

The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Extravagance Outrunning Production

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. ADAM SHORTT



Character Sketch of Archbishop Bruchesi

BY AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



The First Big Fill

SHORT STORY BY R. J. C. STEAD



Suburban Home of a Chief Justice

BY E. T. COOK

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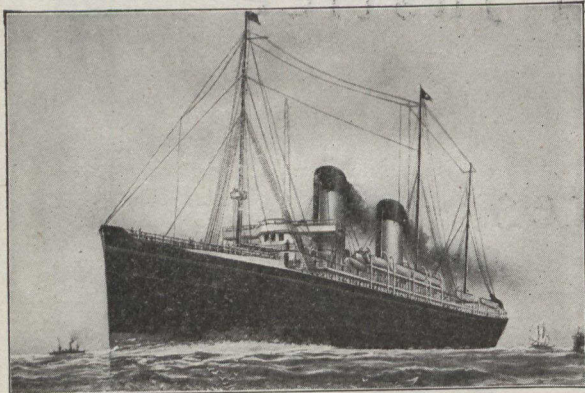
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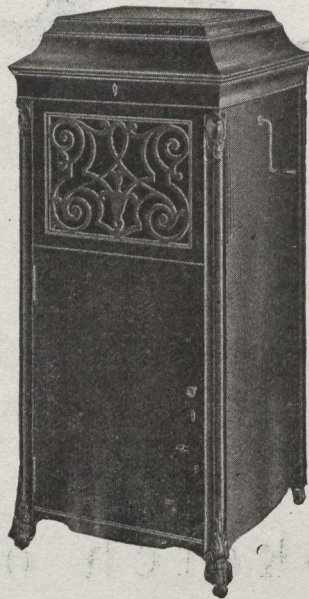
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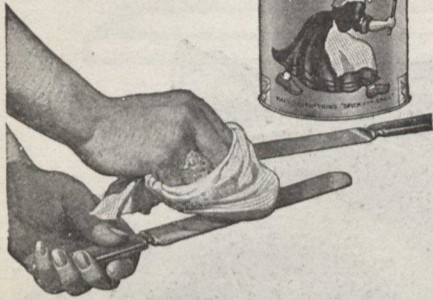
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The Canadian Courier

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VOL. XII.

TORONTO

NO. 6

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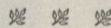
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Editor's Talk

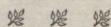
THE series of articles on "Personalities and Problems," by Augustus Bridle, will be a regular feature for some weeks. Our readers have already realized that this will be a most valuable series of interview-biographies. Mr. Bridle is not writing from imagination. He has personally talked with every man of whom he writes—talked with him for the purpose of these very articles.

Mr. Bridle has been a contributor to the Canadian press for many years, and a member of the "Canadian Courier" staff since the foundation of the paper. He has been responsible for many of the brightest features of the paper, and his latest articles are not the least of his good work. He infuses a glow into his descriptive material which indicates training and experience as well as exceptional natural gifts.



Next week's issue will be a Fiction Number, suited to ham-mock reading. The warm summer days have come when Canadians take their businesses and national problems less seriously than during the cooler seasons. Hence the collection of short stories in next week's issue.

And let us emphasize. All these stories are written by Canadians. Occasionally we use stories by British writers living outside Canada, but nearly every piece of fiction appearing in the "Courier" is Canadian. This may not be the highest praise, but our writers are coming on and it is the business of a national weekly to give the best of them an opportunity of reaching the Canadian story reader from Halifax to Victoria.



Sometimes compliments, sometimes criticisms. Mr. Richmond, of Winnipeg, wants to know if we have changed from a national weekly to a ladies' journal. Our answer is that we think women should have a place and an interest in any national weekly. Mr. Ruben Horning, of Palmerston, writes thus:

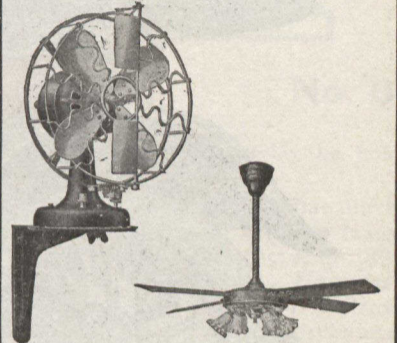
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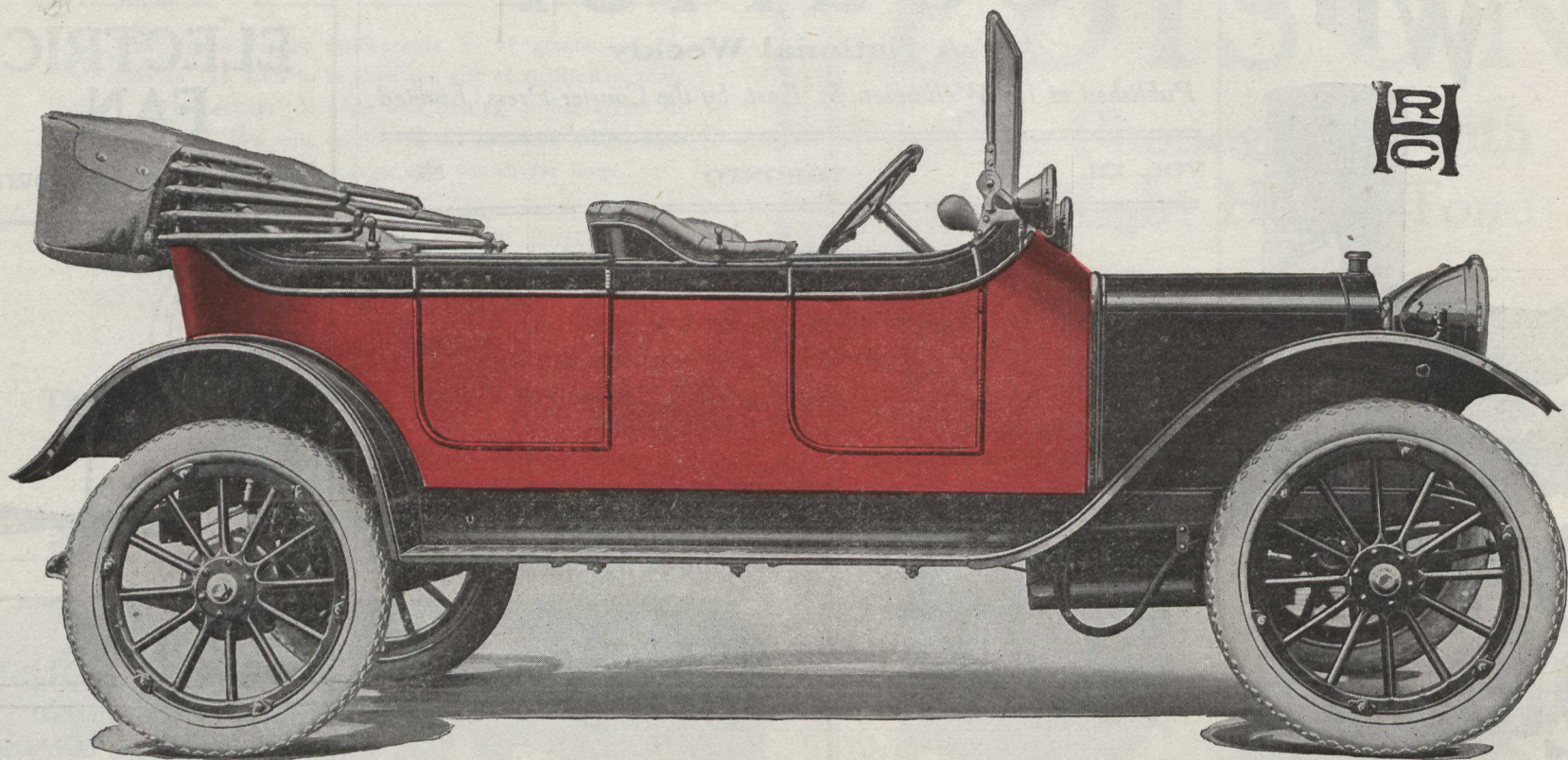
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The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
 PIER.

Vol. XII.

July 6, 1912

No. 6

Men of To-Day

Premier Fleming Returned.

HERE was an election down in New Brunswick the other day, when the Conservative party, under Hon. James Kidd Fleming, annexed forty of the forty-four seats contested. Before Premier Fleming and his stalwarts went to the country, there was a valiant little band of Liberals, twelve in number, who sat across the floor of the Legislature and were wont to oppose the policies of the Tories. There will be much vacant desk-room next session on the Liberal side; for only two Liberals survived the Conservative onslaught which caused candidates to lose deposits, seats and hopes. Two Independents were also elected—that makes four of an Opposition, which, to an observer, will look even lonelier than that of Newton Wesley Rowell in Queen's Park, Ontario.

Premier Fleming, who headed the victorious politicians, has been first citizen of New Brunswick ever since Hon. John Douglas Hazen gave up the Prime Minister's office at Fredericton and entrained for Ottawa to thrash out the Canadian navy problem for Rt. Hon. Mr. Borden. Previous to his elevation as Provincial leader of the Conservatives, Mr. Fleming acted as Provincial Secretary in Mr. Hazen's administration. He was effective in this capacity. Whenever there was destructive criticism to be done in debate, Mr. Fleming's booming voice, and dominant personality, were usually in evidence. He has particular knowledge of public finance and employed it usefully in helping Mr. Hazen get into power. Mr. Fleming is a big, healthy man, who takes issues philosophically. Outside of politics he enjoys a solid popularity with various organizations who like him to drop in and say an optimistic word. In Boston, for instance, he gets frequently an invitation to deliver addresses. Premier Fleming is only forty-four years of age. He was born in Woodstock, New Brunswick. For two years he was a school teacher, holding forth in the Provincial Normal School. Then he went into business, becoming a lumber manufacturer and dealer. By 1895, just as he was breaking into middle life, Mr. Fleming became ambitious politically. He took some time to arrive. Both in that year and in 1899 he failed to carry Carleton County, N.B. In 1900 he was returned at a bye-election and he has been going ever since.

It is a geographical coincidence that Mr. Fleming shares with Sir Richard McBride, of British Columbia, the distinction of being the youngest of our nine Canadian Premiers in years.

Mr. Donaldson Promoted.

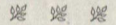
RIGHT on the heels of Mr. Chamberlin's statement of the other day that the G. T. P. expected to take out of the West thirty million bushels of wheat, as compared with eighteen last year, is the announcement of the appointment of Mr. Morley Donaldson, of Ottawa, as Vice-President and General Manager of the road's lines west of Fort William. The moving of Mr. Donaldson to the command at Winnipeg is the most important event which has occurred in the fortunes of the Grand Trunk Pacific since the sad demise of Mr. Hays and the inauguration of the new regime under Mr. Chamberlin.

It is not now the policy of our railroads to import officials from over seas or from across the line. Charles M. Hays stopped that practice on the Grand Trunk. Mr. Donaldson is a Canadian and a Canadian railway man. He grew up on Canadian roads, getting himself accustomed to the little

wrinkles of railroad problems as they affect Canada, until to-day he holds one of the most important positions in national railroadom.

Mr. Donaldson originated sixty years ago in Scotland, and has never strayed far from the porridge pot, which has been a factor in evolving transportation men in Canada. He was educated in Ottawa; and there, in 1881, began railroading as chief draughtsman for the Canada Atlantic. He ceased drawing to become superintendent of traffic, busying himself with railroad rates, the short and long haul, etc.; then for a spell he bossed the mechanical department; next he was general superintendent of the whole road, which position he discharged till 1905, when the Grand Trunk reached out and grabbed him and the Canada Atlantic Railway. Since the absorption of the Canada Atlantic, Mr. Donaldson has acted as Grand Trunk superintendent at Ottawa.

At the Capital he has many friends who regret his departure. Mr. Donaldson, though heavily pressed with his office duties, has been active socially.

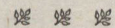


Preserving the Canadian Tree

READERS of the CANADIAN COURIER are familiar with the name of Mr. H. R. Macmillan, whom the British Columbia Government has just appointed chief of the forestry service. Mr. Macmillan has contributed several important articles on the Canadian tree and the care thereof for this paper. Forester Macmillan does more than theorize with his pen, though he does that well. He gets right out under the oaks in his prospecting boots, red kerchief about his neck, and tackles the forest problems practically.

For some time Mr. Macmillan has been helping the Federal Government and the Conservation Commission propagate sane ideas about preserving our national resources, particularly the Canadian tree, which, thirty years ago, before Ottawa ever heard of Gifford Pinchot or Dean Fernow, was considered fit only to build snake fences. He is a college man who has taken up tree culture as a profession; the new type of university boy who knows more about the practical problems of nation building than of Latin or Greek. Mr. Macmillan is a Canadian chap, born in Ontario. His university is Yale, because when he matriculated there was no faculty of forestry in Canada nor likelihood of one being started. At Yale he studied under Henry S. Graves, now chief of the United States forestry service. When Mr. Macmillan graduated from Yale he came straight to Canada, which was just then beginning to see light through the clearing on the forestry question. Mr. Macmillan, while at Ottawa, published a host of reports and articles on conditions in Canada.

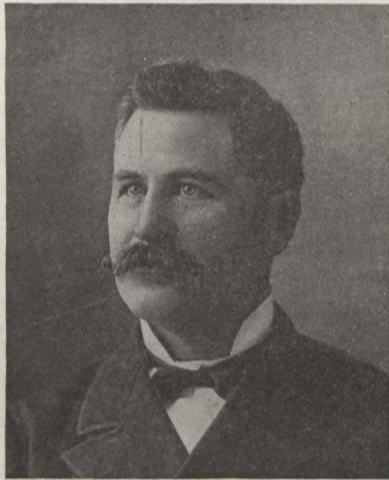
He travelled in the nine provinces getting his knowledge at first hand of the intricacies of the situation. While he was looking over the ground in Sir Richard McBride's territory, the government of British Columbia, looking for a man to captain its new forestry service, snapped him up. His future there he will hew out himself; for no one has preceded him and there is much to do ahead.



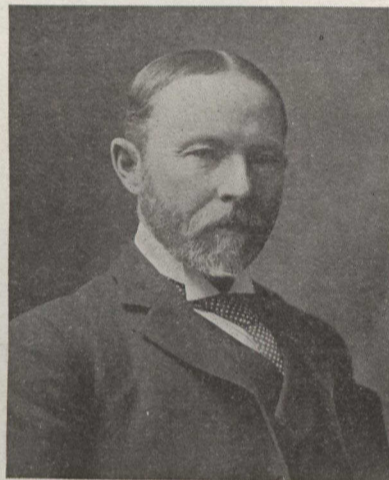
Honoured by the King.

WHEN the list came out recently of those whom the king was delighted to honour, included among the names was that of Mr. John McDougald, Commissioner of Customs at Ottawa, who was decorated Commander of St. Michael and St. George.

Mr. McDougald is one of the best known civil servants at the Capital. He was a member of the House of Commons before he gave up legislative for executive work. This man of tariffs is a Nova Scotian, born down in Pictou seventy-four years ago.



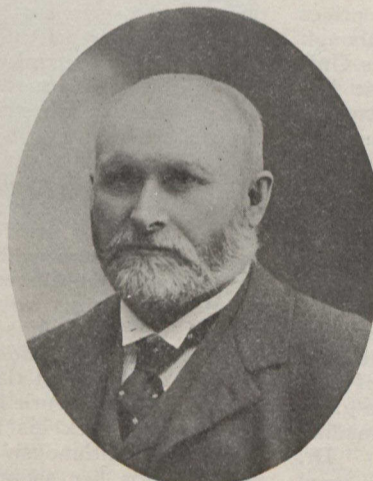
HON. JAMES KIDD FLEMING,
 Whose Government was Re-elected in New Brunswick.



MR. MORLEY DONALDSON,
 Chosen Vice-President and General Manager G.T.P. Lines West of Ft. William.



MR. H. R. MACMILLAN, B.S.A., M.F.,
 Appointed Chief of British Columbia's New Forestry Service.



MR. JOHN McDUGALD, C.M.G.,
 Commissioner of Customs, Ottawa, Who was Honoured by the King.

Paris Hats and Dresses Add to the High Cost of Living



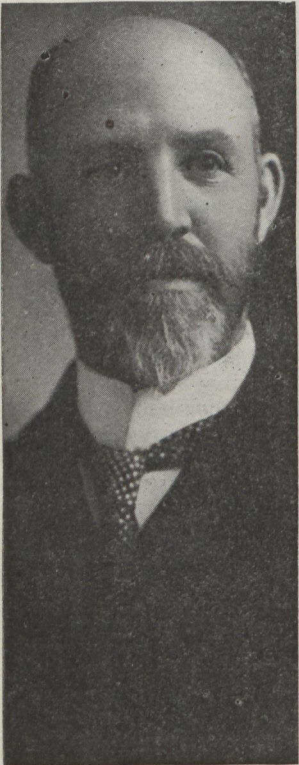
In the days of yore Mrs. Timmins made her daughter's dresses at home. She also trimmed the family hats. Now-a-days, Mrs. Timmins, Jr., must take a trip across the Atlantic to see the latest "creations" in London and Paris. "Hubby" is equally guilty since he is as socially ambitious as Mrs. Timmins.

Drawn by W. S. Broadhead.

Extravagance Outrunning Production

By NORMAN PATTERSON

THERE is no person in Canada perhaps who is better able to express an opinion on the present controversy concerning high prices than Professor Adam Shortt. Although Dr. Shortt has been transferred from Queen's University to the Civil Service Commission he has never lost his place as the chief economic adviser of the nation. There is no other man, except perhaps Sir Edmund Walker, from whom Canada is willing to take economic advice. There should be more such men and their absence from the arena of public discussion is a great defect in the Canadian body politic. Dr. Shortt has been good enough to give the writer a brief summary of his views.



Dr. Adam Shortt.

other students of political economy at home and abroad. His "first" principle in this question is that if men decrease the hours of productive labour and

service while increasing the rates of wages and profits faster than the productiveness of nature and therefore the means of life are increased, they will simply increase prices without any corresponding benefit to the community. The people cannot divide among themselves more than they produce. But that is what we are striving to do.

The Professor comes at it this way. Man is a biological specimen living upon nature's bounty. Nature produces very little spontaneously. As the world becomes more and more settled the spontaneous production of nature grows less and less. Man cannot now live on wild seeds, fruits, and herbs; he must produce cultivated grain, fruits and vegetables. He cannot now live on game and clothe himself with the skins of wild animals; he must carefully attend his flocks and herds in order that he may obtain from them food and clothing. He must laboriously work his mines and carefully preserve and restock his fisheries. In other words man must continuously force the hand of nature, not wait for her spontaneous bounty. Hence his whole problem is how to get the most from nature with the least effort.

IN order to increase his income from nature, man has only two factors at his service: he can work harder himself or he can make nature work harder. If he combines these two factors and uses them advantageously he will bring a greater reward to himself. It is quite true that the modern civilized community, by reason of its own organization and command over nature, obtains immensely more per individual than it ever did before. But, of recent years, our expectations and demands have been steadily outrunning our increased efficiency. Our products are increasing at one ratio and our demands are increasing at a much higher ratio. We increase prices to meet increased demands, but we do not thereby increase the means of life.

Thus the simple explanation of higher prices in Canada is that every man and every woman is trying to get greater results without corresponding

exertion and hours of labour—a manifest impossibility. Because we have shortened the hours of labour and decreased our efforts in conjunction with nature, and because we are at the same time increasing our demands, prices are going up.

SUCH is Professor Shortt's simple explanation of the situation. It will be noticed that he eliminates the theory that the increased gold supply has affected prices. He will probably admit that this is one of the minor causes, but he places very little emphasis on it. He prefers to argue from the one ground because it is the central ground. For a hundred years the producers of the world have been aiming at shorter hours of labour and longer hours of ease, as well as a higher standard of food, dress, and housing. They have been getting what they aimed at, but they are no longer content with the rate of increase. They are not content with dividends out of profits; they are taking them out of capital. High prices are bound to result from these efforts. Man's ingenuity and inventiveness may retard the rise in prices for a time, but in the end the rise is inevitable.

The statisticians look across the field in a general way and find that prices have increased very largely in recent years. What they do not record is that in some communities prices have risen more than in others. The hours of labour and the earnestness with which men work varies in different countries and in different parts of each country. Social atmosphere varies and has an effect upon production and upon expenditure.

THE problem before Canada to-day is, therefore, not only one of wages and hours of labour, but of profits and extravagant living on the part of all classes. It is quite proper that the working-man should not be forced to work beyond his strength or to live miserably. Neither should he expect to live in ease and luxury without performing his due share of the world's tasks. No nation can decrease its production and increase its expenditure without feeling the pinch. Canadians are working for themselves. They have a rich country, a great national heritage. If they are content to labour fairly and honestly and intelligently, they have no need to fear the prices of the future.

Personalities and Problems

4---Most Rev. Dr. Paul Bruchesi

The Archbishop of Montreal, an Ecclesiastical Statesman

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE dome of St. James is a replica, one size smaller, of St. Peter's at Rome. Across the park and just down the street rises the square Norman buttress of the new C. P. R. extension; perhaps the biggest block of transportation offices in the world.

These two, the dome and the square tower, almost dominate Montreal. One stands for just about all the other doesn't—except that the dome of St. James tacitly symbolizes a good many millions of wealth tied up in the city of Montreal. Quite possibly Pope Pius X. has never heard of the C. P. R. But if he has we may surmise that His Grace Monseigneur Paul Bruchesi has told him. For most assuredly the Roman Church and the C. P. R. are two of the greatest systems under the sun.

Apart from its dome, St. James is not particularly handsome—though decidedly imposing. Its twelve apostles over the front facade are quite tawdry. The location is splendid. Some sordid soul may compute its value at so much a square foot, which is the way they measure real estate in Montreal. But if it were a million dollars a foot I suppose the Church would still keep St. James there in the middle of the town. And if one should stand on the tip of St. James dome he might count most of a hundred spires and towers surmounted by crosses.

THE Archbishop lives in one of the ugliest big houses in that part of Canada; the Palace fronting on Lagauchetiere St. over a stone parapet, thrusting its surly red brick right up to the stones of the cathedral. But Monseigneur Bruchesi, much talked about in the newspapers, quite makes up by his charm of personality for the ugliness of the house he lives in. The first time I called to see him he was too busy to be interviewed. The priest who tells you how busy His Grace is happens to be a jovial, very likeable Irishman. The Archbishop likes the Irish. A large number of his priests are Irish, and a good many of his churches have nothing but the "St." to do with anything in France or Italy. Ten years ago on one of his trips to the Vatican, Mgr. Bruchesi being in Dublin, a guest of the Archbishop, visited the tomb of Daniel O'Connell, from which he plucked a sprig of shamrock and sent it to one of his Irish priests on the eve of St. Patrick's Day in the morning. And you can tell from the bubbling enthusiasm of Father McCorry, who makes appointments for His Grace, that the Archbishop is an immensely popular man with the Irish. French, Italian, Irish are the three national ties that bind him to the Church.

He was born in Montreal. Most of his education he got in Canada; at least the part that can't be got by travelling; and the Archbishop travels a good bit, is an excellent linguist, considerably cosmopolitan, at college was brilliant, as a priest a man of hard work, as bishop popular, as Archbishop, succeeding Mgr. Fabre in 1897, the youngest in that office ever known in America. He is still a young man in energy and enthusiasm. Montreal knows him independent of St. James as the brigadier-general of all moral reform movements, as the friend of charity, as the excellent, informal mixer in all functions having to do with the betterment of social and religious conditions where it's neither Catholic nor Protestant nor Jew, but just man to man working for the good of the common weal.

Being Archbishop of Montreal is one of the heaviest jobs that a man might pick out. New parishes are carved out with much the same feverish haste that new towns rise on the prairie. The ordinary ecclesiastical labour is enormous. Montreal is the real chapter of Roman Catholicism in Canada. The Archbishop is the effective head of the Church in this country. His lot is to work like a Trojan at the traditional machinery; as functionary always in demand; as a publicist much studied by the newspapers; adding to all his immense active interest in social and political affairs.

IT was nine a.m., a somewhat bleak morning of new buds when I called to see Mgr. Bruchesi. The hour was his making. Before my arrival he had probably done a good part of a day's work. I waited for him in a tiresome red compartment; wondering what kind of man he was. Once a man

gets mentioned for Cardinal, as Mgr. Bruchesi was a while ago, you begin to associate him with such eagle-eyed dignitaries as Richelieu and Wolsey; men who sit next to kings. I imagined His Grace would be a stickler for form; for profound etiquette; would perhaps be intolerant of any amateurish bungling about doctrines, and surely impatient of any pretense.

For all I knew the interview might end twenty-five minutes before the end of the half-hour he had assigned to it. Lately there had been more than usual newspaper talk affecting the Church in that part of Canada. The elections in Quebec were about to begin. Down in St. Louis division one Godfroy Langlois had been making merry with



"No mere autocrat on a big chair handing out dogmas from purple-broidered robes."

the Jews. Charles Bruchesi, brother of the Archbishop, was one of his opponents. *Le Pays* had been going the rounds; perhaps being more discussed than the church papers. Educational reform was in the air. Day before the Archbishop had received at the Palace part of the French delegation, members of the French Academy, with speeches in the best of French, Mgr. Bruchesi's as polished as any. Two years ago, when the municipal reform movement struck Montreal, His Grace had the Church's position on the movement enunciated from the pulpits. He believes in keeping a firm, statesmanlike grip on bishops, priests and people. For nowadays there is a certain form of populism abroad, that always affects traditions; and the Church in Quebec has always been a powerful factor in politics. The bilingual question had just been given acres of space in special correspondence. The Hebert case had got past Justice Charbonneau and was now on the eve of the Supreme Court.

And to all these perplexing problems the Archbishop of Montreal was a sort of referee. Whichever way the popular movement went in politics and society, in church and school, and the world of labour, the man at the head of the Church in Montreal must make it very clear just how he

stood. Mgr. Bruchesi had never skulked behind the curtain; had never been content with caballing and cloistering. He had been for the most part a plain, obvious man, determined to keep the Church on the firing line. He had been called a reactionary; but he was no mere autocrat on a big chair, handing out dogmas from purple-broidered robes. Often he had been to Rome to see His Holiness the Pope. In the Federal elections last year he was known to be no enemy of Henri Bourassa and the Nationalists.

HERE he came bustling in; a long, black gown with a purple fringe; an elaborate crucifix and a tremendous ring; no stride or stalk or heavy port; no eagle eye and proud chin; a swift, sunshiny, small-bodied man, who at once sat down by the window and genially wanted to know what he was supposed to talk about.

Mgr. Bruchesi is an excellent talker. Though his English is accented by French mixed with Italian, it is by no means broken and is perfectly intelligible with a certain charm of edge to it that comes from a Latin twang. With eloquent gestures he spoke of his busy life in the big city which as sleepy old Montreal he had known as a child playing under the mountain; of the sixty-three parishes to which new ones are being added at the rate of two every month. By an odd movement of both hands he pictured the planting of a new parish whose church, as he said, was but an extension of the home where the father is the first school-master. This was basic. Here was the root. Politics, statecraft and sociological matters all grew out from this. And so far it was the priest rather than the bishop that was talking.

"And I am sure, Archbishop, that you still regard Montreal as essentially a French city?"

Which nowadays might be considered a paradox, when you note how the big city with the churches dotted all over it is ripping out her insides in the name of modern business.

"Yes. In 1763, when Canada became governmentally English, there were 65,000 French in Quebec. Now in Canada there are between two and three millions."

The continuity and expansion of the French in Canada seemed to be to him something like the evolution of the original Thirteen into the United States. I didn't ask him, but it seemed certain that Mgr. Bruchesi was considering Canada as a tree with a French root. Montreal is still more than half French; yet a cosmopolitan city; and he spoke of the Jews numbering more than 40,000 there.

"They are becoming very active. They are very ambitious."

HE didn't condemn the Jews; granting them equal rights with any other citizens of Canada, but not disposed to see them exempt from Christian observances, and unwilling to have them used as a means to an end for political purposes. He made no reference to their religion. It was the social and political aspect of the Hebrew problem that gave him concern. Neither did he mention Godfroy Langlois or *Le Pays*.

"The Jews cannot be considered as a real race," he said, emphatically. "They are as many nationalities as the lands they come from. In this country they reflect many tendencies."

"That is they progress, but do not—fuse?"

"It is not possible to fuse them."

"You do not think so of Germans or Scandinavians?"

"That is a different matter."

"Then is there any similarity between nationalism among the Jews and nationalism in French-Canadians?"

Again he made it very clear:

"The Jews are not, and in this part of the world cannot be, a nation."

There were other matters of more direct concern; and Mgr. Bruchesi has a mind able to deal with many problems. He preferred to go back to the root.

"The French are a case of historical evolution in this country. We should see that the genius of the French race is preserved here."

"And first of all the language?"

"Ah! Fundamental. By the Act of British North America French has equal official value and

recognition with English. You see it in the speech from the Throne, in the bilingual speeches of members in Parliament and of senators, and in the records of Hansard. It is there—constitutional.”

I regretted my inability to understand the French of Monseigneur. In Montreal you naturally desire to speak French since, according to the figures of Godfroy Langlois, about 90 per cent. of the French there speak some sort of English; which may be true of Montreal, but not of St. Hyacinthe or Sorel. At the same time the Archbishop, himself partly Italian, is also a speaker of Italian; and when he goes to the seat of Roman Catholic power it is not to France, but to Rome. Besides, in Montreal are several thousand Italians who do not necessarily learn French, and perhaps do not as a rule acquire that language more readily than do the Jews or some of the English. So that the preservation of the Roman Catholic faith in Canada is not exclusively a matter of conserving French, but all languages that belong to the Church.

“Do you think Montreal will become more, or less, French?” I asked him.

“More and more,” he said. “There is no sign of decadence.”

“But as the chief city in Canada becomes more cosmopolitan, will not the French element become of less relative importance?”

He would not admit this, in spite of the fact that the bulk of the big business there is done by the English-speaking people. I asked him:

“Plainly the French are progressing in business more rapidly than ever before. For instance, the chief financier in Montreal is a French-Canadian. How will this affect the Church? Will it tend to a loosening of regard for authority and matters of faith?”

“By no means. The more wealth the French people get the more generous they are able to be towards the Church.”

On the streets of Montreal you may see friars who by their vows are committed to lives of poverty; barefooted and tonsured amid the walls of wealth. The Archbishop knows them all; understands them all. He knows the value of poverty in keeping the faith.

And he has a keen eye for economics. Quebec is said to be the best labour market in America. In the small French towns there are many big factories; somewhat because of cheap water-power, but quite as much because in the little towns and villages of Quebec good labour is more abundant and more easy to control than anywhere else in Canada, even in Montreal. On the surface this may not seem to have much to do with the Archbishop; but when it is sifted down you see that he is to the labour question from the Church side something what Samuel Gompers is to the American Federation.

“Why is the town your factories are in one of the best labour markets in Canada?” was asked of a Montreal manufacturer.

“Because we seldom or never have a strike,” was the reply; and when asked how strikes were prevented, he said, tersely:

“The Bishop.”

The Archbishop of Montreal is eternally opposed to undue disturbances in the labour world. He likes to see the people busy, contented and happy. If he had his way there would perhaps never be a really big strike anywhere in Canada. Most of all he deprecates the interference of the American Federation of Labour.

I remembered that a deputation of labour men in Montreal had once interviewed the Archbishop on labour matters; that was when he was a bishop—wanting to know why he had permitted one of his clergy to preach a sermon attacking the A. F. of L. The bishop made clear his position to which he has held ever since, that Canadian economics of labour are Canada's own peculiar business, and that Samuel Gompers has no right to be considered as the head of the labour movement in Canada.

I DON'T know the precise views of His Grace on the education of labour; but it is certain that the present order of things whereby the people work cheerfully and mainly without strikes, and where the bishop is the efficient strike-preventer—suits him infinitely better than what may be expected to happen when labour is more highly organized, and educated and trained to the art of resistance. He is not opposed to the education of labour. But, being a hard-working man himself, he believes first in the law of labour, fair wages for good work, a minimum of strikes, frugal living and contentment. However, the day may come when Quebec is no longer the best labour market in North America. In what he considers the best interests of the French-Canadians, that day will be a long while coming, if the A. F. of L. tries to hurry it along

and if the Archbishop can prevent it. I don't suppose he traced any analogy between the influence of Samuel Gompers on Canadian labour and the natural influence of the Pope at Rome on religious affairs in Quebec. One is artificially evolved. The other is historic.

And it is the historic evolution of things that gives the Archbishop his peculiar angle. Not only in the development of Canada, in the French language and literature, in the success of bilingual self-government in this country; but perhaps more fundamentally in matters of faith. On this he spoke with great emphasis. He maintained that the Roman Catholic Church has the only system of belief traceable to a point upon which all men could agree.

The Protestant Church—

“But in reality there is none,” he said. “My good friends the Protestants are divided into many camps, into many kinds of interpretation. They may talk of church union. But what common interpretation will a united church accept? And how much is each party to such a union prepared to surrender for that common belief?”

AGAIN you realize that from the historic angle he is right. He spoke without the least trace of animosity; as one who has many personal friends among Protestants, who works with them regardless of creed in the name of social betterment.

“Five hundred years ago,” said he, “what church had your ancestors and mine?”

So far as I knew, before the days of the Reformers, it was the Roman Catholic Church.

“And that is the one Church now,” he said. “It has not changed its principles or its faith. Truth never changes. In science truth is absolute, whenever we get past the variations of phenomena to the unchangeable law. In mathematics it is so. By no jugglery of interpretation can two and two ever be got to make anything but four. So with matters of faith. There is but one interpretation of fundamentals. It traces back to one common authority, the keys of whose revelation to man are in the hands of the Church.”

He quoted a Latin ecclesiastical proverb which translated reads—“Kill errors, but save men.”

The Mask of Jim Burrell

By F. D. JACOB

“I TELL you, gentlemen, there isn't such a thing as sentiment or heart in this world. Every man living is after the stuff for himself and has his price, and you have only to name the right figure to buy every mother's son of them.”

The speaker, a grey-haired, ruddy, clean-shaven, blue-eyed man of sturdy build, attired in a loose brown suit, emphasized his remark with a vigorous blow of his fist upon the arm of the chair on which he sat in the rotunda of the X—Hotel, Hamilton, and glanced round at the frequenters of the place with a condescending smile on his broad and intellectual face.

The landlord of this famous hostelry—it being no less a personage who had just delivered himself—usually had the last word on almost every topic brought up for discussion by the patrons of the house who used its comfortable rotunda as a club, and there wasn't a topic under the sun from the latest trick in ward politics to the bewildering mysteries of German theology, that didn't lie on the dissecting table and have the scalpels used upon it.

However, whatever the subject, Jim Burrell, formerly school teacher and prospector out West, had either more facts to bear upon it than anyone else or he speedily cleared the field of all opposition by resorting to his wonderful powers of ridicule, the rankling shafts of which seldom left the victim any desire to become their target the second time.

To the surprise of the club, however, on this occasion the landlord's remark was not to remain unchallenged, for a newcomer to the privileges of the house, a burly, coon-coated young farmer, uneducated perhaps, but with the honesty of the schoolboy written all over his sun-burnt face, broke forth with considerable warmth from a far corner of the room where he had been seated listening to the buzz of conversation. “You're wrong there, Burrell. I know hundreds of men who can't be bought with all the money in the world. You can't cram stuff like that down me, and I guess when you've had a good sleep to-night you'll think differently yourself.”

Burrell turned round his chair so that he

I suppose all agree that saving men by some means or other is the business of the church and of science and of society. But the trouble seems to come when we begin to define just what are the errors that have to be killed. I am quite sure the Archbishop was sincere when he said that to save a man he, if need be, would sacrifice himself. His life of works based upon his interpretation of faith proves it. He was constitutionally on the rock bottom of sincerity when he alluded to the Hebert case, since made still more celebrated as a test case by the recent finding of the Supreme Court. He knew all the details of the case. To him there could never be any real marriage between two Catholics united by a Protestant minister. Marriage he construed as a sacrament, not as a civil contract; as part of the faith and as such not capable of being secularized. Once married as a sacrament, always married; the Church does not believe in divorce. In the case of either the contracting parties being non-Catholic the Church would do all in its power to convert the non-Catholic—for the sake of the sacrament of marriage.

In all these matters the Archbishop spoke as one having not mere authority, but as one having convictions. Many things to Most Rev. Dr. Paul Bruchesi are final, not admitting of compromise or argument. But there is no phase of modern life affecting his many-sided station that he will not study, will not work hard to accomplish in the interests of the Church. To him the dome of St. James is the symbol of St. Peter's at Rome. And Rome is absolute. I asked him:

“In the course of time, if ever the Church should have the experience in Italy that she has had in France, would you expect a transfer of the Papal See to—?”

He probably anticipated the rest.

“No,” said he. “I think the Roman Catholic Church will always be centred in Rome.”

The time for the interview was already more than twice up. And I had discovered that there is probably no man in Canada more anxious to impart truth genially and generously than the Archbishop of Montreal.

The next article will deal with Herbert S. Holt, Light, Heat and Power financier.

could face the interrupter, and with a look of contemptuous pity, retorted, “You are young yet, boy; this world isn't a Sunday-school, as you will find when you are a bit older. Money runs everything. This sentiment business never did count anywhere and I've cut it clean out for years.

“You make me laugh, Hempel,” he went on, ironically. “Men like you—” but the rest was cut short by the porter's whispered announcement that the Missus would like to see him for a minute in the kitchen and Burrell's instant departure thereto.

“What a shame to see a man like Burrell hold such low opinions of people, and such a clever man, too,” broke out the young farmer, with a sigh, as the hotel-keeper disappeared through the intervening door. “I've heard of men who hadn't an ounce of feeling in their make-up, but this beats all. My, my, what a pity,” and walking across the room he stood at the window watching the crowded street while the frequenters in the rotunda, disappointed in the looked-for “scrap,” called for refreshments and delved once more into the topics of the day.

JUST then Hempel felt a hand on his shoulder and, turning round, saw the tall, well-knit figure and benign features of Dan, the popular hostler of the hotel's stables.

“Come with me,” remarked that worthy, quietly, “I happened to be in the room when you and the boss had your bit of a tiff, and I just thought I would like you to see what might perhaps be news to you and show the old man in a different light. He loves to talk, does the boss, but talk and actions are not quite the same thing.”

The two left the hotel together, and, turning up a side street after a walk of less than a hundred yards, entered the hotel stables. Here, in a large, airy, well-lighted building stood about a dozen horses of various breeds and ages tossing hay out of generously-filled mangers or absorbed in the pleasant work of nosing to the bottom of big, bulging feed-bags. There was a general look of comfort about the place, and the red-brick floor was as clean as the deck of an ocean liner just after

(Continued on page 26.)

A Fine, Ethical Point in Politics

Four Letters Throwing a Sidelight on the Reduction of Cement Duties

A WRITER in the CANADIAN COURIER of two weeks ago made the statement that certain members of the government gave the cement people to understand that there would be no reduction in duties this year. Yet the reduction came. In support of this contention, four letters are given herewith, two from a cement manufacturer not connected with the merger, and two from members of the Cabinet. The reader may draw his own conclusions from the correspondence.

FROM A CEMENT MANUFACTURER TO
PREMIER BORDEN.

May 10th, 1912.

To the Right Honourable R. L. Borden.

Honourable Sir,—Some weeks ago the cement interests were advised that certain members of your Cabinet were contemplating the reduction of the duty on cement and sundry other articles, with the sole view of influencing the elections pending in the Northwest Provinces. Messrs. Rogers and Cochrane were the prime movers, and according to our information it was intended that the order should be rushed through in the absence of yourself, Mr. White and Mr. Foster. Such an order would be inconsistent with the doctrine of the Conservative party and contrary to the pledges of every leading member of your Cabinet. I may here say that a deputation from companies interested, interviewed Mr. White and Mr. Foster a short time ago and presented our case. The deputation was received with great courtesy, and was assured by the Ministers that the duty on cement would not be lowered.

However, I see by to-day's Daily World, Toronto, a semi-official statement that this good Conservative doctrine and the personal pledges of nearly every one of your Ministers are to be ignored, and the whole cement industry of the Dominion is to be destroyed, all for the sake of assisting Mr. Rogers in his election.

Such a breach of faith on the part of your Cabinet should and would bring about disaster to the party at the next election.

You act on the principle that a little strained money advantage in the West would help your party at present. That might be so, but you should think what would be the effect in Ontario and other parts of the Dominion if you depart from your honoured National Policy and destroy an industry in which so many millions of money are invested. Our company has upwards of four hundred stockholders, and the total number of cement shareholders must be about ten thousand. I ask you, would it pay you to sacrifice these ten thousand, mostly your supporters, for a paltry success gotten by the sacrifice of principles which you and the Conservative party have for years advocated, and which placed you in your present proud position? No man ever entered upon a career with a better name or brighter prospects. You were admired as a true man by Tory and Grit alike, and it would be a sad blow to the Conservatives to find you breaking a pledge or weakening to the baser elements of your Ministry.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier held his party together by the firmness of his management and his adherence to his own personal pledges and the traditions of his party; but in a moment of weakness he listened to the voice of the tempter, to Fielding, Patterson and The Globe—you know the result; his party spurned him and them.

You were elected to fill the place of that great statesman Sir John A. Macdonald in the Conservative party; you have the ability, honesty and a good name which the whole world recognizes and is waiting to see if you have the generalship and firmness of character necessary to control your Cabinet and not permit them to lead you into shallows and confusion.

I have written this in the interest of the company I represent, and I say sincerely, as your ardent admirer and a life-long supporter of the Conservative party, that I trust, notwithstanding the rumours to the contrary, that your decision will be on true national grounds.

Yours faithfully,

FROM THE PREMIER TO A CEMENT MANUFACTURER.

As this letter is marked "private," it cannot be printed here. The reader must judge of its tenor from the context.

FROM A CEMENT MANUFACTURER TO
THE PREMIER.

June 10th, 1912.

To the Right Honourable R. L. Borden.

Honourable Sir,—One month ago to-day I had the honour of addressing a letter to you on the subject of

the duty on cement, and beg to refer you thereto. On the 13th May I received your prompt and courteous reply. In my letter I called your attention to rumours to the effect that certain of your Ministers, in your absence, were pledging your Government to a reduction of the duties on cement, and for the sole purpose (according to rumours) of influencing the elections in Saskatchewan in favour of the Conservative party. In your reply you stated that I gave undue credence to rumours which appear in the press, but it now appears that the rumours as to lowering of cement duty only foreshadowed the event which has taken place; unless the report in the Globe to-day is equally astray. It now appears that what seemed to my credulous mind to be a conspiracy against your honour and the pledge of our leaders has taken place, and all for the sake of influencing a petty local election in a Western Province.

Your letter to me, which I believed was written in all sincerity, led me to believe that such action was in no way contemplated, and that there was no fear of a departure from the well defined and established policy of the Conservative party.

In view of your letter, as manager of this company I proceeded in the expenditure of several thousand dollars for the purpose of increasing our output, and have commenced the season on a larger scale than ever before. Had I not believed your letter, or had you suggested the most remote possibility of the lowering of the duty, or even that the matter was under consideration, I would have advised the directors to close the plant and hand it over to the English bondholders.

The action of the Government in this matter is a violation of every pledge given before election, and is distinctly repugnant to the Conservative party. There can be no economic reason for it since there are over one million barrels of cement on hand and sufficient mill capacity to satisfy any possible demand. Had the Government forced the transportation companies to do their duty and carry the necessities of the country at a reasonable rate, there would be no complaint of a shortage in the West or clamour for a reduction of the duty. Whatever may have been your motive in making the order I can assure you that the public will regard the act as an election dodge pure and simple.

It was the hope of the Conservative party that in you they had found a MAN who was more than a politician, a man who was a statesman, one upon whose firmness they could rely for steadfastness of policy.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

ROOSEVELT AND CHAMBERLAIN

IF I were a politician, I should take a mental microscope down to Oyster Bay and examine Mr. Roosevelt. I should dearly love to know how he does it. It is utter nonsense to tell us that he owes his prominence and his success to his "issues." Bless my heart, other men have been hammering at the same issues for years without upsetting the entire American nation, and convincing something like half the people that they are "fighting the battle of the Lord." Bryan came as near to this achievement as any man; but Bryan never caught the imagination of the superficial, base-ball, sporty, middle-class "gent" of the refined East as "Teddy" has done. Woodrow Wilson has been lecturing on these same "issues" all year; but the people have been just about as enthusiastic over his efforts as his College boys used to be when he lectured to them. Still I think I talked to you about all this before. What I now want to say, in view of "Teddy's" new departure, is that I should think that a lot of our earnest politicians at Ottawa and other Canadian capitals might profitably take a close, long look at him, and learn how to touch the imagination of a busy, superficial electorate.

THE American does not "chew" over his politics as the Englishman does. The Englishman takes time to study public questions, and is quite able to "heckle" his public speakers intelligently and effectively. He does not merely interrupt—he puzzles. "Heckling" is often a quite orderly proceeding. The bothered speaker would be delighted if somebody would start an incipient riot under cover of which he could get away. But the "heckler" has read up the subjects under discussion and is as full of awkward questions as a June river-side is of mosquitoes. Now the American is not a bit like that. An abstruse discussion of a political proposition bores him. The moment it strays beyond direct application to some business he understands, he wants to know why he should take so much time off from working out the base-

Lacking such a man at its head, any Cabinet becomes a nest of intriguing politicians.

This action of yours will do more to split Canada at Winnipeg than Sir Wilfrid Laurier did in his whole life, and to advertise and make known the special and divergent interests of East and West. I have travelled all through the West several times, and I firmly believe that eventually the Conservative party has no hope of support from that quarter. Why, therefore, alienate your certain support from the East, and particularly Ontario?

I conclude only by saying that I am much poorer in purse by relying upon your letter upon this subject, as it would be read by any reasonable man, but poorer far in heart and mind when I see the sacrifice to which politicians are driven.

Yours faithfully,

FROM A CABINET MINISTER TO THE SAME
CEMENT MANUFACTURER.

Ottawa, June 13th, 1912.

Dear Sir,—In the absence of the Right Honourable the Prime Minister your letter of the 10th instant with reference to the remission of the duty upon cement has been brought to my attention, and I regret very much that under an entire misconception of facts you should criticize so strongly the action of the Government in this matter. The Prime Minister's statement to you under date of May 13th was absolutely correct because at that date the matter of the cement tariff had not been in any way under consideration by the Government. During the past two weeks, however, an extremely serious situation has developed in Canada, and particularly in the West, due to shortage of cement supply, with an accompanying suspension of buildings, paving and construction work in many localities. From careful inquiries made, it became apparent to the Government that the situation should be remedied at once and a fifty per cent. remission of duty was decided upon until October 31st. I am satisfied not only that the action of the Government will meet with the approval of the public generally, but that the fears you express as to its consequence will be found to be not well grounded. The present tariff affords protection of at least sixty per cent. to the cement manufacturers, and even with the cut they still have thirty per cent., which is higher than the average rate upon dutiable goods entering Canada. I desire to entirely repudiate your suggestion that the reduction was in any way influenced by political considerations, and feel confident that upon reflection you will agree that the action of the Government was a proper one in the public interest.

Yours very truly,

ball averages. Perhaps, that is a bit "cartoony"; but, at all events, his attention is hard for a public man to hold in a continuous manner. Still "Teddy" holds it. The American voter cannot seem to get "fed up" on "Teddy." He wants him to be performing all the time. He regards it as a pity that the Great Hunter must take time off for sleep.

OUR Canadian voters are, perhaps, a trifle more serious-minded than the Americans; but the distinction is not marked enough to be seen at any great distance. Still if any of our politicians thought of importing Rooseveltian methods, they would be compelled to moderate them a little, just to suit the climate. We could stand a bit more solid matter and less "fire-works." But any politician who was shrewd enough to get at Roosevelt's secret for capturing and holding the attention of the public, would be quite clever enough to adapt it to Canadian conditions. The great thing is the secret. How does Roosevelt manage to take a few platitudes about the Individual fighting the Corporation, and the tendency of Predatory Wealth to "predate," and the iniquity of the party "boss"; and stir the people up to a rare pitch of excitement merely by repeating them? There are lots of men who say more radical things than he does. And there are lots of men who show far greater evidences of knowing where they are going. And there are plenty of others who are more eloquent. But there has been no one in recent years in the English-speaking world who could approach him for rousing the populace.

THESE men who stir the people do not depend upon their issues—their issues depend more often upon them. Take the case of Chamberlain. As long as he had his health—to use an old expression—he could always attract the attention of the English people to whatever he happened to be advocating. When "Joe" was a Radical, he set the country on fire for Radicalism. He massed the People against the Peers, and he made it exceedingly

hot for Their Lordships. His "they toil not, neither do they spin" speech was the last word in inflammatory appeal up to that time. The Queen did not want Gladstone to put him in the Cabinet. But the People, with a big "P," were for "Joe," and both Gladstone—who distrusted him—and the Queen—who disliked him—had to yield. Then he turned "Jingo"; and he was just as effective, if not more so. He roused the People in the same old fashion to fight—not against the Lords—but with them, and under their leadership, against the enemies of his country. It was not a matter of "issues." Wherever "Joe" was, there was the centre of interest. During the long period that he was the popular mainstay of the Conservative Ministry, the chief interest among the voters was over what "Joe" was saying. Then he gave a final demonstration of his power by actually popularizing an anti-free trade policy in Free Trade England. Other men—notably Chaplin—had been hammering at it for years; but the people merely smiled. "Free Trade" was to them a part of the Gospel. Then "Joe" spoke; and all was changed. It became a serious issue from the moment that Chamberlain made his vague but momentous Birmingham speech. And the interest was created—not by the issue—but by "Joe."

THINK what a "Jingo" Roosevelt would make if he turned his attention that way. As a war leader, he could sweep the American Republic, with

all its peace traditions, into the most wantonly aggressive of wars. It was a common-places of comment some months ago that, if Roosevelt had Taft's chance in connection with the Mexican troubles, he would nominate himself easily enough. But events have led Roosevelt—I doubt not sincerely—to espouse the cause of the "under dog," and to make a fight against economic wrong. He has taken up Chamberlain's first "role" instead of his second. The various and numerous "under dogs" across the line are to be very much felicitated. They have got a mighty champion. But that neither says that he could not have made as good play with another set of issues nor explains the secret of his power. The secret! That is the pearl of great price which our public men should seek at Oyster Bay. How is it that Roosevelt manages to make every American sit up and listen when he talks, no matter what he says or how often he says it? My own opinion is that it is largely the dynamic power within the man to accomplish what he sets out to do. If Roosevelt announced to-morrow morning that he would stop the Falls of Niagara, the people in the Niagara district would be distinctly nervous lest he should actually do it. We always listen to a man who has a reputation for converting his words into deeds. Then there is the "sporting" interest in a good fighter. These two factors may be a large part of the "secret." But there must be more. What is it?

THE MONOCLE MAN.

REFLECTIONS: BY THE EDITOR

A Tariff Commission.

AT the Chicago Convention the Republicans declared their adherence to the doctrine of protection and defined its basis as the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad. But who is to ascertain the difference?

At the last session of the Canadian Parliament, the Borden Government introduced and carried through the House a Tariff Commission Act. The Liberals demurred. They criticized it because it didn't go far enough, or it went too far; or it would be partisan, and the Conservatives would use it as a shield to put up duties. When the Bill got into the Senate, therefore, it was promptly given its death-blow.

There is no sadder episode in our recent political history than the deliberate killing of the Tariff Commission Bill. The men who did it may have done so honestly, but the result was decidedly unfortunate for the country. If Protection is to be based on the difference between the cost of production here and abroad, then we must have a Tariff Commission to discover that difference accurately. Only then will we know whether duties are too high or too low.

Because the Tariff Commission Bill was killed, we have an era of tariff making by cabinet—a most dangerous form of procedure. The manufacturers find themselves at the mercy of designing politicians, when they should be defending their position before an independent tribunal. The tariff is being made and unmade by favour rather than on sound and well-considered economic reasons.

Empire Citizenship.

JUDGING from an editorial on "Mr. Borden's Mission" in the leading Conservative daily of Ontario, Mr. Borden will discuss the question of an Empire citizenship on his present visit to London. "Our law of nationalization does not, and Canada's constitutional power cannot, confer on a foreign-born inhabitant the full privilege that is the birthright of Canadians—the privilege of citizenship in the Empire at large."

These are the words of the editor of *The Mail and Empire*, and he then goes on to say that "we believe it would be of very great advantage to every dominion, to the Mother Country, and the Empire as a whole, if each dominion were competent to give a certificate of Empire citizenship to all its naturalized people."

This is a proposition to which most of us will give a theoretical assent. The point was raised by Sir Wilfrid Laurier at the last Imperial Conference, and was generally agreed to. If the Empire is to be a unit, it must be based upon a unified and equalized citizenship. A Canadian must be free to come and go in Australia, and to have there all the rights which he would have at home. An Australian must have the same rights in Canada, in South Africa, in New Zealand and in Great Britain.

But what about the Sikhs in Canada? Are the King's subjects from India to be denied the same rights as the King's subjects from Natal or New

Foundland? Our government has decided that the Sikhs cannot become Canadians, cannot bring their wives and families into Canada, and cannot come without their wives except under certain almost impossible conditions. How does Mr. Borden propose to get over this seeming inconsistency? Perhaps the editor of *The Mail and Empire* will enlighten us?

Foreign Element in Cities.

CERTAIN newspapers are raising the question of more social and mission work among the foreign element in Canadian cities. The daily press is distressed over the lawlessness and savagery of these new additions to our population, and they lament that the church missionaries and the social workers are not doing more on behalf of the education and elevation of these communities.

The CANADIAN COURIER has always maintained that Canada's foreign missionary work should be done at home. The Laymen's Missionary Movement largely overlooked this necessity. They wanted to carry the gospel to China and Japan, forgetting that there are thousands of foreigners at home who need its influence more than those in the Orient. These laymen were no doubt influenced by the highest ideals and the most elevated ambitions. They can be accused of nothing but a failure to recognize the duty of the hour at home.

If the Canadian churches were wise, they would recall every Canadian missionary from the foreign fields and put them all to work among Canada's newer citizens. They would turn every dollar collected from missions into the domestic field. In this way they could do most for humanity and most for Canada.

I do not say this in any petty fault-finding spirit. I am quite well aware that the man who gives most to foreign missions, gives most to domestic missions. But the churches are dividing their efforts where division is both unnecessary and unwise. This country is getting new citizens at a tremendous rate, and the future of Canada depends upon the missionary and educational work done among these new people now.

The Parallel of 1860.

WHEN the Democratic party in the United States broke into two parts, in 1860, the Republican party came into a long term of power. In that year the Democrats split into two parts at Richmond, if I remember correctly. The Southern delegates were in favour of allowing a slave-owner to take his slaves with him into any part of the Union. The Northern Democrats wanted slavery restricted to its then area. The latter left the Convention and went to Baltimore, where they held another "rump" convention and nominated a candidate of their own.

The result was that the Republicans united on Lincoln, while the Democrats put two candidates in the field. Lincoln got more votes in the electoral college than the other candidates combined, and

the Democratic party was sent into opposition for half a century.

Will Roosevelt do for the Republican party what Douglas did for the Democrats? Will he split the Republican party into fragments which it will take half a century to weld together again?

At this moment it certainly looks as if the Democratic candidate would sweep the country and that the Democrats will rule in the White House and the Senate, as well as in the House of Representatives where it already has a majority.

Canada is interested in this question. If the Democrats come into full power at Washington, we shall see more equal tariff and a great development of trade between the two countries. At present, it is one-sided. The United States sells us twice as much as we sell that country. A fairer balance of trade seems to be in sight.

Where Toronto Lost Millions.

TORONTO finds traffic on Yonge Street, its leading avenue from north to south, too great for comfort. It has discovered that it must have another through street parallel to Yonge in order to provide necessary space for this growing traffic. It is estimated that this slight improvement in Toronto's thoroughfares will cost three and a half millions of dollars. This and other improvements will probably cost the city about twenty-five million good dollars.

All this might have been avoided if the city of Toronto had been properly laid out when the town was small. A very large portion of the expenditure might have been saved if the improvements had been begun fifteen or twenty years ago. But Toronto never had a town-planning committee and never spent a dollar on a comprehensive plan of future improvements. Even now the city is blundering along with a city council which is elected yearly and which has no definite policy of development.

This is not a knock for Toronto. Every other city in Canada is in the same position, with the possible exception of Winnipeg where there is a town-planning committee in existence. In the planning and building of large cities this country is doing some wonderful blundering and the people are paying the price. The only remedy is government by a civic commission of four or five men elected or appointed for a term of years.

Abusing the Capitalist.

ABUSING the capitalist and the "interests" is a pastime which is growing in popularity in this country. According to the daily press and to a certain class of public orators the country would be much better off if there were no capitalists and no "interests." Just who would carry on the larger undertakings under the new system, these people are not quite clear. In spite of their lack of ideas on this point they continue the playful work of throwing bricks at every successful corporation, manufacturer, and large business man.

Some of the mistakes made by the leading newspapers in their effort to play this game to the satisfaction of the public are truly amusing. For example, in an effort to justify the reduction in cement duties the *St. Thomas Times* says "The merger created a monopoly." If the editor of the *Times* knew anything about the cement industry he would know that his statement was false and that there are a large number of independent cement companies doing business in Canada.

Another example is seen in the political discussions now proceeding in Saskatchewan. The Liberal papers there are attempting to bolster up the Scott Government by bitter attacks upon the capitalists and the corporations of the East. They describe the Conservative party of that province as being allied with these despicable criminals in Eastern Canada and boldly assert that a victory for Mr. Haultain would mean the handing over of Saskatchewan to these Eastern blood-suckers.

Again there are a number of people going about making the statement that the Canadian tariff exists only for the creation of millionaires. They generously overlook the fact that very few of the millionaires of Canada have made their money out of manufacturing and that most of them have made it out of railways and land. They also overlook the fact that at present more millionaires are being created in Western Canada where there is very little manufacturing, than in Eastern Canada where there is much manufacturing.

The whole game is so ridiculous that there is really nothing very much to do but to laugh. No country was ever built up except by a combination of labour and capital. The one is as much a necessity as the other. So long as men are unequal in ability so long will they be unequal in profits.

Father, Son and Nephew Hard at Work



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught at the Closing Exercises of the Royal Military College, Kingston.



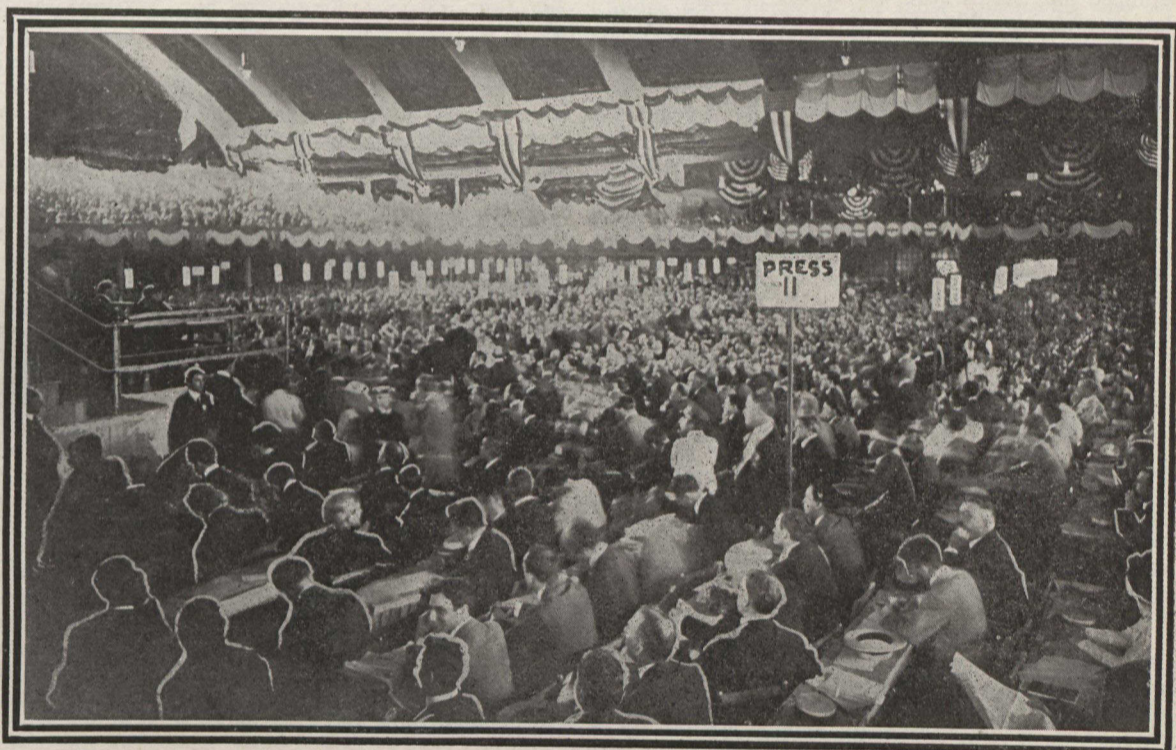
King George and Prince Arthur of Connaught Arriving at the Horse Guards, London, for the Trooping of the Colours on His Majesty's Birthday.

The National Guessing Contest at Baltimore

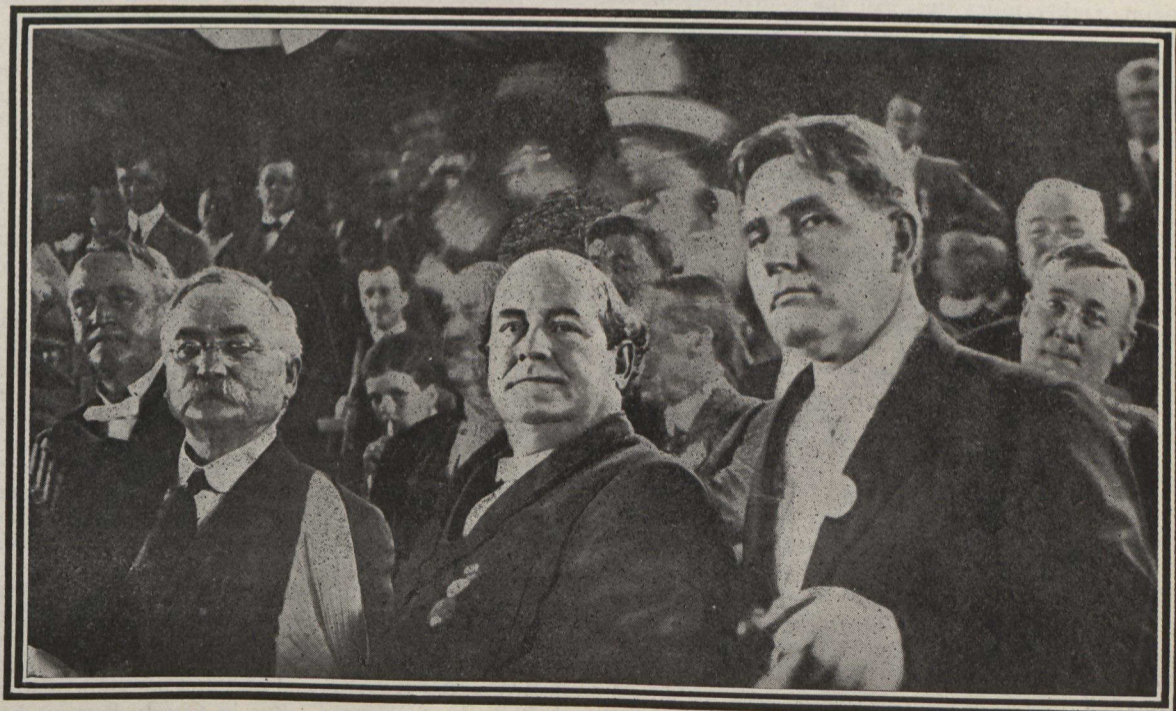
THE Statue of Liberty down near Wall St. has become a Sphinx. She has inaugurated the biggest guessing contest of this or any other century—right on the eve of the Fourth of July. By the time this is off the press the free people of the United States will be celebrating the victory of George Washington against George Hanover (Rex). The two big conventions will be over. Baltimore and Chicago with a short breathing-spell will plunge into the national Big Noise. In the ensemble this year there will be punk-sticks for Taft and cannon-crackers for Roosevelt; sky-rockets for Bryan and catherine-wheels for Woodrow Wilson or Champ Clark. If George Washington or Abe Lincoln get a look-in it will be the concert after the three-ring circus.

Baltimore may have had the conundrum. It was Chicago that made it. The Revolution that was started when Roosevelt's Rough Riders adjourned to Orchestra Hall looks like a bigger bolt, when seen through the hole in a Baltimore oyster-can, than the Revolution that started the United States. George Washington went out against George III. on a basis of no T without R (Taxation without Representation). The Chicago bolt was on a basis of no U. S. without T. R. (Theodore Roosevelt or Rex?). The National Progressive Party made Baltimore the riddle to the Statue of Liberty. It was, of course, mainly an imitation of the movement in Canada that started the National Policy eleven years after Confederation, which Canadians celebrated on Monday of this week. The N. P. antedated the N. P. P. by thirty-four years. It was organized to make alleged "big interests" possible in this country before the United States evolved the "Big Stick," Teddy Roosevelt and Bryan. And it was the N. P. in the United States that made necessary the radicals Roosevelt and Bryan.

And this is 1912, a hundred years after the war between Canada and the United States; the year after Canada turned down reciprocity with the United States; and the year that inaugurated the revolution which has for its alleged aim the curbing of the big interests on behalf of the plain people. The two big national holidays on the American continent this year will be the most notable in the calendar. Canada has the advantage in starting off the week. The United States will have the last word on Thursday. By the end of the week the Statue of Liberty will be in a better position to say what she thinks about the national and international pow-wow kicked up at Chicago and Baltimore; and the American continent will begin to see out of the smoke and the dust of battle the four figures that have caused most of the trouble. Taft, Roosevelt, Bryan and either Woodrow Wilson or Champ Clark; these are the men who in 1912 managed to fade into a gentle memory the phantoms of George Washington and Abe Lincoln. Bryan is as much opposed to the gold-bug interests as he was in 1896. Wilson is the best theoretical president in sight. Champ Clark believes in annexing Canada.



A General View of the Hall in Which the Democratic National Convention was Held Last Week.



An Interesting Group. Governor Williams, of Kansas; Mr. Wm. Jennings Bryan and Dr. Rosser.

The First Big Fill

How a Man of Determination Tackled a Big Proposition

By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

IT commenced raining about four o'clock. Darkness came quickly; the stooks faded in a blanket of wet mist, and Warren's threshing crew closed down early. They were too far from town for a night's jollification, and after supper they sat about in the caboose, drying their wet clothes by the little coal stove.

Warren was cross with the fickle weather, which was eating a gaping hole in his earnings. "If this keeps up much longer it'll be a pork Christmas for us," he said. "Our run isn't half done, and the days gettin' shorter all the time."

His remark was received in silence. The men were much more philosophic about the weather.

"Speaking of Christmas," said Straw-Burner Bill, at length, "always reminds me of the year we made the big fill on the Transcontinental."

Bill was Warren's engineer. His career, like his surname, was hidden in considerable mystery, and Bill seemed content to have it so. Occasionally, in reminiscent mood, he would dip into his deep past, and delight his hearers with a story of construction days, when the first railways were being driven through Alberta. The symptoms of such a reminiscence were well understood, and the men settled quietly into their bunks to await Bill's time.

The engineer drew the pail on which he sat closer to the fire, and for some minutes remained humped up before the stove, his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, watching the flame play in the gas over the wet coal. At length he took his pipe from his mouth and leaned back against a bunk.

We had the steel laid to the head of a little gulley which dropped into a valley barring our path into the foothills proper. A number of trial surveys had been run, and all agreed that the only way to cross the valley was down one coulee and up another. This meant a detour of twenty-five miles and a climb of two hundred feet, going and coming, for all time to come. It was sure to be a costly hole, but even the chief engineer could devise no plan to overcome it.

I was running a little boiler with four drivers and a smoke-stack like an inverted umbrella, on construction duty. She was leaky and wheezy, with a twist in her frame that made her track to one side like a home-made bob-sleigh, and we never knew whether she would take the switch or the main line; but say, when you're reckoning up the pioneers of the West and the big fellows that have made this country what it is, don't overlook that old grease-waggon. Maybe she did her share, as I'll explain, if you care to listen.

It was early in November, like to freeze up any day, and the navvies were being sent in to get them off the company's hands before cold weather struck. We had run in a few switches at the end of the steel, and made a kind of supply station there. We'd a boarding car, and another rigged up with a ticker, for we had our wire in from the divisional point, eighty miles up. All the Canadians on the job were myself and Jimmie Black, the fireman, and the operator, Sam Burke. Then there was the civil engineer, who was making detailed plans of the drop into the valley. I'll call him Grey; any name will do, so it's not the right one.

One night, as black and wet as this, the three of us were playing cards in the operator's car when the door burst open and in plunged Grey, soused and dripping.

"How long will it take you to run me into headquarters, Bill?" says he, and although I'm no mind-reader I knew right off there was something afoot.

"Less'n the law allows," says I. "Jimmy, get the fog up."

Jimmy hustled out into the night, and Grey sat down in his wet clothes, staring at the fire.

"What's up, Grey?" says I, after a silence.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you, Bill," he said. "You and Burke, too, because I'm figuring a mighty lot on you fellows seeing me through. I've been down in the valley for a week, and I want to catch the President before he starts east. He may be gone by this time. The fact is, I've figured out this whole valley proposition—got it measured to a yard—he tapped a bundle of papers in his pocket—and if they'll only let me do it I'll fill that valley instead of going down into it."

"Fill it!" says I, thinking maybe he'd got a little

queer, being alone so much. "Why, man, there isn't a fill like that anywhere in Canada."

"There will be, before next summer, if I can get the old man to see it as I do," said Grey, his voice tense with enthusiasm. "I have it all figured out," he repeated. "I know it can be done, and I know what it will cost. If they'll give me the plant and two hundred navvies I'll put a fill across that valley before the frost is out in the spring."

"Can't grade in winter," put in Burke. "It'll freeze after this rain, sure. They've called in the men already."

"Sure, you can't grade, but you can fill," returned Grey, "and that's what I'm talking about. I want those navvies back here, as quick as I can get them. We've got to lay twenty miles of track, to carry us to the brink of the valley, and we've got to get our shovels to work there and start the fill before the frost gets too deep. Once we're started we're all right, because we can keep ahead of the frost. And it won't cost as much as you might think. We'll be using plant that would otherwise be idle, and we'll hold the gang together for next year. That's something, and besides, most of those poor beggars are without work for the winter, and it'll be a Godsend to them. The thing can be done all right, but the question is, can I make the President see it that way? They've had the best brains they could hire on this job, and they all said they'd have to go down. Will he listen to a hundred-dollar-a-month man when his five-thousand-dollar experts have said it can't be done?"

"The old man'll listen," says I, "to any person that knows what he's talking about. He didn't get where he is by turning down suggestions without consideration. There was a time he'd have thought himself rich on your wages, and he hasn't forgot all about that time, either. If you can prove your case you can carry him, but you'll have to prove it. How about cost?"

"Well, it'll cost more, directly, than going down, but the company will save it in the long run. It'll shorten their track twenty-five miles, and the day is coming when they will spend more money than I am asking to shorten it ten. Then, it'll save a run down-hill and a haul up. You know, Bill, what those down-hill runs do to your power plant and your alignment. Old Susie there shies worse than any broncho. And I know what they do to the steel and the road-bed. I figure that when this road is carrying twenty trains a day my fill will save it two hundred thousand dollars a year."

Just then the whistle blew, and Grey and I turned out. It was still a few minutes to midnight when he climbed down at the divisional point. I hoped he would be successful in his interview. I believed that if he got a chance he would make good, and, you know—well, men who could make good were in demand those days, as they are now.

IT was an hour after daybreak when Grey returned to the engine, and I knew at first glance he had won out.

"So the old man came into line?" I said.

"I have the orders," was his answer. "But they are conditional orders—that is, they may turn out to be my death warrant, so far as my career as an engineer is concerned."

I waited until he continued:

"After I had gone all over it with the President, showed him the amount of fill necessary and the number of yards that could be handled every twenty-four hours, proved the feasibility of the project and the advantages for future operation, I had him with me. He looked straight into me with those eyes of his—you know them, mild enough, but they can drill through steel—and said, 'Grey, you're little more than a boy. Our highest-priced experts have said this thing can't be done. If I bank on you, and you fail, what will my board say to me? Nevertheless, I'm going to do that very thing. Take whatever engines, equipment, and men you need; take anything, everything, but come through. You understand, *come through!*' And," said Grey, "I understood."

Now maybe things didn't hum while we laid that twenty miles of track. The ground was frozen, and the ties for the most part were laid on the bare prairie. We dropped them about four feet apart, spiked every second one, and put an occasional bolt in the fish-plates. But in fifteen days we had

the shovels at work, and the big fill was commenced. And it *was* a fill! When I gazed across that valley, now white with snow, and measured with my eye the great gorge before me, and then looked at the little heap of earth that had been dumped over one side of it, boys, I trembled for Grey. But Grey—he seemed a machine rather than a man. There was no limit to his endurance and energy. He put on day and night shifts, and personally took charge of both. He was getting thin and haggard, but at the same time there grew a great light in his eyes. It was the light of triumph. He was going to win!

Perhaps it was this confidence that led to his announcement that Christmas Day would be observed as a holiday. And a few days before Christmas he called me aside and said, "Bill, will you make a night run into headquarters for me, so as not to interrupt the work here?" You see, I was on the day shift. "Maybe you'll be surprised," says he, continuing, and blushing a little, boy-like, "but my wife is waiting at the divisional point for a chance down. She's the highest priced shipment ever came over the new track, and I want you at the throttle."

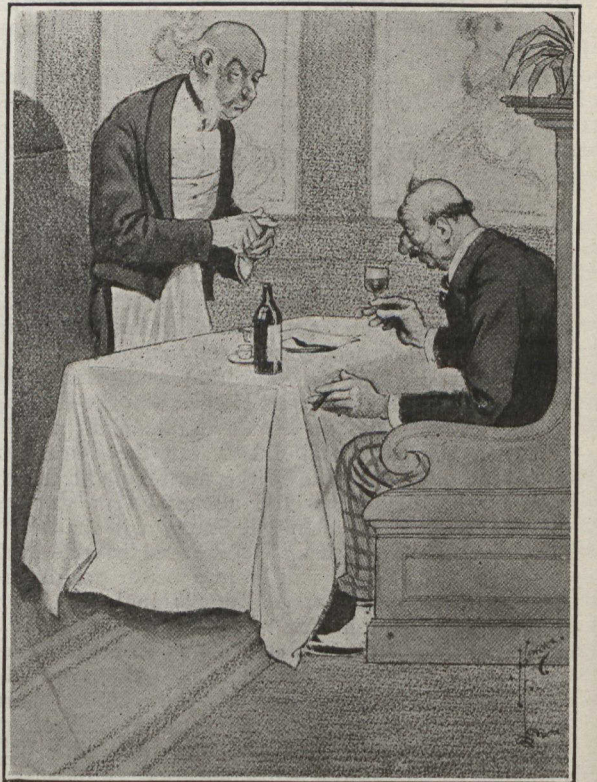
"Your wife!" I exclaimed. "Why, you never—" "No, I said nothing about it," Grey answered. "I've had other things on my mind, down here. But always she has been behind it all; always I have seen her face through the darkness, like the sun through a breaking cloud. You don't suppose I'd bother with this game on my own account, do you? And I couldn't get home for Christmas, so out she came. Just like her."

Maybe you fellows don't understand, but a woman who would cross half a continent in those days to eat Christmas dinner with her husband was—well, she was a brick. I confess I was a little afraid of her at first, but she was just a bit of a girl, slender and pretty, and she asked so many foolish questions about the engine that I soon felt my masculine superiority.

BUT I should have told you. Just before we started on the trip back the stores department sent down a big oak whisky barrel and rolled it into the caboose, saying it was for Grey. I could hardly understand this, as Grey was death on booze in construction camps. That he would provide a Christmas blow-out for the navvies showed good spirit on his part, but, as I thought, bad judgment. However, it wasn't my business, and I said nothing about it.

The day before Christmas we quit early, and I run up to the sidings we had made earlier in the year, to spend the night with Burke. The other Anglo-Saxons went on in to headquarters. It began to snow that afternoon, and before we got in Susie was piled to the headlight. But Burke had a good fire in his car, and as the blizzard deepened two mounted policemen rode in to share our hospitality. They were Sergeant Graham and Constable Findlay, both of whom we knew well, as they had kept an eye on law and order along the camps for a year.

(Continued on page 27.)



Waiter: "Well, Sir, how did you find the beef?"
Diner: "Oh! I happened to shift a potato, and—well, there it was."

—Harry Low, in the Bystander.

SUBURBAN & COUNTRY LIFE SUPPLEMENT

A Year in the Garden

General Work to be Done in the Month of July

By E. T. COOK

JULY, the dreamy, contemplative month, when the music of lake wavelets rippling to the shore lulls to sleep the cares of life, is a month of idle enjoyment in the garden. The world is taking holiday, or should be, and the home with a garden is a living reality.

But gardening is a restless, although health-giving, pastime. There must be an ever looking forward, and in those delicious lazy moments amidst the companionship of flowers one's thoughts fly to the summer and fall of the coming year. An essential duty in July is to maintain health in those plants already in flower. A park or a garden demands constant attention, especially in a hot summer such as we experienced last year.

Watering and mulching are two of the principal cares of the ardent horticulturist. Nothing is apparently more simple than watering, but discrimination is necessary. Give an abundance, sufficient to thoroughly soak the soil, and therefore the roots, and avoid using water direct from the tap. Big tanks should be in some hidden corner of the garden and filled to the brim every evening with the object of softening the water and bringing it to a temperature that will not chill the roots of the plants. The following afternoon it may be used, and the flowers will come forth more plentifully and the growth gain in strength through this thoughtfulness. Watering is not the only way of maintaining moisture in the soil.

There is what is known as mulching, and this should be assiduously practised. This consists in frequent working of the soil to keep it from "caking" or "baking"—the forming of a hard crust impervious almost to moisture and the warmth of the sun's rays. If more mulching were done, there would be fewer failures and hence disappointments. The chief care of the flower lover should be the health of the plant; to further that end, when the blossom has faded, pick it off at once to prevent formation of seed pods, which are a severe drawback to a prolonged display. In the city garden never attempt to save seed, as under these conditions it deteriorates.

ONE of the illustrations shows a serviceable movable frame, consisting of two "lights" or compartments, and in this form the frame is more readily handled with a minimum of risk from breakage. The frame should be made of two-inch, well-painted wood, and placed against a wall facing south in a sunny position, so that the seedlings are shielded from frost and cold winds. A hedge of evergreens would be even a better backing than a wall. Where there is a great demand for flowers, about six of these frames would be none too many, as only one expense is incurred and they serve many purposes in all seasons.

For instance, the first use to which they can be put is the winter protection of the half-hardy perennials that are sown at this time, such as Canterbury Bells, Foxgloves, Chimney Campanula, the Alkanet, or, to use its botanical name, *Anchusa Italica*, Dropmore variety, Polyanthus, and Sutton's Royal blue Forget-me-not. Raise the frames upon soil four inches to six inches above the level to prevent drip and leakage from outside, so prevalent during the January thaws which are more injurious than frosts, and surround the frames thickly with leaves. Slabs could be placed over them to keep off the weight of snow.

The next use will be for the raising of the annual seedlings in spring. Some of the six lights could be turned into hotbeds for those seeds requiring bottom heat, and the materials should consist of

leaf-mould, loam, sand and a little bush earth or leaf-mould, all of which can be obtained with little trouble. The slant suggested in the making of the frame is twelve inches, and the earth, of course, will be graded down at the same angle. This winter protection is better than a greenhouse, because there is less air space, and is infinitely more satisfactory than a pit which leaks during the thaws.

Make the frames now, so that they will be ready when required, and meanwhile sow the seed out-

intense blue shade as the high mountain wilding. It may be called almost a bush, the strong, wiry spikes rising from a thicket of dull green leaves and presenting a rich contrast, each spike crowded with blossom, a perfect sea of sapphire colouring. *Anchusa Italica*, that is the type, belongs to the Forget-me-not family and its flowers suggest relationship. Dropmore variety is the outcome of, I believe, a chance seedling first observed in the beautiful gardens that surround Dropmore, near Windsor, England, gardens that the Dowager Queen Alexandra once declared the most fascinating she had ever visited, and so they are, in the blossoming time of Rhododendron and Azalea, when woodland walks and leafy glens are lit up with a blaze of colours. Visitors to the old country in early June should see Dropmore, which is reached from Slough, Tallow, and Maidenhead, a few miles from London.

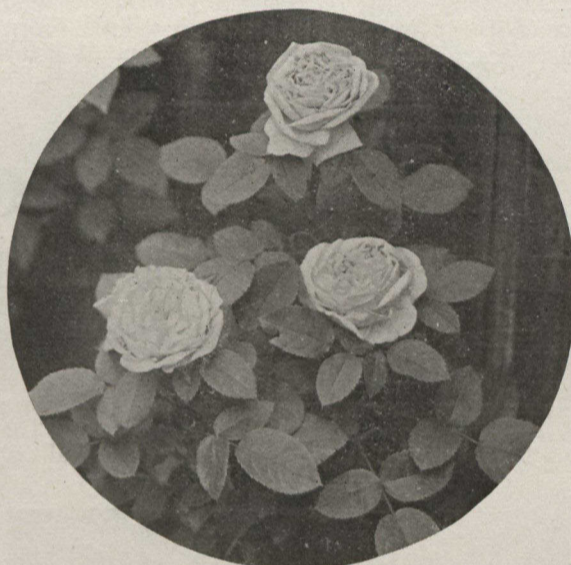
IN one garden last month a Forget-me-not, named Sutton's Royal Blue, lined the paths with its little bushy growth covered over with intense blue flowers, richer in shade than those one has been accustomed to greet in the late spring of the year. Forget-me-nots, with the help of the cold frame, are supremely happy in Canadian gardens, and should be planted more liberally, both in pots for bringing into flower early under glass, and in the open air. There is something delightfully winsome in those eyes of blue.

When planting Tulips next fall, reserve sufficient space between for the Forget-me-not, and the two together create a pleasant companionship, or to get right away from conventional gardening, plant out the seedlings by the fringe of a group of shrubs, or the woodland. It is in this way wilder and more natural pictures are realized.

SOW the seeds in a carefully prepared bed of soil, having the surface fine and smooth, and make a little rill with the finger, just covering the seed and no more. A depth of half an inch is ample. Water gently with a can to which a fine sprinkler is attached, and from time to time repeat this attention, if the weather is very hot and rainless. Meanwhile prepare another bed to which the seedlings are to be transplanted when they are of sufficient size to handle. Place them a few inches apart and in September the frame will be in readiness for their reception. By that time they will have developed into vigorous little tufts. It is astonishing the quantity of plants that may be raised in this way.

IT is a pleasure to find an increasing regard for ferns, which in hot summer days bring a sense of comfort to the city worker, especially that fern with drooping stems of soft green called *Nephrolepis*. It is a basket plant, but may be used in many pretty devices, by the margin of perhaps a fountain basin, in the window, and banked up in a reception room. A fern called the "Boston" is much in request not only when it is of mature age, but in its seedling stage, for filling glasses on the dining table and in bowls. A choice china bowl of ferns is a dainty gift to a friend. It is too late, of course, to plant now, but the fern should enter more into the garden scheme and it may be planted in many places, away from the fierce glare of the sun for preference. It is a moisture and shade loving group, and grows where nothing else will, except, perhaps, flowers that love to be screened from a too strong light, of which the Foxglove will occur to mind.

Ferns and Foxgloves are suitable plants to go

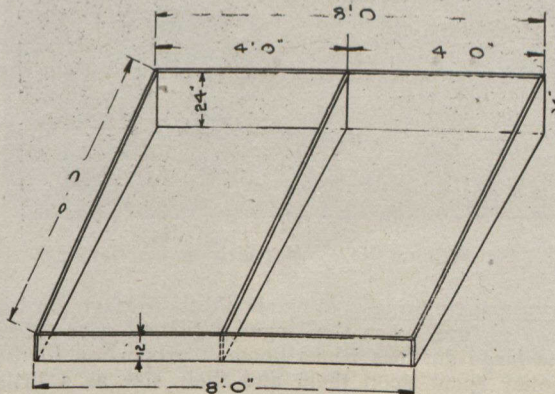


A Famous Rose—Lady Mary Fitzwilliam.

doors in a carefully prepared bed of fine soil. Sow in plenty—the quantity, of course, depending upon the requirements of the garden—Canterbury Bells, Pansies, the *Anchusa*, Forget-me-nots, Foxgloves, Delphiniums—also called Larkspurs, Chimney Bellflower, Sweet Williams, Stocks, night scented Tobacco, Sweet Peas, Verbenas, Asters, and other flower favourites of the summer and fall.

HALF-HARDY perennials, to which category all with the exception of the last-named five flowers belong, are the sheet anchor of the gardener. It is almost unnecessary to describe them with the exception, perhaps, of the *Anchusa* and the Royal blue Forget-me-not. Both are blue flowers, but of varying shades.

The *Anchusa* recalls the *Gentian* of alpine meadows, and is a glorious flower, as deep in its



Plan of Frame for all Garden Uses.

together, each requiring similar conditions—partial shade and some moisture, and with them put, in the fall, the blue Scillas, to make the “fernery,” if one may so describe it, a place of flowers over as long a season as possible. During the hot summer days a fern retreat is pleasant to retire to, and if within the sound of falling water, so much the better. A practical little note is given in the recently published year book of the Toronto Horticultural Society. Mr. Cameron is writing of ferns and says: “The fern family is a very important one in many ways, and their requirements are as many and varied as the requirements of the animal kingdom. Some require to be kept warm, others cool, some must be kept very moist, others nearly dry, as evidenced by those which grow on bare limestone rocks, others thrive with the water dripping over them all the time—for instance, *Cystopteris bulbiferum*, or bladder fern, and still others delight to grow in cool, wet bogs and similar places, fastened in the crevices of rocks, such as *Pellea atropurpurea* or Cliff brake. Some delight in burying their roots in the heavy moss that covers many rocks, such as *Camptosorus*, or ‘Walking fern,’ and the *Asplenium*, or Spleenworts, yet the majority of them require shade, but yet light, moisture, and plenty of air.

“The purely commercial varieties are not large in number; they are generally the most dwarf, and of the hardest in texture, those which will stand the most hard usage, and the impure air of dwellings, gas, dust, smoke, etc. The best for table and window decoration are the various forms of *Nephrolepis* or Sword Fern, *Aspidium falcatum* or ‘Holly Fern,’ *Aspidium Tsussimense* and some of the *Pteris*. For covering walls and rocks we might mention the various *Adiantums*, or ‘Maiden Hair,’ *Pteris* and *Gymnogrammas*. *Pelleas* do well on dry walls, and mention might be made especially of the fine specimens of *Pellea atropurpurea* on Brock’s Monument on Queenston Heights, growing on the east wall, in the solid masonry about thirty feet

above the ground, and all around are plenty of young plants in all stages. One large specimen above the doorway has been there for about twenty years.”

WHEN gathering for the house such flowers as the *Gladiolus*, never cut the stem with more than one leaf. Sometimes the whole stem is severed just above the soil and the result is the root or corm, to use the correct term, is in a large measure destroyed. As the *Gladiolus* will soon be in full beauty and is grown abundantly in the Dominion, this note may be of service. Tulips are, of course, out of flower now, but the same remark applies in this case, also to all bulbous plants. Gather flowers of all kinds either early in the morning or in the evening, never when the sun is shining full upon them.

TREES and shrubs planted last spring will require close attention during the summer, especially when the weather is very hot and the heat is prolonged. If advice previously given has been followed, there will be no grass next the stems, but only soil, which should be lightly loosened on the surface to let in air and sunshine, both of sweetening influence. Give liberal waterings from time to time, and when the soil is not hard or “caked,” the moisture sinks in with material advantage to the tree or shrub. It is only by strict attention to details that success is achieved. Slipshod ways are useless.

AN enthusiastic gardener in the Dominion lectured, a short time ago, on the German or Flag Iris (*Iris Germanica*), and the writer was pleased to hear so warm a eulogy upon a favourite flower. This Iris is one of the most accommodating of hardy perennials, suffers from no sickness, develops rapidly, possesses beautiful glaucous coloured sword-shaped leaves, and sends up a little forest of spikes bearing large, scented flowers of many

colours. It will grow in poor soil, by the waterside, in shade as by some woodland walk, and indeed almost anywhere.

This is the type of plant that one wishes for—happy under varying conditions. A long list of kinds or varieties is available, and of recent years the hybridist has been busy raising new and beautiful forms. Ed. Michel, flowers wine purple; Iris King, gold and purple; Caprice, lavender and red; Aurea, delicate yellow; Florentina, pale sky blue; Madame Chereau, white with margin of soft blue; Queen of May, rosy red and white, and Pallida dalmatica are a few of the noblest of their race. The last of all is a glorious pale blue flower and should be the first chosen. Flag Irises are increased by dividing the clumps soon after the blossoming season is over.

THE garden should smell of roses, and practical thoughts must go with the pure enjoyment of the queen of flowers. Vile insects seem to torture the Rose more than most denizens of our gardens, and frequent examinations are needful to prevent serious mischief. It is both a labour of love and of necessity to free the plants from an insidious foe, and in the case of caterpillars the only satisfactory way is to pick them off with the hand. It is not a pleasant job, but it must be done. An excellent insecticide is formed by mixing one hundred parts of water to one part of V₂ K, a preparation that mildew does not esteem. Hellebore powder sprinkled on the plants kills green fly and similar intruders. But the trouble is well repaid, and another help to the plant comes from gathering faded flowers. Each morning go round, basket in hand, the collection of roses, and pick off fading petals, making them, if it is so wished, into *pot-pourri*, a recipe for which I gave in the May supplement. One of the sweetest decorations consists of bowls filled loosely with roses, and always gather the flowers in the early morning, or in the cool of the evening.

Homes and Gardens of Canada

7---Suburban Residence of Sir William Ralph Meredith

By E. T. COOK

THE beautiful city of Toronto has many beautiful gardens on hillside and by the blue waters of the lake which ripple to the shore in drowsy summer days. Sometimes a fair retreat, a “home” in the finest meaning of a word sacred to all true hearts is hidden away, embowered perhaps amongst the storm-beaten monarchs of a once primeval forest or perched on a highland which carries the eye across the great stretch of busy streets to the oasis of islets into the far distance.

The home of the great lawyer of whom Canada is justly proud and whose home and garden it is our privilege to illustrate, is one of the most charmingly planned it has been our pleasure to visit, and on a recent morning, when a hot sun softened with a bracing breeze was tempting a hundred interesting flowers to open their eyes to the summer, the borders and whole surroundings were in exquisite perfection. The writer was filled with delight to find a garden planned with rare judgment and taste, with nothing to suggest that the one responsible for the outside beautifying of the home was embued or ever will be so, with a crude desire to bring in what is called in the old country “bedding out,” “carpet-bedding,” or “mosaic culture.” May one utter a word of warning that the planner of gardens may be led astray into bringing in abominations of which evidences are still strong across the seas.

LANDSCAPE gardening is in its infancy in Canada, and what is true of this art, for art it is, is true of architecture; keep absurdities away with strong force. During the early Victorian decade gardening in Britain was seen in its basest forms, and Mr. William Robinson, the greatest authority of his time, and who is still happily with us, mentions that in this “bedding out” the beautiful forms of flowers are degraded to the level of crude colour to make a design, and without deference to the beauty of the plants, clipping being freely done to get the carpets or patterns “true.” When these tracery gardens were made, often by people without any knowledge of the flowers of a garden, they were found difficult to plant; hence attempts to do without the gardener altogether, and get colour by the use of broken brick, white sand, and painted stone. All such work is wrong and degrading to

the art of gardening, and in its extreme expressions is ridiculous. Why are such designs bad? The good sense of all is the final court of appeal for



Sir William Ralph Meredith in his Garden.

even artistic things. Why should the cottage garden be a picture, when the larger garden is not? May the large gardens be as good in proportion to the money spent upon them and their size as a little cottage garden?

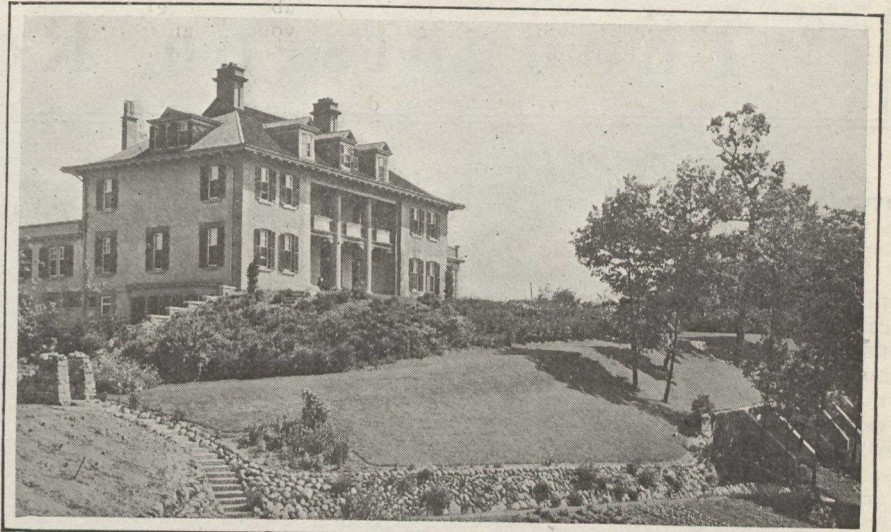
It is to be fervently hoped that Canada will never suffer from such a deplorable fashion as this, and remember that it is in the beginning wisdom should come for the avoidance of expensive errors and much disappointment.

One is reminded in this connection of a passage in a speech delivered by Lord Rosebery, in Edinburgh, a few years ago, upon the taste in sculpture. These words are true of many gardens and many mansions: “If those restless spirits that possessed the Gadarene swine were to enter into the statues of Edinburgh, and if the whole stony and brazen troop were to hurry and hustle and huddle headlong down the steepest place near Edinburgh into the deepest part of the Firth of Forth, art would have sustained no serious loss.”

THIS may appear a dissertation upon gardening rather than a description of Sir William’s home, but it is through his delightful home that the writer is attempting to convey a lesson, and the lesson is that such a position might have undergone a woeeful transformation with an all round destruction of pristine beauty. The house stands above the Rosedale ravine and is approached by a simple terrace which sets off to distinct advantage the imposing colonnades. There is nothing mean; all is dignified, a real living home of flower life. Sir William has an intense love of flowers in his heart. He is, for example, Hon. Patron of the Toronto Horticultural Society, and has made gardening a health-giving relaxation from a great and strenuous life. The exquisite ravine is undisturbed; the song of birds trills from leafy branches, and terrace walls, strong and picturesque, are rich in floral treasures. As Mr. Robinson, whom we have already referred to, writes in his great work, “The English Flower Garden,” and his words may apply to the beautiful home in our thoughts now: “We may get every charm of a garden without sacrificing the picturesque or beautiful; there is no reason, either, in the working or design of gardens, why there should be a false line in them; every charm of the flower garden may be secured by wholly avoiding the knots and scrolls which subordinate all the plants and flowers of a garden, all its joy and life to wretched conventional design. The true way is



Approach to the House from the North.



The Southern Front—Overlooking the Rosedale Ravine.

the opposite. With only the simplest plans to insure good working, we should see flowers and feel the beauty of plant forms and secure every scrap of turf wanted for play or lawn, and for every enjoyment of a garden."

Groups of shrubs, flowering and otherwise, approach the front of the house, and on the left is a spacious lawn with a border of hardy flowers to set off this great heart of the garden. The border is in perfect harmony with its surroundings and is one of the quaintest effects in colouring it has been our good fortune to describe this year. The keynote to the planning is simplicity, and a feature that should be imitated is that presented by winding stone steps to the terrace, and whether this delightful bit of artistic gardening is seen from a distance or at closer range there remains the same impression of ingenuous overcoming of a difficult problem—to carve a garden from a steep terrace and preserve a sense of repose and the fitness of things. It is a happily conceived idea. Ranks of Iris are in flower and a glorious medley of hues is given off by this most adaptable of flowers. The Flag Iris should be one of the gardener's greatest friends. It is fitted for grouping by lake and stream-side and will flourish as seen here, on a steep terrace in the full force of the sun, and as one wanders round, the deep leafiness of the Japanese Rose breaks in on the view, exactly where it is most wanted, and the scent of Sweet Briar fills the air.

Then the big group of peonies, weighed down almost with the huge flaunting flowers which distil a scent



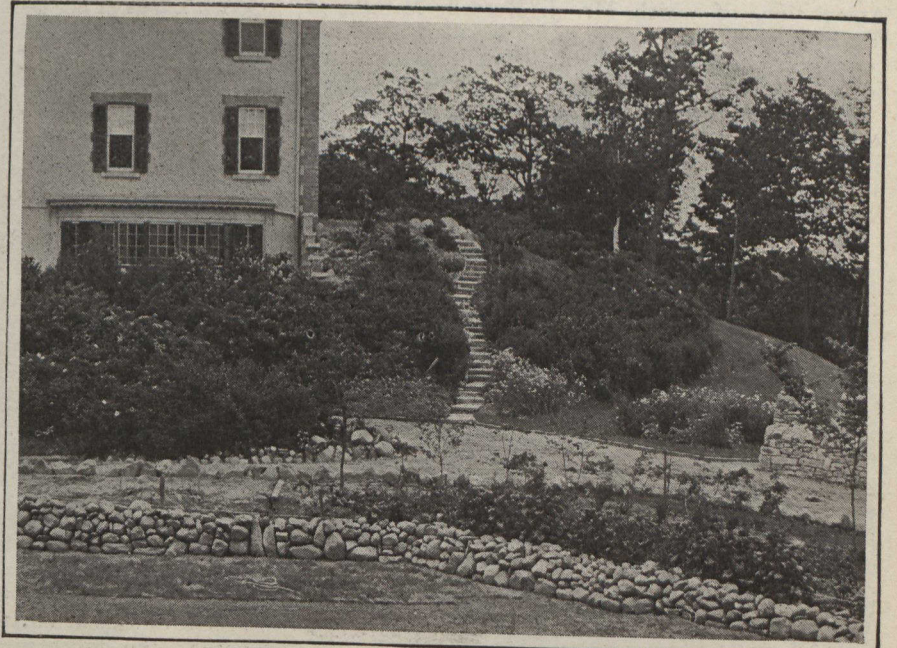
Sunshine and Shadow. Hardy Flowers in Foreground.

of spices and honey, and are welcome to gather for tall vases in room or hall. There is no finer hardy plant for grouping. The time of its flowering is anticipated with delight, and we are loth to part until another season with this queenly perennial. There are other features less impressive than those described, but none the less necessary accompaniments to a garden, the toothsome plots of vegetables that have small claim to actual beauty, but to the seeker after simple, dignified effect, the house welded into the garden surrounding it with consummate skill, the terraces, the borders, the grouping of shrubs, and the lawn appeal most forcibly; there is air and shade, colour and fragrance. Toronto is proud of such gardens; they are amongst her fairest jewels.

Sir William is one of the most forceful minds in Canadian life, and wisdom teaches the leaders of men the world over, that real rest from mental activities is only gained in the open air, in the garden and park, and in doing things oneself—here lies the great recreating power for the work of the world. Gladstone sought relief from the immense responsibilities of his exalted office in his park at Hawarden felling timber, and instances might be multiplied a hundred times of similar desires to get right to the heart of sylvan surroundings. Sir William takes delight in actual labour and therefore contemplates the work of his hands with no mixed feelings; it is not the inspiration of another mind, and the beneficent influence of such gardens is not lost on the general community.



Where the Flaunting Peony Blows.



The Terrace Garden—Stone Steps Flanked with Shrub Groups.

Thoughts on Roses

Lady Mary Fitzwilliam.

THIS beautiful rose, one of that glorious group we call "hybrid tea," was raised many years ago by the late Henry Bennett, whom we may call the father of this section, which has grown out of all recognition because there is the faintest difference only between the two; but that has no influence on the flowers as befitting our gardens. It is interesting to know the origin of things, and the more one becomes versed in rose lore, the more one likes to know whence came such and such a kind.

Lady Mary Fitzwilliam is a rose of great vigour and has flowers composed of a thick clustering of petals touched lightly with tenderest pink. Of scent there is a little, but few roses possess every attribute that goes to the making of a perfect flower.

The writer well remembers Mr. Bennett, whose name should be enshrined in the hearts of all who bow the knee to the queen of flowers. He lived in a pretty village, called Shepperton, by the silvery Thames, and there were born such roses as Her Majesty, Viscountess Folkestone, Princess Beatrice, and others. He died, alas, when his great work was only commencing.

Madame Abel Chatenay.

AS far as I am aware, this rose is not in any nurserymen's catalogues in the Dominion, which, we say without any suggestion—it is to be hoped—of offence, are not in the matter of roses up-to-date.

This rose is named after the wife of one of the greatest rosarians of all ages—Chatenay—and is worthy of the honour. A finer hybrid—for such it is—does not exist, and it is a rose that gives so bountifully of its flowers that handfuls may be gathered without injury to the plant. It must ever be remembered that cutting the flowers is not prejudicial to a rose, but a relief from sometimes almost too heavy a burden.

The flowers of this rose are poised on straight, stout, leafy stems, and at once gain attention by

their peculiarly beautiful petals, which are painted with tints of pink and salmon rose, as sweet as their fragrance. The writer formerly had a large bed of it and the flower treasures never failed.

A Little Valley of Roses.

IT is to be hoped that, as the pursuit or art of gardening progresses in Canada, opportunities will be taken of the more unlikely places for growing the rose. Always seek for some rough spot, probably an eyesore, which may be converted into a place of beauty. I remember an old disused gravel pit hidden away, it is true, but of no value whatever. Someone conceived the happy notion of converting it into a little valley of roses, which was not difficult, consisting chiefly in grading the sides and bringing in good loam and manure. Grassy approaches were formed and masses of rambling roses pegged down over the sides and at the top of the banks to allow the trails of flower-laden shoots to swing over, and on one side was the greatest blaze of Crimson Rambler it was the good fortune of the writer to see—a wealth of blossom almost painful in its intensity. By the winding walks were the Japanese or Rugosa Roses, because of their more bushy growth, and there were all the more beautiful of the ramblers and creeping roses—Dorothy Perkins, Wichuraiana, Crimson Rambler, Una, Bennett's Seedling and many others in this old gravel pit, now the fairest spot in a fair garden.

Roses at Railway Stations.

GARDENING, and especially the cultivation of Roses, is spreading so quickly in Canada that it is not a forlorn hope to wish that those who are powerful in the ruling of great railway companies will seek by the help of their men to beautify the too-often ugly railway stations. A writer in an English horticultural journal brings this so forcibly to mind that his remarks are quoted: "I have seen two very charming effects produced by planting rambler roses at the back of long platforms at railway stations in Surrey. One was a mass of Dorothy

Perkins, furnishing a glorious display of floral beauty, at Reigate Station. The other was an equally long mass of Crimson Rambler similarly trained at another station. Both these examples served to show how possible it may be in so many similar positions to beautify railway platforms which are usually bare and uninteresting. One wonders that railway companies generally do not in some practical way stimulate station staffs to thus beautify their stations. Certainly all need not do so in the same way. When platforms are narrow, trained rambler roses are effective. Many station agents are enthusiastic gardeners, but lack opportunity or space to indulge their tastes. Railway companies should help them to do so."

Many of the railway stations in the old country are flower gardens in the best sense of the expression, and in lonely spots, where the traffic is not arduous, much time is available for the development of this hobby.

The Moss Roses.

WHERE are the Moss Roses? and this may be written of other countries, the roses over which legend tells us the angels threw a veil of mossy beauty. Their modest buds, rosy as the lips of Juno, open out into flowers of sunny sweetness, and wherever they are a ripe, fruity fragrance drenches the breeze. There is something deliciously winning in a Moss Rose and the only reason we can give for its overshadowing by perhaps more exalted kinds is that nothing is more whimsical than Fashion.

One decade, certain types of roses are eagerly sought, then frowned upon, until again in the full light of public approval.

The Moss Rose, it may be interesting to know, is supposed to be a first cousin of the Provence, to which belongs the famous so-called Cabbage Rose; and apart from the true Moss kind there are many others, one named White Bath, having flowers of spotless white.

Moss Roses must be well treated and manure given to them two or three times a year to maintain vigorous growth, otherwise the wood is weakly, with a miserable display of those flowers it is a pure delight to see in their little mossy bed of softest green. It is a pity that this beautiful rose should suffer neglect.

E. T. C.

Some Prize Fowl

IT is strange that certain hobbies, or whatever one may be pleased to call them, that give pleasure and bring profit, too, are oftentimes reserved for the few; and certainly the keeping of poultry, using the word in its widest sense, is of more than passing importance.

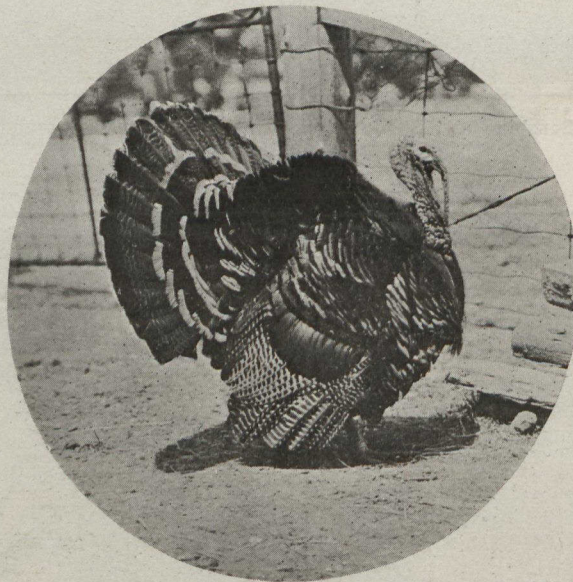
This is a phase of country life that has not hitherto received full recognition, but there are signs of a great awakening to the possibilities of this, should be, national industry—the keeping of poultry for profit.

Associations or societies for the promotion of any one aim achieve much, and the Toronto Poultry Association, of which Mr. J. Russell, M.P.P., is the President, and Mr. Breton, Secretary, has accomplished good work, a work that is more manifest each year of its existence.

Enthusiasm is the very breath of any undertaking, and an enthusiast in the raising of highly bred poultry is Mr. J. McVittie, who has the control of the farm and garden of Sir Henry Pellatt.

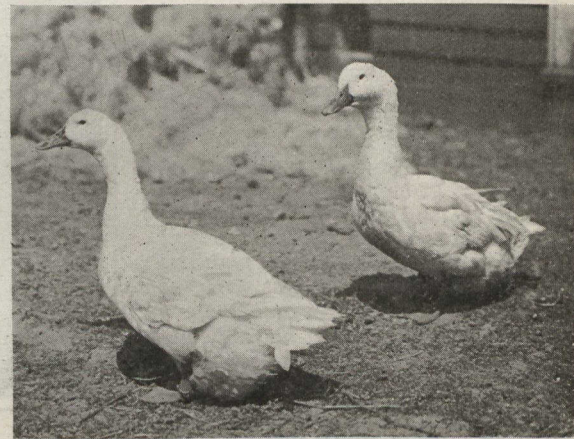
The illustrations represent three amongst many

others of famous prize-winners, birds renowned in the world of fanciers. The light Brahmas are as perfect as human skill can make them, and have scored heavily whenever they have been shown and



Bronze Turkey.

remain unbeaten, winning amongst other prizes the diploma and silver cup of the Toronto Association. This type of Brahma is a noble bird, possessing, if one may so describe it, a certain dignity that sits well on these living triumphs of the breeders art. Mr. McVittie is naturally proud of his successes, and of none more so than of the Brahmas. Not alone is this bird, but there are splendid Buff Orpingtons, the unbeaten Partridge Wyandottes, and no finer specimens are in existence, the White



White Pekin Duck.

Wyandottes, and the saucy little Black Rose-combed Bantams.

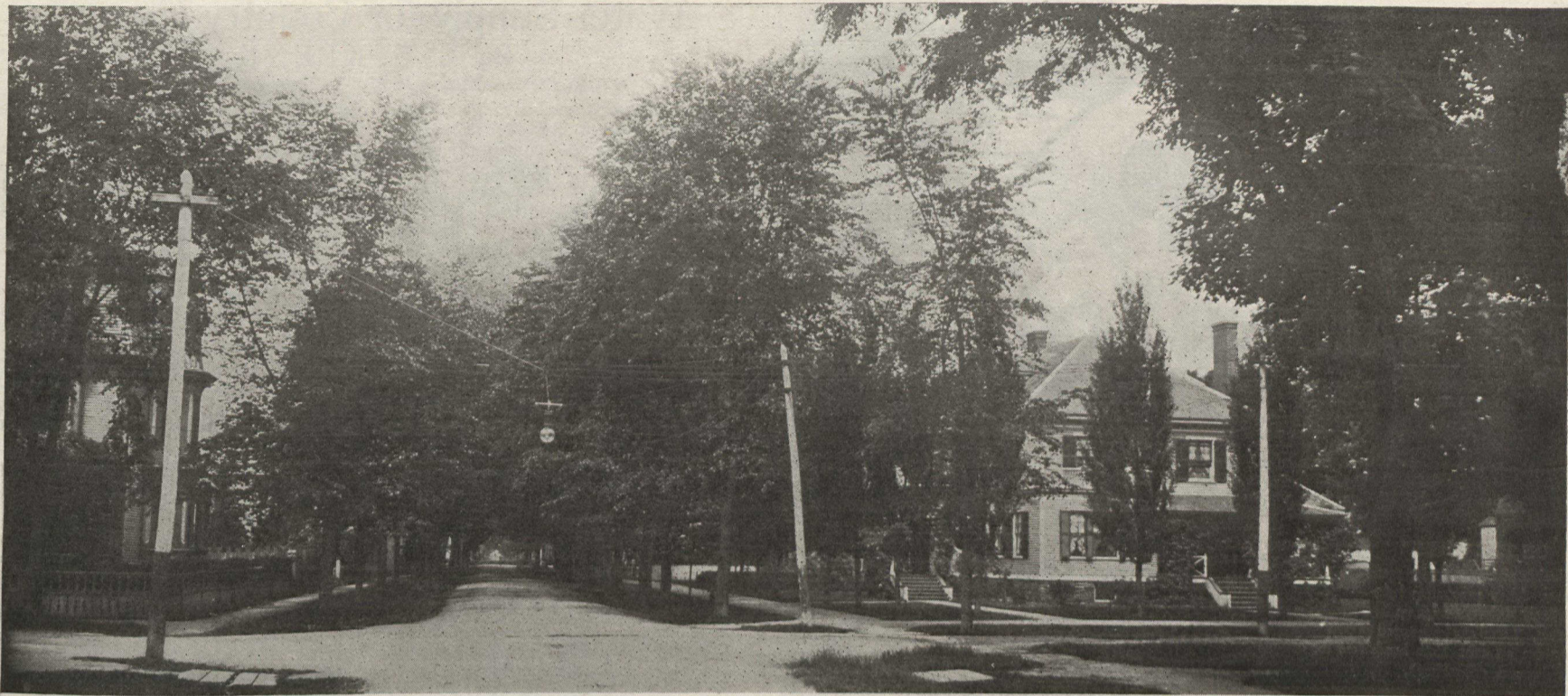
The illustration of the White Pekin duck represents a noble example of its breed, and is the largest of all ducks, possessing also the merit of good laying.

One passes from this little farm of all conquering birds to the first prize White Embden geese, and the beautiful Bronze Turkey, also the White Holland, the kind that is most easily raised.

This is but a brief description of some of the great prize birds of the Dominion, and when the record is a great sweep of the board at West York, East York, and Toronto, it is noteworthy. The list comprises twelve championships, twenty-seven firsts, twelve seconds, and eight thirds. Only the champion and first prize winners are either illustrated or described. This should stimulate a still greater interest in raising birds of the highest class, and skill and enthusiasm are the very foundations of success. Only of course the greatest regard for details can result in such splendid successes, but there comes that exquisite joy known only to the exhibitor, the satisfaction of having beaten one's rivals. The exhibition has had a direct bearing upon bringing breeds of many things to perfection, and not only so, but stimulating real interest in their production for either profit or pleasure, or both.



Light Brahma Fowl.



Brunswick Street, Fredericton, N.B., Owes Much of its Singular Beauty at any Season of the Year to the Local Improvement Association.

The Marvellous Elms of Fredericton

FREDERICTON, N. B., is blessed with an active, progressive Local Improvement Association to which much of the credit for that city's good looks is due. In the case of some cities, civic beauty is a something to strive for; in Fredericton it is something accomplished, as is shown by the photographs on this page. True, the great trees here shown are a heritage from previous generations, but the present generation is taking care of those trees and is living up to a tree-planting policy.

Wherein Fredericton's Local Improvement Association differs notably from some other such organizations is that it throws its energy into whatever lines of improvement best please the citizens instead of working to a cut-and-dried programme. If this association finds that a certain line of work is proving of low value it changes its campaign so as to work along more effective lines. For instance, an expenditure on fountains for the use of man and horse proved less popular than devoting the money to other purposes and so it was discontinued.

The association has planted in the streets and cared for a great many trees, nearly all of which are elms. That work has proved very interesting and has pleased the citizens. Also it has levelled up and changed unsightly spots into places of beauty, and has had squares and sidewalks kept in good condition. Last year it undertook to cut the grass and weeds from all the



A Fine Row of Stately Elms with Christ Church Cathedral in the Background.

streets of the city and the roads leading into the city, and that work met with much appreciation.

The example set by the association has led the citizens in general to take more interest in keeping their places neat and clean, and the improvement is more noticeable each year.

The association has a membership of about sixty, and the membership fee is one dollar. The civic grant this year is \$400. The Provincial Government makes a grant of \$100, which is expended in caring for property in the vicinity of the Parliament Buildings. Lieut.-Col. Loggie, Deputy Surveyor-General of New Brunswick, is the association's president.

The association was formed under a New Brunswick act which provides that ten or more persons may be incorporated for the purpose of improving and ornamenting the streets and public squares of a city or town by planting and cultivating ornamental trees. This act also provides that any city or town may hand over to such an association the care of the parks and the ornamentation of its streets and may make the association a grant that can be levied and collected as part of the regular assessment. A fine up to twenty dollars is the penalty fixed for anyone injuring or interfering with the work of such an association by driving animals or vehicles across its property, playing ball thereon, and so forth, the fine being payable to the association.



"Frogmore," the Residence of the Hon. A. F. Randolph, in the Capital of New Brunswick, is almost in a Forest of Elms.

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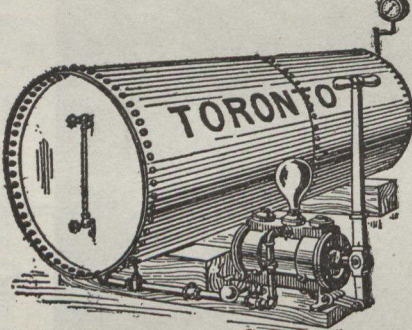
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Water Supply for Country Homes

By E. S. KEENE

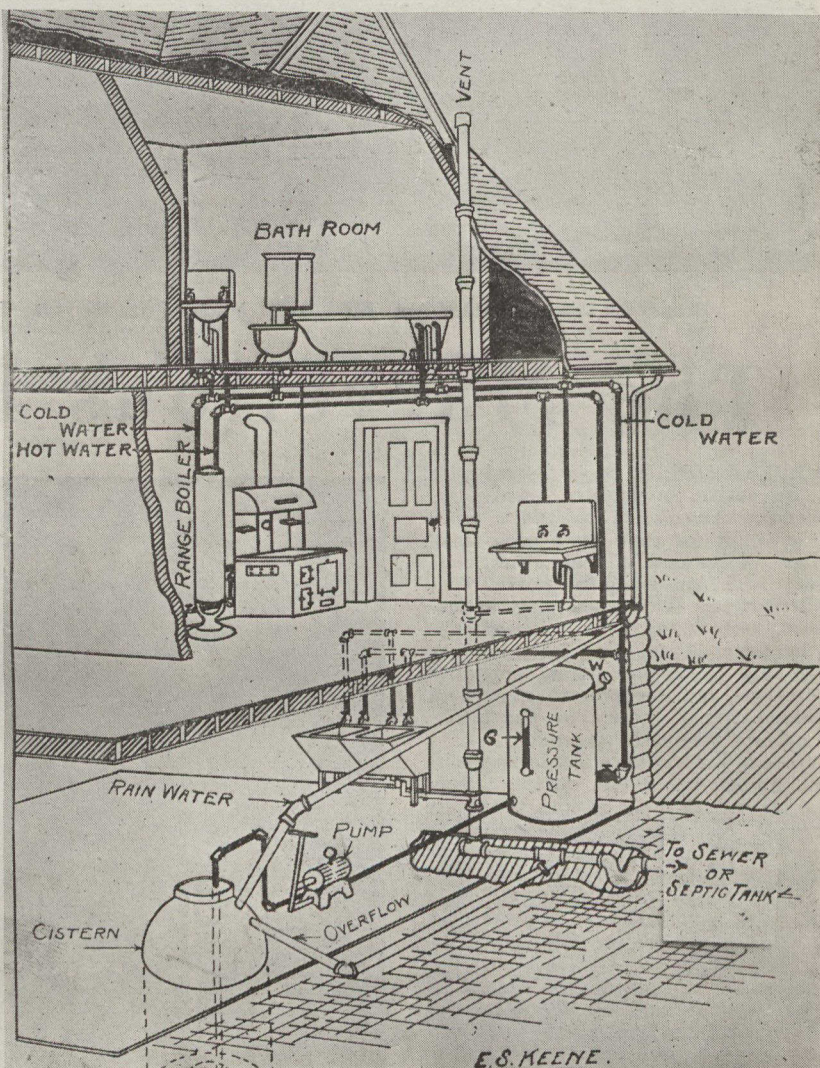
Dean Engineering Department, North Dakota Agricultural College

AN adequate and well-arranged water supply system contributes to the comfort and delight of the country home. When there is added to the convenience of such a plant that of a system of sewage disposal, the equipment of the suburban or country residence becomes as complete as can be obtained where city water supply and sewer service is available. That plants of this kind are in general use is a matter of common knowledge, and that they are successful in service is attested by the number of companies engaged in their manufacture.

greater will be the pressure developed. This may be as high as 125 pounds to the square inch, if occasion requires, but 40 pounds pressure is generally sufficient for all the requirements usually demanded in a house plant. These pressures are easily attained with a force-pump such as is shown in the drawing.

A glass gauge G, on the side of the tank, is intended to show the height of the water in the tank at any time, and the pressure gauge W shows the pressure sustained by the water. The supply pipe rising from the bottom of the tank branches to supply each of the fixtures to which the water is conducted.

The water-supply plant shown in the drawing is that known as the pressure-



A Water Supply and Sewage Disposal System for Country Homes.

tank system. It is simple in construction, not at all difficult to operate, and contains all of the essentials necessary to the demands of the average home. The illustration includes the pipes and fixtures for stationary wash-tubs in the basement, for bathroom and kitchen sink, and also the waste pipes connecting with the house drain. These features are included to show the possibilities of a convenient and efficient system for the average isolated home.

The source of water supply in this case is a rain-water cistern, sunk below the level of the basement floor, the top of which extends above the level of the floor. The water is pumped from the cistern by a common tank-pump and forced into the pressure-tank, as is clearly shown in the drawing, where it furnishes the supply of water as desired.

The pipe which conveys the water from the pump enters the tank near the bottom, and as the water enters, the contained air is compressed into the decreasing space above its surface. The pressure developed by the compressed air furnishes the force by which the water is driven out of the tank and through the distributing pipes as the supply is demanded. This is a principle of Physics known as Boyle's Law. If the air in the tank, when empty of water, is compressed until it occupies one-half of its original volume, then the pressure will be twice the original pressure, which in this case will be about 15 pounds to the square inch. The higher the water rises in the tank, the

In the drawing, the cold-water pipes may be traced from the supply pipe, where it emerges from the tank, to the kitchen sink, to the wash-trays in the bathroom and to the range boiler. The range boiler is connected with the heater in the kitchen range, which furnishes the supply of hot water to be stored in the range boiler. The hot-water pipes may be traced from the range boiler to each of the fixtures named above, where they terminate in each case in a hot-water tap.

THE size of the tank is made to suit the requirements of the house and, if so desired, may be made to furnish water for purposes outside the house. The method of pumping may be by hand, as that shown in the figure, by gasoline engine, or by any other form of power. For the average size of dwelling, however, the hand pump is well adapted to the requirements. The limit to which such a plant may be extended will be determined by the size of the tank and the means employed for pumping. It may also be made to serve the purpose of lawn sprinkling and fire protection or as a means of watering stock.

Such a plant as that shown in the drawing is relatively inexpensive, simple to operate and gives the house a supply of water that furnishes every necessary convenience. Modifications to such a plant may be made to suit any condition or size, location or source of water supply.

The City of the Future

By GUY W. HAYLER, M.R.S.I.

CANADA is waking up to the immense importance of the city planning and housing question. One of the most significant features of the day is the assembling of a great National Canadian Congress on City Planning at Winnipeg on July 15th, 16th and 17th. The Governor-General, H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, has promised to attend and address the delegates, and papers will be read by some of the best English, Canadian and American workers for civic improvement. It will be the first gathering of the kind ever held in the Dominion, and promises to be both memorable and of far-reaching effect.

Canada's interest in city planning has gone ahead in the last few years. The support of the former Governor-General, Earl Grey, was responsible for the visit of Mr. Henry Vivian, the chairman of the Co-partnership Tenants, Ltd., of England, in 1910. Mr. Vivian pointed out, in a tour of the country, that there was urgent necessity to plan the cities on well-defined lines, tending to the health of the community and the beauty of the localities. No single man has done more towards the solution of the housing problem in England than Mr. Vivian, and he brought his English experience under the notice of the Canadian public who view the city as something more than a place to make money.

Mr. Raymond Unwin, the greatest of English town planners, visited Canada last year, and experts from the United States have also advised public and private authorities in Canada on questions of urban development on far-seeing lines.

The city of Winnipeg was the first city in Canada to institute a City Planning Commission. That was done in 1910, and Mr. F. J. Cole, who has a good fund of European experience behind him, was appointed secretary. This commission was appointed by special charter for the sole purpose of studying the growth of Winnipeg and making plans for its future. It consists of twenty-four prominent public men, and its work has already been productive of much good.

Calgary, Alberta, has followed the example of Winnipeg, and, last December, formed its City Planning Commission. Mr. G. W. Iemon has been selected as secretary, and the Commission has been very energetic in its work, going closely into the questions of street improvements, street lighting and a civic centre.

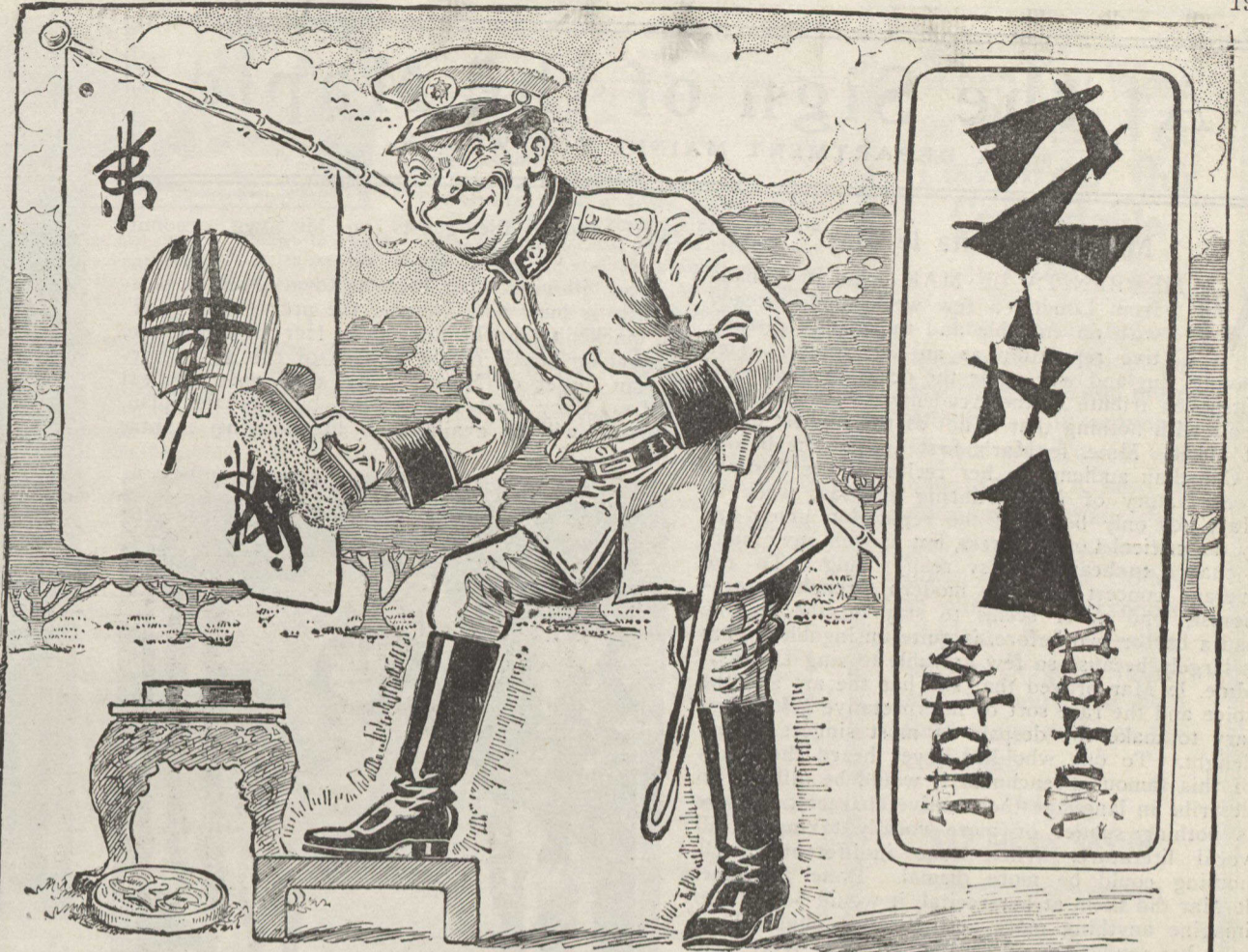
Quebec has gone in for the appropriate laying out of the battlefield, Toronto has taken up the matter of a federal square, and Ottawa is planning concerning the Parliament Buildings and their relation to the surroundings. Vancouver has retained Mr. Thomas Mawson, of England, for the design of a city parks system.

The Grand Trunk Railway has laid out its Pacific terminus, Prince Rupert, on scientific lines, as also the Canadian Northern Railway has laid out its Western terminus, Port Mann. This latter railway has in addition acquired land behind Mount Royal, Montreal, and commissioned Mr. Frederick G. Todd, landscape architect, of Montreal, to lay it out as a model city.

The movement towards the cultivation of a progressive civic spirit is also taking root, and in several cities proposals are on foot for the creation of garden suburbs on the lines which have been so conspicuously successful in England.

CANADA is face to face with a big problem. Try as one may it is impossible to stem the tide city-wards. The lure of the West is as much to the new cities as to the land, and it is essential that these cities should start aright.

City planning is not a fad, but a necessity of the time, and far from its being an extravagance, it is a positive economy. It is the first asset of a city, because the combination of art with utility will at once make for its well-being as a thoroughly equipped sphere of communal prosperity and of individual happiness. It is an attempt to put the city on a first-class business basis.



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At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN

Madame Benita le Mar

MME. BENITA LE MAR came to Canada from London a few weeks ago—already with an enviable and thoroughly distinctive reputation as an art singer. Her leaving England was made the occasion of a very outspoken tribute in the Academy, which concerns itself with nothing that is not of the highest order of merit. Mme. le Mar's first appearance before a Canadian audience in her recital at the Toronto Conservatory of Music during the last week in May, not only bore out the reputation given her by the critical London press, but as well gave many a chance to hear Debussy really sung. To the average concert-goer the modern French impressionist, who never seems to stay on the key he had a bar or two before, is quite unsingable. That is largely because so few are able to sing Debussy. Mme. le Mar proved that she has the art and the voice and the rare sort of interpretative gift necessary to make the despair of most singers a real delight. To one who has never heard the songs of this famous Frenchman it would be difficult to describe in language their native character. There is nothing subtler or more vocally taxing in all vocal literature. When done indifferently well, nothing could be more dismal. Done as Mme. le Mar did them at her recital, it would be hard to imagine anything more aesthetically delightful.

In her renderings of a group by Hugo Wolf, who in his day was as much of a conundrum as Debussy is now, the Madame was not less successful. The same can scarcely be said of her singing of the older and more obvious melodies on her programme. Her voice lends itself peculiarly well to the rare colour and charm of the ultra-modern; and it would perhaps be necessary to hear her in a greater variety of less technical and subtle forms of art, to be sure that she is equally at home with them. Mme. le Mar's recital was the occasion of her appointment on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory, where she will prove to be a real accession to the exponents of the true art of vocalism and interpretation.

To Address Institute of Journalists

MRS. GENEVIEVE LIPSETT-SKINNER, a member of the Winnipeg branch of the C. W. P. C., has been invited to address the members of the Institute of Journalists of London, England, on July 10. Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner was commissioned by the Canadian Government, last February, to lecture in Great Britain on the opportunities for women in Canada. The interest that the men of the Old Land take in the Dominion is evidenced by the fact that fully fifty per cent. of the large audiences which greet Mrs. Lipsett-Skinner are composed of men.

Recent Events

A FUNCTION important to Brandon from both business and society standpoints was the ball marking the opening of the new Prince Edward Hotel, the property of the Canadian Northern Railway. The adequacy of the splendid rooms was famously advertised by the iridescent assemblage of elegantly-gowned women, together with irreproachably habited men. The occasion was the most brilliant of the social season in Brandon, and the proceeds went to the local General Hospital.

The Count and Countess de Lesseps were recently guests of honour at a reception given by Sir William and Lady Mackenzie, at their beautiful home, "Benvenuto," Toronto. The guests, including Sir John and Lady Gibson, formed a harmonious and distinguished coterie. "Baby" de Lesseps held

court among the guests on his own account

The "ill-wind" that blew a Royal Duchess peritonitis is busy now blowing the proverbial "good" in quickening public interest to Her Highness' late appeal on behalf of the scheme of the Royal Victorian Order of Nurses. As the superintendent (Miss Mary Ard Mackenzie) outlines the plan, nursing will be available to the outlying country



MME. PAVLOVA,

The renowned Russian Dancer, entertained her friends at a garden party at her new home, Ivy House, Golder's Green. She is here seen in an exquisite gown of white and palest pink, standing on the steps of the verandah receiving her guests.



MME. PAVLOVA'S GARDEN PARTY.
Mme. Pavlova's Troupe Dancing on the Lawn.



MME. BENITA LE MAR,

Who has lately come from England to Canada with an enviable reputation as an art singer. She is to join the staff of the Conservatory of Music in Toronto.

districts by means of local nursing associations. The need is felt to be urgent and the "Lady Grey Nursing Scheme" should find many prompt and practical sympathizers.

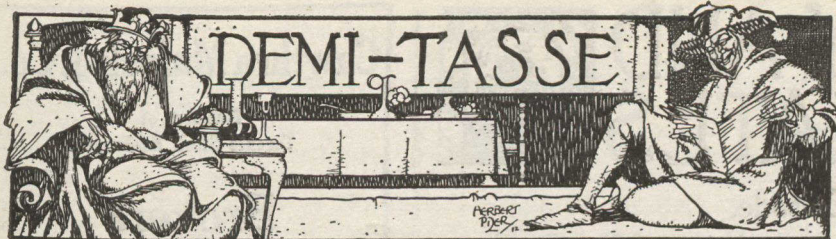
Perhaps no young woman whom hymeneal June has invested with the matrimonial title has had so romantic a past as has Miss Hjordis Ingebrigsten, who has just been married to Mr. John Ramberg, Regina. Mrs. Ramberg is the daughter of a Norwegian whaling captain, and was the only woman member of the whaling fleet.

Decidedly it is a matter to "think about and purr" that Ottawa society has utterly put the ban on the turkey trot, the bunny hug and similar "savage" dances, in vogue in some of the leading American cities. The said vulgarities will have no place in the capital city's Terpsichorean schools. A pat on the back for Canadian decorum!

The savage breast of Victoria, B.C., is in a fair way, as it seems, to be subdued. Anyway, the Victoria Ladies' Musical Club is announced, its raison d'être, the promotion of musical literature and the fine arts and the provision of a source of musical entertainment. If the said "savage breast" does not promptly succumb, the Poet will be at fault, not the Musicians.

The Women's Wentworth Historical Society held its annual meeting, with a full attendance, at Hamilton, on June 14th. Col. Sam. Hughes gave an imperialistic address which won the hearty approval of everybody. And officers were elected. The new Honorary President is the Duchess of Connaught, and the President, Mrs. John Calder.

An Elizabethan tourney is proclaimed to be held in England somewhere about the middle of July. Lords and ladies will be the participants, and so great is the power of (literally) the noble example that Canada may soon awirl with jousts.



Courierettes.

THESE sweltering summer days, when you're pitying yourself, save a little sympathy for the politicians who have to keep on swinging the axe.

Across the line, convention seems to be synonymous with contention.

A railway company has discontinued its practice of distinguishing vice-presidents by numbers. The prisons, however, refuse to follow suit concerning their inmates.

That Montreal youth, who goes to jail for three months for eloping with a girl three hours under age, now grasps the significance of the song, "Ain't it funny what a difference just a few hours make!"

Suggested motto for Uncle Sam's Progressives: "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way."

Electrical farming has been tested in Ontario. No doubt it will be most useful in shocking grain.

Canadian autoists complain that some people have sown tacks on country roads. The latter are evidently not the kind of people who are given to "sowing seeds of kindness."

Where His Paper Went.—It was at a newspaper men's banquet, and the editor of a paper published in a little country town of Ontario was speaking.

Some joker asked him where all his 6,000 papers went every week.

"Well," said the old chap, "my paper goes pretty well all over, mostly in this province, of course, but quite a few go into New York State, some to Michigan, a dozen or so to England, and two to Australia."

Then he scratched his grey head and added with grim humour: "And, do you know, I have trouble sometimes to keep it from going to h—."

Is This the Reason?—A couple of ministers declare in favour of Sunday band concerts.

Having heard some of the bands they probably do not fear competition.

A Few Puzzles.—Will someone kindly tell us:

Why what the other fellow gets in a restaurant usually looks better than what we order?

Why some people make a habit of squeezing in between two people sitting half a foot apart when there's lots of room in other parts of the street car?

Why the day we miss seeing the morn-

ing paper is the one on which—to judge by people's conversation—a lot of very important items of news have been published?

A Heavy Matter.—A kingsway project calls for a strip of land six hundred feet wide from Toronto's City Hall to the city limits, and then out into the country.

So impressed was the Evening Telegram with the importance of the proposal that it says, "Big proposition has been under weigh for years."

New Worries.

THAT light and darkness can be heard A scientist makes known; The new machine that does the trick Is called an optophone.

A certain rasping sound he finds Made by electric light; The sun, it seems, doth roar by day, The moon makes noise at night.

Undoubtedly this new machine Doth give us cause to fear; Each night the burglar's lantern dark All timid folk will hear.

Far worse than auto horns will be The auto lamps' fierce bark; And soon 'twill be no use to give The tip, "Say, keep it dark."

Those Conventions.—It seems practically certain that Harry Thaw should be released from Matteawan, in company with many others. They've got to make room somehow for a lot of delegates to Uncle Sam's party conventions.

Lines on Life.

YOU need not detail your faults to your friends. They have probably done it already.

Give yourself an even chance and others are more likely to do so.

The man who hesitates doesn't always lose. He may be watching others and profiting by their mistakes.

Those things we get for nothing are generally the most expensive in the end.

The trouble with most self-made men is that they left their tongues too long.

A Matter of Names.—A merry jester is springing this: "You know the tear-rooms of Toronto, don't you? Well, can you tell me whether the Brown Betty has anything to do with the Black Maria?"

No Wonder They Laughed.—The orator was combatting the arguments of those

who argued that capital punishment should be abolished.

He decided to end his speech with a telling peroration, so he declaimed:

"Yes, gentlemen, the death penalty was good enough for my forefathers, and it's good enough for me."

And then he wondered why the audience laughed.

Answered.—At a little dinner in an Ontario city a few evenings ago, the talk turned to the Liberal party's "Banish the Bar" platform, and what some men, who "like an occasional glass" or more, would do if that policy came into power.

From that, conversation went on to experiences with the cup that inebriates.

"If I go to any function where there's likely to be much drinking," said one of the party, "I don't wear a dress shirt—it's too stiff for comfort."

"Do you ever have the same trouble?" another man said to a third, who almost always turns his glass down.

The answer of the man to whom the question was put amused the diners. He said, innocently, "I never wear stiff shirts."

Caught.—"Say, you'd make a good street-car conductor," remarked the jester to the man who has pronounced opinions, and is not backward in giving advice.

The latter couldn't decide whether or not he was being teased.

"Why?" he asked. "Well, you're constantly telling people 'where they get off at.'"

A Revised Proverb.—People who live in glass houses shouldn't.

Juvenile Logic.—"Mamma, do the Chinese go to heaven?"

"Why do you ask such a peculiar question, child?"

"Well, I was just wondering who would do the laundry work for all the angels who wear white dresses."

Tip to June Bridegrooms.—Much of the matrimonial woe in the world is the direct result of the failure of the young men who stole kisses before marriage to return said kisses after the wedding—with interest due.

The Ruling Passion.

"SAY, what's to-day's best word?" I asked

A friend I chanced to meet. He said, "The way our pitchers work They'll sure be hard to beat."

I met a fellow at the club And asked him what was new. He said, "I saw the team at work And really think they'll do."

"What's new?" I asked a newsboy next; And this he had to say, "Ain't nuthin' to it; it's a cinch We'll cop the game to-day."

I telephoned a man and said, "Things going well, I hope?" "First rate," he said, then handed out The latest baseball dope.

His Choice.—"Everybody should have a hobby," declared the man who uses much of his spare time at amateur photography.

"Yes," agreed his friend. "I have the best hobby of all."

"What's that?"

"Guess."

"Photography?"

"No."

"Trying to invent something?"

"No."

Several more guesses were made, and then the guesser gave up. Then the friend gave this answer to the puzzle: "My hobby is not having one."

A Cheerful Giver.—The contribution-box was approaching. Stingy old Simpkins reached hastily for the penny he had provided and quickly tossed it in.

Being surprised at the astonished look on the face of Deacon Jones, he looked after it, and was horrified to the point of petrification to see that it was a five-dollar gold piece.

"Gosh dern it!" he muttered wrathfully, "Four dollars an' ninety-nine cents gone ter Tunket, an' I'll only get credit up yonder for the penny I meant tew put in!"

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RE-OPENS [SEPTEMBER 11.



OBVIOUS.

She—"The man I marry must be brave as a lion."

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Rio Episode.

ONE of the most dramatic incidents in the history of Canadian finance came to a climax the other day with the merger of two great tropical enterprises controlled largely by capitalists in Toronto and Montreal. The Tramway, Light and Power Company of Rio de Janeiro, the Brazilian Capital, joined forces with the Tramway, Light and Power Company of Sao Paulo, Brazil, under the new name of the Brazilian Tramway, Light and Power Co. Fifty million dollars of capital were merged. In the movement leading up to the union new millionaires were made in the cities of Canada, and men who were already wealthy strengthened their money power. The most interesting features of the merger were the suddenness and despatch which characterized its accomplishment and the attentive, responsive attitude adopted by the market at every stage of the proceedings. Nothing like the sensational rise of Rio shares has been experienced for years by the Street in Toronto and Montreal. There were several circumstances



THE MEN BEHIND RIO.

Left to Right.—Mr. E. R. Wood, Vice-President; Dr. F. S. Pearson, President; Sir William Mackenzie, Chairman; Hon. Z. A. Lash, K. C., Vice-President.

which contributed to the spectacle of the Brazilian flight. For some months Rio stock had been to the fore. Men, who claimed to be in the know, nodded their heads wisely and whispered that Rio earnings were sure indication that a new dividend rate must soon be declared. Some talked of seven per cent. with an accent of conviction. Then came the advent of a tall, thin man from New York, who was closeted for some days in Toronto with Sir William Mackenzie just after the Canadian Northern president had stepped off the train from a fifteen days' tour. This was F. S. Pearson, Doctor of Science, engineer, president of the Rio de Janeiro, and largely interested in Sao Paulo. The wizard of South American traction maintained a mysterious silence behind his dark moustache. His taciturnity got on the nerves of the Stock Exchange. Had Dr. Pearson come to discuss re-organization of Rio with the Canadian directors and shareholders? Rio commenced to aviate.

The Doctor went back to New York saying nothing. That did not shut off the power from Brazilian trolleys. To Toronto again skipped the Doctor in a couple of days, and the market with renewed confidence and fresh hopes, bought Rio heavily. When the stock touched the ceiling, it was at the record height of 156%, practically \$45 above the level of the first weeks of the year, and \$26 beyond the quotation of a month ago. In three days' trading Rio gained twelve points. Because of the fact that it was mostly based on street optimism, engendered by the feeling that there was a big announcement coming affecting the destiny of the Brazil Company, the performance of Rio was remarkable. The following table shows Rio quotation in the past five years:

	High.	Low.
1908	81%	29%
1909	104	79
1910	105	86%
1911	117½	101%
To date 1912	156%	112

The march of Rio upward is illustrated more graphically by taking the quotation of each month of this year:

January 24	113	April 24	120
February 24	114	May 24	133
March 29	115	June 24	156

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railway and electric power business and the gas and telephone system of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. It controls the public utilities of one million people. The company is one of the greatest enterprises in which Canadian financiers are interested. It is now seven years since the corporation was born. At that time, Rio de Janeiro was being carried by four tramway companies, two of them operating cars hauled by mules, and the others running trolleys generated by steam. The city was lighted by an expensive, obsolete gas plant. The new company of Northerners bought out the stock of the native concerns and turned Rio de Janeiro into a modern metropolis with electric cars, light and telephones. The mules were sent to their stables; a new gas plant was built; a power station was erected at Rio das Lages, 51 miles from the city, with a present capacity of 52,000 h.p.

In 1909 a dividend was declared on the stock on a 1 per cent. basis. In 1910, 4½ per cent. was paid, and last year 5 per cent.

On and Off the Exchange.

Ploughing a Lonely Furrow.

AT the risk of becoming tedious, which mayhap the general reader by this time regards as more of a stern reality than a risk, attention may again be directed to the growing independence of the Canadian security markets, most recently exemplified in the Rio and Sao Paulo affair. Those who trade in stocks have been rarely able to create an interesting situation such as we have seen on our own exchanges during the past few weeks, unless an equally interesting condition and one of the same character existed in New York. A movement for the rise in our own securities half a dozen years ago would not have been attempted by operators of market experience unless New York was favourable. The trend of the big Wall Street exchange and the side shows up here rarely varied in character and were never long in opposite directions.

A week ago Canadian traders, almost to a man, were watching the surprising fluctuations in the Brazilian public utilities stocks and absolutely ignoring the attack of dol-drums that had seized the New York market. Practically the only attention paid the other side during the recent period of activity was the borrowing of some money in case the supplies available for market purposes should become curtailed here. For a time dealers in Rio and Sao Paulo were inclined to exhibit an indifference towards London, upon which mother of markets we have been growing more and more prone to lean. Quite between ourselves the Canadian markets, and especially the one in Toronto, were cruelly hurt by the snub the metropolis gave the announcement of the Rio and Sao Paulo merger. It had been fondly hoped that London, which owns the larger part of the two companies, would be surprised and delighted at the distribution of profits prepared for them by the controlling interest on this side. The scheme as outlined meant not only the carving up of the surplus earnings already accrued, but an arrangement for the distribution of the profits for years to come. London heard the scheme and did nothing except possibly sell a little. Either the announcement was not faulty or the prospective buyers were not pleased at the advance in prices which preceded the publication of the news. It was the same on the continental markets, where the Brazilian stocks are listed. The big partners in the concern having thus exhibited no elation at the good fortune that had come to them, the Canadian end of it began to speculate upon the possibilities itself, with the result that our interest in the Brazilian Tramway Light and Power Company has increased enormously. We have probably now more shares than we ever had before, and if they are held, there is no reason to fear the experience will be an unprofitable one.

An Inside Melon (?)

POSSIBLY the one feature of the Brazilian merger to which real objection is taken was the inclusion of the Sao Paulo Electric Co. upon a par basis. It is a five million dollar concern which is just beginning, and although it has great possibilities, it will be a long time before it is worth the price paid for it. The Electric Company controls a number of water powers in the state of Sao Paulo and some valuable hydraulic developments and transmission lines. In time the Sao Paulo Tramway Company will be its customer.

To Salvage the C. & M.

THE Chicago and Milwaukee Railway was destined to run between Chicago and Milwaukee "and way points," as the station announcer has it. Upon the hypothesis that it would and make money thereby, a large number of Canadians expended a sum estimated to be in the neighbourhood of at least four millions upon its securities. The Chicago and Milwaukee was one of the favourite investments of the Sovereign Bank management, so you can imagine the chance it had. The road never reached Chicago, but it entered liquidation, and in deference to the large amount of our money in jeopardy half a dozen Canadians were placed upon the bond-holders' board and ultimately became known as the Protective Committee. Their fees are the only return the road has made. Although the receivership proceedings have been costly, the Committee has at last succeeded in securing a terminal in Chicago and bringing about a revision of the road's finances which in time should result in such an enhancement of the value of the securities that our investors will get out even.

When We Ship Gold.

THAT we are still hardly out of the apprenticeship stage in the gold mining business is vividly illustrated by the amount of tommyrot about the production at Porcupine, which is being printed as news in some of the Montreal and Toronto newspapers. No gold camp, and Porcupine as yet is not a world-beater, could reach anything like the figures in its early milling stages which are credited to it by these uninformed writers. The truth is that a great deal of trouble has been encountered in the operation of the gold mills at Porcupine, although the ore, when mechanical difficulties are overcome, is easy to treat. As yet all the mills are treating not more than 600 tons daily, however, and it is doubtful if the conservative mining men who control the two principal mills would claim any more. The technique of mining and milling is not of interest to the public, but it may be worth repeating a conservative prophecy that when next New Year's day rolls round four Porcupine companies will be able to lay credit to having produced \$2,000,000 of Canadian gold.

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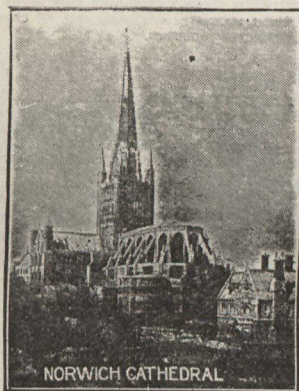
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The Prices We Pay

are not "Get Rich Quick" money, but where the same energy and time is devoted to it as in any other work, a fair amount can be earned. We pay from one cent each to five cents each, according to the size of the pictures, and by running 10 or 12 at a time they are rapidly done. For instance, in running over 10 or 12 of the smallest size pictures (one cent each) at one time, you can turn out from one hundred to two hundred of them in a day, or from twenty to forty of the larger pictures (at 5c. each) in a day. These are good prices, and the amount earned varies according to the time devoted to the work, and the number in the family doing it. We pay charges (Book Rate) one way on the packages of pictures and our workers pay return charges. The pictures are light in weight, and 20c. to 30c. book post rate pays return charges on a large package of finished pictures, or a week's work.

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If in doubt, SEEING IS BELIEVING. If neither of our offers, as per Application Forms, appeal to you, we will ship the outfit and materials to you at your nearest Express Office. You may examine them, and if fully satisfied, pay the Express Agent the \$10 less the transportation charges on the outfit and the return of the money, and take the outfit and materials home for immediate use.

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Town..... Province.....

The express office nearest to me is at.....

Number of persons in family to engage in the work.....
Here state how you wish your pay, by the week, or as you send in the work.....

\$10 Application Form, \$5 Cash, Balance in Work

Use which ever Form suits you best.

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Dear Sirs:—Please find enclosed \$5, for which please send me, express prepaid, complete outfit of your Secret Art Coloring Process, materials and instructions, and enroll me as a worker. It is understood you will send me work and keep me supplied with future material and that I will receive pay for work done after I have worked out the balance of \$5 owing you for the outfit.

Name..... Address, Street No.....

Town..... Province.....

The express office nearest to me is at.....

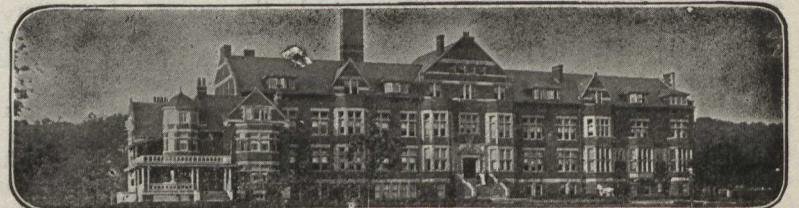
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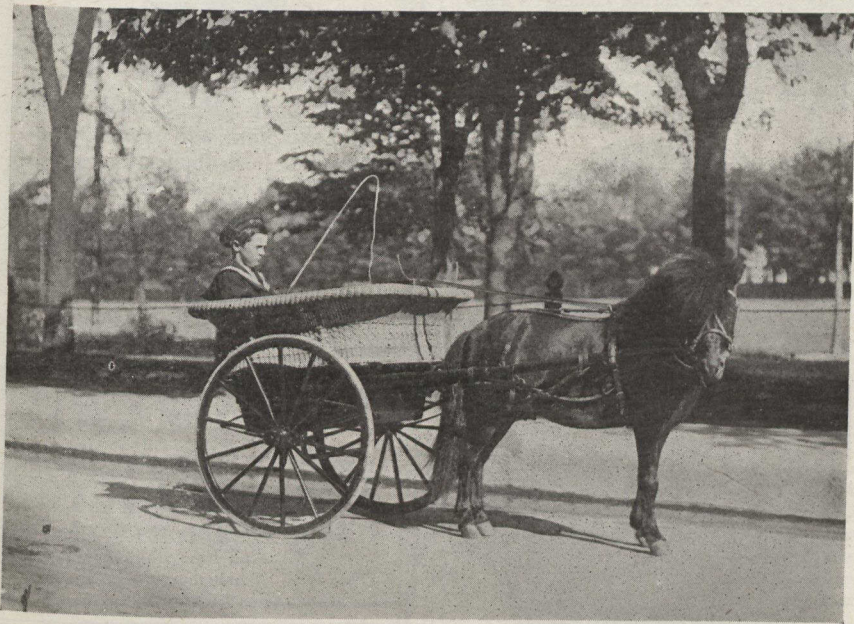
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FOR THE JUNIORS



Master Wilfrid, Youngest Son of Hon. L. P. Brodeur, of the Supreme Court, and his Thoroughbred Pony "Arno," Blue Ribbon Winner at the Ottawa Horse Show.

About Tulips.

Written by Agnes McGhie, aged 13 years.
Drawings by Kathleen Armstrong, aged 12 years.

MANY years ago a vessel landed on the shores of Holland, having among its many bundles on board some queer bulbs which the Dutch named "Tulips."

The people nearly went wild over them. The rich ones gave great sums of money for a few bulbs, while the poorer class, who did not have enough gold, would even sell their little farms to be able to possess even one of these coveted plants.



But at last a law was passed forbidding the people to do this. But it did not make them cease from loving this beautiful, strange flower. No, indeed! They were glad, for now tulips were cheaper. The poorest family tried to do without many necessary things so they would be able to have a little bed of these flowers in their small plot of land.

It was made the emblem of Holland, and rich men to the present day have beautiful country residences surrounded by great gardens of them.

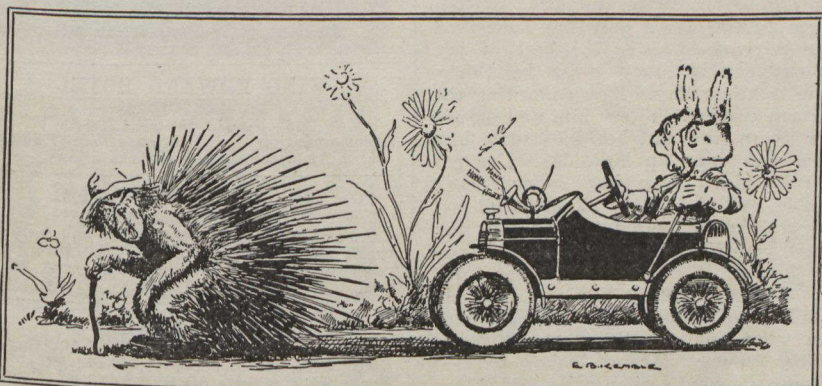


Now, there are so many in that little land that not only in our own Canada, but in every country in the whole world where flowers of that kind will grow, most of the florists get their tulips from there and they have been improved on as you already know from seeing the double ones. So you have now, if not before, learned that tulips have really quite an interesting history, and in the spring when you see the gardens filled with beds of these flowers you will remem-

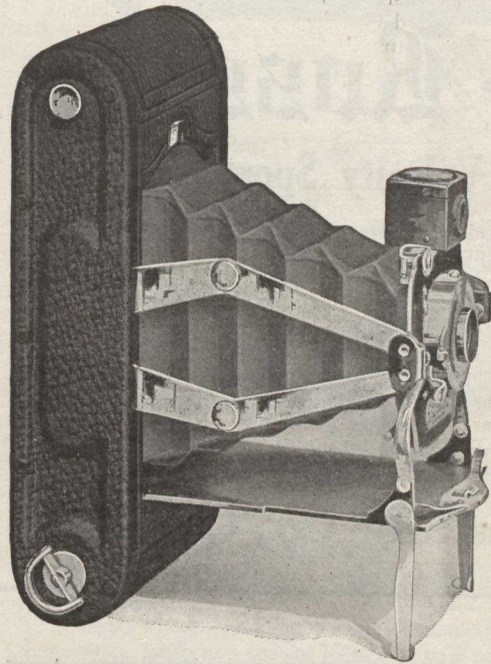
ber that it is Holland we have to thank for their loveliness.

Spare the Birds.

SCHOOL is over and it's ho! for holidays and the country. Last year's bathing suits are being mended, and the hammock has been dug out of the store-room and stowed into the bottom of a trunk. There are always to be found two apple trees, just the right distance apart, where it can be slung, and there one can swing, shaded from the sunshine and listen to the chatter of the birds. And it is about the birds we want to speak, and what we have to say is intended particularly for the boys. A great many boys who go to the country for their vacation, and, indeed, even boys who live in the country all year round, think it is great fun to go off in the morning with a shot-gun and see how many birds they can kill. If they ever stopped to think they would understand that it isn't fun at all, only unmanly pastime and something which is going to bring a great deal of harm to their country. To prove that this is the truth, a government that has lately looked into the matter declares that farmers are losing over two hundred million dollars every year because so many birds are wantonly killed that there are not enough left to eat up the great hordes of insects that destroy the crops. Think of it! Two hundred million dollars! And this isn't so hard to believe when we think of how many crops there are—hay, corn, wheat and vegetables of all kinds. So remember that birds were provided to check the destructive insects that prey upon plant life, and to keep down the growth of weeds by eating a portion of the seeds, and if you are interested in them do not shoot them to learn more about them, but take a bird book away with you on your vacation and you will learn quite as much and find that it will give you a great deal more pleasure to study them in the right way.



Mr. Porky: Aw, leave off blowing that horn. Come on and run into me if you dare.
—The Tatler.



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with the
bother
left out*

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The mechanism is strong beyond any possibility of breaking except through excessive carelessness, misuse or neglect. Loading, firing, unloading are done quickly, simply and reliably. The .280 throws its projectile 900 yards with a rise of not more than six feet above the object aimed at. Up to 440 yards no change in sight is required— which for deer shooting is practically all that is required. Consult your dealer about this aristocrat of modern sporting arms, or write us for particulars. Price \$70.00.

Ross Rifle Co., Quebec

Veteran of Footguards

Forty years ago—that is, on June the 7th, 1872—the following order was published:
 “The formation of a battalion of Foot Guards at Headquarters, Ottawa, to be designated ‘The Governor-General’s Foot Guards,’ is hereby authorized. To be raised by Major T. Ross. This corps to be special and under the direct orders of the Adjutant-General at headquarters, and to have the same precedence and



COLOUR-SERGEANT THOBURN,
 The Only Member of the Original Company of the Governor-General’s Footguards, Organized in 1872.

status in the active militia of the Dominion as is held by Her Majesty’s Foot Guards in the Imperial Army.”

On June 7, 1912, after a march from the Drill Hall, the regiment returned and medals were presented to Bandmaster Brown and Pte. Valiquette for long service. Colour-Sergeant D. Thoburn, too, had another star added to the seven he already possessed. He is distinguished as being the only member of the original company, having joined it in June, 1872.

Colour-Sergeant Thoburn’s military career dates back forty-four years; in 1868 he joined No. 1 Company of the 42nd Battalion (Almonte), under Capt. Peter MacDougall, and did military duty in Brockville on Kelly’s Farm—about where the asylum now stands. In ’69 he served with the same company in Prescott, and in ’70, still with the same company, he saw service at the time of the Fenian Raids. Of the medals the Sergeant is wearing, the one on the left is the “King Edward Coronation” medal, the middle one is the “Fenian Raid” medal, and that on the right was presented him for long service—after twenty years in the G. G. F. G. Both the son and grandson of this soldier are members of the Guards, or, rather, Capt. Thoburn is, and Master Thoburn, of Ashbury College, is attached to the regiment, with his brother students, in the Ashbury College Cadet Corps.

The Mask of Jim Burrell

(Continued from page 8.)

the early morning scrub. In a luxuriously appointed stall in the far corner a sleek, white-maned, white-tailed Shetland pony turned its honest black eyes on the visitors as they approached its quarters.

“See that there pony,” remarked Dan, pointing to the little animal. “It belonged to the boss’s only boy that died twenty years ago; to the best of my knowledge that pony must be thirty years if he’s a day. Every morning the old man comes in to see him and stands over there and watches me curry him down and shine up his sides. I’ve got to rub him down just so or there’s trouble, and if he’s the slightest bit out of sorts the old man fetches the doctor. I tell you if that pony was the dead boy himself it couldn’t be better cared for. I used to think like you that the boss had no feelings, but it changes one’s idea when one sees this sort of thing.”

The young farmer looked puzzled. After a moment’s silence he said, “Dan, I guess you had better hitch up my team and drive round to the hotel in

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 TORONTO : CANADA
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Toronto, Canada. F. W. Mossop, Prop. European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof.
 RATES:
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about fifteen minutes. It's going to be dark early to-night and I've quite a piece of road to go."

HEMPEL, retracing his way to the hostelry alone, noticed, just outside the hotel a small, shabby waggon loaded with three or four baskets of potatoes, and in the shafts an equally dilapidated horse, the owner of which had evidently gone inside to sell his goods, for he heard Burrell say brusquely, "But, my dear sir, why should I buy your potatoes when I have enough in the cellar to last the house six months and good ones at that, while yours would be dear at any price?"

The young farmer, under cover in the hall, still listened as the hotel-keeper went on, now in surprisingly softened tones, "All the same, man, I suppose one must live. I'll pay what you ask and here's a dollar extra for candy for the kid; we mustn't forget the youngsters. And before you go slip into the dining-room and get a square feed. It won't cost you anything, and maybe will make your coat fit a bit tighter. Good day."

Hempel stayed outside a minute or two longer until real gratitude had poured out its thanks, and then he stepped in and walked to the counter to settle his reckoning. Burrell got behind it, and as he handed the farmer the change said decisively, "Look here, Hempel; no one in his senses believes in sentiment these days. I haven't taken stock in such buncombe since longer than you were born, and you'll come round to my way of thinking yet."

The farmer, looking into the landlord's face, thought to himself, "What a mask that man wears," and left the house this time with a smile.

The First Big Fill

(Continued from page 12.)

We had supper of pork and beans, with bread, molasses and canned fruit, and before we settled down for the evening's card-playing Jimmy went out to leave a good fire under the boiler. As he re-entered a blast of wind and snow blew out our single lamp, and for the moment we were in darkness.

"It's an awful night, for sure," said Jimmy, as soon as he could get his breath. "I could hardly find Susie under the snow. I'm not envying the boys on the road to-night, let me tell you—"

At this moment the ticker broke in, sharp and intense. "BK BK BK," it called. That was for Burke.

"There's Grey calling, and he's in a hurry," shouted the operator, as he groped toward the instrument, while Findlay found a match.

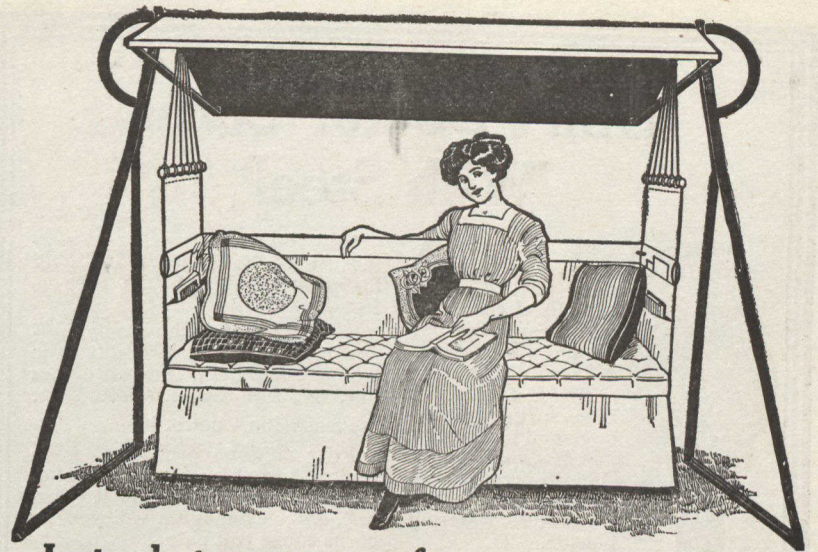
I knew a few ticks myself, as most railroad men do, and I listened, breathlessly. There was something in the hum of the wire, in the howl of the storm, in the sharp, nervous click of the ticker, some presentiment that perhaps wasn't altogether human, that made our hearts beat quick as we waited. Grey and his little wife, alone in their caboose twenty miles to the westward, were calling.

"Tick-tick, tick, tick-tick, tick-tick-tick—For God's sake—" it spelled out, and then stopped. We looked at each other. The wire had snapped.

Sergeant Graham was the first to speak. "Constable Findlay will go down with you on the engine, while I ride to Tucker's post for assistance. Four constables are camped there," and almost before we knew it Graham had galloped into the blinding storm.

Jimmy ran to the engine and hustled his fire, while Burke, Findlay and I held a council of war. What was wrong we couldn't guess, but we knew Grey wasn't a man to send distress messages for nothing. With Western instinct we gathered all the fire-arms we could muster. Burke had a shot-gun, and I carried a revolver in the cab. Findlay, of course, had rifle and revolver. We found two boxes of cartridges, and by that time Jimmy was tooting for us.

Don't ask me how we made that trip. I told you our engine didn't track. Perhaps that is why she stayed on that crooked road. We weren't a mile out when our headlight was smashed with snow, and after that we simply wallowed through the darkness. We tied down the safety-valve, opened the throttle, and



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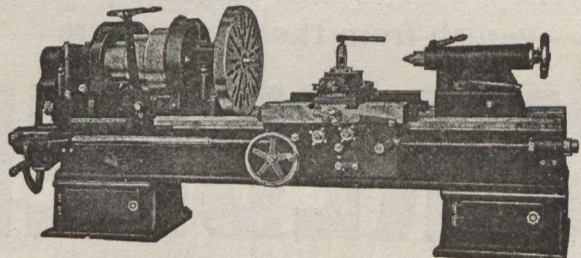
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Send 50c. to W. S. Harvey Mfg. Co., Vancouver, B. C., and receive post-paid by mail a six months' supply of harness dressing that will toughen your harness and make it look good, and wear double as long.

Don't Doctor Corns With Steel

Don't pare them. That just removes the top layer. It leaves the main part to grow.

A slip of the blade may mean infection. Sometimes a dangerous infection.

This form of home surgery should be ended forever.

A few years ago a chemist invented the B & B wax—the heart of the Blue-jay plaster.

Now you simply apply this plaster. It is done in a jiffy. The pain instantly stops, and the corn is forgotten.

This wonderful wax gently loosens the corn. In two days the whole corn, root and branch, comes out. No soreness, no discomfort.

Please don't doubt it.

Fifty million corns have been removed in this way. Millions of people know it. Just try it yourself, and never again will you let corns cause you pain.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (149)

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took our chances. A dozen times I was sure we were off the rails, but as often she righted and gripped again. The snow piled up on the pilot until it rolled back along the running boards into the very cab itself, but it was loose, and we were able to keep forging ahead.

We had been running thirty-five minutes, and had no idea where we were, when a gleam of light seemed to show through the storm ahead. At the same moment the engine took an unusually heavy lurch. We had struck a switch, and the front trucks took the switch while the drivers followed the main line. The front trucks were torn from beneath the boiler, and she plowed her nose into snow and earth. Fortunately the tender jack-knifed and cleared us, or I wouldn't be splicing this little yarn to you now, but we got out with whole skins. As soon as we got our bearings we saw we were at the fill. A light was shining from Grey's caboose, and through the storm we made a race for it. As we did so a dark semi-circle, which at first we did not distinguish from the blackness of the night, seemed to waver and recede, and the next moment we were inside the caboose.

I won't forget that sight in a hurry. Grey was kneeling beside a window, rifle in hand, dark stream of blood trickling slowly down his pale face. His wife, careful to keep below the window level, was passing cartridges to him. The glass was smashed, and snow was swirling through the car.

"Why, Grey, what's wrong?" we cried.

"Get down, get down," he ordered. "We're under siege, and the beggars have fire-arms." He pointed to his scalp. "I was expecting you, for I knew you got my call before they cut the wire. I felt your engine strike the switch," he continued, "and Wife unbarred the door, as we hoped you would make a rush for it. Lucky you had no headlight, or they would have blocked you."

"Who are the enemy?" demanded Constable Findlay.

"The navvies," answered Grey. "They got liquor somewhere, and now they are demanding more from me. They're all right as a rule, and I hate to shoot the beggars, but they have clean lost their heads to-night."

"I shall arrest the ringleaders," said Findlay, and before we knew it he was through the door and tramping down to the enemy, single-handed. There was a momentary hesitation, and then a scuffle. It was one against two hundred, an impossible situation, and we rushed to his support. Shots were flying everywhere, and the policeman was jammed into a mass of fighting humanity. We tore him free and rushed him back into the caboose.

"That was glorious, Findlay, but it wasn't war," said Grey. "We must use all our wits with these fellows, and perhaps shoot to kill before we are through with them."

So we settled down to resist the siege systematically. The lamp was turned low and placed on the floor, so it would cast no direct shadows. Grey stood guard on one side of the caboose, and Burke on the other. Findlay warded one door with a rifle, while Jimmy Black defended the other with a brake-beam. I occupied the cupola with the shot-gun, and Mrs. Grey was everywhere. She was the Red Cross staff and commissariat combined. From where I sat I could see the barrel standing in a corner of the caboose. And again I wondered at Grey.

The arrival of reinforcements, and especially the execution I was able to do with a shot-gun, made the assailants more cautious, and presently the attack ceased altogether. I was foolish enough to think the enemy were beaten off, but Grey would not accept that explanation. "They are holding a council of war," he declared. "We shall hear from them where we least expect it."

It turned out that he was right. A gleam of light came from the eastward, faintly at first, but gradually increasing until it became a steady glow. We watched it, curiosity mingled with alarm. The blaze increased, until at last Grey exclaimed, "They have set fire to a car!"

As we pondered over this vandalism the fire seemed, not only to be growing in volume, but to be drawing nearer. Watching closely, we saw men about the car, and at length their purpose became apparent. They were shoving the burning car down upon us!

The situation had become desperate.

Too Hot to make a dessert?

KNOX Acidulated Gelatine

Makes the dessert
make itself

Most everyone knows Knox Plain Gelatine, but these hot days you should get acquainted with our Acidulated Package.

It is the same as the Plain, except the Pure Concentrated Fruit Juice added in this package, in a separate envelope, saves you the time and bother of squeezing lemons.

All you add is sugar and water (fruit or fruit juice if you wish) and you have a most refreshing, cool dessert for hot summer days. Lots of it, too—each package makes two full quarts (½ gallon) of jelly—four times as much as "ready prepared" packages.

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Simply dissolve granulated sugar in water and add the Mapleine according to the directions on the bottle. Such a syrup is economical, pure, good and easily made.

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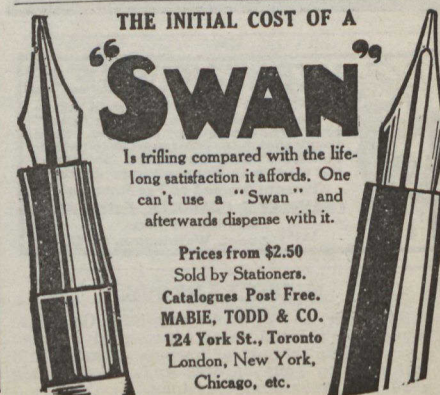


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Sheltered behind the car our assailants were in little danger of our bullets, and our ammunition was almost exhausted. We should either be burned in our trap or forced to capitulate. And with the mob in its present temper, what capitulation might mean we could only guess.

"It's all up, Grey," said I. "You've done your duty nobly, but we're beaten. Roll out the whisky to them."

"What whisky?" he demanded. I pointed to the barrel. Grey was a friend of mine, but I shall never forget the look that came into his eyes. I shouldn't have cared to be his enemy at that moment.

"You fool," he shouted. "That isn't whisky. That's blasting powder!" If a moment before the situation seemed desperate, what shall I say of it now? There seemed nothing for it but flight. But how or where should we fly? We men might brave the storm for the night, and in the morning find our way back to Burke's siding, but for Mrs. Grey that was impossible. There seemed nothing for it but to hold out until the fire got into our car and take a chance—if you could call it a chance, in the snow.

But while I was reflecting on these pleasant alternatives an idea came to Burke. "Blasting powder, is it? Then roll it out to them. Let them blow themselves to—"

The destination was never announced. At that moment something swept by like a fresh burst of storm from the north. At first we could distinguish nothing through the swirling snow, but soon we made out the forms of men on horseback, and the mob scattering in all directions, as though a bomb had been thrown amongst them. Resistance was swept away in an instant, the car was left to burn where it stood, and as the riders swung up to the caboose we saw the fire flicker on the shining buttons and accoutrements of the Mounted Police.

"Come in, Sergeant, come in, and bring your men," shouted Grey. "The Lord sent you just in time, to be sure. Such a ride as you must have had!" "It was a bit unpleasant," the sergeant admitted, "but you seem to have had stirring times here, too. You've a nasty scalp cut there, Grey. What other casualties?"

We mustered for examination. Burke had a bullet-hole in his arm, and Findlay was swollen out of recognition as a result of his rough usage. Jimmy and I and Mrs. Grey had nothing to show for the skirmish.

"And now, Constable Findlay," said the sergeant, "will you explain why you should not be disciplined for failing to place the ringleaders under arrest?"

"Findlay did everything possible," Grey interrupted. "He charged the whole bunch single-handed, and we had to drag him in to save his scalp. I told him that it was glorious, but it wasn't war."

"And that, my dear sir, is just where you are mistaken. That is war—as the Mounted Police play the game. As soon as we begin counting odds our usefulness as a force is ended. We are expected to do the impossible, and, sir, we do it, or I wouldn't be here at this minute. Findlay should have effected his arrests—or stayed there. However, he appears to have shown a fair amount of pluck, and will escape with a reprimand."

"Thank you, sir," said Findlay. "And now, Mr. Grey, if you can find shelter for our horses we'll stable-up and camp with you until the trouble blows over," said Graham.

Mrs. Grey had been digging deep in a box, but at this moment she emerged with a great parcel. Unwrapping it, she held aloft an enormous turkey—a regular, genuine, Ontario-fed gobbler.

"Everybody stays for Christmas dinner," she declared. "Three cheers for Mrs. Grey," we shouted, and the old cupola rocked as we gave them.

Boys, I guess you don't know just how big a turkey looked in those days.

Bill rose from his pail, stretched himself, and prepared to turn in. The other boys still puffed silently in their bunks, but Warren said:

"How about the fill? Did he finish it in time?" "Did he?" said Bill. "Did he? Well, men who fall down on their jobs don't get where Grey is now. Good-night, boys. Four o'clock comes early."

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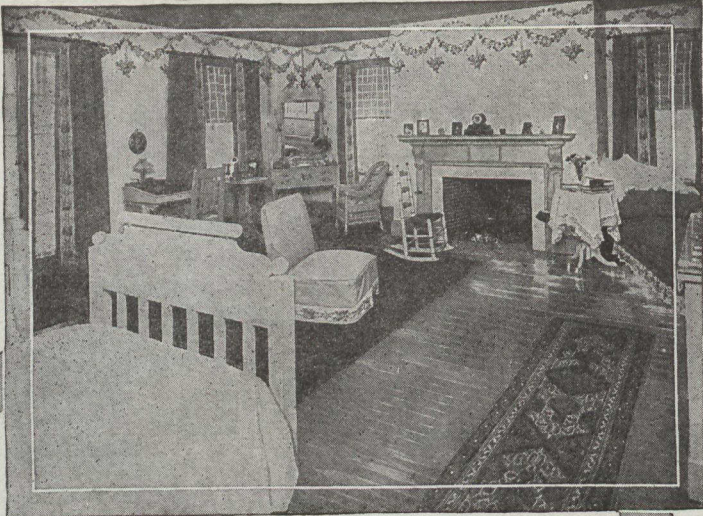
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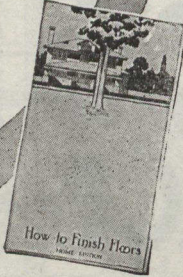
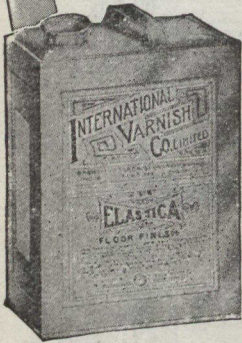
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Comfort on Transcontinentals.

SOME travellers on certain United States trains have experienced the comfort of a general smoking and observation car which is free to all passengers on the train. Such a car is now being carried on Canadian Pacific trains Nos. 3 and 4, operating daily between Vancouver and Toronto. The diagram shown here was drawn especially for The Courier to show readers the advances that are being made in providing comfort for travellers on Canada's better trains. It contains one drawing-room and one state-room, for which the regular price is paid. Otherwise the car is for general use without extra charge.

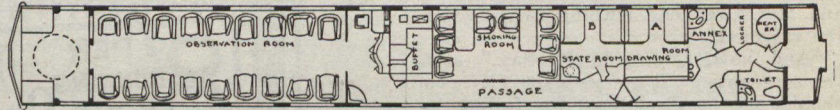
Besides the two private rooms, there is a smoking-room with eight chairs, one

when it is made public, will be of great value." Captain Janes spent eight months prospecting alone. He was hundreds of miles from the ship during that period. His discoveries show that Baffin's Land was, epochs ago, a very different kind of country from what it is at the present day.

Twenty-five feet under the surface, he discovered an immense forest in a state of perfect preservation. The trees pointing due east and west, are laid as flat as a wheat-field blown over by a cyclone. The timber is in perfect shape; even the cones from the tree tops are as fresh as the day they fell. At the present day there is not a tree growing for 1,000 miles around the buried forest.

In the opinion of the Captain, there

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in his address to Policyholders at the 42nd Annual Meeting of the Company held February 1st:

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observation parlour-room with eighteen chairs, and a wide observation platform. Of course, there are the other features necessary in such a car, a buffet, a writing desk and a library. To this car men and women may repair while their berths are being made up, or down, or to get a better view of the scenery. The chairs are, of course, more comfortable than the seats in an ordinary sleeper, or at least offer a pleasant change to the transcontinental traveller. The cars are finished in mahogany, with inlaid walnut and electric-lighted throughout. Moreover, Canadians will be pleased to know that these cars, the best of their kind on the continent, are made at the Angus Shops, Montreal.

Wealth Underground.

CAPTAIN JANES, of the Canadian exploration party aboard Captain Bernier's "Arctic," tells of virgin forests beneath ground in Baffin's Land—the richest coal areas in the world, and fuel can be dug up with a shovel.

Captain Janes is of the belief that the two largest coal fields in the world have been discovered on Canadian soil, located in Baffin's Land. The two are about one hundred miles apart. In spite of their high altitude, he says that they will be workable all the year round. The coal is so easily secured that it can be dug from the surface with the shovel.

"This northern part of Canada will be the greatest country in the world," says Captain Janes. "I believe that the report of the 'Arctic's' last voyage,

are thousands of fortunes to be made in Canada's frigid north. During the coldest months the mercury goes down to 60 below, and it averages 40 degrees, but there is no dampness at any time of the year. The sun leaves on December 10th, and does not return until February. During the intervening period lamps are kept steadily burning.

Canada's Mountain-Climbers.

BETWEEN the dates of July 31 and August 9, when many other people will probably be sweltering, the Alpine Club of Canada will be holding its seventh annual camp, the grounds chosen being at Palliser's, Vermillion Pass, main range, in the Rocky Mountains.

The following regulations made by the powers that be in the club prove that the outing will be rather more strenuous than a mere picnic:

Graduating members before coming to camp to make their qualifying climb should consult their family physician as to their physical ability.

Members intending to climb require heavy soled leather boots, well set with nails. Knickerbockers, puttees, sweater, soft hat, woollen stockings and socks, heavy woollen gloves or mitts and woollen underwear are indispensable.

No lady climbing who wears skirts or bloomers will be allowed to take a place on a rope, as these have been found a distinct source of danger to the party making the climb. Knickerbockers, with puttees or gaiters and sweater, have been found serviceable and safe.

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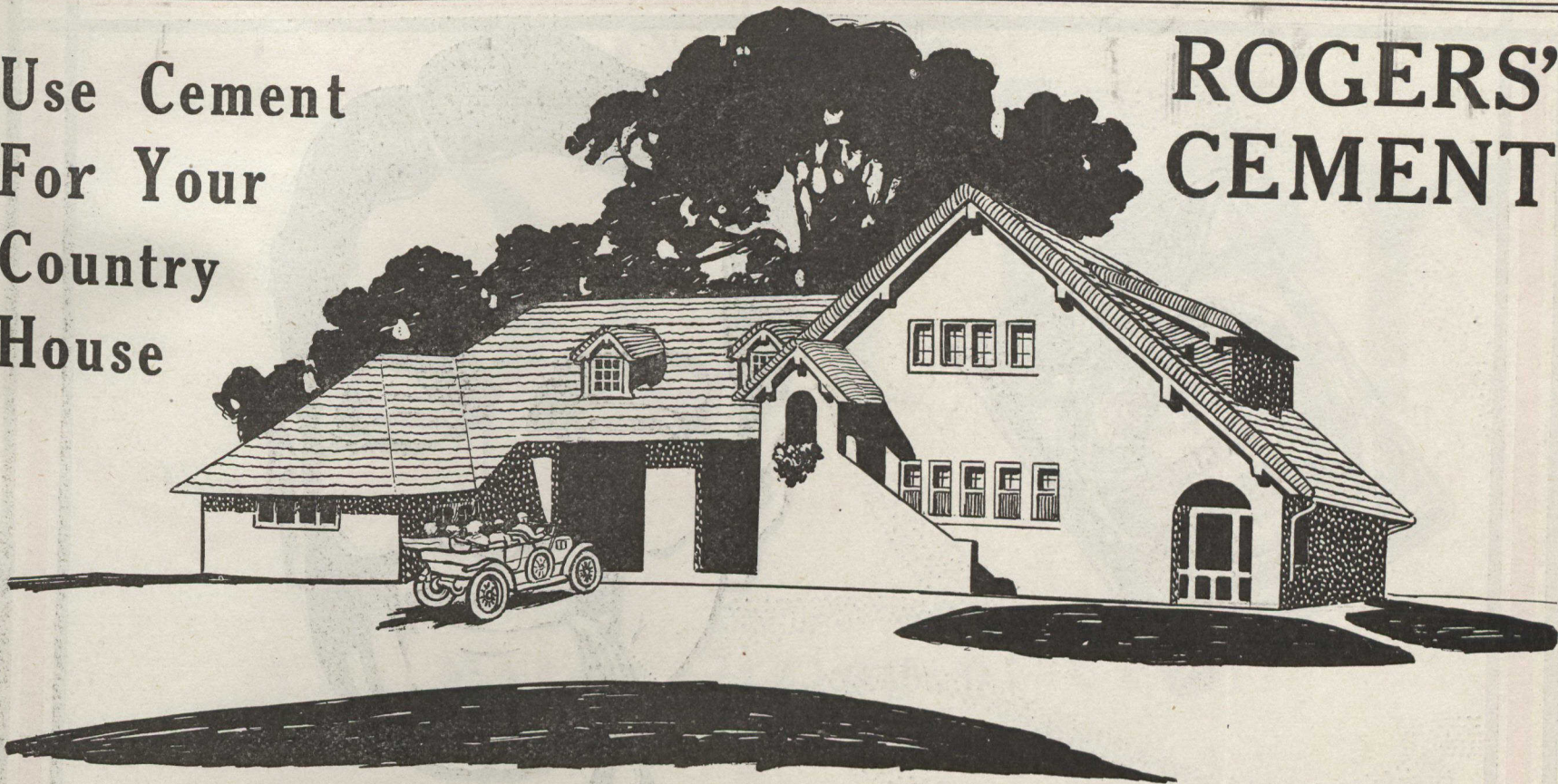
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but, on the contrary, continue to enjoy it.

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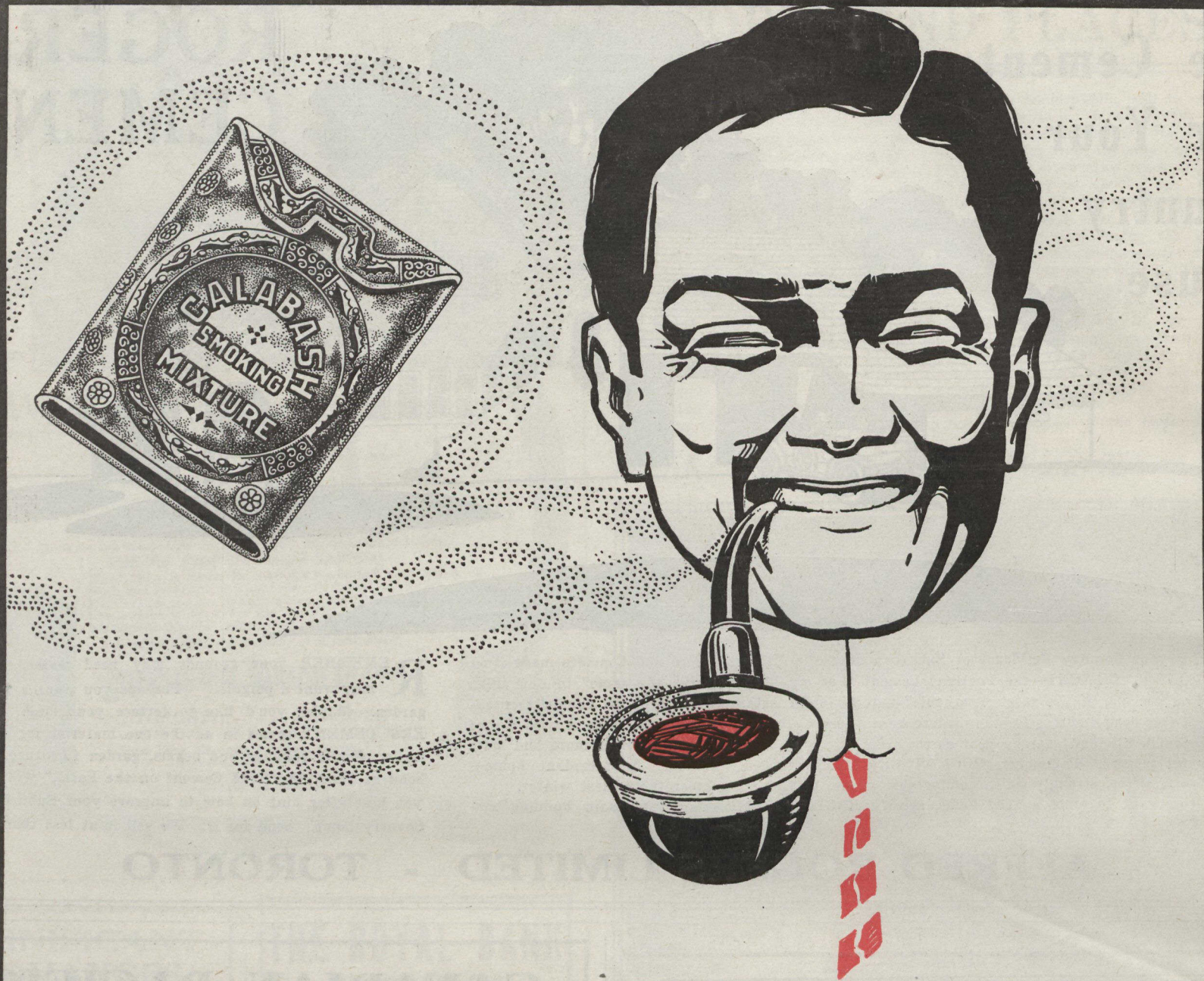
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Write to the following Agents for full particulars—how to get there, maps, rates, etc.: A. E. DUFF, Union Station, Toronto, Ontario; J. QUINLAN, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Quebec; W. E. DAVIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; G. T. BELL, Asst. Passenger Traffic Manager, Montreal; H. G. ELLIOTT, General Passenger Agent, Montreal.



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