

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



EASTER
NUMBER

Painted by A. Eastman Field.

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

ROOMS DECORATED WITH ALABASTINE

Let Us Help You Decorate Your Home

Our method is so simple and the material so easily applied that thousands of women decorate their own homes.

Let Us Send Color Plans Free

for the rooms you intend to decorate this season. Last year we furnished without charge thousands of original plans for wall decoration. These were used in some of the most artistic homes, studios and offices in America, by people who selected the exquisite water color tints of Alabastine in preference to wall paper, paint or kalsomine. Skilled designers prepared these plans. It is service you could only obtain in the larger art centres at considerable expense.

We have a form called the "Information Blank," which may be had from your dealer, or which we will send on application. When filled out this blank will give us all the information required to suggest color schemes intelligently.

Take off the Old Unsanitary Wall Paper and Use

Alabastine

The Beautiful Wall Tint

It is more artistic than wall paper or paint, more easily applied—and costs far less. It is superior to compare with kalsomine—distinctly a wall covering for people of taste and refinement—used for more than a quarter of a century.

With Alabastine you may give living room, library, dining room or bedroom an individuality of its own. The charming modified tints are given unstinted praise by architects and decorators who are producing some of the most attractive of the new city and country homes and public buildings. They specify Alabastine as the ideal foundation for all future decorating, for a new coat can be applied directly over the old—from time to time when you wish to renew your decorations—without the expense and nuisance of washing the old Alabastine off the walls. **It hardens with age.**

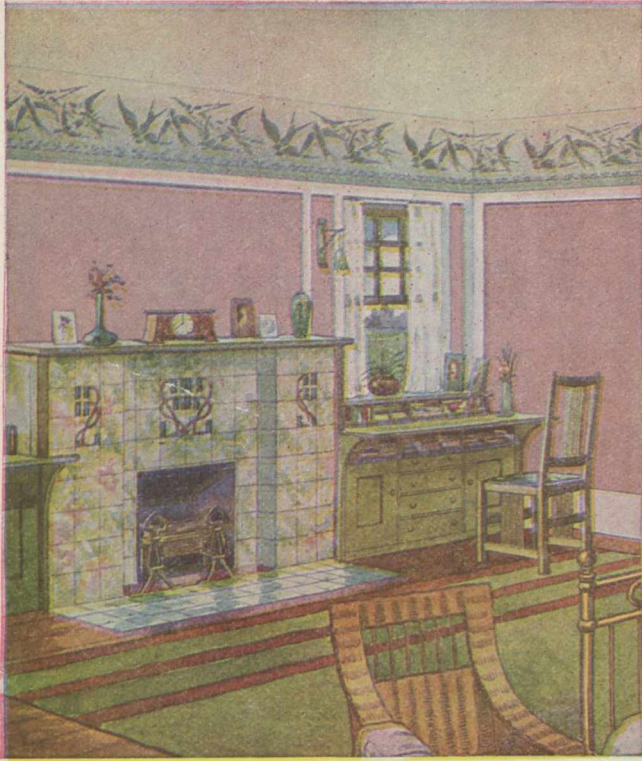
Alabastine is absolutely sanitary and far more durable than any kind of kalsomine. Lasts longer, does not chip, peel or rub off if properly applied, and covers more wall surface per pound than any other wall coating. It is the easiest to use—mixed simply with cold water—applied with an ordinary wall brush.

Alabastine is for sale by all the leading hardware and paint dealers in Canada, but to obtain one of our beautiful books, "Homes Healthful and Beautiful," showing rooms in colors, it is necessary to write us direct and mention this magazine. Also ask about our offer to supply STENCILS FREE to Alabastine users.

Write a card and send it to-day.

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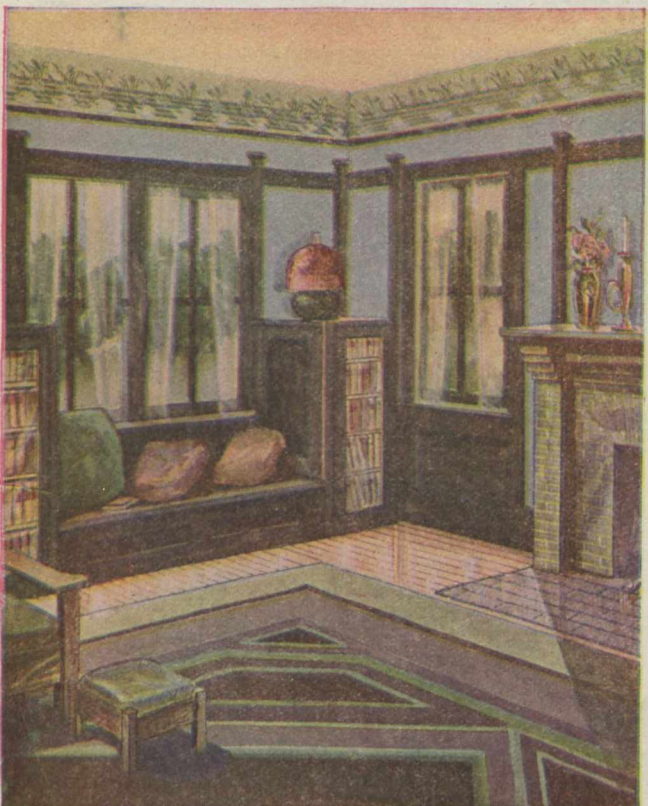
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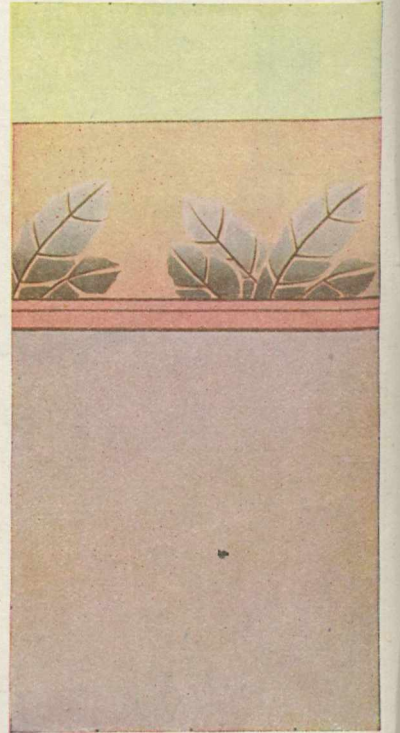
As shown in our book, "Homes Healthful and Beautiful,"
BEDROOM



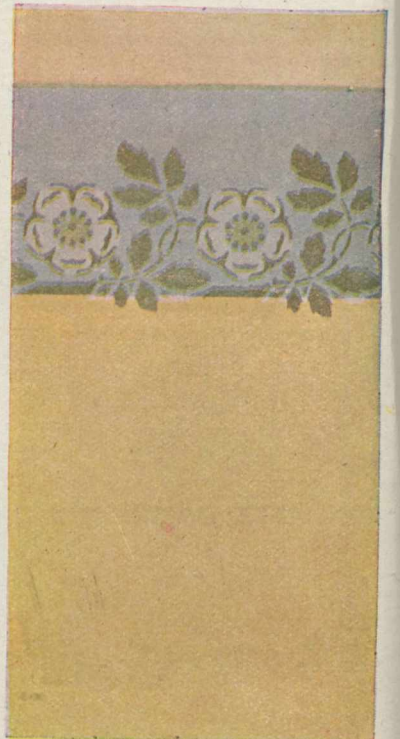
As shown in our book, "Homes Healthful and Beautiful,"
DINING ROOM



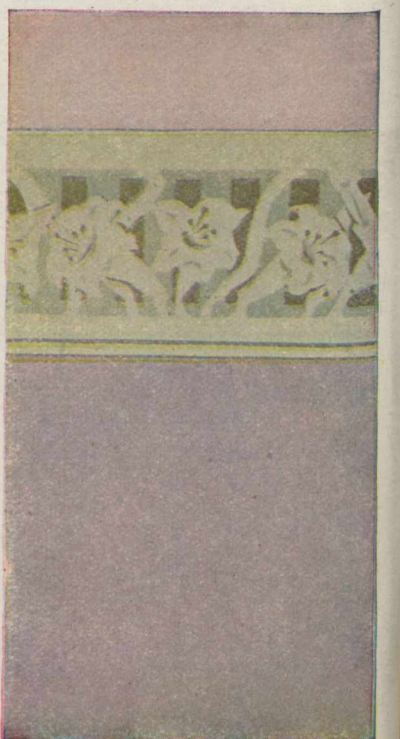
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DEN OR LIVING ROOM



TINTS FOR BEDROOM



TINTS FOR KITCHEN



TINTS FOR DINING ROOM

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CROUP BRONCHITIS ASTHMA CATARRH COUGHS COLDS

Vapo-Cresolene

ESTABLISHED 1879

A simple, safe and effective treatment for bronchial troubles, avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air rendered strongly antiseptic, inspired with every breath makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring restful nights. It is invaluable to mothers with young children.

Send us postal for descriptive booklet. 309

ALL DRUGGISTS
Try Cresolene Anti-septic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat. They are simple, effective and antiseptic. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

VAPOR-CRESOLENE CO.
Leeming-Miles Bldg. MONTREAL



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THIS MARK

is found on all Watch Cases bearing the name "Cashier" "Fortune" and is positive assurance of integrity in gold value, reliability of construction and correctness of design.

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The Largest Watch Case Manufacturers in the British Empire.

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Protects Sold in all parts of Canada by best Dry Goods stores. If unable to procure pair in your town, remit 25 cents and we will mail you pair.

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Odorless

Perfect Fitting

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77 Wellington W., Toronto, Can.

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



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Up-to-Date Farming.
The auto on the farm arose
Before the dawn at four:
It milked the cows and washed the clothes,
And finished every chore.

Then forth it went into the field
Just at the break of day,
It reaped and thrashed the golden yield
And hauled it all away.

It plowed the field that afternoon,
And when the job was through
It hummed a pleasant little tune
And churned the butter, too.

For while the farmer, peaceful eyed,
Read by the tungsten's glow,
The patient auto stood outside
And ran the dynamo.

—Peoria Transcript.

Catty.—Jane—"You should have seen the handsome chap who threw me a kiss from the car window."
Bessie.—"Express or local?"
"Express. Why?"
"I understand."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

New Schoolboy "Howlers."—Some delightful howlers are given in the "University Correspondent." The following are selections:

There are five continents, a, e, i, o, and u.
The tides are caused by the sun drawing the water out and the moon drawing it in again.

A circle is a line which meets its other end without ending.
An angle is a triangle with only two sides.

St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland. The patent saint of England is Union Jack.

An old soldier is called a vegetarian.
A centipede is a French measure of length.

The Home Office is where Home Rule is made.
A bishop without a diocese is called a suffragist.

In the houses of the poor the drains are in a fearful state, and quite unfit for human habitation.—Tit-Bits.

Wonderful.—"How well you are looking!"
"Yes. I am a vegetarian."
"That settles it. I shall never eat meat again. How long have you been one?"
"I beg'n to-morrow."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

"Never Say Die."—Caddie (to golfer badly bunkered and opponent well on the green)—"Don't give up the hole sir. You never know, the other gentleman might have a fit."—Black and White.

Leap Year.—Maude—"I've something to tell you. I'm engaged to Jack."
Ethel—"I am not surprised. Jack never could say 'No.'—Boston Transcript.

On the Prince.—"When I was abroad, I was constantly taken for a certain crown prince whom I believe I resemble."
"I suppose you had to shell out some large tips."
"No, I let the prince get the reputation of being a piker."—Washington Herald.

What Might Have Been.—This was the first case for the majority of the jury, and they sat for hours arguing and disputing over it in the bare little room at the rear of the courtroom. At last they straggled back to their places, and the foreman, a lean, gaunt fellow, with a superlatively solemn ex-

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BOVRIL from start to finish is prepared under strict scientific superintendence and control. Our factories and methods have been inspected again and again by thousands of medical men, and have received their unqualified approval.

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You will enjoy reading the descriptive booklets of the Canadian Government Railways

Intercolonial Railway Prince Edward Island Railway

"THE ANCIENT CAPITAL"
Quebec the Niobe of the new world Cities. Its past history and romance.

"THE CITY OF THE LOYALISTS"
St. John, N. B., and its past and present. Its pleasant location and promising outlook.

"STORIED HALIFAX"
The Nova Scotia capital in the good old days, when warfare raged and prize money flowed like water.

"THE GARDEN OF THE GULF"
The Summer beauties of Prince Edward Island. A part of Canada no tourist can afford to miss.

THEY are artistically illustrated and can be obtained free of charge by writing

General Passenger Department, Intercolonial Railway
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Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, 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 Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after **MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.**

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

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To Enjoy Real Ale You Need

WHITE LABEL ALE

If you want to experience a rare treat of palate enjoyment, tell a dealer to send in a few bottles of White Label Ale.
No matter where you give your order, you'll get it in prime condition, full of the delicious flavor that made it famous.

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Brewed and Bottled by
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Brand's Patent Automatic Razor Stropper, automatically puts a perfect edge on any razor, old style or safety. Big seller. Every man wants one. Write for terms, prices, territory.

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"The Car Ahead"

CARS are built in the Tudhope plant at as low a cost as is possible in any American Factory.

No American Manufacture uses more modern equipment or has better buying facilities. No plant in America is better organized or has more capable management and supervision.

That is why we can sell for \$2,150 a Car equal in every way to imported cars selling in Canada for \$2,800 or \$2,900.

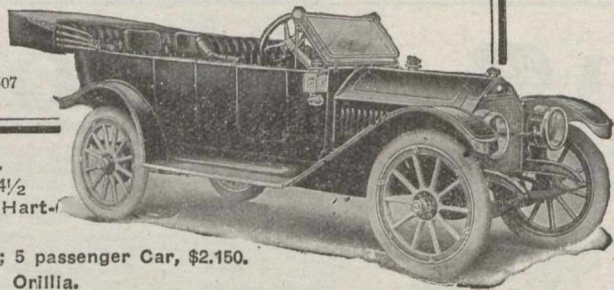
That is why the Tudhope is "ahead" in value. Another reason why we call the Tudhope "The Car Ahead."

A beautiful catalogue containing interesting information about the Tudhope Cars will be sent on request

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Canada

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Tudhope "Six," 48 h.p.
127 inch wheel base, 37x4 1/2
inch tires, Truffault-Hart-
ford Shock Absorbers.

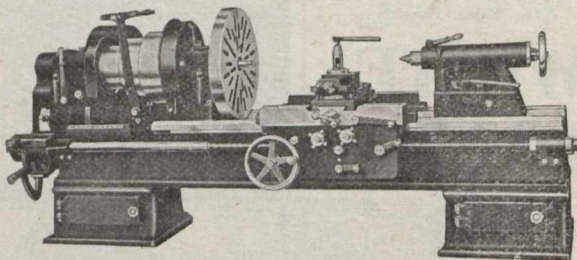
6 passenger Car, \$2,215; 5 passenger Car, \$2,150.
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26 Inch Quick Change Engine Lathe

Lathes
Drills
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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE TORONTO, ONTARIO. A Residential and Day School for Boys. Preparation for Universities, Business and Royal Military College. Upper and Lower Schools. Calendar sent on application. Re-opens after Easter vacation on April 9, 1912. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

pression, voiced the general opinion: "The jury don't think that he done it, for we allow he wa'n't there, but we think he would have done it ef he'd had the chanst."

Described.—Agonizing advertisement from a Yorkshire paper:

Lost, in or about Briggate on night of Sat., Feb. 17, BROWN RETRIEVER DOG. Old, infirm, of no value, but has long been only companion of elderly lady, and answers, reluctantly, to "Coom here, blast ye!" Apply, etc.

Trapped.—She—"And would you really put yourself out for my sake?" He—"Indeed, I would."

She—"Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy."—Williams Purple Cow.

Sensible.—"They get along beautifully together, don't they?"

"Yes, indeed. She never makes fun of his carving and he never jests about her cooking."—Detroit Free Press.

Life's Mathematics.

The Family—A problem in addition.
Marriage—Finding out an unknown quantity.

Love—An imaginary quantity.

Money—The prime factor.

Clothes—The common denominator.

Fashion—A variable.

The Bill Collector—A constant.

Alimony—A lesson in subtraction.

Divorce—A recurring division.

—Life.

Never Tried It.—Heck—"Does your wife get angry if she is interrupted while talking?"

Peck—"How should I know?"—Boston Transcript.

In Line at Election.

"Let me see the tickets,"
Said she in dainty tone;
"I've really been too busy
To fix one of my own;
I fear the decorations
Are not in proper taste,
But I'll stop and look them over
Since I have the time to waste."

Hey, you fellers, tip your hats
And each put on your coat.
Stand aside, O'Hoolihan,
An' let the lady vote!

"Who are all those people
Standing back in line?
They must stop their voting
Till I finish mine.
Let me have a pencil!
My purse! I've let it fall!
What a dreadful lot of names!
I'll have to read them all!"

Hey, you fellers, quit yer row!
Kelly, save yer throat!
Stop yer cussin', Flannigan,
An' let the lady vote!
—Washington Star.

Affectionate.—Scats—"Blinks is a lucky old dog; his wife fairly worships him!"

Stacks—"Yes; but she carries it too far sometimes. I was out there to dinner unexpectedly the other day, and she served up a burnt offering."—Judge.

Terrifying.—"A war is a fearful thing," said Mr. Dolan.

"It is," replied Mr. Rafferty. "When you see the fierceness of members of the army toward one another, the fate of a common enemy must be horrible."—Washington Star.

Years Well Spent.—One of Pittsburg's leading manufacturers does not think so highly of the value of a college career. He was taking a fellow magnate to task the other day.

"Well, I hear your son is through college."

"Yes, he's through."

"Put in four years, I s'pose?"

"Four years."

"And did he learn anything whatever that was useful during those four years?"

"Oh, yes. He learned to operate an automobile so well that we have put him in charge of one of our big electric trucks."—Pittsburg Post.



Ask the Best Cook You

Know About Knox Gelatine

Ask your neighbour or friend who is "A Splendid Cook" and see if she will not tell you that Knox Gelatine is just as much a staple article in the pantry as flour, sugar or butter. Thousands of housewives have used Knox Gelatine in countless ways for twenty years or more. Most of them buy at least two packages at a time—and order two more when the second package is broken into—so that Knox Gelatine may never be wanting at the critical moment in preparing a meal. The transformation of any seasonable fruits—such as apples, oranges, or bananas—into a quickly prepared dessert is a delight both to the eye and to the palate.

KNOX

PURE PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

Try This New Dessert

Maple Sponge Boil 2 cups Sugar and 1/2 cup hot water to a syrup. Soak 1/2 package Knox Pure, Plain, Sparkling Gelatine in 1 1/2 cups cold water and pour the hot syrup over this.

Put in cool place and when nearly set beat in the stiffly beaten whites of two or three eggs and a cup of English walnuts cut up fine.

Serve with a custard made of the yolks of the eggs, 1 pint milk and 3 tablespoonfuls sugar.

Knox Gelatine comes in two packages, both in GRANULATED form. QUICKLY DISSOLVED—the PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING, UNFLAVOURED, UNSWEETENED and the

Knox Pure, Sparkling, Acidulated Gelatine

called "The Busy Housekeeper's Package" because in addition to the two envelopes of Pure Sparkling Gelatine, it also contains an extra envelope of Pure Concentrated Fruit Juice (Lemon), affording the busy housewife a ready prepared flavouring.

Knox Recipe Book FREE

More than 100 recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, etc., have been reproduced in our illustrated recipe book sent FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.

510 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N.Y.

Branch Factory:
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CELESTINS VICHY



Natural
Alkaline Water

Used at meals
prevents Dys-
pepsia and re-
lieves Gout and
Indigestion.

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that ANYONE
can use

I dyed ALL these
DIFFERENT KINDS
of Goods
with the SAME Dye.
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DYOLA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

CLEAN and SIMPLE to Use.
NO chance of using the WRONG Dye for the Goods
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The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal.

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Regal Oval Top
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SOLD DIRECT TO CONSUMER.
FREIGHT PREPAID TO NEAREST
STATION. ARTISTIC, DURABLE,
INEXPENSIVE. GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK.
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are the outstanding features of our
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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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Editor's Talk

THE array of names in this week's table of contents is as large and as representative as in any issue of this paper since its foundation. The "Canadian Courier" has been slowly gathering about it a corps of specialists who are able to cover all phases of Canadian life. Our musical articles are written by expert musical critics, our financial comment by expert financial writers, and so on through the list. Every contribution is prepared by one who has special knowledge of the subject which he handles. It is by this means that we hope to keep the "Canadian Courier" national and authoritative.

Our readers will be pleased to see a contribution this week by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts—another animal story. Of all Roberts' work, none has proven so universally popular as his nature fiction. Several of these tales will appear during the year.

We are pleased to announce that the month of March brought increased business to this publication, and that the circle of our readers is steadily widening. The number of letters addressed to the editor and dealing with subjects treated in the paper, has greatly increased. Many of these we are unable to publish, but all are welcome. They enable the staff to keep more closely in touch.

The letters received by the Circulation Department are equally encouraging. We have selected two from the West as typical "encouragers":

Govan, Sask., March 18th, 1912.
The "Canadian Courier,"
Toronto.

Dear Sirs,—In renewing my subscription to your periodical I wish to express my entire satisfaction with the "Courier." Since I read the first copy, in 1906, I have noted a steady advance in all departments, and I now consider it to be a National Weekly which is a credit to our young and growing country.

Yours truly,
(Signed) E. E. ROBBINS.

Calgary, Alta., March 15th.

The "Canadian Courier,"
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Please find enclosed cheque to cover my account plus the exchange. You forced your paper on me, as I had cancelled it over a year ago, but now I am glad you did, as I like your paper better than ever. Kindly send receipted bill and oblige.
(Signed) G. C. MacMURRAY.

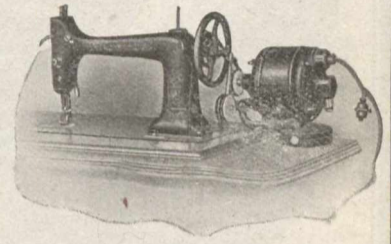
THE Spring Sewing is before the house; also a way of escape from

ITS TERRORS

GET A

WESTINGHOUSE

Sewing Machine Motor



Easily Managed

Saves Labor

Makes Quicker Work

A Household Prize

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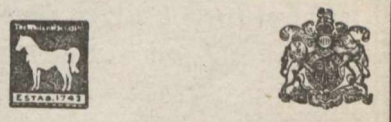
District Offices: Vancouver, Calgary, Winnipeg
Toronto, Montreal, Halifax.

THE FRASER VALLEY

A little book I have just written describes pretty well what can be done on a five acre farm in the Fraser River Valley. It tells how potatoes can pay as high as \$600 per acre, how apples and pears and cherries coin money for the lucky farmer.

I want you to have a copy of this book, that is if you're interested in farming prospects in British Columbia. Your request will bring it to you by return mail.

W. J. KERR
LIMITED
614 Columbia Street
NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.



By Appointment.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers, and Hotels.



Whether you pay a quarter or five dollars for a razor, you are at constant expense for new blades unless you buy the only Safety Razor that strops itself—

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR

BECAUSE this razor strops itself, the blades last indefinitely, and you save constant expense for renewals. This is of importance to the poor man. What is of importance to every man, rich or poor, is that the stropped blade is always sharp and gives a better shave than is possible with an unstropped blade.

Because there is nothing to adjust, there is nothing to go wrong; because there is nothing to unscrew or take apart, there is a great saving of time and temper.

If you use an AutoStrop it takes only half the time to strop the blade and clean the razor that it does to change the blade in an ordinary "non-stropping" safety—and stropping blades sharp is much cheaper than buying new blades.

Sold everywhere in Canada on 30 days' trial. Consists of silver plated self stropping razor, 12 blades, and strop, in handsome leather case. Price \$5.00. Travelling sets \$6.50 up.

Send for catalogue showing sets.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Ltd.

Office and Factory

401 Richmond Street, W., Toronto



Stevens-Duryea

Easy Riding

The Stevens-Duryea is designed and built to make motoring a pleasure.

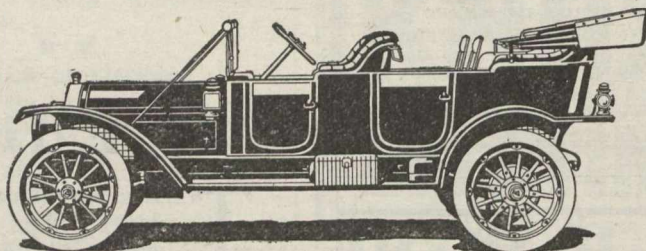
It is not a mere combination of mechanism and wheels, but is built on the tried-out principle of flexibly supported six-cylinder motor.

You enjoy your ride in a Stevens-Duryea — smooth, comfortable, quiet, and powerful.

The Stevens-Duryea mechanical features are clearly described in the 1912 catalogue
Demonstration by appointment

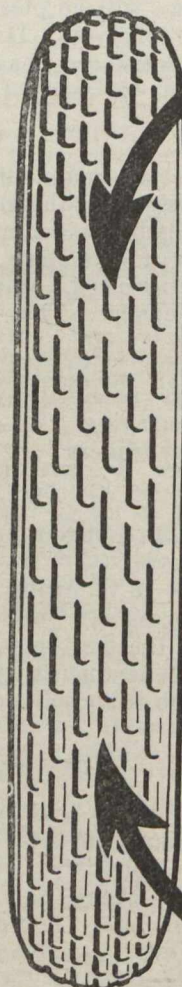
DOMINION AUTOMOBILE CO., LIMITED

Cor. Bay and Temperance Sts.
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Model AA, Six-cylinder, Seven-passenger Touring Car

Stevens-Duryea Company Chicopee Falls Mass
Pioneer Builders of American Sixes



The Heavy Rubber Studs

on Republic Staggard Tread Tires give resiliency to forward motion and prevent skidding and slipping sidewise. Metal rivets become heated in service and rot the rubber. Detachable chains and other devices are expensive and troublesome.

REPUBLIC STAGGARD TREAD TIRES

are complete in themselves—they will not skid. They combine perfect safety with durability and because of their extreme thickness are seldom punctured.

"The Tire Perfect"

is the title of our book on tire safety, service and economy. Sent free on request.

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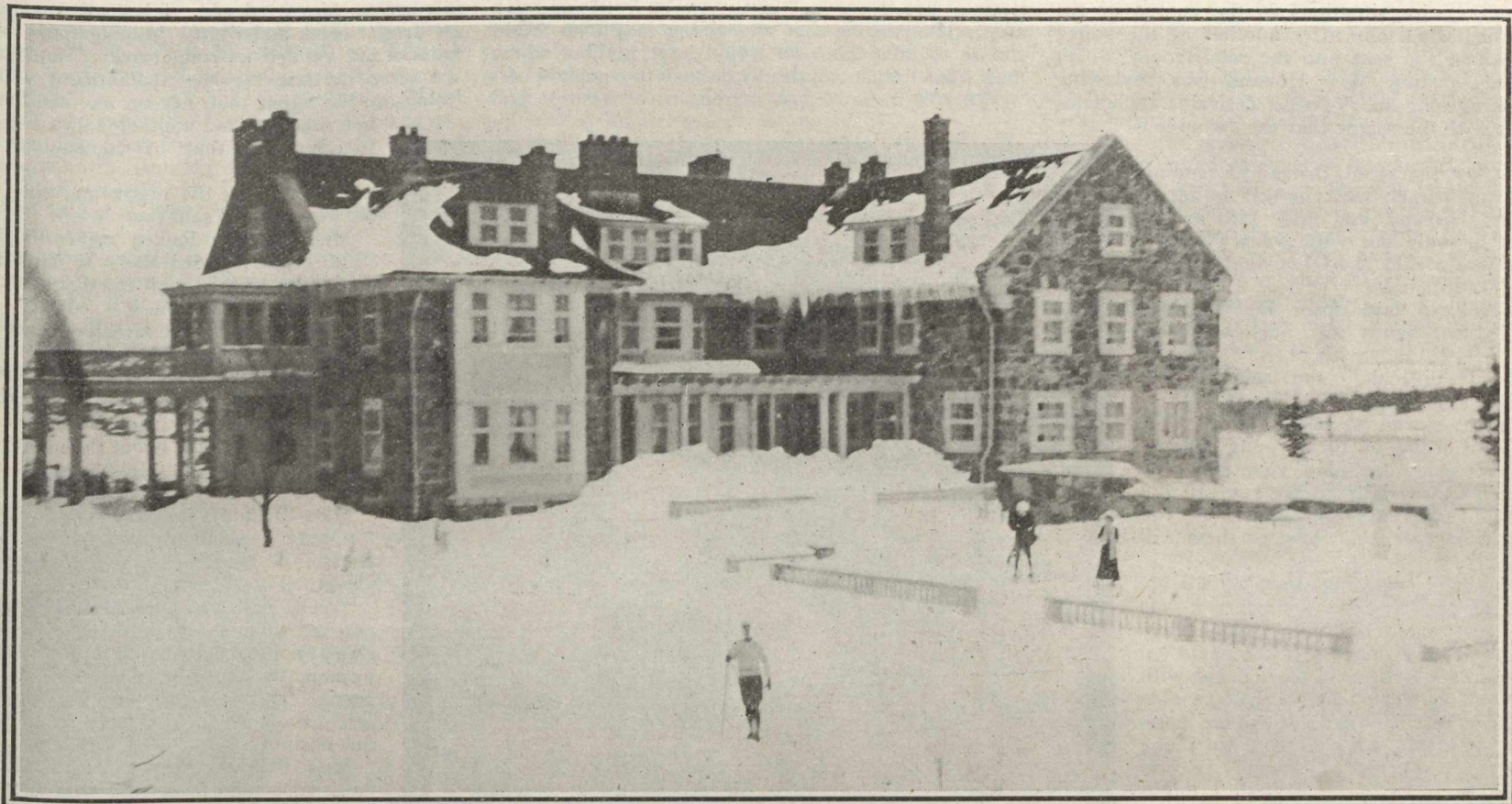
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April 6, 1912

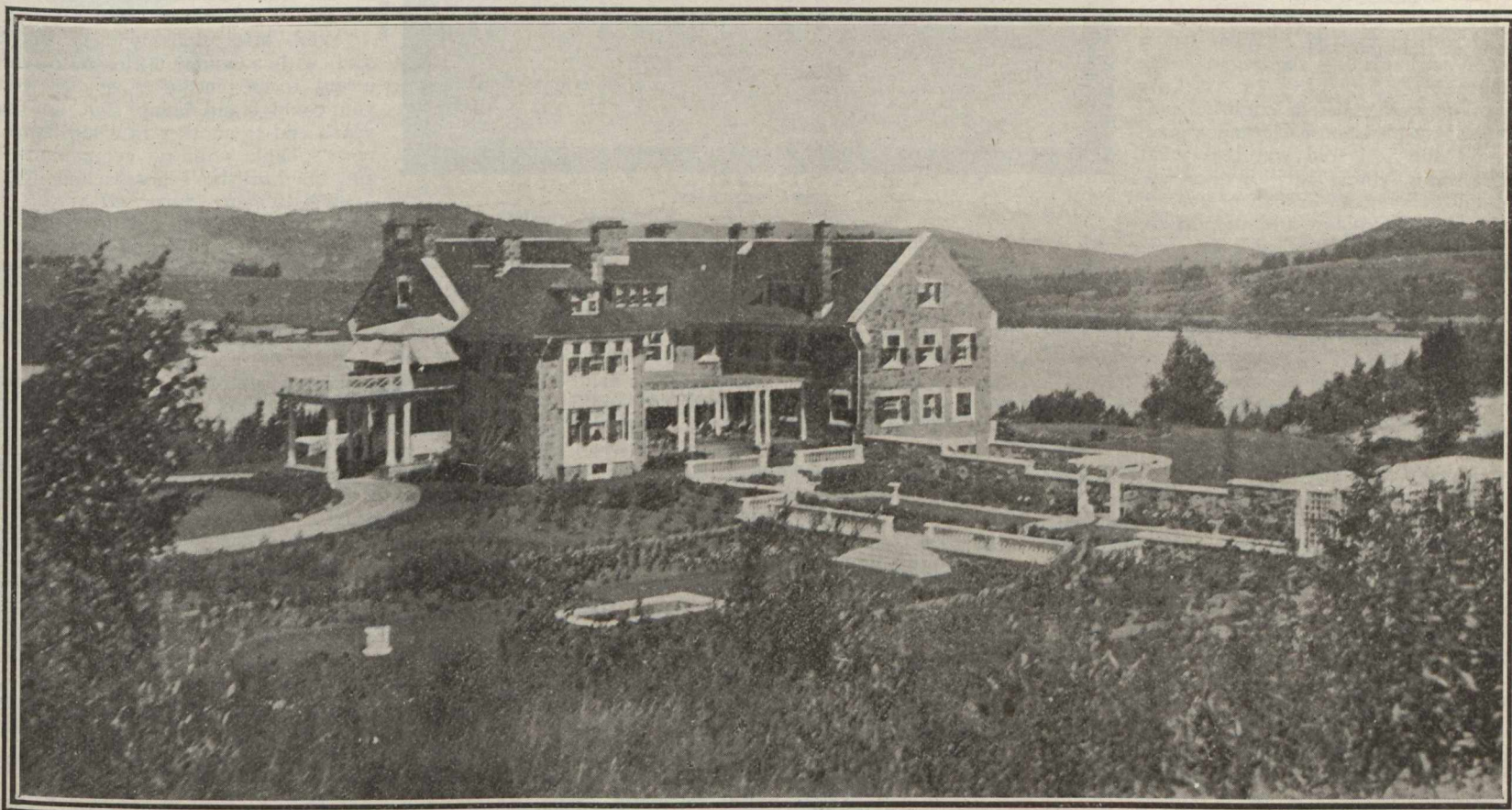
No. 19

WHICH IS THE BETTER ARTIST---SNOW OR SUMMER?

The Transition in Country Life from mid-March to Midsummer recorded by the Camera.



"Stonehaven," the Residence of Mr. D. Lorne McGibbon at Ste. Agathe, P.Q., in Winter, When Snowshoeing and Ski-ing Are the Distinctive Attractions.



The Same Residence Photographed When Midsummer Was at the Grand Height on the Hills.

LORD LOCKINGTON

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER I.

STIFF and straight, and cold and formal, with a gold double eyeglass in her hand, Mrs. Holland, housekeeper to Lord Lockington, of Lockington Court, Lancashire, and Belgrave-square, sat on her chair in the agent's office, interviewing a long array of more or less unsuitable applicants for the post of private organist to his Lordship.

The head of the agency, a bustling, talkative, but withal capable, woman who fitted innumerable governesses, companions, lady secretaries, and housekeepers with situations in the course of the year, sighed when one after another of the young women whom she sent into the small room, where the austere-looking Mrs. Holland was reviewing and rejecting long lines of most desirable applicants, came out with the report that she "wouldn't do."

And at last the agent, instead of sending in more applicants, went herself to interview Mrs. Holland, and said, with an attempt at a smile but with some tartness, that she was afraid Lord Lockington must be difficult to please.

Mrs. Holland laid down her eyeglass and folded her hands with austere melancholy.

"Not only difficult," she said, with a short sigh, "but impossible, I'm afraid!"

The agent stared at her. "Then what is the use of seeing all these young ladies—whom I've sent for, mind you, and who have come up specially to see you—if you have quite made up your mind, as you seem to have done, that none of them will do?"

Mrs. Holland could not draw herself up, because she was already as erect as it was possible for her to be, but she looked as if she would have done so if she could.

"I came here," she said, coldly and with dignity, "in the hope that I might be able to find a young lady suitable to the position his Lordship offers. But to judge from the young persons whom I've had to see so many of this morning, I might have saved myself my journey from Lancashire. Why, there's not one of them that has so much as a pleasant voice in speaking and a good figure."

The head of the agency drew herself up and looked rather shocked. "What has a figure to do with playing the organ?" she asked, sharply.

The housekeeper looked slightly confused. "I said a pleasant voice and a good figure," said she. "I told you that what we wanted was a young lady of good appearance and manner, an orphan preferred, who could play the piano and the organ, read music at sight, and be able to sing, sing pleasantly, though need not necessarily have a magnificent voice."

The agent bent her head over one of her books, which she had brought in with her, and put her finger on one particular name. Then she looked up dubiously.

"I can't quite see," she murmured, "what you particularly want an orphan for!"

"Oh, I can tell you that," said Mrs. Holland. "His Lordship thought that a young lady with parents wouldn't stay with us. It's very dreary at the Hall—very dreary, indeed. She will have no companions except me and the dogs and horses. His Lordship has been an invalid for many years, and sees no one—no one whatever. She will never see him during the whole time she's there, if she stays there twenty years."

The agent looked puzzled. "What does he want an organist for, and one of good appearance, if he's never going so much as to see her?" she asked, incredulously.

"I didn't say he'd never see her, but that she'd never see him," retorted Mrs. Holland, with spirit. "Lord Lockington is old now, and a regular hermit, and never goes out or even lets himself be seen by

anybody. But for all that he's very particular, and he won't have anybody about who's not just as he likes them. His Lordship has the greatest confidence in me, and I shouldn't think of engaging anyone that I thought he wouldn't like the looks of."

The agent sat back on her side of the table. "You'll excuse me saying so," she said, "but people used to talk once about Lord Lockington, and they used to say—"

Mrs. Holland interrupted her diffident suggestion with an emphatic wave of the hand.

"All that was long ago," she said, shutting her eyes as if upon the long dead past. "I can assure you that there's never been anything of that sort to complain about in the life at the Hall for years and years. It may be that his Lordship was gay in his youth, but now a more quiet and regular gentleman—not to say nobleman—never lived; and you may rely upon me that any young lady who might choose to take this post would have nothing worse than what I must call deadly dulness to complain of."

"There's a Lady Lockington, isn't there? And



EDNA BELLAMY.

Drawn by F. Hans Johnston.

she doesn't reside at Lockington Hall?" said the agent, dubiously. "You must excuse my asking these questions, but I have to be particular when it is especially requested that the young lady engaged should be young and good-looking."

Mrs. Holland's expression became a trifle colder. "Oh, yes, there is a Lady Lockington, and she does not reside at the Hall. She is fond of life, and the dulness of the place kills her, she says. Besides—though it's not my place to talk of such things—they never get on too well together, and his being an invalid now hasn't made any difference to that. Rather the contrary."

Mrs. Holland pursed up her lips as one who should say that not one further syllable should be drawn from her. The agent looked down at her book.

"The salary's good, of course," she said, "and I suppose the duties are not too exacting, if only you could get the right person. Now, I'm sorry you didn't like Miss Wood. She's an orphan, and she is a most accomplished musician."

The housekeeper shook her head with decision. "His Lordship would prefer a young lady," she said. "This Miss Wood—if it's the lady with the

glasses and the prominent teeth?—is not young."

"Well, not so very, perhaps." The agent looked up. "There's a young lady coming here this morning about another engagement, one as companion to an old lady, who might have suited. She's very pretty, too pretty, I'm afraid, to care to be shut up in such a house as you describe."

"Can she play and sing?"

"She can play the piano, and she has a pretty little voice. I don't know about the organ. I fancy her father and mother are dead, too."

"Could you let me see her?" asked Mrs. Holland, eagerly.

"The salary is, of course, much higher than she would receive from the lady who thought of engaging her, but, on the other hand, really it seems a pity, she's so very pretty! And I scarcely think it would do."

"She would be quite safe with me," said the housekeeper. "If only she could stand the loneliness. I should like to see her."

The agent, fearing to lose this important client altogether if she failed to comply with her request, went out, promising that Miss Bellamy should be seen by her. And when, half an hour later, a little fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, with gentle manners and a fresh pink-and-white complexion, shabbily dressed but refined looking, came in and asked if she were in time for the appointment with Mrs. Robinson, the agent took her on one side, and told her that she had another and a better post to offer than that of companion to the old lady.

"It's to play the organ and sing for an old gentleman," said she.

Miss Bellamy looked rather frightened. "The organ!" cried she. "I don't think I could play well enough for that!"

"You have played it?"

"A little—to amuse myself—in my uncle's church. I can't play well."

"Well, you can play the piano, and perhaps you could practise on the village organ till you did better. Would you like to see the lady who's come about the matter? The salary is handsome—eighty pounds a year, and the house is a nobleman's."

Miss Bellamy looked frightened. "Oh, I'm sure I shouldn't do," she said. "Of course, he wants a really accomplished player. I—"

"Well, will you see Mrs. Holland and ask her what she thinks? She's his Lordship's housekeeper, and a most superior woman, as those people are," cooed the agent, caressingly, hoping to secure this prize, though she felt some scruples about the business.

Miss Bellamy, very diffident, very nervous, consented to be interviewed, and was introduced effusively by the agent to Mrs. Holland, who at once looked through her eyeglass in a manner which told the agent that she was satisfied that she had come to the end of her search.

"Well, Miss Bellamy," the housekeeper said, with a wintry little smile which was meant to be encouraging, "do you think you could stand being shut up from one year's end to another in a big house by the river's bank, with no companions but me and his Lordship's horses and dogs?"

Miss Bellamy, surprised at this address, when she had expected to be subjected to a searching catechism on the subject of her

acquirements, hesitated, drew a long breath, and said:

"Oh, I shouldn't mind that. I love dogs, and I should love horses if I knew anything about them, I know."

Miss Bellamy's pretty face looked prettier than ever as it dimpled into smiles.

The housekeeper nodded with instinctive approval. The girl stared at her in bewilderment.

"But," said she, timidly, "could I do what you want me to do? You haven't heard me play, and I'm afraid—"

"There's a piano. Will you play me something? And sing something?"

The housekeeper's face, under the influence of her triumphant belief that she had got hold of the right person, became flesh and blood, instead of looking, as it had done hitherto, as if carved out of wood.

Very timidly, panting with excitement, Miss Bellamy took off her well-worn gloves, and sat down to the piano. It was not an instrument calculated to show a player's powers to the best advantage. Neither was Miss Bellamy at her best. Indeed, the tears came into her eyes as, after having played a

little march execrably, and quavered a little song in a way which, though rather sweet and touching, was by no means brilliant, she turned to her judge with a heartbroken air, feeling that she had lost her chance.

To her intense surprise and relief, Mrs. Holland bowed her head with approval, and said:

"Very good. Thank you very much. I'm sure your playing and singing will do quite nicely."

The head of the agency, who was still in the room, looked at the housekeeper rather nervously, while pretty Miss Bellamy's face beamed with delight.

"Really—really, do you think I should do?" she asked, with breathless eagerness.

But the agent looked inquiringly at Mrs. Holland. This display was not good enough to warrant a salary of eighty pounds a year being paid to the performer, and she began to look askance.

"Are you quite sure," she murmured, "that this is exactly a suitable engagement for a young girl? Don't you think—considering that Lady Lockington does not reside at the Hall—"

Mrs. Holland smiled scornfully. "Practically," she said, "no one resides there. I give you my word, here in the presence of Miss Bellamy—who will soon find the truth out for herself if she goes to Lancashire with me—that she will see no human face in the house but mine and those of the upper servants from one year's end to another. Miss Bellamy will not know that his Lordship—who is an invalid, and has been for years—is in the house. All he wants is to hear her music, and to hear it as often as he pleases."

The girl looked puzzled. "But it's not good enough!" she said.

And the agent nodded in agreement. Mrs. Holland, however, appeared to know better than they.

"If it is not," she said, "then I undertake that his Lordship shall give you half a year's salary and your expenses back to town. Will that do? I have full powers," she added, "to give any such undertaking I please."

The agent looked at Miss Bellamy; Miss Bellamy looked back at her. Both were astonished, but though the elder woman was still rather uneasy, there was no trace of anything but delighted bewilderment on the face of the younger.

She was scarcely nineteen, and the world and its wickedness had no terrors for her, because she knew no evil. The worst thing she had to fear, so she thought, and she thought it with much dread, was that Lord Lockington, when he should hear her playing, would at once order her to be given notice as an incompetent performer.

In the meantime all was joy and triumph, and eagerness to begin that journey into the unknown which lay before her.

"When can you come?" asked Mrs. Holland; and then, with a rapid glance at the shabby dress of the young beauty, she said: "Would you like a small advance on your salary to buy a few things to take with you? You will have to have a neat dress for Sundays and in case my Lady comes suddenly to the Hall, as she sometimes does, and a few things like that, will you not? As for your expenses, Lord Lockington pays those. Shall I give you ten pounds to start with?"

But this flow of gold, which was no idle dream, as Mrs. Holland at once drew forth her purse and counted out the ten shining sovereigns on the table, was almost too much for sober truth and this wickaday world. Miss Bellamy grew a little paler, and looked inquiringly at the agent.

But that good woman had been reassured on hearing that Lady Lockington visited at the Hall, and, indeed, there was about Mrs. Holland a lofty respectability, as well as a frankness, which disarmed suspicion.

The agent was a good judge of men, women, and things, and she had ere this come to the conclusion that the engagement was one that could safely be accepted by her pretty client.

She, however, gave the girl a good deal of advice when she saw her alone on the way downstairs, and told her to write at once to her aunt, on her arrival

at the Hall, and to tell her all about everything she saw and heard there.

"Oh, yes, of course I shall," said Miss Bellamy. "She will be so pleased about this. It's a grand thing for me, isn't it? When I'm so young, too!"

The agent smiled, with a shrewd guess that the touch of brilliant youth and beauty had had more to do with her engagement than her accomplishments.

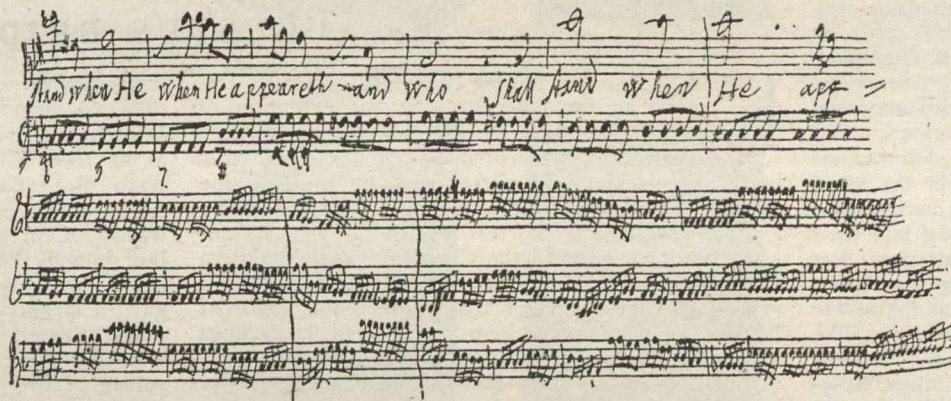
The girl went home to her aunt, who lived in a small and inconvenient jerry-built house in the suburbs, told her with ecstasy of the magnificent appointment she had obtained, showed her the ten bright sovereigns, and poured out the story of the old invalid gentleman who wanted someone to play to him, and could not get anybody because the big house he lived in with his old housekeeper was so lonely that the musician would have no society but that of the horses and dogs.

Mrs. Bellamy, the aunt with whom the girl lived, was the widow of a Vicar, and a shrewd woman. She, too, asked a great many questions, and was rather puzzled by the answers she got, so that, on the following day, she obtained an interview herself with the housekeeper, to ascertain whether the post offered was in all respects a desirable one for a young girl.

With her the housekeeper was more confidential. "I must tell you, ma'am," she said, "what I beg you not to tell your niece, as it might alarm her. The truth is that Lord Lockington is cut off from the world, as the result of a terrible accident. He is not a very old gentleman; he is only fifty-four. But some years ago half his face was blown away by the accidental discharge of a gun he was carrying, and he is so horribly disfigured that he has never since been seen by any living person but one. That one is the doctor who attends him; who has to be in frequent attendance, indeed."

Mrs. Bellamy gave a little cry of shocked surprise. "Do you really mean that even you do not see him?" she asked.

(Continued on page 30.)



Fac-simile of Part of a Manuscript Page From the Score of the "Messiah."



Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdi, Who Conducted the "Elijah" at the Birmingham Festival in 1846. The Following Year He Conducted it in London, When the Prince Consort Wrote to the Composer That He Had Become "The Saviour of Art From the Service of Baal."

Two Great Oratorios

Comparison of "Messiah" and "Elijah" Heard at the Farewell Performances of Dr. F. H. Torrington, Father of Modern Oratorio in Canada

By H. COOKE HAMILTON

Canada was given complete charge of the programmes, one of which was Handel's "Messiah," by a Festive chorus, at special request of Mr. Hart A. Massey, donor of the music hall. Since that time the Messiah has been given regularly once a year in Massey Hall. On the 12th and 13th of March, 1912, this oratorio and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" were given a final performance, under the baton of Dr. Torrington, who, after more than half a century spent in choral work in Toronto, Montreal and Boston, took this means of retiring from the oratorio stage. The writer, whose name appears on this page, Mr. Henry Cooke Hamilton, a musician now living in Lindsay, heard both performances. Quite unacquainted with the veteran conductor who has directed the Messiah much oftener than Handel ever did, he was so impressed with the permanency of oratorio as a form of musical art, that he wrote a comparative article on the two great oratorios.

THE privilege of hearing in nightly succession two such master works as the oratorios, "The Messiah" and "The Elijah," was an event worth while. Dr. F. H. Torrington, who has been the chief Canadian pioneer in choral work, could not have made a better selection for his farewell appearances, for the two oratorios have been public favourites for many years. Each

has a distinct individual charm, which was particularly apparent on account of the performances being, as they were, so near together.

The Messiah is truly Handelian, not to say old-fashioned. The Elijah is remarkably modern in comparison. Perhaps one of the most noticeable features is the orchestration. As is generally known, the instrumental part we hear when the Messiah is given to-day is more the work of Mozart than Handel. In Handel's days, the orchestra was more meagre, and Handel's oratorio is now given with these additional accompaniments. But even with these additions one must confess that the instrumental parts of Elijah are far the superior.

The overtures of the two works are extremely dissimilar. Handel's fine introduction is certainly not the equal of Mendelssohn's, which is an undoubted master-work. Coming, as it does, after the recitative declaring the coming drought, the overture suggests, in a startling degree, first, the murmurings, then the clamour and distress of a famine-stricken people. With consummate good taste and skill, Mendelssohn, instead of closing this remarkable introduction, leads directly into the opening chorus "Help, Lord!" It is here that a most striking difference exists in the two oratorios. Handel's overture, being suggestive chiefly of the darkness brooding over a people before the promise of hope is given, is followed by one of the most touching solos ever penned—"Comfort ye." Com-

George Frederick Handel, Who Composed the World's Greatest Oratorio in Twenty-three Days, and Created a Social Sensation for Oratorio in England. The Manuscript Score of the "Messiah" is in the Possession of the British Royal Family.

ON lower Mutual St., Toronto, is now being finished a huge arena whose stock is quoted on the exchanges and which will be a vast hippodrome of athletics and sport. On part of the site occupied by the new arena stood the old Caledonia Rink, where, in 1886, was held the first music festival on a really mammoth scale in Toronto. The works performed were "Israel in Egypt," by Handel, and "Mors et Vita," by Gounod; done by a chorus of eight hundred voices, a large amateur orchestra and a corps of foreign soloists, all under the direction of Dr. F. H. Torrington, who became the pioneer of modern oratorio in Canada. Dr. Torrington had then been several years organist and choirmaster of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, whose festival services, especially on Good Friday and Easter, long after the formation of the old Philharmonic Society and orchestra, attracted crowds from other churches and towns outside of Toronto. For many years and until 1894, Dr. Torrington conducted oratorios in the Horticultural Pavilion where the Messiah and the Elijah, the Creation, Samson, Israel in Egypt and the Redemption attracted the wealth and the fashion of Toronto, as in the middle of the eighteenth century, the oratorios of Handel, under the great German composer's own direction, drew the wealth and the fashion and the royalty of England. In 1894 Massey Hall was opened with a four days' cycle of festival concerts. The pioneer of modern oratorio in

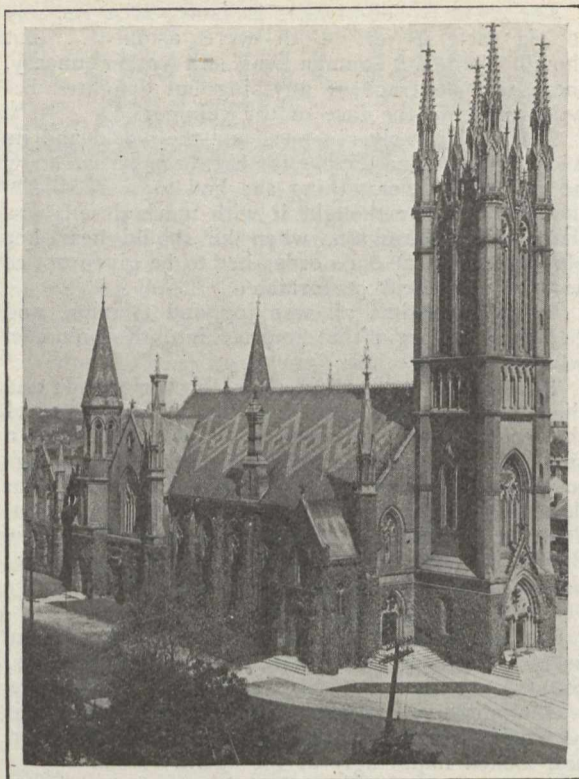
parisons here are futile, for while Mendelssohn's success is undoubted in the overture and following chorus, it must be admitted that Handel, in this short solo, has demonstrated his genius with a directness and simplicity which Mendelssohn has seldom, if ever, equalled.

The solos in the two works present striking differences. In the Messiah, perhaps the two which exhibit the most vivid contrasts are, "He shall feed His flock," and "Why do the nations rage?" For simple pastoral beauty, perhaps the former stands alone in the realm of music. No elaborate accompaniment, no sudden modulation, clever imitation, or any of the devices used by many composers are needed here to enhance the charm of this matchless song. "Why do the nations" is of a totally different type. Undoubtedly the finest part of this air is the orchestration, which would in itself be a splendid selection, even without the voice part. The tumultuous raging of the people is here portrayed in a most realistic manner. Of the other solos, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," calls for special mention, and is considered by some the finest in the work. It is, however, a difficult song to interpret well, and while its beauty is beyond question, it is rarely given full justice.

In Elijah, "Oh rest in the Lord," is the best known, and with many considered the finest of Mendelssohn's simpler songs. It is a question, however, if Mendelssohn here is the equal of Handel. It is a proof of genius to be able to do much with little, and Handel generally achieves his end in such matters as these with simpler means. Some of the other solos, however, might be singled out as especially meritorious. The first, for tenor, "If with all your hearts," is certainly a master stroke—Mendelssohn is truly appealing here, and the melody has a freshness and individuality seldom equalled in any other part of the oratorio. However, the air, "Then shall the righteous," surpasses it in popularity, but the effect is here obtained largely by the orchestration, which is particularly fine. "Hear ye, Israel"—especially the latter part—shows the composer at his best in writing for a high voice. This is the chief soprano solo in the work. The air, "It is enough," deserves special mention for the clever obligato given to the 'cello.

Of the choruses much might be said did space permit. If a criticism of Handel were to be made, it could truthfully be said that many of his choruses are too much alike, and also too complicated. The listener's interest is never so keen if he knows that the structure of any chorus is likely to be the same as its predecessor. The fugue subjects of many of the Messiah choruses are too long. If Handel had used the massed chorus oftener, as Mendelssohn has done, he would oftener have produced more telling effects. Such choruses might be cited as "And He shall purify," "For unto us," and "All we like sheep." Handel too often writes his choruses so that few—unless they be highly trained musicians—can follow certain parts with anything like interest or pleasure. In the case of the Hallelujah chorus, the composer's expert musicianship, while apparent enough to all, has not the unfortunate effect of detracting from the grandeur and impressiveness of the whole chorus. The last chorus, "Amen," is unique, and one of the most remarkable examples of choral writing in existence. Handel has evidently exhausted all his wonderful powers in this chorus—the seemingly simple themes are built up by one part upon the other till the hearer is lost, yet not bewildered, in the wonderful mazes of tone.

Mendelssohn's choruses in many instances equal Handel's in grandeur, and possess more variety of form. Of course, Elijah is essentially dramatic throughout, which would account in some measure for this difference. Yet, this is not wholly responsible, for Handel's "Samson" is intensely dramatic—yet nothing like Elijah. When Mendelssohn wishes to be impressive his choruses take on a peculiar psalm-like effect, which often approaches the sublime in religious fervour. It is impossible to conceive of a more impressive treatment than Mendelssohn has given to the words—"He is a jealous God." Several places the same style of music is introduced, which has the particularly church-like tone, intensified yet more by coming, as it occasionally does, after something of a vastly different nature. The three Baal choruses, with the interjections by the prophet, thrill the listener as the high expectancy of the people grows more and more manifest. In the chorus, "Thanks be to God," too, Mendelssohn's genius is wonderfully displayed. Voice parts and orchestra are wonderfully contrasted, and the whole forms a masterpiece which singles this chorus out for special commendation. "Be not afraid" is bold and strong, with a massive church-like ending. The intensity of Jezebel's and the people's fury against the prophet is another unique part of the work. The beautiful trio, "Lift



The Metropolitan Methodist Church, Where Dr. F. H. Torrington Was Organist and Choirmaster for More Than Thirty Years, and Whose Good Friday and Easter Services Used to Attract People From Other Towns Than Toronto.

thine eyes," is a triumph of simplicity and grace—unfortunately it is seldom rendered as it deserves to be. The ethereal charm of this angelic trio is

such that many voices are too indelicate for it.

Thrilling in its intensity is the chorus, "Behold, God the Lord passeth by." The wind, earthquake and fire can be almost felt and seen, after which follows one of the most peaceful movements imaginable, describing the still, small voice.

Of the concluding choruses, nothing but praise can be given. Elijah's translation is realistically depicted; the change of key and accompaniment in rapid triplets, suggesting, in a striking manner, the appearance of the heavenly cohorts which were to convey the prophet from the scene of his sorrows, struggles and triumphs. The concluding chorus is masterly in every sense of the word, and while it cannot be put in the same class as Handel's "Amen," yet it is an achievement in fugal development and massive finish which Mendelssohn has rarely surpassed.

In the employment of the orchestra, there is one difference which must impress every one who heard the two oratorios. In the case of Handel, the orchestra is used both before and after the voice parts in the solos, to play over the principal theme. With Mendelssohn, this feature is absent, the composer having written only a few bars as a prelude, and a few at the close.

Now, while it may be traditionally correct to give the Messiah solos in this way, it is certainly unnecessary, and it also takes up a great deal of valuable time. Many beautiful parts of the Messiah are nearly always omitted, and these repetitions—tiresome because unnecessary, are retained. When a solo in Elijah is concluded, Mendelssohn adds a few bars of orchestration as an artistic finish, but he never repeats the chief theme over again. When the singer has finished, who wants to hear the same thing over again, often hurting the impression the singer has made, and irritating the waiting audience who are impatient to applaud? This is something that needs remedying.

The Festival—Easter

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

EASTER is by nature the most beautiful festival in the calendar. In the evolution of the human race it is a much older festival than the one which has made civilization loosen its pockets and purses so lavishly about the 25th of December. Christmas, somewhat vaguely associated with the shortest day in the year, is not as we understand it in the Christian era, older than 1912 years. Easter was a festival long before that among the ancient races that peopled the north of Europe. Nobody ever heard of a festival of eggs and spring millinery originating in the tropics. Only in north countries have both Christmas and Easter been given their just place among the seasons. Easter Sunday, whose exact date depends on the phases of the moon following the vernal equinox, is practically the day when spring comes to the north land.

But of course the particular style of Easter so far as Canada is concerned may be about as different as a Lochieux Indian on the Peel River differs from a grape-grower on Pelee Island; which is about the limit of extreme latitude in this country. The Mackenzie River will be a month or more bound up in the ice after Easter Sunday 1912. The old-timers in Edmonton will be laying bets on when the Saskatchewan begins to move—within a few days after Easter. The ice will still be coming down the great lakes. Navigation will scarcely have begun even on Lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence channel will still be blocked with ice. Only at the cities by the sea will the ships be moving.

But Easter has really nothing to do with navigation as a phase of commerce. However much we have overloaded poor old Christmas with trade and business, we must at least let leisurely, amiable Easter have its own pagan abandon. The boy down on the farm—does he still hide eggs in the hay—now, when eggs are just beginning to climb down from a sixty-cent perch? Does he still hike away with the neighbour boys to the bush or the beach, with a basket of eggs and a camp kettle and a package of salt? Perhaps not.

But the farmer looks abroad over his fields at Easter and wonders if the ice is smothering the fall wheat; when he will be able to get out with the plough; what the frost has been doing to the clover. He squints through the barn and estimates that his hay-mow is getting pretty low after a hard winter's feed; his strawstack is whittled away.

In the city, also, Easter has its own relaxing charm. The spring bonnet is not the only sign manual of Easter on the street. Lent, to be sure,

drags her solemn, somewhat farcical length towards the day when the most pious churchman may consume a plethora of eggs, and as many kinds of meat as he feels able to afford, fetch up his light wines from the cellar, and scan over the list of social engagements made by the family for the next few weeks. Lent is a paradox; the season of the year that nobody bothers much about on the farm, and many city folk who still retain the observance regard it largely as a custom and somewhat as a bore.

But Easter is welcome to any man. Perhaps it is a coincidence that it has as much to do with the spring of the year as with certain prescribed ritual and music in the churches. The ancient pagans who celebrated the revival of all nature knew nothing of a religious resurrection, unless by analogy. The modern pagans who buy Easter millinery and eat eggs and generally jubilate over the disappearance of Lent in its trail of weary winter, are not always profoundly concerned with Easter hymns and anthems and oratorios. But the music of Easter is full of beauty; not less than the music of Christmas. The old hymn, "Christ the Lord is risen again," to its somewhat Lutheran and bump-tious tune is not to be compared to "Hark the Herald Angels sing!" or "This is the day and this the happy morn." But Gounod's Easter oratorio, "The Redemption," is in many respects a much more beautiful work than Handel's "Messiah"; though more modern, more operatic, more refined in its orchestral treatment, less fugal in its choruses and not nearly so flamboyant in general style. Still G. F. Handel did his Christmas oratorio more than a hundred years before Gounod did his oratorio for Easter. And in the meantime one Richard Wagner had come along; and he also in his "Parsifal" music drama had some very sublime pagan music devoted to Good Friday.

It makes little difference how literally people believe in the doctrine of crucifixion and resurrection. Even doctors of divinity differ as to details of this drama. Doctors of philosophy and doctrinaires who profess to know precisely how the soul-body coheres in the physical body, have all sorts of theories as to the phenomenon of a soul-body appearing to the natural eye as one in the flesh and being wafted into the unseen. So that plain, busy folk, whose main business six days in the week is to pay bills, may be pardoned for just the opportunity of being glad about the spring weather, the new hats, the flowers and palms in the churches, and whatever really good music there is; and being quite certain that the whole blessed matter is a miracle.



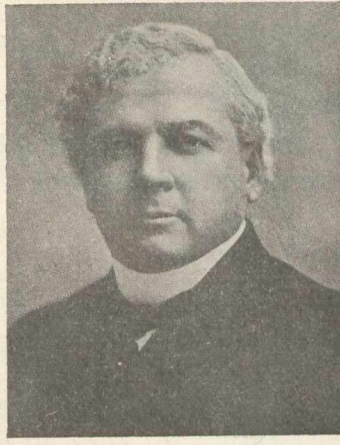
HON. PRICE ELLISON,
Minister of Agriculture,
(Okanagan.)



HON. W. J. BOWSER,
Attorney-General,
(Vancouver.)



HON. A. E. McPHILLIPS,
President of the Council,
(Islands.)



HON. RICHARD McBRIDE,
The Ever Successful Premier,
(Victoria.)



HON. H. E. YOUNG,
Minister of Education,
(Atlin.)

British Columbia Elections

By WALTER W. BAER
Of Victoria Times

FOUR elections within nine years with a decreasing period of time expiring between each is the unexampled record in the Province of British Columbia. The administration of Premier McBride has been returned to power with forty supporters, as against thirty-nine last term. The last general election took place on October 3, 1909, so that the last legislature lived on but little more than half its term. No one appears to be quite sure why the last legislature was dissolved, as there was no direct issue placed before the electorate nor had any legislation been placed on the Statute Books which appeared to require the endorsement of the people. Premier McBride asserts that his object in appealing to the electorate was for "an endorsement of his railway policy," and, so far as the electorate understand it, that policy has been "endorsed."

The chief and most frequently urged argument made in the appeal of the government for a return to power and a vote of confidence in the administration was that Premier McBride found the province in a condition of bankruptcy and that, by his wise administration, it has been converted into a province the most prosperous of any in the Dominion. Whatever view may be held as to the statesmanship of the methods by which this feat has been accomplished there can be little doubt that the statement is a statement of fact.

There had been no strictly party lines in the political affairs of the province up till this time. Since confederation conferred autonomy on the province its governments were composed of representative men whose political affiliations in federal politics were forgotten, the members of the government acting in common cause—according to their convictions—for the good of the country. Mr. McBride, on accepting responsibility for the formation of a ministry ended all that. Though it cost him the political affinity of several strong men with whom he had sat in membership in opposition to the government he composed his cabinet of pronounced Conservatives—with one exception—and rigidly drew the party lines. The country was not exactly prepared for this and Mr. McBride was returned without a majority in the legislature. The three Socialists elected held the balance of power. Premier McBride formed an alliance with these and for the first term of his office was saved from repeated defeats only by their solid vote.

IN its first term the new government gave evidence of its stability and redeemed the credit of the province. It passed drastic taxation laws and touched every available source of revenue. Income taxes, personal property taxes, business taxes, school taxes and land taxes were readjusted and, with the banks assured of their securities capital began to flow into the province, at first slowly and timidly, but, with the passing years in stronger currents until within the last year, since when, for the first time during this period it is slackening its mighty impact.

The much lauded "Railway Policy" of Premier McBride has played a large part in fostering the popularity of the government. In 1910, after an appeal to the electorate, the government entered into covenants to guarantee six hundred miles of the Canadian Northern Railway for the extension of their transcontinental ambition to the Pacific Coast. The guarantees also included provision for a section of railway on Vancouver Island extending northward from Victoria to some point yet in process of determination. Construction having begun on both the mainland and the island these projects



HON. D. M. EBERTS,
Speaker of Legislature,
(Saanich.)



HON. W. S. ROSS,
Minister of Lands,
(Fernie.)



RALPH SMITH,
Former M.P.,
Defeated in Vancouver.



H. C. BREWSTER,
Defeated Liberal Leader,
(Alberni.)



HON. THOMAS TAYLOR,
Works and Railways,
(Revelstoke.)

will be advanced rapidly to completion. The railway legislation for this year guarantees the bonds of 450 miles of railway from Howe Sound to Fort George, opening up a large and fertile area of agricultural lands—at present without transportation facilities—and also affording access to illimitable timber areas. The actual guarantee in both these cases is "of the bonds of the company, guaranteed both as to principal and interest" in the sum of \$35,000 per mile, with provision in the agreement of both companies that the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council may further guarantee the bonds of the

company which further guarantee shall be of the same effect as if made a part of the first instruments.

PERHAPS no feature of the government policy has done more to attract capital to the country than the Timber policy. The government permits the location of square-mile sections to any extent and, upon their location, an annual "License Fee" of \$150 per claim of 640 acres is paid to the government. The estimates for the current year show that from this source alone the government expects a revenue this year of \$1,800,000. In comparison with this enormous sum for the privilege of maintaining their claims to the timber resources of the province may be set the sum of \$500,000 placed in the estimates as anticipated royalties on timber to be actually cut and manufactured, the royalty being 50 cents per thousand feet. The statement was made by the Minister of Lands on the floor of the legislature during the last session that it will take the government engineers until the end of the year 1918 to survey the Crown Lands held under Timber licenses already paying revenue to the provincial treasury. The acquisition of these licenses has brought an enormous sum of money into the provincial treasury and it has been lavishly spent, the estimates for public works expenditure this year being fifty per cent. in excess of the sum provided in the public works estimates of Ontario.

The Liberal or opposition party in the province put up a brave and undaunted contest. They protested against the exploitation of the resources of the province in the manner which—they alleged—was wholly in the interests of capitalists and speculators. They argued that the present market value of the timber land alienated to the speculators reaches the enormous total of \$214,000,000, and they asserted that—by the bartering and transfers of these licenses—speculators had already realized a clean profit of \$100,000,000 without cutting a single stick of the timber sold. They charged corrupt practices in the administration of the public works department, and obtained information which they alleged justified their contentions.

ONE of the chief grievances of the opposition was that access could not be had to the Public Accounts. A motion to have these referred to the Select Committee of the Legislature was withdrawn at the request of the Premier on the assurance that he would personally move to have these accounts referred in ample time for thorough investigation. He did move the reference just six hours before the prorogation and dissolution of the legislature. The Public Accounts Committee has not met for six years.

It may surprise the readers of the CANADIAN COURIER, as I am sure it will surprise Eastern politicians of every political creed, to know that the estimates for the year 1912 were passed by the legislature in its closing hours within the short space of fifty minutes. Though the sum involved reached the sublime total of nearly \$16,000,000 after the lone Liberal in the opposition had made a brief speech attacking a particular item of the estimates, there was no criticism nor any halt to the terrific speed with which the votes were rushed through.

Premier McBride has made good his boast that he would "show Canada something unexampled in the history of the Empire." The Liberals were unable to elect a single representative in the whole province and the Opposition now consists of two Socialists, Parker Williams, of Newcastle, and Jack Place, of Nanaimo. The situation is unique.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Mr. Bourassa and the Navy.

MR. BOURASSA is quite mistaken if he thinks I could be so ungracious as to analyze and criticize his pamphlet without giving it a thorough reading. Yet that is the accusation which he makes in the letter which appears below. I can assure him that I read every page of the pamphlet and that I did not reach my conclusion without much study and thought. Whether that conclusion was right or wrong, fair or unfair, it was honestly made.

My conclusion was that his arguments should have led him to favour a Canadian navy as against a contribution to the British navy. As the policy of the COURIER was also that of a Canadian navy, I inferentially admitted that I agreed with most of what he had to say on the subject. Apparently he is not flattered by this partial agreement with him. He would rather I had disagreed with him entirely.

Here is his letter:

Montreal, March 27th.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:

Sir: Allow me to turn back on you one of your sentences. You have evidently come to a conclusion, with regard to my late pamphlet on the naval question, before you have read the pamphlet itself.

What I have not argued, you make me adjudicate upon; and the main argument I have used—I should say the gist of the whole work—you suggest I should have argued.

The newly-expressed foreign policy of the British Government I have not appreciated and still less "condemned." I have simply marked its importance, with a slight indication that were I a full-fledged British citizen, i.e., entitled to vote for or against the Asquith Government, I would rather be inclined to approve of Sir Edward Grey's speech and policy. Neither have I "condemned" the British Government for not having consulted the colonies with regard to that policy; but I have called the attention of the Canadian public to the state of absolute irresponsibility in which Canada lies with regard to such matters of Imperial and international policy. This I have done in no spirit of bitterness, but simply to show how far we are from that state of "Imperial association" of which we have heard so frequently since the South African war; and what a subordinate position the self-governing colonies occupy in that "galaxy of nations" which has served so frequently as a theme for after-dinner grandiloquent orations.

Neither have I stated that Canada could expect nothing from the British navy, nor that Lord Beresford's charges and denunciations should be accepted as gospel truth.

But having studied and analyzed all those facts and circumstances, I have come to the following conclusions:

1st—The British people keep their fleet for their sole need and benefit, and the protection which the self-governing colonies receive therefrom is a pure incident, adding in no way to the burden of the British people.

2nd—Before we accept any programme of naval defence from the British Admiralty, or before we hand over to the British Admiralty the control of Canadian ships or Canadian contributions to Imperial defence, we should know whether or not the Admiralty is as

rotten and incapable as described by Lord Beresford.

3rd—Not through any "lofty, philosophical outlook" do I say that Canada needs no warships to defend her harbours and shores; but precisely because I do not consider myself an authority on those matters—as evidently you, in common with a great number of Canadian journalists and politicians, think you are—I humbly stick to the opinion of the best technical authorities of Great Britain, who believe that a local navy is no good for shore defence, and that a country like Canada should first look after the essential elements of her territorial defence, before ridiculously endeavouring to become a maritime nation.

4th—The gist of my argument is precisely what you suggest I could have argued with logic: that whatever mode of naval organization is chosen, as long as Canada remains a part of the British Empire, it means a direct or indirect contribution to the Imperial Exchequer and to Imperial defence; and, therefore, that the basic principle of representation should be considered and settled before we pledge ourselves to any such contribution.

5th—To talk of a "Canadian navy" is to deceive the people of Canada. Unless Canada declares her independence, there can be, in war time, no such thing as a Canadian navy. And the late Government so clearly understood it, that they fully agreed with the British Government that, in time of war, the Canadian navy should be merged into the Imperial fleet, and remain, for the whole duration of the war, under the absolute command of the British Admiralty.

6th—Therefore, whether we have a Canadian navy or whether we make a gift of ships or money to the British Government, we practically bind ourselves to share in wars over which we have no control whatever; and, therefore, my conclusion is: *no contribution and no navy without representation.*

Had you taken the trouble to read the pamphlet before drawing your conclusions; and to read also the documents and extracts annexed to it, you certainly would have remained free to differ, *in toto* or in part, from my conclusions; but you would not have gone to the point of making me responsible for the absurdities which you affect to have discovered in that modest pamphlet.

Yours truly,

HENRI BOURASSA.

I FREELY admit that Mr. Bourassa in this letter makes his position much clearer than in his pamphlet. His opposition to the "contribution" plan is equally clear in both documents, but his reasons for objecting to a Canadian navy are much better stated. He opposes a Canadian navy for two reasons: (1) The British experts do not approve of a local navy; and (2) a Canadian or local navy cannot exist without being in time of war part of the British navy.

Take the first objection. So far as my understanding goes, the British experts are not opposed to a local navy. Lord Charles Beresford believes that local or colonial navies would be very useful in helping to guard the trade routes of the Empire. There are a number of others who agree with him. Moreover, the principle was approved at the Imperial Conference of 1911, and Australia and New Zealand are now creating local navies. Therefore

I disagree with Mr. Bourassa that the naval experts are opposed to local navies.

Now as to the point that a Canadian or local navy cannot exist without being in time of war part of the British navy, I again disagree. It is for the colony that owns the fleet to say whether its navy shall join the British fleet. If the war were caused by a dispute which was as vital to Canada's national existence as to Great Britain's, I imagine our navy would be placed at once under the orders of the British Admiralty. That, however, being a voluntary action, does not rob us of our independence nor of our autonomy. The agreement of two nations to act together under certain circumstances does not affect the independence of either.

CANADA sent her troops to South Africa, but that did not affect her autonomy nor menace her independence. It was a voluntary act. If Canada had a navy, it would be subject to Canadian opinions and Canadian control no matter what the laws or agreements were. It is so with our army. Theoretically, it is part of the British force with His Majesty the King as Commander-in-chief; but the army will not engage in any war which the people of Canada think is utterly wrong.

If Mr. Bourassa condemned the militia, a standing army, fortifications and a navy, his position would be tenable. The Quakers take that view. The people who believe war is never justifiable hold that view. But Mr. Bourassa admits that he believes in a Canadian army and in Canadian defence of our shores, our harbours and our shipping. Therefore, he cannot consistently oppose a Canadian navy. He may say it should be small or that it should be large, that it should go to Britain's assistance only when the country says so or that it shall never go, but he cannot logically oppose its creation.

Mr. Bourassa says no contribution without representation. Will Mr. Bourassa add that he will favour either a Canadian navy or a naval contribution should Great Britain give us representation in London? Would Mr. Bourassa be willing to stand up among his Nationalist followers and say, "Gentlemen, if Great Britain grants Canada some satisfactory form of representation at Westminster, my chief objection to a Canadian navy or to a naval contribution will be overcome"?

If Mr. Bourassa is prepared to stand up in Quebec and say that, then one would be more inclined to feel that his opposition to a Canadian navy is to be attributed to something deeper than mere captiousness.

Canada and West Indies.

WHILE some people are still feeling disappointed over the defeat of reciprocity with the United States, the Borden Administration is endeavouring to find new avenues for reciprocity within the Empire. Last week a number of trade delegates from the West Indies arrived in this country and an attempt is being made to find a basis for improved trade relations between these two British groups—Canada and the West Indies. Canada wants a market for her flour; the West Indies desire to sell us more sugar. These are the chief items. Capping all and corollary to such an arrangement would be a decided expansion in steamship connection between the two countries.



AS TO EXTENDING CANADIAN TRADE WITH THE WEST INDIA ISLANDS—WHAT?

Fifteen trade delegates from the West Indies on a visit to Canada in the interests of practical Empire. They seek an improved steamship service and a measure of reciprocity in trade. The delegates are: Hon. W. D. Auchinleck, Auditor of the Windward Islands; Hon. John J. Carmacho, Commercial Adviser for Antigua; Hons. W. K. Chandler and F. A. Coltime, for the Barbadoes; Collector of Customs J. M. Reid and Hon. C. G. A. Wyatt, British Guiana; Hon. Wm. Porter, Treasurer of the Island, and Hon. J. Colin MacIntyre, Dominica; Lt.-Col. W. B. Davidson Houston, Commissioner of Montserrat; Hon. Thos. L. Roxburgh, Administrator of St. Kitts-Nevis; Hon. F. W. Griffin, Collector of Customs, and Hon. G. W. Hazel, St. Vincent; Hon. H. B. Walsot, Collector of Customs, and Hon. Adam Smith, Trinidad. Hon. J. Edward Cameron, Administrator of St. Lucia, is leader of the delegation. Mesdames Carmacho and Coltime also accompanied the party to get a taste of the difference between the weather in the West Indies and the winter climate in Canada. The photograph was taken at Montreal.

SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

Homes and Gardens of Canada

4—*The Home of Sir William Van Horne*

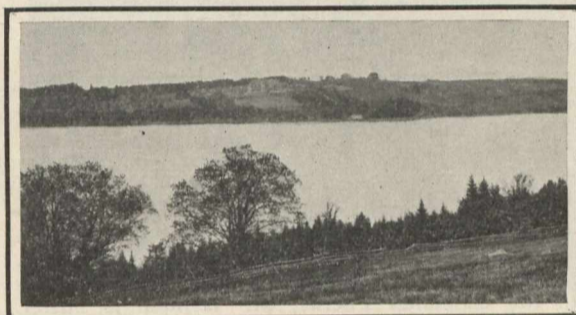
By A. G. SCLATER

At some time or other in our lives most of us sympathize with the sentiment behind the reply which Diocletian, from his farm on the Adriatic, made to his friends, who would have him abandon his ambition to grow cabbages and return to Rome and power. "Were you to come to Salona," he wrote, "and see the vegetables which I grow in my garden with my own hands you would no longer talk of empire."

A desire comes to most men, who are perhaps in the zenith of their intellectual powers or have ceased from the labours of an engrossing life, to seek a home of rest "far from the madding crowd," yet not wrapped in solitude—away yet near, in touch with a great city, yet not within it. These thoughts come to mind when enjoying amidst entrancing surroundings the home of Sir William Van Horne, in New Brunswick, in the neighbourhood of one of those havens of rest—St. Andrews-by-the-Sea—which the leaders of men in a great city have desired for themselves—undisturbed by the hum and buzz of resorts in which the man in the street, so to say, revels in during his vacation. This lovely Canadian Newport is the nearest retreat by the sea to Montreal, and here, set amidst exquisite surroundings, the master minds of great undertakings while away, in farm, garden, or in the pursuit of wholesome sports, hours of leisure to restore vigour

of mind and body for the furtherance of their life's work.

This is no place for the seeker of disturbing amusements but for those who yearn for home surroundings, showered over with every gift of Nature. There is a place for everyone in this world of ours. Some enjoy the exhilaration that comes from crowded sea-coast resorts, others wish to be alone in a colony of their own creating, and this is why



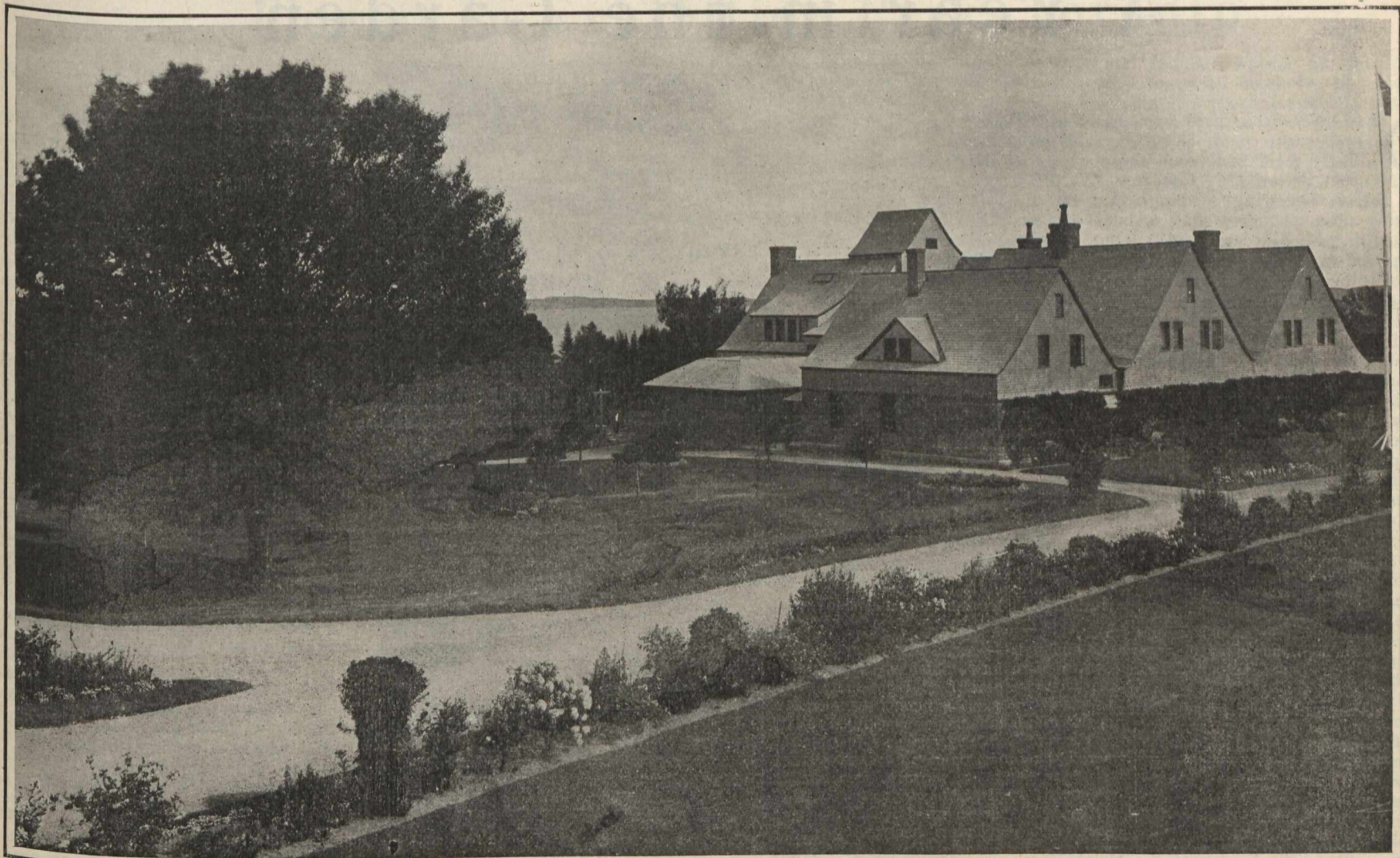
View of Van Horne Farm, on Minister's Island, from the Mainland.

our Canadian Newport has sprung into existence.

Sir William is a man who has played and does play many parts. He has been so successful as a farmer that he is almost as well known to-day for his love of a country life and its many pursuits as he is in connexion with the part he has taken in the building up of the great Canadian Pacific Railway.

He has beaten the farmer at his own game, and is to-day the owner of three large farms, all of which among their other remarkable characteristics are unique in being two thousand miles away from the nearest of the other two. One is in Cuba, another in Manitoba, and the third—his favourite—the one which has been in his possession longest and where about six months of the year are pleasantly and profitably spent, is on Minister's Island, near St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, New Brunswick. On the Cuban farm Sir William grows fruit, on the Manitoban ranch wheat and prize shorthorns, and on the Bay of Fundy many things.

To a man of such character and versatility variety is essential and this has been gained in the pursuit of an interesting and beneficial pastime. He is one of the few men who can rejoice in the ownership of three such decidedly different and widely-separated farm properties, but then doing things differently has been to this enthusiastic lover of all



"Covenhoven," on Passamaquoddy Bay, the Country Home of Sir William Van Horne, near St. Andrews-by-the-Sea.

that appertains to a country life through many happy years, a delight and recreation.

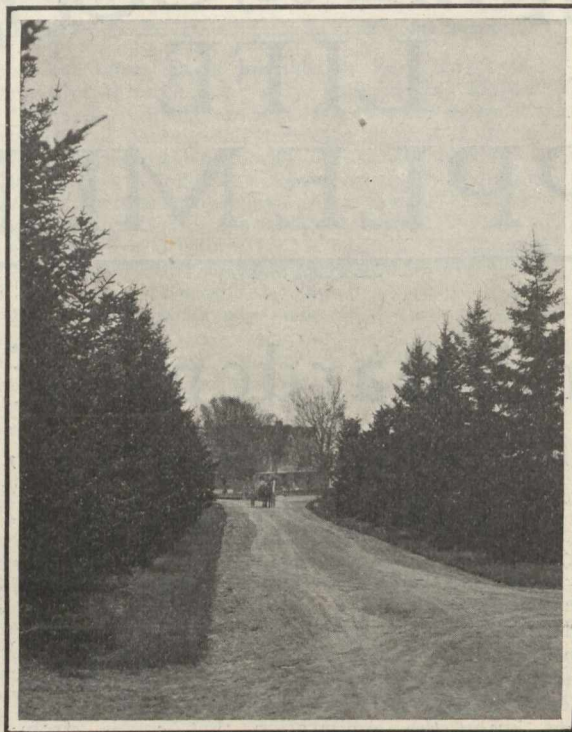
MINISTER'S ISLAND, the site of Sir William's favourite country home, is an island of a thousand acres in Passamaquoddy Bay, an inlet of the Bay of Fundy, off the southern coast of New Brunswick. The island itself is peculiar in that it is an island only for a portion of the twenty-four hours. Thanks to the twenty-five-foot tide of the Bay of Fundy, the mile-long bar or natural causeway, which connects Minister's Island with the mainland back of St. Andrews, is for ten hours in each day covered with ten feet of water and stands out as a natural roadway only during the remaining fourteen. This causeway is declared to be the only one of its kind, with a single exception, in the world. Minister's Island itself is one great park of noble trees with beautifully kept roads winding here, there and everywhere. That is the first impression. The second would probably be the delightful atmosphere saturated with the fragrance of pines—which creep down to the seashore—mingled with the tang of the bracing, health-giving sea breeze.

The farm and "Covenhoven," the peculiarly Dutch name by which the residence on Minister's Island is known, are situated on the northern side of the island. This beautiful retreat stands at the head of a long and splendid roadway lined with the magnificent trees which one grows accustomed to on the island.

The farm itself, which is Sir William's special pride, is a model of its kind, possessing all that modern scientific agriculture has declared to be necessary, and, although it possesses vegetable gardens and orchards, strawberry beds and pastures, vineries and hot-houses, in which grapes as big as a fifty-cent piece and figs as fine as those raised in Africa, are grown, the feature of Covenhoven farm, as far at least as its owner is concerned, is its herd of Lakenfeld or Dutch "belted" cattle. The particular branch of farming in which most interest is taken is cattle breeding, and much attention has been directed to the raising of pure-bred Lakenfeld stock. The herd of over fifty constitutes the only collection of these animals in Canada.

For the benefit of those uninitiated into the mysteries of cattle breeding, Lakenfeld cattle, as their alternative name would signify, are distinguished from other breeds by the broad, white "belt" or

saddle which girdles their black bodies. As a cattle-breeder Sir William is very strict and careful that the purity of his breeds should be maintained. He kills every year many of the extremely valuable members of his herd of "belted" cattle because



Roadways at Covenhoven are Bordered by Trees and Stone Fences. Picturesque Beauty and Utility go Hand-in-Hand.

white spots appear on their feet, a mark absent from the standard or type. Any divergence from this is ruthlessly dealt with to preserve the absolute purity of the race.

This earnest farmer usually goes to Covenhoven towards the middle of June, taking with him the members of his office staff. All through the pleasant summer days strenuous business is transacted from Minister's Island, and although well past middle age, and no longer officially connected with the Canadian Pacific, Sir William is busier

than ever. While at Covenhoven much time is spent in superintending the farm, attending to the cattle, transacting business and entertaining the large parties of friends he delights to have round him at this country home. Then art has an earnest worshipper in Sir William, and many hours are given to painting, a pastime that has brought as much gratification as that of farming.

The house, which is built in the centre of a sweep of velvety lawns, is distinguished by picturesque simplicity and exquisite environment. Thoughts of modern architecture in the old country are at once recalled by this beautiful home, its suggestion of quaint medievalism and comfort, nothing imitative—a home in the truest sense and not only in perfect taste but in complete sympathy with the surroundings.

Covenhoven is a lesson in dignified architecture—no striving after castellated impressions, but a house of excellent outline, sensible, comfortable, and indeed a place to live in.

During the warmth of summer days, or in the cool of the evening, the loggias or sun shelters, as one likes to call them, entice a delicious languor which comes refreshingly to those who spend their lives in big cities or are resting from the hustle of life—it is all very beautiful, and the jarring note of vulgar ostentation is absent.

Sir William does not love flowers merely as a setting to his home, but for their own sakes. The borderings of hedges are filled with kinds rarely seen in Canada and planted in a way to give them their proper value. And the borders, those glorious borders the pride of many English homes, are now giving beauty to those in the Dominion, are filled with perennials of forceful colouring that gild summer and autumn days with a sea of varying shades.

The planning of large estates is an art, for such it is, that demands exceptional gifts not only of the right things to use, but the positions in which to set them for the most artistic and therefore natural effect. The hard, cold outline of a conservatory or range of greenhouses attached or in close proximity to a house of the simple beauty of "Covenhoven" would be an excrescence on a fair picture, an ugly stain, and, to the lover of all things in perfect accord, a source of irritation and fervent desire to blot out the smudge. But here hill, sea, park, flower garden and house are a complete blending of the natural and artificial.

A Year in the Garden

The Work to be Done in April

By E. T. COOK

DANCING, frolicsome April has come at last, and warmer suns and bluer skies greet the lively maid and recall those words of the poet Brown, "My Garden." We feel as we tend the fast-growing seedlings that the time is drawing near when we shall wander in that plot, dear to us, "My Garden," and is it not "a lovesome thing, God wot! Rose plot, Ferned grot. The veriest school of peace; and yet the fool contends that God is not—God; in gardens, when the eve is cool! Nay, but I have a sign. 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

The Delphinium or Larkspur, whichever one is pleased to christen it, is a flower of Canada, and a sturdier perennial—that is a plant that does not die the same year as the seed is sown—never graced the garden. Plant strong roots in early May and in groups by themselves, apart from all else or amongst shrubs which are a foil to those splendid spikes of bloom holding petals of every hue that has painted this fair world of ours and inspiring the true artist with lofty ideals. A garden that it is impossible to live in is soulless, as lifeless as a statue in a cold, clammy gallery. One shudders—no peace there. Delphiniums send up their strong, thick flower spires to a height of several feet, and once planted will progress towards perfection each succeeding year. Select a good soil and have a space of about three feet between the roots unless Delphinium Belladonna is chosen for the chief note of colour. The Belladonna Larkspur is not only a beautiful flower with a beautiful name, but has a deeper affection for Canada than other countries in which it has a place in the garden. The flowers are as blue as the summer sky; a group in the distance looks as if a bit of the canopy of heaven had tumbled down; and a sweet marriage of blue and white is of a little border of the Delphinium with the white Mrs. Sinkins pink to form the margin. Sow the Belladonna seed at once in boxes under

glass. The plants that result will not be so fine in 1912 as in succeeding years, but they will flower freely if carefully tended.

USEFUL ANNUAL FLOWERS.

THOUGHTS of summer should be uppermost in the mind of the flower gardener, and to press as much information as possible in a small space I will briefly enumerate a few things to plant in May. They should be ordered now from the nurseryman if no provision exists for raising them at home. In the first place, planting or transplanting from the seed boxes must be in cloudy and showery weather; and for some time help the seedlings, upon which much depends for the summer display, with water. Phlox Drummondii is the Mark Tapley of the annual flowers. It is cheery under depressing environment and for weeks flowers on, colouring with scarlet, snow-white, pink, crimson, and other tints the brown earth. It is wise to get the colours separate and in this way obtain pronounced effect. A bed of crimson is more rousing even in its simplicity than a medley of hues. Treat Petunias in the same way and also the pretty Calliopsis and the Extinguisher flower or Eschscholtzia, with its quaint little cap that is lifted off when the flower opens its shining buttercup-yellow petals to the sun and seems to mock Mistress Marygold, the prim little flower maid of old country gardens, yet as happy here.

From this brief list—brief because in a multiplicity of things, unless experiments are an object, there is no wisdom—select China Asters, the graceful Cosmos, most useful for cutting, and the scent-filled Ten-week Stocks, and remember the Night-perfumed Tobacco (Nicotiana), and of course the Geranium, beloved in many countries for its ever-

cheery presence, and the three-foot Kochia, which changes gradually from light green to lurid crimson, a passing from one shade to the other pleasant to watch. Of quick-growing, climbing annual flowers satisfactory in all ways, are the Nasturtiums, which revel in a hot summer, the Morning Glory and the Japanese Hop—a climber of an extraordinarily rapid growth.

HEDGES, SHELTERS, WINDSCREENS.

AS this is the time for planting trees and shrubs—alluded to in our last supplement—the question of what to use for the purposes indicated above must be considered, and it is one of much importance in this windy land of ours. The well-known nurserymen of Welland Co., Messrs. Brown Bros., recommend me the following after the most exhaustive trials in their spacious grounds: *Trees for hedges*—White Thorn (*Crataegus Oxyacantha candida*), soil rich loam; Honey Locust (*Gleditsia triacanthos*), rich and moist; Buckthorn (*Rhamnus cathartica*), rich loam; Osage Orange, deep and rich; White Cedar (*Thuja occidentalis*), any soil. *Screens*—Weeping Willow (*Salix babylonica*), any soil. *Windbreaks*, indifferent as to ground; Caroline Poplar (*Populus carolina*), Lombardy Poplar (*Populus nigra fastigiata*), Norway Spruce (*Picea excelsa*).

Of shrubs that are adapted for forming hedges and will develop satisfactorily in any soil, common and Purple Barberry (*Berberis*), the beautiful white flowering Hydrangea paniculata grandiflora, the crimson Spiraea Anthony Waterer, and for rich loam Thunberg's Barberry (*Berberis Thunbergii*), Siberian Pea tree (*Caragana spinosa*), Tartarian Honeysuckle (*Lonicera tartarica*), Japanese Quince (*Cydonia japonica*), Regels Privet (*Ligustrum Ibotia*, *Deutzia gracilis*), and the two lovely spiraeas, Van Houttei and Thunbergii. The lilacs (*Syringa*) in all their bewitching kinds cannot be overshadowed

as screens, and happily any soil seems to satisfy them.

PRUNING THE ROSE.

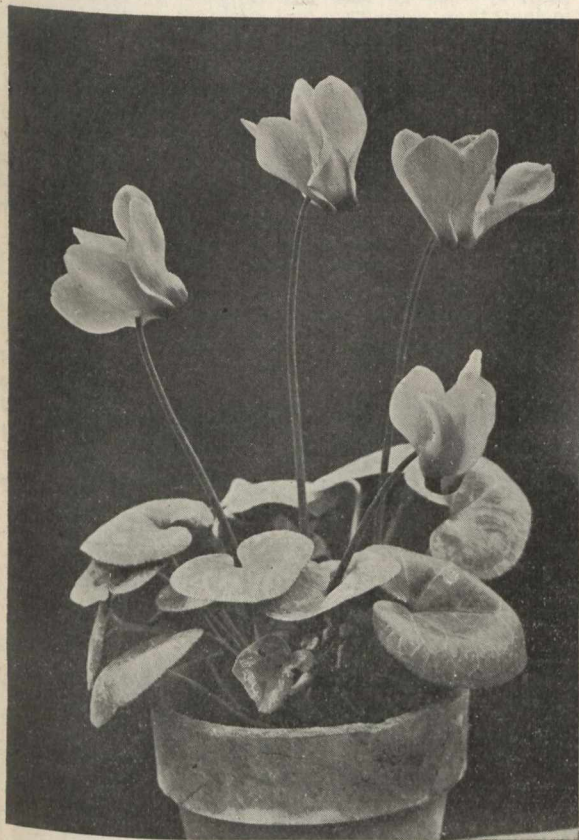
THE Rose should be in our thoughts from now until the winter again sends Nature to sleep. "When to prune" is an April subject. This should be done—and the advice of an enthusiastic rosarian is not forgotten in these remarks—in spring. When planting roses the authority mentions cuts off any injured portions of the roots and cuts back the tops to from three to seven inches above the ground. The second year prune in the spring as soon as the buds begin to show. If roses of fullest development are desired, cut the shoots down to within a few inches of the ground and just above an outside bud,

as inside buds upset the symmetry of the plant into the centre of which sun and air should enter. The weaker the plant the harder it should be pruned. Climbing roses practically need little pruning except to cut off dead wood. After a main shoot of these climbers has borne flowers, say for two seasons, it is advisable to remove it close to the chief root immediately it has bloomed, so that a new shoot or two will develop to take its place with fresh flowering wood for the following season's feast of roses.

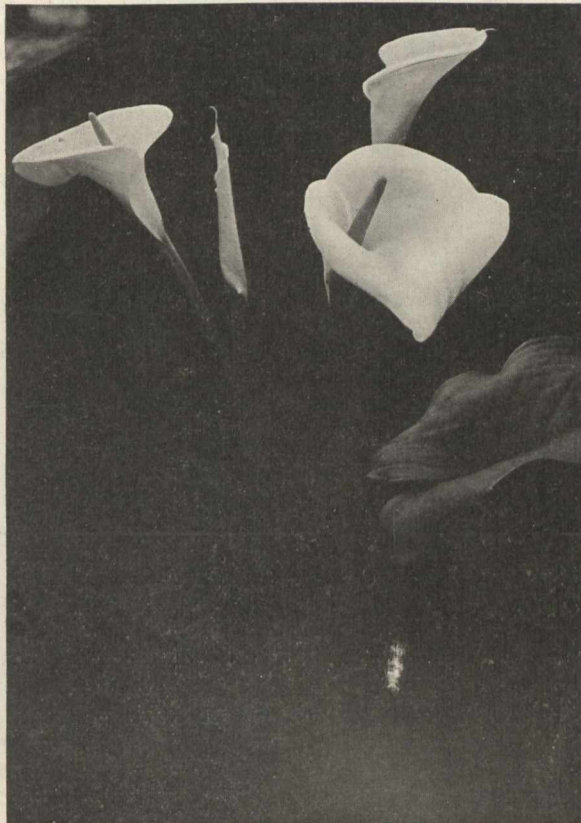
LUSCIOUS ASPARAGUS.

VEGETABLES have not been written much of in these notes, simply for the good reason that it is impossible to deal with every phase of garden-

ing in a small compass, but the lordly Asparagus, at one time a dish only for kings, may well enjoy a paragraph to itself. It has golden qualities, wholesome in all ways and in about all forms. April is the month to plant the bed, which should therefore be prepared at once by the use of three parts good loam and one part of cow manure. Put in strong, two-year-old roots as soon as the soil is in suitable condition. Sturdy roots give the quickest results, and once a bed has become established it will last for years with little attention. Conover's Colossal is the kind most sought for, and the Palmetto also is popular. It is only within recent years that this delicious vegetable has taken any place in the economy of the household. It was regarded as troublesome to grow, but nothing is simpler.



A Butterfly Flower (*Cyclamen Persicum*). Flowers in Late Winter and Spring.



The Lily-of-the-Nile (*Arum*)—an Easter Flower.



The Cineraria, a Flower of Purple and White, Blooming Now.

Flowers in Exhibition Park, Toronto

NOTHING gives greater pleasure to those who have horticulture at heart than steady progress. It reflects the municipal mind and has direct bearing on the national life of the people. This is no idle, ill-considered opinion. Flowers are an uplifting force, and nowhere is it more plainly shown than in England, in whose thousands of parks, save those set amidst the more luxurious surroundings, are flower exhibitions, principally of the Chrysanthemum in its manifold variations.

Imagine the delight of one accustomed to glorious displays from the beneficent lap of nature to find in a corner of the now dreary exhibition grounds, Toronto, where the silence is broken only by the waves beating on the lake shore and the shrill cry of gulls, an oasis of flower life in a cluster of large plant houses, illustrations of which are given. Our thoughts wandered to the great Kew garden of England, and comparisons were certainly not odious. The plants were as skilfully cultivated and the Azaleas beyond praise.

A hot sun was streaming in, lighting up the colouring and making more gorgeous still the hues of a warm red Azalea which it has never been our pleasure to see before, and a starry Cineraria that seems to have kissed the wild rose of rough places, a thousand petals touched with softest pink. Violets, Daffodils, flaming Gesneras, sweet-smelling *Primula verticillata*, with the scent and colour of an English meadow cowslip, Cyclamen, Nile Lilies, and a galaxy of rare



In the City Conservatories at Exhibition Park, Toronto.

Photograph by W. James.

and familiar flowers fill the houses, together with hundreds of bedding plants in preparation for the summer display—bred in this nursery of floral treasures. It is all delightful and satisfying, this forerunner of what we fervently hope will be a great horticultural and botanical garden.

One illustration is peculiarly tropical; it is of the masses of palms and plants esteemed for their beautiful leaves set out to show as far as possible in a confined space their natural characteristics—a leafy, grateful little scene by the lake shore. The houses have only been built four years, but are a praiseworthy beginning, a credit to Mr. Potter and the earnest workers about him, a work that should receive strong municipal support.

Those responsible for the flower gardening in the Exhibition Park are men of enthusiasm and willing to impart their rich knowledge to others. This is one of the principles that govern the famous Wisley garden of the Royal Horticultural Society of England, and a great principle, too.

Of course much work has to be accomplished, but a beginning has been made and we shall look forward to the time when Toronto has a great botanic garden of its own, having in remembrance the plant houses by the lake—birthplace of a praiseworthy development. A botanic garden has many uses and may be planned to show not merely the economic value of a plant, but its natural beauty, too.

E. T. COOK.

The Little Winter Greenhouse

Valuable Hints Concerning the Making and Managing of an Inexpensive Place

By ELLA BAINES

At sight of the first snow we sighed to think of the dead time of monotonous whiteness and bare branches, and we said, "We must fold our hands and wait for the spring." But the flowers seemed to answer, "No, we will come; if you build us a tiny house of glass and give us a little warmth, a little care and much tenderness, we will make your winter wilderness to blossom like a rose, for love begets love." The promise seemed too good to be true.

Everyone is a flower lover at heart, even if he has not discovered the fact. Put some blooms in a window and watch the effect upon people passing in the street. It is worth doing. The weary faces, lifted to the flowers, change their expression and break into smiles. This being the case, why should not many people respond to the appeal of the flowers—build us a tiny house? Some will answer, "It is out of the question; the expense is too great."

Now in this talk one wants to prove that it is *not* out of the question and that the expense is *not* too great for a large number of people. The greenhouse need only be very small to give an immense amount of pleasure.

THOSE who have a side verandah can easily turn it into a winter greenhouse in a manner that will not hinder their using it again as a verandah in the summer. The only permanent parts of the structure will be the glazed roof, the pillars which support it, and the frames into which the side windows will be fitted. The latter can be taken out in the summer, the flower stands can be placed in the garden, hanging baskets in the empty window spaces, and the verandah has come again into being. The wooden floor must be covered with a sheet of galvanized iron, soldered at all points, to prevent leakage underneath; the windows and roof must be double. If the dwelling house be heated by hot water or steam, an extension can be made at small cost from the furnace and coils or a radiator introduced.

The writer has had practical experience of a small structure such as this—a *very* small one, only ten feet long by seven wide—and has found it answer splendidly even under great disadvantages such as a north-east aspect and the shadows cast by the walls of "next door." It may be mentioned that the whole cost of this little flower house, including double windows, benches, radiator, extension pipe, and galvanized floor was two hundred dollars, and we feel that the sum with cent per cent interest, has been repaid by the amount of pleasure which it has given to ourselves and others.

HAVING planned our house we will consider the kind of plants to grow in it. Plants for indoor cultivation may be divided into three classes: stove, intermediate and greenhouse, or coolhouse. With the two first classes we shall have nothing to do, as they require too much heat to maintain in the extreme cold without an amount of attention and night stoking that would be impossible for the ama-

teur. Mid-winter in Canada is a difficulty which must make the main consideration the choice of plants, and the little house that feels warm and snug in December will in January change its character. That mysteriously permeative power of zero weather will make itself felt, and when the radiator is too hot for the hand, the thermometer will sink to 48 deg.-50 deg. despite all effort, despite the necessary double glass and even a curtain, added for further protection against the north wind.

Plants, then, requiring the minimum degree of heat, *i.e.*, 45 deg.-50 deg. at night and 50 deg.-56 or 60 deg. by day should be chosen. These include, among bulbs, Hyacinths, Narcissus of many kinds, Clusiana or Carpathian Tulips, Lachenalias and Speciosum lilies, Primulas of all sorts, Forget-me-nots, Cinerarias, Genistas, Canterbury Bells (especially *Campanula pyramidalis*), fibrous Begonias, Cyclamen, Musk and winter-blooming Sweet Peas. One or two plants of "Ponderosa lemon" with giant waxy blossoms and golden fruit will bring with them a touch of the tropics. Camellias, especially *C. japonica*, will do well, and so will the little fragrant, fluffy flowers of *Acacia armata*. I have purposely left out some coolhouse plants that are especially sun-loving and therefore difficult to grow, such as freesias, or mixed company, Violets, Carnations and Roses. Managed carefully, the plants we have mentioned will bloom in succession from December to April. In December will come the Paper White Narcissus and the Camellias, the last-mentioned depending for success upon careful shading, outdoors in the summer with liberal supplies of water and overhead syringing. If exposed to heat, every bud will fall before opening. Paper White Narcissus, if potted up in September, will show their pure faces and send out their fragrance by the beginning of November.

JANUARY brings the Daffodils' first blooms, some earlier than others, according to their kind. In February, Hyacinths in a wonderful array of violet, dark and light blue, nankeen yellow and rose will bring a blaze of colour to the house. In March, the Forget-me-nots will flower. I do not think these greenhouse ones are well known. Sown in June and brought on slowly in the shade they will reward the sower in the month of March. Old Azalea plants, carefully guarded from summer sun, given plenty of water and repotted in peat in autumn, will flower two years after their unnatural forcing by the florists. Mine have been so treated and are masses of buds now. The Primulas are very useful, pretty and faithful. They begin to flower in November and go on through the winter, building themselves up into fresh whorls of flowers, each rising out of the last. Something like the pagodas of their "ain cowntree," the *Obconica* Primulas are very fine, and "Kewensis" brings a welcome change from the prevailing mauves to bright yellow.

Having brought the house to March we will leave it. If time can be spared from the outdoor seed sowing of April and if plenty of light finds its way to the house, a few plants of *Schizanthus*, with its butterfly flowers of many hues, some *Calceolarias* and *Star Primulas* will make a fine show.

TO ensure success, a few points of management must be kept in mind: 1. Do not allow the temperature to exceed the given limit. Decrease furnace heat when the sunshine is warm. 2. Keep the plants cool at night; they are tired, their vitality is low, they want rest and coolness, so the temperature must be decreased by taking off the heat altogether for an hour or two in the evening and only allowing a small amount, when it is turned on later, unless the weather is very cold. 3. Let in plenty of air. Ventilation should be overhead and, if possible, just above the radiator. Air can be given in small quantities and for a short time, even on cold days. 4. Moisture is another necessity, though plants must be watered only when they require it. Syringe the house twice a week and keep a tin of water on the radiator. A dry air spells "red spider."

The winter greenhouse works wonders, and in it wonders are worked. Winter days are no longer dreary. Out of the greenhouse store the house windows are filled with bloom and good cheer is brought to a number of people in whose heart at the sight of these bright things "hope blossoms again." Upon its shelves a supply can be kept for the sick and the sad. To work in it and for it gives a scope for healthy activity—mental and bodily.

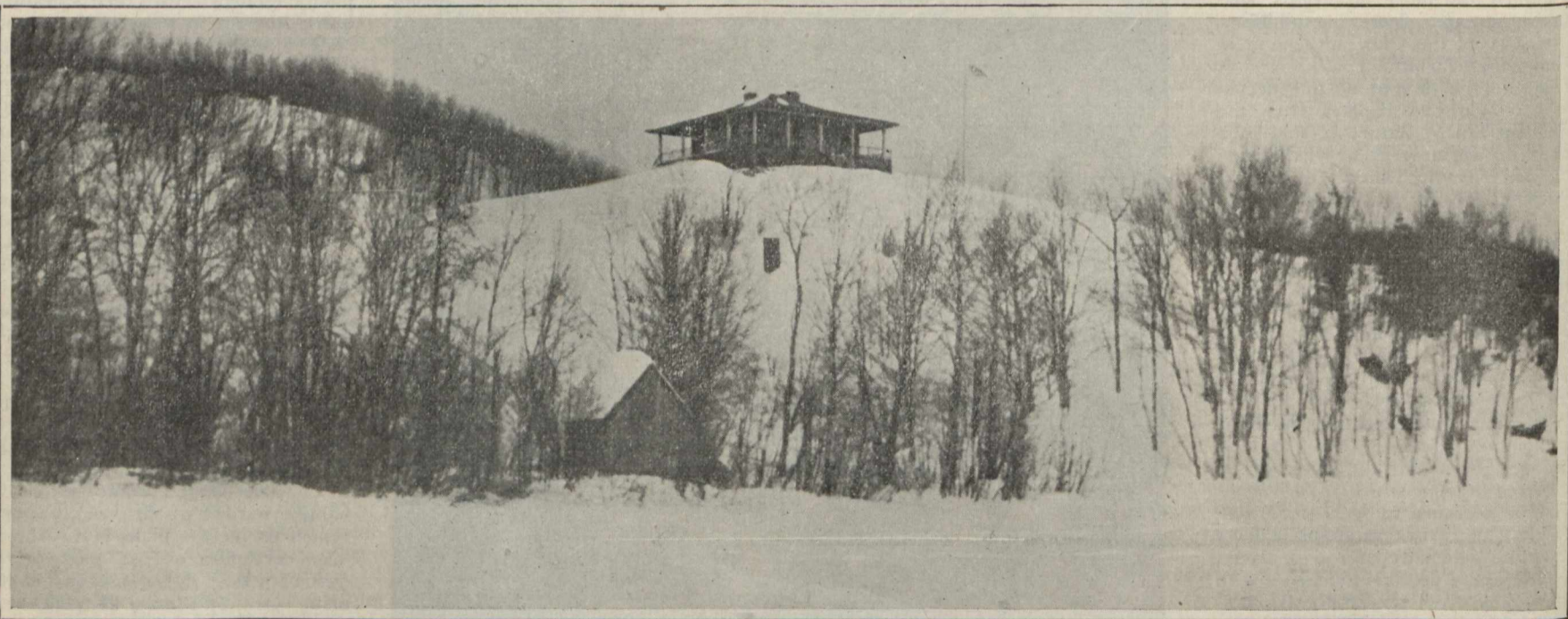
British and Canadian Workmen

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN COURIER:

Dear Sir,—In your issue of March 30, Mr. James Smith, of Montreal, takes exception to some of the statements made in my article on "British and Canadian Workmen," which appeared in the *COURIER* of March 16th. As his letter will give the impression that my information was inaccurate, will you permit me to make an explanation?

The article was not written as the result of personal investigation. No journalist, unless heavily subsidized, could attempt such a thing. It was compiled from material contained in a voluminous blue book, prepared by the British Board of Trade and duly presented to both Houses of Parliament, entitled "Report of an Enquiry into Working Class Rents, Housing and Retail Prices. . . . in the Principal Industrial Towns of the United Kingdom" (1908). I hardly think that a writer could quote a better authority.

So far as the Canadian figures are concerned, they were specially compiled for me at the City Hall in Hamilton. All the facts contained in my article were derived from these two sources, which, I take it, are much more reliable than the personal opinion of any individual. W. A. CRAICK.
Toronto, March 30th.



Nordcrag, the Country Home at Valmorin, P.Q., of Mr. Brenton A. Macnab, Managing Editor of The Montreal Star. Here in the Depth of Winter Health-giving Hours are Spent, as Refreshing to Mind and Body as the Summer Days. This is Reminiscent of the Famous Resorts in the Alps of Switzerland Where Sports and Fashionable Life Generally are Active During the Winter Season.

Shirley Poppies

MANY readers of The Canadian Courier will know the Shirley Poppy, one of the daintiest in colour and pose of all the annuals that may be sown in the month of April. It is not only welcome in the garden, but, gathered when the blooms are about half-expanded, it may be used to fill flower glasses in the house. There is the scent of the poppy, but not the overpowering, objectionable and even harmful odour that comes from the big flouting Poppy of commerce (*Papaver somniferum*).

The seed is very small, and must be sown thickly with a mere suggestion of soil over it. Scatter the seed on the fringe of woodland, or by some quiet walk which is sunny and not too exposed. The flower is sufficiently beautiful to make it worth one's while spending some care upon the preparation of the soil in which the seed is to be sown—that is, levelling it down and breaking it up if composed of hard lumps.

The Shirley Poppy is not a wild flower. It has a little romance of its own and was brought into being by one of the most distinguished living horticulturists, the Rev. W. Wilks, Vicar of Shirley, near Croydon—a sweet spot not

(2) always have white base or centre, (3) yellow or white stamens, anthers or pollen, (4) never have the smallest particle of black about them." Thus the history of this world-famous Poppy.

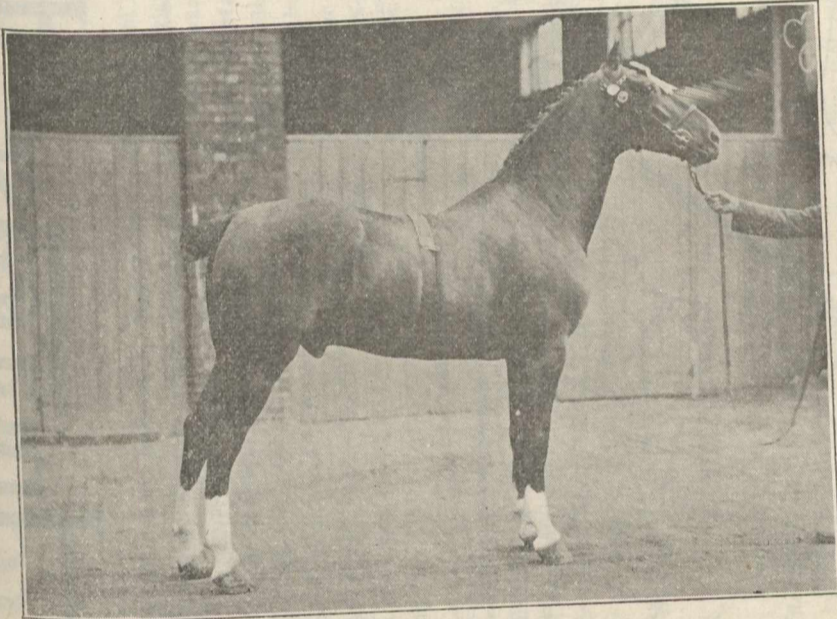
Shade Tree Legislation

ONTARIO'S laws provide that trees planted on highways become the property of the owner of the land adjacent to the highway. Therefore every houseowner is responsible for the trees in front of his house or lot, should care for them, and see that they are not injured by linemen or other dangerous causes.

Ontario's laws also provide that the council of any municipality may pass a by-law providing for the payment of a bonus of twenty-five cents for each tree planted. If more Ontario towns had such a by-law some of the barer streets in the towns and villages would be considerably improved.

While decayed trees may be removed on order of the Park Commissioner, no live tree, unless within thirty feet of

A "COUNTRY GENTLEMAN."



"King's Proctor," Champion at Hackney Horse Show, Agricultural Hall, London. Photo by Sport & General.

far from London, England—and world-famous as the secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society. His own words will interest those who are garden enthusiasts: "My name may have become known throughout the world as secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society, but my Shirley Poppies are even far more known, and that far more deservedly, for there is no country under the sun (except perhaps Patagonia and Thibet) to which I have not sent seeds gratuitously, and I am told that in the streets of Yokohama and of Rio, of Vancouver and of Melbourne, of Paris, Shanghai, and Berlin, of Cairo, Philadelphia and Madrid, Shirley Poppies are freely advertised for sale. They arose in this way: In 1880 I noticed in a waste corner of my garden abutting the fields, a patch of the common wild field Poppy (*Papaver Rhoeas*), one solitary flower of which had a very narrow edge of white. This one flower I marked, and saved the seed of it alone. Next year out of perhaps 200 plants I had four or five in which the flowers were edged. The best of these were marked and the seed saved, and so, for several years, the flowers were all the while getting a larger fusion of white to tone down the red until they arrived at quite pale pink, and one plant absolutely pure white. I then set myself to change the black central portions of the flower from black to yellow or white, and at last fixed a strain with petals varying in colour from the brightest scarlet to pure white, with all the shades of pink between and all varieties of flakes and edged flowers also, but all having yellow or white stamens, anthers and pollen, and a white base. Let it be noticed that the Shirley Poppies are (1) single,

other trees, may be removed without the consent of the owner of the property in front of which the tree stands. Any person destroying or injuring a street tree is liable to a fine. There is no doubt that under the present laws any owner of a lot, with trees along the adjacent street, may prevent linemen from butchering these trees. Moreover, telephone or telegraph wires interfering with tree growth can be removed no matter how long they have been up. Of course, it would be difficult to prove damage.

On the whole, therefore, the Ontario laws encourage tree-growing, and the rest is up to the dwellers in the suburbs and the citizens generally.

Horticultural Exhibition

IN the February Country Life Supplement it was mentioned that great progress was being made with the International Exhibition that is to take place next July in the grounds of the Chelsea Hospital. Letters received from England indicate that the display will be more magnificent than the world has ever seen, and those who are contemplating a trip to the Old Country this summer should make a point of seeing the show. Want of space precludes any lengthy description, but there will be seen not only flowers from the world over, priceless hybrids, and representations of features of English gardening of the utmost educational value, but the beauty and fashion of society. His Majesty the King, accompanied by the Queen, will open the exhibition, and a round of festivities has been arranged for foreign representatives.

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THE SEEDS THAT SATISFY ALL POSTPAID.

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Bruce's Peerless Collection Dwarf Nasturtium, 1 pkt., each of 7 finest sorts, separate colors, for 25c.
Bruce's Empire Collection Asters, 1 pkt., each of 5 magnificent varieties separate, for 25c.
Bruce's "A" Vegetable Collection, 8 pkts., different varieties, our selection, for 25c.
Bruce's "B" Vegetable Collection, 15 pkts., different varieties, our selection, for 50c.
Bruce's "C" Vegetable Collection, 14 pkts., different varieties and 1/2 pint each, Beans and Corn, 1/4 pint, Peas, our selection, for 75c.

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Canada's Greatest Real Estate Opportunity

YOU have been reading about Mackenzie & Mann's great coup in Montreal, whereby they will secure a terminal in the business heart of the city by means of a tunnel driven through Mount Royal from the North; and at the same time bring the beautiful residential district north of the mountain within eight minutes of the centre of the metropolis.

Unique in its originality, daring in its conception, and gigantic in its cost, it is little wonder that the announcement of the undertaking caused a sensation in Canada, United States and Europe; and provided the material for hundreds of special articles in the daily press, magazines and financial publications.

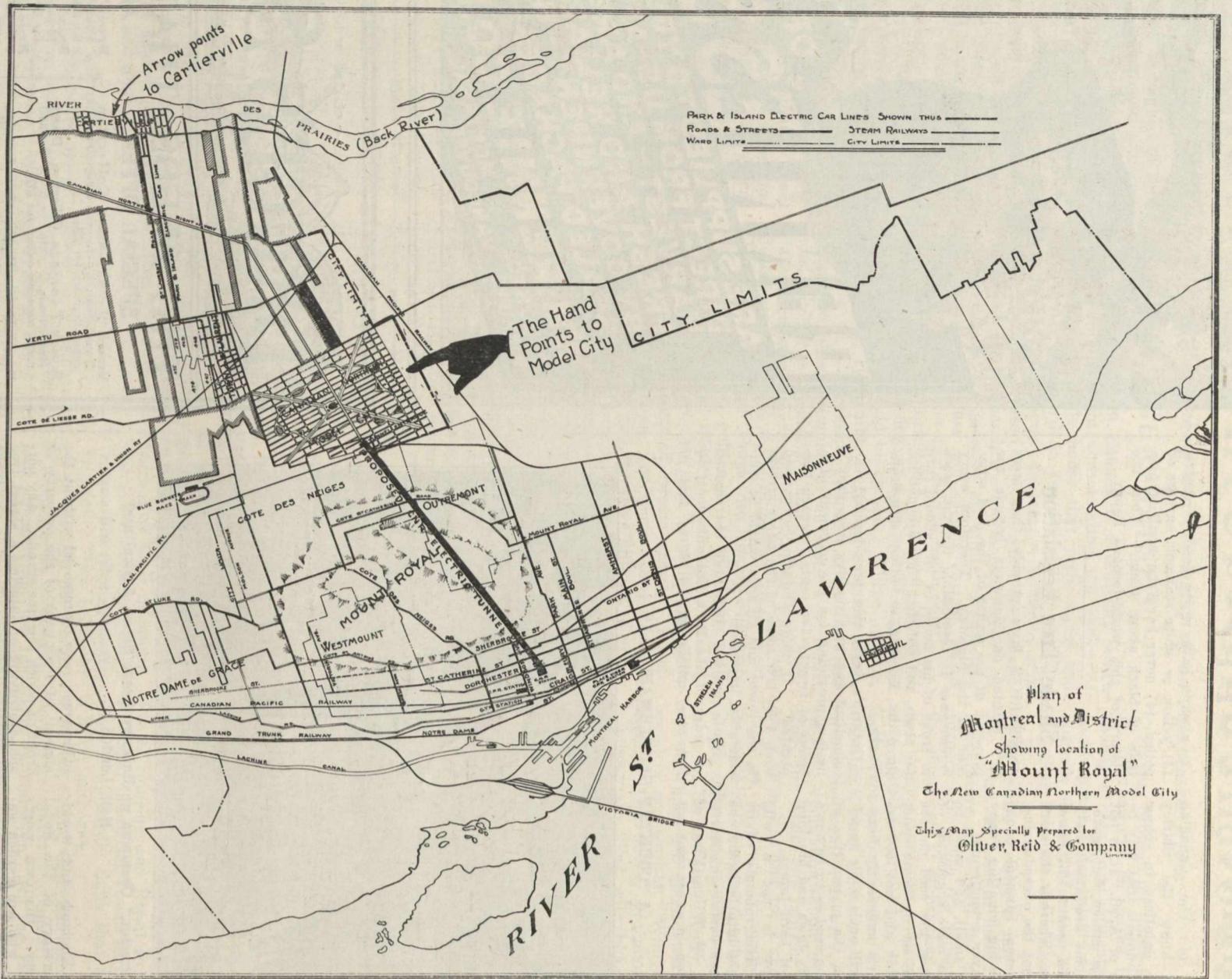
GREAT IS THE CONGESTION

BY opening up the district North of Mount Royal for settlement the project will confer a great benefit on Montreal, which for years has been one of the most congested cities in America. Hemmed in on a narrow strip of land between Mount Royal and the St. Lawrence, the congestion in Canada's greatest metropolis has grown more frightful year after year. The picture shown below will give you an idea of the short distance it is from the business centre of the city to the mountain. Note also the congestion.

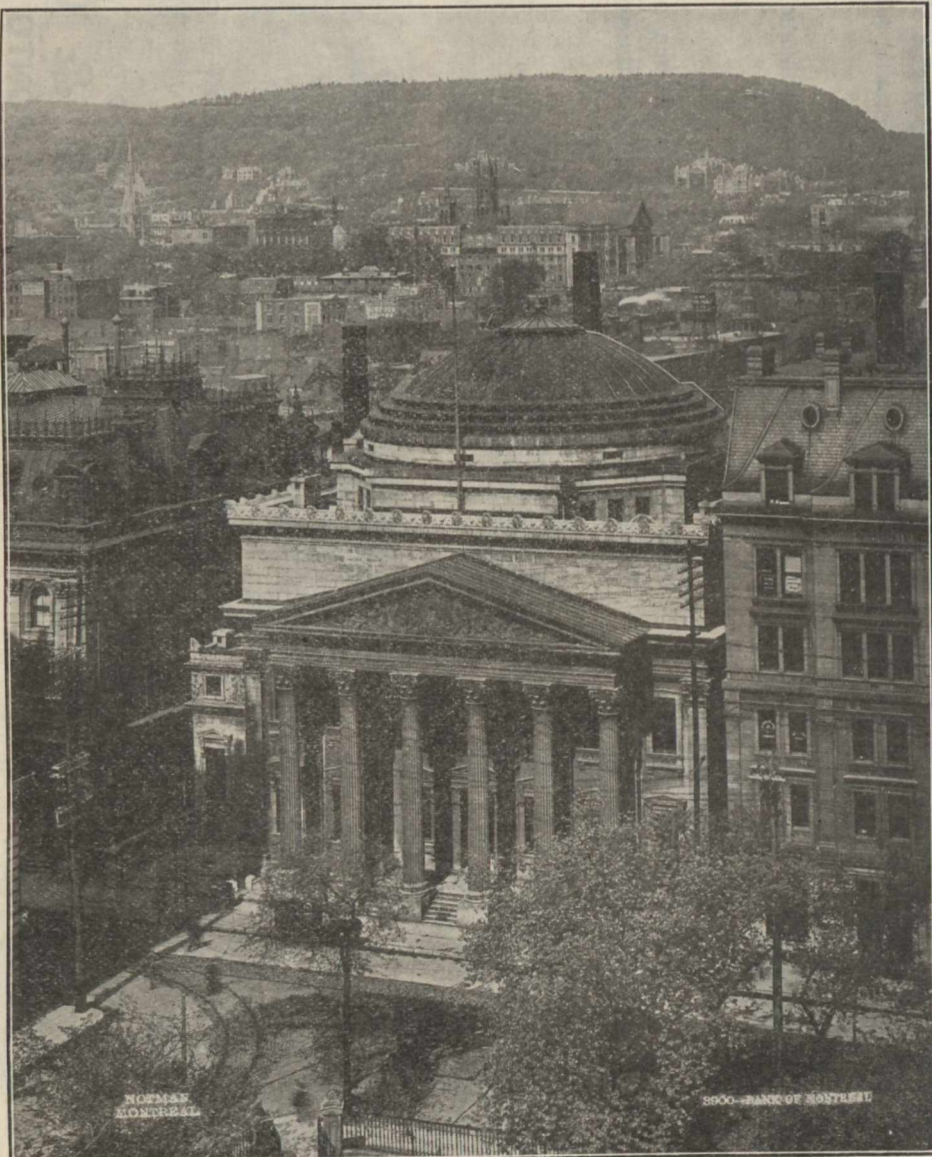
Unlike Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London and other Canadian cities, Montreal is not a city of homes. It is a city of tenements, flat houses and apartments. And there are thousands of home-hungry people within its borders.

And it is growing fast. Montreal has the largest birth rate of any of the world's largest cities. Montreal's percentage of increase in population during the last ten years shows that it is without a rival compared with the cities of the United States. New York's percentage of increase was only 38.7 per cent., Boston's 19.6, Baltimore's 9.7, whereas Montreal's was 70.3 per cent.

Every year Montreal is adding to its population a city larger than London, Ontario, or Halifax, or St. John, N.B., or Calgary, or Regina, or Victoria. Every two years its increase is greater than the entire present population of Hamilton or Ottawa.



Montreal's Yearly Increase In Population Large Enough to Fill "Model City"



THE yearly increase in Montreal's population is large enough to occupy the whole of the Model City—the beautiful new residential district laid out north of the Mountain by the C. N. R.—and still leave 10,000 people to find homes elsewhere. Montreal is increasing at the rate of 50,000 a year, but the Model City is only planned to accommodate about 40,000 people.

This means that a real estate investment in the Model City is a safe, sure, high-grade opportunity—and one that will double and treble in value as the work on the tunnel progresses and the erection of homes proceeds.

C. N. R. ANXIOUS

Preliminary work on the tunnel commenced on March 26th. No time will be lost in rushing the tunnel to completion. The C. N. R. are exceedingly anxious to become a strong factor in handling the increasing volume of business concentrating at the metropolis. They are also anxious to provide the Model City with rapid transit at the earliest moment and enjoy the lucrative traffic that will result.

So that you see the necessity of prompt action if you are to benefit largely from a real estate investment in the Model City—a city laid out by a noted landscape gardener, a city with broad diagonal boulevards, wide avenues, a circular

driveway, and fourteen small parks—an ideal residential district in every respect. A district whose residents will be carried in comfortable electric trains through a well-ventilated, double-tracked subway to the business heart of Montreal in less than 10 minutes. No snow blockades. No delays by congestion of street traffic. Express speed all the way.

SEE THE MAP

The strategical location of the Model City is well shown on the map. Notice the direct course of the tunnel from the Model City terminal to city terminal. Note, also, that the distance from Montreal Harbour to Cartierville on Riviere des Prairies (Back River) is less than the distance between city limits from East to West. With the tunnel through Mount Royal, the natural growth of Montreal in the future will be in the direction of Cartierville (towards the Back River). The Model City is midway between the Harbour and Cartierville. Notice, also, the close proximity of the fashionable suburb of Outremont to the Model City. Also notice that the Montreal city limits run just outside of the Eastern side of the Model City, continuing on the Riviere des Prairies (Back River).

And just think, you can secure lots in the Model City at less than half the price

of similar size lots in other purely residential sections of Montreal. Less than half the price of lots in the fashionable residential districts of Toronto, such as Rosedale, Avenue Road, Deer Park, and High Park, which are from 20 to 50 minutes from the business centre of Toronto.

FIRST CHOICES

The lots will be first selections, too. Only one other syndicate had an equally wide choice of Model City properties. We have, at all times, been in close touch with The C. N. R. since the birth of their project. We handle only large propositions, this one amounting to over \$1,500,000. We invite business men and professional men to share in this great real estate opportunity in the solid old metropolis of Montreal. Its like has never occurred in Canada before, and the same combination of circumstances that made this opportunity possible will never occur again. Why leave your money in the bank earning a low rate of interest and an opportunity like this at your door?

Fill in, clip out, and mail the coupon promptly. Action is essential. Leading banks have already chosen their sites on the main streets and asked to have them reserved. Sale opens on April 8th. Get our official booklet and full information quickly.

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Please send me promptly, official maps of Model City, booklet, and full information.

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Some Rose Thoughts

ONE of the favourite roses in the Dominion is the Crimson Rambler, which startled the rose world in England when it was introduced there many years ago from Japan. It is not of garden origin, that is, either a seedling or an hybrid, but a wild flower, or species, and comes from the beautiful land of the chrysanthemum and cherry blossom. The writer saw the first flowers of it. They were shown before the Royal Horticultural Society in England and named The Engineer—not a poetical description of the warm crimson trails of flowers that light up the dullest garden in the fulness of summer. But it originated in this wise. The discoverer of it was an engineer on a trading vessel. He saw it, was captivated with the dazzling splendour of the flower and brought the plant home. It came into the possession of the great nurseryman, Mr. Charles Turner, of Slough, and was rechristened Turner's Crimson Rambler. When seen in the nursery and at the exhibition, visitors were astonished and the popularity of the rose was instantaneous. Queen Victoria was holding her

of comparatively dwarf stature and if the right kinds are selected, flowers come and go for several months in the year, and no matter whether there is space for only two beds, they will change a drab foreground into a little garden of fragrant blossoms. It has been said, "Our winters are too long for gardening." Nonsense. From mid-November until March or April in many other lands the flowers are still sleeping. But the summer and autumn usher in the seasons of flower life in garden, meadow, and wild mountain side.

It is hoped that readers will give of their experience to these thoughts, which will be continued month by month.

The Winds of Heaven

THE following exquisite word painting is from "Field and Hedge-row," by the late Richard Jefferies, whose works are regarded almost as classics in the literature that concerns the country life and garden. "Out of doors, sometimes in the morn-

THE TRILLIUM PATCH.



This is One of the Earliest Flowers to Blossom in the Spring.

court at Windsor when the Rambler was in its richest beauty, and Her Majesty drove to Slough—three miles distant—to see the wonderful revelation. Crimson Rambler is not only gorgeous, but its appearance in the rose world was to awaken an intense interest in the climbing kinds. Beautiful hybrids have been raised since, but many years will have flown before the Crimson Rambler is either forgotten or even overshadowed.

Scentless Roses.

A SCENTLESS rose is bereft of its sweetest attribute and raisers should not give those who love the queenly flower kinds with so unfortunate a blemish. The late King Edward, who shared with his Consort an enthusiastic admiration of the rose, was interested in the snow-white Frau Karl Druschki, and the first time he saw it was on the occasion of a large flower show. His Majesty exclaimed, "What a glorious rose!" and bent down to smell it. "Ah, what a pity, no scent, I thought it was flawless," and the same may be written of other variations. Sweet memories are recalled by the breath of the Briar filling the evening air, and mingling with honeysuckle and the new mown hay, the subtle perfume of the roses called Tea and Hybrid Tea, and the "Cabbage" rose of many old-world gardens. Intensify the scent in the new acquisitions and present the flower as faultless as human ingenuity can make it.

Toronto a City of Roses.

THE more one becomes acquainted with Toronto, the more its adaptability for gardening is emphasized, and of all flowers the rose is the most likely to give the greatest satisfaction. Hundreds of small gardens abound in which there is space for beds of roses and climbers over porch or verandah. It is a shrub

ing, deep in the valley, over the tree tops of the forest, there stays a vapour, lit up within by sunlight. A glory hovers over the oaks—a cloud of light hundreds of feet thick, the air made visible by surcharge and heaviness of sunbeams, pressed together till you can see them in themselves and not reflected. The cloud slants down the sloping wood, till in a moment it is gone, and the beams are now focussed in the depth of the narrow valley. The mirror has been tilted and the glow has shifted; in a moment more it has vanished into space, and the dream has gone from the wood. In the arms of the wind vast bundles of mist are borne against the hill; they widen, slip, and lengthen, drawing out; the wind works quickly with mists' colours ready and a wide brush laying broadly. Colour comes up in the wind, the thin mist disappears, drunk up in the grass and trees, and the air is full of blue behind the vapour. Blue sky at the far horizon—rich deep blue overhead—a dark brown blue deep yonder in the gorge among the trees. I feel a sense of blue colour as I face the strong breeze; the vibration and blow of its force answer to that hue, the sound of the swinging branches and the rush—rush in the grass is azure in its note; it is wind-blue, not the night-blue, or heaven-blue, a colour of air. To see the colour of the air it needs great space like this—a vastness of concavity and hollow, an equal caldron of valley and plain under, to the dome of the sky over, for no vessel of earth and sky is too large for the air-colour to fill. Thirty, forty, and more miles of eyesweep and beyond that the limitless expanse o'er the sea—the thought of

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Carter's Grass Seeds for golf courses, tennis courts, lawns, etc.

In three grades: price per bushel of 25 lbs., \$8.75, \$7.75 and \$6.25. F.O.B. Toronto. Ten new or enlarged Golf Courses on the American Continent and forty-two abroad have recently been entirely sown down with Carter's Seeds. Over two hundred Golf and Country Clubs on this side use Carter's Seeds and Fertilizers to-day.

Carter's Garden Seeds. The leading English Vegetables and Flowers: in 10c. packets, post free.

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the eye knows no butt, shooting on with stellar penetration into the unknown. In a small space there seems a vacuum, and nothing between you and the hedge opposite, or even across the valley, in a great space the void is filled, and the wind touches the sight like a thing tangible. The air becomes itself a cloud, and is coloured—recognized as a thing suspended, something real exists between you and the horizon."

The Poison Ivy

THIS brilliant but pernicious beauty has brought suffering to many who have inadvertently handled its foliage, and sometimes the danger has been considerable. The Poison Ivy, or Rhus Toxicodendron, to give it the botanical name, is a shrub native to Canada, and with others of the Rhus give splendour to the landscape in the fall, the leaves changing to hues of vivid crimson. Its use is deprecated in gardens, but it sometimes gets in, because those who purchase it are unaware that it is poisonous, a real menace to some constitutions.

The late Earl of Annesley, who was an enthusiastic lover of trees and shrubs, soon destroyed it when the illness of members of his family and some of his gardeners was traced to this splendid climber.

The writer has just been reading one of those interesting booklets, or bulletins as they are called, issued from time to time by the authorities of the Royal Gardens, Kew, England, and a note occurs on this Rhus from Dr. Franz Pfaff, of the Harvard Medical School, Boston. Dr. Pfaff says that the active principle of the Poison Ivy is an oil which he has named "Toxicodendrol." This can be found in all parts of both Rhus Toxicodendron (the true Poison Ivy) and Rhus Venenata. "Toxicodendrol" is not a volatile oil, but on the contrary is very stable.

One must endeavour to remove it as quickly as possible and prevent its spreading. This can be done by vigorously washing the affected and exposed parts with soap and water and a scrubbing brush; that is to say, by mechanically removing the oil. As the active principle is very soluble in alcohol, other processes may be used to remove the oil. The exposed parts may be washed repeatedly with fresh quantities of alcohol and a scrubbing brush. The poisonous oil may thus be removed in alcoholic solution. The washing must be done thoroughly when alcohol is used, as otherwise the alcohol might serve to distribute the oil more widely over the skin. The finger nails should be cut

short and also perfectly cleansed with the scrubbing brush. Oily preparations, or anything which dissolves the poisonous oil, if used, should be immediately removed, as they may only spread the poison.

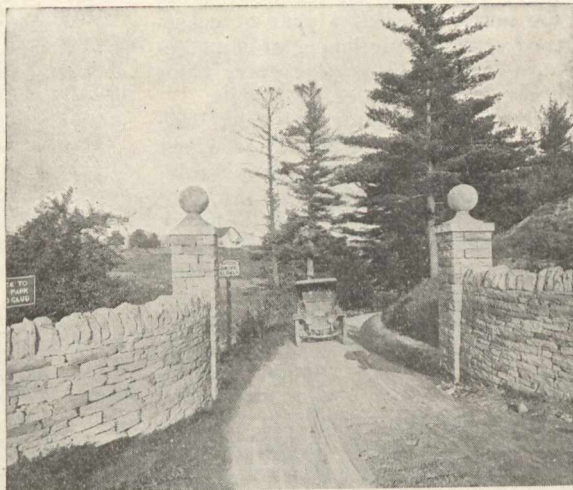
The treatment outlined cannot cure the inflamed parts, which must heal by the usual process of repair, but it does prevent the spreading of the inflammation, and may serve to remove the poison before it has time to produce its characteristic effects on the skin. The writer is acquainted with a burly, healthy, clean living teamster who suffered greatly from the Poison Ivy. He was working on a wooded mountain where the plant may be found. It is found sometimes with a vengeance. The now well-known Primrose (Primula obconica), and grown in the greenhouse, has much the same effect upon certain skins.

A Readable Book

"The Happy Garden," by Mary Ansell (Cassell & Co., Ltd., London and Toronto). This is a type of book that has had much vogue in England during recent years; it is not a gardening book in the true sense of the word, but a chat about all things in general that surround the home—pleasant reading for a summer day, a book to while away an idle hour, without gaining much information. It is a weak imitation of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," which is of rare brilliancy and charm, and therefore suffers sadly in comparison. The author has evidently only a superficial knowledge of flower life, but "The Happy Garden" has this value—it conveys an impression of a pretty English home set amongst trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The following description of the orchard is characteristic of the book, which is well illustrated and printed: "It were hard to tell whether the orchard is more beautiful in spring or autumn. When the blossoms come, eyes tuned to winter dullness drink their beauty ecstatically, and it is almost well that their life is short and they are so soon scattered; but there is rich comfort in watching the ripening, ruddy fruit, and, though it is almost the last glory of the pageant of the seasons, all that has gone before has so ripened appreciation that perhaps the greatest joy of all is the joy of harvest; it is the fulfilment of promise, a reality more beautiful than the dream: fulfilment, contentment, peace. And the tinge of melancholy in the autumn gives a new zest to the pleasure of the orchard, just as the eager nip in the air quickens the senses and sets the blood racing and the mind scheming of new activities and fresh triumphs in the coming year."

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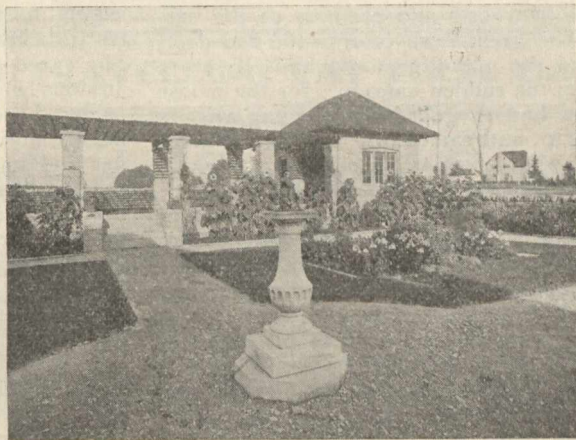
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In the Year of No Rabbits

By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

IT was the hungry year; for all the flesh-eating kindred of the northern wilds a year of ceaseless ambush, of strained vigilance, of unprecedentedly savage feud. In this year every truce was broken. For it was the year of no rabbits.

As happens once in awhile, mysteriously, the swarming hordes of them had vanished, as if wiped out by a pestilence, or exiled in a mass, inexorably, by some caprice of the unseen Powers. And so, red anarchy in the wild. For the rabbit is the great reconciler, the great keeper of the peace. It is he that keeps life more or less regulated for the fiercely individual and ungovernable hunters and prowlers; for to his inexhaustible fertility, and to the food supply afforded by his myriads, are all their lives attuned. Their wants satisfied by this facile chase, they can afford to save themselves trouble by avoiding one another at times, by respecting, to a certain extent, one another's ranges, and so escaping the risk of dangerous and doubtful encounters. Few of the wild creatures, with the exception of certain males in the mating season, care to fight for fighting's sake, or to join battle, unless in defense of their young, with an antagonist of anything like equal powers. A victory too costly is almost as bad for them as a defeat; for it leaves them weakened, so that they fall a prey to the next foe that chances along.

In these circumstances it is not strange that there should be signs among the greater beasts of something like a truce where their helpless young are concerned. It is no matter of good will, by any means, but of common prudence merely; for when their young are threatened, even the weak are dangerous, and the strong become implacable in their vengeance.—In general, therefore, among equals, the raiding of nurseries is not regarded as good hunting. The peril is too great for the profit.

But when the rabbits were gone all that was changed. Then any hunting was good hunting.

It is hard to realize that little, palpitating, bulging-eyed Bunny could exert so vast an influence on the economy of the wilderness, but there was none so strong or so haughty as to rest indifferent to his going. Even man himself was touched; for the foxes and the wildcats drew in about the settlements and harried the henroosts and pastures of the outlying farms. The great herb eaters—the red deer, the caribou, and the gigantic moose himself—were not exempt from the sudden anarchy; for the moose and the caribou had to guard their young with a vigilance hitherto undreamed of, and the weaker deer discovered that enemies he had been wont to despise had all at once grown formidable.

Of all the wilderness dwellers the bears, perhaps, were least affected. They had never taken more than a chance interest in quarry so elusive as the nimble rabbit; and flesh food was never essential to them so long as roots and fruits and fungi, grubs and beetles, ants and honey, were to be found in the forest. And when the craving for flesh was not to be denied, it was big game they hunted, such as deer, or the settlers' sheep, or some strayed heifer that had lost her bell. But, for all their lordliness of independence, the bears were forced to take count of Master Rabbit's departure. They were afraid to go any distance from their dens, lest in their absence some greatly daring lynx or fox or fisher should slip in and kill the cubs.

It was, perhaps, on the other hand, the lynxes that suffered most. They, with the weasels, were the most assiduous hunters of the rabbit; and they somewhat lacked the weasel's adaptability and craft. They are rather set in their ways, the lynxes; and, though more savage and vastly more formidable than their smaller cousins, the wildcats, they are at the same time far shyer of man and all his works. Instead of following the foxes and wildcats into the fringes of the settlements, they stayed where they were, and went hungry or hunted dangerous game.

Near the top of a steep and rocky knoll at the heart of a cedar swamp a wise old mother lynx had her lair. The knoll was an upthrust of broken strata, a tangle of cleft rocks and stunted birch and hemlock; and in a narrow mouthed cave near the summit was the lair. Here the savage mother felt that her litter was pretty well hidden. All approaches to the den were narrow and difficult, and it would be a bold enemy indeed that would dare the perilous entrance unless very sure of getting clear away before the mother's return. She ventured, therefore, as few mothers in that calamitous season could venture, to allow herself some freedom of range. And this was well. For they were lusty and hungry youngsters, those striped, velvety kittens, whose baby whimperings had already something harsh and fierce in them, though they still

sprawled blindly in their nest; and to keep her breasts supplied with milk for their precious demands she had to have good hunting.

Unlike some more fortunate mothers of the wild, she had to care for her family alone. To her ferocious mate she dared not let their hiding place be known, lest in some unnatural moment he should make a meal of them. Ordinarily, except in mating season, they saw little of each other, this wild and sullen pair. But in this season of scarcity they often met for the purpose of hunting down together some game too powerful for either to manage alone. Together, if fortune favoured them, they would perhaps pull down a buck. When they had feasted full, and dragged the carcass into a thicket for safer hiding, the female would start back in anxious haste to her den. The male would make as if to follow her; but she would turn upon him in such a blaze of fury that he would jump back, sit upon his great haunches, lick his bloodstained chaps, and gaze at her with an innocence as demure as that of any Tabby that ever made way with the canary. The prudent mother was not to be deceived. Staring back over her shadowy gray shoulder, she would growl and spit and snarl till she was quite out of sight of that dangerous figure. Then she would wheel in her tracks and flash off in another direction. And her mate had too much respect for his hide to attempt to follow her.

ONE day as she came racing back home from one of these expeditions—now gliding like a flicker of light, now bounding in great noiseless leaps—a sudden foreboding smote her. She had been away, perhaps, a little longer than usual. Lengthening herself out, she shot forward and in among the huddled rocks. As she arrived a whiff of pungent scent smote her nostrils, and she caught sight of a streak of ruddy yellow fur disappearing under a bush. With one lightning spring she came down upon the bush. But there was nothing there. She saw a large fox just whisking round the next boulder. For one agonized moment she hesitated, raging to pursue and rip him to shreds with her terrific claws. But the mother pull was too strong. She raced on up to the den and darted in with an anxious whimper of inquiry.

Her kittens were all there, undisturbed, and noisily nosing for their meal as soon as they felt her and smelt her bending over them. But she had no time just then to gratify their wants. She was too much concerned about their enemies. Giving them a hurried lick of reassurance, to their squaling indignation, she left them abruptly.

Sniffing carefully outside, she quickly satisfied herself that the fox had come only to within some ten feet or so of the entrance; but that was more than enough for her mother fears. The enemy had been reconnoitering, and he had found the hiding place of her treasures. He was an enemy whom she dreaded, because of his cunning so much superior to her own. Beside herself with rage and fear, she searched every nook and crevice of the knoll; but of course she found nothing of him except the musky smell he had left behind him so liberally.

As luck would have it, however, at the foot of the knoll, almost directly beneath the lair itself, she found another intruder. Nosing for roots in the rich earth between the rocks was a black bear. His presence there was quite innocent. His thoughts were far from young lynxes; but to the eyes of the anxious mother he was sniffing his way to the hiding place of her little ones.

Now, the most powerful of lynxes, of course, is no match for a bear; but a mother's a mother—and that makes all the difference in the world. The bear was attentively turning over the moss and sod, unmindful of danger, when a cyclone of claws and teeth and screeches fell upon his neck. Taken so completely by surprise, he fairly bleated, and gave futile clutches over the shoulder with his massive paws, which would have made short work of his audacious assailant could they have fairly reached her. But they touched nothing save a little elusive fur; and the next moment, seized with panic, he wheeled and fled wildly through the cedars. The lynx clung to him, biting and clawing, till a low branch swept her off. Whereupon, after pausing to free her teeth from the long black hairs they had been so diligently collecting, she sped back to the den with her feelings somewhat relieved.

The bear ran on, his panic gradually giving way to indignation till at last the latter conquered. Then

he turned and began slowly retracing his steps. He would find his insolent assailant and do her up! But when he reached the knoll he changed his mind once more. After all, was it worth while going out of his way to find her? She seemed to be so elusive. He passed round to the other side of the knoll, and let off his resentment in rending to pieces an old antlog.

To the bear, though so ignominiously routed by his small antagonist, the affair was one of no great moment. His hurts were not deep, and they were soon forgotten. But to the mother lynx it was different. Her security was gone. She felt that both the fox and the bear were after her little ones. She no longer dared to hunt at any distance from home; and near home, thanks to her own reputation, it was bad hunting. All she could do was to lie in wait, with infinite patience, for chickadees and wood mice; while her hunger grew, and the supply of precious milk in her breasts began to diminish, and the little ones, whose eyes were now just opening, became more and more insistent in their demands.

About three days after the episodes of the fox and the bear there came to the knoll an immense cow moose, seeking, as the lynx had done, solitude and security. To the other side of the knoll she came; and had no suspicions of the presence of the lynx, who glared down upon her unseen from a bush-screened crevice near the summit. She was black and grim and very formidable looking, the great moose, and could well have smashed the life out of the giant cat with one stroke of her splayed fore hoof. So the lynx had no notion of interfering with her. But she was interested in the errand that brought the dark tree eater to this retreat. And she hopefully licked her whiskered jaws.

About daybreak, on the soft moss at the foot of the rock, the moose gave birth to a long-legged, shuddering calf. Forgetful at once of all her suffering, she licked the newcomer long and lovingly till its soft coat was dry and glossy dark; and at last, along in the warm of the day, it staggered feebly to its feet and made its first effort to nurse. It was grotesquely gaunt, and lank, and big headed, and loose jointed; and its sprawling legs were too weak to support its weight long. In two or three minutes it sank down again on the moss, where it lay staring around with mild, incurious eyes while its mother gazed upon it in a tender ecstasy. To her it was the one thing of beauty that the whole green forest held.

Suddenly a faint sound, other than that of rustling leaf and twig, caught her vigilant ear. She turned her head sharply. There among the cedar trunks, not a hundred feet away, was the bear, turning over and munching a cluster of bright yellow fungi. A bear! That was the most to be dreaded of all possible enemies. With a harsh cry, a sort of coughing bellow, she rushed at him.

At sight of this black whirlwind sweeping down upon him the bear was surprised and pained. He was not a very big bear. And she was a very big moose. If capable of reflection—a point on which doctors differ with some acrimony—ne perhaps reflected that the knoll was not a lucky neighbourhood for him. Too many mothers, and hardly enough mushrooms! In any case, he decided to go away at once. And he acted with such alertness upon this wise decision that he managed to keep a certain distance between his hind quarters and those furiously pounding hoofs. He felt that he had reason to congratulate himself.

THE lynx had been watching from her high crevice when the moose made her mad charge upon the bear. Her pale, round eyes flamed. Soundlessly she dropped from her ambush. There was no cry from the feeble victim. The lynx was too expert and too wary a hunter for that. She wanted no struggle that would attract the mother's attention from the pursuit of the bear. So the unfortunate calf, which had only just opened his eyes upon life, went out of it without knowing what had happened to him. Without an instant's delay the lynx began dragging the limp but still quivering prey up the rock. Her only chance was to get it speedily beyond the mother's reach.

The lynx was marvelously strong for a beast of her weight, which was not more than forty-odd pounds, and she was desperate with determination. She knew that this prize would keep her from the necessity of leaving the den till her little ones should be past their first helplessness. Nothing should be allowed to snatch it from her! But for all her furious efforts, so unmanageable was that limp form with its long, sprawling legs that her progress up

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This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.



So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—

"1900 Gravity" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

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It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages.

If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes. Address me personally—D. K. Bach, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 1/4 Yonge Street, Toronto

the broken steep was dangerously slow. Suddenly the moose, realizing that she could not catch the bear, stopped with a wrathful snort. Plowing up the dank moss with her great, out-thrust fore feet, she wheeled about to return to her calf. She started back at a shambling trot, suspecting no evil, and satisfied with herself for having so well routed the enemy. Then she marked that the little one was no longer in his place. She gave one mighty leap forward, her wild eyes sweeping the whole base of the rock. And then, looking upward, she saw what had befallen.

As that black bulk of vengeance came thundering toward her, the lynx strained desperately to lift her prize beyond its reach. The steep at this point was too abrupt for any moose to climb; but the frantic mother hurled herself up it so far that her outstretched hoofs struck the rock on each side of the calf's hind quarters. Daunted for the instant, the lynx let go her hold and shrank away with a snarl. But, seeing how far short of her assailant had fallen, she sprang forward again and sank her teeth into the victim's throat with confident defiance.

FROM that wild leap the mother had fallen back violently on her haunches. Unconscious of the shock, she drew back a few steps, and rushed again to the attack. This time she came on less wildly; and the lynx, glaring down on her over the shoulder of the prey, had no misgivings. But in reality it was now that the wise old moose was most dangerous. Having come triumphant through many seasons, many vicissitudes, she knew how to handle her powers to best advantage; and in that first leap she had seen that her little one was finished past all helping. Revenge was all that she could strive for.

As she charged again she gathered her gaunt legs beneath her at the last of it, and launched herself upward with a finely calculated effort. Thoroughly deceived, the lynx clung obstinately to her hold, with ears flattening back in angry scorn. But this time she had seriously miscalculated. In the next second one of those huge, battering fore hoofs smote down upon her. It crushed her head right back between her shoulders; and her tense body, suddenly relaxed, slumped forward upon the neck of her victim.

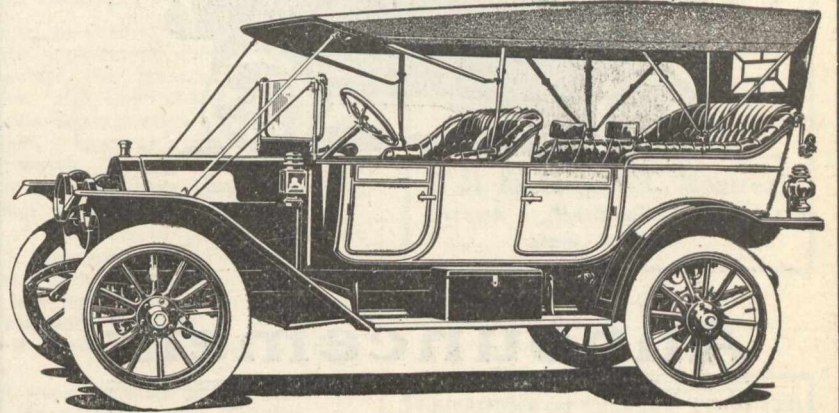
Falling back as before, because it was impossible for her to gain any foothold on that steep, the moose charged once more and repeated her wonderful leap. This time her stroke brought both the bodies tumbling over each other to the ground. The victor, now somber and deliberate in her fury, pawed them care fully apart and proceeded to stamp the carcass of the lynx into the earth. When this was accomplished to her satisfaction, she went and nosed her little one tenderly for several minutes, muttering thickly in her shaggy throat. Then, with drooping head, she stood over it motionless for hours, till the last of the sunset had faded out and all the forest was in blackness. At last the moon got up white among the tree-tops, and ran pale fingers down the face of the rock till they uncovered the grim scene at its base. The moose, as if suddenly pulling herself together to accept the inevitable, lifted her great black head, sniffed the night air with wide nostrils, and made off noiselessly through the cedars.

AN hour or two later the bear came cautiously prowling up. Unseen himself, he had seen his late enemy go stalking by, with an air of no more concern in that part of the forest. Much puzzled, he had come to seek a solution of the mystery. He found the solution entirely to his taste. He grunted contemptuously over the pounded remnants of the lynx, and then, well able to appreciate such a dainty, made a hearty meal of young moose meat. He sat down on his haunches and grumbled happily over his repast, perhaps thinking how favoured were the bears over all other dwellers of the wilderness. It would have been a sound and true reflection, could he but have made it, and no more than the due of the Power that had been so generous to his kind.

Meanwhile, the baby lynxes in their den, now hungry past all caution and mewing harshly, might have been left to a lingering and piteous death. But

(Continued on page 33.)

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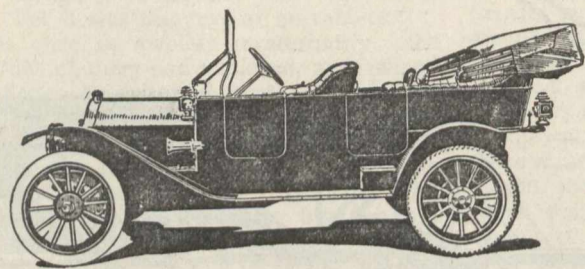
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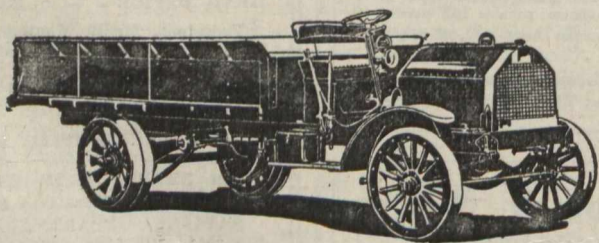
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DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Now it is the Coffin Drivers' Union that has gone on strike. The cost of dying is due for its turn to rise.

It matters not if Britain's coal bin is empty; the stone-throwing suffragettes seem able to keep the Old Land all "het up."

It has been a hard winter. Even the motor cars wore mufflers.

Some statistical fiend has figured that it would take 2,000,000 years for all the ocean water to flow over Niagara Falls. Chances are that his wife was feeding the furnace and sifting ashes while he was figuring.

Children playing with fire finds a parallel in the action of a school of porpoises which are supposed to have disturbed contact mines in the Dardanelles.

Communist editors were sentenced at London to imprisonment with hard labour. The hard labour is no punishment to an editor.

"Banish the Bar" is the Ontario Liberal party's slogan, and the party won't mind if that policy banishes the bar between it and power.

Not a Bi-linguist.—A prominent Montreal travelling man tells of a funny incident that happened a little while ago in a moving-picture theatre at Camrose, Alta.

A pair of vaudeville performers had made a hit with a song and dance turn. "Encore!" yelled the audience.

But a disgusted man at the side of the house cried out, as soon as he could make himself heard: "Hang the 'encore!' Let him sing again."

"Adding Insult to Injury."—A merchant, who had tried often to get a creditor to settle up, sent a letter in which he said, "Come on, pay this bill. It's so old it has whiskers."

But the creditor sent the merchant fifteen cents and a note saying, "Get that bill a shave."

A Suggestion.—A lady, who recently tried to get a pair of kid shoes in a big store, received a startling suggestion from a clerk.

The clerk hadn't been able to produce the required kid shoes, and had asked the lady if calf-skin shoes would do.

They wouldn't, and the lady started for the door.

The clerk walked after her and expressed his regret at not having what was wanted. And, as he opened the door for the lady, he said, "Well, come in if at any time you decide to change your mind for calf-skin."

Diplomacy.—She was a diplomat. He was not. He told her of a visit he had paid to a palmist.

"She said I would marry a blonde girl within six months," he said, forgetting that the maiden beside him was a brunette.

"Six months," she mused, audibly. "Yes, dear, I think I can easily be a blonde by that time."

Another Version.

It is easy enough to be pleasant

When your purse is conveniently fat,

But the husband worth while

Is the chap who can smile

When he pays for his wife's Easter hat.

It Came From Fergus.—Mr. John Ross Robertson, who built and maintains the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, tells an amusing little story about the first subscription which he received for that worthy charity.

It was a ten-dollar bill, and it came from Fergus, Ont.

Of course, everybody knows that Fergus is a Scotch town—very Scotch. But if any proof of its Scotch origin were needed, Mr. Robertson found it when he read the letter that accompanied the ten-spot. The writer had started out with a double sheet of paper, but find-

ing that he could crowd all that he had to write on a single side of the sheet, he had torn off the other side of the paper to serve for another letter.

Pity the Premier.—Sir James Whitney, Premier of Ontario, is said to be looking for a man to spend \$5,000,000 of Government money in Northern Ontario.

Incidentally and consequentially, there are about 5,000,000 men looking for Sir James.

Wanted—A Wife.—An incident concerning the bachelorhood of Mayor Geary, of Toronto, was recently related on this page, and another has cropped up since.

This time it is a request to his Worship for a wife.

J. J. McCartney, of Louisville, Kentucky, aged 48, has written the Mayor, asking him to pick out a nice Canadian girl for him and send her down to Kentucky. Mr. McCartney has heard of the beauty and ability of the Canadian women, and he wants to get his wife from this side of the border.

Seeing that Mayor Geary has come to his fortieth year and is still a bachelor, Mr. McCartney's inquiry seems to have been misdirected.

The Mayor's friends have heard of the McCartney letter, and they have been "kidding" his Worship about it.

Diplomacy of Discourtesy.—There are occasions when it is diplomatic to be discourteous—at least to seem discourteous. This little incident illustrates to a nicety the truth of the axiom.

It was in the lobby of a theatre. A woman was entering with her escort when one of her Titian tresses became loosened and fell to the floor behind her. It would have been almost unnoticed by the throng in the lobby had not a too courteous gentleman stooped, picked it up, and followed the lady to return it to her.

The glance she gave the unthinking gallant when she took it from him was not exactly one of gratitude.

Rough on the M.P.P.'s.—A Toronto lady who was entertaining some out-of-town friends this winter unwittingly perpetrated a rather rough joke on the Provincial Parliament.

She was very anxious that her guests should have a good time and see all the sights worth seeing about the big city. Each day she had something new for them, but she preferred to give them their choice of entertainment. She had taken them to the theatres, to the big stores, and so on, when one morning at breakfast she offered a new suggestion.

"Well, folks, where to this afternoon? The Legislature or the Riverdale Zoo? I'm sure you'd be interested at either."

Effect of Example.—This is an age of imitation—in more ways than one.

A travelling man tells a little story about his two-year-old boy which bears out the above assertion.

"I have a habit," he says, "of knocking the ashes out of my pipe by rapping it gently on the heel of my boot. Imagine my amazement the other day when I entered my den and saw the little chap standing beside the grate, one leg raised, tapping one of my pipes on the heel of his little boot. He had climbed up on a big chair, reached up to the mantel and grabbed the pipe. I suppose if I had not caught him in time he would have had it in his mouth, puffing at it."

Modern Short Story.—He met her at the corner as she waited for a car.

She met him at the corner as he waited for the same car.

His eyes met hers. Her eyes met his. They were in love. His soul soared and his being thrilled. But he didn't soar so far or thrill so much as to prevent him from keeping his feet close to the ground until she had boarded the car and he knew that he wouldn't have to pay her fare.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES



SANE INVESTMENTS

Manitoba May Set Good Example

MANITOBA is said to have been hit hardest in the wireless telegraph stock swindles. It has been a camping ground for the promoters of numerous worthless stocks. A bill has been introduced in the legislature of that province which, if passed, will prevent any person selling or offering, or attempting to sell in Manitoba the securities of corporations and syndicates not authorized by the laws of the province or licensed under them. If foreign companies desire to sell their shares in the province, they must first obtain the consent of the public utility commission, which it is proposed to create at the present session of the legislature.

To prevent publication being given to the selling of unauthorized shares it is proposed to make it unlawful for newspaper proprietors or other persons to print, publish or advertise in the province in any newspaper, magazine or periodical, or otherwise issue, put forward or distribute any advertisement, circular, letter or other document containing any offer to sell unauthorized securities or contracts.

Foreign companies desiring to sell shares in Manitoba must file in the office of the commissioner, together with a fee, a statement showing in full detail the plan upon which it is proposed to do business; also a copy of all contracts, bonds, or other instruments it proposes to sell to its contributors; also a statement giving the names, location and other particulars with respect to the company. One of these particulars, an important one, is that the commission must be furnished with a copy of the laws of the province, state or country under which it exists, or is incorporated. If the commissioner is not satisfied with the information contained in the documents, he can cause an inquiry to be made at the expense of the company making the application.

Foreign companies also are compelled to give written consent, irrevocable to the effect that action can be taken against them in the proper court of any judicial district or county court judicial division of the province in which the cause of action may arise, or in which the plaintiff may reside, by the simple service of process on the Provincial Secretary.

THE penalty for the infringement of any section of the act on summary conviction before a police magistrate or two justices of the peace is not less than \$50, and not more than \$500 besides costs of prosecution, and in default of payment, imprisonment in the common jail for a term not exceeding six months.

There will be a commissioner to administer the act. All necessary information will be filed with him. If the company's scheme appears to be business like, a certificate will be issued to the corporation, stating that the provisions of the law have been complied with. If, on the other hand, the company's proposition is of a nature similar to those exposed in previous articles in The Canadian Courier, and one in which buyers of shares are likely to suffer loss, the commissioner will notify the company of his finding. It will then be unlawful for that company to sell shares in the province. Newspapers will then be prohibited from printing any offers or proposals to sell the stocks. If a foreign company obtains permission to do business in the province, the commissioner may require it to file every year the statement of its affairs.

The proposed Manitoba legislation is somewhat similar to that operative in the State of Kansas, which was reviewed in last week's Canadian Courier. There is no reason why the Dominion and Provincial Governments cannot exercise greater supervision over the sale of stocks and other securities in the Dominion. Mr. Wallace Nesbitt

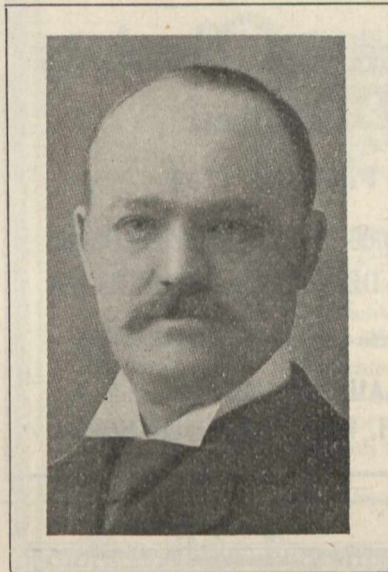
suggested, at Ottawa the other day, that a State department should be formed to regulate the granting of company charters. His chief object was to prevent over-capitalization. A State department, however, should do more than watch charter powers. Some obvious swindles have been licensed to sell their wares in Canada, while hundreds of them freely peddle the worst kind of speculative rubbish from coast to coast without the slightest government interference. It is to be hoped that Manitoba will set a worthy example by passing the proposed legislation.

Next week we shall discuss bonds and their attractions for the investor.

A Successful Career

FROM printer's devil on a small paper to a position where he is a chief officer of more companies than one can count on the fingers of both hands; and always interested in Sunday-school and Y. M. C. A. work and in public matters—that is an indication of the busy and varied career of Mr. S. J. Moore, Toronto.

Mr. Moore was born at Doddington, a small village in Northamptonshire, Eng-



Mr. S. J. Moore.

land, in 1859. His people and he moved to Canada in 1871 and settled in Barrie. Apprenticed in the printing office of the Barrie Gazette, Mr. Moore rose to be local editor. The "wanderlust" seizing him, he went to Texas, but in 1879 returned to Canada and settled in Toronto. He formed a printing firm, became interested in a sales book invention, and branched into the manufacture of silverware. Then he became actively associated with the City Dairy Co., next went into the manufacture of specialty boxes, and latterly has been prominent in the manufacture of noiseless typewriters.

He has control over at least fourteen factories, which employ from 250 to 1,000 hands each, and which are located in both Canada and the United States. For some time he has travelled an average of fifty thousand miles a year.

The organizations of which he is president include the Metropolitan Bank, Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., F. N. Burt Co., Ltd., American Sales Book Co., Ltd., and the Pacific-Burt Co., Ltd. Also, he is vice-president of the Carter-Crume Co., Ltd., the Imperial Life Assurance Co., the Noiseless Typewriter Co., and the City Dairy Co.

The market history of all Mr. Moore's stocks has been remarkably good. He is a keen business man, easily approachable, and a very hard worker. He has been described as the man with the Midas touch, and is said to have achieved results in a way that has never been paralleled in Canada. Nevertheless

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Interest	43,000	875,000	Over 20-fold
Assets	905,000	18,131,000	Over 20-fold
Insurance in force	9,774,000	71,000,000	Over 7-fold
Surplus	61,500	3,312,000	Over 50-fold

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he has always gone about his day's work without any sign of ostentation. Surprising as is Mr. Moore's business career, it is almost more surprising that for twenty-nine years he has made time to attend to his duties as superintendent of the Dovercourt Baptist Sunday-school, Toronto, and that he made time also to be for twenty years president of the West End Y. M. C. A., Toronto.

May Settle Winnipeg Fight

THERE are now prospects that the long and bitter fight between the city of Winnipeg and the Winnipeg Street Railway will come to an end. This will be achieved if the Manitoba Power Company obtains incorporation, which it is seeking through the Manitoba legislature, and buys out the Winnipeg Electric Street Railway, which it proposes to do. The city, the Manitoba Power Company, and the Street Railway Company a few days ago, at a meeting of the Private Bills Committee of the legislature, expressed entire approval of an amendment to the Power Company's bill. This amendment provides that the syndicate shall not use all the powers contained in the franchises it will acquire from the street railway without first obtaining the city's consent.

If the Power Company buys out the street railway, the rights and privileges now enjoyed by the latter, under the old Manitoba Electric and Gas Light Company's charter, which allows the railway to go on any street in the city without first obtaining the city's consent, will come to an end.

Gold Mining Results

THE big mill at the Dome is being tuned up, and there is now little doubt but that the International Nickel Company, the big interests in which own the Dome, will be the first to mill Porcupine ore on anything but an experimental scale. True, the Vipond had a test plant and a ten stamp mill on the McIntyre was tried out recently. In the McIntyre mill, however, extraction is being made by amalgamation and concentration only, the cyaniding treatment being absent. But, as a matter of fact, the first real tangible results obtained by a northern gold mining company have not come from a Porcupine corporation at all, but from the Swastika Mine at the town of that name.

The Swastika Company is the product of a few residents of Tavistock, Ont., notably Dr. M. Steele, M.P., who had belief enough in their country to grub-stake a prospector named Dusty, and to subsequently develop the property which this gentleman with the thirsty name found. The strain of financing even a little gold mine in its earlier stages is always a heavy one, and a short time ago Messrs. Frank C. Armstrong, of New York, and Lorne D. McGibbon, of Montreal, bought a very large interest in the company, thereby providing sufficient funds to insure the rapid and scientific investigation of Swastika values. The information is disclosed in the annual report that the Swastika is in good ore on the 300-foot level, which is far more than even most of the larger Porcupine companies can say.

The Steel Tariff

THAT the Canadian steel tariff is very inadequate and that, as a result, surplus American products had been dumped on the Canadian market at prices below cost was stated by President Harris of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company at the company's annual meeting a few days ago. This dumping of American products on this side of the line had resulted, Mr. Harris stated, in prices being probably the lowest in the history of the Canadian steel trade.

Quoting pig-iron as an example, he said that in 1897 Canadian makers had protection by duty and bounty combined of 30 per cent., but this had by now decreased to less than 10 per cent. He stated that he did not think it creditable to Canadians that nearly one-half of the iron and steel used in Canada was imported from other countries when it could, should and, with proper tariff conditions, would be made here.

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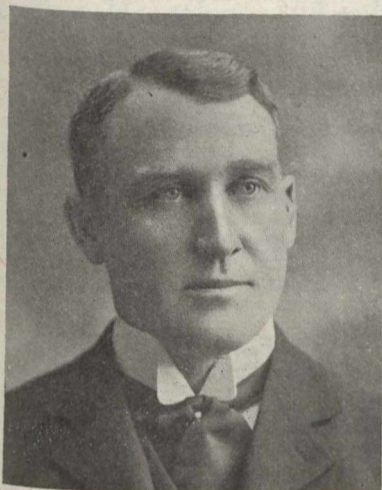
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CORRIDOR COMMENT

Ottawa, April 1st.

IN every well-built, soundly-constructed and workable bit of locomotive mechanism there must be driving force and brake. Both are essential. It is true that the function of the latter is not so spectacular as that of the former, but it is none the less important. It is protection against the runaway. It regulates and defines progress on safe lines.

Among the rank and file of the Liberal membership of the House of Commons Hon. A. K. Maclean is the brake. The freedom of Opposition and its lack of direct responsibility has a tendency to develop either of two things, mere negation, or daring trail-blazing. With the present Opposition any danger which might arise would be wholly from the latter.



Hon. A. K. Maclean.

A brake doesn't come amiss, and Mr. Maclean supplies the brake.

He is built for the job; quiet, observant, forceful. There is nothing theatrical about him. He does not pose. He is devoid of affectation. He is no demagogue, and he doesn't practise the arts of popularity.

Maclean is a canny Scot, and will not be stampeded. His keen, grey-blue eyes do not miss much. He studies a situation before he deals with it, and even the enthusiasm of "the boys" will not carry him along until he is satisfied to go. He is invaluable going down hill—as most brakes are. When things are coming easiest Maclean is most cautious.

He has had a good deal of experience, too. He was elected to the Nova Scotia Legislature in 1901, and resigned his seat three years later to become a candidate for the Commons. Lunenburg elected him, and repeated the trick in 1908. In October of the year following, however, Premier Murray came to Ottawa looking for a wise and safe Attorney-General, and he secured the services of Mr. Maclean. When the federal election of last September came round Ottawa Liberals again appealed to him as the man who could win one of the Halifax seats, both of which were at that time represented by Conservatives. Again he served his party. He resigned his provincial portfolio, threw himself into the campaign, and redeemed the seat, despite the general swing of the pendulum in the other direction.

Mr. Maclean entered upon what was to him a new parliamentary experience with the present session. He had never before served in Opposition. And he has proved one of its most effective members. When he speaks he receives respectful attention from the Government benches. He is not a spell-binder. Others may appeal to the heart; Mr. Maclean

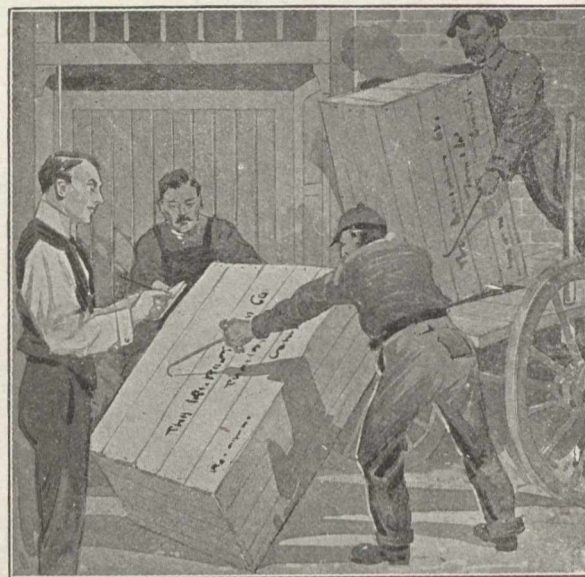
goes after the head. He speaks, too, less as an advocate and more as a business man expounding a business proposition, which he understands, with considerable lucidity and logic. He is no carping critic with a microscope tucked under his arm on the search for minute faults. He gets the larger viewpoint—the general affect for weal or ill, and deals with his subject from a national standpoint.

NO man is more methodical in following the regular forms of Parliamentary expression and procedure than Hon. T. S. Sproule, the present Speaker of the House of Commons. When the House adjourned the other morning shortly after one o'clock, Mr. Speaker caused a smile by seizing his three-cornered hat and gravely declaring: "This House stands adjourned until this morning at eleven o'clock in the forenoon." It does not appear to be the Speaker's fault if certain members forget or neglect the morning sittings these days.

IT has fallen to the lot of Mr. J. H. Burnham to inject what a member of the Press Gallery termed "historical metaphysics" into the considerations of Parliament. Following Mr. A. Verville, Labour member for Maisonneuve, who was the other day criticizing the increased expenditure on the Militia Department, the Peterboro' member gravely announced: "Ten minutes' study of history will show that if the ancient Empire of Rome had been able to defend herself, we would have been two thousand years ahead of where we are now, instead of being two thousand years behind." And accurate Hansard chronicled the utterance.

THE House of Commons enjoyed a genuine sensation this week. Mr. Emmanuel Devlin, the eloquent member for Wright, has for years worn a luxuriant moustache and a bunch of waving black hair which would have done credit to any embryo artist or musician. But the barber bided his time and finally got Emmanuel. The latter is a faithful attendant in the Chamber, and the long night debates, followed by the recently inaugurated morning proceedings, proved too much for tired nature. According to the story going the rounds of the corridors, Mr. Devlin fell asleep under the operations of the tonsorial expert and when he awoke found himself minus his moustache and sporting a real short military hair-cut. This was, in itself, bad enough. But other tribulations awaited him when he reached the House out of breath just after prayers en Francais. He had doffed overcoat and chapeau and was heading into the Chamber when Joe Demers, of St. John and Iberville, spotted him and gave the alarm. "A stranger coming into the House," was the appalling whisper with which Demers startled Mr. H. W. Bowie, the stalwart deputy Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Bowie is nothing if not alert and efficient. He gripped his sword and started menacingly towards the supposed intruder, waving at him to halt. Mr. Devlin was late, and wasn't halting. Member and officer met within the doors of the Chamber. The latter conducted a searching inspection, but Mr. Devlin finally established his identity. And he maintains that the officer most gallantly atoned for his error by observing: "Well, sir, you cut ten years off your age."

H. W. A.



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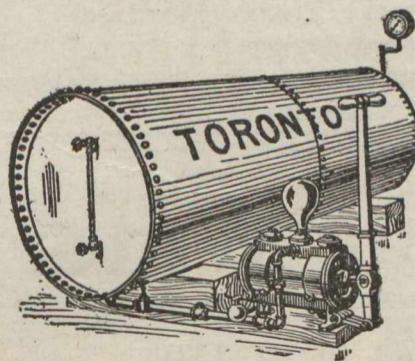
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Please mention this paper

A Duo of Talented Musicians

By MARGARET BELL

Art and Bohemianism.

FIRST, the Billiken knocker greeted me, then the narrow staircase leading to the studio. It might have been the abode of some student in Florence, with the side entrance and mysterious stairway, except for the absence of the two lion heads,

true artist, with all the artist's charm and unconventionality.

Music for the Masses.

CANADA seems to be in the grip of the music fairy. And a very pleasant sensation it is. The Earl Grey competition, held annually in some leading city, has done much to encourage music, choral, solo singing and instrumental. This year, the competition will take place in Ottawa, and the enthusiasm is greater than ever.

And then comes the query, Is Canada doing enough to teach the masses to appreciate the best in music? And, if not, how should she go about to accomplish this? Several years ago, at a rendition of The Messiah in Toronto, a well-known philanthropic woman who has done much to further interest in the arts, bought out all of Massey Hall and announced in the papers that the performance would be free. The result was interesting. Hundreds of people, tired, laboring people, came, out of curiosity, prepared to enjoy the evening. As the hours wore on, the expressions of curiosity changed to wonderment, and at the conclusion of the performance, about two hundred were in the hall still, it was a beginning. Only through such benevolences can interest be sustained, among the masses.

A Canadian Contralto.

THE music goddess works quietly in Canada, watching her proteges, until, suddenly, someone appears at the top of the great stairs, and the Temple of Success rings with praise.

Canada has been watching Miss Mabel Beddoe for some time. When she sang with the Mendelssohn Choir, a couple of seasons ago, Toronto had the opportunity of hearing one of her own singers, matured in her art, with a mezzo-contralto voice of great warmth of expression. The United States had lauded her unstintingly, and Canada waited. Toronto recognized in Miss Beddoe an artist of true worth, and it was not long before the other Canadian cities added a bit of green to her wreath of laurel.

Recently Miss Beddoe appeared in



MISS MABEL BEDDOE,

A Canadian Contralto, now appearing in New York in her "Chansons en Crinoline."

Montreal, at His Majesty's Theatre, in a most unique performance, "Chanson en Crinoline," appearing at her best in the quaint old-time costume, and singing the music of bye-gone days with singular sweetness and charm. She also appeared in Toronto, her home city, in a concert in conjunction with Mr. Cecil Fanning, the well-known baritone from New York.

Miss Beddoe received her musical training in Boston, Chicago and Dresden, Germany.



MISS MARY CAMPBELL,

The Well-known Toronto Pianist.

which invariably graced the entrance to the ancient Florentine studios.

Inside, everything betokened the artist. Pictures by Botticelli and Burne-Jones, and bits of old pottery. And everywhere music and books. On being asked if George Eliot was a favourite, the owner of the beautiful set gave a little Slavic shrug of her shoulders, and answered indifferently, "Oh, no, not particularly; you see, that is one of the standard sets which every well chosen library must contain." The dearest old stove, grey and grimy with ashes and age, stood modestly behind a screen, and a wicker couch, a poor, battered thing, stood pitifully in one corner.

This is the studio of Mary Campbell, the well-known Toronto pianist. For some time, Miss Campbell has been making strides in her profession, but this year finds her carrying on a successful series of musicales at the Hambourg Conservatory of Music. She gives instructive talks on the great musicians, their accomplishments and methods, illustrating her lectures by selections on the piano. Miss Campbell recently appeared with Boris Hambourg, the cellist, in Carnegie Hall, New York, winning much appreciation by her accompaniments on the piano.

An Interesting Career.

THE picture of a beautiful old-fashioned garden hangs on the wall of Miss Campbell's studio. In an old brick house, set in the midst of this tangle of bloom, the pianist first opened her eyes to the beauties around her. Small wonder she was imbued with such artistic instincts. This was in the town of Simcoe, where Miss Campbell lived the first thirteen years of her life. Then she came to Toronto, to study with Mr. Welsman. The music genius was strong within her, and urged her to go abroad. In London, Professor Michael Hambourg was her tutor, and a Mr. Chilton, who lectured on the theoretical part of music. Later she travelled on the continent studying musical conditions in Paris, Berlin and Florence. In the latter city, her teacher was Artura Nicola, and her studio overlooked the canal where she could see the gondolas stealing quietly up and down.

Possibly it was her Florentine surroundings which prompted Miss Campbell to hunt up such a Bohemian abode here in Toronto. At any rate, her studio has all the attributes of a

DRINK

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THE WATER OF HEALTH

Town Planning.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:
 Sir:—The announcement in the public press a few days since that this railroad or another intend placing several town-sites on sale next spring will be received by thoughtful people interested in the welfare of the country, with mingled feelings. If we judged the railroads just by these townsites, the frequently heard term "soulless corporations" would be justifiable, but we believe their lapse is one of oversight rather than premeditation.

What is the charge against the companies? It is—they lay out their village or town site in a stereotyped way, all on the rectangular plan and with the smallest superficial area that can be sold to individuals for any purpose; with absolutely no provision for parks, recreation grounds, church or school grounds and—greatest of all lapses—no provision for the urban resident wishing to make a beautiful home or to keep his children off the street. The lots as put on the market are either 25 x 30 or 50 x 130, and the prices run invariably from \$100 to \$500.

Now, this must be an oversight of the land departments of the companies, because we all know the efforts put forth by the companies to beautify their station grounds, and their forestry departments. No quarter, half or one-acre plots can be held for residential purposes—an essential in these little villages, where, willy nilly, many are driven to the poolroom, poker den or bar-room to overcome the deadly ennui which steals over these burghs during the farmer's busy seasons. No gardens, no trees, no small fruits, nothing to show we inherit the love for pretty, small homes evinced by our English ancestors, which are the charm of the English landscape to-day. Even the war-like Kipling noticed this in his last flight across Canada, as set forth in his "Letters to the Family."

What is the use of country life and suburban supplements when, year after year, these townsite moulds are dropped in the prairie at intervals. The tendency of many of the young people of these villages is cityward, where they take part in civic government. Coming from these arid places and wastes, they can hardly be expected to view plans for civic adornment with equanimity or to agree with the expenditure of public moneys for such purposes.

The railroads would not lose by a change in this respect. The prices paid by them for townsites is always returned a hundredfold. They are also masters at evading municipal taxation as long as possible, or until their lots are sold. The Western prairie, with all its possibilities, in its rawness and sameness is neither inviting nor inspiring to the newcomers from Eastern Canada or the British Isles. Imaginations can never become fertile in idea with nothing but the railroad type of village lot as a home.

Bratton, Sask. READER.

Watch the Kickers.

Editor CANADIAN COURIER:
 Sir:—Considerable anxiety among the riflemen of Canada has risen from the reports which have been given out at Ottawa, that there may not be a Bisley team sent over to England this year. The main reason given was that the officials at Bisley had not treated our men fairly. Having competed at the annual meeting of the D. R. A. for quite a number of years, I think I may safely say that if an investigation were held the Bisley officials would come out on top. When competitors have to rest the butt of the rifle on the ground, and get an elbow rest, and kill time waiting for the wind to get right, they are not riflemen or the kind of men we want for military purposes, but simply "pot-hunters."
 Yours truly,
 Truro. FAIR PLAY.

Civil Service Examinations.

THE Canadian Gazette contains notice that preliminary and qualifying civil examinations will be held commencing May 14, at a number of places throughout the Dominion, including: Quebec, Sherbrooke, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Edmonton, Nelson, Vancouver and Victoria.



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Lord Lockington

(Continued from page 9.)

"I have never seen him since that accident, and even his valet never has either. His Lordship lives in a suite of rooms by himself, in the oldest part of the mansion, and never comes out. When his rooms are done each morning he locks himself into one of them until all the others are ready, when he goes into one, leaving the last for the housemaid. There, that is the whole story, except that, being passionately fond of music, he sometimes has the organist to come and play to him on the great organ he has had built in the Hall. And that his medical man, having found his Lordship suffering from melancholy, suggested the engagement of a permanent musician. Lord Lockington won't have a man about the house in that capacity, so he directed me to come up to London for a week, and to try, at the various agencies, to find a young lady with a sweet voice and a knowledge of music, who could play for his pleasure as often as he liked."

Mrs. Bellamy heard this account with interest, but remarked with some doubt, when it was ended: "There were stories about Lord Lockington some twenty years ago. And—he lives apart from his wife. I feel rather doubtful about the propriety of sending my niece to a house where the husband and wife live apart."

Mrs. Holland smiled grimly. "Would you like to come with her yourself, ma'am?" she asked. "There will not be the slightest objection to that, I know. On the contrary, his Lordship would be glad, I think, to feel that the young lady was coming with the approval of her friends. He has no very strong wish about this engagement; it was his physician who insisted, and who suggested that the lady engaged should be young and attractive. The fact is, ma'am, that although his Lordship is never seen, he comes out in the gallery of the hall when the organist comes to play, and goes in again because poor Mr. Gibson—that's the organist—used to throw himself into such contortions over the instrument that his Lordship couldn't bear the sight of him."

Mrs. Bellamy nodded with comprehension.

Mrs. Holland went on: "The doctor says it's most important that his Lordship should have diversion, and if he won't listen to the organist's playing because he looks repulsive, the only thing to be done is to get someone to play whose looks are more pleasing."

"And you are sure he won't come down and frighten her?"

Mrs. Holland looked grave. "If you knew what I know," she said, lowering her voice, "about the awful sight his face is, you would know, as we all know, that it's impossible his Lordship should ever show his face again to a living soul besides the doctor. And his Lordship hates the doctor, because the poor man has had to see him!" Mrs. Holland emphasized her words with an emphatic nod.

Mrs. Bellamy looked doubtful again. "But if she should see him by accident, the sight might have a serious effect upon her!"

"There's not the very slightest fear of that. But, of course, if you won't believe me, I can say no more, and I must look out for another lady to take the post," said the housekeeper, beginning to grow weary of the difficulties unnecessarily thrown in her way.

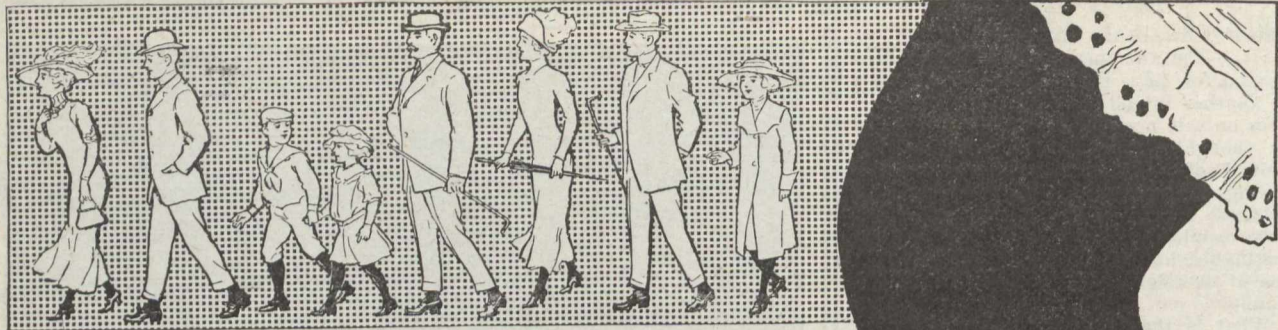
The salary, however, was too tempting a one to be lightly given up.

"Well," said Mrs. Bellamy, with a sigh, "there are drawbacks, but I suppose there always must be to any situation for a very young and pretty girl! And you will be answerable for her—in all respects?"

"I will answer for her safety, but I won't answer for it that she won't be bored to death," rejoined Mrs. Holland, rather tartly.

It seemed to her that altogether too much fuss was being made about a matter which might have been settled at once. Here was a girl, pretty, poor, fairly accomplished, ready to accommodate herself to a country life. And here was a post ready for her which any girl in such a position might be glad to have.

Mrs. Bellamy saw that she might lose



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a good opening by delay, so she made up her mind, and, convinced in her own mind that the respectability of Mrs. Holland, her frankness and her veracity, were beyond dispute, agreed that Edna should be ready to go to Lockington Hall as soon as possible to enter upon her new duties.

"She will go with you, won't she?" asked Mrs. Bellamy.

"Not unless she can be ready by the day after to-morrow, ma'am. I've been here four days, not having been able to find a lady who would suit by means of any of the agencies. And his Lordship has written to say that I must return. He's grown so used to things going by clockwork, and so used to my ways, that he misses the slightest little thing, and it angers him, not being able to go out and about like other people. It seems the soup was spoilt two nights ago, and he gave the cook warning, and I not being there to make things up there's been unpleasantness."

Mrs. Holland spoke with the pardonable pride of a great personage in whose absence riot and havoc reigns.

Mrs. Bellamy, rather troubled, said that she would do her best to bring Edna within a week, since she understood Lord Lockington was impatient in the matter. And then she bade the housekeeper good-bye, and went back home, having learnt all necessary details concerning the best train and the change which would have to be made on the journey, and the colour of his Lordship's carriage which would be sent to meet Miss Bellamy at the station at Bilston to take her the remaining mile and a-half of the journey.

When Mrs. Bellamy got home that day she found her golden-haired niece in a pensive mood.

"Did you see Mrs. Holland?" asked the girl, rather nervously.

"Yes, my dear," replied her aunt, with elaborate cheerfulness.

"And what did you think? Have you settled it—that I am to go?"

"Why, yes, my dear, I don't think you are likely to find a better post, or one half so well paid."

Edna was looking very serious indeed. "That's just it," she said, in a lugubrious tone of voice. "When one comes to think of it, aunt, the salary is so high, and the work sounds so easy, that I can't help thinking there must be something—something wrong with the post somewhere! Don't you, aunt?"

"Well, then, perhaps you'd better write and give it up," said Mrs. Bellamy, quickly.

But at that Edna's eyes flashed. "No, no, not without giving it a trial," said she. "I'm practising all day so as to be able to play well enough, and I'm going to the church to-morrow to have a lesson from the organist. All I want to do is to warn you that if I find there's something very awful about it—if the old gentleman should be very fiery-tempered, for instance, and throw footstools and sofa-cushions down at me if I play a wrong note—why, then you must be prepared to receive me back at a moment's notice, and to forgive me for having to give up such a splendid salary and the honour of being engaged in the household of a Viscount."

And, as her aunt agreed to this, they very quietly and gravely decided that the experiment must be made.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was much discussion between aunt and niece as to the best way to lay out the ten pounds which Edna had received in advance of her salary. The housekeeper had intimated that she would be expected to travel first-class, but that this money would be refunded to her. There remained the important question of dress.

It was evident that Mrs. Holland had not looked with favour upon the young musician's attire, and it was a serious matter to decide how to make a sufficiently splendid appearance on so small an outlay as they were prepared to make.

The difficulty was solved by the provision of a perfectly plain serge coat and skirt in navy blue, with a flat "motor" cap to match, for every day, and a skirt made out of some black silk Mrs. Bellamy had by her, a white silk blouse, a plain black cloth jacket, and a grey felt mushroom hat trimmed with

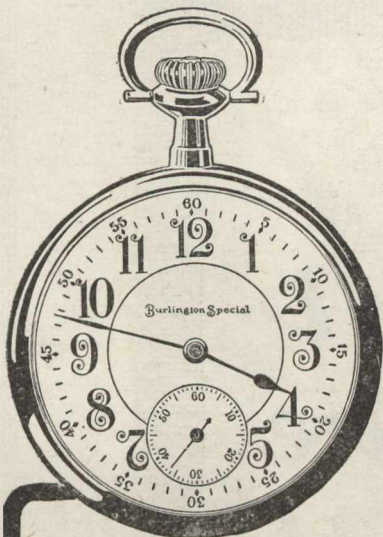
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everywhere. The Burlington is shipped right out direct from us at the Rock Bottom Price. The jewelers don't handle it because *they dare not.* They handle long profit watches. They get long-time credit from the big companies. Many times they don't have to pay for the watch they sell you until you buy it from them. Then they take out their profit and send the rest to the jobber who takes out another profit before the rest reaches the makers. And *you foot the bill.* It has cost money to keep the trust watch in the case for weeks—maybe months. It was eating up interest all the time. The makers had to plan ahead for this at the time they sent it to the small dealer. The interest was figured in at the time the watch was priced—and *you have been paying this interest.* We call the great factories a trust because they have perfected a system of contracts and agreements with dealers everywhere which enables them to fix prices and control trade. We do not say that the Watch Trust is illegal. But we do insist that their system of "quiet" agreements and price-boosting contracts is very, very unfair. Our watch book gives a copy of one of these iron-clad contracts—this will give you inside information of how watch trust prices were raised again when the new tariff went into effect, so now you must pay still more for a good watch. Do you, as an open-minded American citizen, want to continue to have your pockets stripped by this kind of business? Wouldn't you rather buy a watch that we can show you is the *best watch in America*—shipped direct from the Burlington Watch Co. with our direct guarantee—than to buy from a small dealer a watch that is turned out by the barrel full?

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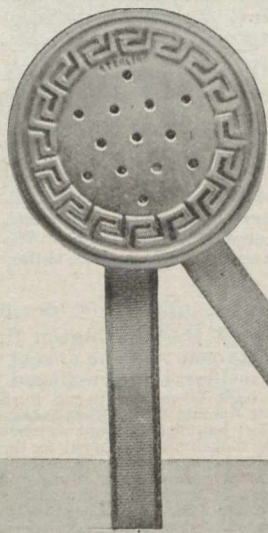


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two big rosettes of grey ribbon, for Sunday.

The month was October, and it was warm for the time of year, and the ladies decided that these clothes, which were certainly severely plain, but good of their kind, would be the most suitable to a season which was not either decidedly warm or decidedly cold.

A mackintosh, some very thick boots, and a good umbrella were also provided; for the rain had been incessant for many days, and they had heard that great portions of the country were under water.

This Edna found to be only too true, when, after bidding her aunt good-bye at Euston Station, she started alone on her journey.

It had been decided between the two ladies that the expense of the second fare could not be entertained, and so the golden-haired girl had to make her first long journey by herself.

Not that she was nervous or unduly anxious about it. She was young, high-spirited, and anxious to earn her own living; and the circumstances of this engagement were just sufficiently out of the common to make it interesting to her. Her great fear was that she would not be found competent for the post; and although the housekeeper had appeared satisfied, Edna said to herself that certainly Lord Lockington would be more critical than she was.

In the midst of these fears and fancies her attention was attracted by the sight of mile after mile of flooded fields, with the hedges standing out of the water and the trees spreading their almost leafless branches out over fields which were now lakes.

All looked grey, chilly, melancholy. It seemed to her that the very atmosphere grew colder as she travelled further north; and when she had to get out and change trains a few miles south of Manchester she was shivering as if it had been December.

On the platform were an old lady and gentleman, the lady rather deaf, apparently, as her husband had to shout into her ear all the details of their next movements.

"The other train isn't in yet, my love, you'd better go into the waiting-room and warm your feet. There's that nice-looking girl again! I wonder where she's going to! She looks cold, poor thing!"

Edna blushed as these words, which were intended only for the old lady's ears, reached her own. The old lady, who was so wrapped up that she looked like a huge bundle of clothing propelled by some unknown and unseen power, moved slowly into the waiting-room, tenderly supported by the old gentleman on one side and by her maid on the other.

After a few moments the old gentleman came out again, and, walking straight up to Edna, asked her, raising his hat in a most courtly and charming way, if she were waiting for the branch-line train, as in that case, as it would not be in for some minutes, she had better come into the waiting-room and get warm before going on.

His tone and manner were so kind that an irrational hope sprang up in the girl's mind that he might prove to be Lord Lockington himself.

She thanked him and took his advice, and he gave her a chair on one side of the fire, opposite to the bundle, while he took the remaining chair, between the two.

In the kindest way, and with evident interest in the lonely girl travelling all the way from London by herself, the old gentleman then proceeded to ask her how far she was going, and Edna replied simply that she was going to Lockington Hall.

The old gentleman looked quite startled, and even the bundle, who appeared to be less deaf than one would have supposed, moved as if in surprise.

"Dear me!" The old gentleman looked at her with so much frank but not unkindly curiosity, as if he had expected to find a human being, and had suddenly discovered an octopus or a mammoth bat, that Edna, growing very red, hurried on into a full explanation.

"I'm engaged by Lord Lockington as private organist and pianist, to play and sing when he wants me to," she explained, hurriedly.

While the old gentleman continued to

stare at her in consternation the bundle leant towards him, and, raising a large projecting branch, which appeared to be a human arm much disguised and enlarged, to what Edna supposed must be her right ear, said, in a voice that seemed to come from under a feather-bed:

"Eh! William, William! What does she say she is?"

"She's to be private organist to Lord Lockington," shouted her dutiful husband, with his eyes still fixed in a sort of dazed way on the girl.

At these words the bundle woke into comparative animation; it removed several thick films from its face, and Edna, blushing more deeply than ever, found herself gazed upon by a pair of dull, fish-like eyes, which struck terror into her soul.

(To be continued.)

The Year of No Rabbits

(Concluded from page 23.)

Nature is seldom so cruel. Stealing through the black shadows and darting across the patches of moonlight came the fox, anxious to see if anything new had happened at the knoll. Peering from a thicket, he marked the bear at his feast, and soon made out to understand. Stealing about to explore the knoll, he presently caught the cries of the kittens. This was a phenomenon not hard for him to interpret. After a prudent investigation he crept into the den. There was some spitting, feeble but courageous, and then the cries of loneliness and hunger stopped. The fox was too businesslike to play with and torment his victims, as one of the cat family would do; but killed them at once and made haste to carry them off to his den. Though not without a healthy edge to his own appetite, he thought first of his mate and cubs, to which he was untiringly devoted.

The knoll being now no longer occupied by the terrible lynx mother, the lesser folk of the forest began cautiously to revisit it, though they made no long stay in that neighbourhood, because they never knew when the den at the summit might attract some dangerous occupant. Before long the bones of those two bodies at the foot of the rock were polished clean and white; and then the place fell deserted except for the chickadees and the woodpeckers.

AS the summer drew to close and the first glimmers of autumn scarlet began to tip the maples, scattering here and there across the wilderness reappeared a few rabbits. Their enemies being now less numerous, they multiplied with amazing rapidity, as if thinking they had the earth to replenish; and soon again tall ears and bulging eyes were flickering through the coverts, sensitive, cleft nostrils questioning every air, and fluffy white tails bobbing up out of the gold-brown fern beds. The rabbits did not love the cedar swamp, with its wet moss and black, half hidden pools; but a few of their more adventurous spirits roamed everywhere.

One fresh October morning, when the birch trees were all gold among the grey rocks of the knoll, a roving buck rabbit came to the foot of it and stumbled upon that bunch of white bones. At first he was much frightened, and with two prodigious leaps took hiding in the nearest thicket. But the bones made no hostile move whatever, and presently he felt somewhat reassured. After he had stared at them for some time he concluded that they were harmless. With uncomprehending curiosity he hopped all around them, and then sat up beside them on his haunches, his long ears erect in foolish inquiry. The last thing he could guess was that he and his kind were responsible for that pile of bleaching bones.

Naming It.—An Oklahoma man willed his wooden leg to a friend.

There was \$10,000 inside the leg. That might properly be called a legacy.

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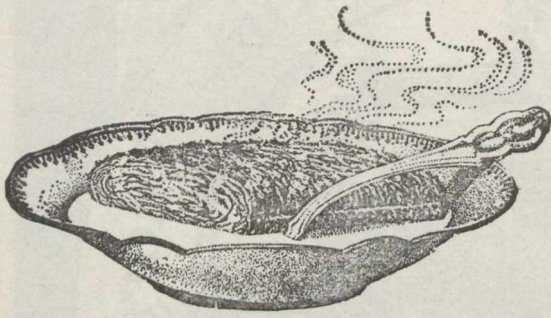
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- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

To Boost New Brunswick.

ABOUT 400 delegates attended New Brunswick's first immigration congress, which was held recently, and the result is expected to have a marked effect on the policy of the Provincial Government.

Some of the practical suggestions made by the speakers, and upon which the delegates set the seal of their approval, were the following:

1. Organization of a New Brunswick league along the lines of the Canadian clubs, membership fees to be used for advertising the Province.
2. Business men's excursions to New Brunswick from Ontario and the West to be arranged through the Boards of Trade.
3. A central bureau for giving information to newly-arrived immigrants and officials to visit them and give advice.
4. Immigration officials to take legal options on lands for disposal to newcomers.
5. An agricultural loan commission to assist new settlers in the Province.

A Rival For Banff.

THE accompanying illustration shows the preliminary drawing of the "Chateau Miette," an hotel which the G.T.P. railway will build at Miette Hot Springs, Jasper National Park, in the

have been," we say, for, happily, that unfortunate state of affairs must now be referred to in the past tense. Be it here known unto all Scots that the cult of Burns is no longer absent from Vancouver, and that now a man may forsake the strange gods of the West and return to the love of h's youth. The altar has been reared and zealous indeed are the worshippers already assembled.

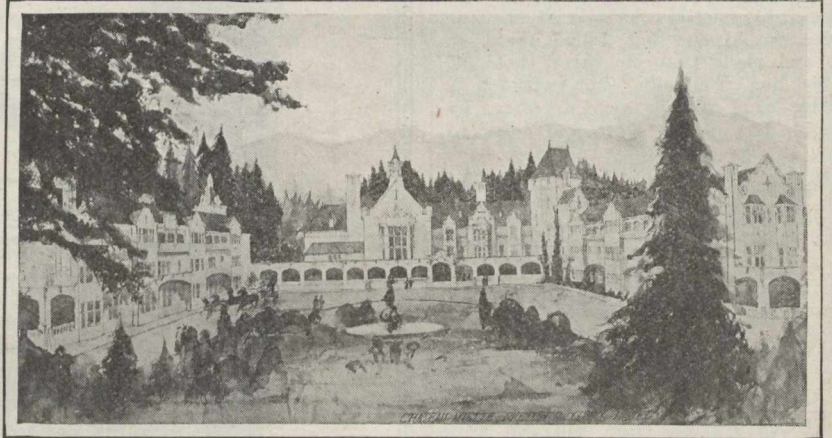
Indians Cease Roaming.

ALL Indians around the city of Medicine Hat, 70 in number, have been ordered to go to the reserve this spring.

The action is taken on account of the fact that the country is now becoming thickly populated, and it has been decided that the roving of Indians on the prairie in the future must end.

It is considered that the change will be greatly beneficial. The Indians live practically from hand to mouth. They deal in horses, and some of them work. They own no land, and camp most of the time along the river, that is, whenever they are not roving over the prairie.

When the inspector of Indian agencies notified the Indians he told them that they had the option of going to



"Chateau Miette," a G.T.P. Hotel to Be Built at Miette Hot Springs, Jasper National Park.

Canadian Rockies. The site of the hotel is a very beautiful one. It is expected that construction will commence this spring, and the work will be pushed forward with all haste.

May Blow Up Mountain.

TO consider the advisability of blowing up Turtle Mountain with dynamite in order to avert a second slide there, the Canadian Pacific Railway will make arrangements with the Federal Government in the near future, and after the report of an expert is secured, some action will probably be taken to protect the town of Frank and its citizens from a second slide.

In the meantime there is no immediate danger, and work in the mines and in the town is still going on as if there were no mountain there at all.

A Burns Club at the Coast.

VANCOUVER has formed a Burns Club, and the Vancouver World tell, in part, about that event as follows:

Where two or three hundred Scots are gathered together you will find a Burns Club in the midst of them. Especially when they are far from Scotia's strand and the air is no longer warm with the breath of sentiment. Then they gather closely round the sacred ashes that they all carry with them from the auld hearth and warm their hearts by blowing the embers into flame.

Vancouver seemed to have been an exception to the rule, either because its scenery of hill and forest and shore satisfied the hungry souls, or because its real estate booming dulled their natural yearning. "Seemed to

any of the western reserves that they wished, where a piece of land would be provided for them to work. The majority of them chose the Battleford or Piapot reserves.

This action is one more and practically the last in curtailing the wandering of the Indians over the western prairies.

Moose Jaw's Carnival.

A UNIQUE carnival has been arranged to be held at Moose Jaw on Easter Monday, to celebrate the opening of spring in the Northwest. There will be an automobile and agricultural implement show on the principal streets and a public wedding on Main Street. Valuable prizes are offered to couples coming forward, including a wedding ring, a license and the clergyman's services.

The programme also contains bands, concerts, Indian pow-wows, squaw races, a large procession and a confetti battle and other similar amusements.

Doukhobors Won't Work Out.

AT a recent conference held at the Doukhobor ranch near Grand Forks, at which Peter Veregin, the leader of the society in Canada, was present, it was decided that the members of the local colony would not hereafter work for anyone in the district, but would put all their labour on their own properties located in this vicinity.

During the past couple of seasons these people have come in very useful at times to the ranchers of the valley, who were able to go to the colony and secure as many labourers as might be required. It is stated that by this means the men have been able to clean up about \$6,000 in outside work each season.

A NEW USE FOR DRY BREAD

Disposing of stale bread without waste presents a problem to the average housewife. True, most of us know certain obvious methods, such as for bread puddings, for example. But how much more do we achieve than this? With an Electric Toaster one finds it possible to economically and quickly prepare an almost limitless number of dainty, toothsome and economical dishes. Here is one of them:

CHEESE TOAST.

Mix a cup of grated or shaved dairy cheese with a tablespoonful of butter, a very little made mustard, a still smaller quantity of red pepper, salt to taste, and spread it on buttered toast—very lightly toasted. Put the slices in pan on the toaster and leave there until the cheese melts and runs down on the sides of toast. Serve hot.

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