delighted with all that took place that several royal progresses were arranged in consequence.

When George III. and Queen Charlotte were crowned, the King, who had taken lessons in elocution from one of the most distinguished actors of the day, quite astonished those present by the dignity of his deportment and the bell-like clearness of his utterances. He insisted on making certain innovations in the ceremony, which were all more or less applauded. On this occasion the price of seats first began to be looked upon as a matter of importance.

The coronation of George IV. cost the nation nearly two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, the expense of the banquet alone being more than twenty-five thousand pounds, while more than eleven thousand pounds was devoted to the furniture and decoration of Westminster Abbey and Hall. Queen Caroline, who claimed the right to be crowned along with her husband, was denied admission to Westminster Hall, which she formally demanded, at one of the doors, accompanied by Lord Hood. The coronation was made the subject of a series of witty but coarse lampoons.

The contrast between the coronation of George IV. and that of William IV. was remarkable. The one brother loved pomp, display and ceremonial, but the other regarded the whole business with dislike and would gladly have dispensed with coronation altogether. His views were strongly shared



QUEEN VICTORIA

Who had a brilliant reign and "wrought her people lasting good."



QUEEN ALEXANDRA



KING EDWARD

King Edward well earned the title of "The Peacemaker."



The King, the Queen and Princess Mary, and His Majesty's little dog "Happy." This photograph was taken several months ago.

by Queen Adelaide. The moment that King William was crowned a telegraphic message was sent to Portsmouth, so that a royal salute might be fired from the ships before the King quitted the throne.

When Queen Victoria was crowned there was a lengthy and dignified procession from Buckingham Palace through Piccadilly and down Parliament Street. At the coronation confusion arose from an imperfect knowledge of detail on the part of the principal actors, and the Queen narrowly missed letting fall the heavy orb. Archbishop Howley hurt her Majesty's finger in putting on the ruby ring once worn by Charles I. The gala dinner took place at Buckingham Palace, and the illuminations were on a liberal scale.

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## Coronation in Early Times

**T**HE Norman Kings were often crowned twice, and used to have their sons crowned when very young; as in the case of Henry II. The first direct account of an English coronation is that of Richard I., at which the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, the Archbishops of Rouen, Dublin, Lewes, and all the bishops in the kingdom being present. A great procession followed the King to Westminster Abbey, the Earl of Chester bearing the crown, which on arrival at the Abbey was placed on the altar. After the King had taken the oath, and had been anointed, the Archbishop placed the crown on his head. At the conclusion of the service the great crown was replaced by a smaller one which the King wore on leaving the Abbey.

The coronation of Henry II. consisted of two ceremonies, the first when Richard II., in regal attire, was brought to the Tower, and made to assign his crown to Henry. Later on a second very magnificent ceremony of coronation took place in Westminster Abbey. The Archbishop of Canterbury demanded of the assembly whether Henry should be crowned the King. After shouts of assent, Henry approached the altar, was anointed, and had the crown of Edward the Confessor placed on his head. Mass was said and the procession departed from the Abbey.

Henry VI. was crowned by the papal legate at Gloucester, at the age of nine years. His crown consisted of a plain golden circlet, for the original crown had been lost by King John in the waters of the Wash.

\* \* \*

## Coronations in Other Countries

**T**HE earliest form of publicity in acknowledging a new king was by the very old and solemn rite of anointing with oil. The ceremony in the times of the ancient Hebrews was peculiarly significant of the consecration to the service of God, and the dedication of David to kingship could not well have been simpler—he was anointed by Samuel, Israel's prophet, without assembly or ritual, simply "in the midst of his brethren," and he probably returned to his sheep-tending after it none the less king because he was still a shepherd-boy. All the pageantry, symbolism and elaborate ritual came gradually into being.

The mediæval theory of the relation of the civil power to the priestly was greatly influenced by the ancient Jewish theocracy in which the King appeared divinely chosen and commissioned, and stood in a specially intimate relation to the national religion. The Divine Right of Kings was a matter of faith for centuries.

Mediæval history is full of the superstitions attaching to the rite of coronation and to the special places for the utensils and emblematic objects with which it was performed. Rheims, with its sacred ampulla—the repository of the chrism for anointing the kings—was all-important in France. No Hungarian coronation was valid unless made with the crown of St. Stephen, still valued by the Austrian court. At the German coronations, the custom was for the emperor, before he was anointed, to declare his orthodoxy by an oath taken on the famous copy of the Gospel used by Charles the Great, and on a casket containing earth soaked in the blood of the Martyr Stephen. The iron crown of the ancient Longobardic kings—restored to Italy in 1856—is a gold circle with enamelled flowers and jewels within which is a thin fillet of iron alleged to have been hammered from a nail of the true cross.





# STAGING THE CORONATION



THE Coronation of King George the Fifth is the greatest show in the world, and it had to be staged. He has little dramatic sense who thinks that His Majesty, his lords and ladies, went through the ceremonies of June 22 *ex tempore*. That they should not have been logical. When a school puts on an entertainment there are rehearsals weeks beforehand. And so it was with the Coronation. English nobles of the twentieth century have become so much like other citizens that they are quite as much raw material as Canadian schoolboys when it comes to a matter of "making up" and participating in pageantry. Every detail



STREET DECORATION.

Angels and griffins surmount the columns.

of the Coronation ceremonial was gone over with precision and attention that a Belasco expends on his productions.

The man who stage-managed the drama of all the ages was the Duke of Norfolk. He is an elderly, bearded peer, with a genius for organization. Had he been a commoner, he might have made a hit with the Broadway managers. For days, the Duke has been the busiest man in England. He has almost resided entirely at Westminster Abbey. To this stately and ancient edifice daily have come coy, young peeresses and gallant peers to do their parts before His Grace of Norfolk. Every person of rank in England of any social standing had some part to play in the Coronation. The task of deciding exactly who was entitled to perform certain functions was in itself one of great difficulty, requiring much tact. In this the



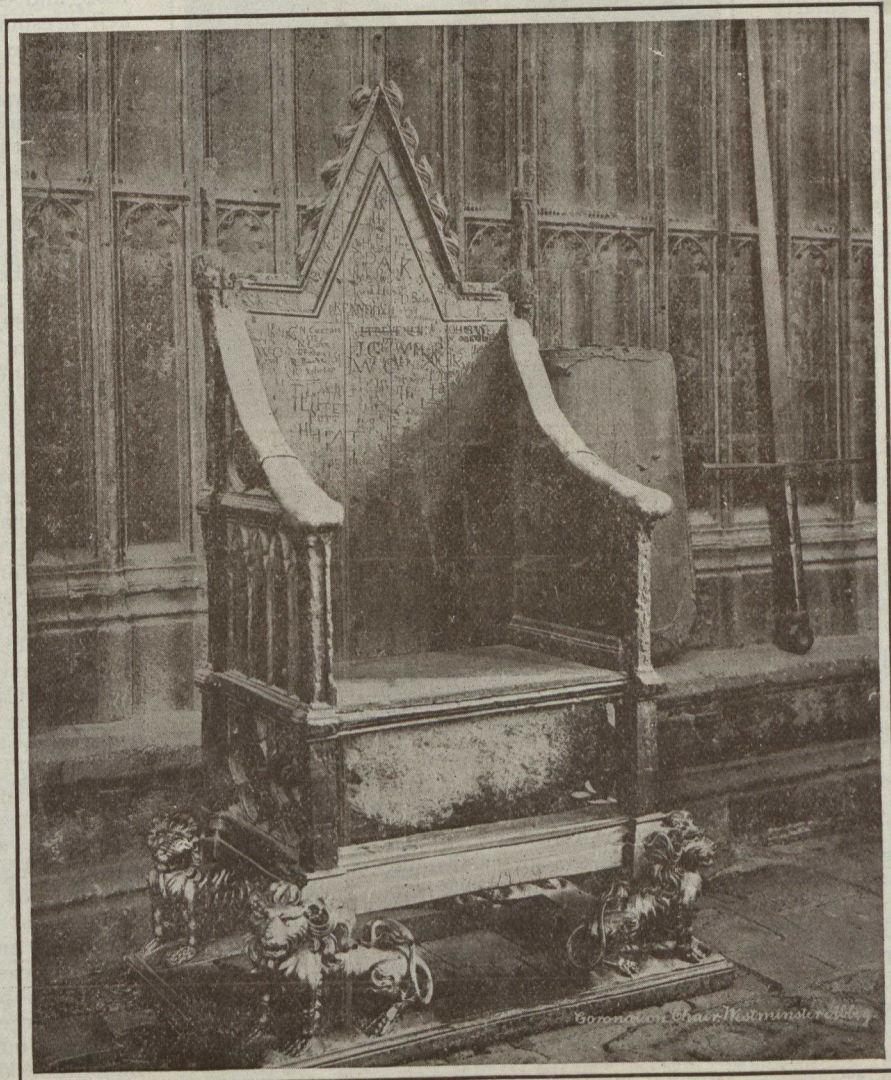
BUILDING STANDS FOR SPECTATORS.

London being transformed by Coronation activities. Westminster Hospital left; St. Margaret's Church, centre; and on the right the annex at entrance to Westminster Abbey. In the distance is the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament.

Duke of Norfolk had, of course, the assistance of the "Court of Claims, a special Coronation court. For the right to discharge certain Coronation offices, there was keen rivalry; some of the best known blue blood in Britain would have fought it out by "Trial by Battle," like their ancestors of old, for the privilege of handing the King liquor in a goblet or carrying a rod, had the law of Asquith's regime allowed such sanguinary encounters. This June, everybody in England forgot his sense of humour in the fine

fervour of reviving the pomp of tradition. Men like the Duke of Somerset, who carried the Orb, and the Duke of Newcastle, whose important duty it was to provide a glove and support the King's arm, were the heroes of the nation.

Distributing their parts to the actors and seeing to it that the protagonists of the great coronation drama were proficient in their roles, was only part of the task of staging a monster spectacle. Every show has to be costumed. Not since the days



Coronation Chair, with the Stone from Scone enclosed. This chair was first used by Edward I. Only once has it been taken out of the Abbey and that was by Oliver Cromwell.

of Solomon were such brilliant clothes worn by man as at the coronation of King George V. The people of England have grown fond of pageantry in late years. They had no little opportunity to cultivate a taste for splendor at the Queen's Jubilee and the coronation of King Edward. All the experience of gorgeous raiment they gained on those two occasions was utilized and improved at the coronation of George V. What costumes each should wear befitting his importance—that was no small problem for the stage manager. Down to the details of the costumes of the wonderfully clad royal coachmen he had to be consulted.



DECORATING THE STREETS.

Classic columns of wood and plaster.

The stage manager had to look after his properties. He had to keep an eye on the coronation chair, the old scone stone, and the jewelled articles of the regalia. He had to get the royal carpet woven on time. Everybody admired the royal carpet—800 square yards—it covered the whole Abbey. It took six months to make, and the deep, royal blue surface just cost the nation \$12,000. The scenery for the big show was ingenious and impressive. Old Londoners said that they would hardly know their own city in its Coronation dress. Take Whitehall for instance. Twenty-five feet apart and twenty-five in height, on both sides marched fat, white columns, each crowned with a statue of winged victory, and on this street and the other great thoroughfares, tier on tier, rose picturesque theatricums of seats for thousands of spectators.





KING GEORGE I.



KING GEORGE II.



KING GEORGE III.



KING GEORGE IV.

# THE FIVE GEORGES



## *Their History and Their Characteristics*



“BY George!”—a whole Empire is saying that. This is not the first time Englishmen have sworn by a George. We have had four Georges rule over us; the fifth is crowned this week. George is the name of the patron saint of John Bull's Island. In itself, it is a blunt, honest conservative English name; a significant name, for its association with the throne of England in the past has been coincident with vast changes in the life and thought of the nation.

None of our Georges were heroic figures. But they were manly, outspoken men who tried to do what they thought was the right thing, and were obstinate and bull-headed in the doing. This June it is interesting to recall the four Georges and note some of their peculiarities. They arose out of Hannover, which duchy was sufficiently Teutonic to endow them with virtues which the English people came to recognize as their own. George III.'s very habit of blundering was a singularly English quality.

We call the first George Chevalier. He possessed to an eminent degree the amiable Teutonic trait of self-satisfaction, which worked out excellently for his subjects. He didn't know any English and he didn't wish to know any. Also, he was not at all pragmatical. He never sat in cabinet councils, because he could not understand the discussions. Because he was bored, his prerogative was weakened and ministerial government got a great boost in his reign.

George II., his son, was fond of the glory and pomp of war. He had fought a little in his youth and he liked to talk about his exploits at Oudenarde and Dettingen. Walpole, his chief minister, he didn't like, because Sir Robert loved peace. When Walpole lost power King George became bellicose and restive. Soon he was involved in the Seven Years' War, and the long conflicts out of which in after reigns arose the British Empire in two hemispheres.

There was more history made in the reign of George III. than any British monarch. The French Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the Declaration of American Independence, the birth of England's Empire in the east, the Conquest of Canada, the annexation of Australia and New Zealand, the War of 1812, the fall of Napoleon, the flowering of British manhood in Wellington and Nelson—George III.'s fifty-nine years on the throne were eventful, constructive years. Personally, the Third George had more the regal air than any of his George predecessors. His one ambition was to be King with a capital “K,” which his subjects thought no longer proper in a monarch. He would rather let the colonies go to the bows than be dictated to by rebels—which he did. Despite his autocratic tendencies, his narrowness, his prejudices, George III. was always “Good King George.” The simplicity of living he combined with his regal notions appealed to people. In the setting of his life, when he became sorrow-laden, a nation sympathized. In literature there are no more pathetic pages than Thackeray's description



HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

of the old King in his declining years.

George IV. cared more for the title, “First Gentleman of Europe,” than the Kingship. His chief interests were his clothes, his figure, his manner, his amours and intrigues. He was the black sheep of the Georges, but a lovable, kindly prince withal.

Under the Four Georges, with the opening of the industrial revolution, the machine age, modern democracy had its birth. By the achievements of Wolfe, Clive, Nelson and Wellington, the lines of the British Empire were laid down. In the reign of the Fifth George, these two problems, Democracy and Empire, will still be the chief ones. Democracy is to-day on trial, criticized by economists and political theorists; and the imperial question of George V.'s reign is now that we have got our empire, how are we going to hang on to it?

King George will accept office as a constitutional monarch, but his influence, while not that of an absolute monarch, will be great. The modern King rules not by force of arms, but by force of character. What sort of man are we crowning on June 22?

William IV., who succeeded Fourth George, once eloquently dilated upon the virtues of the quarter-

deck as a training school for English gentlemen. Popular verdict has declared that our Fifth George shall be known as the “Sailor King.” Those who have been sizing up England's new ruler emphasize two chief qualifications which they claim will endear him to the hearts of his subjects. In the first place, His Majesty is a seaman—King of a nation, mariners since the days of Alfred. Again, he is a King who knows his dominions like a business man the departments of his business. Had George III. known the colonies, he would never have allowed them to slip through his fingers.

George is a real sailor and has fulfilled William IV.'s prescription for an English gentleman. A sailor, that is all he wanted to be or expected to be as a youth. His being King is but an accident. His father and his elder brother had precedence over him to the throne. The Duke of Clarence died in 1892, and George of a sudden woke to find himself heir presumptive. Till that date, from the time he was twelve years old, his dreams were of the naval profession. There was no more live, young officer in the navy than Prince George. R. N. discipline showed him no favour because he was a royal prince. He made the grades on merit. He passed the same exams. the other fellows did; he learned in the workshops a whole lot of things practically about knotting, and splicing, masts, sails and humps and canvas; he was made to toe the line like other middies when he fell into the pranks of Midshipman Easy. He got there.

Since 1892, he has been in active training for the throne. In 1893 he married Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and began to cultivate the domestic virtues. He has five children, and is said to be a model *pere de famille*. He doesn't drink; he is never without a cigarette; he is the second best shot in the Kingdom; he has a hatred of fuss and prefers quiet; he spends hours in his library reading and discussing politics—that is King George, the landlubber.

His Majesty has had the advantages of education in the world's greatest university—travel. Our monarchs in the past rarely studied there. King Edward made royalty abroad fashionable. His son, far from being insular, will be known as the most widely travelled prince of the ages.

We in Canada know our King. The crown to us this time is not a far off thing. We have a personal interest in it. His Majesty came out to visit us twice in the past ten years. He was polite and interested in our welfare. In 1901 we built arches for him; thousands of us stood out in the blazing sun and—rain sometimes—and watched his progress through our streets. He reviewed our troops. To some of us he gave medals, which we take out and look at on holidays. Many of us shook hands with him and we kept the white gloves we wore on the occasion. In 1909, at Quebec, he saw our history in pageantry—and the deeds of another King George before the old Citadel. Yes, we think we know our King George and we appreciate the magnitude of the position the pleasant, bearded, English sailor prince has to fill as father of the great Imperial family.





# QUEEN MARY AND THE CORONATION



## Our English Queen.

JUNE the twenty-second was doubtless a trying day for England's Queen. To be to centre of a searchlight of enquiring eyes; to be clad in heavy, voluminous garments of velvet and ermine; to wear a weighty crown of jewels upon her head, and be obliged to bow and smile and look gracious—it was probably an unpleasant experience for Queen Mary, whose quiet, retiring disposition shrinks from all forms of brilliancy and display. However, Her Majesty has always been found eager to efface her own personal inclinations where they interfere in the least degree with her duties as queen. Indeed the great stress that she lays upon the word duty is the keynote to her nature. Both she and King George accept their positions as monarchs with uncommon seriousness. In Queen Mary's case this may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that from the time she was a very small child it was understood that she would one day share England's throne. Thus she was trained and educated with a view to fit her for the important position she was to fill in life and to make her worthy to be the mother of England's future Kings.

Queen Mary, it will be remembered, is an English Princess by birth and breeding, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and second cousin on both sides of her family, of her husband, George V. She is the first English woman to become the mother of heirs to the British throne since Lady Anne Hyde was wedded, more than two hundred years ago, to the prince who was her apparent and afterwards James II., and became the mother of two Queens, Mary and Anne.

Unlike Queen Alexandra, the Consort of the late King Edward, who was of foreign birth and obliged to win the affection and trust of the British people, Queen Mary comes to the throne secure in the love that the nation feels for one of its own country women. No doubt for the reason of her English birth, too, her influence will be more strongly felt and her decisions more readily yielded to.

## Her Majesty Crowned

Now, with regard to the actual part that Queen Mary will take in the Coronation, the fact that she is to be crowned will not make her any more Queen Consort of England than she was at the moment of King Edward's death; nor does it invest her with a greater degree of power. It is more a re-affirmation that she is the legal wife of the reigning Sovereign, and as such is willing to accept a share in his responsibilities and his duty to the nation.

The wonderful coronation ceremonies that still survive over a period of a thousand years, deal mostly with the King himself. After the actual crowning of the King has taken place and the booming and roaring of artillery in Hyde Park has announced the news to the waiting throngs, then comes the crowning of the Queen Consort. It is not a long and tedious ceremony, such as the King was submitted to. She is anointed on the head and receives her crown, her scepters and her ring. When the crown is placed upon her brow the peeresses slowly raise their coronets and place them on their heads.

## The Crown and Royal Robe

This crown which the Queen wears has been designed according to her instructions. This is her privilege; unlike King George she is not obliged to wear a secondhand crown. Although precedent and custom have to some extent tied the designer's hands, the result of Her Majesty's wishes and the

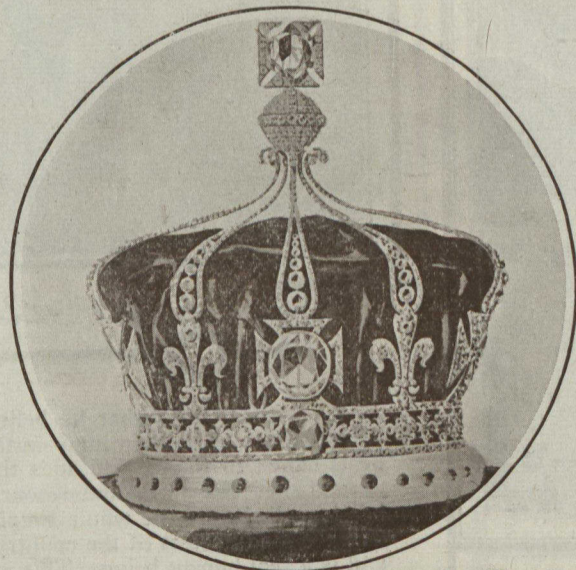


England's last Crowning. Alexandra upon



MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND

Crown jeweller's skill has produced a beautiful article. The crown is composed entirely of diamonds. Prominent in the front is the gorgeous Koh-i-noor, the stone that can only be worn by a woman with safety, and brings ill-luck to any mere man. Around the crown on a level with the Koh-i-noor, according to heraldic rules, are four maltese



QUEEN MARY'S CROWN.

Designed according to Her Majesty's instructions, it is a triumph of lightness and beauty. The great central stone is the Koh-i-noor, the famous diamond that brings good fortune only when worn by a woman.

crosses and four fleur-de-lis, from the tips of which spring eight branches which curve upwards and inwards until they meet where they support an orb upon which rests another maltese cross containing a bit of the wonderful Cullinan, cut in a beautiful pear shape. This diamond the Queen wears as a pendant on other occasions.

The open part of the crown rests on a circlet composed of two diamonds, between which are alternate clusters representing conventional roses and small crosses, and in the middle of the first, immediately below the Koh-i-noor is another part of the Cullinan, cut square. The whole crown is mounted on an ermine band and has an inside cap of purple velvet to match Her Majesty's robe. The jewellers proclaim it a triumph of lightness, for it only weighs nineteen

King Edward and Queen their Coronation Throne.

ounces—about twice as much as an ordinary hat. The Queen's Coronation costume is a two-part creation, consisting of the dress of ivory duchesse satin, and the robe, or longer train, of silk velvet. The embroidery on the dress was made at the Princess Louise Needlework School. In its exquisite fineness may be traced outlines of the English rose, the Scotch thistle, the Irish shamrock, the Star of India, and English oak leaves. There is also a band, cunningly worked in gold to appear as water, representing the seas of the Empire.

The sleeves and bodice are trimmed with wonderful filmy lace carrying a fine gold thread.

The robe of royal purple is six yards in length. On it, too, appear the rose, the shamrock and the thistle, cleverly blended with the monogram of Her Majesty. It is lined throughout with ermine. Think of its gorgeousness! But pity the poor Queen if the twenty-second is a warm June day.

## Functions of the Maids of Honour

Queen Mary's maids of honour, too, will come in for a great deal of prominence at the time of the forthcoming coronation festivities, for their duties are both important and responsible. Since they bring them into intimate contact with the Court circle, the occupants of these posts are always selected from among the leading families. As a rule, they are the daughters or grand-daughters of peers. Two of the Maids of Honour are in attendance for a fortnight, and are then succeeded by two others. During the reign of Queen Victoria, however, the period of attendance was doubled. Maids of Honour take their instructions from the Mistress of the Robes. This appointment is a political one, and is always held by a duchess, the present Mistress of the Robes being the Duchess of Devonshire. Maids of Honour enjoy the courtesy title of "Honourable," and when their birth does not give them such precedence, they rank immediately after the daughters of barons. They are thus the only women in England who have any official precedence allotted them. This title of "Honourable," by the way, is retained even after office has been relinquished.

Queen Mary, like Queen Alexandra, being a Queen Consort, has four Maids of Honour, whereas Queen Mary Victoria had double this number. The four ladies appointed by Her Majesty are the Hon. Sybil Brodrick (daughter of Lord Middleton); the Hon. Venetia Baring (niece of Lord Hood); Miss Katherine Villiers (niece of Lord Clarendon); and Miss Mabel Gye (grand-daughter of the first Lord Bridport). Each of them is thus of exceptional birth.

Any woman who is favoured with a part in this coronation will undoubtedly consider it a great honour and will long treasure in her mind the memory of this great and gorgeous event.



# Pictorial Studies of a Monarch



*Driving.*



*Riding.*



*As a traveller.*



*As a Sportsman*



*Unveiling Victoria Memorial.*



*At the Races.*



*Reviewing troops*



*At a Cricket Match.*



*As a Sailor.*



*As a Monarch among Monarchs*



*At a Civic Ceremony.*

W. T. Stead says that he believes in King George because King George believes in him—in the common people over whom he is called to reign. He adds that he is straight and can be trusted, has the pluck and resource and dash of a sailor, has travelled over the whole Empire and knows what it means, will put the interests of the country before his personal interests and is a real human being. This is a fair statement of the case. King George is more like his grandmother, Queen Victoria, than like his father, Edward VII. He is somewhat cold, holds himself aloof, and is conservative in his policies and conduct.

He is not the hail fellow that his father was, and he will probably never reach the height of personal popularity. Nevertheless, he is at least shrewd and well-balanced. He is of King George's type, his sympathies broad, his enthusiasms wholesome, his moral tone of his court will be high; the leadership lines. Where he fails, it is because he is an ordinary Englishman with all his faults.

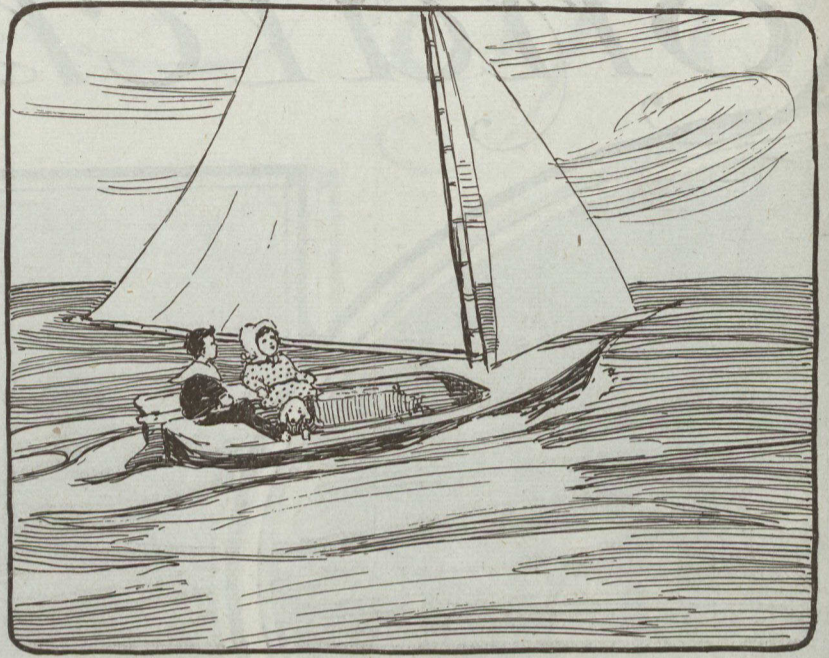
Where he succeeds, it will be because of his appreciation that he is a constitutional monarch with all the limitations and opportunities of such a personage. Canada knows the new sovereign fairly well, and he knows his Canada. No reasonable ambition which this country possesses will suffer through any action of his. Rather will he be likely to appreciate Canada's hegemony and to encourage her leadership among the newer Dominions of the British Empire. For such a purpose has he been trained; for such a purpose he may reasonably be expected to labour.



# Why Willie and Lillie Were Late - By Estelle M. Kerr.



1. When Will and Lill set out for school one lovely day in June,  
They said, "Let's take a boat trip first or we'll arrive too soon



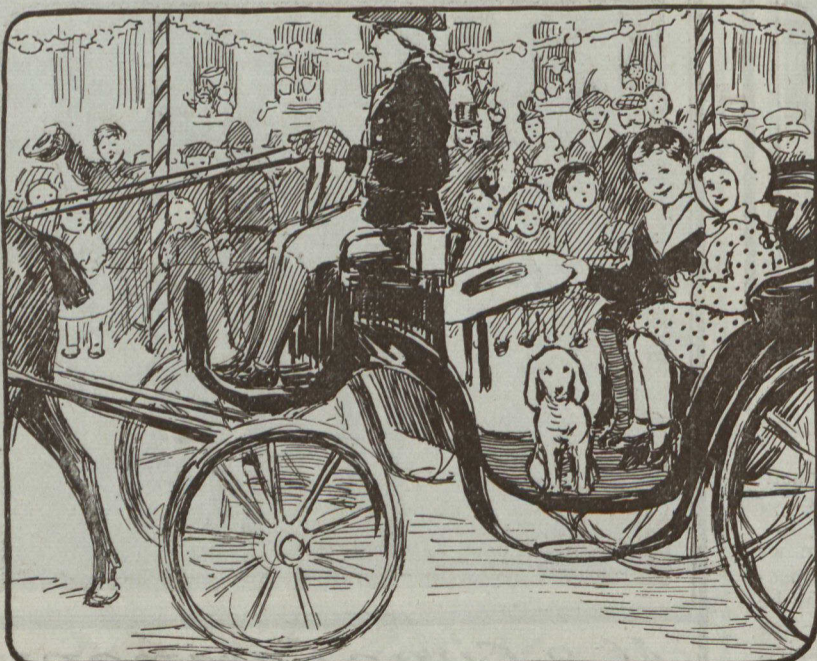
They got on board and hoisted sail, the boat went like a breeze,  
And soon before they knew it, they were far across the seas.



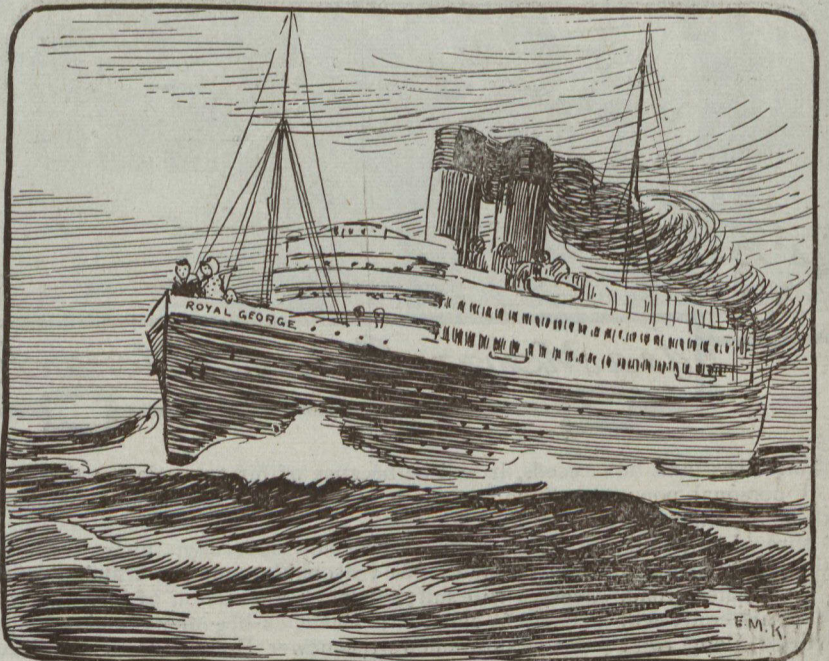
3. I think it was a wonder that these children were not drowned!  
They got to England just in time to see King George get crowned.



4. And then the King shook hands and said, (now this is really true!)  
"I'm proud to be your King, my boy, and proud of Lillie too!"



5. He ordered them a carriage and they rode in the parade,  
He treated them most kindly to ice-cream and lemonade.



6. He chartered them a steamship that could beat the record rate,  
But in spite of this precaution they were twenty minutes late.



# THE KING'S CHAMPION

By HORACE WYNDHAM

A picturesque and important figure at the Coronation ceremonial of English monarchs in bygone times was furnished by the Hereditary Champion. The holder of this appointment (which is perhaps the most remarkable relic of feudalism still extant) was required to ride into Westminster Hall during the progress of the Coronation banquet and challenge to mortal combat anybody who should dispute the Sovereign's title to the Crown. The office dates from the Ascension of William the Conqueror, who conferred it upon one of his attendants, Robert de Marmyon, together with the manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire. At one period the estate was worth £2,000 per annum, and a condition of the owner's tenancy was that on a certain day every year he should "exhibit a milk white bull with black ears to the people, who are to run it down and then cut it in pieces for distribution among the poor."

About the year 1291 the last Marmyon died, and the Scrivelsby estate passed into the possession of Sir John Dymoke, a connection by marriage. Ever since then it has been held, together with the Championship, by a member of this family. One of them, Sir Robert Dymoke, lived in five reigns, and officiated under three Sovereigns. The first time a Dymoke assumed office was in 1377, at the Coronation of Richard II. Among his perquisites he claimed "the best charger save one in the King's stables, and the best suit of armour save one in the Royal armoury." He was also presented with twenty yards of crimson cloth. This Champion, Sir John Dymoke, seems to have been a little over zealous, for he arrived at Westminster before the banquet commenced. "Thereupon," observes a historian, "the Lord Marshal came to him, and said he should not have appeared so soon. The Champion complied with the admonition and retired." When the proper time arrived and he was admitted, he delivered his challenge in the following form:—

"If there be any man of high degree or low that will say that this our Sovereign liege, Lord Richard, our cousin and heir of the King of England, Edward late deceased, ought not of right to be King of England crowned, he is ready now till the last hour of his breath, with his body to beat him like a false man and a traitor on whatever day shall be appointed."

During the Puritan regime of the Commonwealth, the Championship was shorn of much of its former splendour, and Sir Edward Dymoke was fined by Cromwell for "bearing a lewd and malicious title." However, when Charles II. came to the Throne his dignity was restored, and he was given special prominence. At the Coronation ceremony of James II. a little *contretemps* occurred, for the Champion (overcome either by fatigue or, possibly, alcohol), fell down on the floor of Westminster Hall. Thereupon the Queen turned to his Majesty and remarked, "See you, love, what a weak Champion you have!" According to our account of the incident, "the King only laughed; and the Champion excused himself, pretending his armour was heavy, and that he himself was weak with sickness, which"—the chronicler maliciously adds—"was false, for he was very well."

When a Champion fulfilled his duties satisfactorily he was entitled to receive as his honorarium the horse and armour he had used, as well as the gold cup in which the Sovereign

pledged him. For some reason or other, however, the outfit was surrendered to the Board of Ordnance after the Coronation of Queen Anne. When the Champion of the period applied for its return the Board resisted the application and sent him £60 instead. The Duke of Wellington, as Master General of the Ordnance, issued the last instructions ever given for equipping the King's Champion. This was in 1820, and the warrant was made out for "one suit of armour, *cap-a-pie* lined and complete; a pair of gauntlets, lined with doeskin gloves; one target painted with the Dymoke arms and fringed with silk; one sword, gilt hilt, and crimson velvet scabbard; one sword-hilt; and one pair of pistols."

Thus attired, the Champion figured very prominently at the Coronation of George IV. While the official banquet was in progress the doors of Westminster Hall were suddenly flung open, and the Champion, attended by the Duke of Wellington, Lord Howard of Effingham, and the Marquis of Anglesey, rode in on a piebald charger. He was clad in a suit of steel, with a tri-coloured plume of ostrich feathers in his helmet, and carried a gauntlet. Before he hurled down this emblem of defiance, a Herald sprang forward and read the terms of the challenge. This declared that the Champion was "ready in person to combat" with anybody who should "deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth." The Champion then threw his gauntlet on the floor, from which it was picked up and returned to him by the Herald. After the ceremony had been performed three times, the Champion backed his horse out of the Hall. He did not leave, however, until the King had pledged him in a gold cup. This was the last occasion when the Champion actually carried out his office. As the hereditary Champion at this time happened to be a clergyman, the Rev. John Dymoke, he had a deputy in his son, Henry, a young naval officer. The next Sovereign, William IV., decided, as did Queen Victoria, to do without the services of a Champion. To compensate the Dymoke who would have discharged the duties, this member of the family was created a baronet in 1841. On his death the Scrivelsby estate passed to his brother, another clergyman, who thus became the eighteenth holder of the Championship.

There is only one authenticated instance on record when the Champion's glove was picked up by a spectator. This happened in 1689 at the Coronation of William and Mary. As the gauntlet lay on the floor, an old woman seized it and ran out of Westminster Hall, leaving in its place her own glove with a challenge fastened on to it, demanding that the Champion should fight a duel with her in Hyde Park the next morning. Enquiry elicited the fact that this was a practical joke. There is also a legend (which Sir Walter Scott utilized in one of his novels) that the gauntlet was lifted by a Stuart partizan at the Coronation of George III. Sir John Dymoke, however, who held the office, does not mention any such episode in his account of the ceremony.

The present Champion is Mr. Frank Seaman Dymoke, who combines with his post the historical one of Standard Bearer of England. He lives in Lincolnshire, where he is engaged in the peaceful pursuit of farming. When the Dymoke who hurled down his glove at Queen Victoria's Coronation died, it was thought that

the last member of the family had gone. But this was not so, since a claimant appeared in the father of Mr. Frank Dymoke, who was able to satisfy the College of Arms that he was descended from a junior branch of the house. After a long investigation of his pedigree, the claim was admitted, and he was awarded the historic mansion of Scrivelsby, as well as the priceless collection of Coronation cups and suits of armour and horse trappings which had fallen to the Crown. Of these cups there should be twenty-one; but some have been lost, and others were destroyed in a fire. Only seven cups remain as heirlooms. They are those that were presented to the Champion by James II., William III., Anne, and George I., George II., George III., and George IV.

## The Farce of British Music

At the International Musical Society's Congress the other day Mr. Balfour spoke strongly in praise of British music. According to him, "We can now look our Continental friends in the face and say that Britain at last is in process of taking her place among the great creative musical communities."

Now, this sounds very fine, but even granting that British musical composers are showing more originality at the present time than they did in the past, the fact remains that the British nation as a whole remains as unmusical as ever it was, and shows little signs of changing.

Of course, I am aware that people go to concerts and the opera more nowadays than they used to do; but, after all, the whole thing is the merest farce, for not more than one per cent. of the audience in a big concert hall is really musical. The majority go either because it is a fashionable affair, or because they like to tell their friends that they have been everywhere.

The average man in the street cares very little for classical music or wonderful virtuosity. He will whistle the latest Viennese waltz half the day through, but talk to him of Beethoven or Wagner, and he will tell you that he is not in the least bit interested. In Continental countries the men are more musical than the women. In this country the majority of concert-goers are women. If we were really a musical nation, our men would be more musical than our women. The women who frequent British concert-halls are not true musicians. They are usually merely hysterical.

And as for the opera! Believe me, Britishers do not go to become enraptured with the music. They go because Society people go. They go to see the diamonds, the scenery, to satisfy their snobbish desire to sit in the seats of the mighty. And as for the Society people themselves, without whose patronage the opera would die a sudden death—well, a box is a very comfortable place in which to discuss the latest fashions, and it is better than sitting at home, and is a welcome change from playing bridge or coddling pet puppies.

No; we are not a musical nation. Our climate is against us. The true musician must possess something of the divine fire of genius—something of the divine fire of mystical genius. Mysticism and the British character are as foreign to one another as is a plum-pudding to a motor-car.

I would respectfully remind Mr. Balfour that although British composers may be getting better, there would have been no British school of music had there not been the foreign models to copy from.

I do not seek to disparage Britishers; we are greater than other nations in very many ways, but music is not among them.—M. A. P.

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## Picture of King George

A limited number of brown-tinted prints of the picture of King George used on the front cover of this issue will be sold to subscribers at ten cents each. This print is on heavy paper, and well worth framing. Some special prints of the double-sweep of pictures on pp. 16 and 17 of this issue, suitable for framing, are also available at the same price.

Every subscriber who renews his subscription direct to this office during the next fortnight may have these two pictures mailed to him in a tube free of charge.

Canadian Courier

10-12 Wellington East - TORONTO



# DEMI-TASSE

## Courierettes.

Diamonds have been discovered in the Province of Quebec. Now, if Manitoba could only find a little radium farm.

Carrie Nation and her little hatchet are buried. As the Persian poet has remarked: "Turn down an empty glass."

Birmingham has a road made out of leather. Montreal City Council will please take notice.

Coronation Day is not a holiday for the school children, who are being informed by the kindly newspapers that John Wesley was not in favour of holidays. Won't these youngsters just love the Methodist Church!

Coronation poets are having troubles of their own. There is not a rhyme to "George" worth writing.

Sir Wilfrid has been called "the Lloyd-George of Canada." Won't someone please call Bourassa the Winston Churchill of Quebec?

Hon. George Eulas Foster is summing in Coolest Canada.

Sir Charles Tupper is the Grandest Father of Confederation.

Mr. R. L. Borden and his henchmen are to address hundreds of meetings in the West. Such floods of oratory ought to do the crops a world of good.

The Ne Temere decree, followed by "God Save the King," was on the programme for Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist annual gatherings. They're going to take care of George.

## More About Mary.

Mary had a little skirt  
Of Coronation blue—  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The skirt would hobble, too.

Mary had a monster hat,  
With such a willow plume!  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
The hat took lots of room.

## Our Society Column.

Senator Graftmore and Mrs. Graftmore left last week for the Coronation. Mrs. Graftmore's new tiara, trimmed with all-over embroidery of diamonds, is a lovely affair. She hopes to wear it in England this summer.

Mr. Gay Oldboy will spend July in a quiet resort near Hamilton. He has admitted lately that he does not feel so young as he did in 1850. He, however, has learned the difficult art of growing old disgracefully.

The Allinstyle's have gone to Europe for three months. Mrs. Allinstyle was simply played out by the season's bridge, and will take some time to recover from her little slams in spades. They expect to buy some ancestral portraits in London, having been given the address of a dealer who will supply cavalier forefathers in velvet and lace collars for a nominal sum.

The Kommun-Creatures will remain in Ontario this summer. Tillie Kommun-Creature's wedding in June cost quite a lot, and as the head of the family remarked with gentle playfulness: "You can't do everything on nothing."

Mrs. Giddy Youngthing will visit her husband's Aunt in Drowsyville this summer. "It is really time we got to know each other," she wrote to the Aunt, and then Drowsyville is lots cheaper than a rest cure, and the Aunt has lovely old silver and china which must be left to somebody.

Mr. and Mrs. Everso Boring are to entertain a house party in Muskoka. They bought a peninsula in Lake Joseph last summer, and have built

an elegant house, which is almost paid for. They broke into Society nearly a year ago, and like it immensely.

## He Must be Irish.

The debate on Church Union in the Toronto Methodist Conference was the most interesting feature of this year's session. After the vote was taken, a "brother" remarked to a small group of listeners:

"I don't see any sense in discussing the question further. Let those unite who wish to, and let the others form a new church."

"A lot of Union there would be in that," was the reply of an elderly minister. The younger brother is still wondering why the other delegates laughed.

## A Tangled Tongue.

A Frenchman was commenting on the curious and absurd ways of the English language.

"For instance," he remarked, "my friend was injured in an aeroplane accident. As he fell to de ground an Englishman exclaimed: 'It's all up vid de roor chap.' Now, he should have said, 'It's all down.' Ah, de English is a meeseerable speech."

## His Method of Ascension.

"Gladys is engaged to Mr. Arthur Jones, and everyone says he's a rising young man," said the fond mother. "Aeroplane or biplane?" asked the languid friend.

## Overheard at Niagara.

June Bride—"When did you first think that you loved me?"  
Gloomy Bridegroom—"I told you about that yesterday and the day before."

June Bride (from the shelter of a handkerchief)—"I didn't think you could be so brutal, and it isn't the first of July yet. How shall I ever endure the rest of my life?"

## Suffragette Scored One.

Census Taker—What is your age, madam?  
The Suffragette—I'm old enough to vote, but I don't.

## The Busybodies.

"If everybody were forbidden to mind anybody's business except his own," says the cynic, "the number of unemployed people would be a lot greater."

## Brief But Pointed.

Somebody once said that the poem which, more than any other, has the double merit of brevity and of intensity of feeling is:

Wet  
Yet.

A Toronto man, who tried several boys before getting the one he wanted, composed almost as good an "office obituary" concerning a boy whom he employed, but who had to be dismissed. The employer's poem was:

Hired,  
Tired,  
Fired.

## Speaking Literally.

The girl with the hobble skirt met the girl whose hat comes down over her eyes.

"How are you?" asked the former.  
"Out of sight," was the answer.  
"How are you?"  
"Oh, I can't kick," said the hobble.

## Concerning the Census.

"I understand that the census men have a lot of trouble getting answers to some of the questions," said the man who reflects on what he reads.  
"If that's the case, the census men

who were appointed are not the right ones for the job.

"Suppose that John Smith or Mrs. Smith won't give the desired information. Should the census man plead with them, and make several trips to get his information? I think not. All he needs to do is to threaten to ask the neighbours for the information, and to picture to the Smiths how readily the information will be given by some woman who saw the furniture moved in, and who knows the worldly position of the Smiths from the look of the wash on the line, and from the gossip of the street."

## A Prophetic Jibe.

In a campaign for a Dominion election, which took place on November 7th, Hance J. Logan, who was then whip of the Dominion Government, caused a laugh at a meeting at Moncton, N.B., by a prophetic utterance about Sir Charles Tupper, who was then leader of the Opposition at Ottawa.

Sir Charles had outlined to the electors the great things that he and his party had done.

Replying to the speech of the "old war horse," Mr. Logan said: "Sir Charles claims to have been the founder of the National Policy, he claims to have built the C.P.R., and he claims to have done many more things for Canada. Let us admit that he founded the National Policy, that he built the C.P.R., and did all these other things. Let us go further and say that he built the world in six days. But he will rest on the seventh."

The audience enjoyed the jibe, and at least the Liberals thought that it was all the better because after the election Sir Charles was still in the cold shades of opposition.

## A Question Too Many.

The tired father had spent nearly an hour trying to answer little Willie's questions.

"Mary," said the perplexed, worried father, "I've decided what Willie is to be when he grows up. We'll get him appointed as a census taker."

The wife smiled, and Willie qualified for going to bed by looking earnestly into dad's face and saying, "Why?"

## The Saddest Words.

"The poet thought he knew what he was talking about when he said that the 'saddest words of tongue or pen, are 'It might have been,'" remarked the young man who had been "turned down" by the girl he had hoped to marry. "But he was wrong. The saddest words are: 'I'll be a sister to you.'"

"No," said the perpetually broke man. "The saddest words are: 'To account rendered.'"

## He Didn't Reply.

"I never judge a woman by her clothes," observed Bilkins. "No," put in Mrs. B. sarcastically, "a man who gets to as many burlesque shows as you do wouldn't."

## The Soft Answer.

The Playwright—Honestly, now what do you think of my new play?

The Critic—Don't ask me. You're so much bigger and stronger than I am.

## Boasting.

There's a whole lot more self-praise in ordinary conversation than most of us imagine. In our own eyes most of us are heroes. If you think you never pose as somebody above the average, see if you don't use, comparatively often, one or more of these forms of boasting:

"I'm not that kind of a person."  
"He tried to tell me —"  
"I simply wouldn't stand for it."  
"I hope you won't say I'm boasting when I tell you that I —"  
"I gave him a piece of my mind."  
"He thought he could 'put it over' me."  
"Nobody can tell me anything about that because I —"  
"I know my rights."

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# A CORONATION ODE

(Written at the time of the Coronation of King Edward.)

By BLISS CARMAN

There are joy-bells over England, there are flags on London town;  
There is bunting on the Channel, where the fleets go up and down;  
There are bonfires alight  
In the pageant of the night;  
There are bands that blare for splendour, and guns that speak  
for might;  
For another king in England is coming to the crown.

What people are these passing to the sound of pipe and drum;  
In the garments of all nations, and singing as they come?  
By the colour of the cheek,  
By the accent when they speak,  
They are foreign-born and alien, and their homes are far to seek;  
But they all come up to England, when England calls them home.

And these who speak the English tongue not in the English way,  
With the careless mien and temper self-assured, whose sons are they?  
By the larger, looser stride,  
By the ampler ease and pride,  
By the quicker catch at laughter and the outlook keener-eyed,  
They were bred beneath the tent-cloth of a wider, whiter day.

From the rough red tides of Fundy where the ships go far inland,  
To Kamloops where the hills are set as at a council grand;  
From the waving Northern light  
At the edge of polar night,  
Where underneath the burnished stars the bitter trail is bright,  
To the inland seas that sparkle where goodly orchards stand;

By prairie, swale and barren; by jungle and lagoon,  
Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy breakers croon,  
By canon, ford, and pass,  
By desert and morass,  
In snows like stinging lashes, on seas like burning glass,  
By every land and water beneath the great lone moon;

Our fathers died for England at the out-posts of the world;  
Our mothers toiled for England where the settler's smoke upcurled;  
By packet, steam, and rail,  
By portage, trek, and trail,  
They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did not quail,  
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their scarlet sign unfurled.

O East they go and West they go, and never can they bide,  
For the longing that is in them, and the whisper at their side!  
They may 'stablish hearth and home.  
But the sons will forth and roam,  
As their fathers did before them, across the hollow foam,  
Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of the tide.

They have visions of a country that sorrow never knew;  
They have rumours of a region where the heart has naught to rue;  
And never will they rest  
Till they reach the fabled West,  
That is charted, dim but certain, in the Volume of the Breast,  
And for ever they are dreamers who make the dream come true.

O doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence, and tears,  
The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years  
Must pass and leave a mind  
More sane, a soul more kind,  
And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,  
When over lust and carnage the great white peace appears.

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of Peace,  
To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims cease—  
Not as invaders come  
With gun-wheel and with drum,  
But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home  
Through the scented summer twilight, when the spirit has release.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger creed—  
The love that knows no border, the bond that knows no breed;  
For the little word of right  
Must grow with truth and might,  
Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants take flight,  
And vex the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

O England, little mother, by the sleepless Northern tide,  
Who hast bred so many nations to devotion, trust, and pride,  
Very tenderly we turn  
With willing hearts that yearn  
Still to love you and defend you,—let the sons of men discern  
Wherein your right and title, might and majesty reside!

O Sir, no empty rumour comes up the earth to-day  
From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a world away;  
For they know the law will hold  
And be equal as of old,  
With conscience never questioned and justice never sold,  
And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the word and sing,  
And the Abbey of our fathers with acclamations ring,  
Know well that, true and free,  
By the changeless hearts' decree,  
On all the winds of heaven and the currents of the sea  
From the verges of the Empire will come,  
"God save the King!"

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**MONEY AND MAGNATES**

## From Small Beginnings

**A** GROUP of some of the older members of the Montreal Stock Exchange were discussing the formation of the new big Paint Company in Canada, which would be the largest business of its kind in the British Empire, when one of them chanced to ask if the man, Cottingham, who was to be the President of the new big company, was the same chap who, not a very many years ago, owned a small paint shop on Notre Dame Street in Montreal. He added that the reason why he asked was that he knew that Cottingham had left Montreal to become identified with the Sherwin-Williams Co. of the United States, but he had no idea that he could have made such tremendous strides as to be in a position to step into the Presidency of the largest company of its kind in the entire British Empire. On enquiry it was found that it was one and the same Cottingham, and the story of his rapid rise, since leaving his little paint business in Montreal, almost reads like a fairy tale.

Previous to the formation of the new company, Mr. Walter H. Cottingham, as he is known throughout the industrial world of America, had risen to the presidency of the United States concern, but his liking for Great Britain and its colonies seems to have always occasioned the desire to one day create an all-British and Canadian concern that would have its connections stretched out throughout every part of the British Empire. He now seems on the eve of being able to have his dream realized.

\* \* \*

## Loaves of Bread

**I**F there is one picturesque character in the new big bread company that will, within a short time, have very large plants in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg, it is Mark Bredin, who, it is understood, will likely occupy the position of General Manager. Throughout municipal circles in Toronto the ex-Alderman is commonly known as "Mark," but, to the milling companies it is as "Bredin" that he is more generally known. Mark's organization abilities have certainly resulted in his being able to make tremendous strides with his own business during the last ten years, and just some idea of how things are developing for him now may be gathered from the fact that while it is not very many years ago that he had only one delivery wagon, and was turning out around 100 loaves a week, he will, when he gets the new company regularly organized, be turning out at the rate of a million loaves a week. Mark's great ambition in life seems to have been to build up a successful business, and he has devoted all his time and such money as he may have made, in the direction of the development, along the right channels, evidently satisfied that if his business was right that he would not, in the long run, have to bother very much about just how much he would have to make out of it. Of course, when it comes to having great bread plants in different cities, it requires a great deal more of capital than any one baker would likely have, so that it is only natural that he should have quickly recognized the advisability of having outside assistance like that he is receiving from young Cawthra Mulock, in order to have an opportunity of working out, on a larger scale, what he has already proved in Toronto itself, and, that is, that it is possible to have a very much larger output and concentrate the distributing force in certain sections, and you would then be able to give the consumer his bread at a lower price than he has ever been able to get it previously. As is often said, no man can ask for more than the opportunity, and Mark now has his.

\* \* \*

## Necessity of Toronto Connection

**A**LL the larger Montreal financial institutions are finding it almost absolutely necessary to have Toronto offices, in order to be in touch with the big Ontario field; the most recent instance of it being the arrangements concluded by the big Prudential Trust Co. of Montreal, to open a Toronto office in the Home Bank Building. The Company has gone even further, in order to be advised more closely on Toronto and Ontario conditions, and has appointed a special Toronto Board, with which the General Manager of the Company will work on very close terms, as regards the business that may be handled in the Province. Mr. William Stone, the director of the Bank of Toronto, and President of the Stone Lithographing Company, will be chairman of this Toronto Board, while the members will include Mr. Edmund Bristol, K.C., M.P., Col. James Mason, the General Manager of the Home Bank of Canada, and W. J. Green, the Managing Director of the Canadian Debenture Corporation.

\* \* \*

## A Lot of Scotia Stock Going to England

**R**ECENT transactions on the Montreal Stock Exchange in the common stock of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Co., indicate that large London interests are accumulating large blocks of the stock, with a view of putting it away, satisfied with the tremendous business and areas which the company has. There is a great future ahead of it.

While the arrangements for the purchase of large blocks of the stock must necessarily be arranged privately, still, all of them have to be recorded on the Montreal Stock Exchange, and the transactions are, therefore, always put through on it. Recent advices from Halifax indicate that while only recently some couple of thousand shares have already gone over to London, that in the very near future a considerably larger amount even, will be taken over by English investors than have been up to the present. It is understood that the accumulation by some of the English interests who, a short time ago, made the attractive offer of \$150 a share for the controlling interest in the company. The people, however, who have stood behind Scotia for the last ten years, felt that they would like to go ahead building up rather than to cash in on their investments, no matter what the price might be. Of course, Canadian investors are always glad to see the Britishers taking

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stock off this market, as it steadies the price during periods when local investors have fits of the blues, which happens occasionally.

\* \* \*

**Keeping An Investment Field.**

An interesting feature in connection with the marketing of large amounts of securities throughout Canada, is that large Montreal and Toronto houses, when it comes to the Maritime Provinces, always find it very much more advantageous to make arrangements as regards the Eastern Provinces, with one of the older established Maritime Province houses, than to try to invade that particular section of the country themselves. The principal reason for such a condition is undoubtedly due to the large connection established over a period of something like 40 years by Mr. J. C. Mackintosh, of Halifax, who is now succeeded by the firm of J. C. Mackintosh & Co. For a great many years in dozens of towns throughout Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, Mr. Mackintosh was looked upon as a general adviser on investment securities, and seems to have always tried to stick to the class of investments that would justify the clients in having such faith in him. The present firm has continued in the way of the founder, trying to adhere entirely to the higher grade investments, with the result that a number of other houses have found, on trying to invade the Maritime Provinces, that a great many investors, while admitting that their securities might be all right, would remark off-hand that they had been doing business with J. C. Mackintosh for a number of years, and were entirely satisfied to continue doing so. It has been, as a result of this condition, that most of the larger Montreal and Toronto houses now apportion a considerable block of every issue to a house like that of J. C. Mackintosh & Co., with a view of having it placed throughout the Eastern section of the country. The amount always assumes quite large proportions, because the particular district is regarded by brokerage houses as one of the very best of investment centres in the whole of Canada.

\* \* \*

**Field Crops in Canada**

A Bulletin of the Census and Statistics Office states that the season this year has been favourable for field crops in all parts of Canada, and excellent reports have been received from all the provinces. The lowest percentage of condition is made for fall wheat, which suffered from inadequate protection in the winter months, and also to some extent from spring frosts. The areas of fall wheat are greater than last year by 4.50 per cent. and of spring wheat by 13.70 per cent. The total area in wheat is 10,503,400 acres, as compared with 9,294,800 in 1910 and 7,750,400 in 1909. The per cent. condition of fall wheat at the end of May was 80.63, and of spring wheat 96.69. The area in oats is 10,279,800 acres and its condition 94.76, as compared with 9,864,100 acres and 93.95 per cent. condition last year. Barley and rye each show a small decrease in area, but the condition is higher than at the same period last year. Slight decreases are also reported for areas of peas, mixed grains, and hay and clover, with per cent. condition of over 90. Hay and clover have a reported condition of 91.45 for the Dominion, being practically 100 in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the area in wheat, oats and barley was 3,491,413 acres in 1900, 6,009,389 acres in 1905, 11,952,000 acres in 1909, and 13,809,300 acres in 1910, and it is, 15,355,500 acres this year.

**MONTREAL-LONDON SECURITIES CORPORATION and JOHNSON, McCONNELL & ALLISON**

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(Incorporated under the laws of the Dominion of Canada.)  
Of the \$3,000,000 of Preferred Stock issued, The Sherwin-Williams Company of America and the directors of the new company have taken \$1,500,000 for investment, and of the balance \$1,200,000 has been taken firm by Canadian investors, leaving only \$300,000 available for the present offering.

**CAPITALIZATION**

Preferred Stock, 7 p.c. Cumulative,	Authorized	To be Issued
Common Stock,	\$4,000,000	\$3,000,000
	\$4,000,000	\$4,000,000

**BOND ISSUE**

30 Years 6 p.c. Consolidated First Mortgage Gold Bonds \$4,000,000 \$2,450,000

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C. C. Ballantyne, Vice-President and Managing Director, Member Harbor Commission, Montreal.  
Wm. McMaster, Director Canadian Bank of Commerce.  
W. J. White, K.C., Director Mexican Northern Power Co., Limited.  
J. W. McConnell, Vice-President Montreal Street Railway, Limited.  
James W. Garson, Managing Director Lewis Berger & Sons, Limited, London, England

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The Montreal-London Securities Corporation and Johnston, McConnell & Allison offer for subscription \$300,000 or 3,000 shares of the par value of \$100 each, of the 7 p.c., cumulative, preferred stock, at \$95 per share, carrying with it a bonus of common stock equal to 20 p.c. of the par value of the preferred allotted.

Payments are to be made in the following instalments:—

20 p.c. on application	25 p.c. on allotment
25 p.c. on July 1st, 1911	25 p.c. on July 15th, 1911.

Total . . . . . 95 p.c.

The right is reserved to allot only such subscriptions, and for such amounts as may be approved, and to close the subscription books without notice.

Dividends on the cumulative preferred stock commence to accrue from June 15th, 1911.

Dividends will be payable quarterly.

Application will be made immediately for the listing of the securities of the company on the Montreal and Toronto Stock Exchanges.

**PROPERTIES.**

The following information has been supplied by Messrs. Walter H. Cottingham and C. C. Ballantyne:

The Sherwin-Williams Co. of Canada, Limited, has been formed to take over the Canadian business of the Sherwin-Williams Co. of America; the Lewis Berger & Sons, Limited, of London, England, which since 1905 has been associated with The Sherwin-Williams Co. of America, was founded over 150 years ago; and the Canada Paint Co. of Montreal.

The Sherwin-Williams Co. are the largest manufacturers of paints and varnishes in Canada. Their plant covers about four acres in the City of Montreal and is the most modern and complete of its kind in the world, having been built in 1905. The company has its offices and modern warehouses in Winnipeg, and operates branch houses in Toronto and Vancouver. The business was established 24 years ago by Mr. Walter H. Cottingham, now President of the Sherwin-Williams Co. of America.

The Canada Paint Company organized 18 years ago is a consolidation of three of the largest paint manufacturers in Canada, outside of the Sherwin-Williams Company. Its total output to-day is practically as large as that of the above Company.

The brands of these two companies are among the best and most favorably known in Canada. Lewis Berger & Sons, Limited, is one of the oldest and best known paint, varnish and color manufacturers in Great Britain. Founded over 150 years ago, it has grown from small beginnings till to-day it stands one of the leading concerns of its kind in the British Empire. The plant is situated upon four acres of land in the city of London. Besides the large business carried on in London and throughout Great Britain, this company's export business has grown to large proportions and they maintain their own offices and warehouses at Sydney, Australia; Wellington, New Zealand; Bombay, India; and Paris, France.

**MANAGEMENT.**

The present management will be continued, and the Canadian company, under an agreement with the American company, will have the benefit of the large research and development work constantly being done by the latter. Mr. Walter H. Cottingham, founder the Canadian business of the Sherwin-Williams Co., Chairman of Lewis Berger & Sons, Limited, and President of the Sherwin-Williams Co. of America, will be President of the Canadian Company. Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, who has been General Manager for Canada of the Sherwin-Williams Co., and who has been associated with Mr. Cottingham for nearly twenty years, will be Vice-President and Managing Director of the Company.

The present management of the Canada Paint Co. and Lewis Berger & Sons, Limited, will be continued.

Mr. James W. Garson, Managing Director of Lewis Berger & Sons, Limited, who will be one of the directors of the new company, has been connected with the Berger organization for over twenty years.

**ASSETS AND EARNINGS.**

The books and accounts of the Sherwin-Williams Company (Canadian Branch) and the Canada Paint Company, Limited, have been examined by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Company, Chartered Accountants, and the Real Estate, Buildings and Equipment have been appraised by the Canadian American Appraisal Company, Limited. The books and accounts of Lewis Berger & Sons, Limited, have been audited in London by Messrs. Craig, Gardener & Harris, Chartered Accountants, and the Real Estate, Leaseholds and Plant have been valued by Messrs. Fuller, Horsey Sons & Cassell, London.  
On the basis of the reports and valuations mentioned the net assets amount to \$3,635,026 61 to which must be added the profits to date of the combined companies as estimated by Mr. C. C. Ballantyne, Managing Director, amounting to 370,000 00  
or a total \$4,005,026 61

In the above amount no allowance has been made for formulae, trade mark, patents, rights, good will of the companies, which are conservatively valued at over \$3,000,000 00

The combined earnings for the year 1910, of the three companies as shown by above statements after allowing for depreciation amounted to \$537,807.83.  
Interest on bonds issued \$147,000  
Dividend on 7 p.c. Preferred Stock. 210,000

Total Charges 357,000 00

Surplus, equal to 4.50 p.c. on the total Common Stock \$180,807 73  
Mr. C. C. Ballantyne estimates that the combined profits for 1911 will be \$550,000, and for 1912, \$600,000 or over.

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## THE SUNNYSIDE AFFAIR

(Continued from page 8.)

The mother turned pale, and looked anxiously at her son. The boy flushed red.

"The only place for that lad," I continued, "is within the British lines, and he must go without a moment's delay."

The boy, seizing his rifle, cried: "Mother, the gentleman is right, I must go. Give me the note, sir, I will deliver it safely to the General."

He embraced his mother and sister, and in another moment he was out on the stoop and had plunged into the night. I felt much easier in my mind, for within the hour Pilcher would get my message and be prepared. The doors of the farm-house were left open, so that if the Boers turned up during the night they should have free entry and less excuse for molesting its occupants. Burying my revolver in the garden, in case I should be taken prisoner, for I concluded than on finding me unarmed, they would treat me as a non-belligerent, and send me out of the country, via Delagoa Bay, I felt fairly comfortable and soon fell asleep.

The sun was well up when I awoke, and I was so refreshed with the night's rest that I was able to proceed to the British lines, the Dover farm, like all others of its kind, was at the foot of a steep kopje, one of the many hills spreading in the direction of Spetfontein. Then came the stretch of feldt, over which we had trudged the previous day, trending towards the next farm called Richmond, where a ridge of hills cut the plain between that and our temporary base on the railway at Belmont.

The little army, at first sight, was apparently taking its ease after the exertions of the previous day. The forty prisoners were being rounded up preparatory to their march to Belmont, which the General thought they had better make at once, for they would only hamper his movements if he was attacked.

Pilcher, with the chief-of-his-staff, my friend Bailey, had found lodging at the farm-house, for I met the General in his pyjamas, with bare feet, bounding in a most frantic manner through the orchard, followed by Bailey. And down from a heavily-laden fruit tree tumbled three British soldiers, who had been attempting to supplement their breakfast rations with a few apples. But Pilcher was quite Wellingtonian in his horror of looting, and would have none of it.

I could see that the message I sent from the farm-house which I had slept at on the previous night, had been acted upon, for every point of vantage had been occupied by our men, and the whole force, without much bustle, was making ready for defence. Thinking we would be in that position for at least another day, I had permitted my Cape boy to take my horses to graze, and had improvised a tent by a rug attached to the cart, under which I stretched myself.

A smart-looking trooper approached me and said: "Sir, will you have some fresh meat? They have killed an ox this morning and I thought you might like a ration," and he proffered me a piece of steak.

I thanked him for his kindness, but pointed out the fact that I had no means of cooking it, and had not yet adopted the Abyssinian custom of eating meat raw.

"No difficulty about getting it cooked," he cheerfully replied. "Wait a bit, sir, and I will show you."

In another moment he had seized a spade from a burial party, and in this rough frying pan my steak was soon frizzling over a pile of flaming sticks. It was really a novel proceeding, an excellent idea, which I appreciated, and I told him so. He seemed much pleased.

During the afternoon the field telegraph gave out. Whether it was cut or not by the Boers we could not tell, but we could not communicate with Belmont, or even with the Richmond Kopje. Towards evening there was an ominous rumour going about camp that we were to "inspan." I sent at once for my Cape boy to bring in the

horses. My orderly friend sought for him all over the camp, but neither he nor the horses could be found. When, at nine o'clock, a definite order was passed round to "inspan" at once and be ready to march, I was on the horns of a dilemma, for it was impossible for me to walk any distance. I resolved to see the General about it, and request permission to remain at the farm.

Pilcher laughed. "Impossible, Mr. Villiers, I have ordered Mr. Cook, the farmer, his wife and family and the farm hands to clear, with all the live stock they can manage to take away."

"The enemy is attempting to surround us, and I am not quite certain whether that ridge there," pointing to the Richmond Kopje, "may not be in the hands of the Boer before we reach it."

I told him of my trouble with my Cape cart, and that I could not walk. He was good enough to tell me not to worry myself about that. Anyway it was impossible for me to remain behind, and he would see if he could manage to find me a seat in one of the baggage waggons. This he was able to do, and eventually I found a fairly comfortable shake-down on a pile of haversacks.

Luckily it was a dark night, and the column, with but little noise, was moved out of the bivouac and commenced trailing over the plain. The feldt was free of scrub till we got within a mile or two of the suspicious Richmond Kopje, when, the ground becoming broken and tufted with bush, the column began to straggle, and there was considerable noise and difficulty in keeping the men and waggons together.

"Now," thought I, "would be the Boer opportunity." All eyes were eagerly peering toward the purple black ridge indistinctly cutting the sky. When the larger stars rose behind it, the blaze of their light lingered, apparently, on its summit. Some among us listened intently for the sharp crack of the rifles. Our men were really spoiling for a fight, and our brethren from Queensland and Canada were particularly anxious to have "another go at the beggars." For one, I was not so keen. Night fighting is such an unknown quantity, especially when the enemy is on the top of a hill and you are down on the plain. What a clean sweep the Boers might have made of us, had they occupied that hill by blazing, as it were, into the crown of us.

To the disappointment of the soldiers, but probably to the relief of the General, we found the Kopje still unoccupied by the Boers. It was three o'clock in the morning before the whole force came to a halt, having marched since nine the previous evening. It was one of the most brilliant night marches I had ever experienced. All arms were so eager to meet the Boers that they felt no fatigue till the possibility of a fight was over, when a sudden reaction set in, and the men found for the first time that they were tired. While they were resting, and our straggling train was getting into their regular line of march, some scouts galloped in from Belmont and we found that a large contingent of British troops was on the road to reinforce our Brigade. It was a delightful meeting, for if there had been any fisticuffs, I am afraid that, in spite of the men's ardour, our weary, hungry, and thirsty column would have suffered severely without this support of men mentally refreshed by slumber and physically refreshed with a good breakfast.

When we arrived at Belmont our tired contingent received quite an ovation from the troops occupying the station. This successful affair of Sunnyside, which had come off without the slightest hitch, though small and insignificant, was a veritable ray of sunshine to break the gloom of the then recent British reverses. The dead year had been rife with disaster. The new had opened with a success for the British arms, and the knowledge of it acted as a bracer to the flagging spirits of Tommy Atkins throughout South Africa.

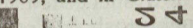


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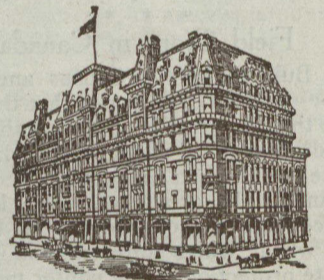
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CHAPTER XIX.

TWO or three minutes elapsed before Ralph Lowick was brought into the room. The heavy weight had been removed from his chains, but as if to compensate for this, his hands as well as his feet were bound.

"You can go, Luigi," said the Spaniard. "I will ring when I want you again; and, Luigi, send word to Hagen to come here with four men—six rounds of ball cartridge apiece. They can wait in the kitchen, and have something to drink—something, mind you, but not too much."

Luigi departed, and Lowick looked at Senor Smith with a brim smile. "If they can't hit me in twenty-four shots," he said, quietly, "they must be very drunk indeed."

"You are talking nonsense," the Spaniard answered, coldly. "Well, Mr. Lowick, I'm glad to hear that you have decided to give in."

"I have no choice. If I had been here alone, I'd have snapped my fingers at you. But you were coward enough to bring Miss Endermine here, and I am forced to consider her wishes."

"Miss Endermine has something to tell you—unless she would rather I told it," and the Spaniard looked at Joan inquiringly.

"You had better tell it," she said, in a low voice.

"Well, it is just this, Mr. Lowick," Smith continued. "You say you are prepared to give away the secret of this invention. You will give me a string of names, which may or may not be the right ones. It will take six months at least to test the truth of your assertion. Much may happen in six months. You might escape; we might have unwelcome visitors. You see my position, don't you?"

"Certainly. Has this only just occurred to you?"

"Of course not. The position, however, was inevitable, and it was not till Miss Endermine showed me a means out of the difficulty that I saw my way clear to accepting your word on the matter."

"You can't do otherwise than accept my word, Senor. I cannot make a machine for you offhand and show you that I am speaking the truth."

"Quite true, Mr. Lowick, but we have found a way out of the difficulty. Miss Endermine has consented to go bail for you—to give herself as a hostage, so to speak. She is so sure you will speak the truth that she has entered into a bargain with me—a bargain which would, of course, be out of the question unless she knew that you were certain to speak the truth."

"A bargain?" queried Lowick. Then he looked at Joan. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, her hands clasped together, and her face was crimson with shame. Lowick did not know what to make of the situation. He realized that the Spaniard suspected him, that perhaps the man had even learnt of his intention to gain time by telling a lie. It was possible that one of the conversations in the hut had been overheard. But this reference to Joan giving herself as a hostage was incomprehensible.

"I see you are puzzled," said Smith, after a pause. "Well, I will make the bargain quite clear to you. If you speak the truth, Miss Endermine will marry you. If you don't, she will marry me."

Lowick shuffled forward a pace, and raised his manacled hands as if to strike the Spaniard in the face. The latter stepped back and laughed.

"It almost seems," he jeered, "as though you had intended to deceive me."

"Joan," Lowick cried, hoarsely, "this is not true? You have not made such a bargain with this scoundrel?"

She did not answer, and the Spaniard laughed.

"You are giving yourself away, Mr. Lowick," he said, coldly. "I'm afraid it wouldn't be advisable to trust to your word of honour now. And I don't know if even your oath would bind you."

Lowick was driven into a corner from which there was no escape, save through the gates of death.

"Joan," he said, in a low voice, "is this man speaking the truth?"

She raised her head and looked at him. There was entreaty in her eyes. "Yes, it is true," she replied. "I have nothing to fear. You have no intention of telling a lie. You will swear that you are speaking the truth. You are known to be a man of your word."

"I shall say nothing," he continued. "I refuse to be party to such disgraceful bargain."

"Very well," said the Spaniard. "I will ask Luigi if Hagen has arrived," and crossing the room he laid his hand on the bell rope.

Joan rushed quickly forward, and laid her hand on her lover's arm. "Ralph," she pleaded, "you must not leave me here alone. For heaven's sake, you don't intend to leave me here—on this island—with these men?"

"I can do nothing to help you," he answered, coldly. "It does not matter whether I am here or not."

Senor Smith rang the bell, and half a minute later Luigi entered the room.

"Take the prisoner away," said the Spaniard, "and set him against the blank wall of this house. Has Hagen come?"

"Yes, your Excellency, he has just arrived."

"That is good. Put the prisoner under the iron hook which is in the wall, bind his hands to it, and set two lanterns near his feet—not near enough for him to kick them over. The men will fire at thirty paces. I will come out myself in a few minutes and give the order to fire; see that everything is ready before I come."

"Yes, your Excellency."  
Senor Smith turned to Lowick. "Will you kindly go with this gentleman?" he asked. "If not, I will send for someone to assist him."

"You need not trouble—I will go with him."

Joan Endermine threw her arms round his neck and clung to him. "You shall not go," she said—"you shall not leave me here alone, Ralph, for Heaven's sake, have pity on me! Don't you understand what it would mean for me to be left here alone?"  
"I must go, Joan," he answered. "Good-bye, my dearest. Heaven will watch over you."

Then he looked at the Spaniard. "You will not dare to harm her," he continued, in a low voice, "when you remember that I have given my life rather than be party to this bargain."

"I am never likely to harm her," Smith replied. "When you are dead she shall be sent back to Europe. I give you my word, and I have never yet broken it."

Lowick looked long and earnestly at the dark bearded face; then he smiled. "I think I can trust you," he said, slowly. "I am content. Good-bye, Joan dear. I know I am doing the right thing."



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He tore himself from her embraces, and walked towards the door. As he reached it he turned and looked at the woman he loved. "Be brave, Joan dear," he said, quietly. "Heaven will watch over you and keep you from harm. It is only a question of waiting, after all. I will wait for you, and you must wait for me."

He left the room, and Joan Endermine stared wildly at the closed door. Then she staggered forward a pace with outstretched arms, seemed to stumble, and fell in a heap on the floor.

### CHAPTER XX.

"I'M getting a little tired of this," said Ralph Lowick. "Don't you think you could untie my hands?"

"We have our orders," growled Hagen, a big Englishman, with a red, bloated face. "There's trouble here if orders aren't obeyed."

"My hands and arms are numbed," Lowick continued. "It's not necessary to torture a man like this before he dies."

"It won't be much longer, I reckon," said Hagen.

Lowick sighed and leant wearily against the wall. At his feet, out of reach, two lanterns were placed on the ground. Their light fell on the white wall, and the figure that leant against it with uplifted arms. It fell, too, on Hagen's red face, and his huge body threw a long shadow on the grass. In the distance it showed a patch of white, that resolved itself into a small group of men. They were laughing and chattering together, and every now and then, as they moved, there was a glint of steel. It was the firing-party waiting for the orders of Senor Smith.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed since Ralph Lowick had been led out to die. He felt certain that Smith would not carry out his threat, and that all this grim business of bound hands, and lanterns, and men with rifles was only an attempt to terrorize him into giving up his secret. What use would a dead man be to Senor Smith? The secret would then be gone for ever. Of course, the whole thing was only a particularly ugly form of pantomime.

Yet, for all that, he was suffering intensely from physical pain. His manacled hands had been lashed to the hook above his head, and stretched so high that the weight of his body rested on them, unless he slightly raised himself from the ground on his toes. Perhaps this was the beginning of long weeks of torture. They were going to force him to speak, and this was the first turn of the screw.

But as the minutes passed he began to wonder if there were not some other reason for this delay in the carrying out of his sentence. It was possible that within that white house Joan Endermine was pleading for his life. He did not like to think of that. Senor Smith was not the sort of man to be moved by a woman's entreaties, or by a woman's tears. The Spaniard had made up his mind either to get the secret or to kill the man who refused to give it up. It was probable that the present scene meant nothing worse than physical pain. But the Spaniard's purpose was unalterable. Ralph Lowick knew that when death came, it would not come so easily as it comes from the muzzles of four rifles at thirty paces.

"We are wasting our time," said Hagen, returning from the place where the other men were standing, and taking long steps as if measuring the distance. "His Excellency does not as a rule take so long over a business of this sort."

"I suppose not," said Lowick, faintly. "Don't you think you might unfasten my hands?"

"Aye, and be put there in your place till morning. I'm not taking any of that, thank you."

He leant against the wall close to Lowick, and rolling up a cigarette placed it between his lips and lit it. The flame of the match showed his face plainly—a heavy dishonest face.

"I suppose you like your master?" queried Lowick, in a low voice.

"Aye, we all do that. He's a man."

"I suppose none of you have ever tried to take his place?" said Lowick, after a long pause.

"Two have tried," he man answered, carelessly. "I wouldn't like to tell you how they died."

Lowick laughed. Then he leant his head towards the man. "I could put you in his place," he whispered.

"He'd be more likely to put me in yours," Hagen replied, with a grin.

"I could put anyone in his place," Lowick continued, "if I were free, and could get to the machine he has stolen from me."

The man spat on the ground. "That would be yourself most likely," he said, after a pause. "Don't you go talking to me like that, or I'll make it unpleasant for you."

"It could hardly be more unpleasant than it is, my friend. You see, a man who has been condemned to death doesn't mind what he says."

"Well, I needn't listen to you," Hagen answered, and he walked slowly away from the wall and rejoined the other men.

Lowick groaned. The pain in his arms was becoming almost unbearable. "The fellow's a coward," he thought. "He hates his master like poison. I saw that much in his face. But he is a coward, and they are harder to bribe than brave men."

Two minutes later Hagen returned, and leant once more against the wall. "I don't think it's fair on you or us," he grumbled. Then he kicked a flat piece of wood towards Lowick. "You'd be more comfortable if you stood on that," he said.

"Thank you," Lowick replied. "I'm glad to see you're still able to do a man a good turn."

"I know what it feels like," Hagen answered, fiercely. "I had thirty hours of it once."

"The sort of thing one doesn't forget, eh?"

"The sort of thing one has to forget unless one wants to go through it again."

For a minute there was silence. Then Hagen moved away from the wall, and stood facing Lowick. His huge bulk rose between the prisoner and the firing party like a wall.

"You were talking about the machine," the man whispered. "I'd like to be able to use it."

"Very likely, my friend. It is a most cunning toy."

"The master is the only one that knows how to use it," Hagen continued. "At least, that's what they tell us."

"That's a pity," said Lowick, "for if anything happened to him you fellows would lose a good deal."

"That's so."

"I could tell you," Lowick continued, after a pause, "and I'd do it if—"

"Now then, Hagen!" came a sharp voice. "What's all this?"

Lowick turned and saw the Spaniard coming towards them. He looked gigantic in the dim light of the lamps. Hagen stood on one side and saluted.

"Talking to the prisoner, eh?" queried Smith. "Well, you know my orders. I've half a mind to put you there in his place."

"I was only guarding him, your Excellency."

"Exchanging experiences, eh?" sneered the Spaniard. "Well, that must be interesting. I think, Hagen, I'll give you a chance of refreshing your memory."

He beckoned to the firing party, and told them to release Lowick and tie up Hagen in the prisoner's place.

"You look pretty there," he said, when the men had done their work. "You show up better than Mr. Lowick. Your red face against the white wall is quite picturesque."

Then Smith turned to the men. "Take the prisoner back to his hut," he said, quietly, "and remain there till I come."

Lowick was led away and thrust back into his prison. He seated himself on a chair, and placing his arms on the table rested his head between them. He was aching in every limb, and the blood, slowly returning to his numbed hands, was causing him intense agony.



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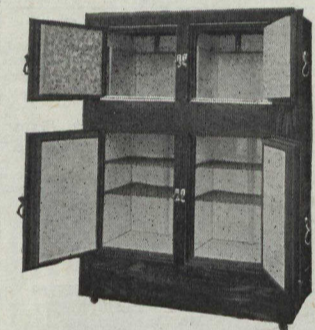
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SCOTCH

But the pain was not so great that he was unable to think of the single piece of good fortune that had come his way that night. Hagen had been tempted by a bribe, and had not had the courage to take it. And then, at the very moment when the man's mind was wavering in the balance, Senor Smith had come on the scene and punished Hagen with ridiculous severity. Hagen would not forget. The man had been shamed, and degraded before his subordinates. Possibly that would hurt as much as, if not more than, the physical pain.

Hagen would not forget. The fellow had not forgotten his last—perhaps it was not his last—punishment. He was an evil, treacherous fellow, to judge from the look of him. He was a coward, but if he could see his way to murder with impunity he would not hesitate to strike the blow. Hagen might be a very useful friend, if he were handled carefully.

"Smith's made a mistake for once," thought Lowick. "He's whipped the fellow at the wrong time. That sort of treatment is all very well as a rule with fellows of Hagen's stamp, but it just happens that Smith chose the wrong time. Hagen will try and get his own back."

He raised his head and looked out into the night. A few yards away the light from the open door fell on the white uniforms of Hagen's firing party. The men were laughing and talking, doubtless making merry at Hagen's expense. Beyond them stretched the darkness, unbroken save by stars. The thunder of the surf made a continuous booming sound, like the beating of a big drum.

"What will be the end of it all?" he said to himself. "Surely no man was ever cursed with such a legacy as this?"

And he wondered what would happen if he and Joan escaped from this island of death. The future would be still dark and uncertain. If he returned to England he would be arrested for the murder of John Corodale, and would only be able to purchase his life by revealing the secret of his father's invention. And that would mean war—the hideous and unthinkable carnage of a war such as had never been waged in the history of mankind. Lowick was not fool enough to imagine that England was superior to the greed of conquest. Any nation, any body of men who held this weapon in their hands, would use it for their own ends. In that respect a Government would be but little superior to Senor Smith. The lust of power, the desire for riches, whether in gold or territory, was common to the human race alike.

Lowick, peering out of his hut into the starlit darkness, wondered what would be the end of it all. There would be no peace for him in this life. He was one man against the whole world. The nations would fight over him like dogs over a bone. He would live in hourly fear of torture and death.

"If I could only escape from it all," he muttered. "If I and Joan could only escape, live on some island such as this—by our two selves—forgotten, believed to be dead."

The voices of the men died suddenly away into silence, and Lowick could see that they had drawn themselves up and thrown away their cigarettes. Then the tall figure of Senor Smith appeared in the light that came from the doorway, and a few moments later he entered the hut.

"Quite yourself again, eh?" he said, as he closed the door.

Lowick smiled. "You have changed your mind?" he queried.

"Yes. You are quite safe, Mr. Lowick. In twelve hours from now you will be a free man."

"For how long?"

"For the rest of your life—so far as I am concerned."

"You have given it up as a bad job, eh?"

"No. I have been persuaded—some-what against my will."

"Miss Endermine?"

"Yes. She has persuaded me that the game is not worth the candle. And for some little time I have been thinking that the vibration-bar of

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FOR the purpose of serving out of town patrons a letter order system has been established, whereby a copyrighted measurement chart, style book, samples and complete information will be sent on application; also subordinate agencies are being created, so that Broderick's distinctive garments, exhibiting the latest styles, most modish and exclusive patterns, unsurpassed in quality and workmanship, will be brought to the door of any man anywhere in Canada. An order by mail ensures an absolutely perfect fitting, stylish and serviceable Broderick suit.

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BRODERICKS LIMITED have a complete staff of experienced department heads under the supervision of Mr. Frank Broderick, President of the new company, who has no superior as a cloth expert. His cloth judgment has been the foundation of the success of the House of Broderick. He visits yearly the best looms of Great Britain in order that his Canadian patrons may have the newest weaves and the latest designs, patterns and modes. By buying for cash direct from the Old Country weavers the middleman is eliminated and the cost of production reduced. This additional saving Brodericks Limited share with their patrons.

June Expansion Sale

THE Broderick workrooms are being enlarged this month. While building operations are proceeding, every Scotch Tweed, every West of England Worsted suiting, and every other exclusive suiting, except our standard 'Leith Serge,' will be sold at greatly reduced prices. These suitings comprise our regular \$45, \$40, \$36, \$31.50, \$27, and \$22.50 suits. Standard "Leith Serge," for which we are sole selling agents in Canada and the United States, comes in four weaves, four weights, four shades and four prices, \$22.50, \$27, \$31.50 and \$36.00. Send for our measurement chart and profit by the present opportunity of securing a Broderick tailored suit at the Expansion Sale price.

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"I see," said Lowick, thoughtfully. "And Miss Endermine pointed this out to you?"

"Oh, no," laughed the Spaniard. "She has used a better argument than that. She has purchased your life."

"Purchased my life?" Lowick repeated, slowly. Then he rose to his feet, and, placing his manacled hands on the table, leant forward, his dark eyes glittering and his lips moving convulsively.

"Yes," continued the Spaniard. "Miss Endermine has promised to marry me."

CHAPTER XXI.

LOWICK stood motionless for a few moments. Then he sprang forward, sent the table crashing to the floor, stumbled over it, and fell to the ground.

Senor Smith, laughed. "Don't be foolish, Mr. Lowick," he said, as he watched the prisoner's efforts to rise. "You ought to be grateful to Miss Endermine. It is not every woman who would have done so much for the man she loves."

"You vile scoundrel!" cried Lowick. "I'd rather die than let her do such a thing!" He struggled fiercely to rise, but the chain on his feet had got entangled with the leg of the table, and he fell sprawling on the ground again.

"You'll have no choice," said the Spaniard. "Miss Endermine has decided what she wishes to do."

"O Heaven, if my hands were free!" shrieked Lowick, who was foaming at the mouth with rage and the exertion of his struggles.

"They would be no use if they were free, Mr. Lowick. I could fight you with one hand tied behind my back. Now, look here, you've got to look at this thing sensibly. I love Miss Endermine, and she won't come to any harm while she's under my protection. She's given up a good deal to save you, and, personally, I don't think you're worth it. I, on the other hand, have given up a good deal because I love her, and want her to be my wife. I could have wrung the secret out of you in time, and made myself master of the world. I've given all that up."

"Oh, if my hands were free!" moaned Lowick. "If you would give me five minutes."

"You shall have them," said the Spaniard, grimly. Then he went to the door and gave a shrill whistle. The firing-party came running up, emerging like white ghosts from the darkness.

"Take off the man's chains," he said. "He wants to fight me with fists, in the English fashion. You will stand by and see fair play. If he attempts to run, you will shoot him"

The men grinned with pleasurable anticipation, and set about their work. In five minutes they had removed the chains, and two of them held Lowick by the arms.

"He is hardly in fit condition for fighting," said Senor Smith, looking at his opponent contemptuously, "and I wouldn't like it to be said that I had thrashed a child or a woman. Fetch a piece of rope, Jules."

One of the men departed. Senor Smith rolled and lit a cigarette. "You had better clear the room, Virk," he said to another, "unless Mr. Lowick would like a larger ring in the open air."

"No, I'll fight in here," said Lowick, fiercely. "There's room enough for me to kill you."

"Very well. Virk, it is in here that Mr. Lowick will kill me. Move everything out, and draw the lamp up a few inches so that it will clear my head."

Virk, a short, broad-shouldered fellow, strong and thick-necked as a bull, began to move the few articles

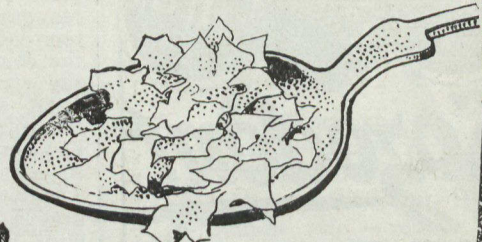
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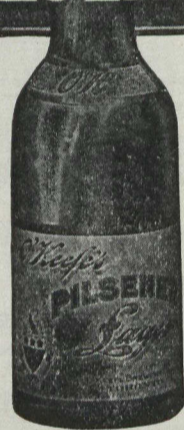
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of furniture from the hut. By the time he had finished Jules entered with a piece of rope.

"Tie one end round my left wrist," said the Spaniard, placing his left arm behind him, and then fasten the rope round my waist. Draw the cord tightly, so that I cannot use that arm at all."

The man obeyed, and seemed to find relish in the job.

"Now I am ready for you, Mr. Lowick," said Smith, with a laugh.

"I refuse to fight you."

"Ah, he is afraid. Let go of him, men, and stand by the door. He thinks himself as good a man as me. I'll show him that he's not half as good."

The men let go of Lowick, and the four of them gathered round the doorway.

"Afraid to fight, eh?" sneered Smith. "You, that said if your hands were free—"

He stepped forward and caught Lowick a blow on the side of the face with his open palm, boxing his ear as if he had been a naughty child.

Lowick hesitated for a moment. Then he sprang at him, and the fight commenced.

Neither of them could box, and from first to last it was purely a contest of physical strength. It was over in less than a minute. The Spaniard, heedless of the blows that Lowick rained upon him, waited for his opportunity and found it. Catching his opponent around the waist with one arm he picked him up as one picks up a child, ran with him through the open door, and carried him down the beach. The men followed, one of them carrying a lantern. They were laughing till the tears ran down their faces.

"I want you to fall in something soft," said the Spaniard, when he reached the edge of the water. "I hope you can swim."

Lowick did not answer. There was neither breath nor strength left in his body, and he felt that his ribs were cracking in the iron grasp of the gigantic Spaniard.

Then a thin pencil of white light appeared in the darkness. It was far out at sea, and moved slowly, describing an arc through the sky.

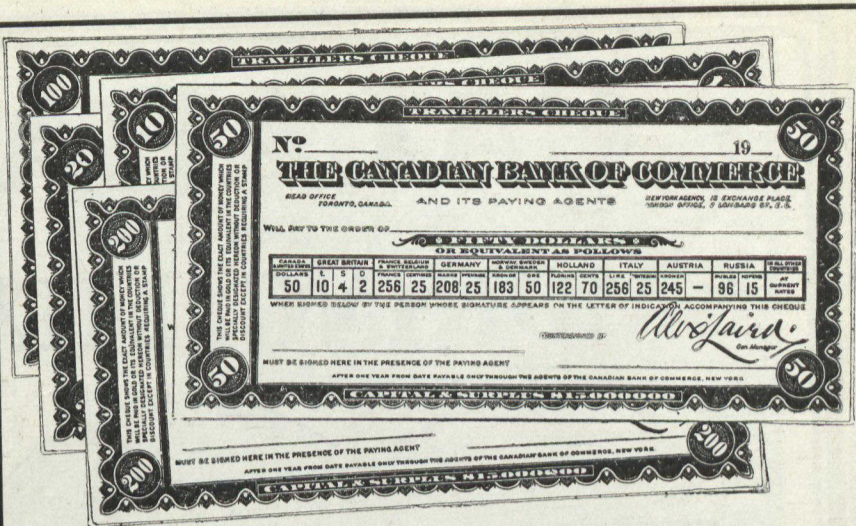
Then it dropped and swept along the surface of the ocean, and a few seconds later there was a dazzling glare, and the scene on the shore of the island stood out as if it were a scene on a lighted stage.

It was a searchlight; but not from the Vallombrosa. The Vallombrosa was anchored on the other side of the island.

(To be continued.)

**Too Careful.**—A German gentleman wanted to take a day's drive through the country. He applied to a stable for the horse and carriage. The owner, not knowing the German, was slow to give him the team. Finally the German pulled out a roll of banknotes and said: "I will buy your horse and rig, providing you will buy them back at the same price when I return this evening." The dealer, not wishing to offend a probable future customer, consented. When in the evening the German presented himself and expressed the pleasure at the ride, the dealer, according to agreement, paid him back his money, and the customer started to take his leave. "I beg your pardon, sir!" exclaimed the dealer; "but you have forgotten to pay for the hire, you know." "Pay for the hire? Why, my dear sir," coolly replied the German, "I fail to see that. If you will exercise your memory a trifle you will agree that I have been driving my own horse and carriage all day, and now you have bought them back they are yours. Good-day, sir!" And he left the astonished dealer to reflect.

**Mean Deception.**—"Yes; I'm saving for a house." "I can't save any money. How do you manage it?" "By getting my wife to go without things. She thinks we're saving for an automobile."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



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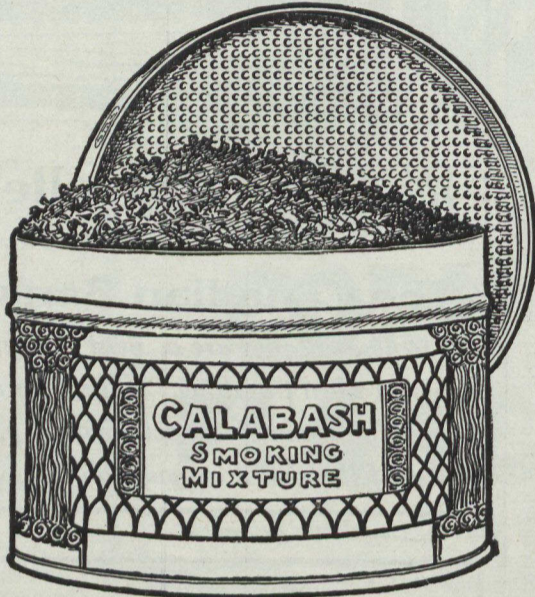


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### The Scrap Book

**Queer Morality.**—Upton Sinclair, in a lecture in New York, condemned industrial or business morality.

"It is all wrong," he said, "but every one thinks it is all right. It reminds me of Tin Can.

"Once in a Tin Can poker game a tenderfoot saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the pack. The tenderfoot flushed with indignation. He turned to a Tin Can native and whispered:

"Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"Why, that hound dealt himself four aces!"

"Wall," said the native, in a surprised tone, "wasn't it his deal?"—New York Tribune.

**Cruel.**—Poet—The verses which you are perusing are the precious children of my brain.

Editor—Poor little orphans.—Life.

**As Bad Then as Now.**—Egyptologist—"Here is a papyrus on which the characters are so badly traced that they are indecipherable. How shall you class it?" Keeper of Museum—"Oh, I shall just call it a doctor's prescription in the time of Pharaoh."

**Call That Fails.**—The whistle of a locomotive can be heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 3,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, a cricket chirp 800 yards, a dinner bell two miles, and a call to get up in the morning 3 ft. 7 in.—The Tatler.

**A Bad Heading.**—The choice of a title is often a difficult matter, and The Observer, in chronicling the fact that some pick-pockets who had relieved the Mayor of Shoreditch of his watch had subsequently returned it to his worship, was not quite so happy as usual when it headed the paragraph, "Honour Among Thieves."—Punch.

**Admired Him.**—Mr. Henpeck—"Are you the man who gave my wife a lot of impudence?"

Mr. Scrapper—"I reckon I am."

Mr. Henpeck—"Shake! You're a hero."—Pathfinder.

**Her Distinction.**—A teacher asked her class in spelling to state the difference between the words "results" and "consequences."

A bright girl replied, "Results are what you expect, and consequences are what you get."—Harper's Bazar.

**No Reno for Children.**—After a more severe reproof than usual, little Bessie, who is extraordinarily sensitive; thought diligently for a minute, and then said: "Mamma, isn't there any way a child can get a divorce from its parents?"

**Injured Innocence.**—Policeman (to seedy-looking man with bag of golf sticks)—"Now then, what are yer doing with those things?"

Seedy-looking man—"Blimy! that's done it. A bloke can't go and 'ave a quiet game of billiards now."—The Tatler.

**Appropriate.**—Anyone who knows San Francisco well, will specially appreciate the laconic reply of Artemus Ward to the San Francisco manager, Thomas Maguire, who telegraphed him: "What will you take for forty nights in California?"

"Whiskey and water," was the response.—M. A. P.

**A Girl's Reasoning.**—Someone was blaming a girl for extravagance. "You should not," said Mentor, "burn the candle at both ends." "I should have thought," was the reply, "that was the way to make both ends meet."

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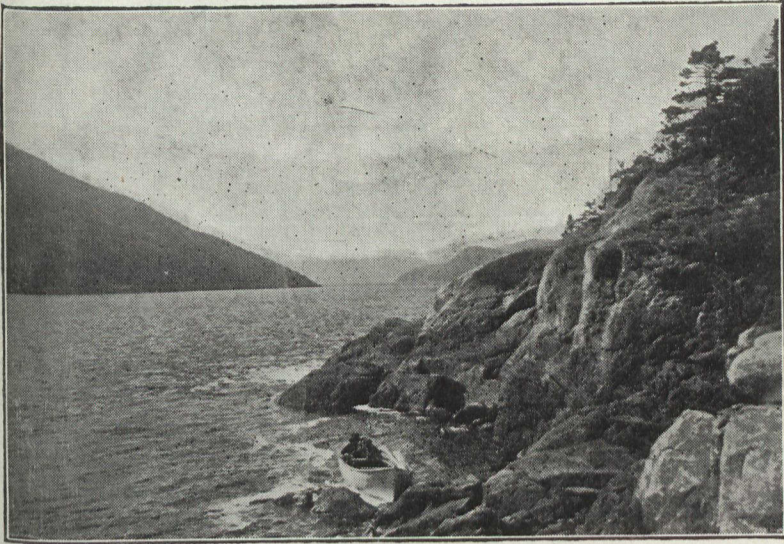
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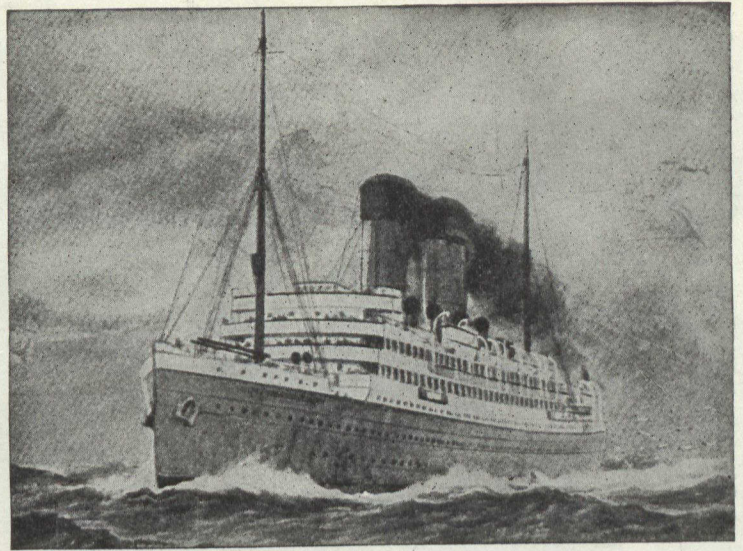
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