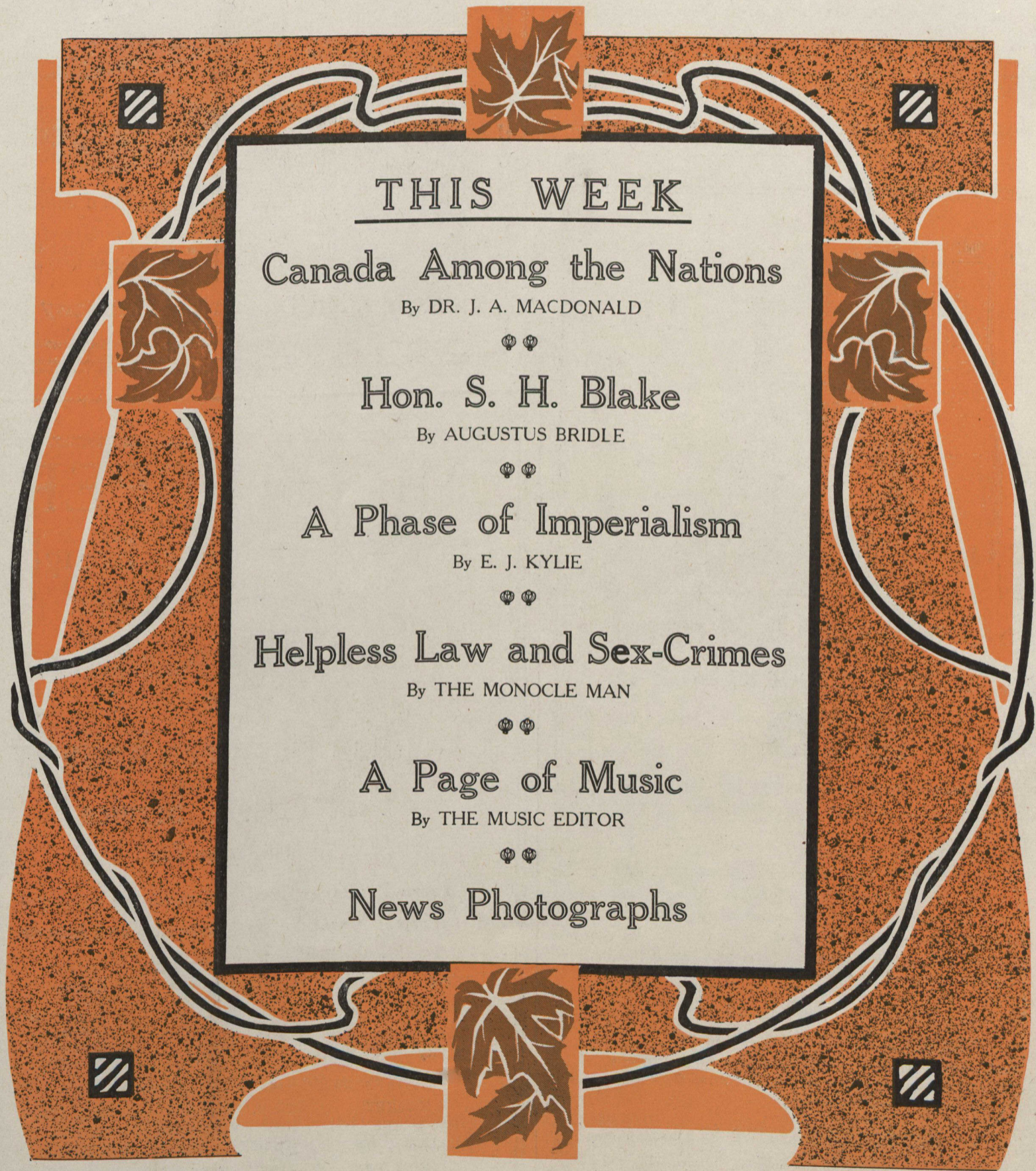


The Canadian
Courier
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THIS WEEK

Canada Among the Nations

By DR. J. A. MACDONALD



Hon. S. H. Blake

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE



A Phase of Imperialism

By E. J. KYLIE



Helpless Law and Sex-Crimes

By THE MONOCLE MAN



A Page of Music

By THE MUSIC EDITOR



News Photographs

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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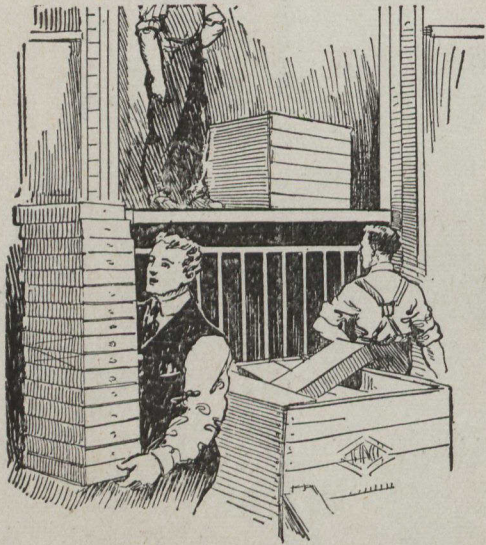
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CONTENTS

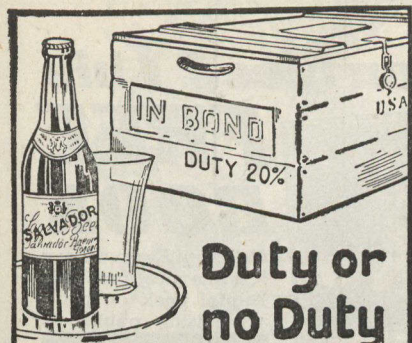
- Canada Among the Nations By J. A. Macdonald.
An article bearing on the present discussion of autonomy and ultra-imperialism.
- A Phase of Imperialism By E. J. Kylie.
Another article on the same subject, but with an opposite viewpoint.
- Hon. Sam Blake By Augustus Bridle.
No. 21 in a Notable Series.
- Law and the Sex Problem By the Monocle Man.
- Among the Music Makers By the Music Editor.
Chords and Orchestral Concerts, and an appreciation of Clara Butt.
- Men and Movements Illustrated.
Pictorialities of People who expect to help make history in 1913.
- King of Lac de l'Ondee By Marjorie Pickthall.
A Dramatic Short Story.
- Corridor Comment By H. W. A.
- Vancouver Brides Women's Page.
- Money and Magnates By Staff Writers.
- Reflections By the Editor.



Editor's Talk

THE chief feature of this week's issue is a pair of articles by two prominent students of Canada's relation to the Empire and to the other nations of the world. To have an intelligent opinion on this great subject one must have a thorough knowledge of Canada's history and a student's appreciation of the ever-varying international horoscope. A great banker cannot do as he pleases; he must consider the banking tendencies of the time, the chief events in the history of banking, and the wishes and desires of those who have intimate relations with banking institutions. It is the same with the manager of a great railway or any other large corporation. So with nations; a nation must consider its relations to other nations before it enters upon any line of action which may affect interests beyond its boundaries. Canada considers the interests of Canadians only in much of its legislation. In other phases of national legislation and national administration, Canada must consider the wishes, desires and interests of Great Britain and the other Britannic Dominions. When it has done all this Canada must also at certain times consider its relations to the United States, France, Germany, and other countries. It is this tremendous problem which is examined in the two articles in this issue by Dr. J. A. Macdonald, Editor of the Toronto Globe, and Mr. E. J. Kylie, Associate Professor of History in the University of Toronto. The Canadian Courier does not profess sympathy with the views of either of them, but the arguments of both are well worthy of serious consideration at the hands of our most intelligent readers. No more thoughtful essays have been given to the public in recent months.

We are hoping that at least twenty-five bright young Canadians will take part in our prize competition for articles on "Canada's Most Profitable Manufacturing Industry" and "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City." All the information required for either essay will be found in Bulletin No. 1, recently issued by the Ottawa Census Department. The competition should be especially attractive to the younger manufacturers, to publicity commissioners and to students of political economy. True, the questions are new and have never been decided. This but adds to the interest of the competition. Fuller information concerning it will be found in our advertising columns. Essays must reach this office not later than the first day of March.



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In Lighter Vein

A New Interpretation.—An Irishman walking along the road beside a golf links was struck between the shoulders by a golf ball. The force of the blow almost knocked him down. When he recovered he observed a golfer running toward him.

"Are you hurt?" asked the player. "Why didn't you get out of the way?" "An' why should I get out of the way?" asked Pat. "I didn't know there were any assassins round here."

"But I called 'fore,' that is a sign for you to get out of the way." "Oh, it is, is it?" said Pat. "Well, thin, when I say 'foive' it is a sign that you are going to get hit on the nose. 'Foive.'"

There Are Exceptions.—"When one reads he should read something to improve his mind."

"Quite so. Still, it is imperative for some of us to read laundry lists and time-tables occasionally."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Giving Away Trade Secrets.—Little One (at mamma's dinner-party)—"Mother, will the dessert hurt me, or is there enough to go round?"

The Optimist.

Said a cheerful old bear at the Zoo: "I never have time to feel blue. If it bores me, you know, To walk to and fro, I reverse it and walk fro and to." —Century.

Conservation of Energy.—"Yes, said the old man, "I find my strength is failing somewhat. I used to walk around the block every morning, but lately I feel so tired when I get half way round I have to turn and come back."—Woman's Home Companion.

A Warm Come-back.—Finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," a facetious doctor asked: "When Shakespeare wrote about 'Patience on a monument' did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," said the lady, "you find them under monuments, not on them."

Efficient.—The train robber suddenly appeared as many of the passengers were preparing to retire for the night. "Come, shell out!" he demanded, as he stood towering above an Eastern clergyman, who had just finished a devout prayer. The minister looked at him sadly for a moment, then said: "If I had such energetic fellows as you to pass the plate now and then, I might have something to give you."—Harper's Magazine.

A Matter of Relationship.—Two chance acquaintances from Ireland were talking together.

"An' so yer name is Riley?" said one. "Are yez anny relation to Tim Riley?" "Very dishtantly," said the other. "Oi wus me mother's first child, an' Tim was the twelfth."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Near Truths.

Some people are so modest about their immorality that one scarcely knows of it at all and others are so immodest about their morality that one longs for them to fall.

Slang is the nearest approach to a universal language as yet invented. It is the national speech of America and the music hall, which practically amounts to the same thing. Slang has superseded the French idiom in polite letter-writing.

As a rule those who feel are incapable of expression and those who express are incapable of feeling.

To succeed is to turn your friends into enemies and your enemies into friends. —The Tatler.

No Souvenirs for Him.—Smith, purchasing for his wife some tea in a small dingy shop, was horrified when he untied the package to find therein a slip of paper reading thus:

"The holder of this coupon when properly punched is entitled to a beautiful souvenir."

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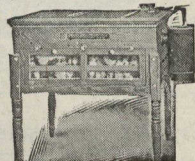
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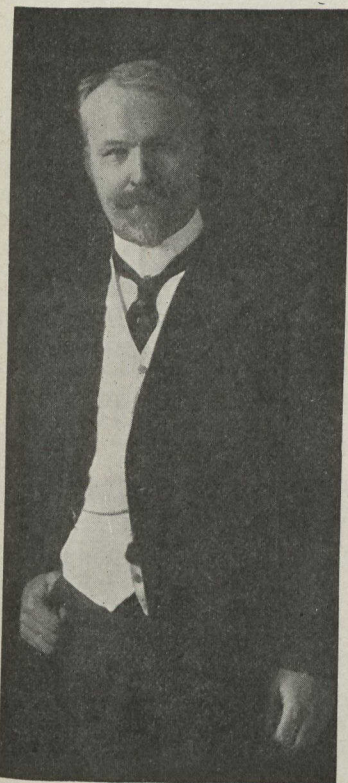
Canada Among the Nations

A Dream of Confederation Which Came True—and the Results

By J. A. MACDONALD

Editor of *The Globe*, Toronto

IT is the first business of Canadians to think about Canada. It is the mark of a good Canadian that he takes the Canadian point of view, sees with Canadian eyes, cherishes Canadian ideals, and helps to make Canadian dreams come true.



Dr. Macdonald.

If Canadian problems are not solved by the intelligent and thoughtful judgment of the people of Canada they will remain unsolved, or their solution will not make for the welfare of Canadians or for the prestige of Canada among the nations.

It is the first duty of the people of Britain to set themselves to solve the British problems. That is their business, not ours. So, too, with Australia, and New Zealand, and South Africa, and every other self-governing part of the Empire. We have all been charged to "think Imperially." A few years ago "thinking Imperially" was the mark of a progressive mind, as thinking

about the "over-soul" was in the previous generation, and thinking about the "referendum and recall" is to-day. But Imperial thinking is a very vague and vagrant exercise for those who have never thought clearly and to definite purpose on national affairs and on local problems. If the strength of the wolf is the pack, the real strength of the pack is also the wolf. Empire is a reality, strong and enduring, only in so far as the component parts of what is called Empire are free to develop each in its own way and to its own ideal of citizenship and service. It is for this reason I start out with the affirmation that the first duty of Canadians is to think about Canada.

WHAT CANADA HAS DONE.

CANADA has already done something in world politics which gives her a place among the nations. We are sometimes told that Canada has nothing to her credit. We are assured that whatever Canada has she owes to Britain. Canada has no army and her militia is only sufficient for her own needs, and for a navy we have only a debate in Parliament. Because of all this we are admonished to be humble and not to think of Canada more highly than we ought to think.

My answer to all that lotty talk is this: The facts of history make it plain that were it not for Canadians there would be no Canada, and were it not for Canada there could have been no British Empire.

What is Canada? It is a confederation of all the

Provinces of British North America into one national unit, governing itself in all Canadian matters, controlling its own revenues, choosing its own national policies, and yet an integral part of the British Empire and loyal to the person and throne of the British sovereign. And every one of those elements in Canada's status as a self-governing Dominion within the Empire is the result of Canadian choice, of Canadian statesmanship and of Canada's deliberate action.

Let no Canadian be ignorant or forgetful of the fact that if the old colonial subjection has been changed into the national self-government of to-day, that achievement was the work of a past generation of Canadians. And in that achievement, in their effort to establish free national institutions without breaking the ties of tradition and affection and historical relation that bound Canada to the mother country, those first Canadian nationalists had no precedent. The thing they undertook to do had never before been done in the world's history. No colony of any Empire, ancient or modern, had ever achieved full self-government except by cutting the painter and striking for independence. The American Colonies in the 18th century were the next-door example for the Canadian Provinces in the 19th century. The American illustration meant self-government but not Empire. Canada dreamed of both.

Those Canadian pioneers had no precedents. They were pathfinders, the true pathfinders of Empire. William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Papineau blazed the trail. Baldwin and Lafontaine laid deep and strong the foundations. George Brown and John A. Macdonald reared the walls and set the keystone. And when the superstructure of the Dominion stood foursquare it was a new thing in the political architecture of the world. It embodied a new idea. And the vital power of that idea made possible the world-empire of Britain.

Let there be no mistake at this point. It is of fundamental importance. The old Roman idea of empire was disproved. Centralized authority over subject states could not endure, even with Rome, when those states were far-scattered, resourceful, and isolated by the sea. The case of the American colonies proved the impotence of that "Imperium" idea in the government of men of the British breed. Germany's experience with her African possessions is another illustration to-day.

That very same problem faced Canada last century. Canadians demanded self-government. It had to come, either by independence or by some other unexperimented way. Even so late as the date of Confederation public opinion in Britain favoured the independence of Canada. Both Beaconsfield and Gladstone favoured it. They saw no other way by which Canada could come to exercise the required rights of self-government. They had not seen the Canadian vision. The dream had not come to them.

But to Canadians came that vision, dimly at first, fitfully, but ever beckoning, pointing the way to new outposts of civil liberty, crossing the margin beyond which old time loyalty feared to go. It was the vision of the new Canada. It was the dream of a free nation—a new free nation that should lead a procession of unborn sovereign states which one day would belt the world with the Imperial flag of Britain. Canada was first to see the gleam, and

first to follow. Then out of her penal twilight Australia saw it, and New Zealand, and so under the Southern Cross there rose a new Commonwealth and a new Dominion. Less than a decade ago across the blood and fire of the veldt the vision passed, and in its light Boer and British joined hands in the new Dominion of South Africa.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and the self-governing Colony of Newfoundland, those five overseas dominions of the King, are to the homeland of Britain like the five fingers of a great hand. They are all free; they are all vitally related; and they all close towards the palm. And on the stretched forefinger of that great hand the name of "Canada," first and brightest jewel of them all, sparkles forever.

CANADA IN THE EMPIRE.

WHAT is Canada's place in the Empire? That question is in the very forefront of political debate to-day, not in Canada alone but in Britain. It raises the same vexed question for all the other Dominions. It cannot be hushed or blanked or side-stepped. It must be faced squarely, with open eyes and resolute minds. Facing that question may demand in this generation and on the great scale of Empire the same downright and unflinching loyalty to principle demanded by the struggle for Canada's self-government on the narrower stage of the Canadian Provinces three generations ago.

Canada's place in the Empire? Answer that question honestly and you show your hand. Either you stand on this side, for the uncompromised national independence within Imperial relations which Canada, in principle and more and more in fact, has already achieved; or you stand on that side, for the surrender of some part of Canada's autonomy, and for the return, in principle and also in fact, to something of the rejected rule of Downing Street and the Family Compact. No middle course is open.

Three-quarters of a century ago Lord Durham made his epoch-marking report. That new epoch ushered in effective Parliamentary government at once representative of Canadian opinion and responsible to the people of Canada. Through all these years of struggle and change Canada has had statesmen who knew the seasons when to take occasion by the hand and make the bounds of Canada's freedom wider yet. The widening of Canada's freedom, stage by stage, has given the lie to the doubts and fears of those who charged that liberty and self-government would destroy the loyalty of Canadians and lead to separation from Britain.

The prophets of distrust wailed at our fathers, as they wail now at us, that freedom meant independence or annexation. Two generations of Canada's growing freedom gives back their answer. A free people are never disloyal to their flag unless that flag spells servitude or is stained with dishonour. A free people—free to govern themselves even though their government be bad, free to frame their own laws even though they work injustice, free to burden themselves and to throw off their burdens, free to tax themselves into poverty and to knock the shackles from their industry and trade, free to endure the loss of their own folly and to enjoy the fruits of their own labour—such a people, free, independent, self-governing, are never disloyal. Such freedom is Canada's to-day, and because of that freedom all Canadians are loyal to Canada and to Britain and to the great alliance of free nations owning allegiance to the King.

But such freedom is compromised in every scheme

of Imperial organization which shifts from Canada the seat of Canadian authority or takes from the Government and Parliament of Canada one particle of responsibility for Canada's policy in taxation, in trade or in defence. Information? Yes. All the information that may be given. But the policy must be Canada's, made in Canada, and made, too, in the free debate of the free Parliament of Canada. Canada's fiscal policy, Canada's tariff schedules and Canada's action in peace or in war must be determined in Canada. The voice that speaks for Canada on all great matters of national moment must have Canada's authority and carry the Canadian accent. No Imperial Trade Commission, no Imperial Defence Committee and no Imperial Cabinet not responsible to the electors of Canada can command obedience from free Canadians in matters of taxation or of naval policy or of military service. With meanings which Kipling may not have dreamed:

A nation spoke to a nation,
A queen sent word to a throne;
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.

We have been told with loud and insistent emphasis that Canada's fiscal policy must not be settled at Washington. Neither must it be settled in London, or in Australia, or in New Zealand, or in South Africa, or in Newfoundland. If a reciprocal trade agreement with the United States involved compromise and might mean conflict, much more would an Imperial trade agreement, covering all the antagonistic trade interests of all the countries of the whole Empire, involve compromise and conflict. If Canada had accepted the trade agreement with the United States, the very terms of that agreement left Canada free to change it or to abandon it altogether at any time and without notice. To the foreigner we owe nothing beyond the terms of the agreement; in an Imperial pact it would not be so. The fact of allegiance makes the difference.

And if Canada claims and exercises the right to open or to close the gates of her trade as best may serve Canadian interests, so too must Britain be left free, if it serves British interests, to keep untaxed the food of her people and to hold open her markets for the commerce of the world. In my judgment no deeper insult could be offered to the people of Canada than to suggest or to suspect that Canada's place in the Empire could ever be secured or made more honourable by taxing the food or the trade of the people of Britain. Canada does not need a preference for her wheat. To ask for it as the price of allegiance would be to betray Canada's honour. To be asked for it would be to insult Canada's intelligence.

In matters of defence Canada must maintain the same self-government she exercises in matters of trade. It is quite true that when Britain is at war Canada is not a neutral nation. Imperial relations make neutrality impossible. But Canada has the right to remain a non-combatant nation even as a citizen has the right to remain non-combatant though his country be at war. Canada was not neutral when the Boers and British declared war in South Africa, but Canada was non-combatant until by the decision of the Canadian Government she took active part. It is of the very essence of national autonomy that Canada should retain control over both the land forces and the sea forces composed of Canadians and maintained by the taxation of the people of Canada.

You tell me that the Foreign Office of Britain ought to know beforehand that the Admiralty or the War Office could "command" the forces of Canada in the event of diplomacy leading to war. I answer you that the Foreign Office ought to make its diplomacy so straight and so just that its course would command without question, not the war forces of Canada, but the moral judgment of Canadians and the sober and resolute support of the Minister of Militia, of the Minister of Marine and of the Government of Canada and of the Parliament to which they are responsible. What is needed in the Foreign Office and in the War Office and in the Admiralty, is not more autocratic power, but a deeper sense of public responsibility, a modernized notion of national greatness, and the twentieth century ideal of social service and social justice as applied to international relations. The wisest statesmen in Britain to-day regard it as a beneficial discipline that the few men, the statesmen, diplomats and permanent officialdom, in whose hands are the interests of peace and war for the Empire and indeed for the world, should feel themselves responsible not merely to London opinion, often shortsighted, uninformed and jingo, but also to the independent moral sense of the overseas nations of the Empire.

You will say to me again that there might be risk—"risk" is the word used—in leaving the question of

Canada's part in Britain's wars to be decided by responsible Canadian authority as occasions may arise. Say that, and you say either that such war is unjust and indefensible in Canada's deliberate judgment, or that the Minister of Militia or the Minister of Marine or the Government and Parliament are not to be trusted. If you say that Canada is not to be trusted in any day of Britain's emergency, you say that the tie which binds Canada to Britain is already cut, and in so saying you slander the loyalty and the integrity of the Canadian people. President Taft once said that "the tie which binds Canada to Britain is impalpable and light as air." And so it is. That tie is impalpable as honour, light as love, but stronger than bargained bonds, more enduring than stipulated terms. It is the tie of a common life, the tie of a common love, and the indissoluble tie of an absorbing Imperial idea. By that vital tie Canada holds her place in the Empire.

CANADA IN AMERICA.

CANADA'S place and function on this American continent are determined by her place in the British Empire. This young nation holds this half-continent, dividing with United States the resources of America and sharing responsibility for American civilization and the duty America owes to the world. Millions of citizens have changed from one to the other making vital the ties of interest and of business which defy all boundaries and barriers. Canada did more business with the United States last year than with Britain and all the rest of the world combined. Geography and the events of history have made these two English-speaking nations the nearest neighbours with the greatest common interest and maintaining unfortified the longest common boundary of any two nations in all the world.

Let this be set down as fundamental: The political union of these two nations is not on the program. It is neither desired nor desirable on either side. Canada does not desire it, does not need it and would not approve it. The United States does not desire it, does not need it, and is better off without it. The supreme interests of each nation are better served by their separate national existence. The situation is safer and simpler for all because two flags and not one are afloat on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, representing English-speaking civilization, ideals and power.

The best philosophy of international relations on this continent, accepted by thoughtful leaders in

both countries, was expressed by Secretary of State Knox when he said:

"If there were no Canada it would be in the interest of the United States that one should be created and should be a nation in the British Empire. The power of America to-day is the power of the United States and the power of Canada plus the power of Britain. Were Canada separated from Britain, either as an independent power or as a part of the American Republic, there would be no plus."

Thoughtful people all over the United States are coming to appreciate what that "plus Britain" means. It meant much in one critical moment on Manila Bay in 1898. To-day it means safety on the Pacific. And it may mean safety on the Atlantic if ever the authority of the Monroe Doctrine is put to the test.

But Canada on this continent does more than involve Britain in the preservation of American integrity. As a national unit in the British Empire, and as the next neighbour for 4,000 miles of the United States, Canada is the bond and the interpreter between the two great sections of the English-speaking race, holding both together in one fraternity for the highest good of each and for the best interests of all the world.

CANADA AND FRANCE.

CANADA has a tie of vital interest with the Republic of France. It is not by chance, it is not for nothing, that one-third of Canadian people are of French blood, speak the French language and inherit the French traditions. It is Canada's good fortune that her citizenship is not all of the dull and unromantic Anglo-Saxon. It makes not only for variety at home, but for centres of interest and elements of prestige abroad, that so large and so important a factor in Canada's population constitutes a bond of sympathy and fraternity with the great French Republic. It is one of the distinctions of Canada's nationhood that here these two proud races, that once fought to the knife, are now blended into one Canadian nation, both loyal to the nation's flag because under that flag life for both is just and free. And it ought to be, indeed it is, a vital factor in the cordial relations between the British Empire and the French Republic that two and a quarter millions of French citizens of Canada own loyal allegiance to the British flag. In making that fact possible and potent Canada plays a great Imperial

(Concluded on page 23.)

A Phase of Imperialism

By E. J. KYLIE

Associate Professor of History in University of Toronto

PEOPLE are crying Fire! Fire! and pointing to the building of Canadian autonomy "This," they say, "we have reared at great pains, in spite of protests and interference on the part of Downing Street. Only one storey is wanted to complete it, when a cunning and underhand attempt is made through the Imperial Defence Committee to destroy it altogether." The view here expressed of Canadian history and of the proposal to have a Canadian Minister attend the Defence Committee deserves examination, the more so as it seems to be widely accepted.

Two tendencies are always at work in society, the one centralizing and the other decentralizing, centripetal and centrifugal. They are explained by the fact that mankind forms itself into different groups or units. Some things are done in or by the home, others in or by the town or township, some things in or by the town, others in or by a larger organization, the province or the nation. All history has been a struggle between these groups and the forces making for one or the other of them. Feudalism, for example, appealed to the loyalty and devotion of the small community. Over against it stood the king representing another set of ideas, the same people grouped in another way and possessing different interests. In some states feudalism won the day against the king and broke society into fragments; in other States the King destroyed feudalism and local liberties. For it will be noticed each tendency is both good and bad. It is desirable that men should form and govern themselves in small groups, but it may not be desirable that they should be so absorbed in the small groups as to lose sight of any larger whole. A town is a good thing, but we do not let it govern a province. Similarly large organizations have a value and purpose, but it may not be well that they should become so complete and centralized as to leave no room for smaller bodies within them. A province

is a satisfactory unit, but we do not allow it to supersede the municipality.

If these principles are kept in mind, the history of the British Empire will be understood. The two tendencies have been at war inside it, naturally and inevitably where the field is so wide. Those colonists who occupied Canada, for example, decided that they could manage certain things better than anyone else could. They were quite right. They were opposed at different times by those at home who upheld the idea of a larger unity. The latter were, of course, wrong in resisting the steps towards local self-government, but it should be remembered that the line between local and general interests was not always easy to draw. And whether they were not in one sense right remains to be seen, for the advocates of local autonomy who have been right up to a certain point may still go wrong. If a community within a larger community demands and obtains absolute and complete self-government, there is no larger community for it. It becomes as complete and final as any community. If, therefore, the Dominions become autonomous in the full sense of the term, the larger unity is broken. This is the truth of the matter which those who wish to add a storey to Canadian autonomy must carefully consider. A Dominion may be a thoroughly satisfactory formation, but it cannot govern an Empire.

It is said, however, that free nations can exist within the Empire. This depends entirely on the meaning of the term free. Nations, which have carried their self-government to its absolute conclusion, cannot exist within anything. They may, it is true, form an alliance, and it seems to be assumed that the Empire is to become such a league or alliance of states, and that the members of this league will retain the same king. The difficulties inherent in such an arrangement are

(Continued on page 23.)

Men and Movements

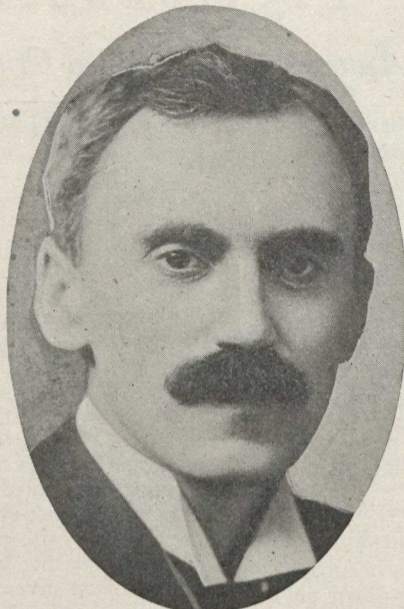
Looking Ahead on 1913



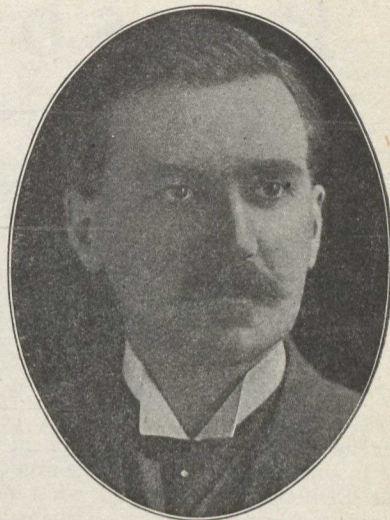
Hugh Guthrie, M.P., said at Fergus the other day that the people should be consulted on the navy question. In the House of Commons last week he advocated a non-partisan compromise, on the principle, "But by jingo, if we do, we've got the men, we've got the ships"—etc.



Sir James Whitney is busy watching straws in two rather contrary and baffling winds—the liquor vote and local assessment. Nor is he worried by those who call him "Big Boss."



Mr. N. W. Rowell, M.P.P., is still determined to abolish the bar. He also said at Chatham, Ont., a few days ago: "Canada must not do less than Australia in Imperial naval defence."

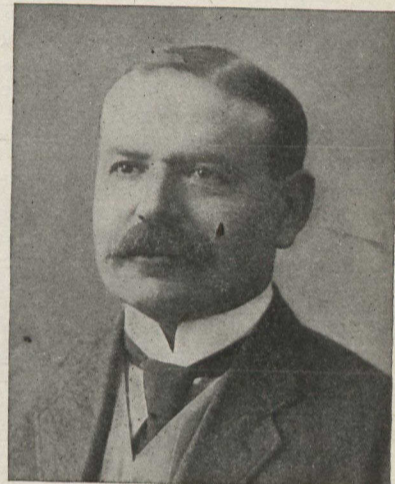


Mr. W. T. White, the Finance Minister, is one of the speakers scheduled for the Government side of the Navy debate. As Mr. White is accustomed to thinking in millions he ought to have some good ideas about how to handle the cost of three Dreadnoughts.

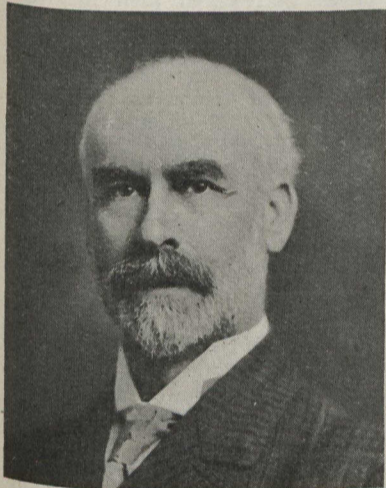


Mr. W. F. Maclean has been as mum as an oyster in public for a large number of moons. He declares for more autonomy.

MORE people get their opinions as well as photographs in the newspapers nowadays than ever before. Any man with a useful opinion or a practical idea for the world's betterment is entitled to have his picture in the newspapers any time at least a month following New Year's Day. This is better than just before an election. The men whose pictures are published on this page are engaged in a large variety of occupations, and have an exceedingly variegated lot of opinions, which most of them are doing something to put into practice. About half the number are politicians. Mr. Guthrie disagrees with Mr. White about the Navy. Mr. Rowell has some difference with Sir James Whitney over temperance and taxation. M. K. Cowan very probably has a different version of Western freight rates from Mr. Drayton, chairman of the Railway Commission—some people hope not too much. There is probably no resemblance whatever between what Mr. W. F. Maclean and Mr. E. M. Macdonald think about the Navy. All they agree on is spelling "Mac" with an "a" in it. The two H's on the page, Honourables Hanna and Hughes, are both Conservatives; otherwise they might as well have been born on different planets. But we trust that the whole outfit are thinking and talking, and as far as possible, doing things in the interests of the whole country.



Mr. E. M. Macdonald, from Pictou, N. S., should know something about the Canadian navy—in the drydock.



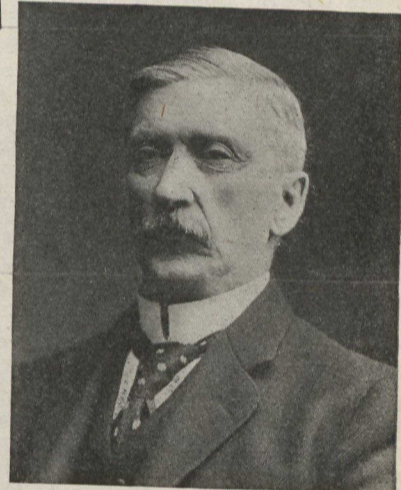
Horatio Hocken, Mayor of Toronto, is expected to revive the tube transit question in 1913. He is a Methodist, an Orangeman, a Conservative and a journalist.



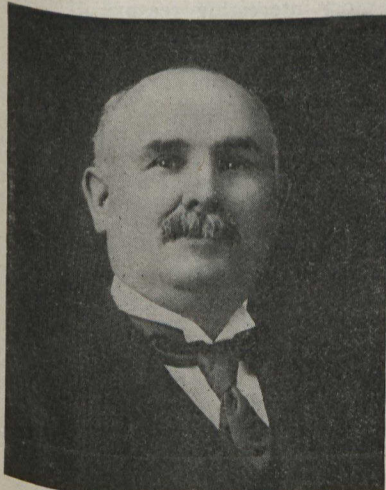
Hon. W. J. Hanna, speaking on the Prison Farm, said: "What is the future for the 320 men at Guelph? It is work, work, more work and lots more coming."



Hon. Sam Hughes deplores the fact that not ten per cent. of Canadian boys know how to handle a rifle. He might also add, that not more than five per cent. know how to handle a pitchfork.



Hon. Frank Cochrane, Minister of Railways, may be the next Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, opening Art Shows, chief patron of high-class concerts, leader of "aristocracy."



Mr. Pat Burns is the practical owner of the immense pork-packing plant destroyed by fire at Calgary to the extent of two million dollars last week.



Mr. M. K. Cowan, Provincial Counsel for Alberta and Saskatchewan, told the Railway Commission that the C. P. R. had called U. S. "saloons, blacksmith shops and grocery stores, distributing points."



Mr. H. L. Drayton, Chairman of the Railway Commission, probably wishes by this time that more of our railways were run by the Government of Canada. But Canada expects him to do his duty.



Col. Frank Meighen is more enthusiastic than ever over the prospects of Canadian grand opera. At the end of the twelve-week season in Montreal the company go to Toronto for three weeks.

Personalities and Problems

No. 21—Honourable S. H. Blake

Eminent Counsel, Evangelist, Autocrat and Political Critic; One of the Most Famous Irishmen Ever Born in Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

IF one were asked to define S. H. Blake in a single phrase it might be said—"He is the man who for about forty years has kept Anglican synods in Toronto from being the dreariest functions known to modern man." At the same time a synod meeting may become a very live matter. It doesn't always depend on Mr. Blake. But for a good many years now he has been the regular perennial bureau of entertainment to some, fount of inspiration to others and source of uneasiness to the Bishop who wondered what Mr. Blake might decide to bring up next—perhaps it might be the utterly immoral condition of the brass knob on the Synod office's front door or the wanton levity and growing irreverence of the vox humana stop in the cathedral organ.

Casually any morning about ten o'clock, or there-after as soon as may be of late years, behold the leisurely barouche, one horse and one sole occupant swathed in the robes; a wrinkled settling-down old man under a top hat that seems as much too big for him as Goldwin Smith's soft felt used to seem for him. With the eye of an eagle and the step of a much enfeebled veteran of many battles, the brother of the late Hon. Edward Blake gets out in front of the Bank of Commerce on King St. and picks his way up the steps to the elevator. He goes to his office; the firm which for many years now has been dignified by his name at the top of the sign—Blake, Lash and Cassels. And in a very little while the baying of a huge trumpet voice announces to all clerks and stenographers and clients whatsoever that the most picturesque and in many respects most remarkable lawyer in Canada is in the place he has occupied now the best of fifty years.

It was in 1860 at the age of twenty-five that Mr. Blake became a lawyer. He had graduated from Toronto University, spent four years in some sort of mercantile business and studied law in the office of his brother Edward. He must have worked like a Trojan. In 1872 he was made Vice-Chancellor of the Ontario Court of Chancery—for which he was indebted to Sir John Macdonald, if it were not almost presumption to say so. He was the contemporary and not far from the coeval of Hon. Oliver Mowat who, more of an astute political lawyer than Mr. Blake, never became so personally famous. In 1881 Mr. Blake left the Bench where he must have done a great deal to make even chancery cases sparkle with human interest. He left it with a record that would have been the despair of Charles Dickens, celebrated as the author of the case *Jaryndice vs. Jaryndice*; for when he went back to law there wasn't a single case in his court that had not been disposed of. In 1888 he was made an honorary member of the law faculty in Toronto University; and seven years later when the first famous insurrection occurred in that institution he was counsel for the University before the Royal Commission. That was the time when James Tucker was rusticated.

SINCE that time, law and politics, religion and morality, political institutions, the tendencies of the age, heresies and fallacies and unregenerate practices whatsoever have been more or less habitually criticized by Mr. Blake. His opinions on most of these subjects have been published in the newspapers. He has been and still is co-defender of the faith with Rev. Dr. Carman. In the Anglican Church he has been what some people would call a great rock in a weary land. As a member of the Wycliffe College board of governors he has stood for the low church interests. At the University he has long been known as a lecturer on law. He is a member of the Evangelical Alliance, has been President of the Prisoners' Aid Association, and President of the International Sunday-School Association. At the Y.M.C.A. he was the most distinguished layman that ever taught a Bible Class of a Saturday afternoon.

At the same time Mr. Blake has been celebrated as a corporation lawyer, and learned in briefs that sometimes put judges

to the blink. What an awful judge he would have been! I think that with Mr. Blake on the bench of the Court of Assize, capital punishment could almost have been abolished or practiced only upon the most unregenerate of criminals.

My first recollection of Mr. Blake dates back to 1890, when the Y. M. C. A. in Toronto had just got into new premises. Toronto was then in the grip of the "boom"; just beginning to emerge from the condition known as "Toronto the Good." The preacher and the professor were still the two P's of the properly pious alphabet; while the politician was a very poor third.

There wasn't enough energy in the Y. M. C. A. in those days to raise a million dollars by the clock-dial method. Neither were there so many machineries as have been invented nowadays for interesting young men in a casual way. In fact the Y. M. C. A. was absolutely and piously moral and before a young man could become a member he had to pass as severe muster as though joining a church.

THE best testimony to the quiet undenominational yet highly moral character of the Y. M. C. A. then was the fact that for a good while every Saturday afternoon Mr. Blake conducted a Bible class in a room along McGill St. Most of the class were college students and Sunday-School teachers. The room was always filled. Mr. Blake was always tremendously interesting. He had the voice of a lion, the stern front of a Luther, the wit of a man of the world and the learning of a judge. And he always took up the Sunday School lesson for the following day.

But was Mr. Blake, even of a Saturday afternoon, ever known to treat the Scriptures as a mere book to illustrate the tendencies of modern times? Did he ever assume that the wisdom of the ages centred in the nineteenth century? Did he ever so much as intimate that modern science might presume to elucidate even in the slightest degree the days of Moses and Elijah? Nay verily. He taught then as he insists now that the lamps of civilization were all lighted ages ago, and that modern man is but feebly working out the ideas implanted in the

race somewhere about the time of the Garden of Eden.

I have often wondered how Mr. Blake must have regarded the almost sudden innovation of such disturbing forces as the electric light, the trolley and the telephone; all of which began to be commercially operated on a large scale during the last decade of the nineteenth century when he was at his apex of moral argumentation. So far as is known he has never ridden in a motor-car. I doubt if ever he has gone in a trolley; though he must have become addicted to the 'phone and certainly has become quite reconciled to electric illuminations. He has no desire to keep the world from going ahead in material matters; but he would have it clearly understood that the moral law is no invention of modern times and must be known and respected of all men as the Ark of the Covenant was to the wandering Israelites.

WHEN the Salvation Army began to thump hal-lujahs through the streets, one would have imagined that of all inventions to save men Mr. Blake would regard this as about the worst. Low church as he was and is, evangelical in his ideas, this flag-and-drum, horse-scaring propaganda would be likely to startle him. In his quiet, modest, little retreat of a church at St. Peter's over on Bleecker St.—where the demure organ and the plain choir made music to the shimmering ivies on the walls, what could he find to admire in the Salvation Army shouting abroad:

"If the devil's in the road we will roll it over Lim
And we'll all hang on behind?"

This was one of the many popular novelties perpetrated by the Army when it started out in this country—rolling the old chariot along. I'm quite sure Mr. Blake must have heard it many a time; and it must have set him thinking about the odd ways of modern times that saved men by such blatant devices.

However in 1890, one hot Sunday in June, a Sunday-School enthusiast from the western part of the Province took a student friend of his for a long walk clean out to Parkdale to hear a celebrated divine open a church. That was three miles. There were no Sunday cars. Neither could afford to hire a hack. They hoofed it back again and had lunch at the student's boarding-house.

"Now where shall we go this afternoon?" said the visitor who had a huge Bible class of two or three hundred in a western town.

"Let's go and hear Sam Blake teach his Bible class."

That was about two miles more of a tramp; but in those days religious zeal ran high in the city of churches.

Prompt on time the two arrived footsore and hot at St. Peter's Church on Bleecker St. The body of the church was pretty well filled with people of all ages, some of whom had heard the same lesson the afternoon before at the Y. M. C. A. But it was not the lesson, nor the hymns that proved to be the most interesting feature of that session. The focal interest was Mr. Blake. After the teacher had launched his last pregnant morality upon the attentive crowd, he made an announcement:

"Friends, I have something to tell you"—rich, red brogue of a voice that came from a most plethoric and eloquent mouth. "Uh—the Salvation Army—are in need of a new big drum. They have told me so. They have asked me—'What can you do to get us this drum?' I replied—'Wait and see!'"

There was a pause, while the Hon. Sam, twiddling his glasses, seemed to eye every saint and sinner in the room. With a hunch of his heavy shoulders and a slight sniff he went on:

"I asked them—'Have you prayed for this drum?' 'Yes,' they said. 'But the drum has not yet come to us.' Very good. Now my friends, I want to test the efficacy of prayer in this audience. Before the collection plate is passed, let us go to our knees and ask the Lord—to send the Sal-



"The wit of a man of the world and the learning of a judge."

Painted by E. Wyly Grier.

vation Army—fifty dollars for a drum.”

The words of the prayer are unremembered. They do not signify. The result only will be recalled by such as were at that lesson. Duly the collection plate was passed among the thrifty crowd not one of whom looked able to afford an extra fifty cents for even an Army drum. When it got to the two visitors, there was as yet not a bill on the plate. The plates were deposited in the hands of the teacher. There was a moment's curious silence. Then the massive head of Mr. Blake was lifted and the voice spoke, as his hand drew from off one of the plates a fine, alluring fifty-dollar bill which he held up in plain view.

“Friends, the prayer has been answered. Here is the fifty dollars for the drum.”

And in the language of one newspaper years afterwards concerning a famous political trial in which Mr. Blake was one of the chief prosecuting counsel,

Where did the money come from?

It was a year or two later that Mr. Blake became President of the International Sunday-School Association. There was a convention in Guelph at which he was chief-speaker. I well remember with what powerful eloquence he held the large audience for an hour as he described to them how the great Teacher of old gathered the children in His arms and blessed them; how he would have every Sunday-School teacher in the land do likewise—and he extended his own brawny big arms as he said it.

I think it was a year before that, probably during the general election campaign of 1891 when the D'Alton McCarthy was thundering against the French language, that Mr. Blake was one of the chief speakers at a huge rally in the old Pavilion in Toronto. I can't remember what the text of his speech was; but I do remember that he said a good bit in very heavy, sonorous language about “the cave of Adullam”; a phrase which I have always imagined he adapted to political speeches, just as editors being less Biblical used to ring the changes on “Torres Vedras.”

Old Wycliffe College was for many years the theatre of Mr. Blake's most earnest labours; old Wycliffe that stood in shambling style along College St. where the Chemical Building stands now. There were bricks in that old building that knew S. H. Blake, dictator of its policy and critic of its creed. There, as at the synods, he smote the earth and it trembled. There he knew, early in his career, Archdeacon Cody now rector of St. Paul's where Mr. Blake is chief pillar as he used to be at St. Peter's. I don't recall when Mr. Blake made the move from one church to the other, but it was certainly a case of robbing Peter to pay Paul, and a practice that one would never suspect in so uncompromising a character.

In law Mr. Blake belongs to the crowd of Blackstonians that used to be walking dictionaries of cases. But he never was dry. I think some of the most sparkling dramatic literature ever penned or staged could have been culled from the cross-examinations of Mr. Blake. If he said nothing but “Fi-fo-fum” or “Tweedledumdee,” it would have been interesting. His brogue has helped win many a case; the thunder of his Irish diapason voice many another. He was built for the forum and the assembly. He is at his best in the court-room. I should like to have been once in a while a judge; just to see how it might feel to try keeping up dignity with Mr. Blake as chief counsel; the way he could roll out “Your Lordship—” with a twitch of his gown and a glimpse of his teeth and a gleam of his cold, legal eyes from which all the mirth faded out when he took a notion to treat witness and jury and bench if need be like an old carpet on a clothes-line. I'm sure Mr. Blake always had the utmost respect for the legal law; just as he has for canonical doctrine. But there were times when he must have fancied he was Wycliffe or John Knox in the court-room.

IN 1903 Mr. Blake was chief prosecuting counsel in a somewhat famous political trial, when a Royal Commission was appointed, following the exposures of R. R. Gamey, to see where the money came from. I remember with what drastic severity during that trial Mr. Blake corrected the flippancies of Mr. Stratton who thereafter behaved himself.

But there was beginning to be a mighty upheaval in the mind of Mr. Blake, somewhat resembling the case of say Mt. Robson suddenly deciding to change its base. Mr. Blake was born a Liberal. He believed in being a Liberal. His famous brother was one of the most remarkable Liberals in Canada. He had been by turns Cicero and Burke on the platform in behalf of Liberalism. I suppose he did more than even his famous Edward to make Liberalism look like a real live issue. He made it personal. He had a wit which Edward never possessed; a

power of sarcasm equalled only by that of Sir Richard Cartwright; a knowledge of men and events—and of Scripture—not surpassed by any man in public life. His grasp of constitutional law was tremendously human if not profound. He made a colossal hobby of the ethics of politics, at times when he must have wondered what under the sun it was all coming to. The Pacific Scandal he had dissected when he was high up in Liberal counsels. All the lurid tale of alleged jobbery and knavery and cut-throatery that preceded the downfall of Toryism in the first half of the last decade of the nineteenth century he had rebuked with colossal contempt. When his brother left the Liberal party in Canada to become member for Longford in the British Parliament, the Hon. S. H. held his ground, hanging on to Liberalism, ultimately to Laurierism, as the great hope of Canada in government.

But his disgust at Conservative degeneracy was as water unto wine compared to the exceedingly dark brown taste left in his mouth after the manoeuvrings of Ontario in 1903. Long, long before when Sir Oliver Mowat the life-long friend of Mr. Blake was the astute champion of Ontario Provincial rights, a popular song came out that for election purposes eclipsed even “Hot Time”:

“The traitor's hand is at thy throat—Ontario!”

Probably Mr. Blake knew that slogan. He knew its history, which many have forgotten. There must have been times in 1903 and afterwards when he sat in his library on Jarvis St. and hummed to himself the staves of that famous ditty, as he read the *Globe*. His friend Willison had left the *Globe*; was now hammering with the *News* at the front door of the Grit regime in Ontario. Sir James Whitney was beginning to look like an emancipator. It was time for a change; not only in government but in the minds of men. Yea, it was even time—for S. H. Blake to change a mind that he had kept for good fifty years and more.

It was not precisely changing a Liberal to a Conservative; though that's a pretty easy matter nowadays—much easier than it used to be. It was a personal matter. Sir James Whitney was less a Tory—if possible—than he was a personal fact in politics; which he now is and more than ever. Mr. Blake was also more of a personality than he was a Liberal. It was evidently better—how often and often Mr. Blake must have turned this thing over in his mind as he sat at home after days at the office, or rode Sphinxlike and solitary through the streets in his ambling barouche; at last determining that he would have done with the old illusion even as the Hon. Edward had chucked Canadian

Liberalism and become a British Commoner for conscience sake.

At all events it was a feast for Tory newspapers when it was finally announced that this mountain of solid and conservative opinion, of dogma and tradition and establishment, had quite decided to shift its base. Mr. Blake came boldly out, with trumpet and drum announcing his abandonment of the Liberal cause in Ontario. His open letter to Mr. Whitney trouncing the ungodly Grits was more sensational than the front-page epistles of E. E. Sheppard to Sir Wilfrid Laurier in like manner. Which had something to do with the broom-sweep made by Mr. Whitney on January 25, 1905. Since that time Mr. Blake has been—well at least not a Liberal. In the general election of 1911 he was flatly opposed to reciprocity; just as in June, 1891, exactly twenty years earlier his brother resigned from the Liberal party because he thought commercial union would lead to annexation.

The portrait which illustrates this article was painted a year or two after that conversion. Mr. Blake, then a man of more than seventy years, was still a marvel of vigour and mental virility; still the trombone voice at the synods and the writer of pamphlets upholding old fashioned morality; giving newspaper interviews condemning the sins of unbelief in the present generation, the decadence of modern times in moral matters, and the evils of higher criticism—which he never dignified by that name.

But he is no longer the voice of a great cause. He has become a very old man—these four years past; wizened and crinkled with age, yet sparkling with wit, as trenchant as ever in his utter, unqualified condemnation of this, that and the other which in these swift-moving, undignified and reckless years of progress he no longer attempts to understand in the light of modern times.

For the lamps are burning low. He is now the chief pillar of congregational belief in the church of St. Paul whose able rector is Archdeacon Cody. He has been the chief instigator of the movement that led to the building of the huge church overlooking the ravine. But Mr. Blake, the wizened old man toddling from his careful barouche into the little church under the shadow of the big pile of forbidding greystone, is by no means much like the Mr. Blake that used to trudge with such weight of authority into little St. Peter's on Blecker St. In law, in state, in church, in evangelism he has done his work. He has done most of it well. And he has left behind the mark of a character that came within a few strokes in design of being really great.

An Eleven-Pound Parcel Post

CANADA is now in the position where it must accept eleven-pound parcels by post from Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States, but Canadians can send to those countries only five-pound parcels. Moreover, the rate charged on parcels from England to the United States and to Canada is only twelve cents as against sixteen cents paid by Canadians.

On January 1st the United States changed from the five-pound limit to the eleven-pound limit and reduced the rates twenty-five per cent. The rates vary according to distance.

For example:

Rural Route and City Delivery.

Distance.	5 lbs. postal rate.	5 lbs. parcel-post rate.	Reduction.	Per cent. of reduction.
50 Mile Zone	.80	.60	.20	25
150 Mile Zone	.80	.57	.23	28
300 Mile Zone	.80	.54	.26	32
600 Mile Zone	.80	.51	.29	36
1000 Mile Zone	.80	.48	.32	40
1800 Mile Zone	.80	.43	.37	46
Over 1800 Miles	.80	.30	.50	62

The parcels post is the only solution in sight for the elimination of the middle man in regard to the shipment of provisions. Under this system, parcels are delivered. Of course, it would mean delivery vans in every big Canadian city, but why not if it saves the people money and reduces the cost of living? If the housewife wants to get her eggs and butter and chickens by mail direct from the farmer, she should get them. At least all the big countries in the world have so decided.

The Canadian press are in favour of it. The *Winnipeg Telegram*, in its issue of December 31st, argues thus:

“With an energetic postmaster-general like Hon. L. P. Pelletier, it is safe to assume that the question of a parcels post of Canada is receiving serious consideration at Ottawa. The United States hesitated a long time, but it has at last taken the plunge with every promise of success.

“It may be urged that Canada should await the result of the experiment on the other side of the line. In support of this position the United States experiment with rural mail delivery will, no doubt, be cited as a warning, but the two cases are hardly parallel. The enormous deficit which the United States postoffice department attributes to rural mail delivery is largely accounted for by the lack of prudence shown in introducing the system.

“As for the parcels post, it is practically the same business which the express companies have conducted for years at a fabulous profit. What the express companies have done the Government can do by a slight expansion of the machinery of the postoffice department. In England the parcels post has conferred inestimable benefits on the public. There is no reason in the world why it should not prove equally beneficial to Canadians.

“Everyone knows that the express companies are opposed to the parcels post system. It means competition in a business which has made millions for their shareholders. Everyone knows that it was the influence of the express companies and of their owners, the railway companies, which tied the hands of the Laurier Government. From that administration, which was notoriously subject to railway influence, nothing was to be expected in the direction of a parcels post system, but there is now a new order of things at Ottawa. There is a Government which recognizes public as well as railway rights, and assuredly it is not one of the rights of the railway companies to stand between the people and the benefits of a parcels post.”

The *Ottawa Citizen* is also strongly in favour. The editor writes as follows:

“Envy is not to be condoned, but it was almost impossible not to feel a touch of it when one read in the Canadian papers yesterday that on New Year's eve, at the stroke of twelve that sounded the incoming of a

(Concluded on page 19.)



Through A Monocle

The Helpless Law and Sex-Crimes

YOU probably noticed a despatch from British Columbia the other day which told of an Indian murderer and outlaw who came into civilization to collect a debt, and so met a clergyman. This clergyman urged the Indian to give himself up to justice. The Indian seems to have gone away for a day and thought it over. Then, he came back to the clergyman, and said that he would not trust "the justice of the white man." He explained that he had shot the two white men in question because they, after having been warned away from his cabin, came to it while he was absent on a hunting trip, made his wife drunk, and then debauched her. He returned and found them there; and he executed them. Then he—distrusting "the justice of the white man"—took to the wilds where he had remained ever since. And back to the wilds he determined to go again.

THAT Indian was absolutely right. His judgment, as to "the justice of the white man," was perfectly correct. He has got us "sized up" to a hair. We are simply incapable of doing justice in such a case. Here was an Indian and his squaw living together happily and at peace. Two white men invade their home. The Indian, knowing that his squaw has a weakness for liquor and probably no very acute moral sense, manfully and openly warned them away. Then he was compelled to go off on business. The white men, encouraged by a very common feeling toward Indian women in the West, returned; they destroyed his home and debauched his wife. He came back and executed justice on them. If we were now to execute white justice on him, what would we do?

SUPPOSE that this Indian, instead of executing justice himself, had appealed to us to do it for him. What would have happened? We would have arrested the men—we would have charged them with—what? What had they done? They had given liquor to an Indian squaw who probably was very glad to get it; and consequences had followed. They would, I presume, have no difficulty in showing that their "victim" had acted quite voluntarily, and that she was of age. There was no white, black, yellow or brown "slavery" about it. Unless there is a special law against giving liquor to Indians, it is hard to see what crime we could have punished them for. The truth is that our laws are too clumsy-fingered to get hold of crimes of this character.

WHEN I say this, I do not mean to confine my remark to crimes against Indian women. I mean the great majority of sex-crimes, white or Indian. You read every now and then that a wife has run away with another man. There are plenty of cases in which this is a crime against no one. The runaway wife has been a woman of potentially loose morals whom the husband distrusted and hated and was well rid off; and the man who has taken her will probably get his punishment without any unnecessary delay. But, on the other hand, there are cases in which the wife has been perfection for her husband—she has given him the royal kingdom of love—she has made a home-nest for him—she is everything he could desire, except that she has a mentally weak side to which the seducer has appealed. If the "villain of the piece" had stayed away, that home would have always been a paradise on earth. The tenure might have been slender, but it would have been sufficient if it had not been tested. The husband has been hurt worse and quite as permanently as if he had been murdered. A swift bullet would have inflicted infinitely less suffering. It would have left him with his character, whereas this sudden failure of the woman about whom he had built his world, may cast him down into a bottomless pit too hideous for description.

NOW what can our laws and courts, and all our paraphernalia of justice, do for that husband? Merely mock him!—that is absolutely all. We can give him a lot of torturing publicity—we can rub salt in his wounds. But we can and will do nothing whatever to avenge him or to discourage similar crimes against other homes. We profess to value

very highly—the Christian home. We compel abused wives to suffer the torments of the damned rather than open the door of divorce to them, and all to protect the home. But when a licentious villain, playing upon the weakness of some sweet and inexperienced girl—possibly not long from her father's fire-side—invasades that home, covers its most sacred places with repulsive memories like the slime of an invasion of serpents, "kills" a man and a woman and possibly some children, what do we do to him? Hang him high as Haman?—as we ought. Not exactly. We permit the husband to take from him a little of his money if he (the husband) will endure the agony of telling his whole story in open court with the newspapers present.

IT is no wonder that men, in such cases, take justice into their own hands. It is the only way to get it. The law does not even attempt to give it to them. Not that I blame the law or the law-makers. The law is a very clumsy instrument at best, and can only grasp large issues. It deals with classes of crime—with averages—with types. Any subtle distinction is quite beyond its powers. All the law can know is that a wife and a "lover" run away and leave a husband—it cannot pretend to judge to what degree the wife was the sinner

or the sinned against. It does not know whether the "lover" was a violator or a victim. Even in trying to assess the money damage done the husband, it is going beyond its powers. It can only assume an average condition of affairs in the ravished home. So we need not rail at the law—we can only recognize that the law has its limitations. One of its limitations is the handling of sex-crimes of all sorts.

WHAT can we do then? The best thing I know, is to leave it to the jury. The jury is composed of human beings, and can commonly form some opinion of the real facts of the case. The jury comes into the affair, of course, after the husband has "executed" the "lover." If it finds that the wife was the "victim," and that—barring the villainy of the "lover"—she would have been a good wife, then the jury ought to feel free to compliment the husband and set him at liberty; and there ought to be no nonsense talked about the danger of heeding "the unwritten law." If the husband has made a mistake but still has apparently acted in good faith, then I should say that the jury might express regret to the relatives of the "lover" and dismiss the husband with a warning to be more careful. That will not bring the "lover" back to life, you say. No; and small loss. In such cases, the "lover" should always feel that he takes his life in his hand; and that the husband can probably shoot him with entire impunity. To-day we try to paralyze this usefulness of the jury by tying it down to the law. What we should do is to recognize the fact that the law is far too short-armed to reach such cases, and encourage the jury to apply the better instincts of human nature.

THE MONOCLE MAN.



INCORRIGIBLES, like mistakes, occur in the best regulated families. No matter how prudent its organization, how strict its discipline, and how wise its counsels, any human household is liable to produce, on the most unexpected and embarrassing occasions, a wholesomely-developed specimen of the Bad Boy. This chap is always in the limelight. The antics of the prodigal are much more hugely interesting than the staid and proper behaviour of worthy elder brothers. Accordingly he gets attention—and enjoys it.

Mr. J. H. Burnham, M.P. for the west riding of Peterborough, is the Bad Boy of Premier Borden's political family. They call him "Ham," probably because there are so many Jacks. But his docile and well-regulated brethren sometimes pronounce it "Huh!"—with the exclamation mark, please. There is a nasty, nasal snort to the exclamation as they get it off. They don't exhibit any overburdening sense of brotherly love for Ham. But Ham doesn't care. He goes his cheerful way, breaking up the parlour bric-a-brac, sliding down the banisters, upsetting the furniture, and having a good time generally.

Just when the family was particularly anxious to impress upon all and sundry its conviction that Ontario's vote in the last general election was a blow at reciprocity, the Bad Boy explained to Parliament that the result was attributable to the *ne temere* decree. Just when the family was most eager to keep its skirts skilfully clear of bilingual entanglements, the Bad Boy came along with an announcement of a discovery that an "underhand plot" was in existence to exterminate the French language. And now, just when the head of the family is inaugurating a custom of keeping sugar plums of his own for periodic distribution, having a Canadian honour list, and bestowing titles, and the Good Boys are combing their hair, putting on their best manners and smacking their lips in anticipation of possible "Honourables" and "Privy Councillors," not to mention possible knighthoods, the Bad Boy dashes in upon them, threatens to lock the pantry and throw away the key. He introduces "An Act to Abolish Titles of Honour in Canada."

When the notice of the impending introduction was posted in the Orders of the Day it created perturbation among the faithful. They looked grieved and said things about the Bad Boy, said them in

that sorrowful, thank-Heaven-that-we-are-not-as-other-men way that Good Big Brothers do. But Ham stood afar off and smoked a big cigar in the corridor. Then, when the newspaper men grouped about him, he lifted up his voice and also said things.

"Let's put an end to snobocracy," said Ham, while the pencils of the reporters got busy. "This is a democratic country, and titles are contrary to, and inconsistent with, true democracy. I would not interfere with the prerogative of the King, and, if he chooses to confer titles for merit, no one can reasonably object. It is quite a different thing, however, when governments recommend titles for political reasons. They quite often tie a man up, and prevent him cutting loose in fair, honest criticism."

Ham stopped and resumed his big black cigar. The reporters hastened away and printed these things. Then was the Bad Boy deluged with letters of approval and congratulation from nearly every man in Canada who hadn't got a title and didn't expect one. His mail box was full every day. The public insisted on killing the fatted calf of popularity for the prodigal. And the chagrin of the elder brothers was pronounced and bitter.

Mr. Burnham is author, journalist, philosopher, founder of the Children's Aid Society in Canada, single taxer, Tory of the Tories, democratic democrat, ardent Orangeman and defender of French-Canadian rights in Ontario, all rolled into one. He was born in Peterboro, of United Empire Loyalist stock, a little over half a century ago, and entered Parliament by defeating Hon. J. R. Stratton in September, 1911.

THE most critical and cynical body of men in the world, according to Mr. J. A. M. Aikins, K.C., the eloquent member for Brandon, is the Parliamentary Press Gallery. Shortly before adjournment for the Christmas recess Mr. Aikins was due to resume the naval debate one afternoon. Shortly before the House met he dropped into the Press Room to speak with one of the correspondents. As he rose to leave, after a few moments' conversation, one of the newspaper men, glancing up from his typewriter, queried: "And what are you going to say, Mr. Aikins?" The eminent King's Counsel turned with a smile, "I'm merely going to talk plain common sense," he retorted. "Then you'll stand in

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Are the People Indifferent?

ON the navy question, the country seems to be settling down to indifference. The question of peace and war was always a subject for discussion among the few rather than the many. That is the explanation of many past wars of which the people disapproved. International relations never did interest more than twenty per cent. of the people of any country, except on special occasions. Not one man in a hundred has a book in his house which deals with any of the phases of imperialism or international relations. You will hear more discussion of "foreign policy" in a cheap English taproom than you will in a Canadian political club.

Canadians discuss trade, tariffs, transportation, cost of living, municipal administration and all sorts of important domestic topics, but only a few are interested in Britannic or international relations. The question of national defence and the form it shall take is not nearly so vital to most citizens as the price of wheat and the possible reduction in railway freight rates.

Whether the proposed contribution of Dreadnoughts to the British navy will be a move towards peace or a move towards war is a subject which is too theoretical and too indistinct for the ordinary mind. The indifference of the public is overpowering. The chief blame for this, I should say, lies at the door of the school-master and the college professor. These gentlemen are insipid or ignorant on national questions.

The Study of History.

FEW Canadians, comparatively speaking, know Canadian history. It is inadequately taught in the public and high schools, and is quite overlooked in the universities. What history is taught is usually of a distant date—the history of Greece and Rome, the history of Britain up to 1815, or the leading facts of Canadian history prior to 1867. The vital facts and developments of the past fifty years are unknown to the average teacher and hence to the vast majority of students.

Even the majority of members of the Canadian House of Commons know little of the history of the country. There are many volumes on this subject in the parliamentary library at Ottawa, but most of them are still uncut, unopened, and dust-covered. Mackenzie and Papineau, Baldwin and Lafontaine, Cartier, Brown and Macdonald are but indistinct names to the average member. Not one in twenty could tell you why the mob burned down the parliament buildings in Montreal and stoned Lord Elgin.

Canadian nationalism and patriotism can never be of strong growth, and Canadian citizenship will not be valued as it should be, until our people are more conversant with the growth of responsible government and all that it means. We must be less content to enjoy the fruits of constitutional liberty, without knowing how that liberty was sought and gained.

Our Heads in the Sand.

SOMETIMES it would seem as if we Canadians had inherited or acquired the same brand of innocence or childlikeness which characterized one or two of the earlier American races. We hold up our heads occasionally, strike our chests and cry out, "We are Canadians!" But are we? Are we not really living in a mild sort of fool's paradise?

For example, suppose a Canadian went to Guatemala or Chile, was arrested for a supposed crime, unjustly condemned and thrown into prison, what would his friends do about it? They would apply to the British Government for protection, of course. But is this Canadian a British subject? If an Australian came over to Canada, would Canadians recognize him as a British subject? Do they recognize the Hindus from India as British subjects? To all these questions you may answer "yes," but if you do then British citizenship is a vague term which doesn't mean much to a Canadian.

Again, what is Canada's flag? Some say it is the Union Jack. Mr. Barlow Cumberland, in his History of the Union Jack, is very indefinite, but seems to incline to the Red Ensign with the Canadian coat of arms in the field. Sir Joseph Pope's recent illustrated pamphlet says that the Red Ensign may

be used only on ships. After all these years, then, we have no flag—unless we are satisfied with the flag of the United Kingdom. As it is not Canadian in any sense, we find many of our people using a French flag and some using the Stars and Stripes—simply because they seem to be more emblematic of the continent.

The other day, when the highly respected ambassador of a Great Power died in London, the British Government sent his body home on a war-vessel. If any European country sent a great citizen to visit us, and he should die—but why go farther? We neither send nor receive ambassadors. We do not send even consuls. We are content with trade-agents, who are usually graduated ward-workers.

Yes, Canada's motto seems to be, "Give us plenty of titles and we will be content to do without a flag, without a fleet, without citizenship, without ambassadors, and even without consuls." It is in this respect that we somewhat resemble the Red Indian and the mound-builders.

The Story of "Finlandia."

DURING a recent evening, a gentleman played a few bars on the piano and called it part of "the theme" of *Finlandia*, the national hymn of Finland. Then he told how the Russian Government had forbidden the singing or playing of this piece of music lest its effect should be in favour of "nationalism" in that part of the Russian Empire.

And it occurred to me how different it was in the British Empire. The Boer could sing his own songs, the French could have their chansons, and any one could sing or play whatever rebellious song he wished. Thus the British Empire towered up over the Russian Empire in my mind, and I was thankful I inherited my English birthright on Canadian soil. How great is British freedom!

Then as my mind wandered on, I chanced to think of those "old Tory" speeches which have begun again in the House of Commons, about how wicked it is to be in favour of a Canadian navy—and my spirits fell. Somehow or other British freedom and British liberty seemed to shrink before my eyes. First I shuddered, then I smiled, and finally I laughed. And as the humour of the thing crept slowly over me (my mother's parents came from Scotland) I wondered if the next move of the ultra-imperialists would be to abolish even that Red Ensign from Canadian vessels and prohibit the ultra-loyal editor of the *Toronto Evening Telegram* from continuing his life-long championship of Alexander Muir's little patriotic song, "The Maple Leaf."

I went to sleep that night to the plaintive drone of "Finlandia" and dreamed that the editor of the *Telegram* and the editor of the *CANADIAN COURIER* were burned together at the same stake, the editor of the *Montreal Star* handling the torch.

The Naval Debate.

THE first week of the renewed naval debate in the House of Commons has been fairly satisfactory. For the Liberals, Mr. Hugh Guthrie suggested a non-partisan settlement along the lines of the memorial which was presented to Mr. Borden in November signed by three hundred prominent citizens in Winnipeg, Toronto and other cities. Mr. Pugsley told of visiting a shipyard in Quincy, Mass., during recess, where a super-Dreadnought is to be built for the United States Government. This yard turned out a warship within four years after the business was started. In twelve years it had an output of 114 vessels. The site and equipment cost less than four million dollars.

On the other hand, the Conservatives developed their position as being opposed to a Canadian navy now or at any future time. Mr. Cockshutt, a member of a family which has hitherto been active in support of a "made in Canada" policy for manufacturing, threw the family tradition to the winds. He and Major Sharpe were strong for "imperial solidarity."

In another week, it should be possible to foresee the end. Some of the Liberal papers still profess to see a possible "blockade" and an early general election. An agreement between the two parties to order Dreadnoughts at once to be built in Britain, to preserve the Naval Service Act and the naval college, and to develop Canadian naval stations and

a naval militia would be more satisfactory than a prolonged fight.

Whatever may happen now, the question of a Canadian navy, built and maintained by Canada, must ultimately be fought out at the polls. It is my personal feeling that eventually a policy of centralization will be found unpopular and inadvisable by the people of the United Kingdom, the people of Australia, and the citizens of Canada. If our past history is any guide, there can be no other result.

A Strange Contradiction.

THAT our national aspiration differs materially from the national aspiration of the United Kingdom is shown by some occurrences. While the Conservatives have been arguing for centralization of defence, three of them have argued in the opposite direction on other questions. Mr. Burnham, M.P., wants titles abolished in Canada. He would have the Canadian Government refrain from further recommendations. Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P., argues against further appeals from our Supreme Court to the Privy Council. Hon. Mr. Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, thinks it would not be compatible with our national dignity to make further appeals to Great Britain to remove the embargo on the landing of live cattle from Canada. The lack of logic in the attitude of these Conservatives does not seem to have dawned upon the mighty intellects in the House of Commons, but many ordinary citizens have read about the incidents with considerable amusement.

Modifying Urban Taxes.

BECAUSE Western Canadian cities have exempted improvements and put the civic taxes mainly on city land, Eastern cities have been inclined to move in the same direction. A few enthusiasts took it up and were quickly joined by the single-taxers who saw a chance to advance their ideas. Last year it reached the Ontario Legislature and was turned over to a committee to report next session. Their report will be adverse.

Assessment Commissioner Forman, of Toronto, has issued a report in which he also opposed any radical change. He points out that under the present system the assessment on land in Toronto has increased \$120,000,000 in five years, and that the end is not yet. A reduction of 25 per cent. in the present rating of buildings, business assessment, and income, would mean an increase in taxation from 18 to 20.73 mills. His proposition is to encourage the owner of the house in which he lives by exempting it to the extent of \$1,000. Houses valued at \$10,000 or over would not be exempt. This would be a reduction of forty millions in the assessment (40,000 houses) and would increase the rate to from 18 to 19.87 mills.

The suggestion seems well suited to Toronto. The whole tendency of the best special opinion on the growth of cities is that the city should be widened out so as to avoid congestion and secure the best "living" conditions. The exemption of buildings from taxation would aggravate the tendency to build sky-scrapers, tenements and apartment houses. Land would be too heavily taxed to carry small single buildings. The house-holder's garden would become a rarity. For these reasons, Mr. Forman's suggestion to exempt the smaller residences to the extent of \$1,000 seems to be in line with modern ideas in city development.

City Markets.

BOTH Toronto and Winnipeg are considering the city market question. Winnipeg has a sort of public market now, but it is too small. Toronto has also, nor is it more suitable than Winnipeg's. The truth is that both cities have outgrown their equipment. New conditions have not been met by new methods.

When a city gets as big as Toronto, or even as big as Winnipeg, the old-fashioned central city market is impossible. The farmers live too far away from it. The drive is too long, the roads are none too good, the automobiles are numerous, the street-cars are dangerous, and there is no farmers' hotel stable for the farmers' horses. The difficulty can be partly met by establishing small market-places in the suburbs, at points where the trunk roads enter the city. The housewives then go to meet the farmer part way.

Mayor Deacon, of Winnipeg, has promised to take up the question at once, in order to relieve the high cost of living. His first suggestion is that asphalt roads should be built out from the city, so that automobiles could take customers out to the farms. This would be a partial remedy. Combined with suburban markets, it would be decidedly

helpful. Toronto has begun to build trunk roads outside the city, working with the county authorities and the provincial government. These roads are now under the jurisdiction of a city and county commission. By next autumn every trunk road running into the city will have been re-built. In this respect it is about two years ahead of bustling Winnipeg. The suburban market question will come before council very shortly.

Why Not a Canadian Flag?

An Arnprior correspondent writes as follows:

"May I allude to your short article re a Canadian flag. Is Canada a nation or part of an Empire? If the former, by all means let it have a flag, if the latter surely the Empire's flag should be all-sufficient.

"True the crosses are English, Scotch and Irish—but so are the people of Canada, therefore every Canadian outside of the foreign element and the French—the conquered race—every Canadian, I repeat, can see his own emblem on our flag. If we want something distinctive for purely local celebration surely the one we use with the Canadian emblem in one corner answers the purpose very well.

"Neither England nor Scotland nor Ireland has a national flag of its own. Why then should other parts of the same Empire require one?"

An Englishman on the Navy Question

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir:—Upon arriving in Canada a little more than a year ago I decided to get into touch with Canadian life and ideas, therefore I became a subscriber to your paper; since doing so I have on many occasions been greatly disappointed with your editorial Reflections; they had a decided personal bias upon Dominion issues where a strong Canadian Imperial lead ought to have been taken; in fact, I note in both yours and your contemporaries the personal element plays too great a part in all national issues; such being the case I am not at all surprised at your complaint upon the paucity of contributions to your paper upon the naval question, when a paper like yours, that is supposed to echo the feelings of all Canadians, narrows such a momentous subject down to "whether Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster decide against a Canadian navy." It's taking too small a view of the matter. When first the proposition was propounded for contributing three Dreadnoughts to the Imperial Government almost everyone favoured the thing, but so soon as Parliament met and the Opposition formulated their amendment the whole thing then becomes a personal fight between Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Now, sir, if when Mr. Borden (after the advice received from the Home Government) submitted the Government proposition to Parliament, Sir Wilfrid Laurier had said, "Bravo, Borden, we will vote for this proposal now, at once, subject to your bringing in a bill to forthwith commence building docks and dockyards for building a Canadian navy, of which these three Dreadnoughts will become the nucleus." If Sir Wilfrid Laurier had made such a proposal he would have lifted this naval question out of the personal element and made it what it ought to be, a national and Imperial question, without going into the matter whether Canada can build or man the ships; it would also have stifled the assertion "that all those who vote for or try to sustain the Laurier Opposition are anti-British."

Mr. Editor, I will not bother you with my own opinions upon this matter except to say I was, before coming to Canada, an Imperialist. Since arriving here I am a Canadian Imperialist, and shall do everything possible and legal to kill what is known at home as the "Little Englander Spirit." Union is Strength and also Peace.

Yours faithfully,
JAMES N. LANE.

Guelph, Jan. 13

Light Weight Champion

ON January 11th, the CANADIAN COURIER published a picture of Freddy Welsh, of England, who defeated Mehegan, of Australia, on December 16th, and it was stated that Welsh then won the championship of the world. Some of our readers doubt the statement. A Canadian, living in New York, writes as follows:

"Your valuable paper is in error on page 9 of the enclosed.

"I am not a fight fan, but I read the newspapers closely, and I remember about a year ago Freddie Welsh was to fight Ad. Wolgast at San Francisco for the championship of the world. Wolgast got appendicitis and the bout was declared off. A young fellow named Ritchie was substituted and he made such a good showing that he was later on matched against Wolgast after Wolgast recovered. He defeated him, and is now recognized as the champion of the world as Wolgast held the title.

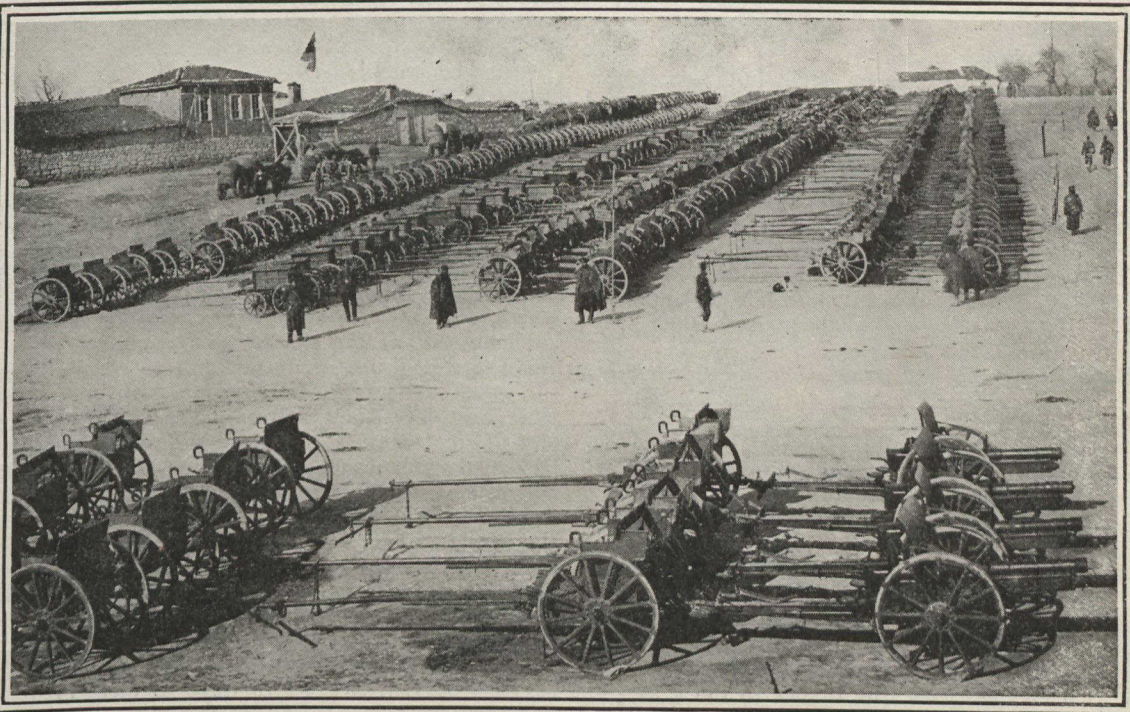
"You will see that opportunity knocked at Ritchie's door in a very loud way.

"Freddie Welsh is champion of England and Australia, but not of the world."

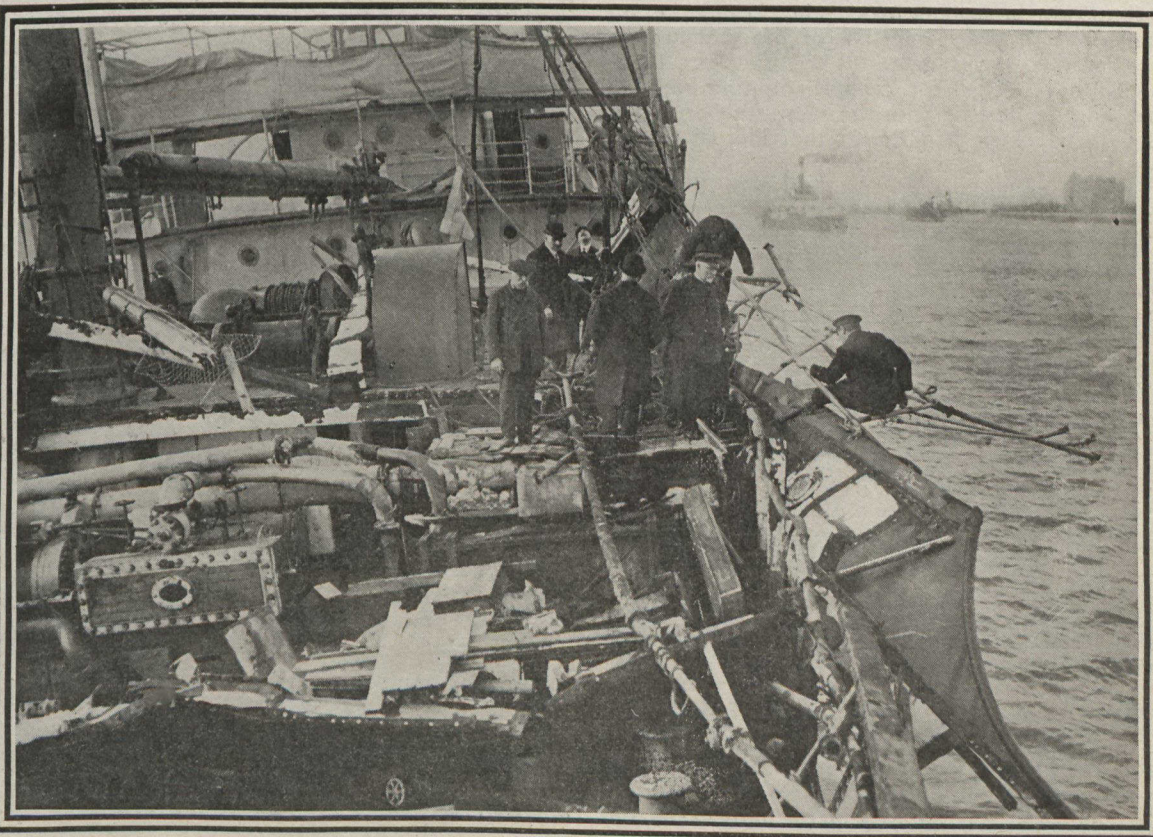
Similarities in Peace and War



Australia Has Compulsory Cadet Service for All Youths Between Sixteen and Eighteen Years of Age. This Picture Shows 18,000 Cadets Marching Through Melbourne to the Federal Parliament House. Lord Denman, the Governor-General, Took the Salute. There Was Great Enthusiasm.



Turkish Guns Captured by the Bulgarians and Stored at Kirk Kilisse. This Picture Was Taken Since the Armistice Began.



The War With the Waves Has Been Very Severe on the Atlantic in Recent Weeks. This Picture Shows the Damage Done to the P. and O. Liner "Narrung," Which Was Forced to Turn Back and Seek Shelter in the Mouth of the Thames. The Main Deck Floor and the Bulwarks Were Ripped Open, Exposing Machinery and Cargo.

The King of Lac de l'Ondee

By MARJORIE PICKTHALL

PERE JOSEF had been sent for in a hurry to the new mills, where one Antoine Lelievre had knocked the works out of the time-clock, and had then barricaded himself into the office with a gun, threatening to deal with all men as he had dealt with the clock. On his way home, after subduing the erring member of his flock, Pere Josef turned aside as usual for a word with Zephyrin.

"Hola, Zephyrin!"

"B'soir, b'soir, mon pere!" The young man sitting by the door of the tiny cabane, facing the level golden afterglow, sprang joyfully to his feet, stumbled, and caught at the unaccustomed crutch with a twist of pain on his brown face.

"How is it with thee, Zephyrin, my son?"

"It is well with me, my father." The bold blue eyes raised steadily to Pere Josef's face forbade sympathy. "In a little while I shall be less clumsy. Often I—forget. You will come in, mon pere?"

"I may not stay. I came only to assure thee that thou art not forgotten of me. Or of Le Bon Dieu. How do the days pass, Zephyrin?"

"Easily enough, my father. I work in these pretty fields the messieurs of the company gave me."

"Yes, my son?"

"And I watch the flowers and the birds."

"Yes, my son?"

"And I have the dog—a moi, Lolo!—and the squirrels, and the King."

"How is His Majesty?"

"Un gros sauvage, mon pere. He will not always come now to my call. His temper grows hotter with the frosts. He is a king-moose, my father. Sometimes he charges the fence posts in blind rage, and tears up the ground. I was busied for two weeks digging a channel from the lake, so that he might drink and bathe, but it does not cool him."

"He wants a deeper draught. And then, my son?"

"Sometimes I sit and think when I can work no more."

"Yes, Zephyrin?"

"I think of what I was, of what I am. And I wonder if there is one little work, one little deed, fit for a man, that I may ever hope to do, mon pere? Ever again."

Still the gray-blue Norman eyes in the sombre young face kept Pere Josef silent. What could he say? A year ago Zephyrin had been one of the smartest, strongest lad to be found on the Madawaska. And then came the day of the great jam, and Zephyrin had gone down between the grinding logs. He escaped with life, thanks to the skill and courage of his comrades. But when he left the hospital down-river, and came back to the little plot of land on the bluffs above Lac de l'Ondee that the company had given him, he came as a cripple, never to ride the leaping logs again. It might easily become one of those tragedies of life that are far more sad than the tragedies of death. Pere Josef's kind old heart ached for Zephyrin, fighting his loneliness and his despair with the same stubborn courage with which he had fought the river in the old days.

"Do the children come to play with Lolo, my son?"

"Ah, the little plagues!" Zephyrin's face was almost happy. "They are here all day. One of them is here now—la p'tite Virginie. My name for here is Blanche Rose. Her big sister will be here to fetch her in a little while, and now I do not know where she is."

"Ah! Her big sister! Go thou and find the child, mon fils. Indeed, I must stay no longer."

So Pere Josef turned down the path between the silver birches and the silver lake, and Zephyrin went to look for la p'tite Virginie.

"A moi, Blanche-Rose! A moi!"

She was not hiding among the tawny bracken leaves, nor under the thickets of wild rose-bushes weighted with berries.

"A moi, Blanche-Rose! I have a great anger against thee. Naughty one, thou shalt not come to-morrow and play that Lolo is a bear!"

STILL no chuckle of baby laughter, half-guilty, half-defiant. Zephyrin turned away from the shore, and up the line of the stockade that marked the domains of the King. He could see the great, high-shouldered shadow among the birches on the little hillock, young antlers swaying against the amber sky. "He is restless to-night," thought Zephyrin, pausing to watch the splendid beast. The King was the pride of his heart; he had captured

him as a little calf, reared him, loved him, tamed him. "And now he turns, he turns," thought Zephyrin. "Ah, mon ami, we are both prisoners, thou and I. A moi, Blanche-Rose!"

The little breathless chuckle rose close at hand. Zephyrin limped to the heavy gate of small split trees and looked.

Late asters and golden rod still grew close to the posts that fenced the enclosure. La p'tite Virginie had somehow squeezed under the gate, and was busily picking them. Her little white flower-face languer back at Zephyrin defiantly.

"Blanche-Rose! Come out to me. Come out!"

"Non, non, non, Zephyrin!"

Something caught at Zephyrin's throat. Under the birches the antlers were lifted, lowered, tossed. The high-shouldered shadow drifted nearer in the dusk. Zephyrin saw the silent, sideways movement, set a hand on the top of the gate, and vaulted over.

He dropped cleverly on his sound foot with a little grunt, swung about on it, and snatched up the child. He bundled her up in a little ball, and stuffed her under the gate. His own hand was upon it as he stood a moment, gathering strength for a spring that was no small matter to a man with but one sound foot. Virginie was scolding like an angry bird, but save for unat, how quiet it was, how quiet! The golden-tinted dusk seemed to be of the very substance of quietness.

Zephyrin drew breath for the effort. And then the quiet and the twilight were rent asunder. With a roar, the King charged.

Zephyrin pivoted round again to meet him with the instantaneous connection of thought and action won from the river-days. As he had been then, so now he was cool and gay. "Ah, mon Roi!" he said with a little laugh, as the flaring eyes, the bristling mane, the savage lowered front, surged suddenly out of the shadows upon him. With a crash and a grunt, the wide antlers smashed into the gate, so near that Zephyrin's side was grazed. The King drew back, only to gather again his muscles of steel, a mass of furious weight and strength and implacable rage. He tore up the earth with hooves and antlers, roared again, and again charged.

"Ah, mon Roi!" said Zephyrin again, laughing. Pains and sorrow fell from him, he was himself as he had been last year. A man does not always thrive in battle with his own bitter thoughts. But Zephyrin laughed in sudden pride and delight, because he knew that, if the spirit be sound, a useless foot is not of much moment. As the King charged again, Zephyrin stepped forward to meet him.

HE knew that his chance lay in keeping clear of the terrible cutting hooves. Once under those, no loving thing might have a chance of life. Zephyrin awaited the charge, and the impact caught him full shock, and whirled him down into the dust. The furious face he had caressed, the staring eyes, the great foam-flecked shoulders, reared above him; and, grunting savagely, the King drove his antlers down, goring and wrenching with them. On each side of Zephyrin's body they ploughed up the dust; but save for one red rent in the arm, he was unhurt. And as the raging dark head drew back for a moment he raised himself quickly, caught the King by the antlers, and drew himself up between them.

He clung there with hands, elbows, and his one useful knee, laughing as he felt the iron neck-sinews arch and ripple beneath him. "I am still a worthy foe for thee, monseigneur," he said gayly. Through the noises of the fight, the frantic grunting and threshing and trampling of the young moose, he was aware of the happy quiet of the evening. Life was sweet, and of what account was a crippled foot when he could still do a man's deeds? "This is a good fight, mon Roi. Never have I heard of a better, not from old Baptiste, nor Bastien Aubichon, nor Georges Le Loup, nor Salvatore." Heroes these among all the lumber-jacks. But what were their battles to the fight between a lame man and a bull-moose in the flush of his strength, maddened with the voices of the Fall, and the mating-calls across the moonlit lakes?

The King flung clear from the weight that had almost brought him to his knees, and stood a moment in doubt. That indomitable thing rolling in the dust touched him with fear, and he hated it. His eyes were luminous in the dusk as again he charged.

"A royal fight," panted Zephyrin, hopping forward. Again that weight brought the King's nose to the earth, and the sudden check at his head swung his quarters round so quickly he almost fell on his side. The light in his eyes changed to dull red, and foam dripped from his flexible lips. Zephyrin felt the great muscles gather again, and, with head held low, the King charged blindly for the fence.

Just in the nick of time Zephyrin lifted himself clear and dropped. He fell heavily upon one shoulder and lay rolling and breathless. He heard the splintering crash and grunt as the King charged his barriers and was flung back by the impetus of his own rush. The impact shook the yellow birch-leaves down from the boughs. Utterly mad, the great brute charged again and again, and the stout wood bent and cracked and yielded.

"By gar!" said his master, bruised and bleeding in the trampled dust. "He will do himself a mischief! He will break his neck! And the child is outside. Come here, thou long-nosed imbecile!" He tried, huskily, the old call that had always brought the gawky young calf to his side, with mild, prominent eyes questioning him and ridiculous nose searching for sugar. But the King was deaf now to all but the voices that called him across the silver lake. "No use," thought Zephyrin sadly, "no use. Eh well, mon Roi—"

HE sighed and crawled to the fence. There was blood now upon the King's dark shoulders. By sheer strength of hand and arm Zephyrin lifted himself over the fence, and dropped in a heap on the other side.

He lay spent for a moment. P'tite Virginie crept to him, whimpering, and he gathered her in his arms and soothed her. Then, holding by the fence, he got to his feet and limped to the gate. With another sigh he set it wide, and stood behind it with Blanche-Rose in his arms.

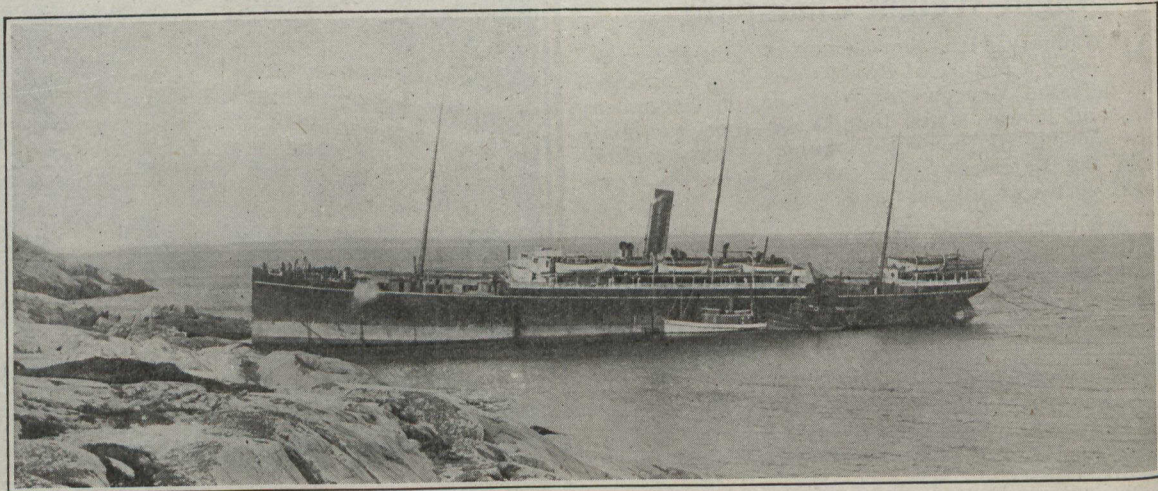
The King's next charge carried him clear. For a moment, caught back upon himself, he stood at gaze, foam and blood upon his chest, his eyes blazing, listening to voices they could not hear, seeing what they could not see. Zephyrin watched him gravely.

At last, with another roar, the King fled through the twilight. They listened as he rent his way through bush and forest and water.

"Salut, mon Roi," said Zephyrin gently. "Salut. Thou art free."

The child crooned over him like a little dove, and patted his dusty face. "Pauvre Zephyrin!"

That night there was war among the bulls of Lac de l'Ondee.



At eleven o'clock, the morning of January 11, the S.S. Uranium crashed on to a ledge a quarter of a mile north of Chebucto Head light at the entrance to Halifax Harbour. The weather was foggy. Of the 880 passengers on board, 640 were bound for New York and 240 for Halifax. All were taken off safely by steamers from Halifax. The vessel was pulled off on the 17th and entered Halifax under its own steam.

At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



MRS. S. B. BROOKS,
Formerly Miss Greta Macdonald, of Van-
couver.

Homing After the Honeymoon

Young Matrons of Social Prominence Who Will Take Up
Life in Vancouver

By MABEL DURHAM

ALTHOUGH Vancouver brides are to some extent influenced by the universal partiality shown toward June as a nuptial season, the popularity of the month whose "pathway is paved with gold" is not nearly so pronounced in the Sunset City of the Dominion as is the case in other parts of Canada. Many weddings are set for dates in October and November, and the brides and grooms sail out through the Narrows and on to California, Mexico or Honolulu. These are the favourite routes chosen by Vancouver newlyweds, of which California attracts by far the greatest number.

SOME of those couples who are more fortunate, however, and have leisure for a more extended honeymoon turn their faces eastward and embark on the long journey to Southern Europe or to Egypt. Among the principals of this autumn's weddings who have taken this trip are Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Dwight Brooks, who are now enjoying a tour in the Levant. Owing to their social prominence and popularity their marriage was one which interested a wide circle. The bride, whose photograph appears on this page, was Miss Greta Macdonald, daughter of Mr. W. A. Macdonald, K.C., and Mrs. Macdonald. The family moved to Vancouver from Nelson three years ago and were accorded a warm welcome by members of society in the coast city. Since that time the bride and her sister, Miss Poppy Macdonald, who was bridesmaid at the wedding, have been prominent figures in the younger set. Mr. Brooks belongs to a Minneapolis family who have in British Columbia large lumber interests, in the management of which he is actively concerned. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks are expected to return to take up their residence in Vancouver in the early spring.

Another recently married pair who have announced their intention of returning soon to make their home in Vancouver are Mr. and Mrs. Eric Werge Hamber, who since their marriage in the summer, have been living in England. Mr. Hamber was formerly manager of the Vancouver branch of the Dominion Bank, but about a year ago was placed in charge of the branch of that institution in London, England. Mrs. Hamber is the only child of Mr. John Hendry, a well known capitalist of Vancouver, who controls large railway and mining interests. She was educated abroad and has spent much time in foreign travel. She has had the honour of being presented at the Court of St. James. This wedding took place at St. Columba's Church, Belgrave Square, London. Miss Elizabeth Thackeray of Berlin, Germany, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Stephen L. Jones of Toronto, best man. The announcement has been heard with much pleasure in Vancouver that Mr. Hamber has severed his connection with the bank and is again coming to the Pacific Coast.

The attractions of the coast city have also proved too strong for Mr. and Mrs. Watkin Boulton, whose marriage also took place in the summer, at which time Mr. Boulton was situated in Winnipeg. Mrs. Boulton was Miss Mabel Springer, a member of a family who have long been residents of Vancouver. After their marriage they went to



A RECENT BRIDE.
Mrs. E. W. Hamber, Vancouver.

live in Winnipeg, but have since come back to take up their residence here.

A marriage of note which took place recently was that of Rev. F. A. P. Chadwick, rector of St. Paul's Church, Vancouver, and Miss Creina Russell Henderson of Windsor, Ontario. Mr. Chadwick, who assumed charge of St. Paul's about two years ago, was a son of the late F. J. Chadwick, who was at one time mayor of Guelph, and also represented that constituency in the Federal House. He achieved distinction at Trinity College, Toronto, both in his scholastic course and in athletics of various kinds. In 1903 he was appointed rector of 'All Saints', Windsor, where he remained until he



THE GRACEFUL ART.
Mrs. Jesse Lewishon, Better Known as Miss Edna May, the Popular London Actress, Enjoying the Activities of the Season at St. Moritz, Switzerland.



MRS. THEODORE P. MOORHEAD,
Who Was Miss Geraldine Atkins, of Van-
couver.

came to St. Paul's. The bride was a most attractive and highly accomplished member of Windsor society and she has been cordially received by social circles in her new home.

NO recent marriage has aroused more interest among members of the younger social set in Vancouver than that of Miss Geraldine Atkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Milner Atkins, and Mr. Theodore P. Moorhead, which took place in the late summer. This youthful bride, who was introduced to society two years ago upon her return from Europe, where she was sent to finish her education, has enjoyed a well deserved popularity, due to her charming personality and winsome disposition. Mr. Moorhead, who is a successful young engineer, was born in Shanghai, China, where his father was connected with the customs service, and spent the early part of his life in the far East.

Other recent weddings of interest were those of Miss Mazel Rochester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Rochester, to Mr. Beverly W. Browne; that of Miss Jane Buchan Rose, the charming daughter of Mrs. W. M. Rose, whose name is known far and wide as a leader in philanthropic movements in Vancouver, to Dr. Hamish H. McIntosh; and that of Miss Nan Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kennedy, to Mr. George Hausser, formerly of Montreal.

A Welcome to Women from the Motherland

ON the first day of the new year, there was opened at 1100 Barclay Street, Vancouver, Queen Mary's Coronation Hostel for "Gentlewomen born in the United Kingdom seeking employment in British Columbia."

The name of the hostel indicates the personal interest of Her Majesty in the scheme, the main object of which is to provide a comfortable *pie'd a terre* for the class specified. The hostel will be run much on the same lines as a ladies' residential club, save for the fact that a practical course in "Household work and Service" will be open to a limited number of lady students who desire to gain a thorough knowledge of the methods of domestic work prevailing in different districts in the Province.

Thanks to the generous endowment of the Hostel by a well-known Imperialist, the local Board of Management have been enabled to arrange a moderate scale of charges which will meet the requirements of the beneficiaries. A limited number of gentlewomen from the Motherland already employed in various kinds of work in Vancouver will be received as permanent boarders. Accommodation is also provided for "Transients," *i. e.*, those ladies who arrive direct from the Motherland armed with an introduction from the honorary secretary of the London Committee of Queen Mary's Coronation Hostel, 31 Queen Anne Street, London W.

Secondly, those who have been residents of the Hostel and who desire to use it while out of employment.

A lady well known in British Columbia has been engaged as Resident Managing Secretary, and her knowledge of conditions in the outlying districts in British Columbia should prove invaluable to those new arrivals who seek various wage-earning posts.

The Hostel enjoys the distinction of being the

first institution in the Province in which Her Majesty is personally interested, and to which she has given the title, and it has no connection with any existing organization either in Canada or the United Kingdom.

Town Planning Women's Business

IF woman's business is to make the home then woman's business is to plan the town. For what is the home but the unit of which the entity is the town? Such was the conclusion arrived at recently when the Edmonton Women's Canadian Club assembled to hear Mr. C. Lionel Gibbs, member of the Edmonton Parks Commission, present woman's part in town planning. Mrs. Arthur Murphy ("Janey Canuck") was in the chair.

"Nine-tenths of the comeliness of our homes," said Mr. Gibbs, "and much more than half of their comfort and convenience, is due directly to ladies, to that instinctive sense of fitness and beauty for which we men have to substitute a laborious cultivation of our taste and judgment, always slower and less sure. Any architect will tell you that while ladies are the most difficult clients to please, their suggestions and ideas are the determining factors in the success of his houses, and represent a more practical part of his knowledge of house-building than anything the text-books teach."

Of course the women knew before that they had these qualifications. Indeed, the whole idea in engaging Mr. Gibbs was to give the fact the publicity it needed; at the same time to announce the intention on the part of Edmonton's women to insist that serious thought, scientific foresight and good taste, go into the plans of development of the "Queen City of the North"—the Edmonton ideal of Mrs. Murphy.

The need of such insistence lies in the fact, only too well known, that self-seeking realty brokers are creating slum conditions, by divisions of districts into small, cramped plots, with no allowance made for breathing spaces. It is women's work to insist on health to the coming generations by provision of parks, as necessary to city dwellers as roadways.

More cities than Edmonton could discuss the question with profit of women's part in the work of planning the town. Men left to their own devices have left some monuments.

Recent Events

Our Heroine in Quebec.

AMONG the beneficiaries of the Carnegie hero fund is a fourteen-year-old Canadian heroine. She is Miss Doris E. Lewis, of Cowansville, Quebec. The girl saved Benjamin W. Draper, aged seven, from drowning on November 25, 1911. For which deed of heroism she received a silver medal, and will receive as needed \$2,000 to be used for her education.

"Bobs" Daughter Capitulates.

THE engagement is announced of Lady Edwina Stewart Roberts, younger daughter of the British Mars, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, to Major Lewis, of the Royal Field Artillery.

Lord Roberts' first-born son died when an infant. His second son, Frederick Hugh Shuston, died like the hero's son which he was in a charge against a Boer battery at the battle of the Tugela River—a charge that was almost certain death. The Victoria Cross which that deed won is the second the breast of Lord Roberts is privileged to wear—a special Act permitting the innovation.

By the grace of King Edward, on the death of the veteran's son, it was ordered that Lord Roberts' title descend to the first son of either of his daughters. The elder, Lady Eileen Mary Roberts, is called the heiress presumptive; she has reached the age of forty-three and has no son. So the hero's hope of a grandson to perpetuate his name hangs upon this marriage of Lady Edwina.

Shoppers and Wage-Earners.

MRS. FLORENCE KELLEY, Secretary of the Consumers' League, who has had a varied experience in social work at Hull House, Chicago, as well as in New York and Boston, will be heard in

Toronto on January 28 on the subject, "The Shopping Public and the Wage-Earners."

A public meeting has been arranged to be held in the Foresters' Hall, College Street (admission 25c), under the auspices of the club for the study of social science. Mrs. Kelley is generally recognized as one of the ablest platform speakers in America on this subject. As secretary of the Consumers' League, she is in touch with the efforts being made to solve the problem of the high cost of living, and is qualified to speak with authority on the many economic and social problems which revolve about the significant question of shopping.

Women Admitted to August Body.

WOMEN will henceforth be admitted, on equal terms with men, as Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, London, England. The motion made by Lord Curzon was adopted by a vote of 130 to 51. A referendum by correspondence anticipated the step.

Miss Asquith Visits Parliament and Niagara

TO see Niagara Falls, and to hear the Canadian Parliament discuss the naval question—a well-matched brace of ambitions surely for Premier Asquith's daughter!

Miss Violet Asquith came to this country with Lady Aberdeen. Her lively interest in politics is universally known, and her grasp of public affairs has been called "phenomenal for a woman." The visitors in Ottawa were the guests of Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier. Miss Asquith accepted the invitation extended to both women to occupy seats on the floor of the House of Commons during the reassembly of Parliament. Lady Aberdeen, however, was unable to attend, leaving to fulfil the expectations of her arrival in Toronto.

Miss Asquith then wished to hear that other "mighty voice," Niagara Falls; so did not peep at Hamilton as the guest of Mrs. Sanford, but proceeded directly to the Falls, to be joined a day later by the Countess in Buffalo. Miss Asquith is, no doubt, considerably enriched with ideas on "the running of the waters."

A bond of deeper sympathy than that of travelling companions underlies the association of Miss Violet Asquith and the Countess of Aberdeen. Miss Asquith was the affianced bride of Lady Aberdeen's second son, the Honourable Archie Gordon, who died some three years ago.

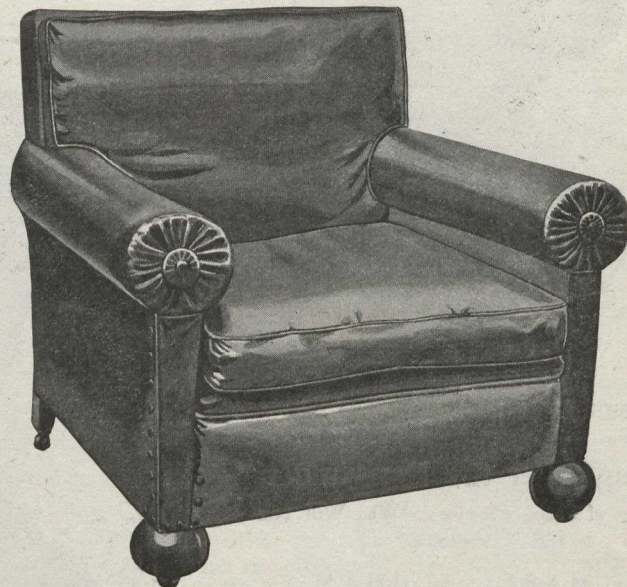
Miss Asquith, with her stepmother, it will also be remembered, was an object at which were directed those vitriolic verses, "The Woman With the Serpent's Tongue," which appeared in 1909. William Watson, their author, it seems, had a friend, John Davidson, a minor poet, like most of his class subject to fits of depression—and little wonder! Watson, believing that Mrs. and Miss Asquith had influenced the Premier in denying his friend a pension—the sum scarcely exceeded the figure four hundred pounds—vented his thoughts in the lines referred to, and thereby won for himself a hearty opprobrium which more than a little damaged his earlier fame.

La Petite Renee

WE found another charming young leading woman the other day, called Renee Kelly. Rather a contradiction the two names, Renee and Kelly, aren't they? She was playing with Robert Loraine in his revival of "Man and Superman." A bubbling, effervescent bit of charming femininity surely and naturally very enthusiastic over Mr. Loraine and his work. On the stage she reminds one of Billie Burke, in voice and mannerisms. In the tea room or club she reminds one of nobody in the world but herself, sweet, gracious and enthusiastic. Thank the fates for this last named attribute! It is so seldom we see anyone connected with the boards who is really enthusiastic. The whirlpool of blaseness seems to have swallowed them all up. I saw this little Renee last spring in a play called "June Madness," played at the Lyric Theatre in Chicago. Her work impressed me then, and this season it is still better.

They're cropping up all the time, the newcomers. It is quite a task to keep count of them all.

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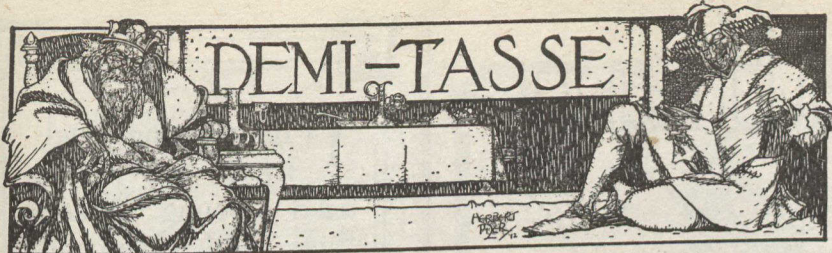
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Courierettes.

TORONTO NEWS objects to street piano girls in hotel bars. Little enough room for the men.

Emperor William acted as chief of the fire brigade when flames broke out in his palace, and then treated the firemen to wine. In America he'd be a popular fire chief, all right.

Prisoners at Toronto's Industrial Farm live on 30 cents per day. Let's all take a term and learn the secret of how it's done.

Actresses are eager for the vote. When they get it, the term "leading man" will be a misnomer.

Having quashed the barbers' early closing by-law in Toronto, Judge Kelly would be wise to buy himself a safety razor.

Toronto alderman moves that "wires be gradually put underground." He probably doesn't want to shock the wires.

Jack Rose, the New York gambler, says that nine out of ten "cops" are honest. The tenth seems to get all the publicity.

A play named "Ready Money" is one of the best-paying dramas of the season. Living up to its name.

Toronto police force is to have a brass band. Handy thing to help in trailing criminals nowadays. All up-to-date forces have them.



VERY "FISHY."

Pat (on seeing goldfish for the first time)—
"Be dad! it's the foirst thime I 'iver saw Red Herrin's alive!"

Where He "Fell Down."—Roland C. Harris, Works Commissioner of Toronto, salary \$8,000 per year, is a big figure now in the civic life of Canada's second city, and has in the next year or two to supervise the spending of \$20,000,000. Few people are aware that he began his activities as office boy in the Toronto World office. Later he developed, like Mayor Hocken, into a reporter.

Appropos of his first effort at newspaper work, Mr. Harris rather enjoys telling a little story at his own expense. It concerns his first assignment.

Service as office boy was too limited a sphere for him. For months he longed to be sent out to get a news story—to become a real reporter. It was a long and weary wait, but the chance came one night when all the local staff were out of the office and a message was telephoned in that there was a flood up Yonge Street—a big water pipe had burst.

"Here, Rolly," called the city editor,

"water pipe burst up Yonge Street. Go and get the story."

Young Rolly swelled out his chest, grabbed some paper, and was out in a moment. He was soon at the scene of the flood, and got the particulars. He hurried back to the office and carefully wrote the story. His pride in his first reportorial effort made him hang around and watch the city editor to see the fate of his "copy."

The C. E. went through the copy. Then he called, "Rolly—come here."

Rolly approached, his heart beating high in anticipation of an approving word.

"Rolly," said the C. E., without looking up, "when you go out again to write up the bursting of a water-main you might mention where it happened."

Amending Shakespeare.—Robert B. Mantell, the Shakespearean star, who is now touring Canada, says that while walking along a street in Montreal the other day he came upon a sign in front of a moving picture theatre which mightily amused him.

Thus ran the sign in letters of light: "Desdemona," founded upon Shakespeare's pretty little love story, "Othello."

The Answer.—The Suffragette leader was lecturing on women's rights.

"We want the wages of men," she said.

From the edge of the crowd came the voice of an indignant male:

"How much do you want? Don't you get them every Saturday night when we come home?"

The Blind Goddess.—Gilbert and Sullivan died a little too soon. Had they been in Toronto recently they would have found in one of the High Courts a fine plot for a comic opera.

Imagine it. A man sees a suggestive show, which he described in a circular. He was tried and found guilty of publishing indecent literature.

The owner and manager of the theatre was tried on a charge of giving the indecent show, but was found "not guilty."

In other words, the law as they have it in Toronto, holds it no offence to give such a show, but a crime to talk about it.

Adjust the bandage, please, on poor old blind-folded Justice!

Those Loud Garments.—Griggs—"I don't seem able to sleep at nights now."

Briggs—"Probably you keep that new suit of clothes in your bedroom."

"Guilty Is the Verdict.

"Fair women are simply delusions and snares,"

Says the man with the pessimist "bug,"

"But mark," says the optimist, "every man dares

His own pet delusion to hug."

A Misplaced Letter.—One little letter makes a mighty big difference in point. From a King to a "kink" is some drop, and the Toronto Star made the ex-Minister of Labor take it the other day when it spelled his name "Hon. W. L. Mackenzie Kink."

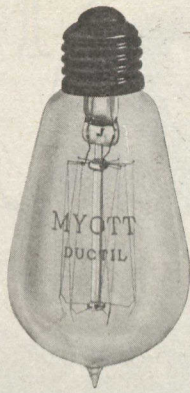
Paradoxical.

Women may be more temperate
Than man—we'll let that pass—
But still she can't deny that she
Is fonder of her glass.

Where Equality Ends.
"Men are born both free and equal,"
So the constitution said,
But there surely is a sequel—
What about it when they wed?

Had One of His Own.—Banks—"Won't you come with me to-night and join our debating club?"

Binks—"No, thanks. I'm married."



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Dr Aram Kalfian

By
Effie Adelaide Rowlands



CHAPTER XIV.

Ted Alston's Opportunity.

It was impossible for Dick Emberson and his friend to mistake the grim earnestness of Monsieur Marcel's warning. Long after they had left him, the tones of his voice lingered in their ears; the white, strained terror of his face rose up again and again before their mental vision.

For some minutes, oppressed by these remembrances, they strode along side by side in silence, throwing an occasional nervous glance around to see if they were being followed. There was nothing, however, to excite their suspicions in the casual glances cast upon them by passing pedestrians, and when they had placed a certain distance between them and the Rue Victor Hugo, they began to breathe more freely.

Ted was the first to voice the feeling uppermost in both their minds.

"It seems to me, Dick," he said, with, for him, unusual gravity, "that we are up against rather a big thing. My uncle is by no means a man to hoist the danger signal on slight provocation; and it is evident our visit scared him badly. It's a case of keep your weather-eye open, old man, and walk warily."

"I told you that the expedition upon which we had embarked was no holiday one," remarked his companion with a faint smile, "that's why I am sorry to have dragged you into it, Ted; that is why I wish, even now, you would return to England and leave me to dree my weird alone."

"Likely that, isn't it?" replied the other with a short laugh. "Why waste your breath, Dick, by talking rot? Have you forgotten already, that in my uncle's opinion—which, I suppose, may be considered a valuable one at this crisis—our only chance of success lies in the fact that my personality is altogether unknown to our adversaries. You have got to lie low, my dear boy, whether you like it or not—to pull the strings of the puppets from behind the curtain. I am on this scene, and don't you forget it! Meanwhile, the sooner we are between four walls the better I shall be pleased. Should we be spotted together by one of the enemy, we lose our trump-card. By Jove! when I think of it, what fools we are to be walking along, side by side! Forge ahead, Dick, and I will follow at a respectful distance."

With a shrug of his shoulders his friend complied, and in this fashion they reached their hotel.

THE strain of suspense and enforced inaction during the long hours of waiting for Monsieur Marcel's promised message tried the nerves of both young men badly. They did not seek their beds till long after midnight, thinking that the former might despatch a telegram on his way back from the meeting; and when, feeling it was useless to wait longer, they finally turned in, very little sleep visited their eyelids. It was a relief to both when the light of dawn began to straggle in at their respective windows.

Their rooms adjoined. It was about six o'clock the next morning when a knock came to Ted's door, and a voice announced "un petit bleu pour Monsieur." Before the young man had time to open the envelope, Dick was by his side, his face white, his eyes burning. Together they read the following lines: "Our friend starts for Vienna by to-night's express, has with him small black-japanned box as hand package. Will send you during day facsimile; you may find it useful."

When the Orient express left Vienna at 7.20 that evening, the two friends

were amongst its passengers. Dick having managed—himself unseen—to point out Aram Kalfian to his companion, mounted in a compartment some little distance from the carriage in which the doctor had already disposed the greater part of his travelling paraphernalia, whilst Ted secured the corner exactly opposite the seat taken by that gentleman.

The young man's knowledge of the fact that he was going to try an extremely dangerous experiment did not prevent his spirits rising with a bound as he noted with almost boyish glee that the round black box (looking as if it might contain deeds), Dr. Kalfian held in his hand was in size and general appearance practically undistinguishable from the one he himself carried concealed under the heavy folds of a big travelling rug.

The doctor's first care on entering the carriage was to dispose his burden under his seat. Ted following suit, slipped the duplicate down by him in the corner (always covered by the rug which he dropped, with apparent carelessness at a safe distance from the feet of his opposite neighbour; and then lolled back against the cushions with an ostentatious yawn.

Kalfian eyed him at first closely, scrutinizingly, with the ever ready suspicion of a man often at war with society and always on his guard; but the young fellow returned his surly glance with an engaging smile and a casual remark about the weather—the Englishman's usual conversation-opener—and the Doctor's grim face sensibly relaxed.

It was a corridor train, the other occupants of their compartment being a little Frenchman and his wife. The latter, a lady of decidedly opulent charms, was seated on Ted's side whilst her husband faced her. They were evidently well-to-do tradespeople. Monsieur settled himself down in his corner; threw a yellow silk handkerchief over his face, and soon testified by gentle snores that he was peacefully slumbering. Madame, after a good deal of fidgeting and sundry sighs and grunts, amused Ted by taking off her boots as calmly and openly as if she were in her own dressing room; a second later, having asked him if he would be so amiable as to allow her to put up her feet, to which sudden and unexpected query he returned a polite but impudent affirmative—she swung a pair of substantial legs and plump feet cased in black hose right across his body, pinning him as it were in his place.

This unconventional proceeding disconcerted our young friend not a little; but having a constitutional aversion to being rude to any woman, he submitted for the time with as good a grace as possible, only answering Kalfian's sardonic grin and jeering comment: "You are highly favoured, my young friend!" with a grimace.

MADAME, who with a murmured "Quel soulagement!" had closed her eyes, was in no wise offended by this speech, which she probably attributed to jealousy. A low, guttural laugh escaped her lips, and she remarked complacently that the English were always so amiable; a few minutes later she had started a nasal competition with her husband, one it may be added, in which she scored a rapid triumph.

Ted closed his eyes in his turn and pretended to slumber; but he was inwardly quivering with excitement and nervous tension; not that he had any doubts (in the first instance, at all events) of succeeding in his mission; it seemed to him that it was going to be a ridiculously easy one; he had a night

and a day before him; his fellow-travellers would almost certainly, he told himself, take their meals in the dining car; he had only to seize the first opportunity which presented itself, make an excuse to stay behind and quickly and dexterously effect the substitution. But although he assured himself again and again that there was no occasion for haste or anxiety, he was in a fever of impatience for the moment of action to arrive. As the slow hours crept by, the weight across him seemed to grow heavier, until he almost began to believe he was in the throes of a monstrous nightmare; his whole body was cramped and aching; his legs were afflicted with the sensation generally known as "the fidgets," and yet rather than rouse the sleeping woman (vulgar creature as she undoubtedly was!) by an abrupt change of position he bore the discomfort, which amounted almost to suffering, with stoical endurance.

Suddenly an alarming idea flashed through his mind; might not these two apparently harmless French people, although ostensibly strangers, be perhaps in league with Kalfian? Might not the woman's unconventional proceeding be simply an artful manoeuvre to ensure them against his taking advantage of their slumbers! The thought was disconcerting in the extreme.

Opening his eyes he once more scanned the faces of his companions, those two at least which were open to inspection, for the yellow silk handkerchief still hid the features of Monsieur le mari. The abandonment of Madame's position somewhat reassured him; it was difficult to associate the idea of guile and duplicity with that round fat face, dropped jaw and open mouth. No, decidedly she had not the air of a conspirator. His gaze travelled on to Aram Kalfian, and lingered there half fascinated by the ugliness of the picture presented to his view. Judging by the regularity of his breathing the man was fast asleep; he was lying in a curiously twisted position, his head thrown back, his eyes rolled upwards so that only a streak of white was visible through the almost closed lids; his heavy brows were knit in a scowl, and his upper lip, slightly curled like a snarling dog, disclosed some broken and discoloured teeth. An ugly customer truly, but one who at present seemed to be quite unsuspecting and off his guard. Yet even whilst Ted, with neck craned forward, was trying to assure himself of this fact, Kalfian's eyelids lifted and his glance quick and challenging met that of the young man.

"What is it?" he growled, raising himself to a sitting position. "What are you staring at me like that for?"

"I was only trying to discover," replied Ted with an embarrassing laugh, "whether you had succeeded in getting off to sleep, and envying you your free and unattached position. I am tired to death, but, pinned down as I am, sleep is quite impossible."

"Why, don't you chuck the woman, then?" asked Kalfian, a trifle less truculently, as, with a grunt, he fell back in his corner. "You are a fool to bear the inconvenience," he added. "I wouldn't for a moment."

"I really think I am," acquiesced the young man ruefully, but he made no effort to rid himself of his incubus; and indeed, in the reaction of spirits, caused by Kalfian's speech (which seemed to assure him that there was no foundation for his suspicion of complicity against his three fellow-passengers), the weight seemed to have sensibly lessened. He felt abundantly rewarded for his amiability when, between the hours of three and four in the morning, they

(Continued on page 25.)

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An Eleven-Pound Parcel Post
(Concluded from page 9.)

new year, every postoffice in the United States was thrown open to tender the people the convenience and profit of the parcel post. And while to-day the privilege is being taken advantage of everywhere in the Republic, Canada remains paying the same high charges on parcel carrying, though possessing exactly the same facilities that are being put to such excellent and advantageous use in the country to the south. And the worst of it is that Canada is practically the only country in the year of enlightenment, 1913, that has not had the wisdom to establish the parcel post. All the others have had sense enough to see the greatness of advantage to be derived, and enterprise enough to push the matter to a successful issue.

"No country needs the parcel post more than Canada. There are thousands of Canadians who are far distant from shopping centres, and who have to put up with very poor accommodations in such matters, or else pay high charges that render the purchase beyond their means. Yet to these people a system of constant communication has already been established. The whole country has been networked by the postal department, with the rural territory reached by team or stage, which could just as well carry parcels as well. There would be no duplication, and only a moderate increase of help. To refuse to utilize the postal system for this valuable extension of service is to do a serious wrong to those to whom it would mean so much. Hence, at the beginning of this new year, it may be suggested to Premier Borden that one most valuable achievement to be catalogued among the aims of the year be the establishment of the parcel post in Canada."

Ottawa Journal Also Points the Way.

"On New Year's Day Postmaster-General Hitchcock inaugurated the parcel post system in the United States. All over the country and in the colonial possessions this innovation is now in force, the very highest charge being twelve cents a pound, which is sufficient to secure the delivery of a parcel of spruce gum mailed in the backwoods of Maine in the most remote corner of the Philippines.

"Canada has preceded the United States in several postal reforms, being the first country to adopt postcards on this side of the Atlantic and establishing postal banks which have not yet been introduced into the United States. As the Journal pointed out, there is no reason why this country should lag behind in the working out of a progressive parcel post system.

"To ensure the success of the plan, the United States Postmaster-General has already distributed for expenditure half of the appropriation of \$7,500,000, set aside for the establishment of the system. Automobile delivery trucks have been purchased in the large cities and the postoffices considerably enlarged.

"A very good use of Mr. Pelletier's million-dollar surplus, or a part of it at least, would be the establishment of a cheap parcel post with a general delivery system. The Journal was informed at the dead letter office that annually thousands of parcels remained uncalled for at the postoffices of the country at Christmastide, a condition which would be greatly alleviated by the introduction of the system now in use in all the great countries of the world."

Eva Booth

COMMANDER EVA BOOTH, who returned to Canada on the public platform last Sunday, made her first appearance here after an absence of more than seven years. She spoke on behalf of a \$100,000 fund in Toronto to assist in a training college memorial to her father, the General. For several years Miss Booth was in active Army work in Canada. Her farewell to this country some years ago was the occasion of a great demonstration. She is quite as popular as her father ever was, and she has a large share of the General's power of expression. A small, nervous little woman, with eagle eyes and an emphatic nose, a ringing voice and intensely passionate delivery, she might have become an actress had she not entered the Army. But Eva Booth is too busy over the needs of fallen men and women.



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Doctors realize that drugs do not bring permanent cure for Constipation. Drugs have to be taken in constantly increasing doses to be effective and gradually make people slaves to the drug habit. The terrible poisonous waste that collects in the lower intestines permeates the system, poisons the blood and brings on the more serious illnesses of Typhoid Fever, Appendicitis, etc. All this is removed with Dr. Tyrrell's treatment by the simple use of pure sterilized water.

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Mr. A. McLean, of the Conger Lumber Co., Parry Sound, Ont., writes: "I have used the J. B. L. Cascade since I received it 21 days ago with wonderful results. Previously I could not pass one day without taking medicines. Since I have used it I have not taken one dose. I have been troubled with constipation for 35 or 40 years. I cannot speak too highly of your Cascade treatment."

Mr. T. Babin, proprietor of the Alexandra Hotel, Ottawa, writes: "I cannot find words explicit enough to praise your Cascade. It has made a new man of me. I feel as though I would not sell it for all the money in the world if I could not buy another. For people troubled with constipation I say it is a God-send."

Reverend M. M. Decarie, St. Henry of Montreal, writes: "I am so well since using the Cascade that I may say you saved my life. I was doomed to die soon, as I was suffering so much with my liver and kidneys. Now every friend I meet tells me I am growing younger. I could name you fifteen persons that suffered from extremely grave sicknesses that chant your thanks and honors."

Horace T. Dodge, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacology Homoeopathic College, Denver, Col., writes: "Your J. B. L. Cascade is excellent, magnificent! I can truthfully say that I have had the very best results in my experience with the Cascade. I treat a great many cases of wasting diseases, and I find 90% of them the result of impacted faecal matter. Since I received the Cascade I have cheated the surgeons out of a good operation for appendicitis. You certainly have struck the keynote of many diseases."

Anthony Baker, Professor of Physical Culture, New York City, writes: "I find the J. B. L. Cascade of immense benefit. I look upon it as an absolute necessity to the attainment of perfect physical development. One of my pupils who had been troubled with constipation and gas for many years was quickly relieved by it, which enabled me to make a strong, healthy man of him in less than four weeks."

A Winnipeg Clergyman writes (name on application): "For years my wife had been a great sufferer through constipation. A friend who had been helped by the J. B. L. Cascade recommended it to my wife. To-day she is a stronger and healthier woman in every way because of its regular use. It has really given her a new lease of life."

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Home Bank Acquires Internationale.

BANK mergers still continue. The latest one is not likely to create as much criticism as some of the others. The affairs of the Banque Internationale had got into a position where it was absolutely necessary that it should be amalgamated with some other institution. There was a disagreement among the directors which apparently could only be solved in this way. Its absorption by the Home Bank must therefore be regarded as inevitable and supremely advisable.



COLONEL JAMES MASON
General Manager Home Bank.

The Banque Internationale had seven branches in Montreal, one in Quebec City, and one at Murray Bay. It was organized a little more than a year ago by some prominent Montrealers under the leadership of Sir Rodolphe Forget. The expectation was that the financiers of Paris would maintain a strong interest in the institution. The November Bank Report showed deposits of \$817,852; notes in circulation \$943,730; and total assets of \$3,093,889.

The Home Bank is a much older institution and much stronger. Its paid-up capital is about a million and a quarter, and its total assets about thirteen millions. It has at present about forty branches.

The new and enlarged Home Bank will have a paid-up capital of two million with fifty branches and total deposits of about ten million.

The merger has been under way for some time, but there have been various rumours as to the inability of the directors of the two institutions to get together.

A short time ago it was announced that Sir Henry Pellatt had bought the assets in order to unravel the legal skein, and pave the way for an amalgamation of the two institutions free of all complications. Apparently Sir Henry accomplished his purpose very satisfactorily, and has turned over his holdings to his friend Colonel James Mason, General Manager of the Home Bank.

Colonel James Mason was born in Toronto in 1843, and has ever since lived in that city. He entered business life with the Toronto Savings Bank, and this institution was later converted into the Home Savings Company and later into the Home Bank. In short, Colonel Mason has spent his entire life in building up the institution of which he is now the head. He has been general manager and director of the Home Bank since 1905. Of course, he has other interests, is resident vice-president of the American Surety Co., director Manufacturers' Life, Dominion Coal, Dominion Steel, and other big companies. He has been very prominent as a militia officer; served with the Q. O. R. in the Fenian Raid, served with the Grenadiers in the Northwest Rebellion, and became the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Grenadiers in 1893.



COLONEL SIR HENRY PELLATT
Who Has Aided in the Last Bank Merger.

Later he commanded the 4th Infantry Brigade, and in 1909 was made full Colonel. He was one of the Canadian officers at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebration in 1897, and commanded a brigade of infantry at the Quebec Tercentenary in 1908.

One of Colonel Mason's characteristics is his physical fitness. He has always been an ardent horseman, and was never without a favourite saddle horse. Although he is rapidly approaching the allotted span there is no more erect and military figure to be seen on the streets of Toronto, and he can still go up a stairway two steps at a time.

Canadian General Electric Hats New President.

WHO can say whether optimism inspired Mr. Frederic Nicholls and his nine associates when they put up their \$10,000 to organize an electrical company twenty-five years ago and enabled them to dream of the great big General Electric Co. of to-day with its assets of \$20,000,000.

The original executive of the company has remained unchanged since

Messrs. W. R. Brock, President; F. Nicholls and H. P. Dwight, Vice-Presidents, were appointed at its organization. Recently, however, Mr. Brock has retired with the title of Honorary President, and Mr. Nicholls succeeds to the chair.

Mr. Nicholls is identified with almost numberless electrical concerns, and is responsible for the organization of the first company in Canada, the Toronto Incandescent Electric Light Co. In 1896 his election as President of the National Electric Light Association of America touched his career with something above the ordinary, as he is the only Canadian who has held that position. The list of big, prominent business activities that Mr. Nicholls is asso-

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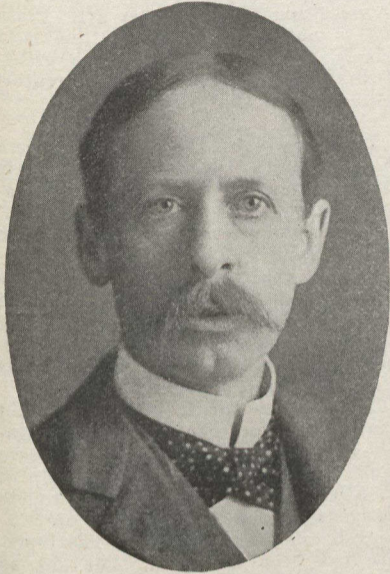
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ciated with either as President, Vice-President or director, is very long. His interests are not confined to electrical enterprises, but he is generally regarded as probably one of the largest ironmasters of the world. He also takes an interest in transportation, being President of Toronto and Hamilton Railway, also having a place on the boards of various other railways and steamship companies.

Bank of Nova Scotia Annual Report.

THE Bank of Nova Scotia holds the record for profits among the Canadian banks. In 1908 the percentage of earnings to capital were 18.65; in 1909, 20.13; in 1910, 22.07; in 1911 they touched 22.5; and this year they have taken a further jump to 23.28. Only two other banks, the Commerce and the Merchants, have ever touched the twenty mark.



MR. H. A. RICHARDSON
General Manager Bank of Nova Scotia.

The annual report issued last week shows that during the year the paid-up capital was increased by three-quarters of a million. The total reserve has grown to \$8,728,146, the highest proportion of reserve to capital of any Canadian bank. The total assets are \$71,279,298, an increase of eight million.

It will also be remembered in this connection that the Bank of Nova Scotia was the first of the Canadian banks to adopt the principle of external audit. For six years now it has had its books inspected by a prominent British firm of accountants.

The head office of the Bank is in Halifax, but the general manager, Mr. H. A. Richardson, resides in Toronto. Mr. Richardson joined the staff of the Bank of Nova Scotia when a lad, and has spent his life with that institution mainly in the Maritime Provinces. He was appointed General Manager in February, 1910. The Halifax *Herald* once said of him that he "never lost a dollar."

A Valuable Document.

THE Canadian Bank of Commerce have begun the issue of a very valuable pamphlet which is to appear yearly. The first is entitled "Review of Business Conditions During the Year 1912." The Bank of Commerce has a most complete system for collecting information on business conditions throughout the Dominion. Every event of importance in any province is reported daily at the head office in Toronto. No industrial, commercial, or financial item is overlooked by the local and provincial managers who make these reports to the head office. This pamphlet contains a summary of the information collected by the bank during the past year. A copy may be had on application to any branch manager, or to the head office of the Bank.

Remarkable Growth of the National Trust Company.

THE past year was an exceptionally favourable one for the National Trust Company. The annual statement for 1912 shows that the assets under the administration of the company increased by ten millions of dollars, or over 33 1-3 per cent. In 1911 the total stood at \$28,244,611, increasing to \$38,598,768 in 1912. This indicates a very considerable confidence on the part of the public in the methods and soundness of the institution.

The net profits for the year are at the rate of 16.20 per cent. on the capital, which stands at \$1,500,000. In 1911 the profits, on the same amount of capital, were about 14.5 per cent. In each of these two years one hundred thousand dollars was transferred to the reserve fund, which now stands at \$1,400,000.

On and Off the Exchange.

Commerce Annual Meeting.

IN addressing the shareholders at the annual meeting of that great big bank, Mr. Laird, the general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, said: "We have closed another year of uninterrupted prosperity." Any one looking at the annual statement just made public would see it was folly to think of disputing his words.

The net profits for 1912 are \$2,811,806, i.e., 19.78 per cent. on the paid-up capital. Compared with those of 1911 they show an increase of half a million dollars. An addition of \$75,000 to the pension fund and \$2,742,180 to rest account are amounts in which one cannot count the coppers very readily. Of course, most of them came from the rest account of the Eastern Townships Bank, which was absorbed during the year. Total deposits are \$197,617,462. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has a total staff numbering 3,000 employed in 366 branches and head office department.

New Interest of Quebec's Premier.

EVER since the death of the late Sir Edward Clouston the Royal Trust Co. board has been shy one member. The directors have been busily hunting for a good man to overcome the vacuum. Some days ago at a meeting a decision was arrived at the result of which is that the name of Sir Lomer Gouin is inscribed with those of the other directors as a member of the board of that important institution.

After completing his education at Laval University, Sir Lomer practised law, becoming advocate in 1884. This same year his alma mater conferred the honorary degree of LL.B. upon him, and in 1902 with a further degree of LL.D. Sir Lomer is now head of the law firm of Gouin, Lemieux, Murphy and Berard. In 1907 the badge of the Legion of Honour, the highest honour that is bestowed by La Belle France, was pinned to his coat, and in the following year he was knighted. He has been Premier and Attorney-General of the Province of Quebec since 1905.

EIGHTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF

The Bank of Nova Scotia

Capital Authorized \$5,000,000

Capital Subscribed, \$4,864,600 Capital Paid Up, \$4,734,390

Reserve Fund, \$8,728,146

HEAD OFFICE, HALIFAX

GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE, TORONTO

BOARD OF DIRECTORS

John Y. Payzant, President Charles Archibald, Vice-President
G. S. Campbell, J. Walter Allison, Hector McInnes,
Hon. N. Curry, J. H. Plummer, Robert E. Harris

PROFIT AND LOSS

1911. Dec. 30.	By Balance	57,847 83	
1912. Dec. 31.	Net profits for current year; losses by bad debts estimated & provided for	970,544 38	\$1,028,392 21
Dec. 31.	To Dividends for year at 14%	583,537 73	
	Contribution to Officers' Pension Fund	40,000 00	
	Written off Bank Premises Account	150,000 00	
	Transferred to Reserve Fund	200,000 00	
	Balance carried forward	54,854 48	\$1,028,392 21

RESERVE FUND

1911. Dec. 30.	By Balance	\$7,474,447 20
1912. Dec. 31.	Premiums on new stock	1,053,698 80
Dec. 31.	Transferred from Profit and Loss	200,000 00
		\$8,728,146 00
1912. Dec. 31.	To Balance carried forward	\$8,728,146 00

GENERAL STATEMENT AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1912

LIABILITIES

Deposits not bearing Interest	\$12,786,308 59
Deposits bearing Interest	38,159,369 95
Interest accrued on Deposits	93,789 75
	51,039,468 29
Deposits by other Banks in Canada	394,616 52
Deposits by other Banks in the United Kingdom	58,070 50
Deposits by other Banks in Foreign Countries	443,370 98
	896,058 00
Notes in Circulation	4,256,738 94
Drafts drawn between Branches outstanding	1,218,340 64
	5,475,079 58
	57,410,605 87
Capital paid up	4,734,390 00
Reserve Fund	8,728,146 00
Profit and Loss, balance carried to 1913	54,854 48
Rebate of Interest @ 6% on Time Loans	190,908 43
Dividend Warrants outstanding	689 99
Dividend No. 172, payable 2nd January, 1913	159,704 18
	13,868,693 08
	\$71,279,298 95

ASSETS

Specie	\$3,491,558 27
Dominion Notes—Legal Tenders	5,100,972 50
Notes of and Cheques on other Banks	5,031,233 30
Due from other Banks in Canada	202,906 30
Due from other Banks in Foreign Countries	1,279,411 50
Sterling Exchange	1,861,845 72
	16,967,927 59
Investments (Provincial, Municipal and other Bonds)	4,947,246 47
Call and Demand Loans, secured by Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	5,957,024 77
Demand Loans, secured by Grain and other Staple Commodities	5,135,474 73
	33,007,673 56
Deposits with Dominion Government for security of Note Circulation	190,520 78
Loans to Governments and Municipalities	1,952,887 00
Current Loans, secured by Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	947,995 35
Current Loans, secured by Grain and other Staple Commodities	2,226,203 66
Overdrafts, secured	376,518 53
Overdrafts, authorized but not specially secured	538,867 22
Notes and Bills discounted and current	30,580,077 17
Notes and Bills overdue, estimated loss provided for	65,555 65
Bank Premises	1,377,020 23
Stationery Department	15,079 80
	38,271,625 39
	\$71,279,298 95

Contingent Liability:—Sterling Letters of Credit Current, £139,182:7:7.
NOTE: When the unmaturing calls on subscribed capital are paid, the Paid Up Capital will be \$5,000,000 and the Reserve Fund \$9,100,000. The average Paid Up Capital for 1912 is \$4,168,126.

H. A. RICHARDSON, General Manager.

AUDITOR'S REPORT

We hereby certify that we have verified by actual count the cash on hand at Halifax, St. John (Prince William Street), Montreal, Toronto (King Street), Winnipeg, Vancouver (Hastings Street), Chicago and Boston branches and New York Agency, as at close of business on December 31st, 1912. We have also verified the investments owned by the Bank at that date. Having examined the above General Balance Sheet as at December 31st, 1912, and compared it with the books kept at the General Manager's Office, Toronto, and the certified returns from the various branches, we hereby further certify that, in our opinion, it presents a fair and conservative statement of the Condition of the Affairs of the Bank as at that date.

MARWICK, MITCHELL, PEAT & CO.,
Chartered Accountants.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS TUESDAY, 14th JANUARY, 1913

The forty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Shareholders of The Canadian Bank of Commerce was held in the banking house on Tuesday, 14th January, 1913, at 12 o'clock.

A large number of shareholders and others were present.

The President, Sir Edmund Walker, having taken the chair, Mr. A. St. L. Triggs was appointed to act as Secretary, and Messrs. W. Murray Alexander and A. J. Glazebrook were appointed scrutineers.

The President called upon the Secretary to read the Annual Report of the Directors, as follows:

Report.

The directors beg to present to the shareholders the forty-sixth Annual Report covering the year ending 30th November, 1912, together with the usual Statement of Assets and Liabilities:

The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, brought forward from last year, was \$ 203,394 89
The net profits for the year ending 30th November, after providing for all bad and doubtful debts, amounted to 2,811,806 42
Transferred from Rest Account of Eastern Townships Bank 2,400,000 00
Premium on New Stock 242,180 00

\$5,657,381 31

This has been appropriated as follows:

Dividends Nos. 100, 101, 102, and 103, at ten per cent. per annum \$1,418,622 43
Bonus of one per cent., payable 1st December, 1912 150,000 00
Written off Bank Premises 500,000 00
Transferred to Pension Fund (annual contribution) 75,000 00
Transferred to Rest Account \$2,500,000 00
Transferred to Rest Account, premium on new stock 242,180 00

2,742,180 00

Balance carried forward 771,578 88

\$5,657,381 31

All the assets of the Bank have been as usual carefully revalued and ample provision has been made for all bad and doubtful debts.

In accordance with an agreement entered into in December, 1911, this Bank took over on 1st March last, the business of the Eastern Townships Bank, with headquarters at Sherbrooke, Que., and ninety-nine branches and sub-agencies, chiefly situated in the Eastern Townships District of the Province of Quebec. In addition to fifty-two new branches and thirty-two sub-agencies in the Province of Quebec, the Bank thus acquired new offices at Coleman and Taber, Alberta; Grand Forks, Keremeos, Midway, Naramata, Phoenix, Summerland, and Vancouver (two offices), British Columbia; and Winnipeg, Manitoba. The business of the Eastern Townships Bank branches at Lethbridge, Princeton, Quebec, and Victoria, was at once transferred to our own offices, and later in the year the business of their principal offices in Montreal and Winnipeg was also consolidated with our branches in those cities, the change at Winnipeg taking place as soon after the opening of our new building as it could be conveniently effected. The nine months' experience which we have had with the new business has given us every reason to feel satisfied with our purchase.

There were issued to the shareholders of the Eastern Townships Bank in exchange for their stock in that institution 60,000 shares of new stock of this bank, having a par value of \$3,000,000. This has increased the paid-up capital stock of the Bank to \$15,000,000. The by-law passed at the last annual general meeting increasing the authorized capital stock to \$25,000,000 received the approval of the Treasury Board on 26th February, 1912.

In addition to the offices acquired from the Eastern Townships Bank, the Bank has opened during the year the following branches: In British Columbia—Rock Creek, North Vancouver, Powell Street (Vancouver), and Oak Bay Avenue (Victoria); in Alberta—Athabasca Landing, Hanna, Tilley, Vulcan, and Youngstown; in Saskatchewan—Blaine Lake, Laird, and Lewvan; in Ontario—Brockville, Cornwall, Ingersoll, Niagara Falls, Port Colborne, Port Stanley, West End (Sault Ste. Marie), Smith's Falls, St. Thomas, Sudbury, Tillsonburg, Danforth and Broadview (Toronto), and Earlscourt (Toronto); in Quebec—Fraserville, Maisonneuve (Montreal), Prince Arthur and Park (Montreal), Nicolet, and Three Rivers; in New Brunswick—Fredericton, and in Newfoundland—St. John's. The sub-agencies at Keremeos, B.C., East Angus, Howick, St. Chrysostome, Ste. Elizabeth, and Weedon, Quebec, have been equipped as branches. The branches at Bounty, Sask., and Stewart, B.C., and the sub-agencies at Midway, B.C., and St. Constant, Que., have been closed. Since the close of the year branches have been opened at Courtenay and Pandora, and Cook (Victoria), B.C., Port McNicoll, Ont., Campbellton and Moncton, N.B.; the Dunham, Que.,

sub-agency has been equipped as a branch, and the Upton, Que., sub-agency closed.

In accordance with our usual practice the various branches and agencies of the Bank in Canada, the United States, Great Britain, and Mexico, and the Departments of the Head Office have been thoroughly inspected during the year.

The Directors again desire to record their appreciation of the efficiency and zeal with which the officers of the Bank have performed their respective duties.

B. E. WALKER,

Toronto, 14th January, 1913.

President.

GENERAL STATEMENT—30th NOVEMBER, 1912.

Liabilities.	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 16,422,864 68
Deposits not bearing interest	\$ 58,586,813 55
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date	139,030,648 45
	197,617,462 00
Balances due to other Banks in Canada	885,514 94
Balances due to other Banks in foreign countries	2,842,439 50
	\$217,768,281 42
Dividends unpaid	6,429 74
Dividend No. 103 and bonus, payable 1st December	525,000 00
Capital paid up	\$ 15,000,000 00
Rest	12,500,000 00
Balance of Profit and Loss Account carried forward ..	771,578 88
	28,271,578 88
	\$246,571,289 74

Assets.

Coin and Bullion	\$ 11,273,485 39
Dominion Notes	16,181,480 25
	27,454,965 64
Balances due by Agents in the United Kingdom	\$ 2,082,538 49
Balances due by other Banks in foreign countries	4,718,352 03
Balance due by other Banks in Canada	28,645 40
Notes and Cheques on other Banks	10,092,360 90
	16,921,896 82
Call and Short Loans in Canada	8,779,459 47
Call and Short Loans in the United States ..	9,003,590 37
Government Bonds, Municipal, and other Securities	14,362,116 82
Deposit with the Dominion Government for security of Note circulation	707,000 00
	\$ 77,229,029 12
Other Current Loans and Discounts	163,753,559 28
Overdue Debts (loss fully provided for) ..	487,738 94
Real Estate (other than Bank Premises) ..	208,372 77
Mortgages	404,096 95
Bank Premises (including the balance unsold of certain premises acquired from the Eastern Townships Bank	4,423,993 07
Other Assets	64,499 61
	\$246,571,289 74

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager.

The motion for the adoption of the report was put and carried. By-laws increasing the number of Directors of the Bank to twenty-two and increasing the amount available for the remuneration of the Board of Directors were then passed. The usual resolutions expressing the thanks of the Shareholders to the President, Vice-President, and Directors, and also to the General Manager, Assistant General Manager, and other officers of the Bank were unanimously carried. Upon motion the meeting proceeded to elect Directors for the coming year, and then adjourned.

The scrutineers subsequently announced the following gentlemen to be elected as Directors for the coming year: Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., Hon. George A. Cox, John Hoskin, K.C., LL.D., J. W. Flavell, LL.D., A. Kingman, Hon. Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones, Hon. W. C. Edwards, Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., E. R. Wood, Sir John M. Gibson, K.C.M.G., K.C., LL.D., William McMaster, Robert Stuart, George F. Galt, Alexander Laird, William Farwell, D.C.L., Gardner Stevens, A. C. Flumerfelt, George G. Foster, K.C., Charles Colby, M.A., Ph.D., George W. Allan, H. J. Fuller, F. P. Jones.

At a meeting of the newly-elected Board of Directors held subsequently, Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., was elected President, and Mr. Z. A. Lash, K.C., LL.D., Vice-President.

Among the Music Makers

(Concluded from page 11.)

perfect. She can do a lullaby or a passage from grand opera with equal facility.

She seems somehow designed for the Crystal Palace with ten thousand before her and three thousand behind and an orchestra of a hundred and fifty, with a pipe-organ thrown in. All these things Clara Butt is able to do and to perform. And with it all—she is not temperamentally an artist.

There are many contraltos with half her voice and ten times her art. Clara Butt is not an interpreter. She is a divinely mechanical singer; the greatest in England; probably the greatest in the world. That is all.

AT the close of the Montreal Opera Company's twelve-week season in Montreal they will do a three-week season in Toronto. In that period the company will produce no less than eighteen distinct operas! This by no means exhausts the repertoire of the company—which for three seasons now has put Montreal in a class with New York as a producing centre for opera and Toronto on a par with what Boston was a few years ago.

The company for 1912-13 is at least a twenty-five per cent. better aggregation than that of the previous year; thanks much to the able generalship of Mr. Albert Jeannotte, as well as to the courageous financial backing of Col. Meighen and his associates. The repertoire has been extended. The singing cast has been strengthened in all sections. The balance between French and Italian opera has been ably maintained with, as last season, the tremendously able leadership of Signor Agide Jacchia as conductor of the Italian and Mr. Hasselmanns for the French works. The orchestra is even better than that of last year.

The opening bill at the Alexandra Theatre will be Massenet's "Herodiade," a work akin to but immensely superior in refinement to Strauss' "Salome." Jean Riddez will be Herod—in a big acting as well as singing role. The same composer's "Thais" will also be given—founded upon the famous novel of Anatole France, with Carmen Melis in the title role. Verdi's "Aida," by many considered his greatest opera, will prove a splendid companion piece to a fine performance of Charpentier's "Louise," with the title role taken by the woman whom the composer himself has declared to be the greatest of all Louises, the Canadian prima donna, Edvina. A double bill will be Massenet's "Jongleur de Notre Dame" and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," with the distinguished French tenor Conrad in the former. The first week will close with "Il Trovatore," in commemoration of the Verdi centenary.

Expressing Himself

EUGENE YSAYE, the great Belgian violinist, by most competent critics declared to be the greatest violinist in the world, plays in Canada this week after an absence of eight years. For several weeks now has been on an American tour. In New York he has been a renewed sensation—after such artists as Kreisler, Elman and Zimbalist have thrilled blase New York as never before.

Yet there was a time when Ysaye was a very unpopular figure in his own country, Belgium. When he was a young man he was dismissed from the Liege Conservatoire because he declined to work along the traditional lines laid down by the curriculum. He preferred his own methods. For some time, non persona grata with the musical elect, he played in dance halls and cafes.

Now, at the age of fifty-five, when he is no longer a student of mere technique, Ysaye stands as the giant of the violin. To use the language of a musician who knew him in Europe and went down to New York recently to hear him: "It is no longer the case of a man merely playing a violin. It is a master intellect and a vast human experience expressing itself absolutely by means of the violin. You are not conscious of the instrument; nor only of the composition which has been played by other men. You are conscious chiefly of the great master mind in a colossal music expression."

Canada Among the Nations

(Concluded from page 6.)

part and promotes the peace of the world.

Canada and Germany.

Canada has relations with Germany which ought to count for the good of both countries and for the progress of civilization. Hundreds of thousands of Canadian citizens are of German ancestry, many of them German by birth and education. Canada has no better citizens, none steadier or more progressive, than those whose ancestral loyalty was to the flags of the German States, and who still love the fatherland as truly as those of British breed love the moors and glens and purple hills of their motherland.

This German element in Canada's life and industry should be a bond of sympathy and of intelligent understanding between Canadians and the people of the German Empire. At this moment no better Imperial service can be rendered by Canadians than in deliberately, definitely and with resolute persistence establishing and making strong all good relations with Germany. There has been so much wild and wicked slandering of the German Emperor, representing him as a blood-and-fire war lord, despite the fact that since the death of King Edward he has been foremost among all rulers in counselling and in keeping the peace of the world, and there has been so much malicious and dangerous inciting of anti-German feeling in Canada and much more in Britain, that Canadians as citizens of the Empire are under obligation to rebuke the slanders and to tell the wholesome truth. It is one of the pities of our international politics that the Teuton blood—so strong in the Royal Families of both Britain and Germany, King and Kaiser being of common blood with the privilege of blood-relation frankness—it is one of the pities that this strong and wholesome Teuton blood in Germany and England, while thicker than water, is not able to silence the war-talkers and scaremongers on both sides. The Prime Minister of Canada can render no better service, either to Canada or to Britain, than by making Germany as well as France the place of friendly visitation when he moves abroad as peaceful spokesman for this Dominion.

Canada and the World.

Canada's blood relations with the greatest nations and races makes her place in the world unique, potential, and of commanding interest. The question is this: What will Canada do? For what will she stand? How will she behave herself when she comes to her own among the nations? Will her vote go for the disproved ideals of the world's past greatness, the international hate and strife and selfish greed that baptized the nations in blood, made history a record of international crime and prostituted diplomacy to chicanery and deceit? Or will Canada show the more excellent way?

Canada has the right to speak for peace and not for war. On this continent for a hundred years the peace has been kept, and along 4,000 miles of boundary the sun looks down on no yawning fort or menacing battleship. With these great boundary lakes as peaceful as mill ponds, Canadians have the right to ask of their brothers of the same blood in Britain and in Germany if the North Sea, swept free of all Dreadnoughts, should not be made the sphere of Teuton fellowship, rather than a wild and angry flood bearing the fleets of Armageddon.

Canada has lived at peace and has learned the worth of justice, the power of law and the true greatness of service. She has seen all the nations of history burdened with war debts and their manhood destroyed in war's incalculable slaughter. She has reckoned the cost, not in money alone, but in heroes who fell in war and in the unborn multitudes who died in the heroic dead. That price she shrinks to pay so long as reason and law and Christian civilization show the more excellent way.

Which way will Canada take? Before her at this hour opens on the one side the broad gate and the wide way through which the nations have gone in their madness and blindness and pagan folly to their own destruction. And there opens on the other side the straight

gate and the narrow way of national self-discipline and international civilization which leads to the brotherhood of men, based on law and justice and honour, and bound up in the Fatherhood of God.

Canada is now at the parting of the ways, as surely as she was in the decisive days before Confederation. The issue then was the winning for Canadians of responsible self-government. The choice was then between the only way known to history—a declaration of independence—and the new, untried way, the Canadian dream of national autonomy, retaining the historical British connection. Canada chose the new way. History has approved that choice. The British Empire as a world-alliance of free nations is history's justification of Canada's first great adventure toward nationhood.

The issue to-day is at bottom the same. The choice is between full national autonomy, in which Canada's standing in the Empire and among the nations in all matters of administration and of defence is that of a free nation, and its old alternative, the surrender of Canada's control for the sake of the revived but long discredited "jingo" ideal of Empire.

Surely Canada will not be recreant to her own past. Having blazed the way to nationality for herself and for all the other overseas dominions she will not now go back. Having won national self-government Canada will go forward in her own way until she has made her own distinctive Canadian contribution to the problem of democracy. It will be to Canada's dishonour if in the free air of this new country she does nothing original and effective to make government of the people, by the people, for the people something better than government of the people by the privileged for the few.

More than that. By standing uncompromised in her national independence within the British Empire, Canada not only helps to change the meaning of Empire from the old and doomed notion of "Imperium" to the new and enduring idea of "Alliance," but she also suggests by the success of the great world-alliance of the British Dominions the larger organization of all civilized nations upon a self-governing peace basis. Such an alliance would put war out of the question by exposing it as the useless, burdensome and disastrous folly which history proves it to be. And this new leadership can come to Canada, as came the first Imperial leadership, not by submerging her ideal of independent national autonomy in any Imperial compromise, but by making stronger her individuality, clearer her voice and more definite and distinctive her national opinion. If the cabal of jingoism succeeds Canadians may repent too late that for less than a mess of pottage they sold their incomparable birthright as a nation, their strategic position in the Empire, and their unique place of leadership in the world.

A Phase of Imperialism

(Continued from page 6.)

obvious. England and Hanover, England and Scotland obeyed the same king until the system failed. Now the one person will have to accept advice from five sets of responsible ministers, and when their opinions differ he will, according to his duty as a constitutional monarch, have to accept them all. The same confusion will extend to other departments maintained by five independent nations. Who will decide? Can one state be outvoted by the others? Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his speech on the naval policy, contended that foreign policy must be left with the British Foreign Office, and that divided control of it was not possible. He was right; such matters must be entrusted to some office. Where will the office of this Quintuple Alliance be? So far as we judge from the history of the American States, of the British North American colonies, of the Australian, New Zealand and South African States friendly co-operation results in confusion and bitterness.

The truth is, that if the British Em-



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pire is to be an efficient unit, it must have some form of common government. Are we, then, to sacrifice our autonomy? What happens in these cases is this. The States or partners come together freely and decide that up to a certain point they will each manage their own business, but that beyond that they will pool their interests. In one sense they are less free than they were before. Massachusetts, or Nova Scotia, or Victoria University is less free than before the United States, or Canada, or the University of Toronto included it. Yet in another and possibly larger sense they are all more free. They have wider opportunities, greater scope for their energies; and their individuality is not of necessity lost. Scotland is not less Scotch because it formed a union with a more populous state. The one thing to decide is, whether Canada has sufficient in common with the rest of the British Empire to make common government desirable. That common government still exists. Do Canadians wish to enter it and to fit themselves to carry it on? This is the question to answer. It can be answered freely, which is the only real autonomy required.

It is objected that under any such arrangement Canada will run the risk of being outvoted by Great Britain, and will thus find herself bound to measures of which she does not approve. At the worst the situation will be as good as the present, for where we have no voice in shaping foreign policy now, we have nothing to lose. The true explanation, however, is that we are being made a junior partner in a big firm, which our senior partner has hitherto managed. On paper we shall have the share of control which our population, or our wealth, i.e., our share in the business, gives us. In fact, we shall have just that degree of influence which our representatives, by reason of their ability and knowledge, are able to exert. States are not governed by the counting of heads. One good brain, from one part of the Empire, will balance fifty bad brains from another part. No one will deny that the Maritime Provinces have had a greater part in governing and educating federated Canada than their actual size would justify. They have produced the men. The same law will alter any legal or constitutional provisions regulating Imperial representation.

One actual difficulty remains. The Empire is not like a business house, in that it cannot be closed down for stock-taking and then reopened under the new firm of senior and junior partners. There are too many interests to be considered, too many peoples to be brought to an agreement, too many hostile agencies outside to be watched. A convention to devise a federal constitution for the Empire may be desirable or not. In any case it is not likely to assemble soon. For that reason constitutional arrangements of a tentative and imperfect kind have to be undertaken. They preserve the structure, but do not remodel it. To many the appointment of a Canadian Minister to London seems to be trifling with the real issue. The truth is that a strong man will exercise great influence, and will anticipate changes in the constitutional machinery. The final terms of partnership will be arrived at when all parties, and especially Canadians, have had more experience and training.

Weathercocks.

One can't expect a man to tell,
Permit me to explain,
Which way the wind blows just because
He is a little vain.

The Retort Impolite.—"This reminds me," said a young man, as his companion at dinner passed him the celery, "of how a young lady got even with me at dinner at her home the other evening. Jest and jibes had been passed about good-naturedly. I was enjoying a bit of good, crisp celery. The young lady turned to me and said, 'I hope you are enjoying your dinner. Anyway, it's so good to hear you eat.'"

Horrible Thought!—Mrs. Johnson—"If you must send a trained nurse for my bachelor uncle, send a homely one."

Doctor—"Impossible, madam! I would do it if I could, but all the homely ones have starved to death."

Two Prize Competitions

The Canadian Courier offers two cash prizes for essay competitions which will close March 1st.



\$25 Cash Prize

for the best thousand word essay on the subject, "Canada's Most Profitable Manufacturing Industry."

Some industries have a high capitalization and pay very little wages. Others have a small capitalization and pay a large sum annually in wages. Some manufacture raw products grown in this country, and others raw products bought abroad. What industry is most suited to this country as regards raw product, capital required and wages paid?

All the information required will be found in Bulletin I., Census 1911, published by The Census Department at Ottawa. A copy can be secured by writing Mr. Archibald Blue, Chief Statistician, Department Trade and Commerce, Ottawa.



\$20 Cash Prize

For the best thousand word essay on the subject "Canada's Greatest Manufacturing City." Here population must be considered. The greatest manufacturing city is the one which will produce the highest value of products and pays the largest amount in wages according to population. Toronto and Montreal, tested in this way, are not the greatest manufacturing cities in this country. They are simply the largest.

This competition will also close on March 1st.

All the information necessary for such an article will be found in Bulletin I., Census 1911. Drop a post card to Mr. Archibald Blue, Department of Trade and Commerce, Ottawa, and a copy will be sent you.

The Editor's judgment will be final and the decision will be announced in the Canadian Courier of March 19th. If several good essays are received in either competitions, second and third prizes may be awarded. Unsuccessful essays will be returned if stamps are enclosed for that purpose.

**Canadian Courier,
Toronto.**

Dr. Aram Kalfian

(Continued from page 18.)

stopped at Strasburg, and the French couple, hastily collecting their belongings, got out. By a stroke of luck no one else entered the compartment, as the train glided out of the station, Ted Alston sank back in his corner with a fervent "Heaven be praised!" which brought a smile to his companion's face. "Are all your countrymen as gallant as you, my young friend?" he asked, with a sneer.

"I really don't know," replied the latter rather irritably, for he inwardly resented being addressed as "My young friend," by a man whom he knew to be a shady, foreign adventurer. "I don't think," he continued stiffly, "it much matters what a man's nationality is where women are concerned: if you are not an absolute brute, you have to treat them with a certain amount of consideration."

"Then I am of the 'absolute brute' species," remarked the Doctor cynically; "if a woman is pretty and desirable, I understand that one might perhaps inconvenience one's self a little for her sake—it is part of the game which is everlastingly being played out between the two sexes; but when she is old and ugly, she should be taught to be humble and keep herself in the background."

Kalfian's views on women did not interest Ted, who mentally acquiesced in his neighbour's ironical self-classification; and not wishing to be drawn into an argument on the subject, he contented himself with a slight elevation of shoulders and eyebrows. Then, giving a prodigious yawn, and stretching his cramped limbs with a little sigh of satisfaction, he sank back in his corner and ostentatiously closed his eyes.

The demon of unrest which had previously martyred him seemed now to have taken possession of his companion, who during the next hour shifted his position upon an average every two seconds, occasionally muttering a foreign oath under his breath. At last, rising to his feet, he bent forward, and, in his turn, attentively studied his neighbour's face. Acutely conscious of his scrutiny, Ted managed by a strong effort of will to retain the half-parted lips and regular breathing of a sleeper, inwardly chuckling as he heard the other murmur:

"Fast enough now, anyway."

The young man could scarcely credit his good luck when immediately after this he heard Kalfian move down the corridor. For a second he kept his position unchanged, fearing it might be a ruse to discover if he were really asleep, then cautiously hazarded a glance round the corner; his companion was out of sight. With a bound Ted was upon his feet; a wild elation surged within him as he tore out the box from under the opposite seat, replaced it with the one provided by his uncle, and covered the stolen property carefully with his rug; then sank back again into his former position.

In a very short space of time Kalfian re-entered the carriage; he paused again, thoughtfully looking down at the young man; and the latter felt a cold sweat break out upon his forehead, as if Death himself had touched him with icy fingers. It seemed to Ted, that strive as he might against it, his face must inevitably betray him, and that the mad beating of his pulses must be audible.

Kalfian, however, saw nothing, suspected nothing; as he took his seat, he assured himself, by a backward movement of one foot, of the presence of the object he had previously placed there; but the precaution was a purely instinctive one. During the remainder of what is always a wearisome journey, the two men chatted together at intervals in friendly fashion: the Doctor, indeed, seemed to have taken rather a fancy to his young companion. They had their meals together, and Ted Alston, it is hardly needful to say, was particularly careful that Kalfian should never have the chance afforded him of being for a moment alone in the carriage.

They were due at Vienna at 5.50 p.m., and shortly before their arrival the Doctor, drawing a piece of chalk from his pocket, scrawled a hieroglyph across one side of the mysterious black-

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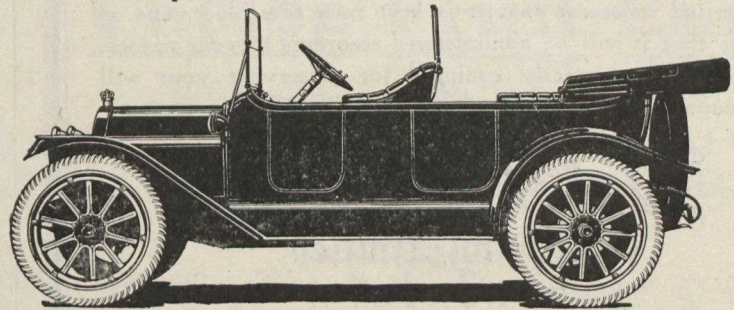
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japanned box, which he had previously dragged out into the open.

"An old traveller's trick," he remarked with a sardonic grin as he saw that he was observed, "it is not necessary for the Custom House officials to know the contents of that little box."

For rejoinder Ted contented himself with an interrogative, "Oh, indeed!" but he felt a creepy sensation in the roots of his hair as if it were slowly rising. How was it, he asked himself that neither Dick nor he had thought of the difficulty of the Custom House?"

"How many cigars do you think it would hold?" asked Kalfian, carelessly. "Some hundreds, I should say, if closely packed," answered the other. "Do you really think," he added hurriedly, "that you will get through without inspection?" The question had, as may be imagined, considerable interest for him.

"I am certain I shall," was the confident reply; "I have done the trick often before; it's as easy as lying! You pass into the Customs holding the chalked side towards you, circle round at the back of the crowd, apparently looking over their heads for your larger luggage; you waste time thus until several pieces have been marked by the officials, then twist your box round and pass out by the opposite door, ostentatiously displaying the cabalistic signs."

"Good wrinkle, that," remarked Ted. "I will remember it. But what about your other luggage?"

"Oh, I leave my man to look after that," said Kalfian carelessly. "Here he comes."

Drawing his bunch of keys from his pocket, he put them into the hands of a short, dark, shabby-looking individual, who had passed along the corridor to their compartment; and also piled into the latter's arms all his small impedimenta with the exception of the precious black box, which he took in his own hand.

With something of trepidation, and more of devout thankfulness at having succeeded so far in out-manoeuvring the enemy, Ted stood for a second watching his late companion push his way through the crowd side by side with the little dark man, who was talking and gesticulating eagerly—then, as they passed out of sight, turned back to look for Dick.

His heart swelled high with pity and with triumph as he saw the latter's white, lined face, and met his glance of agonized inquiry.

Young Emberson reeled like a drunken man as a muttered "Thank God!" fell from his pallid lips. The relief, coming after so many hours of tortured suspense—of forced inaction—was almost too much for him.

Quickly recovering himself, however, he said hurriedly:

"We must return by different routes. Unfortunately I came face to face with his servant just now; he will report my presence to his master. There is a train starts from here at 10.10. Take a ticket to Munich, but get out at Salzburg, and wait there for the express. When you arrive in London, put up at Charing Cross Hotel. I will follow as soon as possible."

He cast an anxious glance along the platform, and a smothered groan fell from his lips. "By heaven, he's coming back!" he ejaculated.

"What, the master?" asked Ted, with evident trepidation.

"No, the man; he has evidently reported my presence, and has been sent back to shadow me. Fall back, I will draw him off."

"But, Dick!" expostulated young Alston, to whom the idea of leaving his friend in such dangerous proximity was eminently distasteful.

"For God's sake, don't argue, but do as I say!" was the fierce command, which the other had no alternative but to obey.

Hanging back and turning a deaf ear to passing porters (who, seeing in him, as they thought, a specimen of the inexperienced and helpless traveller, plied him with questions and admonitions); he watched with wistful eyes his impetuous friend stride forward in the direction of the rapidly advancing servant: the latter was looking about on all sides in evident search. The two men came to a sudden halt, face to face; they stood for a few seconds conversing; and then, to Ted's amazement and alarm, they walked off side by side.

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CHAPTER XV.

A Murderous Attack.

WHEN Dick Emberson, in pursuance of his plan of covering his friend's retreat by drawing off the enemy (or rather the enemy's scout), placed himself with grim, determined face right in the path of Aram Kalfian's servant and spy—the very man who on a previous occasion had tried to rob him, he had no preconceived plan of action, beyond the fixed resolve that the latter should not be allowed to interfere in any way with young Alston's movements.

To his astonishment, Tigram touched his cap politely, exclaiming in his broken English:

"Ah, I was looking for mister. I recognize him just now."

"The recognition was mutual—quite a pleasant surprise," remarked Dick ironically. "Perhaps you will scarcely be surprised to hear I was looking for you also, not to speak of your precious master?"

"Dat is good."

"Oh, is it? So glad you are pleased!" was the dry retort.

Dick at this juncture turned and walked slowly down the platform—Tigram keeping pace with him. "And what, may I ask," continued the young man, "was your particular business with me?"

"My master—he wish ver' much to see you."

"The devil he does!" ejaculated Dick. "And," continued Tigram, in his old, spluttering speech, "'e bid me say, 'e much sorry to have missed you in London, and would be ver' much obleeged if you would be so ver' good as to pay him little vjst at 'is hotel—den 'e will explain."

"Your master only anticipates my wishes," replied Dick, secretly wondering what trick this polite invitation cloaked; but thinking it wiser to affect, at all events, a readiness to comply with it. "Where does he put up?"

The man mentioned the name of a hotel; but as young Emberson had never been in Vienna before it conveyed little or nothing to him.

"I can show, mister, the way now if 'e like; it ver' good 'otel; mister, 'e will be just in time for dinner," insinuated Tigram, with his head on one side and a would-be ingratiating leer.

"Will you walk into my parlour, said the spider to the fly?" murmured Dick under his breath.

"What you say? I not quite catch—I not understand de English ver' well."

"I said that I might just see my bag through the Customs," replied the young man, giving the light Gladstone he carried a careless swing; and then I shall be glad to avail myself of your kind offices."

"Mister—not know dis fine city?"

"No, I have never been here before."

The announcement evidently afforded Tigram much gratification, for he grinned from ear to ear.

A few minutes later the strangely assorted couple passed out of the station together.

"Is it far, this hotel at which your master is staying?" inquired Dick, pausing on the threshold, and dubiously surveying the various vehicles drawn up, whose owners at once, like a pack of hounds, broke into a yelling, excited chorus of invitation for him to mount into their particular conveyance. The prospect of being shut up in one with his present companion, whom he profoundly mistrusted, was distinctly unpleasant to him.

"No, no; not far—ver' leetle way; we go on foot quite easily."

"All right, go on then!"

Needless to say, young Emberson had not the slightest intention of paying a visit to Aram Kalfian, or of putting up in that gentleman's hotel. His adversary was evidently playing a deep game; one which he personally was unable to fathom. It behooved him, then, to step warily. Yet, if he betrayed any reluctance to meet the man he had up till now been hotly pursuing, he would immediately arouse the latter's suspicions, and bring about, perhaps, the very danger he would avoid—premature discovery of the exchange made. His aim was to gain time. It would be easy enough, he told himself, when they had arrived at their destination to make some excuse for deferring the interview for, say, a couple of hours. He would have some

dinner in a private room, and then slip quietly away.

Thus mentally arranging his plan of campaign, he tramped along without holding any further speech with the man who slouched by his side. The latter's shifty eyes flashed furtively now right, now left; now, with head held low, obliquely up into his companion's face, only to be sharply averted again as if their owner feared to be caught in the act of observation.

They had traversed some considerable distance in this way, for Tigram walked like one in haste, and the other mechanically regulated his pace by him; gradually the streets they passed through had changed from fine, wide thoroughfares into narrow winding alleys, dirty and deserted except for a few children playing about—evidently one of the older and poorer quarters of the gay city. Dick Emberson, suddenly awakening to consciousness of the nature of the locality into which he had been brought, came to an abrupt halt.

"You are playing tricks," he said harshly. "Where have you brought me? There can be no respectable hotels in such a quarter! We must be miles away from the station, and you said it was quite close."

Tigram humped his back obsequiously, and gave an apologetic wave of the two hands, palms outwards.

"I am sorry, ver' sorry," he exclaimed cringingly. "I tink I take mister short cut, and I find myself in wrong turning."

"You'll find yourself in the wrong box, my friend, soon," interposed Dick, tureatingly.

"But it is right now—all right! I know; de hotel is just round de corner—one street—two street, we are dere."

"You may go alone then," said Dick resolutely. "I was a fool to trust myself so far with you. Tell your master I will wait upon him later in the day, that is, supposing him to be really at the address you have given me. And, if not—why, still, he need not fear but what I shall know how to find him. He will be clever if he gives me the slip a second time."

It did not occur to young Emberson that in thus playing a game of bluff he was seriously endangering his own safety, that by uttering threats he had not the least intention of carrying out, he was challenging not one single individual, but a whole circle of desperate men bound together by mutual aims, by mutual crimes, and, strongest link of all, by mutual fears. Himself fearless by nature, and possessing his full share of the national weakness of underrating his enemy, had he realized it, he probably would still have acted in the same fashion; his one idea being that he must give Alston time to escape by keeping up his role of avenging pursuer.

He was satisfied now, however, in his mind that when the inevitable hour of discovery came suspicion would fall on him, and not on his friend; and that sufficed him. He would no longer affect to be the dupe of this shabby scoundrel, he said to himself contemptuously, who, it was pretty certain, had been sent to lure him into danger of some description; he would retrace his steps until he came across some respectable pedestrians, who would direct him. The more he surveyed the locality in which he stood, the less he liked its aspect. "A cut-throat sort of a hole!" he mentally stigmatized it, and fixing his gaze searchingly upon his companion, he saw the obsequious grin gradually fade out of his face and a lurid light creep into his eyes, as he faced him, half-crouching, like a wild beast prepared to spring.

In a trice Dick had whipped out his revolver and covered him, saying grimly:

"I advise you to play no further tricks with me; you see, I am prepared for emergencies."

The sound of a footstep rapidly advancing in the distance caught the ears of both men at this juncture, causing them instinctively to turn their heads that way. Dick hopefully—Tigram with a snarl closely resembling that of the aforesaid wild beast when disappointed of his prey.

Seeing a tall, well dressed man advancing in their direction, Emberson, forgetful of caution, turned to meet him. As he did so, quick as lightning a knife flashed in the air; swiftly and sharply Tigram struck downwards, and with a smothered groan Dick fell forward upon his face.

(To be continued.)

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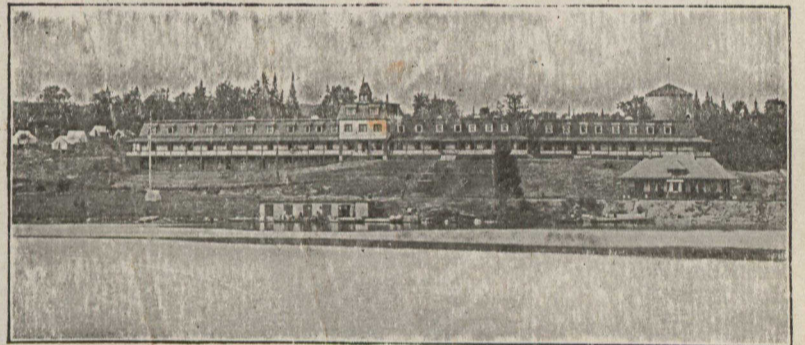
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