

# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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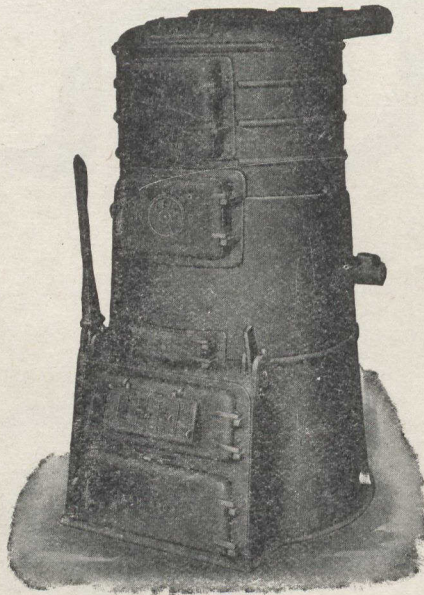
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Sat., Aug. 9th.	Royal Edward.	Sat., Oct. 4th.
Sat., Aug. 23rd.	Royal George.	Sat., Oct. 18th.
Sat., Sept. 6th.	Royal Edward.	Sat., Nov. 1st.
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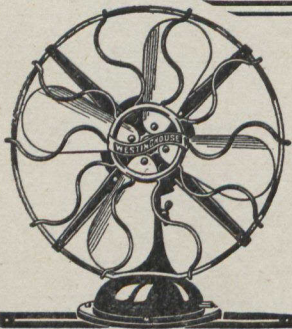
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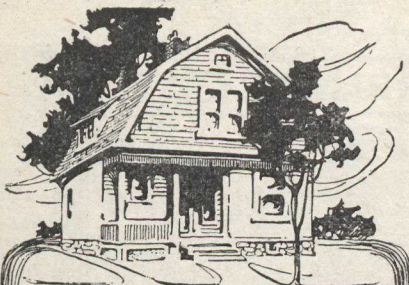
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*LAURENTIC " Aug. 2nd	CANADA " " 9th
*MEGANTIC - " " 16th	TEUTONIC - " " 23rd
*LAURENTIC " " 30th	CANADA - " Sept. 6th
*MEGANTIC - " " 13th	

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Courier**

A National Weekly

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

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TORONTO

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TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

**CHAMPAGNE**

## In Lighter Vein

**Bible and Horse-Docking.**—Lady Edward Churchill, addressing a meeting at Willesden, said that she had been reading some essays by school children on docking horses' tails, and in one of them a child had written:—

It is wrong to dock horses' tails, for the Bible tells us that what God hath joined together let no man cut asunder.

**What's the Use?**—"Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography."

"No mum; I heard pa say the map of the world was changing every day an' I thought I'd wait a few years, till things got settled."—*Brooklyn Life.*

**One Little Thing Out.**—A man, who had bought one of John H. Twachtman's landscapes, wished his opinion on the hanging of the picture. Mr. Twachtman expressed his approval of the background, the height at which the canvas was hung, and the light. "Indeed," he said, "there is only one change to make." "What is that?" inquired his host solicitously. "Why," said the artist, "I should hang it the other side up. I always have."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

**Asking a Favour.**—"Can I believe my eyes!" exclaimed Mr. Timkins as he confronted the burglar. Mr. Timkins had been sent down in the middle of the night to investigate a strange noise, which proved to be the family silver in process of packing up.

The burglar reached for his gun, but Mr. Timkins grabbed the hand instead.

"Don't," he said, giving the hand a cordial shake, "you don't know how much I'm interested in you. Stay awhile. I want you to meet Mrs. Timkins."

"While you're calling a cop! Not on your life!" retorted the burglar.

"No," said Mr. Timkins. "I just want you to stay while I call my wife. She's heard you at work every night for twenty years, and this is the first chance she's ever had to see you."—*New York Evening Post.*

**Torture.**—"Camp Life for Jersey Convicts."—*Headline.*

"Doesn't this come under the head of cruel and unusual punishment?"—*New York Sun.*

We discovered in the Canadian Soo a more glaring example of the c. and u. The town band performs on the lawn in front of the jail.—*Chicago Tribune.*

### Her Figure.

"HE fell in love with her figure." No wonder, for she was a peach.

He shook at the thought of proposing—

She seemed so far out of reach.

"He fell in love with her figure."

She was constantly in his thoughts. No wonder he loved her so madly—

Her figure was one and six naughts!  
—Joe Cone, in *Judge.*

**Its Deepest Meaning.**—"What does auto suggestion mean?" asked Binks.

"That's when your wife begins to figure out how much you would save in car fare if you had your own machine," replied Jinks.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

**Cautious.**—A negro woman Savannah was preparing to get married. For four weeks before the ceremony she saved her wages and immediately after the wedding she hunted up her mistress and asked her to take charge of the fund.

"I'll take it, of course," said the puzzled woman, "but, Mandy, won't you need money to spend on your honeymoon?"

"Miss May," said the bride, "does you think I'se goin' to trust myself wid a strange niggah an' all dat money on me?"—*Jones' Magazine.*

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September 13, 1913

No. 15

# Edward Scott Busby

*The Man Who Cleaned Up the Customs Crooks in the Yukon*

By HENRY T. WOODSIDE

OVER average height, but of indifferent health, his thin, active form does not cast much of a physical shadow. But a clear working brain has more than once cast a portentous shadow, before which fear and misgiving possessed the hearts of crooks in Skaguay, whiskey runners over the Passes, and haughty customs evaders in the Klondike country.

A master in strategy and tactics, he has the instinct of sensing the approaching struggle, and his plans are laid far in advance. It is this little habit of his which has caused both the railway magnate cursing in his office at Dawson, and the appointed leader of a bad political combination, to recoil in defeat before his trenches.

The general manager (from Chicago) of the rich railway and steamship corporation, mistook his habitual and quiet politeness for fear and deference; and he made some unprintable and extended remarks about Canada and her customs officials. After he had finished, and the pair of grey eyes into which he looked had changed from a quiet earnestness into the character of two blazing searchlights, the railwayman learned more of the customs laws and the laws of politeness, delivered in pure, red-hot English, than in all his previous years.

When he had regained his breath and hat, and was clear of the place, he went down to the company's local offices, and his suggestions to the agent there, whom he blamed for egging him to "go up and talk to that man," were such that the woman stenographer fled from the office with her hands to her eyes, while the trembling agent and the office furniture received the benefit of some hard knocks.

That general manager is dead now, but he was a man, for he went back to the customs house next day and apologized like a gentleman.

EDWARD SCOTT BUSBY was born in Southampton, Bruce County, Ont., on the 12th June, 1863. His father was a well-known local resident, Major William Adams Busby, who, after giving good service with his regiment throughout the Crimean siege, settled in the new village of Southampton, with his wife, Eliza Hartley.

The family, an old Northamptonshire one, contributed a goodly share of officers, who led their regiments or companies to victory, and sometimes to death, on such widely separated fields as Blenheim, Quebec, Bunker Hill and Inkerman.

When still a half-grown boy, the heroic blood of his ancestors prompted him to plunge into the river at Southampton, and at the peril of his life, rescue a drowning boy. In the struggle, a single spectator across the river kept calling to him, "Stay with it—stay with it!" But the heroic ended there, for when he had taken the sodden and half-strangled boy home, his reception differed from those on such occasions. After her anger had been partially vented on the boy for wetting his clothes, she turned on his rescuer and berated him for encouraging her boy to go in swimming, which was not so.

His next venture into the V. C. class (now the Carnegie class) was even worse rewarded. While stopping a runaway horse tearing down Poulet Street, in Owen Sound, dragging a buggy in which sat a pale and frightened woman, he received a ghastly wound in the side of his face. He still bears the outlines of the scar on his cheek where the shaft tore through, and the gap in his jaws, where good, white teeth grew, before his gallant and successful feat.

He was educated in Southampton public schools and in the Owen Sound business college.



"A master in strategy and tactics."

His first venture was in the auditor's office of the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee Ry., and was very successful, but was cut short by ill health, after rapid promotion. Later he was in business in Owen Sound, and in 1896 joined the customs staff. He was sent to Boston, Mass., to represent the Canadian customs service, for a couple of years. After that he went west on special business.

Early in 1899 he was selected for the difficult and dangerous position of Canadian customs officer, to facilitate the shipment of Canadian goods across the strip of disputed territory (now Alaska) into Yukon territory.

Here he showed his true mettle in doing great service to our trade with the gold country, which was then discriminated against, through U. S. influences, by the new White Pass Railway.

Skaguay not only contained the worst element found in western states mining camps; of black-legs, gamblers, thieves and murderers; but also harboured such of that brotherhood whose bad character led to their expulsion from Yukon by the Canadian Mounted Police. At first he was naturally anything but popular in such a community, as his work was in opposition to those of the business community of Skaguay and the U. S. coast cities. But in the end his personal bravery, straightforwardness and fair dealing, combined with never-failing urbanity, won him the high respect of the best elements of the place, such as it was.

He was the central and lone figure in a "flag incident" which is worthy of separate treatment, owing to its ending and his justification.

Among his latest activities in Skaguay (and during a visit of the writer in 1901, coming out of Dawson) was to give quiet but effective aid to the R. N. W. M. Police in breaking up what might have become in a few months' time a most dangerous organization, "The Order of the Midnight Sun." The object of its hundreds of members was to quietly assemble in various parts of the Yukon, and by a concerted effort, assisted by dissatisfied and alien residents, to overpower the Mounted Police, loot the banks and creeks in the Klondike, after the spring washup, and take the millions of dollars' worth of gold down the Yukon into Alaska, where it could be "cached" or distributed at ease.

In 1901 he was made inspector of Yukon, and in June, 1902, he was sent to Dawson, where customs affairs were in a very demoralized condition. He not only drastically cleaned the Augeans tables, but also forced payments of evaded customs dues to something like \$30,000, and permanently improved the collection of duties to the extent of several hundreds of thousands of dollars. From reliable sources the writer learned that in his pursuit of this duty he was at the outset offered over \$7,000 to allow matters to stand.

Had he accepted the bribes of whiskey-runners over the Passes, going up to over \$5,000 at times—for it was a rich trade; and of customs evaders in Dawson, he could have come out of Yukon a rich man, to take up the role of a leader in charitable work and a pillar in society.

IN Dawson he founded and was first president of a flourishing Canadian Club.

Besides administering his own department, with its large staff, he also did the work of the Inland Revenue, the Marine and Fisheries, Trade and Commerce (Chinese), Agricultural (quarantine), and any other department not directly represented at Dawson; for which he received little or no extra pay. He was in fact the most efficient, the hardest worked official in Yukon during his term there.

His wife, daughter of the late Henry Zinkan, with his four children, accompanied him in his northern labours. By a most pathetic incident, he lost, at Vancouver, a couple of years ago, his only daughter, just budding into a womanhood of gifted promise. Among the fairest memories the writer has of Skaguay over a decade ago is the picture of three manly brothers escorting along a rough side street, this beautiful little golden-haired maiden, who spent many of her early years amid the northern snows.

In 1906 he was transferred to Vancouver as inspector of Yukon, and of British Columbia ports, where he did such good work that in February, 1912, he was called to Ottawa by the new minister (Hon. Dr. Reid) and was made superintendent of inspection. A few months later he was advanced to the position of chief inspector of customs for Canada, having jurisdiction from Halifax to Vancouver and Dawson.

Active, tireless and methodical, he has already, under direction of the Minister and the Commissioner of Customs, installed a more efficient method of handling the work at the large ports, which has earned the approval of importing business men.

He has rejected flattering offers from across the line, where among business men who have had business relations with His Majesty's Canadian customs, Mr. Busby's talents and capacity for work are well known. His creed, while favouring Presbyterianism, is summed up in the terse Imperialism—Do your duty honestly, fear God and serve the King.

# Landing the Big 'Un on the Rideau

By C. P. G.

THE professor and I were in the Rideau to fish for those large mouths that reach unheard-of weights in those waters.

Now, my humble opinion is that the professor, who has fished these waters off and on for twenty years, is by long odds the best authority on bait, casting, and as from father to son the wonderful rod named after him is handed down, so will his name go down to posterity as a great fisherman.

The year before we, or rather I, had smashed some tackle over the big 'un, and got his brother beside the same old stump, so I had come back again to try conclusions.

I wanted first to fish the shoals to get my hand in before tackling the *piece de resistance*, but for several days it had blown so hard we could do nothing.

At length the morning arrived when weather conditions were ideal, so after fishing the shoals for a while, I rowed my boat out to the arm of Loon Lake, and after casting round for a little planted one right over the hole in the weeds near the stump, but there was no eager response, no flurry, and my spirits fell.

Had some one got him?

I fished that morning in a despondent frame of mind, while the professor was apparently very happy. I could hear him in his boat not a hundred yards away humming popular snatches from light opera. It dawned upon me that our difference in temperament might be accounted for by the difference in our baits, for the fish were not taking my spinners and they were his frogs.

We rested in the heat of the day and I read good Old Izaak Walton until I was in the proper fisherman's frame of mind, which I claim is reflective.

After reviewing the position generally, I decided to try a frog. Now, the professor's ways of using a frog are interesting and not as cruel as they look, because he first puts the frog out of misery by taking him by the legs and hitting his head on the side of the boat, then pinches him so that he will not float and hooks him on to this Stewart tackle.

Having carried out this part of the programme, I cast lightly, so that Mr. Frog came down in that hole in the weeds close to the stump. I let him sink quietly down. The big bass rejoicing, with one eye closed, digesting two fine minnows, was in a very happy and contented frame of mind, until there dived right in front of him a beautiful green frog; he must have taken a header off the old stump above. One swift dart and ping! I hit him as hard as a stiff rod and a Kingfisher line would permit, a good ten pound blow to dig in the hooks. Hooks well in, you are pretty safe, but this was an old-timer and I wouldn't have believed the reserve power he had. I was bringing him in with long pulls on the rod, while the quad reel was taking the line without an atom of slack, when smash! He was off again on a run and the devil himself wouldn't hold him, and my line parted, cut itself right through at the swevel.

Now, that the professor had something on his mind was very plain to be seen the next morning.



Landing a Bass on the Rideau Along the New Line of the Canadian Northern Railway.

and it did not take me long to find out that the big 'un was not only on his mind, but on his nerves.

"I'm going to try that fish again," he said.

"I'm afraid that you will find that it's toothache drops he wants, not frogs, this morning," I replied.

It did not take the professor long to get on the ground, and he was casting round in a feverish kind of haste at different likely spots, finally coming to the stump.

He made a beautiful cast, but in some way got a backlash, a quick stripping of the reel, and he recovered just about the time his line was getting low enough to get into trouble in the logs on the bottom. As he began to reel in I saw him strike hard.

"A monster!" he jerked out, and certainly by the looks of things there was a fight going on all right.

It does not take the professor very long as a rule to bring the biggest of them to net, but there was no quick work this time.

Such a fight I never saw, and every minute I was afraid something would go, the hooks tear out, or the line cut, but finally he was landed and I heard the professor whistle.

"Come over here," he said. "Look at this." *There was my leader with one hook bedded in the lower jaw.*

"He's a mighty big one," says the professor, as he took the hooks out. "He'll go six pounds—and a quarter, he is thin for his size."

He hung him up on the scales. "Six pounds, five ounces," he said, picked up his stick to give the quietus, then paused.

"He ought to have weighed seven pounds," he said, and slipped him back into the water.

"No vehicle, other than that propelled by animal power, shall traverse the roads of Prince Edward Island."

Until this became law, there were some curious happenings on the Isle. One farmer was walking his team down the road, and with him was his mother-in-law. An automobile drove up, and the driver, knowing that the horses would probably shy at it, told the farmer to lead his team by, while the auto remained drawn up at the side of the road. "It isn't the horses," said the farmer, in a tone of deep disgust; "it's my mother-in-law I'm frightened of. She never saw one of them there machines before, and she's scared to pass it!"

Upon another occasion, an automobile broke down, and its driver, after spending the best part of an hour under the car, in the approved fashion, decided that there was nothing to be done but to tow the car home. So he went to a neighbouring farm-house, and asked the farmer to bring a team of horses and a strong chain. The farmer agreed—though with very great reluctance—and led his three horses down the lane to where the car was standing. As soon as the noble animals heard the purr of the car, as the owner cranked it up, number one fell down in a faint, number two started performing circus evolutions on his hind feet, and number three bolted.

But for the past two or three years there has been a growing feeling—even, in some cases, amongst the farmers—that the automobile having come to stay, had better be tolerated. Moreover, there were a few, a very few, motor enthusiasts in Charlottetown, and Summerside, the only two towns of note on the Island, and they made their voice heard. So, at the next election, the Conservatives, under the leadership of Hon. J. A. Matheson, championed the cause of the motorists, and were elected by a majority of 28 to 2.

H. S. E.

## Toronto and Co.

An Experiment in Metropolitan Areas

THE newest phase of the urban transportation problem is not, tubes, nor elevated railways—but the metropolitan area. This is a practical, modern scheme, outlined to the Toronto City Council by Ald. Morley Wickett, Chairman of the Transportation Committee of that body. He has made an extensive study of problems affecting the growth of a city and the necessary limitations to making a city bigger by mere annexation. The tendency in Canadian municipalities at present is to create alleged big cities by taking in suburbs. But a suburb cannot be transformed into an integral part of a city merely by a proclamation and a by-law. And when it is annexed the real difficulties arise in extending civic utilities to the new district, in adjusting taxation and working out civic government.

In the near neighbourhood of any big city like Toronto, Montreal or Winnipeg, is always a cluster of small towns, many of them as old as the city itself. The steam railway produced them. The radial railway and suburban traffic on the steam lines brought them into closer touch with the city, for markets and passenger traffic. On a basis of transportation many such towns as Richmond Hill, Aurora, Brampton and Markham are as much a part of Toronto as any of the newly-annexed suburbs. But on a basis of transportation only. The day may come when these outlying towns are part of a city resembling London or New York. Or the day may never come. In the meantime thousands of people for economic and other reasons prefer to live in the smaller town, while continuing to work in the city. This has been worked out considerably in the case of most large cities in Canada and the United States. Twenty miles is the extreme distance that a man can travel regularly to his work and back again in a day. Twenty miles is taken as the radius of the metropolitan area. In this area there is no immediate attempt at annexation. Existing governments are not disturbed. Taxation is not unduly increased to meet the cost of new utilities suitable to a huge city. The chief common bond is transportation. The communities in the metropolitan area represented by such a scheme as Toronto and Co. are left mainly as they were before the establishment of the area. The difference comes in the co-operative handling of such problems as lighting, telephones, radial railways, highways, sewage disposal and power. These problems are shared in common by all the towns tributary to the area and the city about which the area centres. It is to simplify and make more practically useful the utilities common to all the towns in the group that the metropolitan area has been outlined for the endorsement of the Toronto City Council.

## No Autos—By Request

THE other day in Toronto there was formed the Canadian Automobile Federation, which is an organization whose purpose it is to look after the interests of automobilists in Canada, where those interests cannot be safeguarded by the various provincial societies which at present exist. A meeting of delegates from all the provinces in Canada was held in Toronto, and at that meeting there came out some surprising information about automobiles and their owners in Prince Edward Island.

A few months ago, the Prince Edward Island Legislature legalized the presence of automobiles three days a week in Charlottetown and Summerside, on the Island. And thereby hangs a tale.

It appears that about eight years ago, when the automobile was not the swift, noiseless, comparatively odourless machine that it is these days, a large Pierce Arrow car made its appearance on the Island. It came from the state of Maine. Its owner was a big, brawny American, with the usual Yankee allowance of bonhomie, the average amount of deviltry, and a liking for joy-riding, which was unknown to the peaceful dwellers of Prince Edward Isle. The Yankee and his party came to Charlottetown, and soon became conscious that they were creating a sensation.

The Yankee went to the police station and asked

for a copy of the automobile regulations. The worthy inspector stared. "Automobile?" he queried. "What's an automobile, anyway?" His tone indicated that he was of the opinion that an automobile was to his questioner what Mrs. Harris was to Mrs. Gamp, whose description was to the point—"there ain't no sich person." On being informed that an automobile was a vehicle driven by gasoline, and that there was one standing down the lane, the inspector first gasped, and then calling his friends together, brought them to see this curious object.

The Yankee saw his opportunity. He went home and told his friends that he had found a place where the policemen cease from troubling, and the motorist is at rest. The consequence was that from the seaboard states, and from Montreal and Toronto, there came numerous motor-car fiends.

Now the people of P. E. I. experienced three sensations, and they were consecutive. First they were astonished, then they were tolerant, then they were wrathful. Prince Edward Island is inhabited very largely by farmers. The farmers kicked, and the Liberal party, which was in power, but whose majority was a majority of one, saw that to make themselves a certainty at the next election, they must take the anti-motor platform. They did. Subsequently they brought in a law which said that

# A Lost Fish and a Philosopher

*Being the Romance of Miss June Dayton and Charles Augustus Webbly, Ph.D.*

By A. E. McFARLANE

DR. CHARLES AUGUSTUS WEBBLY nervously blinked his little whitey-winkered eyes, and removed and polished his glasses. Then he hesitatingly clutched the stern of the canoe. Miss June Dayton, that most beautiful but breezy child of nature, stepped in and gaily dropped to her knees on the cushion in the bow.

He followed her in silence. And, for a man, especially a Cornard lecturer in philosophy, who intended to make a proposal within the hour—albeit the damsel had no first suspicion of that—it may seem a trifle astonishing that at that moment he was distinctly “put out.” But *why*—when it filled him with the qualmiest aversion to troll from *any* canoe, and from her tricky Peterboro, the *Diana*, in particular—*why* could she not have let him take one of the hotel row-boats for that last evening? It was such conduct as this which had too frequently made him doubt the wisdom of ever having let his affections settle upon her at all, and which, indeed, had made him keep his love wholly under a cloak as yet.

And when they reached the weed beds at Cedar Island Channel, she deliberately laid down her paddle and turned around. It congealed his marrow. But she took his protest as a joke. “Oh, they weren’t going to have the fun of a tip-out yet. And if they *did*, she was good enough swimmer to take care of both of them!”

Then, still smiling serenely, she took up her trolling-line, and caressingly twirled the small, corrugated, silver-gilt spoon. “This is the kind of ‘wash-board’ for the new woman,” she said; which remark was even more offensive than the last. For not only was it a jeer, symbolically speaking, at all Webbly felt to be most sacredly domestic, but it savoured insultingly, besides, of covert warning and defiance.

And already she was blighting her prospects with a third speech. “I know you must think I’m an awful kid not to be using a rod. Father says that as a sport I’m a Chicago shandygaff—half hard drink and half soft, you know—and I guess I just am.”

Yes, that refined observation was indubitably her father’s. Webbly had learned that summer just what amount of culture may be requisite for a railroad presidency. And out of the reach of such parental influence—once she had been made a just settlement—he would make it his future business to take and keep her. She would find the atmosphere *he* moved in somewhat different, he could promise that—if it were not folly on his part to hope, *now*, that she could ever grow into a dignity fitted for professional circles.

Yet with her fair countenance quite oblivious of all offense, she now beamed up at him, and now gave the paid-out line little encouraging jerks as if she were playing horse with it. “I’ll hold it for just at present,” she explained; “but if we get a strike, you’ve got to take it and have all the fun. Think of your being up here for two weeks, and never even *seeing* a real ‘lunge caught!’ And there’s nothing I’d love more than to see you get a big one!” Her whole large young loveliness, bathed in the glow of the setting sun, seemed to radiate the tender witchery of her feeling.

IN spite of himself the little man of philosophy kindled anew. He could not be blind, he felt, to the meaning of that look. Nay, had there not been times when, after he had spoken to them of the principles of Neo-Platonism or the *Kulturkampf*, he had felt her looking up to him from a depth of awe and respect that was almost reverence? For all her father’s coarse-grained flairs and flippancies, must he not confess that *she* at least had begun to understand what his rank and position represented? And with their marriage built on such a foundation, would he not find it easy to seem to overlook all her small detractions of speech and manner? Would she not hourly mold and form herself—

“Ee-ee!” Her creamy brown wrists suddenly jerked and stiffened, the line ran sawing along the gunwale of the canoe, and almost knocked Webbly’s paddle from his hands. Twenty-five yards behind him there was a “*whooff*,” and then a crack as sharp as a pistol shot; and it made him jump as if it had been one.

“Got him!” she cried, “and, oh, aunty, *isn’t* he a whopper, too!” For another ten seconds she watched the line with gleaming eyes and rigidly

parted lips. Then she ducked forward and thrust it into Webbly’s grasp.

“Now,” she bubbled ecstatically, “you’re going to have the time of your life!”

“Yes—yes, indeed.” He grinned like a cat, and was pale already. “Yes, indee—” He got a jerk which all but heaved him overboard.

“Oh, *say!*” she shrieked, “how did *that* feel? It’s mighty lucky for you I’d put my paddle in!”

Webbly gasped as if the waters had actually closed over him. Miss June swept the *Diana* around with a swashing roll, and the fish made furiously up the Channel.

And after that first rush it seemed to the little Doctor that the very piscine Satan must be at the end of that leaping line. The diabolical strength of the beast completely staggered him. No sooner had he, with burned and tingling fingers, got it steered away from the Sunken Meadow shore than it bored bewilderingly for bottom. Then it broke Lakewards; and before he could get his new bearings, it had turned a third time, and had dragged him around toward the Upper Channel again. He did not dare to free a hand to mop off the perspiration he could feel trickling from his nose and sopping hotly into his collar. He gasped and panted. The fish had caught *him*. And it jerked, pulley-hauled, tortured—did what it chose with him, and did it always like the most malignant of demons.

If any psychologist has as yet made a scientific study of “buck-fever,” he can, with much added profit, make another on the kind of paralyzing fright which a big game fish is sometimes able horribly to impart to its would-be taker. Nor need he go among tuna and tarpon to get his phenomena. After a quarter of an hour’s battle with a twenty-pound ‘lunge, an old “small-fish” sportsman has been known to cut his line and pull for shore. And the effect upon many women of such an experience has always been one of the big jokes among their masculine kin.

WEBBLY was in philosophy, not psychology. Nor could he have analyzed to identify his emotions, even had he had any desire to lock that nightmare in the scrap-book of his memory. But it seemed to him as if he were in a kind of twilight Gehenna, and he had got a noose about the leg of some frenzied wildcat or panther which sooner or later must inevitably turn and rend him. His spirit cried out again and again that if only *it* would let go, he would also, gladly, gladly! His heart alternately stopped and pounded on again at double speed, like an engine with the “governor” off. His unkeyed nerves had thrown a St. Vitus dance into the muscles of his hands and wrists. And though he tried desperately to keep his teeth set, his dragged moustache drew away from them spasmodically at every jerk.

The ‘lunge jumped a second time.

“Oh, isn’t he a size!” she shrieked again. But once more the canoe had all but turned turtle. Webbly’s heart now sickeningly coked his throat. His panic became ever more and more absolute. One outside thought alone remained to him, the fervent hope that he did not look the unmanned, shuddering pallor he felt upon himself.

But Miss Dayton had eyes only for the line. And every signal it sent up to her she was intent on answering instantly with the paddle. She veered off to port or starboard, now backed a length, now shot the *Diana* a dozen yards forward. And she did it with the same thrill and exhilaration as if she were invertedly flying some huge and gloriously rebellious kite!

For a moment between rushes the tension eased off. Webbly saw before him a minute’s respite. He lowered his quivering hands and took a long breath.

“Oh, you’re giving him slack, Doctor! You’ll lose him! You’ll lose him!” And once more he had to take up the horror of it. But now against *her* his tortures found their inward voice. It was *she* who had brought him into this position. It was *she* who had compelled him to grasp this live wire which there was no letting go of. *She* had encompassed his humiliation. But for *her* this damnable fish would not be tearing at the very chords of his being! Nay, now again it showed signs of being ready and willing to free him. He began to lower his hands once more.

But again and more mercilessly than ever, she

drove him back into that soul-searing Tartarus. His meager Vandyke worked frantically up and down with the wobbling of his nether lip. All the pride of his manhood was being taken from him. All his nobility of intellect was being made a mock of! But nothing whatever, no, not one iota, did *she* care for his torn and lacerated feelings, so long as she forced him to catch that—that—

And now a third time for one moment he thought the hateful brute was off; and yet once again hope began to stir trembling in him.

“Oh, Doctor, you *will* lose him!” She all but wept—but not for *him*! “Let me, let me take the line! You can catch the next one! I’d never forgive myself if I lost—” For the twentieth time the ‘lunge broke for the Upper Channel. She caught the line from his fingers, her shoulders and back stiffened for the tug-of-war, and her eyes shone and sparkled again with the joy of that hideous conflict.

Bah! Bah! Had she had even the faintest perception of the finer feelings, she could not have acted so! The first glimmerings of true womanliness would have told her how little delicacy she showed in carrying on the struggle, and doing it thus ostentatiously, when *he* had thought it judicious to abandon it. An Amazon? No, for she had not even the antique dignity of those detestable females! *She* would not only throw every shred of feminine propriety to the winds to land that fish, but beyond a doubt she would make it a matter for triumphing and exulting over him forever afterwards!

She was doing it already! “Whee!” she crowed, “this is just about the fiercest ever! This pretty near suits *me*! No wonder he had *you* scared cold!” She got a tremendous tug, broadside on. “Oo-oo! Look out! He almost had us that time!”

And they *did* ship a good pailful! In a semi-delirium of terror renewed and rage redoubled, he drove in his paddle, thrusting wildly and with all his strength. And he thrust the wrong way! Next moment they were over, and he was swallowing, gulp on gulp, of the lukewarm waters of Lake Scumong.

As he came up he gave a strangled gurgle, and caught at the bows of the wallowing Peterboro. He did not look for Miss Dayton. For she—she had boasted of it—she was fully capable of taking care of herself! He tried to climb up on the canoe, to throw his legs about it. But, most horrible of sensations, every moment he could feel it gradually, steadily sinking with him.

And then behind him went up a burst of somewhat choked, but still hilarious, full-throated laughter! For all the convulsive shuddering of his soul, he twisted his head around toward her. She was standing upright, and the water was hardly above her armpits! They were not in mid-channel, but on a weed-matted sandbar. And at their own time and pleasure they could wade in shore!

“Oh, *we’re* all right!” she cried, spluttering; “but old Daddy ‘Lunge has taken the chance to cut his sticks!” She was righting the canoe, and throwing the cushions and paddles back into it. And now, with the painter in one hand, and the trolling line dragging limply from the other, she started for the beach.

Her sailor blouse and skirt clung wrinkling about her like Burne-Jonesian draperies of a later date, and her hair streamed lankly into her eyes. When knee-deep she stopped and began to try and straighten herself. But she ended by going off into another peal of laughter. “*Say*, won’t they burble over us at the hotel! And this is the third time this summer that *I’ve* come home like this!”

HE drew himself up to his full height of misery. “I fear, my dear Miss Dayton, that I don’t quite grasp the joke in the situation.” He did not spare his emphasis. “*My* mind fails to see anything to laugh at in it whatever!”

“*Great Caesar!*” It was only an awed and husky murmur, but she started as if he had smitten her with one of the paddles. Yet, even so, it seemed to him that she had no real conception of the actual import of his words—of what he had left unsaid. And after the first moment, she was plainly not overwhelmed. She was merely a trifle amazed—“flabbergasted,” as she doubtless would have expressed it. And he could even imagine her secretly taking it for granted that he would be laughing at it *himself* a half hour later!

Twice on the way home she tried to get him to  
(Concluded on page 22.)

# A Summer Idyll

## In the Form of a Nymphian Monologue

By JAMES B. BELFORD

THE day had been fearfully hot, and as the shadows began to lengthen toward the east, the atmosphere became still more oppressive. I took my last copy of the *Courier* and wandered languidly down to the bank of the river, where I knew of a little cove, enshrouded with fern and willow. A clear spring gushed out of a crevice in the rocky bank, its waters tinkling pleasantly as they splashed on the stones below. The current of the river swirled in lazy circles around the curve. At long intervals an over-ambitious trout snapped at a half-submerged fly. Overhead the sky was a spotless blue, reflected back by the placid river. Selecting the softest and shadiest bank, I reclined at ease, dipping, here and there, with impartial interest into the editorial symposium, or the musings of the Monocled philosopher. The financial column, strangely enough, does not interest me, and I can work up but a very mild enthusiasm for the Woman's Page.

In a hazy and indistinct way I became conscious that I was no longer alone. No sound had broken the natural stillness, for the twitterings of the birds, the rippling of the river, are a part of the silence of Nature. They blend so intimately with leaf, and wave, and dappled shadow, as to form in unison the perfect calm.

But by some undeveloped sense I knew the presence of another spirit, and glancing up, I saw seated on a mossy rock which rose from the riverbed, under the shade of an overhanging elm, a shape which seemed gracefulness without corporeality, beauty, without that touch of the material which gives a hint of grossness to the most delightful human form. Airy and light, she perched, rather than rested, on her mossy throne, the tendrils un-bowed beneath her weight. A part of brook, and sky, and wind, and summer day, blood-kin of fern and tree, of fish and bird, like them she pleased the sense unknowing that she pleased. In the strange way I sensed her coming, I knew her now—the daughter of the River-God, the nymph of the stream. "Many times, O mortal, have these smiling waters been bound by the Ice-King, since last I spoke with one of your race. This elm tree, which towers above me now, was yet unsworn, and in its place an ash-tree grew. A mortal sat upon its curved root. One, not clad in garb fantastic such as you wear, but closely wrapped in blanket, an eagle's pinion in his jet-black hair. Motionless as this rock he sat there, his brow heavy with thought, and I knew his heart was sad within him. Through long ages I had seen his people come and go, swift hunters, fierce warriors, laughing maidens. They drank of my spring and passed on, generations of them, into the void of the unknown. And he, this old man, last of his race, Chief, whose warriors fought no more, brooded alone of the forgotten glories of his tribe. How many seasons had run their course since their decline began? The ash-tree was not, but a pine, stately and beautiful, reared its tufted head to heaven.

A STRANGER drank of the spring with the children of the land. A strange tongue echoed among my hills. He was the first, the augury of a new era. Step by step the forest crept back from the river banks. Strange sounds broke the silence that had rested unbroken since first the river ran. As the strangers increased, the people of the land decreased. Warriors no more, they pulled the oar, or stumbled under heavy burdens. The strangers, dominant, purposeful, pushed everywhere through the wilderness. New peoples, fairer of skin, came tramping from the South and on my banks they met the strangers from the North, and the waters of my river ran red to the sea. But most of all suffered the people of the land. They fell in battle, they died of disease, the strangers drove away the game and they perished of famine. They bartered the skins which made their wealth, the honour of their women, the manliness of their men, for poison from the strangers, which turned their blood to fire and their reason to foolishness. Always and ever they died, children and youths, strong men and aged, until none remained but he, who now springing erect flung off the enveloping blanket, took one long look at sky and stream, and with his fierce war-cry still throbbing through his native hills, found peace under the bosom of my river.

Men come and go, the trapper bowed beneath his pack, the voyageur, his oar flashing in the sun the lumber-men covering my river with logs and fouling

the clear stream from their mills. The farmer, guiding his patient team, and last, men in armies, stopping the channel with walls, harnessing my stream to drive wheel and shuttle.

And as the past tribes of men have gone on into the shadows of forgotten things, so, too, will these busy toilers of the present hour. Time sweeps, resistless, on his course, and men and nations matter not to him. The evil of our generation is avenged in another, and even the eternal balance is held even. Happy are we, who feel neither sorrow nor joy. The sons of men, despoilers of Nature, carry home in triumph their own destruction. So has it been ever, so will it be, while my river runs to the sea.

With a start I realized that I was alone. How the green-clad nymph had disappeared, I knew no more than how she had come. I had listened with rising indignation to her resume of the past. Live enough in a general way, perhaps. The Indians at one time did inhabit this country, I suppose. But if they have vanished surely it is not the fault of the present generation. The world must move, if you can't adapt yourself to its progress, so much the worse for you. And, of course, our civilization is an inestimable blessing compared with the Indian's barbarism. And that last touch—that hint that our generation might pass out and leave no mark. Preposterous—think of our telephones, which permit us to annoy one another from hundreds of

miles; think of our brand-new diseases and our brand-new serums; think of Bryan and grape-juice, Col. Hughes and root-beer—I am no river nymph, but I predict, confidently, that the first twenty years of the twentieth century will ever be remembered. Posterity will rise up and call us blessed. I ask you, could a generation that produced J. A. Macdonald, J. S. Willison and Billy McLean, in one city, ever be forgotten?

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EDITOR'S NOTE.—There is no obvious intention on the part of the writer to mix up editors and beverages. It is well known that the four editors whom he mentions are teetotallers. One edits a paper whose present intention is to abolish the bar, with due respect to the *Christian Guardian*. Another is editor of a paper whose staff are total abstainers, and also support Sir James Whitney in his attitude towards treating. The proprietor of the *World* has so much in common with William Jennings Bryan that he probably prefers grape juice to even root beer. It is a remarkable fact that more editors can be found in the world to-day favoring the total abolition of intoxicating liquor than there could be found drinking editors a generation ago. The times have changed. Editors and Indians change with them. And there is a good deal of an Indian about a really good editor. The difference is that the red man seems to be on the verge of gradual obliteration, while editors multiply faster than opinions. Besides, an Indian can be educated. But the school was never established that could educate a real live editor. Education will in time extinguish the Indian. Antipathy to being educated permits editors to go on multiplying. And there will probably never be a time when a writer of monologues will be able to record the degradation of this noble craft of men whose watchword is, "The pen is mightier than the bottle."

## Occasionalities

By J. W. BENGOUGH

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN'S retirement from the lecture platform will be a distinct loss to the lovers of apt illustrations, adequately handled. This coat story, however, was told, not in a lecture, but in a political speech.



Col. Bryan Tells the Coat Story to President Wilson.

Bryan was dealing with the Republican contention that "the tariff should be revised by its friends," and intimated his suspicion that selfish interests would be pretty sure to predominate all round the table at which the revisers sat; and then he told of the shop-keeper who happened to see a light-fingered customer help himself to a new coat. Furtively exchanging the garment for his old one, the thief made a hasty exit and started to run down the street. The shop-keeper followed and was joined by a policeman. Together they chased the fugitive, but deciding that he was too fleet-footed for them, the officer drew his revolver and shouted, "Stop or I'll shoot!" whereupon the merchant eagerly grabbed his arm and said, "Say, if you're going to shoot that feller, shoot him in the pants, 'cause I own the coat!"

TOO bad, don't you know! These common people of the working classes are becoming positively outrageous! Why, they are actually presuming to think, and they have the audacity to express what they call their thoughts! Here's a parcel of them meeting in some sort of a convention and discussing the subject of war. Really, don't you know, it's cheeky! The rascals say they simply won't fight; if we declare war, they vow they will go out on strike—coal miners, and all that sort of thing, so that our navies will be tied up for want of fuel. A beastly nuisance, I call it, to let such people learn to read; simply upsets society, that's what it does. I wonder what they think the lower orders were made for? Why, they have the impudence to suggest that we who make the wars do the fighting! Next thing we know they will want us to get off their backs altogether. What's worse, by Jove, they may take a notion to throw us off, some of these days. Oh, for the good old times!

But what's the use—the good old times have gone, what?

WE ought to have it settled as soon and as peaceably as possible which is to be our acknowledged and official national song—the "Maple Leaf Forever" or "O, Canada." The choice seems to be limited to these two, and though neither of them is entirely satisfactory as to words, both have caught on as to music. Of course we can keep them both for general use, just as our American neighbours have the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," but it ought to be decided which is really It, so that we may know which is to have precedence on strictly official patriotic occasions. With a view to heading off any possible general riot over the question I have devoted myself to the effort to make a compromise by amalgamating the words of both into a brand new song, the chorus of which runs—

O Canada, thy brow is bound  
With the Maple Leaf for ever;  
God save our King and heaven bless  
O Canada for ever!

This ought to be pretty satisfactory to those who are pleased with the poetry of the rival songs, but the trouble is that it involves discriminating in favour of the "Maple Leaf" music, which of course would not be fair. I am afraid I must give up the job, but something ought to be done about it.

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THERE is some political truth in the story of the man who dressed so shabbily that an intimate friend rebuked him. "You need a new suit of clothes, and you can afford to get it. You ought to do so—you really ought," said the adviser. "I know it," replied the shabby man; "I do need new clothes and I can afford to pay for 'em right enough, but I—I'm too ticklish to get measured." That must be why so many temperance voters fail to wear prohibition suits on election day.

A NEW YORK man in Toronto during the Exhibition remarked:

"Well, there are two things in this town that I think are certainly all right—whisky and policemen."

He was reminded that so long as he didn't take too much of the whisky, the police wouldn't be likely to bother him.

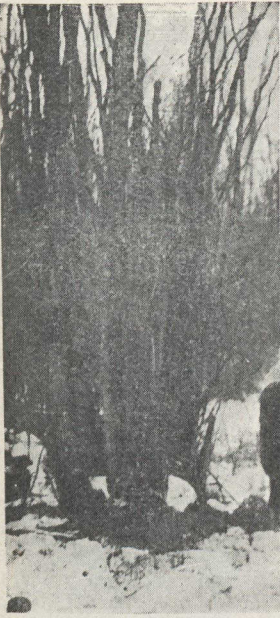
The compliment to the Toronto police is well deserved. There are no better police in America.



# Dark Corners in Manitoba

*A Problem For Common-Sense Reformers, Not For Party Politicians*

By A. VERNON THOMAS



Ruthenian Children in Manitoba on the Way Home From School.

**T**HE dark corners portrayed in Mr. Vernon Thomas' article and partially illustrated in the photographs have nothing to do with mere party politics. The conditions are such as concern the interests of the whole community. The article is the work of an impartial investigator. The cure for any such evils, whether in Manitoba or Saskatchewan or in Ontario, lies in the hands of the people altogether outside of politics.—Editor's Note.



Enterprising Ruthenian Settler With His Wife and Family, Mother-in-Law and Hired Man.

three settlements he visited, only 400 were at school at the time of his visit. These figures, of course, took no account of the large Slav population of Winnipeg and other Manitoba cities and towns, where compulsory education is unknown, as it is unknown throughout Manitoba.

Nor did the newspaperman visit all the foreign settlements of Manitoba. He estimated that throughout the province there were, at the time of his investigation, not less than 5,000 Slav children, future citizens of Canada, growing up not merely in ignorance of the English language, but of all common-school instruction. In the foreign rural settlements it was not so much a case of non-attendance as of an entire absence of schools. The newspaperman brought back abundant evidence to show that the Polish-Ruthenian settlements of Manitoba had been a matter of total unconcern to the English-speaking portion of the province.

Signs loom on the horizon, not only of Manitoba, but of the wide Dominion, that a different spirit towards the Slav immigrant is being forced upon us. I say "forced" because our opportunity voluntarily to treat these strangers with Christian decency has to a considerable extent slipped away. A different spirit is being forced upon us because the peril latent in such conditions as were found to obtain in Manitoba is too great for any modern community deliberately to nurse.

Again, it is being forced upon us because the number of Slav immigrants to Canada is constantly increasing at the expense of Scandinavian and other foreign immigration. Some figures published recently by the Dominion Department of the Interior illustrate this change rather startlingly. These figures showed that whereas in 1909-10 the immigration from Austria and Russia to Canada was 29 per cent. of the total foreign immigration to the Dominion, in 1910-11 it was 39 per cent., and in 1911-12 fifty-three per cent. Significant also, is the fact that the Canadian Pacific Railway has recently established a direct line of steamships between Austria and Canada. It is also announced that the steamers of the Austrian-American line will call at Canadian ports.

When the Slav peoples, the Poles, the Ruthenians, the Bukovinians, the Russians and many others began to arrive in Canada many of us, in our selfishness and shortsightedness, sent up an angry howl. This howl, while it was, of course, to a considerable

extent, prompted by political feeling, had, nevertheless, a pronounced vogue amongst Canadians. A section of the press referred bluntly to these immigrants as the scum of Europe, and used other similarly choice expressions to describe them. The public, in turn, considered that it had made a final analysis when it referred to the garlic-eating propensities of these people and to their comparative unfamiliarity with certain amenities of civilized life.

The advent of these immigrants revealed our imperfect sympathies. Like the Pious Editor in the Biglow Papers, we were prepared to "believe in freedom's cause, as far away as Paris is."

Time passed. The despised Slavs were discovered to be excellent wielders of the pick and shovel. We found it profitable and economical to set these strangers to work digging trenches for sewers and watermains, opening up streets, building railways and performing other tasks requiring physical strength and endurance. Within a decade of their arrival the despised Slavs had become in a very real sense the builders of Canada.

Canadians began to look less glum and the angry howls died down perceptibly. When, in due course, the Slav immigrants began to get on the voters' lists, press and politicians dropped the scum-of-Europe talk for good, changing it to the language of flattery and ingratiation. But the only real initiation into Canadian politics and public affairs vouchsafed to the Slav immigrants has been the whiskey bottle and the money bribe.

**T**HIS degrading conception of our duty to the foreign citizens has been applied with particular brutality in those country districts where they have formed thickly-settled communities. In the towns and cities, as for instance in Winnipeg, the foreign citizens have been able to send their children to the public schools. They have been able to form literary and dramatic societies, national choirs, etc., through which they have kept in touch with the culture of their homelands.



One of the "Good Roads" in the Polish-Ruthenian Settlements of Manitoba.



A Polish-Ruthenian-German Bilingual School in Manitoba, Whose Pupils Know Practically No English.



A Young Ruthenian and His Bride.

In the towns, too, the foreign citizens have been accessible to the few amongst the English-speaking population willing to give them a genuine welcome into Canadian life and thought.

In those back settlements, however, where the homestead regulations have permitted the foreign immigrants to form, as it were, clusters or hives, the picture is a very different one. It was in these settlements that the Manitoba newspaperman found but a small fraction of the children at school, and in any case only schools enough to accommodate half of them.

The settlers in these districts are, for the most part, wretchedly poor. The country is mainly bush, and besides having to make clearances for their farms, they find much of their land swampy and stony. English-speaking immigrants, having, as a rule, greater financial resources than the Slav settlers, refuse to look at these districts and pass on to the open prairie. In the few cases where English-speaking settlers had gone into these districts they packed up and got out when the foreign immigrants began to come in.

During the past ten years Polish-Ruthenian immigrants have densely populated a large part of the hinterland of Manitoba. They have crowded in so thickly that many of the homesteads have been subdivided into forty-acre farms, most of them supporting, or trying to support, large and increasing families. The majority of the male settlers are obliged during the summer to work in the towns and cities of Manitoba in order to eke out the meagre yield of their farms.

It is not pleasant to have to state that where emissaries of "civilization" have come in contact with these Slav settlers the contact has, in nine cases out of ten, been unfortunate, to use a euphemism, for the settlers. At the stores along the line of railway the Polish-Ruthenian customers, ignorant of English, of Canadian weights and measures, and

of the Canadian monetary system, have all too frequently been looked upon as "easy marks" and deliberately cheated. Instances have been found where the settlers actually had recourse to the expedient of purchasing their groceries item by item, as separate deals, in order to avoid being plundered.

Time and again the well-dressed wood-buyer from Winnipeg has given these settlers fifty cents and less a cord for wood hauled many miles over rough forest trails and through stretches of swamp. In Winnipeg, but sixty miles away, the same wood was selling for five and six dollars a cord. Roads, it may be mentioned in passing, there are practically none in these Slav settlements. They are promised profusely at election times, but with the government candidate returned and the whiskey bills paid for, the plight of the settlers is regularly forgotten.

INTO the Slav settlements of Manitoba it has been impossible to get English-speaking teachers to go. The conditions are obviously such as to preclude the possibility of employing girl teachers there. The consequence has been that Polish-Ruthenian bilingual teachers, speaking English imperfectly and trained under a makeshift plan, inaugurated by the government, are the only pedagogues these settlements know. As a class these bilingual teachers have worked faithfully. They have, with all their shortcomings, saved the Slav settlements of Manitoba from total educational darkness.

What of the church? someone asks. Chiefly bickerings and strife! is the uninspiring answer. There are few resident clergy in the settlements, the people being too poor to support them. The clergy who do penetrate into the settlements are intermittent visitors from Winnipeg and even further afield. It would be extreme, perhaps, to say that the church has done no socializing or civilizing work in these settlements, but it is certainly

true that it divides these unfortunate people more than it unites them.

Racial and religious animosities from the old lands of Europe are resurrected in these hinterlands of Manitoba and around, and even inside the rough church buildings deeds of violence have frequently taken place. The Roman Catholics and the Greek Catholics have each a certain following amongst these Slav settlers, though neither church appears to have a close hold upon them. A Protestant church, organized amongst these people by the Presbyterians, also seems to have a struggling existence.

Speaking generally, the Slav settlers of Manitoba are characterized by much independence of spirit. Many of them call themselves Socialists, but they do this usually as a protest against the church and without having more than a vague idea as to what Socialism means.

Such in outline are the conditions obtaining in the rural Slav settlements of Manitoba, where there are living to-day a population of from 20,000 to 30,000 Poles, Ruthenians, Russians and other Slavs. Their numbers are rapidly increasing and Manitoba can no longer ignore the Macedonian cry which goes up from them. Through sheer merit these people have lived down contempt and derision. Indifference and neglect have also been tried and failed. On Manitoba's horizon there looms up now the uneducated child, the potential criminal. And the home-made criminals may be the worst.

The foreigner has turned. The despised garlic-eater fills the English-speaking Canadian with terror and dismay. Our chance comes once again. Shall we offer these sons and daughters of the Slav lands of Europe, these timid children of other skies, the open hand of genuine fellowship? Shall we honestly offer them our education, our culture, our heritage, the best we have, or shall we once again choose the niggard, churlish course?



## Have We Lost Our Independence?

"MONEY makes the mare go." It is wonderful how essential it is to every human enterprise to get money to go on with. This is not a joke—it is a novel idea to you, as you will see, if you will take a good look at it in bulk. The first problem of the fighting of the Balkan War, was money. They had the men, and they had the munitions, and they had a lot of food; but they could never have pushed through their campaign if they had not got money—from somebody. The whole difficulty in China is over money. Neither Government nor rebels can accomplish much without money. And it must be outside money—money loaned them by people they never saw and never expect to see. A large part of the Mexican problem has been money. If either side had had money enough, it could probably have got arms. Every last municipality in Canada wants money. Its citizens cannot pave their own streets or dig their own drains, without the consent of some fore-handed gentleman in England or Holland or elsewhere. We seem to have no way of doing anything without first borrowing money from a total stranger.

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DID it ever occur to you what an artificial state of affairs this is? The French peasant either doesn't care whether the Balkan mountaineer goes to war, or he wishes that he wouldn't; yet the French peasant gives his permission to the Balkan mountaineer to fight, or he couldn't fight. A thousand Canadians, living on the prairie, want a better road to connect them with the local post office. The natural thing would be for them to ask nobody's permission, but to go ahead and build the road. Yet that is the last thing they think of doing. They would regard it as impossible. What they do is to pay an agent to go over to Holland and ask a "mijnheer," who could hardly find their province on the map, to let them build their own road. And where does the Hollander get his authority? Out of his money-bags. He happens to have more capital than he can invest at home, so he loans it to us, and we go to work.

IT looks like an illusion as you peer into it. Here are Canadian municipalities actually going without modern conveniences which they greatly want, and which would make them richer individually if they had them, because they cannot borrow a certain amount of stored-up food and clothing and material from a European who cares not two straws for them; and all the while they have got the food and clothing and material right in their own town—or near it—and would only buy it with European money if they were lucky enough to float their loan. What magic prevents them from helping themselves to their own things? It is like the old story of the Irish famine. The Irish were starving with plenty of food in Ireland. The warm-hearted Irish in New York went to the trouble of loading a ship full of food and sending it across the Atlantic to the home country; but they could just as well have sent a cheque to buy the food which was already in Dublin, Cork and Belfast. A similar cheque could have come from the Dutch money-lender, had the Irish peasantry been able to borrow. But lacking the "open sesame" of a slip of paper, they starved in the midst of plenty.

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THAT is not the way that the primitive world did things. If a primitive community wanted a road, they went and built it. We are much more advanced—we do without the road. If a primitive community were starving with plenty of food within reach, they simply took it. We are better Christians—we starve. "Peace, sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by," is nothing to us who sit helpless in the toils of our intricate and complicated modern system of civilization, and do without the things we need because the electric-bell service has broken down and we cannot get our "order" through to the central office in the customary way. We are exactly like a guest in a big hotel, who sits thirsty in his expensive room because his telephone to the office will not work. If he were staying in a good old "dollar-a-day" house, he would simply trot down stairs to the pump.

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THERE is a lot of capital in Canada, which is nothing in the world but the product of past labour stored up. But we are not accustomed to

using it—that is all. Capital is cheaper in Europe because there is more of it and less for it to do; but there is nothing more silly than to see a municipality composed of comparatively wealthy men getting along without needed municipal improvements when they have lots of money in their pockets to pay for them. They have the stored-up labour at their command and could go ahead; but they prefer to expose their families to death from using a bad water supply, or to disease from an imperfect sewage system, or to untold inconvenience from wretched pavements—to say nothing of the wear and tear on their vehicles—to taking the unconventional course of employing their own capital. They could afford, indeed, to pay themselves a higher rate of interest much better than they can afford to wait.

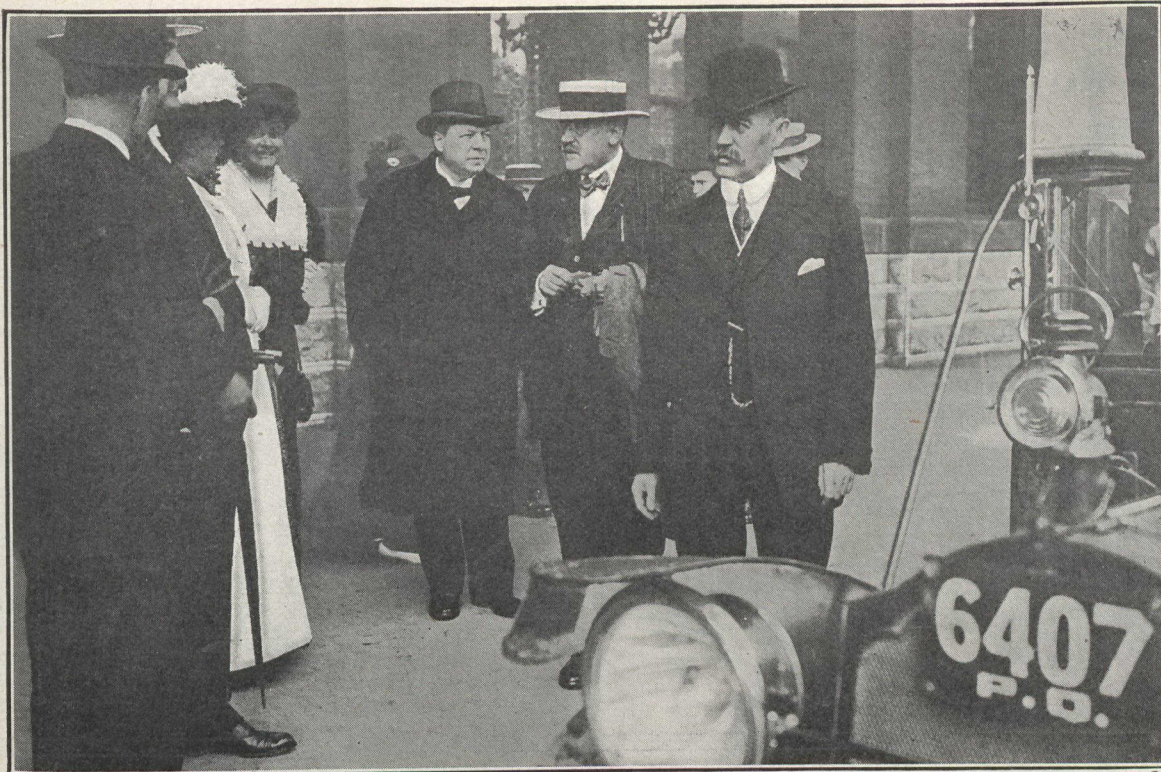
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THIS is not a criticism of our getting money in the cheapest market when we can get it. It is merely a protest against our acting as if cheap money were an absolutely necessary condition antecedent to our doing anything. I remember some years ago hearing of a young man who had built himself a fine house because he had been able—through some personal connections—to get the money in England at almost nominal interest. The result was that he could give his family a beautiful home while the rest of us—who were quite as well off as he was—felt compelled to keep our's in rented houses. I am satisfied now that we were simply under a paralyzing delusion. We were quite as able as he to build a home. He had to go into debt, which we could have done. All the advantage he had was a little lower rate of interest. We could have met the higher, at any rate, by borrowing a smaller sum. But none of us thought of doing it. That "easy money" from abroad looked like "found money" to us; and we had found no money. Great enterprises, of course, must go outside of the country for capital, be they willing to pay ever so much for it. But it is a little cowardly and a lot foolish for us to halt our minor operations because the European money-lender has an attack of "cold feet."

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Great Music

THE West is no doubt a very musical country. There are more choral societies and brass bands and good amateur orchestras in the prairie provinces according to population than anywhere else in America. But the music that makes the most mirth on the prairies now for the greatest number of people is not in any band, orchestra or chorus. It is the diapason and vox humana of the threshing-machine, set in the key of Number One Hard.



Lord Haldane, in Montreal, Talking to Mr. Charles E. Butler, of Washington. To His Left, Miss Haldane and Mrs. Severence.

## Lord Haldane in Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THE Lord High Chancellor is a remarkable man. We knew he was remarkable before he came to Canada to deliver the opening address to the American Bar Association at Montreal. He is the first Lord High Chancellor that ever left the Great Seal behind him. As keeper of the Great Seal he is not allowed to quit England without special permission from the King. He can't take the Seal with him. All he could do in order that supreme executive acts of the British King, Lords and Commons might continue to be carried out in his absence was to place the Seal under commission. And the Seal is no bauble. It is a solemn, indispensable fact. It is one of the few thousands of symbols and images that make it possible for England to govern about one quarter of the known world without a shred of a written constitution. And it dates back to the days of Lord Bacon; farther, clear back to Lord Wolsey and before that again—but that's far enough in these practical days.

Lord Haldane is as capable a Keeper of the Great Seal as ever wore a woollack. He belongs to the ages. The twentieth century has no hidden mysteries for him; and he would be as much at home with Lord Bacon in the days of Elizabeth or Wolsey under Henry the Eighth, when a king could have six wives and kill as many as he wanted to. If the Cardinal and the author of Bacon's Essays and Shakespeare's plays were alive, Lord Haldane would be quite capable of taking both of them to the Cheshire Cheese on Fleet St. and give them as good a time as Dr. Johnson ever did Oliver Goldsmith and David Garrick. He is mediaeval and modern England rolled into one rotundity of learning, ceremony and downright, democratic hard work. He would be as naive in shirtsleeves as "Big Bill Taft," and as impressive in a woollack as Lord Wolsey. Which, whatever G. K. Chesterton may think of the Lord High Chancellor, is one proof that he has some claim on merely personal merits to be considered a universally great man.

LORD HALDANE has never depended on his personality for eminence. He has done things. Of course he made himself an encyclopaedia of language and philosophy at Edinburgh and Göttingen, long before he cared a brass farthing for a public career. He has been lecturer in St. Andrew's University, Rector of Edinburgh and Chancellor of Bristol University; as academically profound as Balfour or Lord Wolsey or Lord Rosebery. These were mere intellectual pastimes. He was steeped in law from Justinian to Coleridge, with an uncanny knowledge of the subject—realizing that it was a great thing to be a lawyer, when several hundreds of Canadian little-wiggers regarded law as only a means to an end.

In 1885 he entered Parliament at the age of 29. From that until 1911 he was plain member for Had-dingtonshire—writing treatises and translations in his leisure moments. And when in 1911 he was



Lord Strathcona, Age 93, Arriving at the Grand Trunk Station



Sir Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie, Secretary to Lord Haldane, and Mrs. Severence.

suddenly shot into the office of Secretary of State for War—he knew as much about war as a blind horse knows about astronomy. It was then that Mr. Haldane really began to emerge as a great man. He was made Viscount of Cloan, but that again was a mere episode. He was busy mastering the art and the science of war. He had a vast programme of reform to carry out. He had a whole cosmos of new details to master, and he did it with the chuckling zest of a boy at a new game. When Lord Haldane got through with his reforms the army was a different machine from what it was in the days of the Boer War. When Lord Haldane visited the Kaiser in Berlin, all Europe wanted to see what this dynamic fat man would have to say that Winston Churchill wanted to hear.

And when he became Lord High Chancellor in succession to Lord Loreburn he pigeon-holed all his knowledge of war and took up with the law again. When he started for America he made up his mind that no New York reporters ever should worry any copy out of him; which also Mr. Bryce and Lord Morley had said before him—but the reporters got him, nevertheless, and by the time he got to Montreal the papers were full of Haldane.

HIS address at the American Bar Association was the profoundest delivered in this country since the days of Hon. Edward Blake. With him on the platform were many eminent legal lights, ex-President Taft, Premier Borden, Hon. Charles D. Kellogg, President of the American Bar Association, and Chief Justice White, of the United States Supreme Court. He was the biggest oracle of the lot. His speech was amazingly formal. It dealt with law and lawyers. The Chancellor emphasized the power of lawyers in creating and developing law; the influence of lawyers on the New World, where legal matters are supposed to be so transparently easy—when if he had been at the Privy Council session over the Hebert marriage case in Ottawa last summer, or at any of the sessions of Chief Justice Meredith's court at Osgoode Hall he would have known better. He quoted President Wilson anent lawyers who ought to be statesmen, when he seemed to forget that three-fourths of the members of the Canadian Parliament are lawyers and statesmen every one.

The rest of his address was an exposition of the "Sittlichkeit," which is the philosopher Fichte's term for the common sense of a community rising superior to mere law or the impulses of an individual or the spirit of a mob. This part was well worthy of Bacon and was surely much in advance of any theories of Lord Wolsey. The hundreds of lawyers and plain people at that congress had never heard anything so tremendously logical and intellectually satisfying.

He showed them all what the noble army of lawyers must do to preserve amity between Canada, Great Britain and the United States—by the "Sittlichkeit" of international community.

But there was one international complication which the Lord High Chancellor did absolutely nothing to clear up. There were thousands of people in Canada who would have been immensely relieved to know what Lord Haldane might suggest to do with one Thaw. He surely knew that Messrs. Greenshields and Aime Geoffrion and the Minister of Justice and the Minister of the Interior and the Province of Quebec and the sheriff and the plain man on the street were all at their wits end to know what to do about Thaw. But he ignored the whole matter. This is unfortunate.

And when it was all over the Lord High Chancellor got out of Montreal just as quickly as possible.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## A "Toy-Sword" Militia

CANADA'S militia is efficient and popular, but it could be easily rendered otherwise. It could be made useless and abhorred by a most simple device—a device which is well known and has been well tried. Not only could the militia be rendered useless by this expedient, but the cadet corps which Hon. Sam Hughes has brought to such a high state of efficiency could also be destroyed.

There are a number of people in Canada who devised this expedient, but so far as is known there is no patent on it. Both Liberals and Tories have used it at one time or other in the country's history. The Tories have been extremely successful in their latest and most recent use of it.

This expedient is just this—if every Liberal father and mother in this country decided to do to the cadet and militia system exactly what the Conservatives did to the Canadian naval service, there would be no cadet corps and no militia worth while. If every officer in the service who is a Liberal were to resign and every Liberal non-commissioned officer and private drop out of the ranks, it would be a serious state of affairs. If they went farther—if they labelled it a "toy-sword" militia and used this word daily in every Liberal paper in Canada and in every political speech, what would be the effect? Finally, if they all banded together to hoot any man who appeared in uniform and bar him from social functions, what would happen?

Of course, the Liberals are too patriotic to do anything of the kind. But the Conservatives were not above adopting the boycott in the case of the Canadian naval service. Conservatives refused to let their sons enter the naval service. They labelled it a "tin-pot" navy. They used every daily newspaper they owned to poke fun at it. They ridiculed it in every public or private political gathering. Why shouldn't the Liberals take vengeance with the same weapon?

There was no militia in Canada worth the name until Canada became a nation and her people patriotic. The militia is a breeding-ground of patriotism and national pride. The writer served nineteen years in the militia and took oaths of allegiance to three sovereigns, and should be in a position to speak on this point. The cadet and militia training gives men a consciousness of nationality and citizenship which is far above that gained through smoking a cigar at a Canadian Club lecture.

But the Liberal party, aided by the trades-unionists and the grangers, who are avowedly opposed to military training, could overturn the army of which Hon. Sam Hughes is so proud. It would be a dastardly deed we all admit, but would it be any more dastardly than to boycott a Canadian naval service established under the authority of parliament?

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## Canadian Justice Vindicated

EVERY true Canadian will rejoice and be glad that justice has been vindicated and the administration thereof justified in the Thaw case. For a time it looked as if the quibbles which are so effective in the United States would be accepted here because of fear of international complications. Sir Lomer Gouin decided otherwise, and when he decided, presumably after full consultation with Ottawa, then the machinery of justice worked admirably. Sir Lomer is to be congratulated. But, above all, Canada is to be congratulated at having once more proved that public opinion in this country will not tolerate any introduction of United States criminal court methods into our administration of justice. Our British inheritance has given us a criminal law and criminal procedure which is a tremendous asset. Let us guard it jealously. So long as justice is enforced speedily and effectively, without reference to the culprit's wealth, influence or position, so long will Canadians be guardians of the best traditions of the race.

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## Criminal Factories

FACTORIES for the manufacture of criminals is the term applied to prisons by a speaker at the American Bar Association meeting. He must have been speaking of the Portsmouth penitentiary, which is the most hopeless prison in Can-

ada. There in one building over two hundred prisoners sit herded together breaking stones day after day and exchanging opinions and information. The keepers will not allow visitors to go into this building and they themselves take unusual precautions. That building is a little bit of hades on earth.

Ontario has transformed its central prison into a farm reformatory. Toronto has a jail farm. The jail is becoming a place for correction rather than a place of punishment and a school for criminals. The penitentiaries will follow when the Dominion Government wakes up to find that its punitive institutions are twenty years behind the times. The reform may be delayed somewhat by the system of political patronage which honey-combs the penitentiary service and which has grown worse during the past ten years, but it cannot be held back long. The appointment of a commission, the other day, to investigate the Portsmouth (Kingston) penitentiary, is an indication that the authorities recognize that the public are getting restless.

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## A Unique Occasion

UNIQUE was that event in Montreal last week when Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and other prominent Canadians were elected honorary members of the American Bar Association. This important legal society did Canada an honour by meeting in Montreal and a great honour in electing so many of our distinguished men to honorary membership. It did more than that. It gave the daily newspapers of Canada a chance to speak respectfully of the two distinguished political leaders in one and the same paragraph. For once in a long period, the daily press was non-partisan. True, it was done only in a news paragraph, but even that is a great deal.

Let it, therefore, be recorded in red letters on the national tablets that on one day in September, 1913, every daily newspaper in Canada contained a news paragraph in which Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier were mentioned as if they were gentlemen, not cut-throats and thieves. Indeed, Dr. Doughty might personally make a collection of the clippings, paste them in a scrap-book, and fyle the volume in the Archives. If he can afford the time, he might make an extra collection for the British Museum.

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## Enlarging a City

OTTAWA has an opportunity of teaching a valuable lesson to all other Canadian cities. The city has a small acreage and it is claimed that it must be enlarged in order to provide cheap land for the working man. The same story has been heard by other cities in Canada, and as a result most of them have been enlarged by numerous annexations until some of them have as much land within their civic boundaries as New York or London. But still there is no "cheap land" for the working man. The subdividers always see to that.

Now, Ottawa, having the experience of other cities to warn it, might try the German system. There no land is annexed to the city until after the city has bought it as "farm land." The city annexes what it itself owns, subdivides, puts in sewers, water pipes, pavements, and street-car lines, and then sells the land as city lots. This ensures a low price for the land and provides the money necessary to pay for all improvements. In other words, the city takes the profit which on this continent goes to the subdivider, real estate agent and speculator, and uses it to provide each new portion of the city with adequate facilities.

This system is one of the reasons why a thousand German cities pay no city taxes in the ordinary sense. Ottawa might need special legislation to work out the experiment, but such might be obtained. At least, it is worth a trial.

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## A Distinguished Frenchman

MAITRE LABORI, the batonnier of the Paris legal profession, has been attending the meeting of the American Bar Association in Montreal. With Professor Taft and Chancellor Haldane he shared the honour of being one of the three most distinguished guests. M. Labori will be remembered as the defender of Dreyfus.

Last Friday he addressed the Canadian Club of

Ottawa, and the occasion was graced by the presence of Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. During M. Labori's speech in English, he explained why he used that language instead of French, incidentally paying a tribute to the respect and love for France which he had heard on every side. Once when stuck for an English word, he turned to Sir Wilfrid and in French asked for what he wanted. He got it quickly. Then he paid him a delicate compliment which is worthy of preservation: "I am not afraid to speak before Sir Wilfrid in English," said he, "because I would be just as afraid to speak before him in French, he knows both languages so well."

In moving a vote of thanks both Premier Borden and Sir Wilfrid spoke most highly of the pleasure of Canadians in welcoming so distinguished a Parisian and both emphasized the support which Canada was always willing to give to the "entente cordiale."

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## Toronto Exhibition

A GAIN the Toronto Exhibition has scored a great success. Occupying land worth probably four or five million dollars and buildings costing nearly two millions, it represents an investment which no other city is likely to duplicate. The land was acquired when values were low and the buildings erected through a long period of time. Similarly, the work of popularizing and developing the Exhibition has been the constant duty of a body of patriotic citizens for thirty-five years. That over one million people passed through the turnstiles during the two weeks is a guarantee that Toronto's supreme effort is appreciated at something like its real worth.

There are two distinct improvements necessary. The art gallery is so small that it is necessary to charge an admittance fee of ten cents and a catalogue fee of twenty-five cents. This excludes the working man and the agriculturist, who are as much in need of art education as other classes of citizens. It would be comparatively easy to enlarge the gallery and again make it free to everybody. A ten-cent catalogue would also be a decided reform.

The Midway this year was little less than a disgrace. Dope-fiends, human monstrosities, imbeciles, and other freaks of nature are not educational. When displayed in side-shows they are the opposite. There were some innocent and attractive amusements, but the fakir and the monstrosity monger were too much in evidence.

The Exhibition Association has done splendid work, which has been, and continues to be, highly praised. Its tremendous success brings tremendous responsibility, which should be recognized and accepted. An exhibition which is recognized by royalty and by Canada's first citizens as a national undertaking must live up to its reputation. The directors are doing this, in every direction, with the slight exceptions mentioned.

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## Civic Commission Rule

AT the meeting of the Canadian Political Science Association, at Ottawa, the members seemed to be floundering on the question of civic commission government. Dr. Munro, of Harvard, a Canadian from Queen's, argued all around the circle and finally wound up by advising Canada to drop all innovations and go back to the simple systems of twenty-five years ago. He saw some good points in boards of control and in commissions, but not enough to justify their adoption over the ancient system of a common council. Alderman Wickett, of Toronto; Mayor Ellis, of Ottawa, and Mr. Light-hall, of Montreal, were inclined to favour the board of control system, while Professor Fox, of Texas, favoured the commission.

Whichever system of municipal government wins out in this contest, it is quite evident that it is the character of the men elected and the attitude of the electors which is important. The form of civic government matters little if the citizens have a civic conscientiousness which is reflected in the attitude of the men whom they elect to office. This is the point which Dr. Munro seemed to ignore.

Under the British system of national or municipal government, the character of the people is relied upon to a tremendous degree. The Britisher finds little fault with systems and places small reliance on mechanical devices in government. Beware the pettifogger and the rest is comparatively simple. True democracy consists in government by the wisest with the active support of an intelligent electorate. Where the people take a keen interest in civic affairs, keep themselves well posted as to men and measures, and elect the best type of administrator, the system matters little.



Scenes at Londonderry in the Nationalist Quarter, Where Riots Have Been Frequent of Late; With a Touch of Irish Wit.



Miss Myrtle Grove, a Dorset Farmer's Daughter, Won the Prize in the International Beauty Pageant at Folkestone.

## The Passing Show

A VANCOUVER man is the world's rifle champion, Major George Hart McHarg, of the 6th Duke of Connaught's Own Rifles on the Pacific. His winning of the Governor-General's prize at the Dominion Rifle Ranges in Ottawa, followed by his victory in the Palma match at Camp Perry, Ohio, last week with a score of 220 out of a possible 225 on the 800, 900 and 1,000 yard ranges, gives Major McHarg as proud an eminence as Private Hawkins got at Bisley. Winning the Palma trophy with an army rifle in competition with the crack shots of both regulars and militia from all over Canada and the United States gives Major McHarg international honour almost equal to winning the King's Prize. The honour is all the greater because two Canadians came within an ace of equalling Major McHarg's performance; Captain Neill Smith, from the sport-loving little city of Chatham on the Thames in Ontario, and Lieut. George Mortimer of the Canadian Army Service Corps, Ottawa.

Hawker's failure to win the London Daily Mail prize for a flight on time schedule round the British coast, following upon the death of Col. Cody, a noted American aviator in England, once more helps to halt the human race in what has been assumed to be the ultimate conquest of the air. Hawker, however met with no serious mishap. He simply failed to keep the time schedule; by which he demonstrated that an airship is neither a carrier pigeon nor an express train. The success of a French aeronaut last week in turning a complete intentional somersault in the air without any mishap whatever demonstrates that a good deal depends upon the man in the airship and that the flying-machine is a new possibility for a circus.

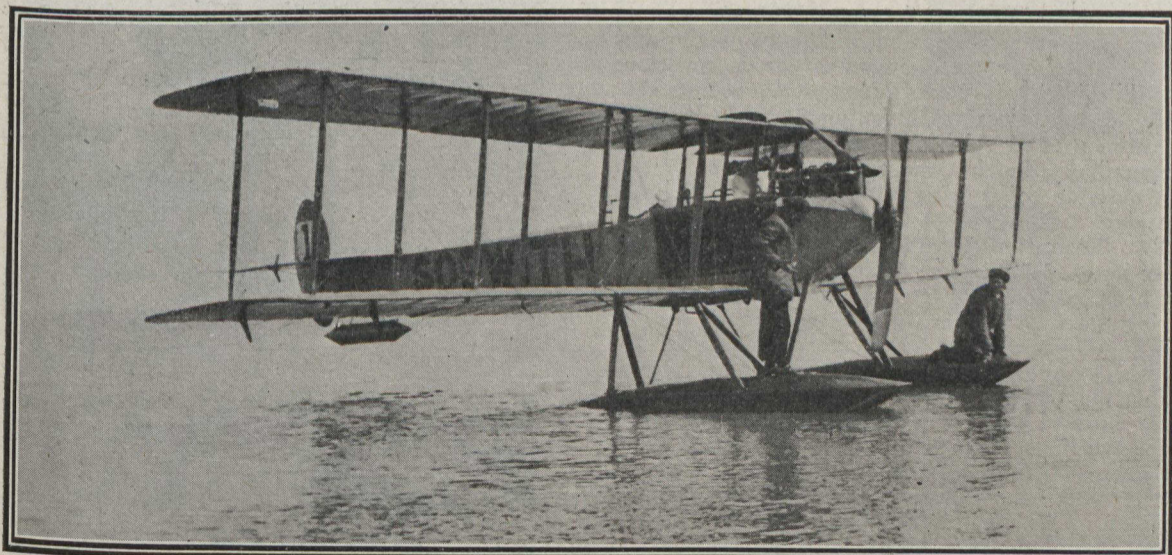
The judges in the Folkestone Beauty Pageant must have been men of great courage. One almost imagines they must have been suffragettes. To award the prize for beauty to a Dorset farmer's daughter against the dazzling charms of Europe is a contract calling for a rare degree of connoisseurship as well. And, of course, opinions still differ.



Major George Hart McHarg, World's Rifle Champion, Presented With the Governor-General's Prize by Hon. George E. Foster.



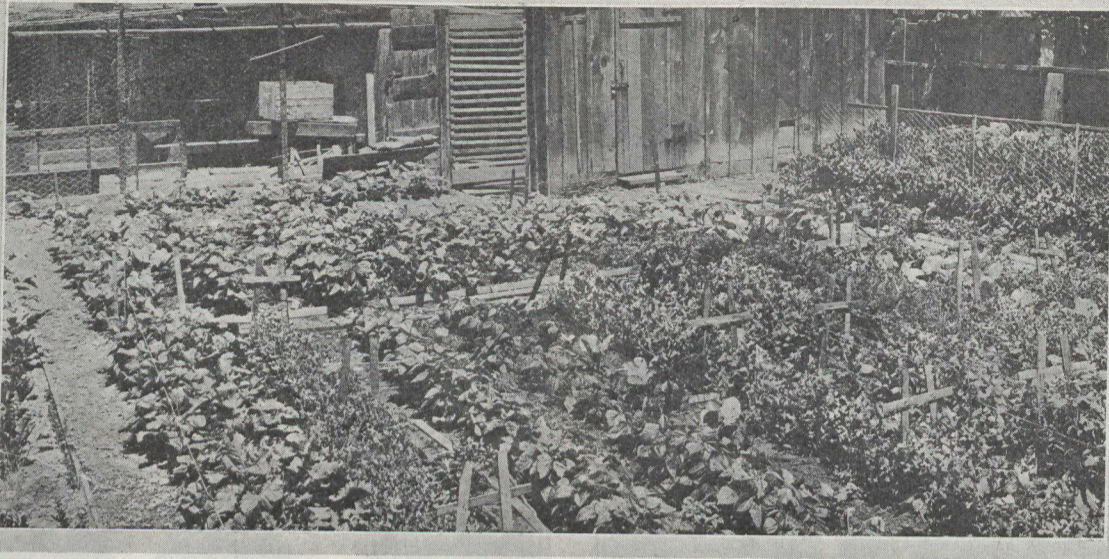
Gen. Marina Informally Taking Leave of the King and Queen of Spain Before Going to be Ambassador at Morocco.



Hawker, the Aviator, Landing in the Water at Yarmouth in His Famous and Almost Successful Flight Round England For the London Daily Mail Prize.



Rifle Champion Major George Hart McHarg.



A Vegetable Garden Plot in the Heart of a Canadian City From a Dollar's Worth of Seed.

## Horticulture at the Exhibition

*Vegetables, the Food of Many, not Given Right Place*

By E. T. COOK

THE grumbler or groucher, call him what you will, who sees no good in anything, should have no place in this world of serious thoughts and undertakings. It seems, therefore, unrighteous in the case of a great exhibition, the finest annual event of its kind in the world, such as the Canadian National, to complain. But it is not generally grasped that horticulture, the handmaiden of agriculture, is progressing swiftly and surely towards great ends.

A comparison may be made without reflecting one jot on the great exhibition of 1913. I want to make that perfectly clear. Throughout the British Isles, in America, Germany, France, in Japan even, horticulture may be regarded as a science, in the best and hardest sense of the word, and at the world-famous international horticultural show, held in London, last year, there were exhibits from many quarters of the globe. His Majesty, accompanied by the Queen, opened the exhibition, and the great horticulturist, Harry Veitch, received the honour of knighthood, a dignity well deserved and too long delayed.

The Dominion in a very short time, and if things move rapidly, may have the same beautiful flower and vegetable shows as now take place in Europe, but there must be direct encouragement from those in power, and a complaint in a daily paper recently that the exhibition of vegetables received scant consideration is justified. The authorities may well

say "we cannot do everything at once," but if complaints are made it is fine evidence that there is more than passing interest in the undertaking criticized. Nothing is so absolutely deplorable as indifference, and so fatal to all endeavours. A meed of praise is a splendid tonic to some natures, however cold and apparently unsympathetic.

The horticultural section of the Canadian Exhibition should be, and will be, undoubtedly, one of the most beautiful in the world. Horticulture asks for a good showing. It seems to want the propelling force of a Lockie Wilson at the National, and horticulture, which embraces vegetable culture and the art of growing flowers, plants, trees and shrubs of all kinds is a national pastime or profession. It is, as I have said, the handmaiden of agriculture, and inbred in our very natures. The Exhibition is *superb*, but horticulture is in the shade.

Let justice be handed out to it and thereby millions of toilers learn the great lesson that a humble plot may be changed into a garden of good things, whether those things are flowers, vegetables, or both. It is just as important for our health to eat vegetables as to eat beef, and we want the best of both.

### Thorough Tilling of the Soil Alone Makes for Success

NOTHING is more disheartening, more dismal than absolute failure when one is conscious that failure comes from indifference to or ignorance of details, and the failure is the more regrettable when it means perhaps months of wasted time. "Be thorough" is the watchword that should guide every good enterprise through life and the soil will certainly not give of its best unless it is brought into a condition to promote full maturity.

The ways of the first settlers in the land, who in reality committed plant and seed to virgin soil, must not be our ways, at least in the case of acres that have been long under cultivation, and scamped work will not do, this applying with no unhesitating force to the garden. The farmer, with his want of labour, willing to possess but unable to obtain, may be excused for shortcomings that he is conscious of, but unable to avoid. He is compelled to shut his eyes, so to say, to things unavoidable, and for his mind's sake regard such matters with in-equananimity, but he who tills a small plot or can dig, must do so to bring out the best that the soil can give.

Two illustrations have been selected to accentuate these notes. In one, the maker of a humble plot in the heart of the busy city of Toronto, is seen preparing the way by thorough digging of the soil, or "deep cultivation," as it is more eloquently described for the vegetables shown in another photograph, that are to follow. The owner works from early morn to eve at his daily task, and only a few spare evenings during the week can be given to the growing of luscious vegetables and, in his case, a wise choice that the ordinary restaurant is innocent of. The seeds represent Carter's, of King Street, Toronto, tested seeds, but faultless material is practically unavailing unless there is thoroughness from start to finish. Whenever possible the

soil should be dug, as shown, with a spade, and dug well, "trenched," as it is technically called, and then the roots of the seedlings have a comforting medium in which to spread. Ninety-nine per cent. of the failures in gardening, and the term is used in its broadest sense, may be attributed to a foundation that is badly laid. This question of the right and the wrong ways, both in farming and gardening, is not to be lightly passed over. The most forlorn set of young fruit trees it has been my misfortune to see was in the great fruit belt of Niagara. Other acres thrive, presumably for the reason a former farmer was also a good farmer. This, in the heart of a district that should be regarded as a "model," and yet it often remains for some humble worker to teach the lesson of thoroughness. It is as true of the soil as of a building, the beginnings must be sound, and that is the reason why this amateur gardener can get vegetables in plenty for his family from a paltry bit of ground, and a dollar's worth of good seed. There is no place on the land or anywhere else for the idler or the careless, and this truth cannot be too strongly brought home to those who wish to make gardening a recreation or a hobby, call it what you will, and nothing brings richer health, keener enjoyment, and profit.

The fall is approaching, when the soil must be ploughed and dug, in the case of the garden, for the spring, and bear in remembrance that soil well dug as the year wanes is exposed to snow and rain, two sweetening influences that bring it into good condition for the crops that have to be maintained.

The writer watched some public and private planting last spring and felt that failure was written over much of it, an opinion that has been amply justified. Groups of shrubs and perennial plants have succumbed. Why? Because the soil was not well dug and the planting was done anyhow. A municipality apparently is little concerned about failures of this kind, but to the private individual it means that a beautiful and health-giving recreation is regarded as something too scientific to be acquired by the ordinary man. Nothing of the kind. All that is needed is thoroughness.

### Garden Wealth Through Draining of the Soil

By A. H. SCOTT, M.A.

President Ontario Horticultural Association

THE foundation of all gardening is the soil. But all soils are not alike in their composition. Some soils in their natural state, as ordinary parlance goes, produce abundantly as soon as turned over. Other soils refuse to produce anything well at the start. Soils, like some of our best friends, invite us to test them, to understand them, to devote head and heart to them. Then when we discover what they are, and proceed to treat them properly, they bless us with many blessings.

If a person has a garden plot that is nearly level, if its top soil is clay, and the sub-soil clay likewise,



An Amateur Gardener Laying a Good Foundation. Deep Digging is Half the Battle.



The Night-blooming Cereus and Its Grower, Mr. Jas. Chapman, of Chilliwack, B. C.

that person may delve, and harrow, and sow, year after year, but unless he does something more his labour will be largely in vain.

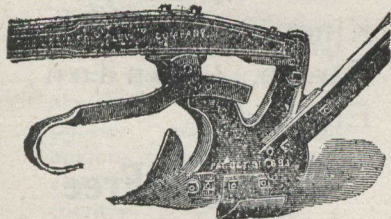
His surface soil may be composed of a substance more porous than stiff clay, but if the soil directly underneath that surface is clay or cakey soil the conditions are not right for profitable gardening.

Another person has a piece of soil that on the surface is naturally loamy. Eight or twelve inches below the loam is found a porous subsoil of sand or loose gravel. That person may go upon his soil in early spring, and if he treats the top inches of loam intelligently, and manures it frequently and freely, he is likely to have a rewarding garden.

Probably nine out of ten of the gardens of Canada are not like the last mentioned garden. In other words, Canadian gardens as a rule require draining.

City and town people must have drainage for the health of their homes. If they have gardens the drainage is for the good of the gardens. When the country was new, and tile was not obtainable, the new settlers had so many other things to claim their time and attention that, generally speaking, they did little or nothing with the underdrain. And yet in the Province of Ontario, to go no further for the reference, some of the newcomers who knew what the drain meant to the cultivators of the soil in England, Ireland and Scotland were early found setting an example to others in the new land, by setting to the foundation work of preparing the ground for its best growths by putting down drains.

There are more crops in our country suffering from wet feet than the passer by accounts for. With all the possibilities of fair Ontario her gardens and fields are not producing more than a fraction of what should be coming from them, largely on account of want



A Plough for Under-draining.

of drainage. They may grow oysters under water, but not the productions that Canadians should have on their tables, and should be sending to the market from the gardens of this favoured part of the western world.

In the adjoining Province of Quebec the government is making a notable bid for the underdraining of the land. It is offering to reimburse the agriculturists and horticulturists fifty per cent. of the cost of the ditches and drains employed for the subsoil drainage of the Quebec acres. Skilled officials are sent free to direct drainage works and to assist in carrying them out. The Department has purchased costly machines for digging ditches and placed them at the disposal of the people on the soil free of charge. And, in addition, the Department offers to pay the travelling expenses of the instructors, as well as the cost of transport of the draining machines and implements in the case of all who are sufficiently interested in paying attention to this foundation principle of to-day—the proper drainage of our Canadian soils.

There is no need for the majority of land holders to wait until electric machinery is built and conducted to the premises to do draining on a huge scale. The most up-to-date agriculturists of Canada have dug their drains with their own hands. After the big machine has done its part, the most important part of the work of underdraining has yet to be done.

Here is the picture of an implement for draining that is really meritorious. On my country place in Glengarry it has been at work for years. When some holiday people were lounging at the sea shore my boys and myself have used this tool, and have followed it with crumpler, spirit level, and tile, and have had real enjoyment in the work, and found what a transforma-

tion comes over a place that receives intelligent treatment through the underdrain.

This implement, the body of which only is shown, is drawn up and down the drain by a team of horses. But small holders do not require either this or the costly ditching machine to get their gardens drained.

When I examined my town garden on first coming to this manse I found that the soil was too soggy to grow things as I wanted them grown. So the first thing done in the spring of the second year was to dig two drains from end to end of the garden. If one cannot get more than a fall of one inch to every hundred feet that fall will drain his garden if the outlet is right and the drain properly set and filled. I had the garden drains dug two feet and a half deep, and run parallel with about thirty-three feet between them. On that drained soil we grow asparagus as toothsome as they grow it anywhere, and grapes as luscious as they grow them in California. Where weeds grew before, and some spots were too hard even for burdocks, we have strawberries and vegetables, Cannas and Caladiums, Gladioli and Asters, and we glory in the productivity of thoroughly underdrained soil.

If we were offering a catalogue of the benefits to the gardener from the proper draining of the soil it would be a lengthy one.

1. We must plan to get water off the land. Underdrainage shows that the most profitable way to get it off is to have it come down through the land to the bed prepared for it in the tile or other drain.

2. Drainage relieves the soil of water that otherwise would stagnate and poison both soil and subsoil.

3. Fertilizers are turned to better account in soil that is underdrained.

4. Nitrogen is an important element in garden culture and one of the most efficient agencies in the promotion of nitrification is the underdrain.

5. Drained land cheapens tillage and makes tillage more enjoyable.

6. The fertility in snow and rain lost largely in undrained soil is turned into nature's use when the soil is prepared through proper drainage.

7. The principle of aeration is quickened in drained ground. The sun's rays get down and plant food works up.

8. Through the processes of percolation fertility from nature's showers passes to the roots of plants and serves them in drained land, as they could not be served when the land is sour.

9. Rain being warmer than soil in early spring and cooler in summer, the conditions of the soil brought about through drainage are such that the warmth and the coolness stimulate plants at the respective periods of growth.

10. Loss from bearings through frost is reduced to a minimum when land is drained.

11. The underground pasturage for the roots of vegetable growth is enormously enlarged by the use of the underdrain.

12. As the mulch resists the burning sun so ground well tilled and well drained offers resistance when the heat of summer is at its height, by the power imparted to hold moisture.

13. The season for tillage is lengthened on land that is put in proper tith over the drain, as compared with land that remains wet until late in spring.

14. The cultivation of soil which is put in proper shape by the known appliances of the day is promotive of vigour, thankfulness, and profitability in the products of the garden.

15. Ground prepared intelligently after it has been properly drained is an attraction to refined tastes; it draws the boy as the load stone the needle; it ministers to the dignity of the oldest of the science, and it affords opportunity to the greatest number to keep in touch with the most historic occupation of man.

**A Warning.**—Lightning struck a homesteader and killed him instantly. "He was unmarried," says the despatch. Are we to take that as an awful warning, or as a happy escape? —Winnipeg Saturday Post.



# 500 Carter Bulbs for \$2.75

Five hundred bulbs—Carter's Tested Seed quality — choice varieties of narcissus, daffodils, crocus, jonquils, hyacinths, tulips and others, all for \$2.75, delivery paid.

This is a special introductory price to acquaint you with the excellence of Carter Bulbs.

A copy of "Bulbs" by James Carter and Company has been reserved for you. It contains much valuable information about bulbs and many specially-priced collections. Write for it.

## Carter's Book on Grass Culture

Fall is the time for lawn renovation and Carter's "Practical Greenkeeper" will give you the information you want and the directions you need. It tells how to prepare and treat different soils, what fertilizers to use under all conditions, what moistures to use.

Carter's Tested Grass Seeds are the product of generations of careful selection and testing. The most notable lawns in England and America, and all the championship golf courses of the world are sown with Carter's Tested Grass Seeds.

Write to-day for your copy of the "Practical Greenkeeper." You will find it interesting and valuable.

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By Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A.,

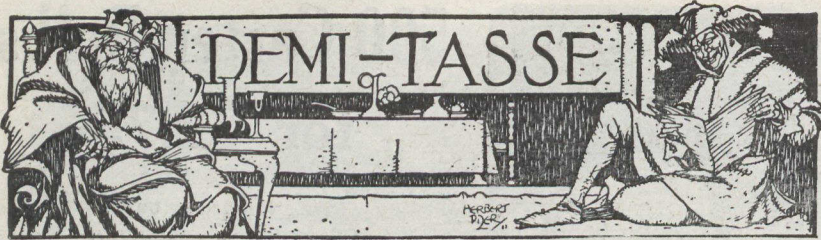
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Courierettes.

In this decadent day it is refreshing to observe that the Irish policemen can still whack heads hard.

Toronto's Medical Officer of Health forbids unnecessary noises at night. That should effectually silence some civic politicians.

"To Manuel, King of Portugal," was inscribed on the wedding gifts the ex-ruler received. Wasn't that rubbing it in on the deposed kinglet?

Col. the Hon. Sam Hughes is to take a roll-call of the Canadian militia. What's the use? Nobody can estimate just how many men the Minister of Militia himself is equal to.

They had a blind pig at Toronto Fair, but it wasn't in the live stock exhibit.

A youth was prevented by the police from climbing the tall steel tower at Toronto Fair, so to speak checking his ambition to get up in the world.

Daily paper tells us that long distance racing is "on its last legs." Quite appropriate condition, that.

Somebody now suggests that the militant suffragettes be supplied with husbands. We fancy there will be no volunteers to go to the altar with the fiery females.

"What women are after" is the title of a long article in Harper's Weekly. We can give the answer in one word—men.

Sherbrooke people gave three cheers for the British flag when Thaw's lawyer won a point in court. What that old flag has to stand for at times!

It's getting so that every exhibition nowadays has a dog show. The canines are either alive and yelping or silent and inserted in rolls, with mustard dressing.

A number of Toronto business men are reported to have married chorus girls. Some chaps are so fond of adventure, you know.

About the worst thing that can happen a baby is to take first prize in a baby show. The poor youngster is never allowed to forget the incident.

Wireless telephone invention the other day carried a conversation 310 miles. Married men regard the possible development of this idea with something akin to awe.

Refusing to eat a copy of his own paper, a Kentucky editor was shot by an indignant citizen whom he had written up. It may have been an extra large issue, with a comic supplement.

**A False Theory.**—Who said that love is blind?

As a matter of fact a lover can see things that no ordinarily sane person can even imagine.

**Then It's Different.**—Many a man insists that there's only one head to his family, but he decides otherwise when he has to pay for his daughter's hats.

**Just a Tip.**—That old adage about putting something by for a rainy day is quite all right, but one should be careful that the "something" is not somebody else's umbrella.

**A Misused Word.**—One of the Toronto daily papers referred to the big Exhibition as having "occurred."

That writer evidently believes the Fair to be an annual accident.

**Not Born to Blush—Unseen.**—An actress who asserts that she lost 70 pounds of fat and is advertising her treatment, prints underneath her picture the words, "God's Masterpiece." That female may not die of obesity,

but her modesty is sure to kill her sooner or later.

**Sandow Says So.**—Sandow, the perfect man (physically) says that there is no such thing as "the ideal girl." This clears up the matter and saves a lot of time to many young men.

**This is a New One.**—London Times tells us of a man who has been accused of robbing his lawyer. New kind of crime. It seems the impossible sometimes happens.

**A French Version.**—There wasn't much comedy about the meetings in connection with the Geological Congress—no chance at all for "laughter," "more laughter," and "long-continued laughter" in the reports of the speeches or papers, but there was a species of grim humour in the occasion on which a very learned gentleman from France delivered an even-



He Made His English Sound so Much Like French.

ing lecture, which a large popular audience had gathered to hear, evidently anticipating an intellectual treat. The speaker, it had been announced, would use the English language, and the announcement had been cordially applauded. Well, he did, but he made it sound so much like French, and spoke it so persistently into the paper just below his nose, that the address soon developed into a joke—on the auditors. The humour was to be got by watching the faces of the people, and noting how many of them discovered, one after another, that they had important engagements elsewhere.

**She Saw a Short Cut.**—As the baseball season nears its close there comes from Ottawa one of the best yarns of the queer queries that fanettes put to their escorts at ball games.

The girl in the Sawdust City had never been to a game before and the whole thing was naturally new to her. Her young man, knowing the game well, tried to explain its fine points, but probably assumed her knowledge to be greater than it was.

One of the players made a hit and the girl gave a little cry of delight. She was learning. She watched him as he took a lead off first base, and finally saw him steal second by a desperate slide. Then he tried to steal third and was nipped by the catcher's throw.

Turning to her friend, the girl demanded:

"What's the matter with that fool? Why didn't he run straight back home from first base when he made the hit instead of trying to sneak around all those bases and getting out?"

Then he gave up his attempt to enlighten her.

**By Way of Comparison.**—A boy of four was lost for some hours in Toronto's City Hall.

That's nothing. We know of some civic statesmen in the same building who are hard to place at times.

**A Courteous Reporter.**—This from the Toronto Telegram: "When approached this morning Mayor Hocken stated," etc.

Wasn't it very decent of the reporter not to shout at His Worship from across the street?

**A Wise "Copper."**—In St. John's, Newfoundland, they pay their policemen just one dollar per day. One officer, who said he was slowly starving to death on such low pay, has gone to New York.

Wise man. In New York he should soon become a millionaire—if he gets on the force.

**Sad—But So It Is.**—The average man nowadays is more interested in the delivery of his favourite baseball pitcher than in that of his preacher.

**Such is Civilization.**—When you come to reflect on it there are some odd things about our Canadian civilization.

We haul poor Chinamen into police court for playing a quiet game of fan tan, but we license racing clubs to do gambling on the wholesale, with the odds all against the player.

We prosecute the same Chink for pulling at an opium pipe while we share in the revenue derived from the sale of tobacco and whiskey to white men and women.

We have police who get after gypsies who read hands on vacant lots, but allow the same thing—or worse—to go on in parlours of houses in residential sections of our cities.

We prosecute a man who drives a lame horse, but allow deformed and suffering human creatures to be shown as curiosities at our fall fairs and circuses.

Some go to burlesque shows to see girls in tights, and then come out on the street and holler if we get a glimpse of a girl's ankle revealed by a slit skirt.

Some women wear one-piece bathing suits, and others, whose figures are not quite so fine, denounce the fashion.

Yes, when you come to think about it for a moment, we modern and civilized folks are a trifle inconsistent.

**Did You Notice This?**—When Harry K. Thaw was caught in Canada he proceeded to hire all the medical advisers and legal advisers within a radius of a hundred miles.

But it seems odd that he had no use for preachers.

**A Rap at Canadian Theatres.**—Wilton Lackaye, the well-known actor, was recently touring Canada with his company in "Fine Feathers." He found the Canuck theatres hardly as comfortable as could be wished, and tells of one show-shop in a Western city where his dressing room would have made the Count of Monte Cristo's dungeon look like Marie Antoinette's boudoir by comparison.

The actor noted that the theatre was named Victoria, and he left his card on the wall of the dressing room with the following verses scribbled thereon:

**Owed.**  
O great Victoria, Queen of Queens,  
Whose memory all revere,  
What churl! dishonoured thee in death  
To name this show-shop here?

Let John Drew rave to think his fame  
Spoiled by a punk cigar,  
Far worse thy fate, to know thy fame  
This awful place may mar.

For was it not Queen Bess's will  
Wished players "well bestowed"?  
Alas! The mummings rate thy shops  
The worst upon the road.

**An Old Adage Justified.**—History surely does repeat itself.

At the Toronto Exhibition they have been burning the city of Rome every night for the past two weeks—in front of the grand stand.

# Beautiful Darwin and Cottage Tulips and Daffodils

## GLORIOUS FLOWERS FOR CANADA

The *English grown Tulips and Daffodils* presented by kind permission in a beautiful garden in Rosedale, Toronto, last spring aroused much enthusiasm.

The flowers were admired for their lovely shades of color and in many cases delicious fragrance.

The collections came from Barr & Sons, the famous specialists at King Street, Covent Garden, London, England.

### Catalogue Free

Send for a catalogue giving the names of the kinds that flowered in the garden referred to.

The catalogue contains also useful information about growing these brilliant flowers of spring. Nothing, however, difficult about that.

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Your dealer should have it. Don't take a substitute but insist on having the genuine O'Keefe brew.

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If your dealer will not supply you, phone us Main 758 or Main 4455, and we will see that you are supplied at once.

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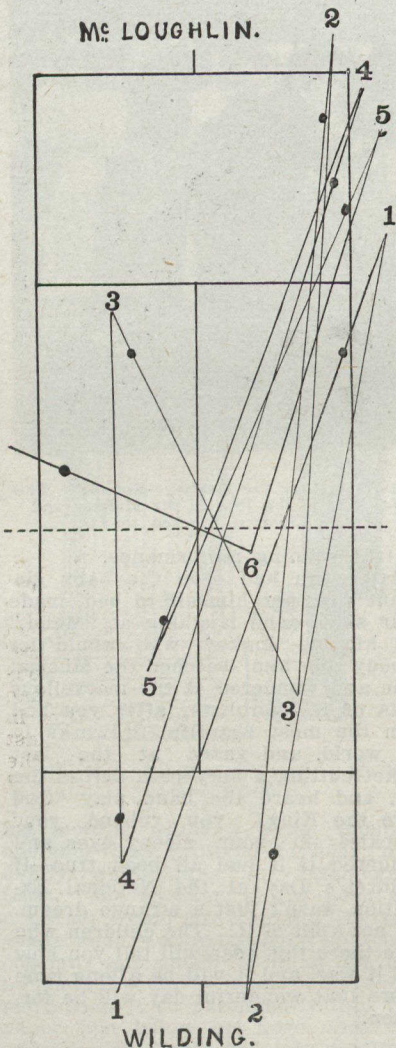
NOTICE is hereby given that Alicia Hill, of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, in the Province of Ontario, married woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof, for a Bill of Divorce from her husband, George Erastus Hill, formerly of the City of Toronto, in the County of York, Dentist, but now of the City of Los Angeles, in the State of California, United States of America, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Toronto the second day of July, 1913.

CORLEY, WILKIE AND DUFF, Solicitors for the Applicant.

**The Recent Tennis Championship in Diagram**

ENGLISH newspapers are strong on diagrams to illustrate plays in sporting matters; how Hayward made twenty-five boundary hits in cricket. How a hand should be played in bridge whist, and so forth. The latest and most ambitious venture, because the most difficult, is an attempt to show how lawn tennis championships are won. "English Lawn Tennis" has given six diagrams of the play in the last game of the second set for the English championships, and the Courier reproduces (re-drawn) the diagram of the last stroke played in that game. McLoughlin is the undoubted peer of all tennis players on this continent, but he fell before the English-New Zealander, Wilding, for the English championship in straight sets at 8-6; 6-3; 10-8. How he did this is one of the most interesting studies for followers of the game. The most exciting of the plays, showing how Wilding, after discovering his opponents weakest point (his back hand) played for it, and then engineered for position, is



indicated in the diagram. The order of the strokes is indicated by numbers. Where the ball touched the ground is shown by a black circle. Where the black mark is missing the ball was volleyed. The diagram is worth careful study. It shows how Wilding, who was serving the sixth stroke (and therefore from the left court), played persistently to the side line and to McLoughlin's left hand, how he kept him to the back of the court while he himself was carefully working for the net, and how, when at the conclusion of the fifth return he reached the net he was able to cross court his opponent at right angles with an impossible shot, and thereby win stroke, game and set.

**Musicians From Russia**

HAMILTON has a new music conservatory, the Wagnerian, established this summer by Dr. Boris Dunaevski, a Russian pianist, composer and musical pedagogue, in association with Mr. Edward Hesselberg, also a Russian, pianist and pedagogue. The former is a new arrival in Canada; the latter was for a year and more member of faculty at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, latterly appointed to a senior profes-

sorship at the Hambourg Conservatory in Toronto.

The Wagnerian Conservatory is a new idea; largely because Dr. Dunaevski is himself a new idea. This musical organizer has already a chain of conservatories in the south, four in Texas and two in Tennessee. He manages to spend part of his time each season at each conservatory. The Hamilton institution, already with a large booking of pupils, is intended as the first of a similar circuit of conservatories in this country.

Dr. Dunaevski was born in Gheron, Russia, where his father was a banker. At the age of eight he attended the Imperial Conservatory at St. Petersburg. At twelve he entered the classes of Michaelowski in piano-forte, and Rimski-Korsakoff in composition. Nine years under these masters he got his degree of Master of Arts and went to the National Conservatory at Paris as student and assistant to the celebrated Pugno. Afterwards he did concert tours in France, England, Russia and the United States, where he has since established his chain of conservatories.

Mr. Edward Hesselberg was well known in the south before coming to Canada. He was for many years director of music at Belmont College, Tennessee; Wesleyan College, Georgia; University of Denver; Academy of Music and Normal School, Colorado, and Conservatory of Music at Ithaca. He was well known in all these places as a solo concert pianist. Since joining the staff of the Toronto Conservatory he was on the musical staff of Glen Mawr Ladies' College and Loretto Abbey, both of Toronto. His appointment as co-director of all the Wagnerian Conservatories and senior professor at the Wagnerian Conservatory, Hamilton, will not interfere with his duties at the Hambourg Conservatory, where he holds a senior professorship, and is on the board of Examiners.

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Fourth and Fifth Prizes—Cloth edition of "Canada" by Beckles Willson.

**Rules.**

1. The essay is open to all contestants up to the age of eighteen, but is designed to especially interest High School students whose manuscript will be given preference.
2. Manuscript must be written on one side of the paper only and endorsed "Original" by a master in the school or a parent.
3. Name, age and address must be stated and essays mailed to "Junior Competition, Canadian Courier, Toronto." The contest closes on October 15th.

**A FEW WANTS.**

THERE is need of a reform in the way some clothing is made. Shirts are frequently two inches too short. Bootlaces usually come to an end at the last but one hook in a boot. As a matter of fact, thousands of people are waiting for the millennium when: Every match struck is as good as a light; Navy blue alleged all-wool will have no cotton; Suspenders won't pull off buttons; Pockets will wear as long as the pants; Socks at fifty cents a pair won't shrink; Boots won't have brown paper in-laid soles; Bargains in stiff hats won't be made of old hats ground up; Furniture will stay together at least a year— But, of course, most of these things would last too long.

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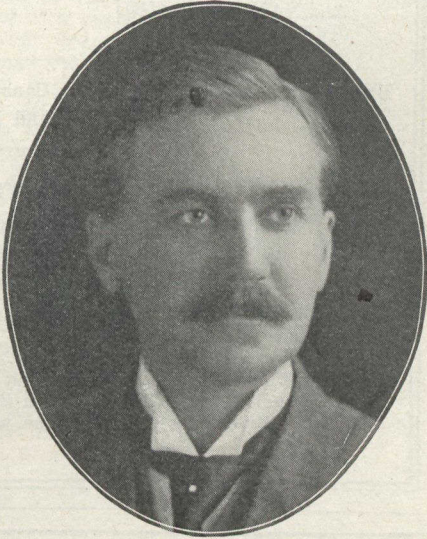
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# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## A Chorus of Optimism

**D**URING the last few days three men who are deans in the financial world have returned from London. They are Hon. W. T. White, Minister of Finance; Sir William Mackenzie, and Mr. A. E. Ames. Each of them has had something to say as to the attitude of London towards Canadian securities. Each of them has said the same thing in a different way. The burden of



HON. W. T. WHITE,  
Canada's Minister of Finance.

their words is cheery optimism, based upon the sure foundation of an intimate knowledge of the relationships involved. Sir William Mackenzie found it just as easy as ever to interest London buyers in his railway and other securities. Once more he went over for money, and once more he came back with it. Mr. A. E. Ames, whose words in connection with things financial always carry much weight, says that Canadian credit in London is firmly founded. Hon. Mr. White is quite sure that Canada will continue to find in London adequate capital for the requirements of legitimate enterprise and undertakings. He says, "The attitude of financial London to-day to Canadian enterprises is more favourable than it was a month or six weeks ago"—when there existed almost a prejudice against things Canadian. The Minister of Finance analyzed the causes of whatever feeling there ever was against our securities and ventures. He spoke strongly against the real estate speculation which was rife, particularly, in the West. His words in this regard are notable. He said, "The day of the wild-cat real estate is over, in London, for some time to come." There is no doubt of this. Lombard Street men are not—in the blunt phraseology of to-day—boobs. If they were, they wouldn't be in Lombard Street. A Britisher is just the same as anyone else, he hates anybody who tries to "put one over." If Canadian credit in London has passed through the furnace, and it seems reasonable to assume that this is the fact, it is the wild-catter who is largely responsible. The fact of the ill-success of an occasional Canadian issue in London is due as much to the illicit operation of the wild-catter as to the financial stringency. Money has been tight; there has been a stringency, and Canada and Canadian securities have suffered in consequence, but we think that the main agent in causing such suffering has been the fraudulent company promoter and real estate man, with his faked blue-prints and his capacity for "terminalogical inexactitudes"—to quote, once more, our friend Winston.

But Hon. Mr. White had something better to say. He is sure that the leading financiers in London understand the position, and know that a certain amount of the promotion of the wild-cat order is inevitable. But, "With regard to municipal securities, it is well understood in London that the debentures of our chief cities are of the soundest character as investments," said he.

The prominent note in Hon. Mr. White's talk was one of optimism. So is it with Sir William Mackenzie, so is it with Mr. Ames, so with Mr. G. T. Somers—but why bother to cite examples? So is it with everyone who knows his Canada and believes in it!

## The Greatest Grain Market

**M**R. C. N. BELL, the secretary of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, has issued a statement in which he proves that Winnipeg is the greatest grain market in America. He claims that three years ago, for the first time, the western city took the lead over Minneapolis, and has held it ever since. Moreover, he proves his contention with figures. For the crop year ending August 31st, 1912, the figures showing the total inspection in the western grain inspection are as follows:

Wheat	141,715,125 bushels
Oats	59,763,600 bushels
Barley	14,833,000 bushels
Flax seed	22,081,500 bushels
Rye	16,000 bushels
Total	238,409,225 bushels

When, three years ago, the Winnipeg grain statement, showing Winnipeg to be ahead of Minneapolis, was published, several papers in the United States took exception to the statistics, on the score of date. They claimed that the Winnipeg figures related to the crop year, which ended on the 31st of August, while those relating to Minneapolis were computed for the previous calendar year. But Mr. Bell, not to be outdone, now proves conclusively that Winnipeg is easily the first grain mart on the continent, and leads Minneapolis in this regard. The figures he publishes in support of this refer to the year ending December 31st, 1912, and are as follows:

	Wheat (bush.)	Oats (bush.)	Barley (bush.)	Totals.
Winnipeg	143,682,750	51,683,000	10,049,800	205,415,550
Minneapolis	113,635,280	15,804,530	24,599,630	154,039,440

These statistics are significant. There can be no doubt that each succeeding year Winnipeg will forge further and further ahead, since more men and more capital are being devoted to the land, in the west.

## Confidence in C. P. R.

**E**VER since the time, a few weeks ago, when the earnings of C. P. R. showed a decrease for the first time in twenty months, there have been mutterings and fearful prognostications of rocks ahead, in connection with this company. There is no real basis for these fears so far as sensible Canadians can judge. It is, therefore, with no surprise, although with some pleasure,

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that one reads the opinions expressed in the London financial weeklies, anent the recently issued report of the C. P. R. and the relation of the road to the prosperity or otherwise of Canada. The "Statist" says, in this connection:

"The great traffic and earnings of the C. P. R. show what the prosperity of the country really is under normal circumstances.

"Canada for the last few years has enjoyed a prosperity totally eclipsing all former periods of expansion. Should a temporary reaction now occur in consequence of the economic effect of the Balkan war it is evident that the country will still enjoy a high measure of prosperity in comparison with former periods of depression.

"The financial strength of the C. P. R. and of Canada is increasing, not decreasing, and is due to the capital expended in recent years.

"The good fortune of the C. P. R. not only reflects the condition of Canada as a whole, but also of individuals composing the country.

"The earnings of the C. P. R. will soon reach still greater totals in spite of new competitors. In twelve years earnings have expanded 328 per cent. After so great an expansion we cannot be surprised if a reaction occurred, but the president and directors never have lost sight of either a possible reaction or competition and during the period of so great prosperity while bringing the physical condition of the property to the highest standard have placed their finance so as to secure a foundation which nothing can shake."

## On and Off the Exchange

### Flying Too High

SOME time ago, the American Locomotive Company, a big trust with a head office in New York, opened a branch plant in Montreal, for the purpose of building automobiles. That branch has since been abandoned, and it is said that one of the causes which led the directors to take this action was that the company attempted to build too expensive machines. To this end, it had equipped its plant at considerable cost, with the wherewithal for turning out cars de luxe, for which, according to certain trade authorities, there was no real call. These critics say that it would have been better for this concern to buy many of the parts for its machines from specialty houses, for with the ever-changing fashions in cars, many and expensive dies had to be made, only to be found useless in a short time.

There is scope for the automobile industry in Canada. The Ford Company, the Russell Motor and many others are witness to this. An All-Canadian company could, with care, do very well in the automobile business in Canada. It would, however, have to confine its attention to the building and sale of the cheap and medium-priced cars. The cheap car is the car of the future.

\*\*\*

### A Fair Profit

THE Laurentide Corporation, of Grand Mere, Que., held its annual meeting last week. Net profits for the year ended June 30th were \$758,085, which is equal to 10.53 per cent. on the capital stock of \$7,200,000. The profits showed

but a slight increase over last year, amounting to \$4,513. This apparently small headway is due to an explosion which occurred in the sulphite plant during the year, which, in addition to the direct loss involved, compelled the company to buy its sulphite for some time. Dividends in 1912-1913 were much more than in previous years, amounting to \$144,000. After setting aside the usual \$20,000 for depreciation reserve, the company carried forward a surplus of \$162,085.

Sir William Van Horne, who presided over the meeting, said that in view of what the Company had had to contend with, he thought its performance was eminently satisfactory. Both he and Mr. George Cahoon, vice-president, spoke optimistically of the future.

\*\*\*

### New Issues

THE shareholders of the Ritz-Carlton Company, of Montreal, are to meet to ratify a by-law authorizing the directors to issue for the company second mortgage ten year six per cent. gold bonds, which aggregate, at their par value, \$750,000.

Halifax Tramway shareholders authorized an issue of \$600,000 additional capital stock, bringing the total outstanding capital up to \$2,000,000.

\*\*\*

### Western Trust Company's Year

AT the annual meeting, held in Winnipeg, of the Western Trust Company, the president was able to report a very satisfactory year. He said that the interest payments on loans have been satisfactorily met, owing to the conservative policy adopted by the Company. The reserve account has been increased from \$100,000 to \$150,000, the latter amount representing 15 per cent. of the paid-up capital of the concern. During the past year the Company has been working, for the first time during the seven years of its history, with the subscribed capital fully paid up. As a result, the transactions of the Company have markedly increased in number. The net profits for the year were \$126,284. Dividends to shareholders accounted for \$70,159.

\*\*\*

### A Noteworthy Increase

FOR the twelve months ending June, the earnings of the Lake Superior Corporation, of Sault Ste. Marie, were \$2,279,629, as compared with \$1,358,246 the year before, an increase of \$1,121,383, which is very gratifying, in view of the money conditions prevalent the world over. For the month of June, an increase in earnings of \$106,997 was registered, which is a considerable advance over June of last year.

\*\*\*

### Dividend of Two Per Cent.

THE Western Canada Flour Mills, Limited, upon whose board of directors several C. N. R. men figure prominently, have declared a dividend of two per cent. for the three months ending August 31st. This is payable on the 15th of this month.

\*\*\*

### Next Week's Meetings

DURING the week, the Canadian Appraisal Company, the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie Railway, the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic Railway, and the Tri-City Railway and Light Company will hold their annual meetings.

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# The London Letter

August 20, 1913.

**K**ING GEORGE, as the guest of the Marquis of Ripon, has passed an enjoyable week at Studley Royal shooting over its famous grouse moors. Though the Manor House, where His Majesty sojourned, cannot boast either the distinctiveness or the magnificence of Chatsworth—the seat of the Devonshire family—or those splendid mansions in the Dukeries, it stands, however, in one of the most beautiful natural parks in England, and within its grounds are the noble ruins of Fountains Abbey, to which its fame is chiefly due.

The first view of the Benedictine remains of Fountains Abbey—classic and historical—which in their decay speak too eloquently of the fleeting years, is justly accounted one of the rarest delights a traveller can experience. Doubtless the west ridings of Yorkshire has other good things of this kind, notably the terrace view at Rievaulx, but Fountains has its own distinctive beauties, and not the least is the all but perfect examples of early English work in the choir and the chapel of the Nine Altars. The Abbey, to quote Ruskin, completely expresses that agedness which binds the old and the new into harmony.

Braemar, by the way, where the King, together with the Queen and members of the Royal family, will spend a part of his autumn holiday, is at present the most popular—and at the same time the most fashionable—holiday centre on Deeside, in Scotland. What splendid facilities it offers for enjoyment with vistas of mountain and forest scenery. At the time of writing, snow is still to be seen on Lochnagar and on several of the higher altitudes, but lower down the heat is very great, though tempered at times by a cooling breeze.

**I**N regard to the International Congress of Medicine which has just ended its labours, one must confess to a feeling of disappointment that old England has not made a better show in the world of medical research and advance. This may be confirmed by comparing the value of the contributions of the various nationalities to "report" on the group of subjects selected for discussion in the different sections, which indicates a surprisingly small proportion of British names. There is one field, meanwhile, in which England is acknowledged to be supreme, viz.: that of tropical medicine, and likewise provides opportunities for its study, such as no other country possesses. Among the delegates the subject aroused the greatest interest, a pleasant feature of which was the presentation made to Sir Patrick Manson by the International Committee of Workers in Tropical Medicine, showing that England's pre-eminence in this sphere was recognized by men of all nationalities.

What a marvellous influx of visitors from other lands London has had this season. Undeniably our Cosmopolis is fast comparing with Paris as a city of gaiety and attraction. A marked feature of the fashionable hotel business, e.g., has been the enormous number of Continental visitors.

Although Americans are well to the fore, never was there a year when more Germans, Italians, Austrians, and Belgians were drawn here. It is quite apparent that the Continental summer traffic to the Metropolis is always growing, but in the present season it has received an unwonted impetus from a greater realization abroad of the many-sided amusements which our city affords.

**W**ITH closing of Parliament, Ministers, ex-Ministers are scattering for holidays. The Prime Minister has already left the capital for Morayshire, and will pass a considerable part of his vacation there. In the meantime, he is to accompany the First Lord of the Admiralty on a short cruise in the Admiralty yacht "Enchantress." Mr. Balfour proceeds to his charming seat at Whittingehame, in Haddingtonshire, on the Scottish east coast, and, according to

custom, divides his time between golfing, literary pursuits, and his well-managed farm. Most of the ex-leader's autumn holiday will be spent in Scotland. Amongst other work that lies before him is the preparation of the Gifford Lectures to be delivered at Glasgow University next January—a large task in itself.

**B**RITISHERS are a little surprised to learn, on Harry Lauder's existing contracts expiring, a few weeks hence, he will start on a tour of Africa and Australia, which will occupy him for two years, and subsequently retire from the music hall stage. Experience teaches us that men who threaten to leave the stage live long upon it, so there is yet no necessity for us to save our bawbees over against a stupendous "last night."

Still it is interesting to know from Mr. Lauder's representative that the Scots comedian has amassed a huge fortune, and that there is no necessity for him to continue to delight the public. The only thing that really stands in the way of his retirement, Mr. Lauder explains, is the applause of the public, by which he knows that he has succeeded in amusing it.

Loyal to a custom of long standing a large company of old Scotchwomen and Scotsmen might have been seen on August 13, "Heather Day," turning into Fleet Street, in the city, bearing big bunches of heather, with which their hats and coats were ornamented. Once a year the Scottish Corporation distributes heather to its needy countrymen in London. It is always given on the second Wednesday in August, which is one of the pension days, and the heather, purple and white, arrives in London along with the fresh Highland grouse.

**W**ARM tributes are paid here to the personnel of Canadian women doctors who attended the recently held International Medical Congress in London. One of the most distinguished of the group was Dr. Maude Abbott, of McGill University, Canada, whose skill as a pathologist has gained her European fame. Dr. Esther Rosenkrantz was another popular Canadian physician who commanded notice. Possibly the outstanding personality of the circle, from the Dominion, was Dr. Helen Macmurchy, hailing from Toronto. Her paper, or rather speech, on infant mortality in Canada, made a profound impression which will doubtless not be lost upon her English auditors on account of the fearful child mortality in the northern counties of the British Isles. The hospitality extended to these ladies and some two hundred sister delegates.

**I**N what is known in England as the "silly season," when Parliament is not sitting, all kinds of topics come to the surface. This month the English press has been recording instances of "The Most Graceful Act" in shoals, of which I append two characteristic examples. A particularly pleasing one is chronicled of the Queen, hitherto unpublished. On a certain occasion the Queen, with Princess Mary, had been out in an ordinary rowing-boat, and the Princess was assisted to land by an old boatman with a kindly: "There, my little lady." "I am not a little lady," said the Princess, who has never, it may be said, lacked individuality; "I am a Princess." The old boatman was taken aback and rather hurt by the reproof. Seeing this, the Queen took the little girl by the hand, and, turning with her to the boatman said: "The boatman is quite right, Mary. But you might have said that you are not a little lady, but you hope one day to be one."

Another specimen relates to Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, who received a letter from an important lady whose affairs had taken a bad turn, asking him if he would care to buy a famous clock which she owned. She offered to send it to him for his consideration, and said that the price was 10,000 dollars. He immediately paid that sum and received the clock. Some months later he sent the clock back to the lady as a New Year present.

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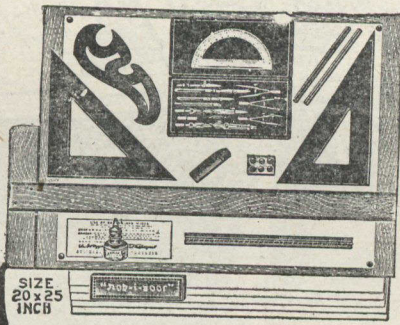
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### A Lost Fish

(Concluded from page 7.)

He deigned her no reply. But for all his crushing silence, he could have sworn that her last half-put question had been followed by a little giggle! However, when she had waited in vain for him to come down again that night, and next morning saw him leave without even a good-by for her, perhaps she would view her conduct somewhat differently!

Of course there was the usual guff-awing crowd to receive them at the boathouse. But he thrust his way through them without giving any heed to their clownish foolery, and strode to his room.

Contrary to his first intention, he did not leave her without saying good-by next morning. For, though his feelings had changed little during the night, he had come to see that he owed it to himself to bid her a dignified farewell.

And when she saw him approaching, she made haste to meet him much more than half way! There were no dark rings about her eyes that he could make out at first glance; but her face was heavy with concern, and, as it were, dimly lit with a kind of wavering, groping hope. "Dr. Webby," she said, "I believe you think that I upset the canoe—did it on purpose, I mean?"

"No, Miss Dayton," he replied, with impenetrable loftiness; "I entertained no such thought for a moment." He took her hand icily, bowed low, and turned down the steps.

She watched him get into the station carry-all. Then she sat furiously down on the nearest bench and shook her head. "Tchck! Well, if that isn't enough to just make you give up trying to understand people, and take to drink!"

She was still sitting there, with a mouth drooping vindictively and her clasped hands thrust deep into her lap, when her father came out from the smoking-room.

"Well, June-bug, I see you're not to have another chance to drown the little phyzzy doc." This was his customary manner of alluding to Charles Augustus Webby's "Ph.D."

"Dad!" she exclaimed, from her despair, "I did ask him about that; and he said he hadn't a thought that I did it on purpose!" My gracious! Men are such, such— I don't know! What is it they have in their heads, anyway?"

"We're truly of unfathomable depth, daughter. As I grow bald-headed, I feel that more and more!"

She threw back her hair and snorted. Well, it makes one— I tell you, as he went off there, and left me here guessing—I could have just taken and shaken him!"

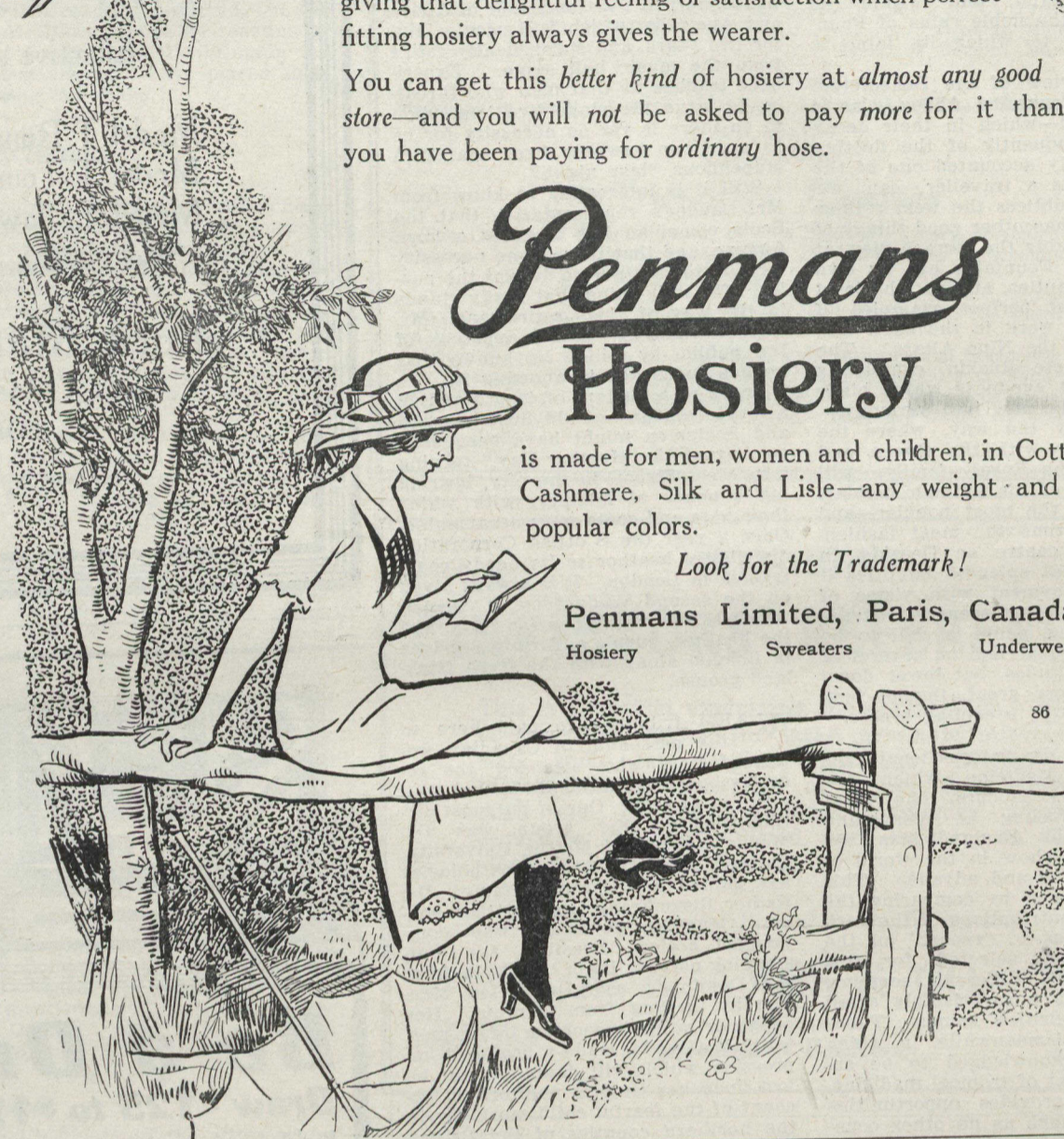
"Never mind, June-bug, never mind. Possibly, without knowing it, you did. Very possibly you did, you know." And he added sapiently. "There's a whole lot of ways of killing a pup! But in the meantime, if you'd like to paddle another of our inscrutable sex up to the Reservation, and help him swipe some choice roots of Indian hay—"

"Sure, pop!" She slipped an arm about his waist, and they went larking indecorously down the sunny length of the veranda.

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"Sam, go in there and get that bear." The negro hesitated for a moment and then plunged into the cane. A few moments later the negro, the bear, and the dogs were rolling upon the ground outside. After the hunt was over the visitor said:

"Weren't you afraid, Sam?" "Cap'n," replied the negro, "it was jest dis way: I neber had met dat b'ar, but I was pussonally 'quainted wid de old boss, so I jest naturally took dat b'ar."—Montreal Herald.



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# THE RIVER OF STARS

By EDGAR WALLACE

CHAPTER XIX.

Amber Runs Away.

"I WISH you would let me come with you," begged the young man, but Amber shook his head.

"You stay here," he said.

He was dressed in a thick motor coat and a tweed cap was pulled down over his forehead. The girl had made him some tea and prepared a little meal for him.

He looked at his watch.

"One o'clock," he said, "and here's the car."

The soft hum of a motor-car as it swung in a circle before the door of the house came to them.

"I'm afraid I'm late, sir."

It was the constable, who lifted his cycle from the tonneau as he spoke, "but I had some difficulty in collecting the people together, and my report at the station took me longer than I thought. We have wired to head-quarters, and the main roads leading into London are being watched."

"It will probably be too late," replied Amber, "though they could hardly do the journey under an hour and a half."

He took a short farewell of the girl and jumped into the car by the side of the driver. In a few minutes he was being whirled along the Maidenstone Road.

"It is a nearer way," explained the driver, "we get on the main road. To reach London through Rochester means a bad road all the way, and a long journey."

The car was a fast one and the journey lacked interest. It was not until they reached the outskirts of London that this progress was checked.

Turning into the Lewisham High Road, a red lamp was waved before them and they pulled up to discover two policemen. Amber had no difficulty in establishing his identity. Had anything been seen of the other car?

"No, sir," said the sergeant; "though a car with four men passed through the Blackwall Tunnel at half-past twelve—before the special police had arrived to watch it. Our people believed from the description you sent that this was the party you are looking for."

Amber had taken a chance when he had circulated a faithful description of Whitey.

He thanked the sergeant and the car moved towards London. He had taken the precaution of locating Lambaire and Whitey, and at half-past three the car stopped at the end of the street in which the latter's hotel was situated.

"You will find a coffee stall at the end of Northumberland Avenue," he said. "Get yourself some food and be back here in a quarter of an hour."

The street was empty and the hotel as silent as the grave. There had been no rain in London that night nor on the previous day, and the pavement was quite dry. Amber stood for a while before he rang the night bell, and with his little lamp examined the hearthstoned steps that led to the door.

There was no mark to indicate the recent arrival of one who had been walking in clay.

He pushed the button and to his surprise the door was almost immediately opened.

The night porter, usually the most

lethargic of individuals, was alert and wakeful.

Evidently it was not Amber he was expecting, for he suddenly barred the opening.

"Yes, sir?" he queried sharply.

"I want a room for the night," said Amber. "I've just arrived from the Continent."

"You're late, sir," said the man suspiciously, "the Continental was on time at eleven."

"Oh, I came by way of Newhaven," responded Amber carelessly. He trusted to the porter's ignorance of this unfamiliar route.

"I don't know whether we've got a room," said the man slowly. "Any baggage."

"I've left it at the station."

Amber put his hand in his breast pocket and took out a flat wad of bank-notes. He detached one and handed it to the man.

"Don't keep me talking all night, my good chap," he said good-humouredly. "Take this fiver on account and deduct a sovereign for the trouble I have given you."

The man's attitude of hostility changed.

"You quite understand, sir," he said as he led the way up the somewhat narrow stairs, "that I have to be—"

"Oh, quite," interrupted Amber. "Where are you going to put me—second floor?"

"The second floor is engaged, sir," said the porter. "In fact I was expecting the gentleman and his friend at the moment you rang."

"Late bird, eh?" said Amber.

"He's been in once to-night—about an hour ago—he had to go out again on business."

On the third floor Amber was shown the large front room to his entire satisfaction—for the fact that such a room was available told him that he had the entire floor to himself.

The porter lit the fire which was laid in the grate.

"Is there anything else you want, sir?"

"Nothing, thank you."

Amber followed the man to the landing and stood there as he descended.

The porter stopped half-way down, arrested by the visitor's irresolute attitude.

"You are sure there is nothing I can do for you, sir—cup of tea or anything?"

"Nothing, thank you," said Amber, slowly removing his coat.

A little puzzled, the man descended. Amber wanted something very badly, but he did not tell the man. He wanted to know whether the stairs creaked, and was gratified to find that they did not.

He waited a while till he heard the slithered feet shuffling on the paved hall below.

There was no time to be lost. He kicked off his shoes and noiselessly descended to the second floor.

There were three rooms which he judged communicated. One of these was locked. He entered the other two in turn. The first was a conventional sitting-room and opened through folding doors to a small bedroom.

From the appearance of the shaving apparatus on the dressing-table and the articles of dress hanging in the wardrobe, he gathered that this was Whitey's bedroom. There was a door leading to the front room, but this was locked.

He crept out to the landing and listened.

There was no sound save a far-away whistling which told of the porter's presence in some remote part of the building—probably in the basement.

To open the front door which led to the landing might mean detection; he

resolved to try the door between the two rooms.

There was a key in the lock, the end of it projected an eighth of an inch beyond the lock on the bedroom side.

Amber took from his coat a flat wallet and opened it. It was filled with powerful little tools. He selected a powerful pair of pliers and gripped the end of the key. They were curious shaped pliers, for their grip ran at right angles to their handles. The effect was to afford an extraordinary leverage.

He turned the key cautiously.

Snap!

The door was unlocked.

Again he made a journey to the landing and listened. There was no sound.

He gathered his tools together, opened the door, and stepped into the room. It had originally been a bedroom. He gathered as much from the two old-fashioned bed-pulls which hung on one wall. There was a big table in the centre of the room, and a newspaper or two. He looked at the dates and smiled—they were two days old. Whitey had not occupied that room the two days previous. Amber knew him to be an inveterate newspaper reader. There were half a dozen letters and he examined the post-marks—these too supported his view, for three had been delivered by the last post two nights before.

A hasty examination of the room failed to discover any evidence that the stolen papers had been deposited there. He slipped his hand between bed and mattress, looked through contents of a despatch box, which strangely enough had been left unlocked.

Though the room was comfortably furnished, there were few places where the papers could be concealed.

Whitey must have them with him. Amber had hardly hoped to discover them with such little trouble. He had turned back the corner of the hearth-rug before the fireplace, and was on the point of examining a pile of old newspapers which stood on a chair in the corner of the room, when he heard footsteps in the street without.

They were coming down the street—now they had stopped before the hotel. He heard the far-off tinkle of a bell and was out of the room in a second. He did not attempt to lock the door behind him, contenting himself with fastening it.

There were low voices in the hall below, and interchange of speech between the porter and the new arrivals, and Amber nimbly mounted to the floor above as he heard footsteps ascending.

It was Whitey and Lambaire. He heard the sibilant whisper of the one and the growl of the other.

Whitey unlocked the landing door and passed in, followed by Lambaire. Amber heard the snick of the lock as Whitey fastened it behind him.

He heard all this from the upper landing, then when silence reigned again he descended.

NOISELESSLY he opened the bedroom door, closing it again behind him.

The communicating door was of the conventional matchwood variety, and there was no difficulty, though the two men spoke in low tones, in hearing what they said.

Whitey was talking.

"... it surprised me ... old man ... thought he was dead ..." and he heard the rumble of Lambaire's expression of astonishment. "... providential ... seeing him in the garden ... scared to death ..."

Amber crouched closer to the door. It took him some time before he trained his ear to catch every word, and luckily during that time they talked of



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things which were of no urgent importance.

"And now," said Whitey's voice, "we've got to get busy."

"Coals is in no danger?" asked Lambaire.

"No—little wound in the leg . . . that swine Amber . . ."

Amber grinned in the darkness.

"Here is the prospectus they were drawing up."

The listener heard the crackling of paper and then a long silence. The men were evidently reading together.

"M—m!" It was Lambaire's grunt of satisfaction he heard. "I think this is all we want to know—we must get this copied at once. There won't be much difficulty in placing the mine . . . oh, this is the map . . ."

There was another long pause.

Amber had to act, and act quickly. They were gaining information which would enable them to describe the position of the mine, even if they succeeded in making no copy of the little map which accompanied the prospectus.

He judged from the indistinct tone of their voices that they were sitting with their backs to the door behind which he crouched.

Lambaire and Whitey were in fact in that position.

They sat close together under the one electric light the room possessed, greedily absorbing the particulars.

"We shall have to check this with a bigger map," said Whitey. "I don't recognize some of these places—they are called by native names."

"I've got a real good map at my diggings," Lambaire said. "Suppose you bring along these things. It isn't so much that we've got to give an accurate copy of this plan—we've got to be sure in our own minds exactly where the 'pipe' is situated."

"That's so," said the other reluctantly. "It ought to be done at once. Amber will suspect us and we shall move in a Haze of Splits by this time tomorrow."

He folded up the documents and slipped them into a long envelope. Then he stood thinking.

"Lammie," he said, "did you hear the porter say that a visitor had come during the night?"

"Yes, but that's usual, isn't it?" Whitey shook his head.

"Unusual," he said shortly, "dam' unusual."

"Do you think—"

"I don't know. I'm a bit nervy," said the other, "but the visitor has been on my mind ever since I came in. I'm going up to have a look at his boots."

"Why?"

"Don't be a fool, and don't ask foolish questions," snarled Whitey. "Visitors put their boots outside the door, don't they? You can tell a lot from a pair of boots."

He handed the envelope containing the stolen prospectus to his companion.

"Take this," he said, "and wait till I come down."

He unlocked the door and mounted the stairs cautiously.

Lambaire waited there.

"Lambaire!" hissed a voice from the open door.

"Yes."

"Give me the envelope, quick."

A hand, an eager demanding hand, reached through the little gap.

"Stay where you are—give me the envelope."

Quickly Lambaire obeyed. The hand grasped the envelope, another closed the door quickly, and there was silence.

"Now what the devil is wrong," muttered the startled Lambaire. He felt himself turning pale. There had been a hint of imminent danger in the urgency of the voice. He waited, tense, alert, fearful; then he heard quick steps on the stairs, and Whitey dashed into the room.

"Nobody there," he said breathlessly. "A pair of shoes covered with mud and a pair of gloves—it's Amber."

"Amber!"

"He's followed us—let's get out of this quick. Give me the envelope."

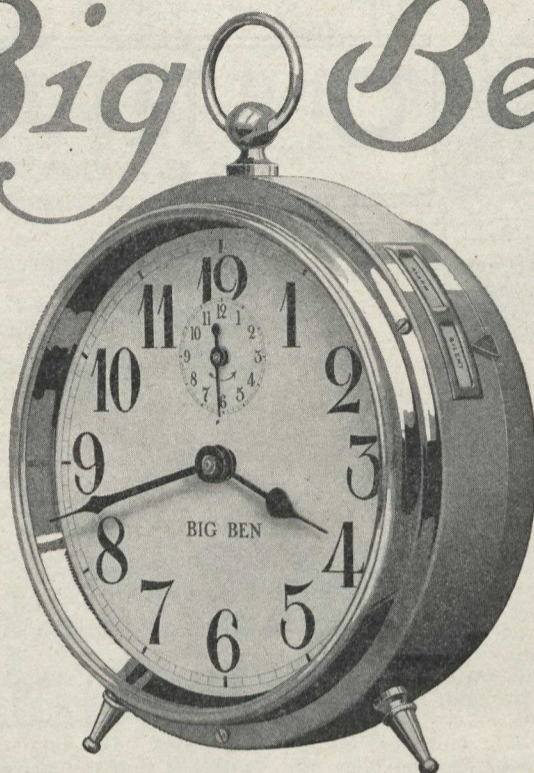
Lambaire went white.

"I—I gave it to you," he stammered.

"You liar!" Whitey was in a white heat of fury. "You gave me nothin'! Give me the envelope."

"I gave it to you, Whitey," Lam-

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baire almost whispered. "As soon as you left the room you came back and asked for it."

"Did I come in—quick?"

"No, no," the agitation of the big man was pitiable. "You put in your hand and whispered—"

"Amber!" howled the other. He broke with a torrent of curses. "Come on, you fool, he can't have got far."

He flew down the stairs followed by Lambaire. The hall was deserted, the door had been left ajar.

"There he is!"

By the light of a street lamp they saw the fleeing figure and started off in pursuit.

There were few people in sight when a man in his stocking feet came swiftly from Northumberland Avenue to the Embankment.

"Stop, thief!" bawled Whitey.

The car was further along the Embankment than he had intended it to be, but it was within easy sprinting distance.

"Stop, thief!" shouted Whitey again.

Amber had gained the car when a policeman appeared from nowhere.

"Hold hard," said the man and grasped Amber's arm.

The two pursuers were up to them in an instant.

"That man has stolen something belonging to me," said Whitey, his voice unsteady from his exertions.

"You are entirely mistaken." Amber was more polite and less perturbed than most detected thieves.

"Search him, constable—search him!" roused Whitey.

Amber laughed.

"My dear man, the policeman cannot search me in the street. Haven't you an elementary knowledge of the law?"

A little crowd of night wanderers had collected like magic. More important fact, two other policemen were hurrying towards the group. All this Amber saw and smiled internally, for things had fallen out as he had planned.

"You charge this man," the constable was saying.

"I want my property back," fumed Whitey, "he's a thief: look at him! He's in his stocking feet! Give me the envelope you stole . . ."

The two policemen who had arrived elbowed their way through the little crowd, and suddenly Whitey felt sick—ill.

"I agree to go to the station," said Amber smoothly. "I, in turn, accuse these men of burglary."

"Take him off," said Whitey, "my friend and I will follow and charge him."

"We'll take the car," said Amber, "but I insist upon these two men accompanying us."

Here was a situation which Whitey had not foreseen.

They were caught in a trap unless a miracle delivered them.

"We will return to our hotel and get our coats," said Whitey with an air of indifference.

The policeman hesitated, for the request was a remarkable one. "One of you chaps go back with these gentlemen," he said, "and you," to Amber, "had better come along with me. It seems to me I know you."

"I dare say," said Amber as he stepped into the car, "and if those two men get away from your bovine friends you will know me much better than you ever wish to know me."

"None of your lip," said the constable, seating himself by his side.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

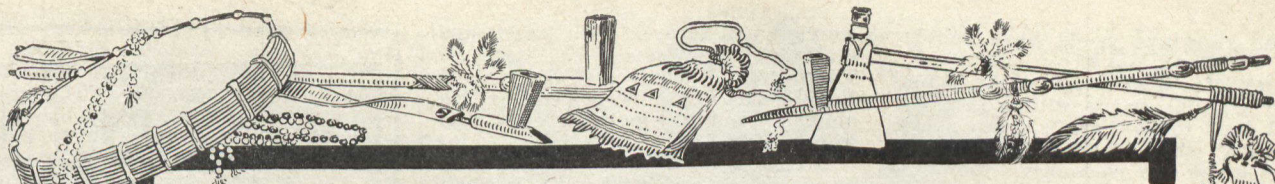
" . . . and," said the inspector savagely, "if you'd only known the ABC of your duty, constable, you would have brought the two prosecutors here."

Amber was warming himself before the great fire that blazed in the charge-room. A red-faced young policeman was warming himself before the inspector's desk.

"It can't be helped, Inspector," said Amber cheerfully, "I don't know but that if I had been in the constable's place I should have behaved in any other way. Stocking-footed burglar flyin' for his life, eh? Respectable gentlemen toiling in the rear; what would you have done?"

The inspector smiled.

"Well, sir," he admitted, "I think



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the stockings would have convinced me."

Amber nodded and met the policeman grateful glance with a grin.

"I don't think there is much use in waiting," said Amber. "Our friends have given the policemen the slip. There is a back entrance to the hotel which I do not doubt they have utilized. Your men could not have the power to make a summary arrest?"

The inspector shook his head. "The charges are conspiracy and burglary, aren't they?" he asked, "that would require a warrant. A constable could take the responsibility for making a summary arrest, but very few would care to take the risk."

A messenger had brought Amber's shoes and great coat and he was ready to depart.

"I will furnish the Yard with the necessary affidavit," he said; "the time has come when we should make a clean sweep. I know almost enough to bang them without the bother referring to their latest escapade—their complicated frauds extending over years are bad enough; they are distributors, if not actual forgers, of spurious paper money—that's worse from a jury's point of view. Juries understand forgeries."

He had sent the car back to Maidstone to bring Sutton. He was not surprised when he came down to breakfast at his hotel to find that not only Frank, but his sister had arrived. Very briefly he told the adventures of the night.

"We will finish with them," he said. "They have ceased to be amusing. A warrant will be issued to-day, and with luck we should have them to-night."

Lambaire and Whitey in the meantime had reached the temporary harbour afforded by the Bloomsbury boarding-house where Lambaire lived. Whitey's was ever the master mind in moments of crisis, and now he took charge of the arrangements.

He found a shop in the city that opened early and purchased trunks for the coming journey. Another store supplied him with such of his wardrobe as was replaceable at a moment's notice. He dared not return to his hotel for the baggage he had left.

Lambaire was next to useless. He sat in the sitting-room Whitey had engaged biting his finger nails and cursing helplessly.

"It's no good swearing, Lambaire," said Whitey, "We're up against it—good. We're 'peleli'—as the Kaffirs say—finished. Get your cheque-book."

"Couldn't we brazen it out?" querulously demanded the big man, "couldn't we put up a bluff—?"

"Brazen!" sneered Whitey, "you're a cursed fine brazen! You try to brazen a jury! Where's the pass book?"

Reluctantly Lambaire produced it, and Whitey made a brief examination.

"Six thousand three hundred—that's the balance," he said with relish, "and a jolly good balance, too. We'll draw all but a hundred. There will be delay if the account is closed."

He took the cheque-book and wrote in his angular caligraphy an order to pay bearer six thousand two hundred pounds. Against the word Director he signed his name and pushed the cheque-book to Lambaire. The other hesitated, then signed.

"Wait a bit," growled Lambaire as his friend reached for the cheque, "who's going to draw this?"

"I am," said Whitey.

Lambaire looked at him suspiciously.

"Why not me?" he asked, "the bank knows me."

"You — you thief!" spluttered Whitey, "you dog! Haven't I trusted you?"

"This is a big matter," said Lambaire doggedly.

With an effort Whitey mastered his wrath.

"Go and change it," he said. "I'm not afraid of you running away—only go quickly—the banks are just opening."

"I don't—I haven't got any suspicion of you, Whitey," said Lambaire with heavy affability, "but business is business."

"Don't jaw—go," said his companion tersely. If the truth be told, Whitey recognized the danger of visiting the bank. There was a possibility that a

warrant had already been issued and that the bank would be watched. There was a chance, however, that some delay might occur, and in his old chivalrous way he had been willing to take the risk.

Lambaire went to his room before he departed, and was gone for half an hour. He found Whitey standing with his back to the fire in a meditative mood.

"Here I am, you see," Lambaire's tone was one of gentle raillery. "I haven't run away."

"No," admitted Whitey. "I trust you more than you trust me—though you half made up your mind to bolt with the swag when you came out of the bank."

Lambaire's face went red. "How—how do you know—what d'ye mean?" he demanded noisily.

"I followed you," said Whitey simply, "in a taxi-cab."

"Is that what you call trusting me?" demanded Lambaire with some bitterness.

"No," said Whitey without shame, "that's what I call takin' reasonable precautions."

Lambaire laughed, an unusual thing for him to do.

He pulled from his breast pockets two thick pads of bank-notes.

"There's your lot, and there's mine," he said, "they are in fifties—I'll count them for you."

Deftly he fingered the notes, turning them rapidly as an accountant turns the leaves of his ledger. There were sixty-two.

Whitey folded them and put them into his pocket.

"Now what's your plan?" asked Whitey.

"The Continent," said Lambaire. "I'll leave by the Harwich route for Holland—we had better separate."

Whitey nodded.

"I'll get out by way of Ireland," he lied. He looked at his watch. It was nearly ten o'clock.

"I shall see you—sometime," he said turning as he left the room, and Lambaire nodded. When he returned the big man had gone.

There is a train which leaves for the Continent at eleven from Victoria—a very dangerous train as Whitey knew, for it is well watched. There was another which left at the same hour from Holborn—this stops at Herne Hill.

Whitey resolved to take a tourist ticket at an office in Ludgate Hill and a taxi-cab to Herne Hill.

He purchased the ticket and was leaving the office, when a thought struck him.

He crossed to the counter where the money-changers sit. "Let me have a hundred pounds' worth of French money."

He took two fifty-pound notes and pushed them through the grill.

The clerk looked at them, fingered them, then looked at Whitey.

"Notice anything curious about these?" he asked drily.

"No."

There was a horrible sinking sensation in Whitey's heart.

"They are both numbered the same," said the clerk, "and they are forgeries."

Mechanically Whitey took the bundle of notes from his pocket and examined them. They were all of the same number.

His obvious perturbation saved him from an embarrassing inquiry.

"Have you been sold?"

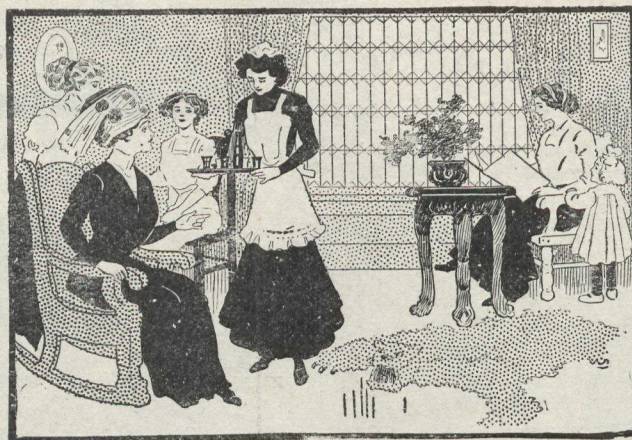
"I have," muttered the duped man. He took the notes the man offered him and walked out.

A passing taxi drew to the kerb at his uplifted hand. He gave the address of Lambaire's lodging.

Lambaire had gone when he arrived: he had probably left before Whitey. Harwich was a blind—Whitey knew that.

He went to Lambaire's room. In his flight Lambaire had left many things behind. Into one of the trunks so left Whitey stuck the bundle of forgeries. If he was to be captured he would not be found in possession of these damning proofs of villainy. A search of the room at first revealed no clue to Lambaire's destination, then Whitey happened upon a tourist's guide. It opened naturally at one page, which meant that one page

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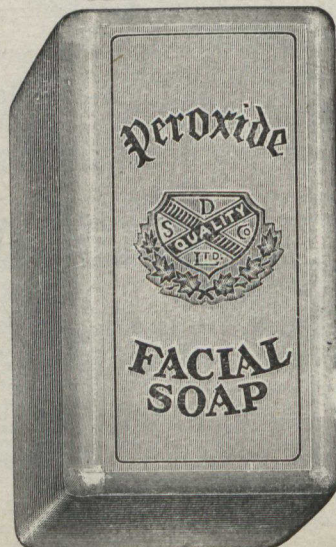
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had been consulted more frequently than any other.

"Winter excursions to the Nether lands, eh?" said Whitey; "that's not a bad move, Lammie: no splits watch excursion trains."

The train left Holborn at a quarter to eleven by way of Queensborough-Flushing. He looked at his watch: it wanted five minutes to the quarter, and to catch that train seemed an impossibility. Then an idea came to him. There was a telephone in the hall of the boarding-house usually well patronized. It was his good luck that he reached it before another boarder came. It was greater luck that he got through to the traffic manager's office at Victoria with little delay.

"I want to know," he asked rapidly, "if the ten forty-five excursion from Holborn stops at any London stations?"

"Every one of 'em," was the prompt reply, "as far as Penge: we pick up all through the suburbs."

"What time is it due away from Penge?"

He waited in a fume of impatience whilst the official consulted a timetable.

"Eleven eighteen," was the reply.

There was time. Just a little over half an hour. He fled from the house. No taxi was in sight; but there was a rank at no great distance. He had not gone far, however, before an empty cab overtook him.

"Penge Station," he said. "I'll give you a sovereign over your fare if you get there within half an hour."

The chauffeur's face expressed his doubt.

"I'll try," he said.

Through London that day a taxi-cab moved at a rate which was considerably in excess of the speed limit. Clear of the crowded West End, the road was unhampered by traffic to any great extent, but it was seventeen minutes past eleven when the cab pulled up before Penge Station.

The train was already at the platform and Whitey went up the stairs two at a time.

"Ticket," demanded the collector. "I've no ticket—I'll pay on the train."

"You can't come on without a ticket, sir," said the man.

The train was within a few feet of him and was slowly moving, and Whitey made a dart, but a strong hand grasped him and pushed him back and the gate changed in his face.

He stood leaning against the wall, his face white, his fingers working convulsively.

Something in his appearance moved the collector.

"Can't be helped, sir," he said. "I had—"

He stopped and looked in the direction of the departing train.

Swiftly he leant down and unlocked the door.

"Here—quick," he said, "she's stopped outside the station—there's a signal against her. You'll just catch it."

The rear carriages were not clear of the platform and Whitey, sprinting along, scrambled into the guard's van just as the train was moving off again.

He sank down into the guard's seat. Whitey was a man of considerable vitality. Ordinarily the exertion he had made would not have unconvinced him, but now he was suffering from something more than physical distress.

"On me!" he muttered again and again, "to put them on me!"

It was not the loss of the money that hurt him, it was not Lambaire's treachery—he knew Lambaire through and through. It was the substitution of the notes and the terrible risk his estimable friend had inflicted on him.

In his cold way Whitey had decided. He had a code of his own. Against Amber he had no grudge. Such spaces of thought as he allowed him were of a complimentary character. He recognized the master mind, paid tribute to the shrewdness of the man who had beaten him at his own game.

Nor against the law which pursued him—for instinct told him that there would be no mercy from Amber now.

It was against Lambaire that his rage was directed. Lambaire, whose

right-hand man he had been in a score of nefarious schemes. They had been together in bogus companies; they had dealt largely in "Spanish silver"; they had been concerned in most generous systems of forgery. The very notes that Lambaire had employed to fool him with were part of an old stock.

The maker had committed the blunder of giving all the notes the same number.

"They weren't good enough for the public—but good enough for me," thought Whitey, and set his jaw.

The guard tried to make conversation, but his passenger had nothing to say, save "yes" or "no."

It was raining heavily when the train drew up at Chatham, and Whitey with his coat collar turned up, his hat pulled over his eyes and a handkerchief to his mouth, left the guard's van and walked quickly along the train.

The third-class carriages were sparsely filled. It seemed that the "winter excursion" was poorly patronized.

Whitey gave little attention to the thirds—he had an eye for the first-class carriages which were in the main empty. He found his man in the centre of the train—alone. He took him in with a glance of his eye and walked on. The whistle sounded and as the train began to glide from the platform he turned, opened the door of the carriage and stepped in.

There were other people who knew Lambaire was on the train. Amber came through Kent as fast as a 90 horse power car could carry him. He might have caught the train at Penge had he but known. It would have been better for two people if he had.

With him was a placid inspector from Scotland Yard—by name Fells.

"We shall just do it, I think," said Amber looking at his watch, "and any way you will have people waiting?"

The inspector nodded. Speaking was an effort at the pace the car was travelling.

He urged himself to the extent of expressing his surprise that Amber had troubled to take the journey.

**B**UT Amber, who had seen the start of the adventure, was no man to hear the end from another. He was out to finish the business, or see the finish. They reached the quay station as the excursion train came in and hurried along the slippery quay. Already the passengers were beginning their embarkation. By each gangway stood two men, watching.

The last passenger was aboard. "They could not have come," said Amber disappointedly. "If—"

At that moment a railway official came running toward them.

"You gentlemen connected with the police?" he asked, "there's something rum in one of these carriages—he led the way giving information incoherently, '... gentlemen won't get out.'"

They reached the carriage and Amber it was who opened the door.

"Come along, Whitey," he said quietly.

But the man who sat in one corner of the carriage slowly counting two thick packages of bank-notes took no notice.

"That's a good 'un," he muttered. "an' that's a good 'un—eh, Lammie? These are good—but the other lot was bad. What a fool—fool—fool! Oh, my God, what a fool you always was!"

He groaned the words, swaying from side to side as if in pain.

"Come out," said Amber sharply.

Whitey saw him and rose from his seat.

"Hullo, Amber," he said and smiled. "I'm coming—what about our River of Stars, eh? Here's a pretty business—here's money—look."

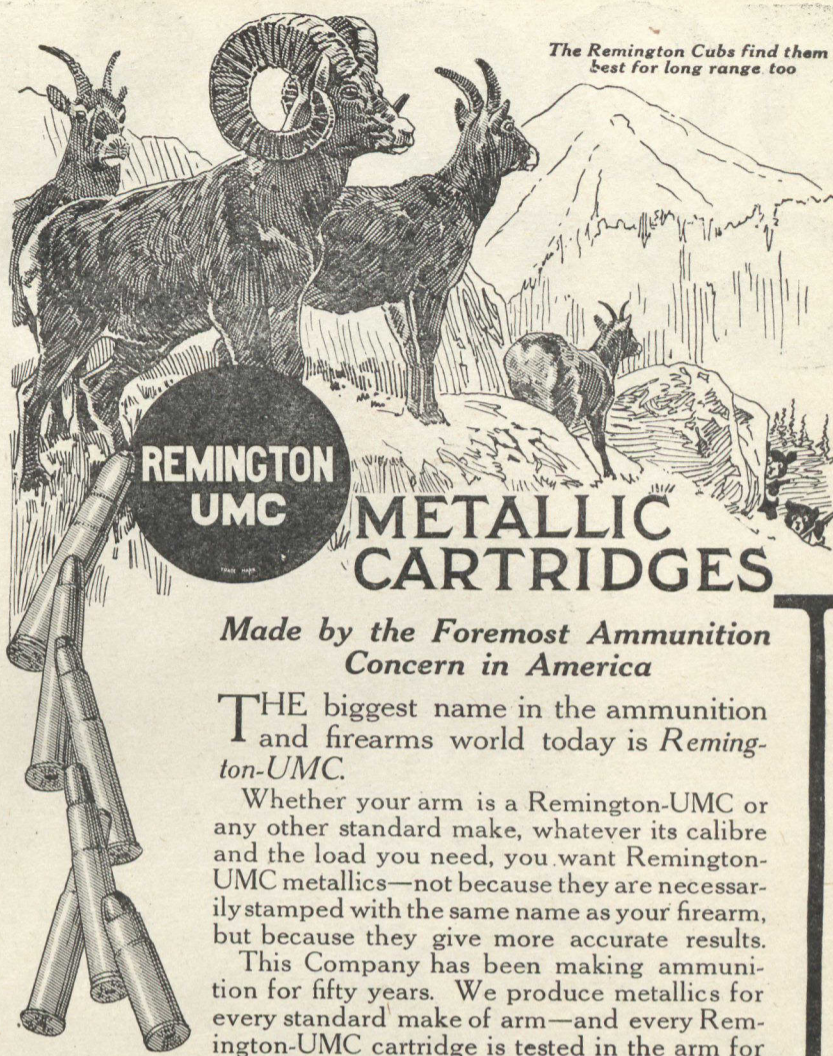
He thrust out a handful of notes and Amber started back, for they were spotted and blotted with blood.

"These are good 'uns," said Whitey. His lips were trembling, and in his colourless eyes there was a light which no man had ever seen. "The others were bad 'uns. I had to kill old Lammie—he annoyed me."

And he laughed horribly.

Under the seat they found Lambaire, shot through the heart.

THE END.



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