

The Canadian
COURIER
 THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Out of the Whirlpool

STORY BY S. A. WHITE

Illustrated by Arthur Heming



Elective Commission Government

A Remarkable Feature of Western Cities



Newer Canadian Sports

Text and Illustrations



Town Planning in Regina

By ROBERT MARTIN



Woman's Supplement

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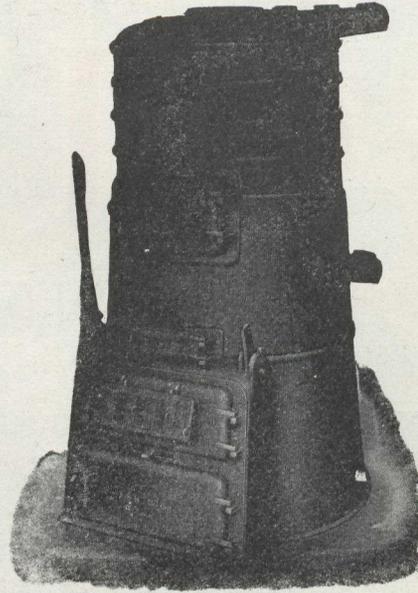
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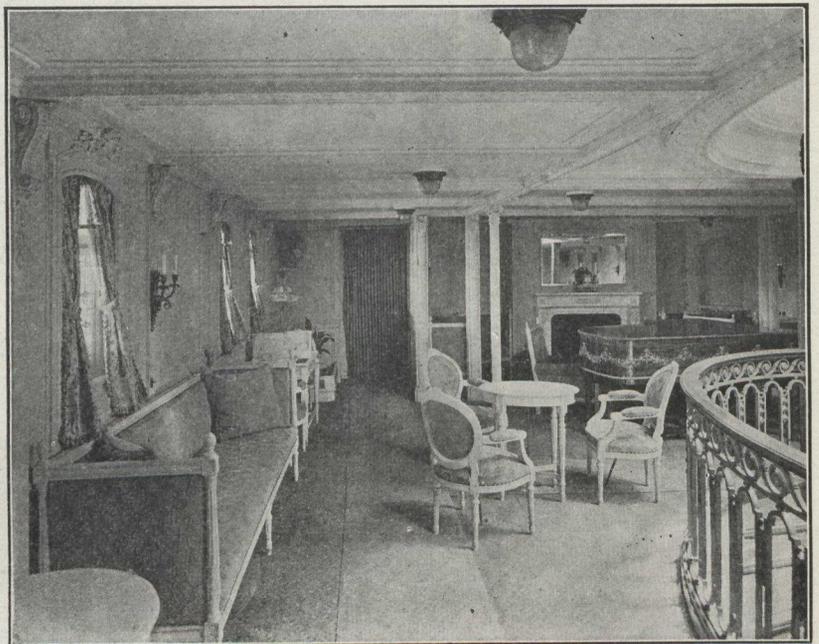
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A National Weekly

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VOL. XV.

TORONTO

NO. 14

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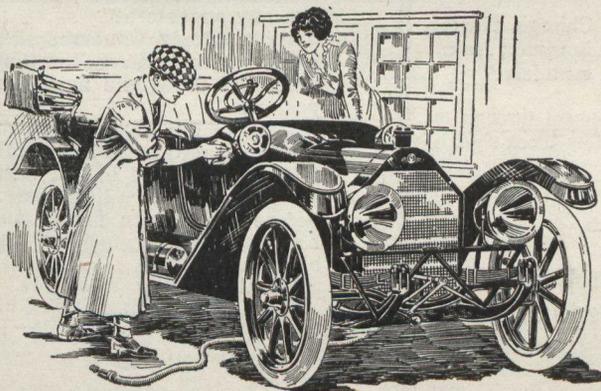
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By ROYAL WARRANT



TO HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE



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Remember the Panama Expositions at
San Francisco and San Diego in 1915
(3)



In Lighter Vein

"CONDUCTOR, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger?" asked the inquisitive woman. "He seems to be a very nice fellow. It is a pity he should be crippled." "That's just it, mum. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."—Chicago News.

A Winter's Tale.—"Cornelius Husk was called one winter morning before dawn and told to go and harness the mule to the dearborn.

"The lad was too busy to light a lantern, and in the dark he didn't notice that one of the cows was in the stable with the mule.

"As he tried to harness the cow his father, impatient at the long delay, shouted from the house:

"Corney, Corney. What are ye doin'?"

"I can't get the collar over the mule's head," the boy replied. "His ears are frozen."

Safe.—Chauffeur—"Sir, I'm afraid our gasoline is going to catch fire."

He—"Is that the same stuff I use in my automatic cigar-lighter?"

Chauffeur—"Yes, sir, and—"

He—"Not the slightest danger. Drive on."—Yale Record.

Reasonable.—Star Actor—"I must insist, Mr. Stager, on having real food in the banquet scene."

Manager—"Very well, then; if you insist on that you will be supplied with real poison in the death scene."—Tit-Bits.

Rattled.—It was Smith's first Sunday as usher in church, and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who entered, he said:

"This way, madam, and I'll sew you into a sheet."—Boston Transcript.

A Modest Request.—"Dear Teacher," wrote little Edith's mother, "please excuse Edith for not coming to school yesterday. She fell in the mud. By doing the same you will greatly oblige,
Her Mother."
—Ladies' Home Journal.

Some Hero.—"This is one of my ancestors," she said, pausing before a portrait. "He fell at Waterloo. Have you any ancestors?"

He suddenly remembered an uncle who had sole charge of the front of a cinema show, and murmured, "Er—yes, one."

"Did he fall anywhere?"
"Not exactly; but I remember being told how, clothed in full uniform, but unarmed save for a light cane, he stood before an Eastern palace and kept a howling, surging mob at bay single-handed."

"Really! How splendid!"
"Oh, he thought nothing of it. Did it every night for years."—Tit-Bits.

A Limit to Service.—The motor-bus stopped and the conductor looked expectantly up the steps. But no one descended, and at last he stalked up impatiently.

"Ere, you," he said to a man on top, "don't you want Westminster Abbey?"

"Yes," was the reply.
"Well," retorted the conductor, "come down for it. I can't bring it on the bus for you."—Tit-Bits.

How Pat Would Evade It.—Two Irishmen, on their way home from a funeral, were conversing about the uncertainty of life. Says Pat:

"Sure and I'd give a thousand dollars, Moike, if I knew th' place where I was goin' t' die."

"Faith, Pat, and phwat good would that do yez?"

"Begorra, I'd niver go near th' place at all, at all," says Pat.

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Special Extra Mild ALE

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à la Quina du Pérou

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ALL DRUGGISTS



The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly



HERBERT
 PIER

Vol. XV.

March 7, 1914

No. 14

THE NEWER CANADIAN SPORTS



Ski-ing and Ski-jumping, Sports Which Provide all Sorts of Thrills, Are Becoming More Popular in Canada Every Year. This is Evidenced by the Big Attendance When Dartmouth College (N.H.) Went to Montreal for the International Ski-jumping Competition. The Jump Was Won by Oscar Anderson, M.S.C., Shown in the Picture in Mid-air, With a Jump of 81 Feet. Other Near Jumps Were 80 and 79 Feet.

STYLES are changing in sports as in dances and other diversions. Once shinny-on-the-ice was quite adventurous and scientific enough to satisfy anybody. Hockey grew out of shinny. Now ice-crosse has been produced by a cross-breed between hockey and lacrosse, as shown in one of the photographs on this page. Ice-crosse is really lacrosse played on skates. We do not know whether this is a compliment more to hockey or to lacrosse. Ice-crosse will lengthen the lacrosse season to about ten months in the year. The rules of each game being similar, there is no difficulty in making an ice-crosse player of a lacrosse player on skates. There is, however, some handicap. The ice-crosse player who yearns to deliver an opponent a deadly blow on the back of the neck, just as he used to do in lacrosse, may find the ice suddenly rearing to hit him behind the ears. The comparatively gentle tactics of ice-crosse may have the effect of softening the manners of lacrosse players. The possibilities for scrimmage, however, are not lessened by the fact that a player does a mile a minute with the puck in his net and a pack on his heels. Some day it may be found possible to play hockey without skates; which following the method of name-making used in ice-crosse may be called sod-hockey.

Ski-ing is almost as popular in Canada now as it is in Norway, where it



Something New in Winter Sports is "Ice-crosse," the Game Devised by the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. "Ice-crosse" is a Combination of Hockey and Lacrosse, and is as Swift as the Former and as Exciting as the Latter. The First Game, Played on February 21, Was Pronounced a Great Success, and "Ice-crosse" Promises to Become Very Popular in Canada.

was born. There is no reason why the ski should not become almost a national emblem in this country. We have as many varieties of hills and snowscapes and just as much snow as they have in Norway. There are already several ski-ing associations, which grew naturally out of the snowshoe club; and we have always understood that the ski is only a glorified snow shoe without the net. The snowshoe is as indigenous to Canada as the lacrosse stick. The ski is still imported; but with the development of the ski-ing pastime it should be possible to make as good skis in Canada as they make in Norway.

The newer Canadian sports are largely an evolution of older forms, just as the tango and the turkey-trot and the bunny-hug were all developed out of the old dances that served to satisfy our forefathers.

In fifty years from now it may be possible to still farther develop this genial cross-breeding among the sports. Now that we have lacrosse on skates, water-polo and motor-polo and indoor baseball, why not ice-crosse played on skis and baseball on snowshoes? Ski-crosse would probably require a little more ice than hockey; but the tackles and the scrimmages and the get-aways would be simply immense. Ice-crosse should furnish excitement enough even for this excitable twentieth century.

Elective Commission Government

WESTERN CANADA has developed a form of municipal government which is different from that in any other part of the world. It may be termed Elective Commission Government. Recently the editor of the CANADIAN COURIER addressed a letter to the city clerks of Moose Jaw, Saskatoon, Regina, Calgary, and Edmonton, asking them a number of questions as to the particular features which distinguish their system as it works out practically. These questions and quotations from the replies are given herewith.

The questions asked are as follows: (1) What members comprise your Board of Control or executive body? (2) How long are these men appointed for? (3) Do they attend the meetings of the City Council regularly? (4) What status have they when they attend the council meetings? (5) Does the Board or the City Council engage, appoint, discharge and fix the salaries of the civic employees? (6) Do the permanent members of the Board of Control or administrative board give their exclusive time to the work, and what are their salaries?

The City Clerk of Calgary writes a clear and informing letter as follows:

Calgary, Alta., Feb. 3, 1914.

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your favour of the 30th ult., re government of this city. Our system is known as the elective commission form for executive purposes and with a council of 13 as the legislative body. The Board of Commissioners are three in number, the Mayor being the chairman, one commissioner of public works and one commissioner of public utilities. The chairman of this board is elected for a period of one year and receives a salary of \$5,000 per annum. The two other commissioners are elected for a period of two years and their terms run so that one commissioner retires at the end of each year. They receive a salary of \$4,000 per annum each. They attend the meetings of the city council, but have no voting power. Their presence, at these meetings, is necessary, as a number of recommendations from their board are usually up for consideration, and the council oftentimes requires information as to the operation, etc., of the departments under their jurisdiction.

The City Commissioners recommend to council all appointments of the heads of departments, with the exception of the City Comptroller, and the council to defeat their recommendations must vote against same to the extent of a two-thirds majority.

As regards the salaries, the commissioners prepare the estimates yearly and after due consideration recommend as to increases in salaries, new appointments and salaries for same, etc., etc. These propositions are liable to be amended by a two-thirds vote of the council.

The gentlemen comprising the Board of Commissioners, in Calgary, are required to give their whole time to the services of the city in their respective offices.

Yours truly,

J. M. MILLER, City Clerk.

Regina has the same form of government as Calgary and the executive body is also known as the Board of Commissioners. The only difference practically is the status of the Mayor who holds an honorary position but otherwise has as much power as the Mayor of Calgary. The City Clerk's letter is as follows:

Regina, February 3rd, 1914.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Replying to your letter of enquiry of the 30th ult., I may say that the system of government here is a modified form of Commission Government, with the council as the legislative body. The council consists of ten (10) members, and administers the affairs of the city through its standing committees. In place of a board of control we have two permanent commissioners, the mayor being an ex-officio commissioner and chairman of the board by virtue of his office.

The commissioners are appointed by the council and hold office during its pleasure; they attend all meetings and act in an advisory capacity to the council. One commissioner devotes himself to all matters appertaining to works, while the other specializes in finance. The commissioners nominate to the council for approval all heads of departments required to be appointed by by-law or resolution of the council, and any other permanent officials, clerks or assistants. They have the power also to suspend such head of a department, etc. They also recommend to council the salaries to be paid to the various heads of departments, officials, clerks, assistants, etc. The two commissioners devote the whole of their time to their work; the salary of the works commissioner being \$5,500 per annum, while

that of the finance commissioner is, at present, \$4,500. His Worship the Mayor devotes a certain portion of the day, usually from 10 till 12 in the morning, in conference with the two commissioners, receiving no fixed salary. He is, however, granted annually an honorarium, usually of \$2,500, for his services by a resolution of the council.

I trust I have fully covered all the points raised by you. If, however, there is any further information you desire, I shall be pleased to furnish same upon request.

Yours truly,

A. W. POOL, City Clerk.

Saskatoon is more like Calgary, the Mayor being a paid commissioner. The first three clauses of the by-law which establishes and defines the powers of the commissioners reads as follows:

"1. Subject to the legislative jurisdiction of the city council, there shall be for the city, three commissioners, to be called 'the Commissioners of the City of Saskatoon,' whose powers and duties shall be of an executive and administrative character; and with the powers and duties hereinafter set forth, etc.

"2. The Mayor shall be, ex-officio, one of the commissioners, and the other two shall be appointed by by-law by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the council, to hold office during the pleasure of the council. Such two commissioners shall devote their whole time to the city's affairs and may be dismissed from office on a similar vote of two-thirds of the members of the council.

"3. The commissioners and each of them shall be paid such salary or remuneration as the council may fix, but such amount shall not be less than \$1,500 each annually."

It will be noted that in Saskatoon the commissioners are appointed during pleasure as in Regina, whereas they are appointed for a period of two years in Calgary.

The letter from the City Clerk of Saskatoon is as follows:

Saskatoon, February 4th, 1914.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Replying to your circular letter of the 30th ult., with reference to the method of administering the municipal affairs of this city, I am pleased to state as follows:

The administration of the city's entire affairs is controlled by a board of city commissioners, which consists of the mayor and two specially appointed commissioners, one at a salary of \$4,000 and the other \$5,000 per year.

The commissioners are appointed to hold office during the pleasure of the council, being subject to receiving three months' notice in case it is intended to dispense with their services. They attend all meetings of the council in an advisory capacity, but, of course, have not a vote in the council.

The commissioners make all recommendations to the council with respect to engaging and discharging civic employees, and fixing of salaries. They give their entire time to the affairs of the city.

In short, the commissioners are the executive and administrative body, subject, at all times, to the legislative jurisdiction of the council.

Yours very truly,

ANDREW LESLIE.

The Moose Jaw by-law has only one operating clause as follows:

"1. There shall be appointed two commissioners who shall hold office during the pleasure of the council and subject, however, to dismissal as provided in the city's acts, and who, together with the mayor, shall be called the Commissioners of the City of Moose Jaw."

The by-law provides that they shall attend all meetings of the council in an advisory capacity. They nominate to the council for approval all heads of departments and recommend the salaries of all officers and clerks. They also have power to dismiss or suspend any head of a department, with the exception of the City Solicitor, City Auditor, or the police department. The commissioners must give their whole time and attention to the business of the city.

The letter from the City Clerk of Moose Jaw is as follows:

Moose Jaw, February 4th, 1914.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your letter of the 30th ultimo, and in reply beg to enclose copy of By-law No. 595, defining the duties and powers of the commissioners of this city.

I believe the by-law answers questions 1, 3, 4 and 5. Question No. 2 is also partly answered in the by-law, Section 1; the City Act, however, provides that the council must give the commissioners three months' notice of dismissal, and the commissioners

must also give the council three months' notice of resignation. Question No. 6 is also partly answered; salaries being, Mayor, \$3,000; Finance Commissioner, \$4,200; and Engineering Commissioner, \$6,000.

Yours very truly,

E. B. BONNELL, City Clerk.

The Edmonton system has heretofore been much the same as the other western cities, but its present mayor was elected on a purely commission government platform. In short, Edmonton proposes to do away with its legislative body and give full powers to an enlarged commission as is now the case in Lethbridge and St. John, N.B. The letter from the City Clerk is as follows:

Edmonton, Alta., February 16th, 1914.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Replying to your letter of the 30th ult., the administration of this city consists of a mayor elected every year, and ten aldermen elected for a period of two years. Their business is legislative.

The administrative functions of the city are vested in the hands of a Board of Commissioners appointed by the city council. The board consists of the mayor and four other commissioners, making five commissioners in all. Their salary is uniform—\$5,000 per annum each. Their duties are definitely assigned and a council committee of a similar designation is co-operative with each of them. Each of the commissioners gives the whole of his time to the business of the city. They attend all meetings of the council in a consultative and advisory capacity, but, of course, do not vote.

The various utilities of the city are placed under the care of the commissioners who engage the superintendents of the departments, and the superintendents in turn engage their own staff. Any revision of salaries is considered by council when the annual estimates are under consideration.

Yours truly,

CHAS. ED. K. COX, City Clerk.

It will be noted that in these five western cities they have elective or appointed commissions instead of boards of control. They believe that their system secures a continuity of policy and administration which is impossible with a yearly elected board of control, and there is much to be said in favour of their contention.

Kinship By C. G. L.

TWO men stood looking into a lake. One saw in the water the form of an angel. The other, by his description of his vision, made it plain that he had seen a demon. Both were confident in their assertions and the latter was as pleased as the former.

We classify men according to their conduct. Our judgments at best are only relative and conditional. The only criterion by which men can be judged absolutely is not open to human inspection. It is not the deed, but the motive; not the achievement, but the aspiration; which is the measure of the man. Motive involves an end, aspiration implies an ideal. Ideals and ends are mental products. Hence there is much value in the saying, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

Each individual thinker divides the whole into ego and non-ego. The ego exists in certainty, the non-ego in probability. Between the two is a great gulf fixed. The relation between them is of harmonic progression; the ego-as-knowing being distinct from the ego-as-known. Thus we read ourselves into all that we experience. Only in proportion as I know myself can I know anything apart from myself. By knowledge of the ego I construct a system for the non-ego. According as the ego is noble or base will its corresponding non-ego be. The pure in heart see God.

Appreciation is the sympathetic recognition of that which harmonizes with one's own ideal. It is a discovery of the likeness of the ego in the non-ego. Hence one is pleased most with that in which is hid his own dominating principle. A noble character meets with slander from the ignorant and base because these have so little moral worth in themselves. Poetry, classical music, and art are most truly attractive to those whose lives are a harmony and a symmetry in themselves. God is apprehended by those who do His will.

The story of the lake is a parable of human experience. He who saw the angel was one whose thoughts were manly and his life clean. The other was harbouring in himself the demon he saw in the water. Neither was conscious that what he saw was his own judgment of himself. Each was pleased because each had found the ideal of his soul.

Out of the Whirlpool

A Story Big With Human Interest, and With the Picturesque Canadian North as a Background

By SAMUEL ALEXANDER WHITE

Author of "Empery," "The Stampeder," "The Wildcatters," etc.

DEPUTY SHERIFF EVIACK'S energy was at low ebb as he made camp at the Falls on the west branch of the Montreal River near where it debouched into Matchewan Lake. The strenuous search and exhaustive work up the west branch, culminating in the raid upon Lavicienne's blind-pig on the shores of Mislinion Lake, had had its effect upon even Drury Eviack's mighty frame. While he upturned his canoe against a tamarack root, he sighed, and that sigh confided to the wilderness in general that this expedition in the interests of law and order was the toughest he had ever undertaken. Such back-breaking portaging, such nerve-fraying awaiting of opportunities, and such hound-nosed ferreting out of clues, Eviack had never known, although for six years he had been marshal of a backwoods county in the wilds of the State of Maine. That was before he had joined the Canadian force and been sent north as a red-light spotter.

A new Brunswickian by birth, straight as a pine and tough as the pine's vital roots, Eviack was eminently fitted for the muscular test imposed by the Montreal River district patrol, and for the nerve strain impending on his peculiar duties. But he found out that he had need of his high-tension point of courage and of his last ounce of sinew. He was of a new, unbitten country, where they played nothing but men's games, and committed only men's crimes. In this new country the deputy sheriff saw that they looked upon life in the strong light of consequence. They drank good fortune or vicissitude at one draught and called it fine. And those who took crime to their bosoms, took it in its entirety. Half-measures were consigned to the devil as weak traits of character. Commandments were not cracked with mathematical exactitude of design, pieced with superb delicacy, and held together with the elastic bands of conscience. Instead, they were smashed with a bang that echoed like the Falls of the Lady Evelyn.

And such a banging had rung in the ears of the law for months in connection with the Lavicienne affair that flannel-shirted and unstarred sleuths had taken the trail that leads by many a secret way to the North Bay courts. Lavicienne's hang-out was a big log cabin on the east shore of Mislinion Lake. It existed under the guise of an independent trading post in competition with the Hudson's Bay Company and the Revillons, and it could be reached by going up the west branch of the Montreal or crossing over from the main Montreal by a matter of three lakes and four portages commencing at the foot of Matchewan. Long ago the cabin had been spotted as a blind-pig and a red-light resort. But spotting is one thing and conviction is another. They are as far removed from each other as the brinks of a broad canyon, and cleverness is the long trestle that bridges the gulf. However, the searchlight of perseverance had finally pierced the veiling maze of baffling and intangible clues. The rumour of a woman's death at Lavicienne's pricked a pin hole for the light. And Deputy Sheriff Drury Eviack was the man to rip away the screen.

FROM the viewpoint of the law, the raid by half a dozen constables was entirely successful. Only one man, Opio Duchabing, had escaped, and there were hopes of his capture. Inspector Caldbeck had congratulated Eviack on the part he played, and hinted at promotion, but from Eviack's personal viewpoint, the raid was not a success. His whole being was sore from the unexpected probing of an old wound. His pride was trampled on. And his conscience was thrown into the discard. For he knew he had shirked his full duty the night of the raid. A sudden impulse, no doubt human enough and merciful enough, had caused him to betray the well-defined principles of law and order, and in the melee which followed the rush upon Lavicienne's cabin he had let a girl go by.

Intermittent flashing of dark lanterns had stabbed the gloom into which the voluntary smashing of lights plunged the hang-out at the raiders' approach. The number of the raiders, six, allotted a man to each door and to each window, and Eviack's lantern glared full upon the girl's face as he kicked in his door. Recognition took place in that flash, recognition that struck the deputy sheriff like a blow. The face was one he had known down on the New Brunswick-Maine border, known too well for

his own peace. For Necra Nevin was fresh-cheeked, blue-eyed, and innocent then, and Eviack knew she had liked him well before their quarrel the day he arrested old Kale Nevin for border smuggling. That was a bitter thing to do, but Eviack had done it, then promptly resigned and came to the Canadian North. That ever Necra Nevin should come into this world again he did not permit himself to imagine even in his wildest hopes and visionings, and the sight of her in Lavicienne's cabin staggered him. He fell back a step in amazement, then, realizing his duty, barred the door again. But recognition had been mutual. The girl was not slow to catch the chance. Eviack found her eyes pleading with him, liquid eyes full of softness as a fawn's, and with grim resolve he snapped shut his lantern slide lest they might persuade him. But in the dark, as his shoulders filled the doorway, two arms were round his neck and Necra was straining for freedom and beseeching him to stand aside. A second he wavered. Then, with a sound in his throat that was half choke and half curse, he stood aside and let her rush past.

INSIDE the cabin all was uproar, and before the deputy sheriff could block the doorway again, a man's figure bolted through on the heels of the girl.

"Stop!" commanded Eviack, from the door he dared not leave a second time.

Then his Colts' barked, but Opio Duchabing's mocking yell from the tangled spruce growth told that he was unhit.

Eviack fired again, futilely, and jumped into the room. A great wrath at Opio Duchabing's escape surged over him. He manhandled Lavicienne and Lavicienne's guests with savage strength, his huge form towering over all in the place. In five minutes every one was handcuffed, but the sight of these beaten into submission did not cure Eviack's wrath. Duchabing was not one of the sullen row that sat

on the bunks. And Duchabing would have been one of them if he had not let Necra Nevin escape!

Opio Duchabing was a vicious quarter-breed. Cree blood showed in his dark skin and feature casting. He talked bad English with a Scotch burr, and gestured like some ancient French forbear. His record was black, and if the secret places of the wilderness could have spoken, Opio would have paid his reckoning long before. He had the creative brain of a devil, and, according to trappers and rivermen, what villainies stood so scored against him were inventions of atrocious genius. His address for months past had been the wide Northland. He was skilfully keeping beyond the poking fingers of the law, and the persistent forefinger which annoyed him most was the deputy sheriff, Drury Eviack. Duchabing had boasted that he would do for Eviack. The deputy sheriff knew of Opio's boast, and he yearned to meet the quarter-breed. On the night of the raid his chance had come, and he had let it go. It did not soothe Eviack's feelings any to hear the other prisoners brag insolently about Duchabing's escape, nor to hear Inspector Caldbeck lament the one piece of bad luck attendant on the coup. Nobody mentioned the girl. None of the other raiders seemed to know that Lavicienne's crowd lacked a female member. Five other sorrowful-eyed women had been packed off, shackled with the men, and Caldbeck, apparently ignorant of Eviack's double responsibility, lauded his aggressive measures.

Because a whisper connected Opio Duchabing with the death of the woman at Lavicienne's, the deputy sheriff felt his failure more deeply. So he asked the Inspector's permission to take up the quarter-breed's trail while the other constables went down to North Bay with the prisoners. From Mislinion Lake he traced Duchabing up the west branch to the forking of Pigeon and Duncan Lakes, but Duchabing was crafty. He went up Duncan Lake to Duncan Creek, took the cut-across to the Montreal again and escaped down-river. Where the quarter-breed would head from there Eviack could not guess, but he himself was out of supplies, and he was making for Fort Matchewan. The Fort lay some distance below the mouth of the west branch, and

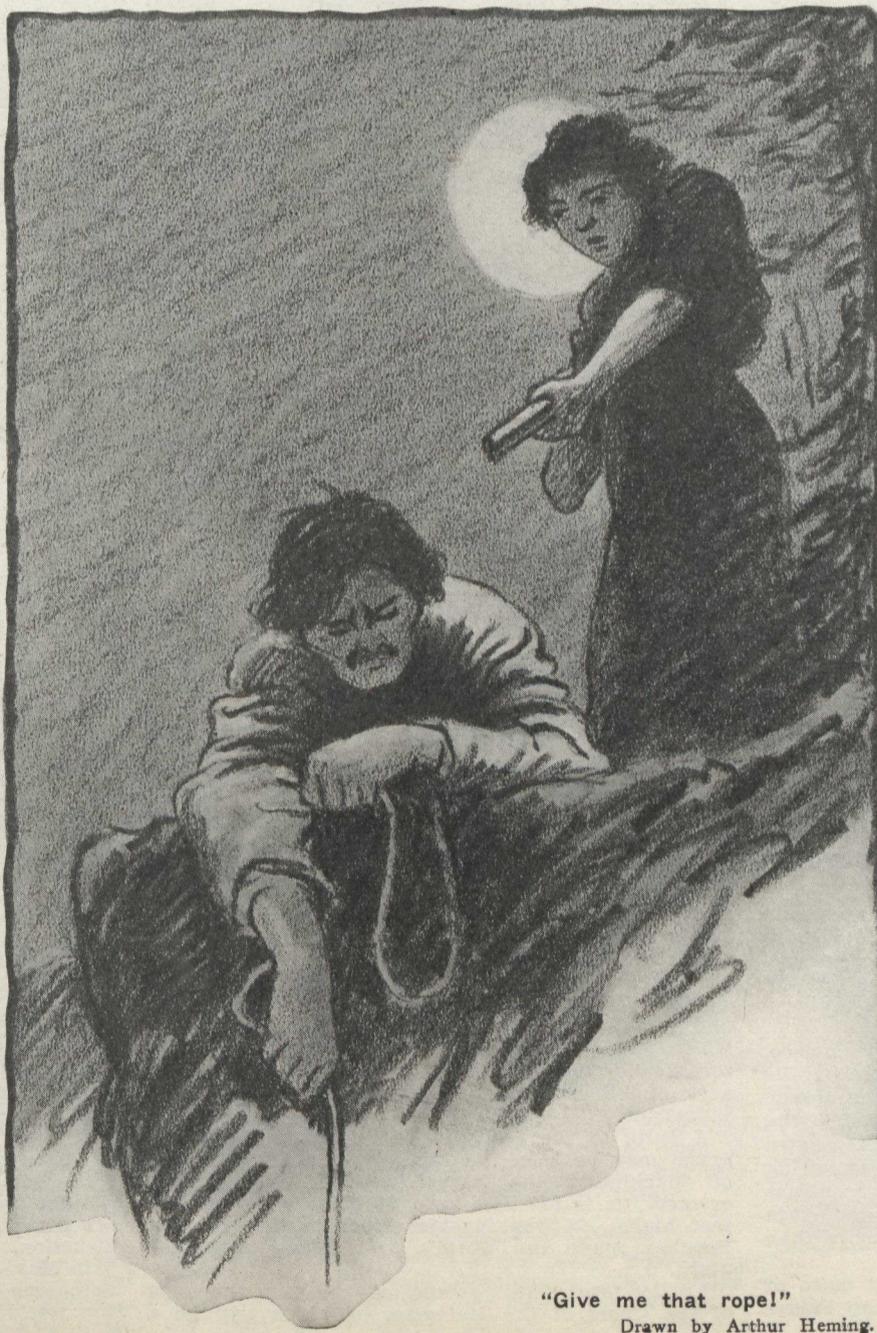
the deputy sheriff went into camp at the Falls with the intention of indulging in a much-needed sleep and reaching Matchewan next day. Of late he hadn't been able to sleep much. Two disturbing elements filled his mind and kept it working overtime. The apparition of Necra Nevin flying from Lavicienne's hang-out had knocked his brain all askew, and the erratic canoe flights he had taken during the ensuing weeks, coupled with the failure to get Opio Duchabing, did not make for mental order. For Eviack was wilderness born, and nothing irritates the wilderness born more than to face a problem which seems insoluble.

II.

ON the rock wall above the Falls Eviack wedged two sticks in the tamarack root to keep his canoe from being upset by the wind which had a disconcerting habit of springing from the river pools at midnight, taking liberties with one's blankets, and rolling cooking utensils about the rocks like merry tambourines. When he had spread his blankets underneath his canoe, he stood looking at them undecidedly. Finally he kicked them aside with the toe of a worn cruiser and walked off to a balsam clump, returning with an armful of springy bough ends which he proceeded to lay in rows overlapping each other for a couch on the granite. He felt too sore from the shoulders down to essay sleeping as he always did, on the hard rock with a duck jacket under his head. A little of his feeling was muscle soreness, but more of it was something inside, something which ached dully and remorsefully.

The blaze of his camp fire in a measure relieved his discouragement, so that he began to hum an old river song he had not sung since leaving Maine. Its rhythm had a soothing effect, and he continued to hum the song as he clambered down the rocks to fill his bail-handled coffee pot with river water.

Beneath him the great whirlpool above the Falls writhed and circled with serpentine twists of surge and ripple. Owing to Eviack's nearness to it, the spot which he formerly looked upon as a portage-maker took on a different and more deadly aspect. It seemed as if an immense mine shaft had been sunk across the river's course by a



"Give me that rope!"

Drawn by Arthur Heming.

Titanic hand. The sides of the huge rocky pot in which the whirlpool boiled rose steep and craggy, creviced and treacherous. Bits of seamed granite fell continually with a plop that held some baleful fascination. A man could easily climb down the knobby projections and ascend again by using the grinning cracks for toe-holds, but the deputy sheriff knew that time had underbored the rough shelves and knobs, and that the torrent's ceaseless battering had honeycombed the walls. Descent and ascent could be accomplished, but he who made them was taking risks. A handhold might crumble unawares beneath the grasp, or a seam might bevel off unexpectedly under the boot sole. So Eviack clambered down slowly and with exceeding care, feeling his steps before he trusted to them, one arm through the bail-handle of his coffee pot in order to leave both hands free. As he descended, he hummed his song, repeating over and over the refrain: "Oh, far on the night wind your low voice calls, And your heart is as deep as the river's falls!"

It was a river song of the New Brunswick-Maine border, a carol of the wild, free life of the woodsman, and it peculiarly fitted the atmosphere and surroundings which enveloped Eviack over the face of the whirlpool. Near the base of the rocky pot the thunder of the Falls increased. The weird, voluminous cadence of the river as it slipped from the pool's embrace and roared down the black-fanged gorge below rose in strident ear-splitting tones. It tore the song from Eviack's mouth and shrieked it throughout the canyon in a thousand echoes, pitching it to demoniacal screamings and lowering it to deep-throated bellowings. Within six feet of the bottom of the wall the deputy sheriff's feet slipped upon a spray-slimed ledge. He swung backward, but saved himself by gripping a raw-edged cornice with both knees. The action threw the coffee pot from his arm into space. It fell with a slight splash near the base of the rock. Eviack swiftly found a lower foothold and grasped at it, but the pot bobbed tantalizingly beyond his

reach, sailed by, and began to circle with the foam-marked curves of the whirlpool.

Fascinated, Eviack watched it, but its movement on the outer rim of the swirling waters was so slow that he climbed up to the top of the wall again and sat there, oddly interested in the fate of his coffee pot. As he sat there, he glanced idly at his watch. It showed a minute after seven. It must have been exactly seven when the pot fell. He wondered how long it would circle before shooting over the Falls. Its progress was laggard, for the outmost swirls of the pool had an upward, jumping motion more marked than the onward draught. The tin pot rocked like a buoy on the ebb tide, while its circular motion was deliberate and scarcely noticeable from above. Seven minutes elapsed before the pot completed the first circuit of the pool. Then Eviack whimsically began to time the next. Suction set the second course some yards nearer the jaws of the champing Falls, and its speed was greater. It swung past the deputy sheriff's observation point in less than four minutes. The time was practically cut in half. And then began the giddy death race! The tremendous force of the underswell came to the whirlpool's surface some distance below the water's centre of rotation, and it rose geyser-like to arch over into the dizzy chaos of the Falls. In thirty seconds the coffee pot whisked round its third circuit near the middle of the pool, gyrating madly upon the peak of the waterspout with the horrible suggestion of a helpless person, and disappeared with a lightning plunge!

EVIACK drew breath with a sharp exclamation. Some strange and painful trend of thought had personified the tin atom in the whirlpool. Slowly he turned back to his fire and began the delayed preparation of his supper. The coffee was boiled in a pail with water brought from the end of the portage, for Eviack did not propose to send his pail after his pot. Afterwards he lit a smudge to keep away the pests with the thin wing-songs and rolled himself in his blanket under the

canoe. The balsam couch delighted his aching sides. The smudge smouldered satisfactorily. Everything was conducive to comfort, and the deputy lay back with something of philosophic calm and began to juggle into their proper places the disturbing elements in his mind. He thought first of Opio Duchabing, of his diabolic cunning and cleverness. Then the quarter-breed slipped out of his brain, and he mused upon the image of Necra Nevin, the former Necra, the girl she had been before the day of old Kale Nevin's arrest. In his pipe smoke Eviack could see her plainly, and over her he brooded long.

It might have been the new form of ennui which had overtaken him. It might have been the novel springiness of his bed, or the steady, drowsy booming of the Falls, but in an hour the deputy sheriff's propped elbow lost its muscle tension and his head slid down upon his arm in sleep. Unheard and unnoticed, the pipe fell to the rocks, and the mosquito smudge burned out. Then that anomaly of psychic impression by which trivial incidents of the day flash their repetitions through the brain in distorted and intensely magnified fancies, pounced upon Eviack. He dreamed that he and Necra Nevin were caught in the swing of the whirlpool. The canoe they were in turned suddenly to a coffee pot, and, their souls wrenched with horror, they were spinning upon the geyser spout at the edge of the Falls.

III.

THE deputy sheriff's waking reality was as hideous as his dream. His first belief was that the nightmare still oppressed him, but a pang of fear destroyed that belief. He came to himself loosely bound and half-lying in his own canoe at the bottom of the whirlpool's walls. The outer eddies drew sluggishly at the craft, but something restrained it. Eviack twisted his body and looked up to discover the something. The same rope which bound him ran up the rocks into the hands of Opio Duchabing. In the yellow light of the risen moon

(Continued on page 16.)

Recent Aeroplane Photograph of the Panama Exposition



WHILE an aeroplane volplaned over the site of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, a photographer, strapped to the passenger's seat, snapped a negative, which, for the first time, gives a comprehensive idea of the progress in construction.

To the left is the beautiful bay of San Francisco, and in the extreme background the evergreen hills of Marin County rise majestically to tip the sweeping clouds. Directly beneath the aviator and in the immediate foreground of the photograph is shown the Palace of Fine Arts, with the frame just rising from the ground. Its arc-like walls half encompass a great lagoon, while in front of it lies the main group of eight main exhibit palaces, all more than one-half completed.

The structure on the right of the great mass of buildings and fronting on the lagoon is the Palace

of Education in which will be portrayed the century's advance in teaching.

Next to it stands the Palace of Agriculture, and the three buildings immediately behind it are the Palaces of Food Products, Transportation, and Mines and Metallurgy. Behind the Palace of Education, which may be recognized by the great dome in the foreground, 160 feet above the ground, are the Palaces of Liberal Arts, Manufactures, and Varied Industries.

A little to the rear of the centre of the photograph may be seen the immense completed Palace of Machinery, the largest wooden building ever erected. It is 967 feet long, 367 feet wide and 136 feet high. It was in this structure that Lincoln Beachey made the world's first indoor aeroplane flight.

To the fore of this palace may be seen the form of the Court of the Universe, in which will be a

great sunken garden capable of seating more than ten thousand people.

In the bay just opposite the esplanade, which may be seen about the centre of the picture, is the great roadstead in which the warships of the world will lie at anchor shortly after the formal opening of the exposition. The sailors and marines from these ships will participate in the great military and naval tournament and pageant to be held on the drill grounds, which are not shown in the photograph.

A good view of the plan of the South Gardens is shown to the right of the Palace of Manufactures, while some distance to the rear may be seen the Service Building, in which the exposition builders are planning and preparing the final details of construction.

In May of 1915 there will be held an international aeroplane meet in which aviators from all parts of the world will participate.

Preparing for Spring

A Seasonable Melange of Ideas for Making the Garden a Thing of Beauty and a Joy Forever

By E. T. COOK

ONCE again the spring season is approaching—a season that brings not only thoughts of flowers and budding leaves, but of sowing and planting. Snow may still mantle the brown earth, but it will soon melt beneath warmer

lings before those sown in the open ground. A new type of Aster is called "Ray," in allusion to the arrangement of quilled petals suggesting a ray, and the colourings are exquisite, one called "Crushed Strawberry," an art shade that the designers of dress fashions may well take a lesson from, others sky blue, rose, crimson, and white. A great favourite of the writer is the Plume China Aster. At a first glance it may be mistaken for a beautiful fluffy Chrysanthemum, the flowers having a feathery fulness that gives the favourite of Japan its distinctive charm.

Both the Ray and the Plume are acceptable for cutting, and a practice that may well be adopted is to set apart a certain space for the Asters alone to give flowers for the house, without disturbing beds in the parterre. Drummond's Phlox is the Mark Tapley of the flower garden. It seems happy almost anywhere, and needs but to be planted out immediately the frosts have gone, therefore, sown in March under glass in the frame on a hot-bed, to bloom early. It continues gay until fall, and the choice of forms is sufficient to satisfy all tastes, carmine, rose, yellow, certain colours with white centre, and other shades distinguishing this accommodating tender annual.

The Vegetables

NO garden, where space will allow, is a garden at all unless vegetables in variety are lavishly grown. We must think of the economy of the kitchen as well as the vase in the drawing room, and it is a gratifying sign of the times to know that

Osler, M.P., in Rosedale, Toronto. This group has occasioned more than passing interest and with them are two gems of the world of flowers, the quaint golden yellow Narcissus Cyclamineus and N. Minimus, a tiny reproduction of one of the large daffodils with which most who know anything of flowers are acquainted with.

Three distinct "Hoop Petticoats" exist. One, the large Sulphur or Bulbocodium Citrinus, has come to us from the Pyrenees, where its soft citron-yellow flowers give beauty to many a damp peaty spot, the White Hoop Petticoat, Monophyllus, or Clusi, is a native of Northern Africa, and should have a drier soil, and the other, the Yellow Hoop Petticoat, requires similar material to the first-named. This was discovered by the famous Peter Barr in Spain.

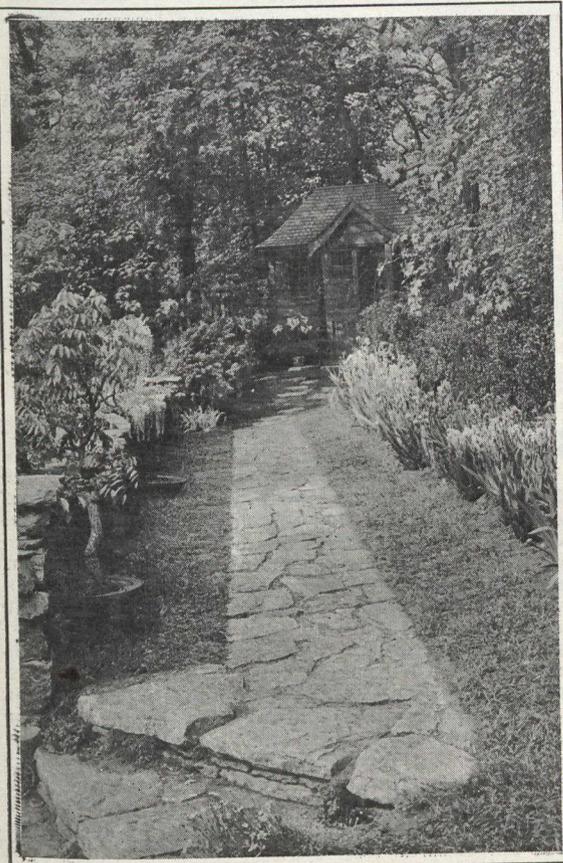
The writer knows nothing more fascinating at this season than a little group of these small-flowered Daffodils which are among the first to open their petals to the spring sun. We hope now that they are established here their culture will spread.

Making a Summer Walk

IT is not always possible, for many reasons, to form a complete garden at once, but as in the building of many a noble structure the end must be attained gradually. This illustration of a restful summer walk leading to a secluded tea house has been chosen to show one feature of the garden that may be constructed, so to say, when the weather permits. The scheme is very simple. A naturally secluded corner has been changed into something of more than passing interest, and if no woodland is there it may be quickly raised with the help of shrubs of rapid growth. Not long ago the writer was in such a walk as this. Summer rays scored the flagged path with light, and the faint perfume of German Irises mingled in the fresh sunlit air.

We were in a real garden, with flower and shrub life around, the drowsy hum of insect and song of bird, a living garden which brings to every country a priceless beauty and fascination. The flagstone is easily set, and the illustration is sufficiently clear to explain how it may be accomplished. There is nothing even approaching formality, and with such surroundings anything hard and set would be distraction rather than the reverse, every detail fitting in to make a complete harmony. It was a happy thought to plant that cosmopolitan flower the German or Flag Iris, in front of the hedge.

Partial shade, and a sense of isolation, give to the flower its most alluring charm, emphasizing not only the beauty of glaucous grey leaf, but of the flower colourings, from lavender white to a purple as intense as the warm hue that dyes the violet of rough wastes. When our summer sun beats fiercely on the garden and even makes the loggia or verandah far from comfortable, this shady retreat is the place to wander to for rest and study. The happy point is this, the walk did not entail a very serious outlay, and, therefore, in offring this as something in the nature of an example, no financial impossibility is encountered.



AN EXAMPLE TO IMITATE.

Tea house and Iris Fringed Path. Such a Garden Feature is Restful and Inexpensive.

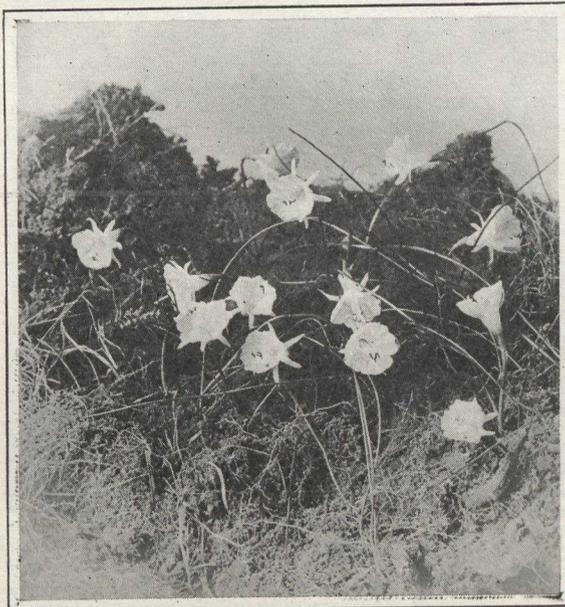
suns and bluer skies, preparations being necessarily made meanwhile to ensure immediate sowing or planting out of seedlings when the soil is in condition for their reception. It is needless to write that well-prepared ground is essential to success, and if it has never yet borne a crop, so much the better, but where produce has been already raised a liberal dressing of good horse manure will be advisable. Much as we prize the excellent concentrate preparations on the markets, the animal manures are the most fruitful in good results. Think out at once the plan to be adopted.

Perhaps a perennial or "herbaceous" border is to be formed, and the soil will require as much care in preparation as the space set apart for vegetables. During the first years a great flower display will not occur, but until the hardy plants have progressed towards full perfection, annual flowers may be used freely. When choosing avoid mere collections, unless the object is to make the garden a living herbarium.

A Good Beginning

A GOOD beginning may be made with the following: Snapdragon or Antirrhinum, long-spurred Columbine, called Aquilegia, China Asters, the pure white Marigold (Pluvialis), Calliopsis, in exquisite crimson and gold colourings, Empress Compact Candytuft, the stately Castor-oil Plant (Ricinus Gibsoni), Canterbury Bells, Dimorphotheca, with a lovely flower of brilliant orange and black centre, the deliciously scented Sweet Sultan, sulphur coloured Morning Star Chrysanthemum, Clarkias, of which Salmon Queen and White Prince make the strongest note of colour in the border, Cosmeas, Emperor Blue Cornflower (Cyanus), the lovely annual Blue Beauty Delphinium, deep blue Love-in-a-Mist, Nigella Miss Jekyll, Carter's Tall White and Dark Rose, named Duchess of Albany and Lady Albermarle respectively, the white Gypsophila Elegans, the Kochia, which forms a little dense feathery bush, crimson and gold Toadflax, Aurea Reticulata, blue and rose Lupines, gold-edged French Marigold, the one-foot high night scented stock (Mathiola), climbing Nasturtiums, Empress of India, crimson and salmon red Vesuvius, blue Nemophila, sweet scented Tobacco and its hybrids of varied colours, Shirley Poppies, Silenes, the graceful Salpiglossis, Sunflowers, Sweet Peas, and Virginian Stock. These seldom fail, and a selection may be made with the assurance that the garden will not be flowerless during the coming summer.

China Asters and Drummond's Phlox are two annuals that will bring colour to the garden for many weeks, and it is in the case of such as these that a cold frame has its use in bringing on seed-



PETTICOAT DAFFODIL.

This White Petticoat Daffodil is Flowering Now in Sir Edmund Osler's Greenhouse, Toronto.

the culture of vegetables by rich and poor is becoming not merely a pastime, but something very real. Wholesome, toothsome vegetables in variety are an important ingredient in the food of the day and the greater variety that is now available is a relief to the wearying repetition of a few things, as if these were the only kinds available. Beets, Carrots, Turnips, Parsnips and a few others are essential, but we wish consideration were shown to more luscious esculents seen on European tables, Runner Beans, Peas of the Marrowfat types, Brussels Sprouts, the smaller Cauliflowers, Leeks, English Vegetable Marrows, and Ailsa Craig Onions.

It is frequently asserted that Peas, Runner Beans, and Brussels Sprouts are not a success in Canada, but with the exception of the last-mentioned, our practical experience is to the contrary. Take, for example, Garden Peas, such varieties as Quite Content, Duke of Albany and Daisy one has grown with great success on soil that was none too rich for the crop, simply through following a few rules, thin sowing, that is, allowing each seedling sufficient space to spread out and catch sun and moisture, early staking, sowing a succession through the summer, the last early in August, and keeping overripe pods picked off; the plant cannot bear the double burden of producing pods for the table and for seed.

It is to be hoped that the efforts The Courier has made towards spreading a knowledge in regard to good vegetables in the Dominion will be seen in gardens more fully stocked with the best that may be procured by a sensible routine of culture.

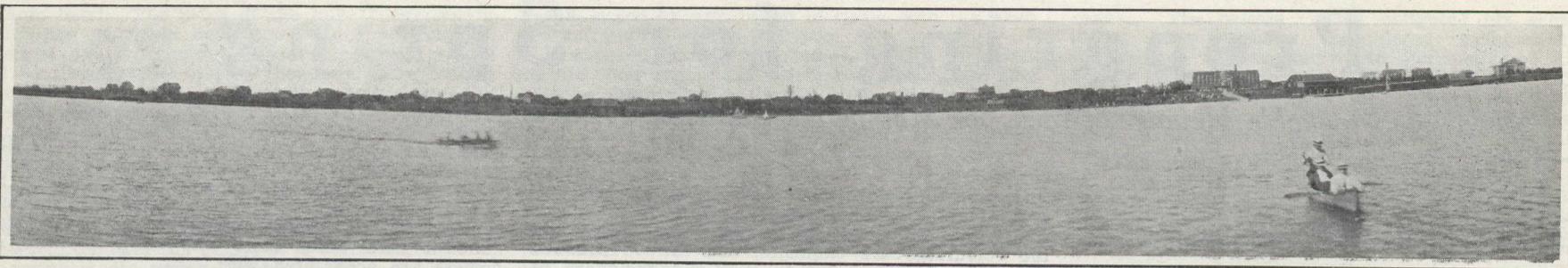
The Hoop Petticoat Daffodils

AN illustration is given of the pearly white Hoop Petticoat Daffodil (Corbularia Alba) which, with others of its fairy group, is flowering in the beautiful Craighleigh Gardens of Sir Edmund



SUNFLOWERS.

Sunflowers Are of Many Kinds. Note the Different Varieties in This Group.



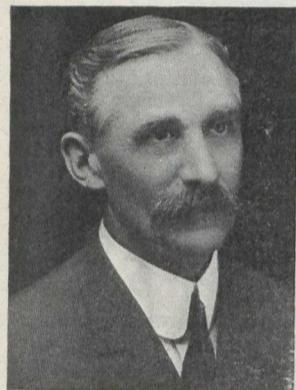
The only water playground in Regina is Wascana Lake, which was formed by damming the river. The peculiar form of the lake shore is due to the camera.

Town Planning in Regina

By ROBERT MARTIN

Mayor of Regina

WHAT is being done by Western cities to improve the beauty features is little realized by the outside world. Regina is the capital city of Saskatchewan, and has been particularly active in the way of planting trees, providing parks and other places of beauty and recreation. Thousands of trees are planted out yearly, and in this way the barren prairie on which Regina



Robert Martin, Mayor of Regina.

was built has been converted into a city in which are to be seen thousands of trees. As a city of parks Regina has become noted; over 257 acres of land having been set aside and converted into beautiful parks. The largest individual park is Wascana, which has an area of 47 acres, and is situated on Wascana Lake. It is interesting to note that the Wascana Lake is what might be termed an artificially created lake, and is situated well inside the limits of Regina. This lake was created by damming back the river. To the north of this lake is situated Wascana Park, and immediately adjoining Wascana Park is the main residential section of the city. To the south of the lake is situated the Saskatchewan Parliament Buildings and grounds. These buildings cost over \$2,500,000, and are considered to be the best workmanship of their kind in Canada.

One feature of Regina's park development is Victoria Park, which is situated within two blocks of the City Hall. This park is laid out as ornamental grounds, an artistic fountain having been placed in the centre and shrubbery and flower gardens used to good advantage to beautify it. There are other parks which have been improved considerably during the past few years.

In the way of athletic parks, Dominion Park is

probably the most important. The area of this park is about eight acres. It is located in the centre of the warehouse district, and affords exceptional advantage to men employed in this section, as well as to the athletic and sporting element of the public generally. While plenty of provision has been made for athletic parks for the "grown ups," for the present the city is still working on a scheme of park development which will provide for the needs of many years to come. In this connection, children's playgrounds are being given every consideration. It was but a couple of years ago that playgrounds for children were first mooted, and a Children's Playground Association started in Regina. The City Act made no provision, however, for a grant for any such organization. The City Council were of one mind with regard to the expenditure, and it was therefore decided that the Parks Committee spend the necessary amount of money in having equipment for playgrounds installed in one of the city's parks and at several of the schools. This resulted in more than a mere grant of money. The Playground Association receiving the co-operation of the five aldermen who were members of the parks committee. The first year's work was considered more or less experimental, but the results were good, and this has given an added impetus to the movement. At the present time the city has a playground on almost every school ground in the city, and still reserves the large park set aside several years ago for playgrounds for the children.

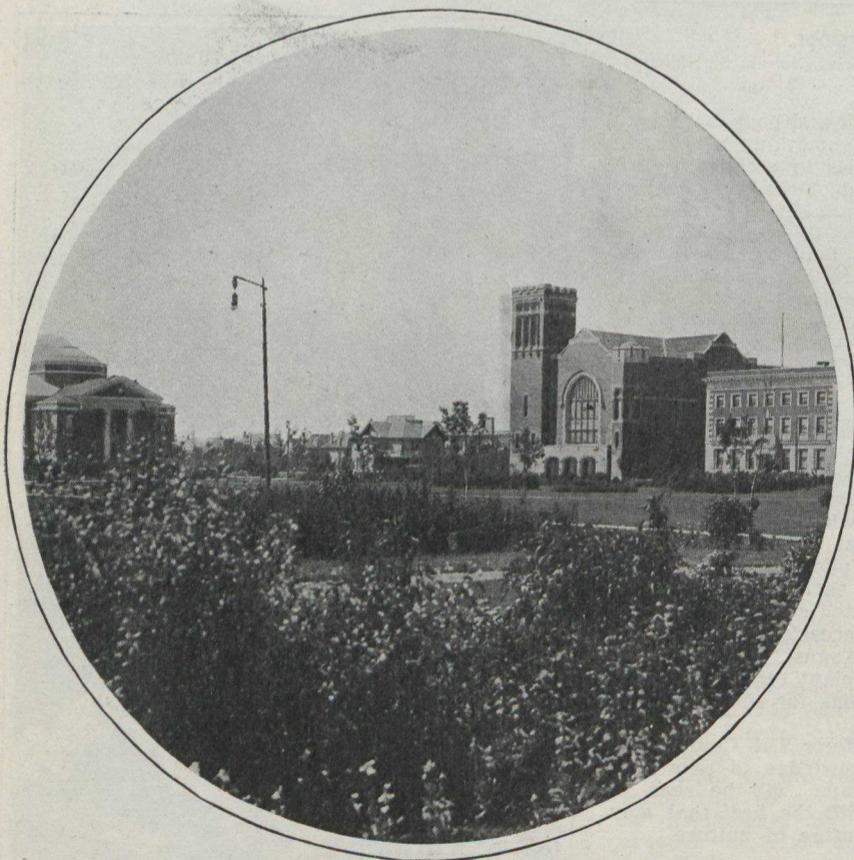
The city has now gone one step farther, and has provided a skating rink on each of the school grounds in the city. The caretaker of the school attends to the flooding of the rink and its proper maintenance, and also acts as a sort of supervisor. Just here it might be stated that all of Regina's playgrounds are properly supervised. The playground movement, as far as Regina is concerned, may now be said to have passed the experimental stage, and become a fully developed civic undertaking.

One feature of Regina's development has been the attempt to follow out town planning lines, not only

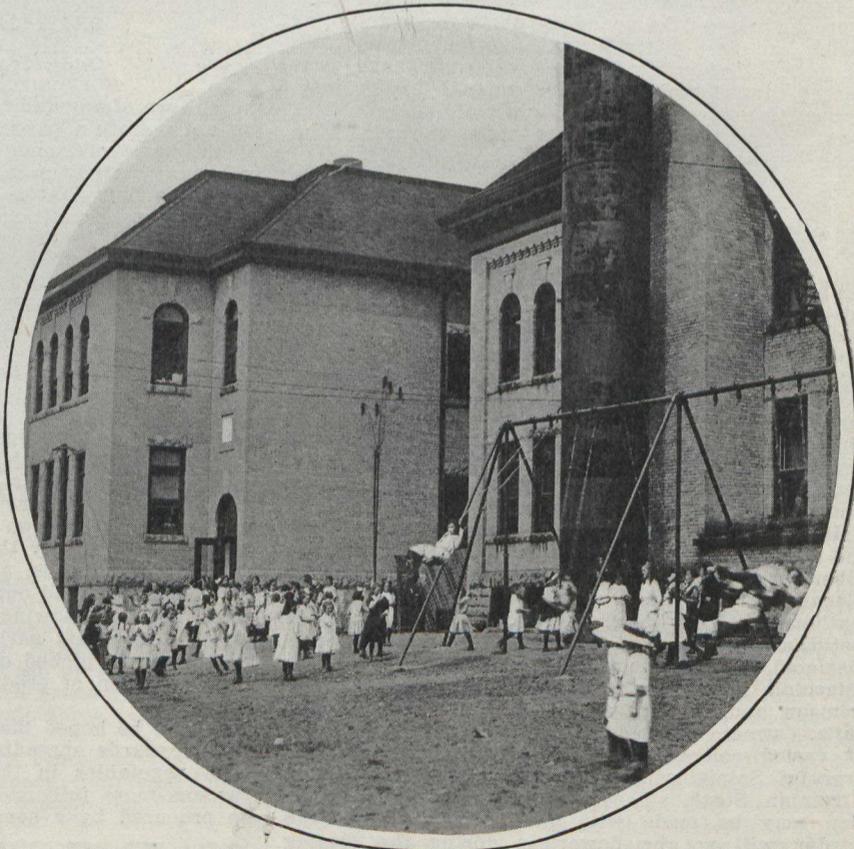
have parks been provided for with diagonal streets running through them, building lines been established and numerous other features carried out as far as the retail and residential section of the city is concerned, but the feature of this organized development which stands out first and foremost in the industrial district. A description of this remarkable district will go to show the advantages accruing to manufacturers and shippers generally who are located at Regina.

BEFORE Regina's most ambitious citizens had begun to think of Regina as a city of 50,000 souls (the present population), large tracts of lands had been set aside by the townsites trustees to be used as parks, exhibition grounds, market place, etc. Included in these various areas reserved was a section of land, adjoining the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As is well known, western towns usually start to grow from the first railway line that passes through them. In this Regina is similar to other western cities. The city has grown both north and south from the railway line, so that it is practically in the centre of the city. The section of land adjoining the railway line (the Canadian Pacific Railway was the pioneer road) on the north was kept by the city to be used for civic purposes. As the city began to assume more metropolitan ways, however, the city council took its first step in the way of town planning. The large area was reserved for industrial purposes. Later the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Canadian Northern Railways constructed lines in such a manner as to almost surround this tract of land, giving access to every section of this district to each of the three railways. They have also constructed spur tracks to serve individual sites as the demand arose.

It is in the area that what has been termed the most economical industrial section in Canada is located. Sites have been sold at a nominal price in order to keep industrial concerns together, and although a fair amount of property has been sold for industrial purposes, there is still a considerable number of sites available. Thirty-six factories and over two hundred and fifty wholesale houses have been erected within the district, and the amount of business handled by the implement warehouses at Regina alone during the year 1912 amounted to over \$25,000,000. Regina for several years past has had

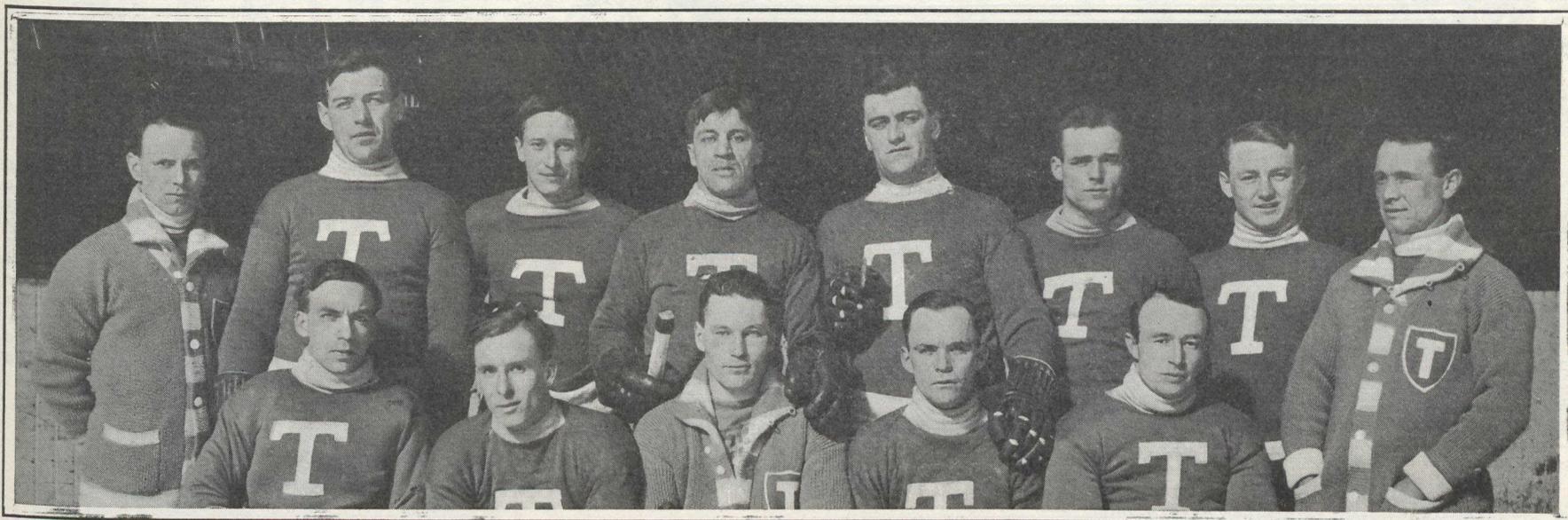


The only tree they have in Regina that amounts to much in great quantities is the little Prairie Poplar; but the civic parks department makes the best possible use of this for park purposes.



Supervised playgrounds which are a casual exception to the rule in the East are a regular institution in Regina under the Children's Playground Association.

Leading Eastern Hockey Team to Meet the Western Champions



The Torontos, if they keep up their form for the rest of the season, should finish where they are now, at the top of the National Hockey Association. They will then play with the Victorias for the Stanley Cup. The picture shows, top row, from left: Dick Carroll (trainer), Con Corbeau, F. R. McGiffin, T. C. Marshall, Geo. McNamara, Jack Walker, C. W. Wilson, Frank Carroll (trainer). Bottom row, from left: Claude Wilson, F. C. Foyston, A. M. Davidson, Harry Cameron, and Harry Holmes.

the honour of being rated as the largest point of distributing of farm implements in the world.

When Regina first began to assume an industrial standing there were no spur track facilities, and all goods had to be loaded at the freight sheds. This caused a congestion at the freight sheds, that teams would be kept standing for a considerable time before being allowed to pull up to the unloading doors. There was a consequent excessive cartage charge. The system of spur tracks throughout the warehouse and factory district now makes it possible for each individual concern to load cars at its own factory, and by reason of the arrangement of the tracks, much of the inconvenience caused by the inter-switching is done away with. The city council has under consideration a still further improvement which will mean much to shippers. It is suggested that the spur track system be electrified, and such inter-switching as is necessary done by electric street cars operated under the Regina Municipal Street Railway Department. By this arrangement special attention would be paid to such inter-switching as is necessary at a nominal cost, and unnecessary delay would be avoided.

With the Hockey-Leaguers

PROFESSIONAL hockey has had a remarkable season in Eastern Canada. There are six teams in the National Hockey Association, the Torontos and Ontarios in Toronto, the Canadiens and Wanderers in Montreal, and one team in Ottawa and one in Quebec. The schedule was a very lengthy one, requiring games on Wednesday and Saturday in each week. At the close of last week, each team had played nineteen games. Last year's champions, Quebec, have been strong contenders, and stand well, but the Torontos are now leading. At one time Ottawa seemed to have a splendid chance for the championship, but in the language of the baseball players, "they faded away."

The standing at the close of last week's play was as follows:

Teams.	Won.	Lost.	For.	Agst.
Toronto	13	6	88	58
Canadiens	12	7	80	62
Ottawa	11	8	65	61
Quebec	11	8	102	73
Wanderers	6	13	96	121
Ontario	4	15	58	114

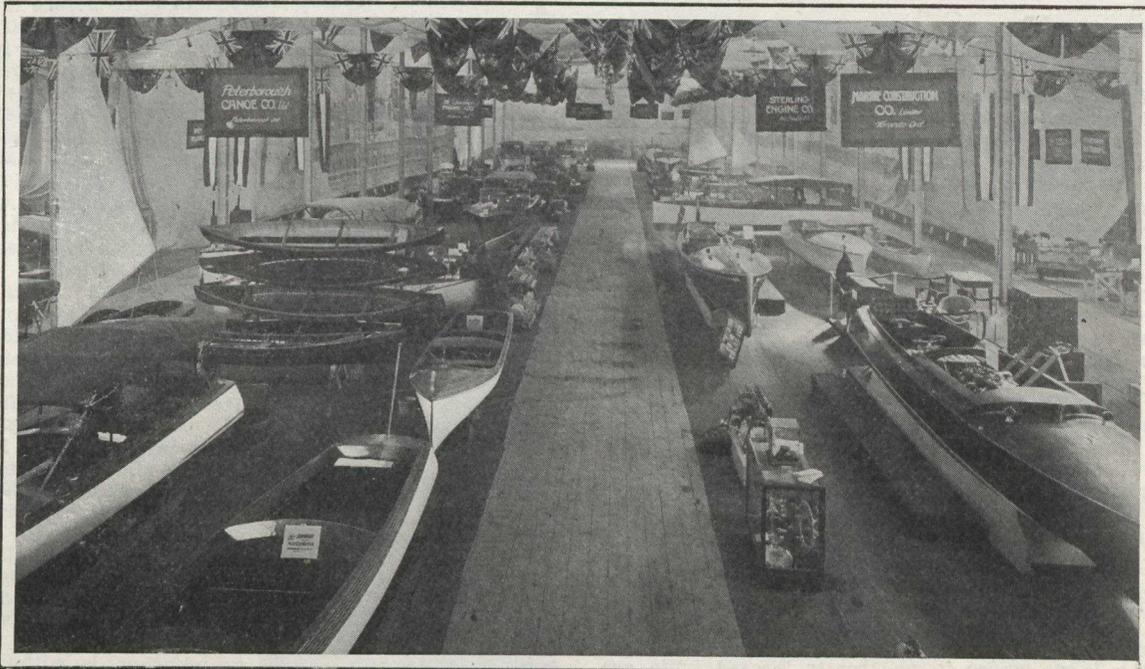
In the Ontario Hockey Association the finals are between Toronto R. and A. A. and the St. Michaels, another Toronto team, with the odds in favour of the former. The Intercollegiate championship was won by Queen's, although Toronto Varsity beat them in the final game.

The Passing Show

VARIETY is the spice of—the box office! This would appear to be borne out by the recent influx of English actors to the boards of Canadian theatres. The managements report week after week of success from a financial point of view. Martin Harvey played to \$11,500 in Montreal and \$13,500 in Toronto. Lawrence Irving was a complete success in Montreal and advance bookings in Toronto are very great.

Evidently, the British player finds favour. Cyril Maude, Lawrence Brough, Martin Harvey, Lawrence Irving, A. E. Anson, Tom Terriss, Guy Standing—these and other English actors—have come to vary the monotony of New York shows. Not that the New Yorkers are necessarily inferior, but it is a good thing to have a change now and then.

But when are we going to have a national drama of our own?



The Motor Boat Show at Toronto displayed some magnificent craft daintily and effectively arranged.



The youngest Boy Scout in the world was christened on Saturday, February 14th, at Parkstone Church, Dorset. The infant son of Sir Robert and Lady Baden Powell, both shown in the picture, was baptized in the presence of 300 Boy Scouts. The Chief was a proud Scout that day!



HOW TO GET RICH

WHENEVER a young man is foolish enough to think that age may have taught me such wisdom as to make my advice worth a few minutes' attention, I am going—from this time forward—to begin with some such statement as this:—

"The most overcrowded and apparently finished centre of human achievement that you can find is as full of opportunities for new men, new ideas and new improvements as a good Swiss cheese is of holes."

This advice will not be wholly original; but it may be none the worse for that. It jumps perfectly with the result of my own observation; for all my life long I have been astounded at the success with which men have come along, taken a look at a set of conditions which seemed to me to offer not the smallest opportunity, and proceeded with neatness and despatch to pick a fortune out of the unnoticed crevices.

THIS idea came to me, in its ripe form, while reading the autobiography of S. S. McClure. McClure went to a "finished" New York, with everything "done" in it, and launched an entirely new idea—his syndicate—and presently found it filling a long-felt want. He says of his own feelings at the time—"I looked about over a city (New York) of six-story buildings—great stretches of the upper West side were unoccupied, and Harlem was a country district—a city lit by gas, where all the cars were drawn by horses except the elevated trains, which were pulled by little steam engines; and it seemed as if everything had been done, as if there were no further possibilities of expansion. Every young man has to face and overcome that delusion of the completeness of the world. It is like a wall too high to climb over, a hedge too dense to wriggle through." Compare his "complete" New York with the present city—six-story buildings are now mere warts on the surface of Manhattan, the upper West side, and Harlem are in the city, electricity draws the cars and lights the town—and has put everybody on the telephone. Moreover, newspaper syndicates and new magazines are as plentiful as gooseberries.

NOTHING is ever finished. The most crowded city is never too full to offer a chance to another man—and then another. In fact, most of the opportunities, and the richest, lie in the oldest and most packed communities. Even our late "boom" made more people rich in the East than in the West where it was really located. We are all the time talking about the man who is to write the "great Canadian novel"—something which has never been done. We think what a fine virgin field he has before him. Bless my soul! The best novels for a century have been novels of Paris and London, cities which have been written and re-written and re-re-written about ever since modern literature had its birth. And it is in these cities that the big fortunes are made.

OPPORTUNITIES lie all about us, but we never can see them till some one else picks them up. As a casual journalist, I looked the Ottawa situation over more than once. It seemed petrified to me. I couldn't discern any dollars in it that had not been carefully ear-marked. Then a young friend of mine sauntered down from Toronto one day, bought up one of the papers, and presently sold it for a fortune. Just as soon as he picked it up and began to do things to it, I saw the opportunity—but it was too late. Yet it had been there waiting for somebody for years. You may recall the story of how H. H. Kohlsaat, of Chicago, got his start. He heard that a certain down-town business block had been bid for at a certain price. The owners refused to sell at this price, but offered it for a considerable advance—at, in fact, what all the possible buyers thought to be a perfectly ridiculous demand. But young Kohlsaat saw more clearly. He saw that the price asked was really below its value. So he borrowed enough money to buy an option on it, at the higher price; and then sold his option for a fancy sum in a few days. He had only to make the capitalists see what he saw to carry through his "coup."

THAT was to a great extent the quality which enabled the late Senator Cox to succeed. He saw new value where others saw only a completed and finished condition of affairs. Of course, many fortunes are due to accident. A man happens to be the owner of a piece of property which rapidly appreciates in price. But far more are due to his ability to see opportunities where others see none. A young man, brought up amidst certain conditions, is very apt to think them adamant and

fixed. It is often a good rule for him to go to a strange place to begin; for there he applies a fresh eye to conditions which may be identical with those he has left behind. This may enable him to see what the eye of the native will never see, because it has been hypnotized into a belief that there is nothing to see.

YOUNG man! Right in front of you lies a fortune. All you need do is to pick it up. You may rest assured that out of the apparently permanent conditions that hedge you in, and which seem to you to be so thoroughly hand-picked over,

The New Martin Harvey

Appearing for the Last Time Before Footlights in Canada

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

THIRTY years ago, by an old play-bill now in Toronto, a young actor, just beginning to get his poise and to find his voice before the footlights, appeared in the company of Henry Irving who was just coming to be recognized in Canada as a great actor. The young stripling, about the size of a nymph and almost as quiet, was Martin Harvey. The same Martin Harvey—but different—is now in Canada on an all-Canadian tour under the British-Canadian Theatre Circuit, a great godsend to this country. He is now about fifty years old; but O dii immortales! veritably as young as ever, with thirty years of sometimes tragic experience wrapt up in his slender Whistler-like corporeality. We hope to have him many years more.



And this little, youthful Martin Harvey, who has a daughter on the stage, and, for all we know, may be a grandfather, is without a doubt one of the great actors of this generation. He was schooled under Irving—most eminent living English actors have been. But he has never allowed the Irving method to obliterate the marvellous, unmistakable and resilient personality of the real Martin Harvey. It is ten years since he was first and last in this country. Those who saw him in 1903 in "The Only Way," seeing him again on this tour in the same unkillable production which he individualized as Irving did "Shylock" and "The Bells," realize that this young, middle-aged actor is still in process of a remarkable psychological development. As he comes before the footlights on this tour—probably for the last time, for on his next tour he will probably appear without footlights—he is a simple complexity of subtle characteristics that peculiarly baffle analysis.

AND Harvey is always subtle. In that slender but enormously vitalized physique there is no big voice; no rhetoric; no stamping or strutting; but what action, self-restraint without repression, intensified emotional energy and shrewd swift artifice! He is more subtle than any woman. He is absolutely as tender. He has the immediate strength of a young lion, and the sagacious insight of a great interpreter. What a face for great parts; for Hamlet, Sydney Carton, the Cigarette Count, Oedipus Rex! Off the stage he is always made up. You recognize him at once on the street as essentially an actor, yet without any of an actor's mere poses. On the stage he has the swift, nervous impetuosity of Forbes-Robertson, the depth of Irving, the finesse of Arliss, the easy grace of Willard and the controlled bonhomie of Waller. He is a bundle of potentialities that make him great in the quietest possible way in a great number of roles. He has none of the rant and facial affectations of Irving, nor the golden diapason voice of Robertson, nor the implicit mechanical dexterity of Arliss; but he has a strangely simple, almost ingenious Harveyesque combination of amazing qualities all at his immediate command as temperamentally as a woman in conversation.

And this complex, yet naive personality of the stage is about to chuck the old way that made him

some man will one of these days secure a fat fortune under your amazed and angry eyes. The more fixed and permanent and over-worked the vein is that lies right in front of you, the more certain it is that it is shot full of gold—if you could but see it. Of course, you must be careful to dig for the kind of "gold" that your particular pick-axe will reach. McClure did that. He did not try to start a departmental store or get a seat on 'Change or paint a great picture or become a world-famous tenor. He took up the job that he could do—he began to buy stories that interested him and sell them again. You will notice that he did not try to write them. He knew what sort of a "pick-axe" he had. He did not think that he could write popular literature, but he was convinced that he could pick it out. He felt that he possessed the popular or average taste in reading. So he bought what pleased him, and sold it to a lot of newspapers at the same time. This last was his "idea"—his taste was his "pick-axe." And he dug out a fortune where thousands of eager eyes had been looking for years, and had satisfied themselves that there was not an ounce of new "gold" left in the vein.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

famous, and has already begun to work out a method of stage presentation in Shakespeare and Greek tragedy, that so far has been only sketched out as a practical possibility in England. In a brief talk to a group of art workers in Canada last week he gave a rapid outline of this new method. When he comes next he will produce Shakespeare without footlights, without drop curtain, without wings, or distracting scenery, and without intermissions. This is the Reinhart method of producing Greek tragedy in Europe. It is somewhat the Edward Gordon Craig way of art-staging Shakespeare, but more simply practical. It has some of the poetic quality of the Yeats method in Irish plays without the mysticism. It is the colossal, epic method of eliminating mere accessories and going straight after big poetic essentials.

IN his talk Harvey traced the evolution of Shakespeare presentations from the Elizabethan stage until now. First the simple, unadorned stage of Shakespeare's time thrust out among the audience when the players mingled freely with the crowd; then the ornate and rhetorical era when Shakespeare began to be overlooked with pretentious romantic accessories; then the era of archaeological exactitude when Henry Irving set a fabulous pace in getting every historical detail absolutely accurate, even though the play cost a huge fortune; then the gradual return to simpler methods, such as were vaguely and limpidly portrayed by Ben Greet in his out-door plays. Now the uncompromising elimination of all merely distracting detail and the substitution of the interpretative method by getting the spirit of the play and making the stage presentation play up to it by means of consummate stage art in the use of simple scenery, superbly composed pictures, the skilful disposition of masses and figures in contrast and proportion, the subtle use of inherent lighting effects instead of foot lights and side lights, and the thrusting of the stage as far as possible out into the audience without any of the chattering interruptions of entr'actes, but securing a continuous performance when the attention of the audience is concentrated absolutely upon the sequence and spirit of the play.

Harvey candidly says that foot lights are a nuisance, because they interpose a barrier between the audience and the actors. He believes that much detail on the stage interferes with the spirit of the play. He wants the attention of the audience concentrated upon the acting—not upon either the stage setting as such or upon the actors. He deals with this question in public speech as frankly as he would to a company of actors. Harvey is not only a great actor. He is a fine public speaker—who, when he comes to Canada with his new method of staging will probably eliminate the before-curtain speech which the "gods" have interpolated as a very impertinent and fatal distraction to the spirit of a good play.

This is the setting that Martin Harvey will give himself when he makes his next appearance on the Canadian stage, and when he has chucked, probably forever, all the clumsy artifices of present methods. It is no longer a mere experiment, but an accomplished fact. And much as we may miss the old Harvey we have known, we shall see the best of him played up in a much bigger way. It is the new way by bringing the art of the twentieth century to bear upon the resurrection of a very old way. More than ever the players of this generation are beginning to realize that the play is the thing. Martin Harvey showed that he realized it in some sort in his Covent Garden production of Oedipus Rex, three years ago. The new method will be based on the principle of simplicity, which is the outstanding mark of progressive movement in the drama. And if Martin Harvey takes the lead it will be but another evidence that he is the real leader of the stage to-day.

Making a Pacific Terminal

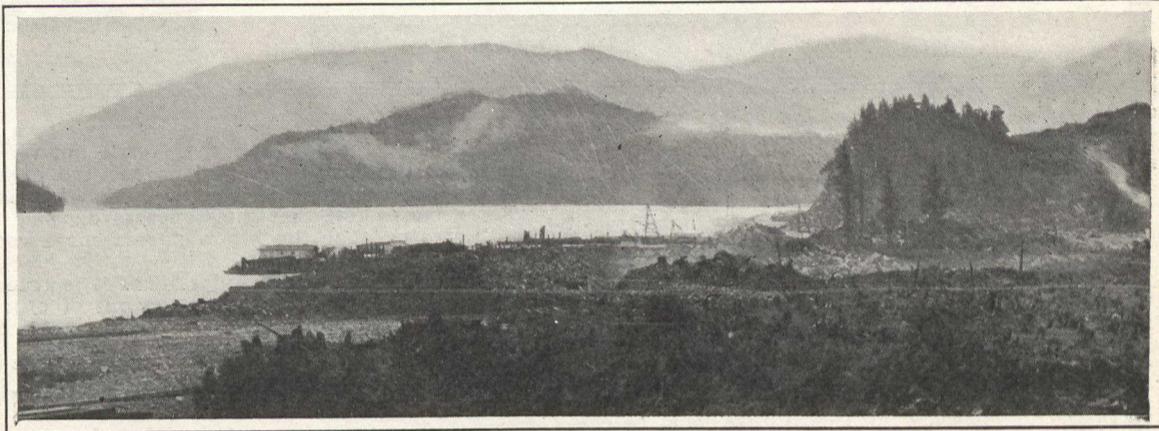
THESE pictures show a more restless and practical Prince Rupert than most of the photographs that come from this peculiar terminus of our second transcontinental railway. That of the dynamite explosion is a remarkable snapshot with the characteristics of a moving picture. Prince Rupert was born in dynamite. Six years ago the site was determined and the first buildings rushed up. And as yet the Pacific terminus



Moving Mountains at Prince Rupert.

of the road is 116 miles from being linked up with the remaining 3,433 miles of the system. The last spike will be driven some time this coming summer. Had it been a year later it would have been just 30 years after the driving of the last spike in the Canadian Pacific in 1888.

Prince Rupert is the only ocean terminus of a great transcontinental railway that ever waited six years for connection with the road to which it belongs. In the meantime the young port city has been developing its harbour, as may well be seen in one of the pictures on this page. Shipping has been in process of evolution. The harbour has been a regular port of call for steamers of the Grand Trunk Pacific and other companies. The next step in evolution will be a complete trans-Pacific



Showing how dynamite levelled the rocks in the rear of Prince Rupert harbour.



The new \$2,000,000 dry dock in course of completion at Prince Rupert, B. C.

route to the Orient. Orientals are making progress in the consumption of Canadian flour. Prince Rupert will be a large contributor to that trade.

The greatest item in that programme already accomplished is the floating dry dock which, when completed, will have a lifting capacity of 20,000 tons. This dock is designed to operate in sections as a number of smaller dock units, or as one entire

dock. Its length over all is 604 feet 4 inches, width over all 130 feet, and the dock will be capable of handling the largest commercial ships in the Pacific trade. It will be operated by electricity from a generating plant on shore equipped with air compressor, machine shop, boiler and blacksmith shop and covered construction shed. The cost of this drydock is estimated at \$2,000,000.

A Tablet and a Retrospect

THE cradle of a great popular movement is always at least sentimentally interesting. The United States regards the log house of Abe Lincoln with pious veneration. The old towns of England are brimful of relics that tell the story of great events centuries ago. Canada is only beginning to come to the stage of recording history without consulting the historians.

Democratic party government is now a recognized institution in Saskatchewan and Alberta. In Regina there are Parliament buildings costing \$2,500,000; in Edmonton, on the site of the old H. B. Co. fort, Parliament buildings that cost about as much. Each of these capitals is at present the home of a solid Grit Government and a respectable Opposition. Government House at Edmonton is a small old-world palace that would do credit to any capital in the world. In each of these capital cities there is now an organized machinery of political and social life that would certainly not be blinked at in Ottawa, Toronto or Quebec.

Forty-three years ago to-morrow, March 8th, 1871, the origin of all this elaborate and civilizing machinery occurred on the spot denoted by the accompanying photograph. The tablet tells its own story, which is the brief story of how popular government on the prairies began in the first session of the Northwest Council in the Governor's house, three miles north of what is now the town of Pelly, Sask., on the Canadian Northern Railway. The tablet was erected at his own expense by Mr. E. A. W. R. McKenzie, a merchant of Pelly.

Our correspondent who sent the photograph also sent this brief and illuminating outline of how the Great West was governed before Battleford became the first and Regina the second capital of the then Northwest Territories:

"The site on which the tablet stands is that of the Governor's house, in which the notable session was held. The place is in the constituency of Pelly, Province of Saskatchewan, and about three miles north of the thriving little town of Pelly on the Canadian Northern Railway. In the early seventies, before the country was surveyed, the place was the temporary headquarters of the Mounted Police, and known as Fort Livingstone, or Swan River Barracks. The



The exact spot where popular Government on the prairies north and west of Manitoba had its origin in 1871.

buildings comprising the post were of log and frame, bearing an expenditure of something over \$100,000, as all the machinery, including sawmill, boilers, etc., were transported overland by the board of works some 330 miles. In the summer of 1884 the district was swept by prairie fire, to which the barracks fell a prey. During the past summer a former member of the police that was stationed there at the time the first council met visited the old site, accompanied by Mr. C. P. Dundas, of Pelly, and located the spot on which the Governor's house stood. The thanks of the whole people of Saskatchewan and Alberta are due Mr. McKenzie for marking one of the most important events of the recent past, in the Western affairs of the Dominion."

A Chestertonian Effusion

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON, who has been associated with pretty nearly every paper of any account in London—and had a row with most of the editors—has written what he calls a novel, "The Flying Inn." (Toronto: Bell & Cockburn, \$1.35 net.) There have been divers criticisms of this book. One Toronto daily describes it as "an appalling novel," and spends half a column railing at Mr. Chesterton, thus recalling the picture of Dignity and Impudence. This critic settles the fate of "The Flying Inn" for ever and a day by saying that it is "an extraordinarily tiresome piece of literature," and scornfully decries the author's powers of story-telling in a manner reminiscent of Shaw, though but a poor imitation. One is reminded of the man who, according to Shakespeare, says, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark."

"The Flying Inn" concerns the doings of an innkeeper who kept the only inn that remained in England when faddist legislation had abolished all the others. He and an Irishman have lots of fun in carting the sign of the inn round to various places, together with a keg of rum and a barrel of cheese.

Of course, the story is a huge joke. Probably Chesterton had many a good laugh when he wrote it, and certainly his readers laugh when they read it. But "The Flying Inn," besides being a huge joke, is, in some sort, a challenge in ethics. Every sentence is clever: some are pungent: all are entertaining. And if now and then we laugh at we know not what, it is all right. It is better than crying.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

Political Turpitude

CANADA cannot, any more than other Anglo-Saxon countries, reasonably expect to be free from examples of political turpitude. The revelations with regard to the three members of the Quebec Legislature, who were willing to take money for their services in connection with a private bill, were rather startling to the average citizen. There is no doubt a great deal of political log-rolling and wire-pulling connected with private bills. It would be difficult to eliminate this feature entirely. Nevertheless, when it is found that members of Parliament actually place a cash value upon their votes and influence in the House, they must be condemned in the most thorough manner. To force them to resign is but a small retribution. They should be prosecuted in such a way that their delinquency may be punished so severely that other weak men will be prevented by fear from trying similar experiments.

Another example of political turpitude has come to light during the past week. Mr. Evanturel, member for Prescott in the Ontario House, wrote a letter to the Hotel Men's Association offering to sell his services in the House for a certain sum annually. The Liberal caucus has considered his case and has issued a statement that he will not be allowed to attend further meetings of that body. Just what the Legislature itself will do in regard to compelling Mr. Evanturel to resign his seat or in prosecuting him criminally for his action, is not yet announced. If Mr. Evanturel is as guilty as he seems to be, he should not only be forced out of the House, but the criminal law should be invoked to punish him for his offence.

Such severe treatment of men who are guilty of political turpitude may seem rather hard on the individual who is caught. There will be numbers of people who will say that the mere forcing of such a member out of the Legislature is a sufficient penalty. While admitting that this is a natural view under our political conditions, it is nevertheless necessary that the body politic should be protected from the growth of such evils. It is in the interests of society that guilty individuals should be punished even to imprisonment in order that our political life shall be kept as pure and wholesome as may be possible.

When a man undertakes to represent a certain constituency in a parliament, he undertakes a position of trust equal to that of a general manager of a bank. When the latter signs false declarations or appropriates money for his own purpose, or commits any other sin against society and the banking laws, he is punished by a term in prison. There seems to be no adequate reason why a defaulting member of parliament should be treated more leniently than a defaulting bank manager.

The Honour of Parliament

CANADA has ten parliaments, nine provincial and one federal. It is most important that the honour of each of these parliaments should be preserved, so that any man having a reasonable desire to serve his fellow-citizens may become a member of these bodies without loss of reputation. The fact that a man has served in a Canadian parliament should be an honourable asset which he may transmit to his children as an heirloom which they will treasure. This will only be the case when our parliaments are kept free from all that is dishonourable. Indeed, they must offer more than that. They must be so conducted and be surrounded by such an exalted atmosphere that the man who serves in them finds that his reputation is tremendously enhanced by the mere fact of that service.

This desirable state of affairs will not obtain so long as charges of corruption and moral obliquity are made the basis of partisan attacks. When a Liberal member of the Ontario Legislature was discovered doing something which he should not have done, and this fact was announced in the House, the Conservatives rubbed their hands with glee. They rejoiced in the downfall of a fellow-member. They gloried in the fact that they had discovered another man of human frailty. They rushed out on to the street with beaming countenances to tell their friends that for the first time in eleven years they had discovered a Liberal who was not as good as he ought to be. A similar case occurred in the previous session when the Liberals discovered that a Conservative Cabinet Minister had been unwise enough to accept a campaign contribution from a government contractor. Instead of receiving this information with tears and regrets, they, too, heard of it with joy and thanksgiving.

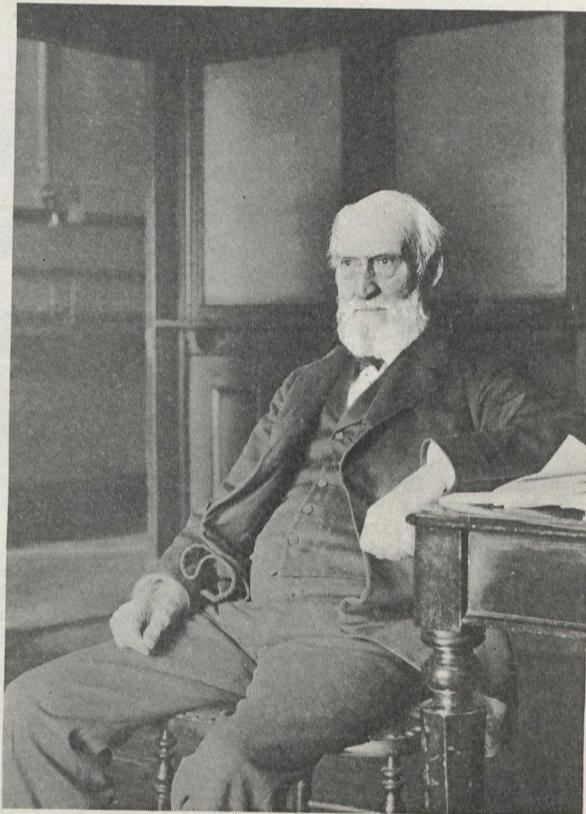
Neither party in the Ontario Legislature, and this body is probably as high-minded as any other legislative body in Canada, exhibited any feeling for the honour of the Legislature. There may have been individuals who were pained by the public revelations, and who would have preferred to have seen

the charges in each case made privately to a joint committee of the House, but this was not the feeling of the majority. Politicians are too eager in this country to blacken each other's reputations. They seem to feel that their success depends upon their proving that the other side is more corrupt than they are.

Canada has come to a sad state if it is true that a Government can only be turned out of office by proving that it is composed of dishonourable men.

Taxing the Motorist

GREAT BRITAIN and other countries have laws by which the owners of automobiles are taxed according to the horse-power of the vehicle. The poor man's low-priced, low-powered runabout pays a much smaller tax than the rich man's six-cylinder, forty-eight horse-power machine.



THE NEW CHANCELLOR OF MCGILL.

Sir William Macdonald, the tobacco magnate, who has spent \$11,000,000 on his one great hobby McGill University has been made Chancellor of that institution to succeed Lord Strathcona. Sir William has long had the reputation of being the hardest man in America either to photograph or to interview. The above picture of the educational philanthropist was taken in his very plain office in the Guardian Building after the man with the camera had spent 45 minutes of the multi-millionaire's time persuading him to pose. This is the first posed picture of Sir William Macdonald in perhaps forty years.

This seems to be a just basis. The big machine does more harm to the road surface than the small machine. If, therefore, machines are to be taxed by the State on the basis of service rendered, the high-powered machine, with its huge rubber tires, should pay a larger annual fee than the small machine.

This principle was adopted after considerable discussion by the Ontario Good Roads Association at a meeting held in Toronto last week. It was decided to request the Provincial Government to tax automobiles according to their horse-power at the rate of fifty cents per horse-power for engines of twenty or less, seventy-five cents for engines between twenty and thirty, and one dollar a horse-power for engines of more than thirty. If the Ontario Government were to adopt this principle it would probably lead to the general adoption of less powerful engines. In England a twelve horse-power engine is considered amply sufficient for ordinary road work, and the high-powered engine finds favour only with those of considerable wealth. Thus there is less speeding on the highways than in the days when every one desired to own and drive a "48." The principle of this newer legislation is so valuable that it should be adopted in every Canadian Province.

Temperance Prize Fighters

ENTHUSIASTS who are working for prohibition in Canada seem to have adopted some of the lowest tricks of the meanest politicians. To illustrate: there was a vote recently in the County

of Welland on the Scott Act, and the published results gave the anti-Scott Act people a majority of five votes. Immediately the temperance papers were filled with charges that the election was stolen, that the deputy returning officers were crooked and that all sorts of crimes had been committed to prevent the adoption of this great moral reform measure. A recount was demanded and a scrutiny made under judicial direction. The result, while not complete, goes to show that the anti-Scott Act people were as much sinned against as the moral reformers. There were many irregularities, of course, as there are in any election of this or any other kind. There was incompetence and inaccuracy. Nevertheless, the result was to increase the majority against the Act to 114.

This is another case illustrating our habit of crying "Wolf, Wolf." It is another example of our anxiety to prove that very few of us are honest and dependable. The truth of the matter is that there is probably just as much high-mindedness, just as much integrity and just as much honour in the men and women who are opposed to prohibition, as among the men and women who favour it. The temperance movement is not likely to gain prestige by the course of its supporters in Welland. Some of these temperance advocates remind one of the story of the old Scotch lady who remarked that she was certain of the doctrinal soundness of only two members of her kirk, the meenister and hersel', adding, "I am nae so sure about the meenister."

The Session at Ottawa

NOTHING remarkable has occurred during the past week in the Federal Parliament. The Government is quietly pushing its estimates through the House, and no large issues are being discussed. It is rumoured that the Opposition is diligently collecting material for the session of 1915. As this will be the last session before a general election the fire-works are being carefully preserved for the good time coming. Any trenchant attack upon the Government's policy, if made now, would be forgotten before a general election to be held a year and a half hence.

Apparently for the same reason the Government is reserving any important announcements which it may have to make. The Budget will be brought down shortly and rumour says that the only striking feature will be a reduction in the duty on agricultural implements. This concession will be made, it is said, to please the farmers in the Western Provinces, and as a substitute for free wheat and flour. It is also likely that the Finance Minister will announce that the federal expenditures during the next twelve months will be kept down to meet an expected shrinkage in income.

The chief topic of the week was the rumoured arrangement for assistance to the Canadian Northern Railway. While it is too early to reasonably predict what will happen, the indications are that something will be done to enable Sir William Mackenzie to complete his road from Coast to Coast with dispatch and economy. The Government is already a partner in the enterprise, and is naturally interested in its success.

The appointment of a committee to frame amendments to the election laws and the second reading of Mr. White's bill dealing with trust and loan companies were the other outstanding features.

Steamship Freight Rates

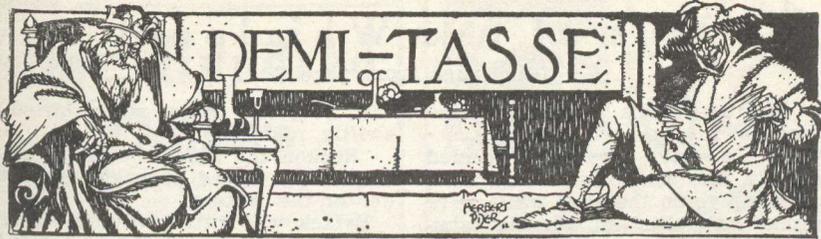
FEW will deny that if the Dominion Government has the right to control the rates charged by railways, it has also the right to control the rates charged by steamers that use its canals, rivers and harbours. Of course, such control can be exercised only over such vessels as are registered in Canada. It would, therefore, seem wise that the Act constituting the Railway Commission should be amended by adding a clause or clauses asserting this right. A new or present member of the Commission might be given special charge of the division of the work.

When the question of ocean rates is concerned, the solution is not so easy. Here it would seem necessary to do one of two things: make a joint arrangement with Great Britain or establish a government line sufficiently strong to control rates. The former is the more desirable course, though the latter is suggested by the Ontario Boards of Trade.

Patronage and Prisons

CANADIANS are frankly told in the annual report of her prison inspectors, issued last week, that the succeeding Ministers of Justice have been hampered in their prison administration by local political organizations, and that "the control of the prisons, including the selection of officials, has been virtually delegated to local and irresponsible organizations, whose chief aim has been the potency of the institution as a political factor."

They must be bold, bad men, these two prison inspectors. To openly and unblushingly state in an official document that the prisons of Canada are debauched by political patronage, is surely high treason. Now, high treason is punishable under the criminal code. Moved by Rt. Hon. R. L. Borden, seconded by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, that these two officials be dismissed forthwith. Carried unanimously.



Courierettes.

A TORONTO widow hammered and put to flight a burglar who invaded her home at night. Yet they call women "the weaker vessels."

It took a committee of judges eight years to revise the statutes of Ontario. Business-like crooks could break them all in eight minutes.

That little word "obey" may be dropped from the Anglican marriage service. The men have probably decided that it is useless to keep up the bluff any longer.

It is alleged that the play "Within the Law" has been pirated in Canada. So to speak, it has been played "Without the Law."

Denmark and Sweden may spend \$25,000,000 on a submarine tunnel project. That seems like sinking a lot of money.

A man in Mildmay, Ont., has sold a pig that weighed 700 pounds. It had no rivals—except on the ends of street car seats in summer time.

There's not much to be said for the tango, except that corset manufacturers are complaining that it is ruining their business.

By order of General Carranza, Mexico had a day of mourning recently for Madero. Mexico should be used to mourning by this time.

Illness prevented the German Crown Prince from making a speech at the launching of Germany's seventeenth Dreadnought, and the occasion passed happily.

New York has just had a big Sportsmen's Show. The Gothamites are making some kind of a show all the time.

A Western paper criticizes Toronto for not having a publicity agent. Toronto's trouble is that it has too many—all working for themselves.

David Lloyd George has been ill. Surely it wasn't that cup of tea he had with Winston Churchill!

A woman Socialist in Germany was given a year's term in jail for making an inflammatory speech. If all women were similarly dealt with—but what's the use?

They are talking at Ottawa of a law to prohibit the publication in newspapers of pictures of criminals? Are the law-makers jealous of the law-breakers?

His Argument. — Toronto man is accused of having taken a pick axe to his wife in the course of an argument. Some men lack finesse when it comes to debating with their wives.

His Favorite Text.—Billy Sunday, ex-baseball player, and now slangy evangelist, spent eight weeks in Pittsburg recently and took away as his share of the proceeds of the campaign just \$37,215.43.

It is quite evident that Billy's favorite text is "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

It is also evident that the preacher who refused to use Sunday's slangy style might work just as hard for eight weeks and consider himself lucky to get away with the 43 cents.

Summing Up a Girl Show.—Sometimes it is possible to adequately de-

scribe a theatrical performance in a single sentence. As for instance, the case of the Zeigfeld Follies, which recently played in some Canadian cities. One Canadian critic neatly summarized the show by remarking that the man who went to see it, equipped with an ear trumpet instead of an opera glass, would be sorely disappointed.

Two Strange Happenings.—The chairman of the Board of Aldermen in New York recently refused to let the

Helping the Editor.—This story is told by the editor of an Ontario weekly. He thinks a lot of his wife. Recently he took her to the big city, and there she was the guest of a woman who assumed a rather patronizing air.

"So your husband is an editor?" the hostess inquired.

"Yes."

"Since you have no children you must have considerable leisure time on your hands. I dare say you assist him now and then in his editorial work."

"Oh, yes," assented the wife, who is rated to be a good cook "I edit nearly all his inside matter."

aldermen raise his salary from \$5,000 to \$10,000.

The Mayor of Indianapolis recently resigned and did not have his eye on another civic job, either.

We merely mention these incidents as being so far out of the ordinary as to be quite notable. Looks as if the U. S. were about to turn over several new leaves.

The Wrong Cell.—Toronto Daily Star tells us about a man who "was

THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.



Design for a dentist's waiting-room. From The Bystander.

fined \$10 or ten days in the afternoon police court."

Why not use the regular cells?

Does This Hit You?—"Why is the weather like your tailor's bill?"

"Why, because it's unsettled, of course."

Paragraph From Punch.—A lady in the front of the first circle at Drury Lane, "The Express" tells us, laughed so heartily the other day in the paper-hanging scene that her artificial teeth fell out and dropped into the stalls.

This accentuates the importance of having one's teeth plainly marked with one's name and address.

One Hundred Years Ago.—Old Father Time brings around some funny changes in a century's swing.

One hundred years ago John Bull and Uncle Sam were at war, clutching at each other's throats. Now the United States is giving up thousands of dollars to be used in the campaign to gain votes for women in Britain.

The Waiting Game.—President Woodrow Wilson says he is playing the waiting game with Huerta of Mexico, instead of using force to put him out of power.

If Woodrow has sufficient patience he is sure to win. Huerta is getting fairly well up in years and he is bound to die some day.

Colour Harmony.—There are some men so careful of colour harmony that they won't buy blue or black or purple ribbons for their typewriter, if she happens to be a blonde.

Carson Is Consistent.—(Sir Edward Carson, Ulster Unionist, denies the report that he is to marry.)

SIR EDWARD CARSON will not wed—

The maidens he will fool; Consistently he fights against That dreaded thing—Home Rule.

At the Finish.—The fellow who has money to burn may generally be found later on sifting the ashes.

To Lessen Quarrels.—She—"I have a plan to lessen the number of our quarrels."

He—"What is it?"

She—"Well, I notice that most of them begin at the table, so I suggest that we eat only two meals a day hereafter."

Ever Notice It?—The behaviour of some men drives us to the conclusion that the chief end of man is his sky-piece. The prices some women pay for their hats would seem to make it clear that the same remark applies to their sex.

"Damaged Goods."—There is a rather well-known play named "Damaged Goods" now being presented in America. Recently it was played at the Majestic theatre in Harrisburg, Pa.

An old Catholic nun and a young novice were passing along the street when they noticed the big sign, "Damaged Goods." They stopped, talked in whispers, and finally went up to the box-office window.

"We should like to look at some of the damaged goods you are advertising," said the nun. "Have you any blankets?"

The young man in the box office realized that they had made a little mistake, and he smilingly answered, "No—nothing but live stock here."

Putting It To Practical Use.—A Canadian traveller who has just returned from Europe, relates an amusing incident that happened recently in a Paris cafe.

An American who was dining there chanced in some manner to give offence to a fashionably-attired Frenchman.

The latter went over to the American's table, handed him his card, and asked him to name his seconds. He must fight a duel.

The Yankee picked up the card, saw on it the name of a famous actor and matinee idol, and promptly wrote in French on it, "Admit One."

He enjoyed the play that night very much.

How Much Will You Be Worth at Fifty?

It depends entirely on how much you save and how soon you begin. If you risk your money in speculating, fired by an ambition to make sudden profits, you are likely to lose venture after venture, and at 50 you have nothing. If you invest your money in an absolutely safe and profitable investment like the

5 Per Cent. Debentures

of the Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation, and continue steadily putting your savings and profits in these reliable Debentures, in a few years you will have a considerable accumulation that will bring in a steady income. Let us send you full particulars, sample debenture, and booklet free.

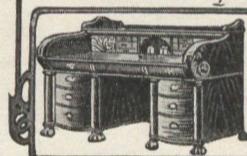
Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation

Paid-up Capital - \$2,000,000.00
Assets - - - - \$5,000,000.00

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The CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

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First Annual Report of Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation

The Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation of Toronto held its annual meeting of shareholders on Monday, March 2, 1914, in the offices of the Company at 84-88 King Street East, Toronto. The following report was submitted and approved:—

Your Directors have much pleasure in submitting herewith the first Annual Report and Statement for the past year, accompanied by the Balance Sheet to December 31st, 1913, showing the result of the Company's operations.

The Directors are pleased to submit the First Annual Report and Balance Sheet of the Corporation for the period ending 31st December, 1913.

The Order-in-Council approving of the merger of the Standard Loan Company and the Reliance Loan and Savings Company of Ontario was passed on the 21st day of April last, and the actual merging took place on the first day of May.

It will be noted that after paying all fixed charges and expenses, including outlays consequent upon the amalgamation, the balance available for distribution has been sufficient to allow of payment of the usual dividends to the Shareholders, and in addition of \$100,000 to the Reserve Fund, which now stands at \$400,000.

We are pleased to be able to report a substantial increase in the Debentures placed by the Company, and also in the Savings Accounts. By reason of this our total Assets now stand at over \$5,100,000, or an increase of over \$300,000 since the merger, and the net earnings of the corporation are greater by over \$30,000 than the combined net earnings of the two Companies prior to the amalgamation.

The shares held by the Corporation in the Dovercourt Land, Building and Savings Company, Limited, represent assets consisting of real estate having an actual value largely in excess of the par value at which the shares are now standing on the books.

To fill a vacancy in the Directorate since the amalgamation, Dr. E. Jessop, of St. Catharines, a large and influential shareholder in the Company, was elected.

Since the last Annual Meeting of the Standard Loan Company, now an integral part of the amalgamation, the death of one of the most distinguished Canadians, Lord Strathcona, has taken place. We feel sure that all our shareholders deplore the great loss which the Dominion of Canada has sustained by the passing of one of the most notable figures in the history of our country. He was, at the time of his death, a Director of this Corporation.

We take great pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficiency displayed by the officials and agents of the Corporation in performing their respective duties.

Respectfully submitted on behalf of the Board.

(Signed) N. H. STEVENS,

Dated, Toronto, 13th February, 1914.

President.

BALANCE SHEET AS ON DECEMBER 31ST, 1913.

Assets.	
Mortgages and Securities against Real Estate	\$4,255,220 43
Loans	31,376 62
Stocks, Bonds and Debentures at cost	411,716 60
Real Estate, foreclosure	88,162 85
Office Premises	174,560 53
Office Furniture	5,000 00
Accrued Rentals	548 84
Agents' Balances	3,357 97
Municipal Debentures, at cost	33,603 91
Cash on Hand and in Banks	106,785 06
	<u>\$5,110,332 81</u>

Liabilities.

To the Public—	
Debentures with Accrued Interest	\$2,119,989 05
Deposits with Accrued Interest	512,877 58
Mortgages Assumed	13,195 53
Unclaimed Dividends	688 62
Accounts Payable	1,217 49
Dividend No. 2, Payable January 2, 1914	63,225 01
	<u>\$2,711,193 28</u>

To the Shareholders—	
Capital Stock Subscribed	2,070,810 00
Less Unpaid thereon	85,705 72
	<u>\$1,985,104 28</u>

Reserve Fund	400,000 00
Balance at Credit, Loss and Gain	14,035 25
	<u>\$5,110,332 81</u>

LOSS AND GAIN ACCOUNT.

Interest on Debentures and Deposits	\$122,521 14
Dividends Nos. 1 and 2	118,471 88
Transferred to Reserve Fund	100,000 00
Balance Carried Forward	14,035 25
	<u>\$355,028 27</u>

Balances, Dec. 31, 1912	\$ 3,691 72
Net earnings after deduction of expenses of management and provision for all known Losses	351,336 55
	<u>\$355,028 27</u>

CHAS. BAUCKHAM,
Secretary.

H. WADDINGTON,
Managing Director.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE.

We have audited the accounts of the Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation for the year ending 31st December, 1913. We have seen the Municipal Debentures, received certificates from the Corporation's bankers as to the bank balances, verified the cash on hand, obtained a certificate from the Corporation's officials as to the value of the stocks, bonds, debentures and loans, and we certify that the above Balance Sheet is in accordance with the books of the Corporation.

G. T. CLARKSON, F.C.A.
A. C. NEFF, F.C.A.
Chartered Accountants.

Toronto, 12th February, 1914.

After adopting the report, the shareholders elected the following Directors for the ensuing year: Lord Hyde, W. S. Dinnick, Herbert Waddington, Hugh S. Brennen, E. F. B. Johnson, K.C., John Firstbrook, Nathan H. Stevens, E. Jessop, M.D., J. A. McEvoy, David Ratz, James Gunn, David Kemp, E. C. McNally, W. L. Horton, Rev. G. I. Taylor, M.A., R. H. Greene.

Head Office: 84-88 King St. E., Toronto.

Out of the Whirlpool

(Continued from page 8.)

the quarter-breed's swarthy face peered down.

"Ye're a fine depute," grinned Opio. "A fine one to let a man walk up and tap ye on the head while ye're dreamin' an' rollin' an' shoutin' wimmen's names!"

Eviack did not answer. The involuntary leap of fear within him was spent. He curbed himself to stubborn steadiness, for he knew Duchabing's animal scorn was ready if he lost his nerve. The quarter-breed expected him to lose it and lose it quickly. That was what the black, coal-lustred eyes awaited.

"Ain't ye goin' to beg fer yer life?" he demanded.

"I wouldn't beg a spit from Opio Duchabing," Eviack replied, his voice coming up the steep of the wall with odd distinctness. "If ye're sending me down, go ahead and send. Some of the other boys will get you just the same. And don't waste time trying to throw a scare into me. The cur's on the rocks, but the real dog's here!"

Opio chuckled fiendishly.

"Say," he called, "I'd sooner be the cur settin' on these rocks than the real dog swimmin' them Falls."

"Throw off the rope, you mongrel-strained whelp of a Cree!" Eviack felt the strain beginning to tell on him. He wanted the thing over.

"Jist wait till I'm good an' readee, Mr. Depute," advised Duchabing. "I want to give ye directions fer shootin' them eddies. I've hung around this here whirlpool quite a bit. Fact is, I've got a winter cabin behind yon balsam ridge. Ye kin know now, fer it won't matter none. An' fer fun I got a habit of flingin' sticks into the pool an' timin' them as they goes round. See? Well, Mr. Depute, I kin tell ye how many times ye'll go round. Jist three an'—the drop!"

The quarter-breed's cool speech was a surprise. It did more than anything else to shake Eviack's nerve. The evidence of devilish design and not random chance in the time and place of Duchabing's attack was enough to shatter his control. He rubbed the aching lump on the top of his head against the thwart. The blood was hammering there and in the veins of his neck and temples as if the pressure would burst something.

"Let that rope go!" he commanded fiercely.

"Naw!" growled Duchabing. "What do ye take me fer? This here rope has a dunnage hitch onto the one as is round yer wrists an' ankles. Don't ye notice it's doubled? Soon's I pull mine up, yers comes loose. See? I don't do no castin' off. There ain't goin' to be an inch of rope on ye when ye skim down. If there was, them as found yer bodee would know ye didn't tie it yerself to go canoein'. An' with ye lookin' natural like an' all yer dunnage threw up along the river banks, they'll jist think ye was too nervee and got too near the pool 'fore ye seen the portazsh."

Opio Duchabing chuckled again at his ingenuity.

"Say," he added, his eyes searching Eviack's upturned face for any tremor of fear, "say, I fergot to tell you how long ye'd be goin' over the Falls. First round takes about seven minutes; next round half; an' the next ye go like blazes!"

THE deputy sheriff felt one ply of the doubled rope being drawn up through the loops which encircled his limbs. The friction of the strands communicated itself to his nerves till they quivered and rasped and seemed about to snap. The binding loops pulled away. His arms and legs were simultaneously freed, and before he could snatch at the rope snaking up the cliff-like wall, the released canoe lurched forward on the eddies.

"Mebbe a heavee canoe'll go faster nor a stick," shouted Opio. "I dunno about that."

Eviack gripped the gunwale as if the power of his will would hold back the craft from its course. Once away from the rocky walls of the pot, the boom of the Falls reverberated like cannon. The undercurrent caught

the weighted canoe and whirled it swiftly round.

"Reckon the time'll be about half," Duchabing jeered through the thunder of the waters.

Eviack was sitting with his thighs on the middle thwart, but he instantly changed his position, squatting on the canoe bottom for better balance. For the canoe was shooting in a circle through the trampling, snarling inferno of the pool, now heeling till the surge lapped over the gunwale, now rearing up on its stern or dipping its nose under till the forward deck was buried. Un on top of the wall the quarter-breed lay face down, watching the issue with gloating eyes. The silver radiance of the full moon intensified the black horror of crag and pool, and the gauzy mists which floated above the boiling cauldron of the Falls shimmered in the mellow light like ghastly witch-garments. The huge, round disc of the rising moon was the one single object that Eviack did not lose as the canoe neared the completion of its first shuddering circuit. All things on shore shifted their places and changed their aspects, but the swollen moon remained the same till the canoe swung to the starting point of its next circuit. Then Eviack saw the moon change. A shadow blurred it, the movement of someone crossing the wall behind the quarter-breed. He stared with startled eyes, and the movement ceased. Fairly within the silver ring was the silhouette of a girl.

In the deputy sheriff's veins hope ran riot. His hands clenched and worked upon the gunwales of the canoe. He twisted his head and leaned back to look, forgetting in the tenseness of the moment the monstrous eddies sucking him onward.

"First round over," shrieked Opio Duchabing, intent only upon his vengeance. "Gong's soundin' fer the second!"

"Give me that rope!"

The voice was behind, a woman's voice, and Opio sprang in the air like a cat. But the girl had Eviack's Winchester in her hands, and its muzzle poked the quarter-breed in the face.

"Give me that rope!"

The determined eyes sighting along the barrel meant business, and yet Opio Duchabing laughed in scorn. "Haw! Haw!" he roared. "That's Mr. Depute's gun. But she won't shoot none. I emptied her after I hit him with the stock."

Unbelieving, the girl frantically worked the lever. There was nothing in the magazine.

The quarter-breed laughed anew, but his laugh changed to a snarl as he leaned forward and scanned the girl's features in the moonlight.

"Blazes!" he yelled. "I know ye. Ye're that bloody secret service woman as called yerself Mrs. Nevin an' came pretendin' to keep house fer Lavicienne an' put the police onto everything. By thunder, ye'll go with Mr. Depute!"

IV.

EVIACK, halfway round his shortening circle of life listened, electrified. He saw Opio Duchabing spring at Necra. He saw Necra grasp the Winchester by the barrel and dash the butt into the quarter-breed's face. Duchabing toppled backward off the wall and plunged outward into space over the centre of the whirlpool. There was no circling for Opio. He fell where the undertow burst to the surface, and he spun, even as the coffee pot had spun, upon the geyser spout of the torrent. Eviack could not take his eyes away from the awful spinning thing, till without warning, it dropped like lead over the Falls.

As it dropped, a rope whipped his cheek. With feverish fingers he tied it to the thwarts.

"Ready?" came the girl's voice.

The deputy sheriff waved his hand, and with the baffled eddies clutching tenaciously at it, the canoe was drawn slowly back against the cliff.

"Keep back from the edge," Eviack called. "Don't you go taking chances." (Concluded on page 20.)

One Hundred Dollars

and upwards may be invested in our Debentures. They are issued for one or more years. Interest is paid twice a year. They are

An Authorized Trustee Investment.

Send for specimen Debenture, last Annual Report, and all Information.

Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

ESTABLISHED 1855.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

January Bank Statement

THE outstanding feature of the December bank statement was the increase in deposits, showing that people had resumed the habit of putting money away. The January statement confirms this, for deposits are shown to be \$635,135,955, which is \$10,443,629 better than the December showing. Moreover, despite the heavy withdrawals during the tight money period in 1913, interest bearing deposits are now a little ahead of what they were a year ago. Demand deposits, however, show a decrease. On January 31st they were \$339,811,339, which is less by \$41,564,170 than at the end of December, and less by \$14,707,625 than the figure at the end of January, 1913.

The note circulation does not show any unusual decrease. After the turn of the year it is usually reduced, but the drop of \$12,034,516 in January is about the average. Circulation is still larger than it was at the end of January, 1913.

Call loans, despite the activity in the markets, were \$1,614,729 less than in December, which is rather remarkable. But a year ago, when things were much more active, call loans for January only showed an advance upon December of \$720,840, which would seem to prove that the figure for this January is more or less normal.

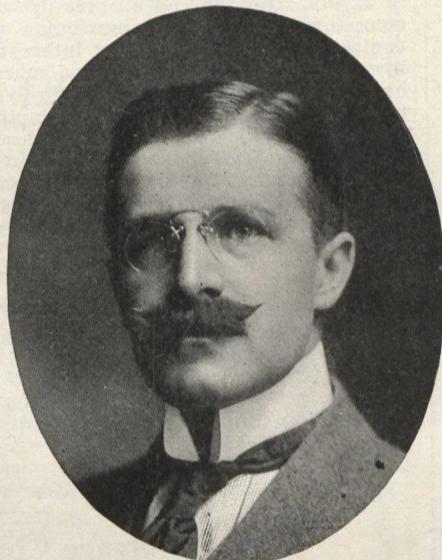
Appended are the chief items in the January statement:

	Jan. 31, 1914.	Changes during Jan., 1914.	Changes during year 1914.
Paid up capital	\$114,936,258	+\$ 127,961	-\$ 390,774
Circulation	96,611,909	- 12,034,516	+ 2,036,265
Demand deposits	339,811,339	- 41,564,170	+ 14,707,625
Savings deposits	635,135,955	+ 10,443,629	+ 135,899
Total deposits in Canada	974,947,294	- 31,120,541	- 14,571,726
Deposits elsewhere	95,342,345	- 8,060,740	+ 12,057,941
Call loans in Canada	71,248,242	- 1,614,729	- 128,268
Call loans elsewhere	108,776,770	- 7,207,910	+ 16,388,923
Current loans in Canada	811,582,130	- 10,865,845	- 63,123,486
Current loans elsewhere	56,051,465	- 2,253,923	+ 15,953,319

A First Annual Report

SO far as the annual report of the Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation of Toronto is concerned, there is an undoubted indication of prosperity. The merger of the Standard Loan and the Reliance Loan took place on the first of May, 1913, and the first annual meeting therefore covers only

eight months of activity. The company was able to earn interest on its debentures and deposits, pay a dividend of 6 per cent., and carry a hundred thousand dollars to reserve. So far as this is an indication of the future the outlook for the shareholders seems bright. The net earnings for the year were \$351,336. The following directors were elected: Lord Hyde, W. S. Dinnick, Herbert Waddington, Hugh S. Brennen, E. F. B. Johnston, John Firstbrook, Nathan Stevens, E. Jessop, M.D., J. A. McEvoy, David Ratz, James Gunn, David Kemp, E. C. McNally, W. L. Horton, Rev. C. I. Taylor, R. H. Greene.



MR. W. S. DINNICK,
Moving Spirit in the Standard Reliance Mortgage Corporation.

forward they are to carry on operations under the name of the Northern Electric Company. Both the old companies are subsidiaries of the Bell Telephone Company of Canada, and the probable reason for the appreciation in Bell Telephone stock, which was remarked in these columns last week, is the reorganization. Both companies do a very large business in Canada with governments, railroads, municipalities and telephone and telegraph companies, and during recent years, particularly in the West, their profits have markedly increased. Under the reorganization an economy in management will be affected, and since the earnings are growing at a quick rate, the merger should be entirely satisfactory to shareholders. Mr. E. F. Sise and Mr. P. F. Sise, both sons of Mr. C. F. Sise, president of the Bell Telephone Company, are president and vice-president of the new company, respectively.

There is some discussion on the "street" as to the exact relation between Northern Electric and Bell Telephone. The supposition is that the stock in the former is all held by the Bell Telephone shareholders. There is a rumour that Northern Electric may be segregated, and the possibility of new issues is hinted at. But nothing definite is known.

Still Another Merger

A REORGANIZATION which is of importance to shareholders in the two companies concerned, is the merger of the Northern Electric Company, Limited, and the Imperial Wire and Cable Company. Hence-

The Week in the Markets

LAST month when stock market prices were advancing steadily it was freely predicted that there would be a continued rise in prices, and that the low levels of December would not again be touched for several years. There were, however, shrewd financiers who disputed the general impression. They predicted a gradual sagging during February and March. The course of the stock markets last week would seem to indicate that those who took the pessimistic view were more nearly correct than those who were optimists. The general trend of prices was downward. Very few Canadian stocks showed an increase in price. Money was cheaper and brokers were able to get advances at five and a half per cent., as against seven per cent. last autumn. Nevertheless, most of the buying was confined to first-class industrial bonds and municipal debentures. This tendency was manifest in London and New York, as well as in Montreal and Toronto.

In Toronto, Canadian General Electric and B. C. Packers showed slight increases, while Ontario industrials scarcely held their own. In Montreal

Careful Bond Buying

If you were going to lend money on a real estate mortgage you would first make certain that the title was clear, that there was no other mortgage on the property and that the mortgagee was not "over-borrowing." Do not overlook this inquiry into security when buying bonds—for a bond is exactly this—a promise-to-pay, secured by a mortgage. A conscientious investment house acts as an examiner and appraiser for its bond buying clients.

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The Travellers' Cheques issued by this Bank are a very convenient form in which to provide funds when travelling. They are issued in denominations of

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DOMINION BREWERY COMPANY, LIMITED, TORONTO

Laurentide showed an increase, but there was a decided falling off in Bell Telephone, and Ottawa Power. The stocks listed on both markets such as Mackay, Brazilian, Winnipeg Electric and Toronto Rails barely held steady. The volume of business was not as great as in the previous week. Canadian Pacifics, whose price is made in Europe, showed a decline of about four points, but two of this is to be credited to the dividend for the quarter.

It is not likely that stock markets will show much appreciation in Canada until spring seeding commences. An early spring would probably stimulate investment. Much will depend on other influences outside of Canada.

St. John Railway

THE report of St. John, N.B., Railway Company should be satisfactory to the shareholders. Net profits during the 1913 year were about eight thousand dollars better than the previous year, and the balance to be transferred to profit and loss account was five thousand dollars ahead of 1912. Assets amount to \$2,523,814, which is \$147,810 in excess of liabilities. Two hundred thousand dollars has been added to assets during the year. To cover expenditures on capital account two thousand shares of new stock at par are to be issued, and divided pro rata between shareholders.

Considerable improvements in accommodation, and new equipment are recorded. Lieut.-Col. H. H. Maclean, M.P., is now president. Mr. J. K. L. Ross takes the place of his father, the late Mr. James Ross, of Montreal, on the board.

Ottawa Light, Heat and Power

WHILE the revenue of this company, with its subsidiaries, Ottawa Electric and Ottawa Gas, showed an increase of about fifty thousand dollars during the year, it is more than offset by the gain in operating expenses, and interest charges, which were \$54,968 in excess of the figures for 1912. Thus the surplus available for dividends shows a decrease of \$277. Dividends of 8 per cent., and a bonus of 1 per cent. were paid. During the year the paid up capital of two millions was increased by a further issue of eight hundred thousand, but as payments on new stock were spread out to extend into 1914, only part of the new issue called for dividends during the year.

On the average paid up capital of \$2,222,780, earnings of \$297,766 were equal to thirteen per cent., against earnings at the rate of fourteen per cent. the previous year, when the paid up capital was only two million dollars. A sum of \$34,363 was carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account. Over eight hundred thousand dollars was spent during the year on new equipment.

Twenty-five Years in the Field

THE financial stringency during the year 1913 seems in no way to have affected the progress of the Dominion Life Assurance Company, whose Twenty-Fifth Annual Report appears elsewhere in this issue. The amount of new business written, the gain in business in force, the increase in assets, reserves and surplus are all in advance of any previous year in the company's history. Of particular significance to the policy holders of this company is the high rate of interest realized on investments, viz.: 8.11%, the low ratio of actual to expected mortality, viz.: 27%, and the decrease in the expense ratio. During its twenty-five years of operations this company claims to have lost not one dollar of principal or interest on its investments, a splendid record, which attests to the character of the securities in which this company places its funds. The surplus earnings for the year 1913 were \$177,841.12, and after paying to policy holders in the form of cash and bonuses the amount of \$33,615.37, and providing for dividends, the gross surplus of the company was increased to the substantial sum of \$691,911.12. The Dominion Life Assurance Company seems to have built along solid and careful lines.

A British Trust Company's Year

THE first annual meeting of the Canadian Middle West Trust Company, London, Eng., which was adjourned, was the occasion of an encouraging report for the year and a half of the company's operations. Net revenue, after deduction for all charges, was \$73,270, and a dividend of five per cent. on the preferred and ordinary shares is to be paid. This leaves a balance of \$56,580. Preliminary expenses being \$31,580, a sum of twenty-five thousand dollars remains to be carried forward.

Sir James Backhouse Dale is president of the company.

Mortgage Company's Showing

THE report of the fifteenth year's operations of the Toronto Mortgage Company shows gross earnings, including the balance brought forward from profit and loss account, of \$113,251. Dividends at the rate of eight per cent. were paid, and a surplus of \$55,287 was left. Of this, thirty thousand dollars went to reserve account, and the remainder to the credit of profit and loss. The reserve fund is now equal to sixty-four per cent. of the capital stock. Sir William Mortimer Clark is president, and Mr. Walter Gillespie, manager.

R. and O. Rumours

THERE has been some talk on the "street" about the possibility of Mr. James Playfair organizing a rival steamship enterprise to the Canada Steamship Lines. This does not seem to be very probable, for the steamship merger is now so secure, largely because of its terminal arrangements, that any new concern would have their difficulties.

Some facts as to the year's business of the R. & O. are to hand. Recently, Mr. James Carruthers said that the earnings would be very near the million mark, and it is now stated that they are \$976,512. Mr. Carruthers points out that the different companies making up the Canada Steamship Lines would show net profits of \$1,600,000.

The shares of the Canada Steamship Lines are to be placed on the London market, it being the desire of the directors to establish a market for the securities before they are transferred to old R. & O. holders. Up to date \$3,500,000 has been received from the sale of the new issue in London; the greater part of this has been used in settling obligations of the new merger.

Half a Million Profit

APPROXIMATE figures are to hand in regard to the annual statement of Dominion Cannery. Net profits for the year will be about half a million dollars. In view of the bad trading influences of 1913, this compares very favorably with the 1912 figures. After meeting bond interest and taking care of the dividends on preferred and common, a balance of about one hundred thousand dollars will be carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account. This is a good round sum. Earnings were between ten and eleven per cent. The company had \$501,148 at the credit of profit and loss account at the beginning of 1913, and the hundred thousand dollars added indicates that Dominion Cannery starts the year in a very satisfactory manner.

25th Annual Report of
The Dominion Life
 Assurance Company

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The Company's Popularity is well attested by a
Quarter of a Century's Unretarded Advancement

Year	Assets	Reserves	Surplus	Business in Force
1893	\$ 139,48.32	\$ 69,817.81	\$ 69,065.51	\$ 1,477,937.00
1898	344,157.67	252,617.81	88,992.29	2,960,881.00
1903	847,545.50	658,540.44	162,237.16	5,231,297.00
1908	1,620,361.68	1,323,915.93	268,500.57	8,171,153.00
1913	3,322,588.22	2,483,076.28	691,911.12	16,146,991.00

Well Secured Assets and Substantial Reserves
 give Policyholders Absolute Protection. Security for each \$100 of Liability to Policyholders, \$139.

To Show in a Nutshell

why our Net Surplus for the year shows an increase of 23 per cent.

Interest Rate
 8.11%

Mortality only
 27% of expected

The three main Sources of Profit to Policyholders are Interest Earnings, Savings in Expenditure, and Mortality Gains. In these three elements the

Dominion Life

stands pre-eminent. As a consequence Returns to Policyholders have been UNEXCELLED.

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Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company
 Has Biggest Year in History

Earnings Almost 25% in Excess of Previous Year—Company in Strong Financial Position

The statement of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Limited, for the year ending December 31, 1913, passed on by the Board of Directors, shows that the earnings for the past year amounted to \$1,255,953.84, being an increase of about 25 per cent. over those of 1912, and the biggest ever shown by the Scotia Company.

One gratifying feature of the report is the excess of the current assets over current liabilities, the difference being \$1,593,744.73.

The balance carried forward to the credit of Profit and Loss Account, after providing for interest, sinking fund, depreciation and dividends, is \$527,886.61, as compared with \$452,600.61 for the previous year.

GENERAL MANAGER'S REPORT.

The report to the Board by the 2nd Vice-President and General Manager, Thomas Cantley, stated that the year had opened with great promise, and the demand for the Company's products during the early months of the year had been good. During this period a large tonnage was booked at fair prices, sufficient to keep the mills fully employed until the closing weeks of the year, the result being that the outputs of Iron Ore, Pig Iron, Steel Ingots, Billets, Bars and Forgings all showed substantial increases over previous years.

Referring to the Wabana Iron Ore property, the report stated that the Company's holdings under title from the Crown now covered 91 square miles, and that the submarine development had been further extended by the opening up of 9,751 lineal feet of levels, crosscuts, headways and rooms, and the ore won from this section of the property was over 40 per cent. greater than that of the previous year. The General Manager also reported that good progress had been made in the sinking of the new Jubilee Shaft, which would be equipped by 1915 for an output of 1,500 tons per day. A new open-hearth steel furnace was completed during the summer, and a number of improvements to plant and equipment had been carried out.

DIRECTORS' REPORT.

The Directors' report is as follows:—
 The Directors of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Limited, submit herewith their Thirteenth Annual Report and Statement of Assets and Liabilities, with Abstract of Profit and Loss for the year ended December 31, 1913.

The profits for the year were \$1,255,953.84, as compared with \$1,000,609.93 for the previous year.

The balance to the credit of profit and loss account at the end of the previous year was \$452,600.61, which with the profits of 1913, make a total of \$1,708,555.45, which has been dealt with as appears in the statement submitted herewith.

The sum of \$32,659.54 has been paid on account of Sinking Fund and applied by the Eastern Trust Company in retiring bonds of the Company. The sum of \$70,165.50 has been added to the Reserve Funds, and the sum of \$107,682.43 expended for improvements and betterments, has been written off. The aggregate of these sums is \$210,527.47, and is considerably in excess of the amount deemed necessary to provide for depreciation.

The sum of \$10,104.30 has been transferred to the Insurance Reserve Funds of the Company.

The sum of \$527,886.61 remains at the credit of Profit and Loss account after providing for the above transfers and payments, interest on Bonds and Debenture stock, dividends and other charges shown by the accounts.

During the year \$2,000,000 of debenture stock was sold and the proceeds applied in the payment of the amounts expended in the years 1912 and 1913 on Capital Account. The amount charged to Capital Account in respect to the expenditure of the past year is \$1,158,462.22.

The Eastern Car Company (the whole of the issued common stock of which is held by the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Limited) has been continuously engaged since September in the manufacture of cars, and the result of its operations indicates that it will prove a valuable asset to our shareholders.

DIVIDENDS DECLARED.

Dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. on the Preferred and 6 per cent. on the Common Stock of the Company for the year have been paid quarterly. The regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. on the Preferred and 1-2 per cent. on the Common Stock has been declared for the first quarter of 1914, payable April 15th to shareholders of record on March 31st, 1914. All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) ROBERT E. HARRIS, President.

GENERAL STATEMENT.

Assets.	
Property and Mines:	
Cost of properties owned and operated by the Company	\$16,829,075.80
Current Assets:	
Inventories (Raw and Manufactured Material and Stores)	\$1,776,575.16
Ledger Accounts and Bills Receivable	488,161.36
Cash in Bank	268,416.14
	<u>\$19,362,228.46</u>
Liabilities.	
Capital Stock:	
Preferred	\$1,030,000.00
Ordinary	6,000,000.00
	<u>\$7,030,000.00</u>
Bonds:	
Total issue	6,000,000.00
Bonds redeemed	88,190.69
	<u>5,911,809.31</u>
Sinking Fund	88,278.07
Debenture Stock	3,000,000.00
Current Liabilities:	
Bills payable	200,000.00
Pay Rolls and Accounts not yet due	389,930.50
Bond Coupons due Jan. 1, 1914	147,795.23
Bond Coupons, not presented	2,522.20
Debenture stock interest	88,560.00
(payable Jan. 1, 1914)	*
Quarterly Dividend, Preferred	20,600.00
(shares due Jan. 15, 1914)	*
Quarterly Ordinary Shares	90,000.00
(payable Jan. 15, 1914)	*
	<u>939,407.93</u>
General Reserve	750,000.00
Special Reserve Accounts:	
Reserve for General Depreciation and for unusual expenses and renewals	1,085,693.84
Insurance Funds	29,152.70
Surplus Profit and Loss	627,886.61
	<u>\$19,362,228.46</u>

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Dealers in every Town and City.

Out of the Whirlpool

(Concluded from page 16.)

I can climb. Never mind the rope."
"Yes, you will mind the rope," Necra commanded. "Hold the canoe against the wall with one hand and put the rope round your waist with the other. I have it lapped about the tamarack root. You'll not pull it down even if you do slip."

THERE was logic in her command, and Eviack obeyed it. He made the rope fast to his body and climbed up cautiously. Necra was sitting upon the rocky wall, the turn of the rope about the tamarack stump and her feet braced against the roots. She loosed her grip suddenly as Eviack raised himself over the edge of the wall and lay back, shivering, as if from nervous reaction.

Eviack went straight to her and lifted her up.

"Necra, you're all shaken to pieces," he murmured. "It was a tight spot, wasn't it? Only for you I'd be where Opio is. Oh, girl, I can't put it in words! But you know how I feel. I've played up as a cursed fool all these months! But where'd you come from? Out of the moon? That's where I saw you first."

"No, from Fort Matchewan," she answered, with a queer little hysterical laugh. "That's where I went after the Mislinion Lake raid. Dad got two years for that bit of smuggling—"

"Yes, all on account of my pig-headedness!" exclaimed Eviack, in self-denunciation. "It didn't amount to much, that household stuff, and I might have winked at it, the same as lots of marshals do!"

"Oh, no, you mightn't!" contradicted Necra. "You did your duty. You had to do it. I was wild over it at the time, but I've learned something about duty lately since I joined the secret service. You see, the two years came hard on dad, and I had to earn a living till he got out. But you nearly made me blunder at Lavi-cienne's. Didn't Caldbeck tell you I was on the job? No! I guess he forgot you were a new man and didn't know the secret service women! I always escape to the nearest settlement, and the prisoners take that escape at its face value. Otherwise my usefulness would be at an end. Couldn't you hear what I said in the doorway that night?"

"No," answered Eviack, shamefacedly, "I—I could only make out that you wished to get away."

"I thought when I recognized you that you mightn't want me to—to touch you. But wrestling to get out keeps up the deception."

Necra gazed up tremulously into Eviack's eyes, then suddenly threw out her hands with the gesture of tearing away a mask.

"Drury!" she cried. "I knew Caldbeck didn't tell you. I asked him when he came into Matchewan, and then I knew what you must think of me. I couldn't rest till I told you the truth. That's why I got two fort runners to paddle me up Matchewan Lake and into the West Branch to find you. They were scouting and saw your camp making camp. But I made them stay below. I wanted to be alone to tell you the truth!"

Eviack's arms tightened about her. "Necra," he whispered, "you're leaving the secret service. It's a clever profession all right, but it's too hard on a woman's nerves!"

For Advice Received.—"Hello, Mike. Where did you get that black eye?"

"Why, O'Grady's just back from his honeymoon, an' 'twas me advised him 't get married."—Boston Transcript.

A Life Saver.—Mr. Penn—"They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked."

Mr. Hub—"They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around."

"That must be embarrassing!"
"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"
"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

As We See Others

About Basketry

WE do not know who made the first basket, but we are of the firm belief that baskets are of a great and respectable antiquity and go back almost as far as the fig-leaf apron. Baskets are so absolutely necessary to the comfort and propriety of the household, that Eve must have found time some day for the manufacture of a twig receptacle for apple cores or banana peelings.

About ten years ago, there arose a sudden interest in all shapes and sizes of baskets, and Canadian women interested in handiwork turned their attention to baskets of imposing size and weird designs. Naturally, the Indian baskets proved most attractive, and the Navajo productions were made the objects of careful study. However, we do not need to turn to Arizona or New Mexico for samples of Indian basketry. Canada affords a vast variety of aboriginal North American handiwork in these manufactures. I have often wondered how the Indian women invent such delicate intricacies of pattern and variations of colouring. Perhaps, in their close intercourse with the life of the forest and the stream, they have learned more than any conventional class could give them, for Nature's technical school is matchless in its inculcation of patience and minute finish.

The sweet-grass baskets are those which are best known in our summer haunts, and we are all familiar with the daintily-shaped fragrant ware, adorned with designs in dyed quills, which are brought to every summer verandah in Muskoka and the Georgian Bay district, not to mention the islands of the St. Lawrence. There is nothing which is more reminiscent of summer fields and sun-filled clover-blooms than the scent of the sweet-grass. It lingers, long after the summer holidays have fled, and lends a breath of June to lace or ribbons which it holds. Weaving is a gentle, restful occupation, in comparison with some of the ruder forms of primitive toil. Woman has not always been the gainer by the introduction of machinery, and the return to handicrafts shows how the world realizes that there is no work quite so satisfactory as the product of the individual head and hand, whether it be wood-carving, lace or home-made bread. Basket weaving is an immemorial art, and probably was old in the days of the Pharaohs.

The recent unpleasantness between the United States and Mexico will probably mean a great influx of fashions from the turbulent Republic, south of the Rio Grande. Let us hope that the new styles will be called by the simpler names, for if hats or gowns are named after Mexican volcanoes and mountains the syllables will be affrighting. But, above all Mexican modes or wares, let us hope for the introduction of the graceful and picturesque basketry from the Land of the Incas.

Arma Virum Cano

IT is quite probable that the Kaiser knows his officers well enough to realize that he is venturing upon dangerous ground when he issues such a weighty cabinet order as that of January 20th. On that date, His Imperial Highness decreed that when an army officer appears in public with his wife, the gentleman shall not take the arm of the lady. If there is to be any holding of arms, says the Kaiser, the ladies must do it, or allow their military escorts to walk with their arms entirely free. The new order, it is understood, is inspired by the Kaiser's belief that the spectacle of an officer "leaning for support" on the arm of a feminine companion is not conducive to a manly bearing. It is quite common in Germany for a gentleman to take a lady's arm

and, as the manners of the military set are the model for etiquette in general, civilians, too, will probably be affected by the imperial decree.

The Kaiser has come to the rescue of social grace and decorum and enacted a measure which, it is to be hoped, may affect, as a custom, countries far beyond the boundaries of the German Empire. During the last five years, it has become a common spectacle in Canada to see a man thrust his arm familiarly through a woman's and stride along with an apparent unconsciousness of the awkwardness of the attitude. In the old times, the gentleman gallantly extended an arm of support when acting as escort to a lady, and the attitude was conventionally



MRS. HENRY JOSEPH,

Vice-President jointly with Mrs. C. H. Cahan, of the newly-organized Housewives' League of Montreal, a consumers' combine.

graceful. In these days of independent women and well-lighted streets, it is not considered necessary for such elaborate courtesy to be extended. But the modern youth has taken to the ugly and entirely inappropriate fashion of leaning upon a fair lady's arm or grasping a girl by the arm about two inches above the elbow in a style which strongly resembles the manner of a blue-coated officer of the law in the act of arresting a petty pilferer. Of course, it is woman's duty to inform man of his inelegant familiarity—but the Kaiser has spoken.

We are always insisting that this is an age of haste rather than grace, but woman has it in her power to make social usages less casual and awkward than they have become. The Atlantic Monthly

published some years ago a dialogue between an old-fashioned steel engraving of a fair lady, and a Gibson girl, to the effect that the latter learned that the charm of repose which we are in danger of losing belongs to the woman who takes life calmly.

The Over-Worked Social Reformer

IT is curious that almost anyone devoted to a certain course of conduct will fall back on the Bible for justification. A tired woman who is sadly over-worked by the various organizations to which she belongs recently replied to an expostulating physician with the quotation:

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

"That is all very well," said the medical adviser grimly. "But you are going a good deal beyond your 'might.' What use will you be to the Lord or the world if you have a nervous break-down?"

The United States is a land of many cities, and is consequently a land of much social reform. There has been an especial rush of young girls into this work, followed by a number of cases of collapse. A New York editor says: "Authority is little in fashion; obedience is out of date, especially among ardent young women, but there seems to be need in the social service of such organization as shall put the young recruits under older and experienced women, who know when to say Stop! and have power to act."

It may be quite heretical of me to express such an opinion, but I am of the firm belief that there are certain forms of social work in which no young girl should be allowed to engage. I know of more than one case of extremely sad collapse and mental derangement through overwork in a department of social reform from which young girls should be debarred. We have been trying many weird experiments in social study during the last decade, and it is about time for certain young enthusiasts to listen to the advice of their elders. The experience of the centuries should surely mean something, even to the girl of 1914.

Not that one wishes to blame the girls, whether the breakdown comes from too much bridge and tango, or from too much social reform! Even in this age, there is such a force as authority, both in the home and in philanthropic organization, and it should be exerted to prevent these foolish maidens from expending their precious young energy and strength in reckless endeavour. There may be very few girls who are injuring their health in this way, but one life thrown away is too much. I remember, long ago, hearing a would-be reformer ask a clergyman: "Do you pray every day to be made holy?"

"No," said the clergyman. "I pray every day to be kept sane."

ERIN.

The Montreal Housewives' League

By ALICE ANDREWS

IN every quarter in Canada there seems to be going on at present what one is tempted to call a vast house-cleaning. Leagues have been organized for reform in this or that department, with aim to establish or re-establish natural and proper living conditions. Among the number of which enterprising bodies there is none, perhaps, of greater importance, with prices of food-stuffs consistently soaring, than a movement to assist in reducing the high cost of living.

An organization was formed by women in New York three years ago and called the Housewives' League. The League was the logical result of excessive prices charged for the necessities of life. The object of the League, as set forth by the president, was primarily educational, as lack of knowledge on the part of the consumer had contributed in no small measure to the trouble. The average housewife, not knowing when certain foods

Domestic Training Schools: A Canadian Lack

By EDITH LANG



A STATISTICS ENTHUSIAST.

Mrs. W. R. Lang, who Recently Addressed the Social Study Club of Toronto, on the wide Theme of "Women in Industry." Mrs. Lang is a trained economist and is engaged on a series of articles at present for the Woman's Supplement, of which the one on this page is the first.

were in season or not in season, or the wholesale prices of any of the commodities she bought retail, was responsible for unstable and chaotic markets.

Many women, however differing in other interests, worked together in a common desire to help solve the "living" difficulty. They enlisted the sympathy and substantial support of the entire community and were successful in getting a bill passed for the right of buying all food-stuffs, including vegetables, by weight instead of the arbitrary measure. There is, included in the bill, a provision which permits the setting aside of the clause requiring sale by weight, if the customers give their assent in writing. As a result of the wonderful success of the League, other similar leagues were formed in several of the largest American cities.

A FEW weeks ago some two hundred women gathered at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal—not to discuss women's rights—but to discuss the splendid work accomplished by the New York Housewives' League. The meeting was under the auspices of the Montreal Women's Club, which has done many big things for civic betterment and more from which big things are yet expected. Mme. Heliodore Fortier, president of the Women's Club, outlined the origin of the League in New York and said she believed firmly that the same good would result in Montreal, where conditions are not unlike New York conditions, by the establishment of a local Housewives' combine. The meeting was held on February 19th, and the resolution which marked the birth of the new organization was proposed by Mrs. Alfred Ross Grafton, seconded by Mrs. James Thom, and carried unanimously.

The aim of the League is to lead in intelligent study of the market conditions, which will serve as a protection, incidentally, against exposed, unwholesome and adulterated foods. Already it has sought and has been accorded the co-operation of the various clubs, and civic and business associations which are already working for the city's progress, and not the least of this support has come from the Federation Nationale.

The League in Montreal is the outcome of the recent visit of Mrs. Julian Heath, president of the American Housewives' League, who was invited to address the Montreal Women's Club. At the close of her talk many women, representative of the various organizations of the city, recorded their approval of the housewives' enterprise, and gave their names in as future members of a Housewives' League in Montreal. A bill is now being drafted along lines similar to those of the American League, and will be presented to the Legislature.

The officers of the League are Honorary President, Lady Van Horne; President, Mrs. George Kohl; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Henry Joseph, Mrs. C. H. Cahan and Mrs. Thomas Fessenden; Corresponding Secretaries, Mrs. David Seath and Mrs. J. A. Dale; Treasurer, Mrs. Theodore Wardleworth.

FROM every side of Canada there comes the same pathetic story of unemployment. labour leaders and Government reports tell us that not only unskilled but skilled men are seeking jobs and finding none. Many reasons have been alleged for this state of things, but whatever the cause, one very definite result has followed and that is, that the womenfolk have been, in thousands of cases, "keeping the home together." Partly because of this increased supply of female labour, and partly because of the money stringency which is also affecting the trades employing women, the female labour market is now overstocked and large numbers of women are out of work. So much is this the case, that in Toronto and other places it has been found necessary to open an employment bureau for women, and many have been the stories of work sought for eagerly, but sought in vain.

One's first instinct on hearing this is to blame these girls for not entering the one profession for which every girl is supposed to be fitted, viz., that of domestic service. Surely that is not overstocked, say those whose perpetual grievance is their inability to get and to keep good maids. But that is exactly where the hitch is. Good, well-trained domestics are indeed always in demand. Housekeepers, like everyone else, are cutting down expenses this winter, and those who usually keep two or even three domestics, are finding that it pays better to keep one really good one, even at a slightly higher wage than they usually pay, but they refuse to pay the inflated price for inefficient and untrained help, and it is this untrained female labour which is at present without a livelihood.

Every large city in this Dominion should have a school for domestic workers, where girls could get a thorough, all-round training in the domestic arts, which would result in a greater pride and joy in their work, and raise domestic service to a place among the skilled trades. In which connection it



MRS. E. F. B. JOHNSTON, OF TORONTO,

National Vice-President of the I. O. D. E., who received with the President, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, at the recently-held "Rose Ball," given by the Order in Columbus Hall.

is interesting to note experiments which have been carried out along this line in other countries.

Many years ago a public-spirited woman, Lady Cathcart, carried on, at her own expense, a training home for girls in Aberdeen. With the object of assisting girls of the fisher and crofter class to better themselves and to give them a better start in life, she furnished and equipped a small house to which she brought a few girls at a time, placed them in

charge of a woman of experience, undertook the cost of their board and residence, and gave them in addition a course of lectures in cookery and laundry work under the Aberdeen Educational Trust. The majority of these girls turned out well, and in a short time they were in great demand. One at least worked her way up to a responsible position in a royal household, where she remained until she left to found a home of her own in which her late employers continued to take such an interest that the eldest baby has a royal godmother.

The Congested Districts Board for Scotland took up this question of training country girls for domestic service in 1905. They took a house, also in Aberdeen, big enough to take twelve girls, and put it in charge of a matron. The house was furnished on the lines of a small middle-class home, and here the girls did all the work and also attended certain lectures. The course lasted for three months, at the end of which the girl received an outfit—made by herself under the matron's supervision—and a situation was found for her.

SCHOOLS of a similar kind are numerous in Ireland under the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, and recently a similar attempt has been made in London, England, to train working-class girls for children's nurses.

So far the Domestic Training Schools in the Old Country have not been self-supporting, but there does not seem to be any reason why the girls here should not pay high enough fees to cover all expenses, and it would be quite simple to work out a system for necessitous cases by means of scholarships or a loan fund, to which the girl could pay back a share of the higher wages which she would certainly be able to command in return for her greater efficiency.

A Royal Commission has recently been sitting in Canada to take and collect evidence regarding the need for technical and vocational training. People all over the world are coming to realize that the day of unskilled labour is past; efficiency must be won for the young people who are on the threshold of their working life, or they will have no chance of "making good." If training is denied to girls for domestic service it will go down and down in the scale of professions and the best type of girl will refuse to enter what will be considered, and rightly, too, an unskilled profession, one for which the state does not think



ROSES AND "A BUD."

Miss Vera Chatterton, who has just concluded her "First Season" as one of the debutantes of gay Toronto. She was recently "presented" in Ottawa.

it necessary to offer any training. If, on the other hand, the chance of becoming efficient is offered to the girls, they will realize how quickly those girls who avail themselves of this training rise, and they will be attracted into a calling which offers an attractive and useful career for those who can do it well.

It may be thought that the present day instruction in cooking, etc., in the primary and technical schools is enough. It is a beginning, but the training is very one-sided; it is divorced from the natural routine of home life and is very seldom translated into action outside of the school.

Schools such as have been described teach the girl not only to cook and to launder and to do isolated duties for separate hours with certain materials set down in front of her, but they teach her to organize and co-ordinate all her different sorts of work and knowledge into one harmonious whole. A girl with this power, who works with her head, as well as her hands, and who does her work well because she understands it and takes a pride in it, such a girl would be worth good wages; she would be worth consideration, and she would be a credit to the system of education that produced her.

The Eighteen "Lady Lecturers"

Who Distribute Themselves Professionally Among the Ontario Women's Institutes

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

I BELIEVE there was a time, though not in my experience, when men said to their sisters, daughters, and wives: "Your place is in the home"; and when they looked askance at anything like a woman's club, especially in the rural districts. It must have been to overcome some such little prejudice on the part that the members of the Women's Institute chose their beautiful motto: "For Home and Country."

Mr. George A. Putnam, Superintendent of Institutes in Ontario, states in his 1913 report that the total number of Women's Societies in the Province is seven hundred and fifty, and the membership over twenty-two thousand. To keep every member in touch with the most up-to-date information on all vital subjects affecting the home and rural life, eighteen lecturers are sent out at two different seasons of the year to address the various meetings where the ladies foregather. Each is a specialist in her line of work, and their earnest, practical talks on all subjects in which women are interested cannot fail to have a tremendous influence on our provincial life.

DURING the past year instruction was given to 1,667 persons in cooking and food values, home nursing, or sewing. These subjects indicate the very practical nature of the addresses. The list of lecturers includes one medical doctor, several graduate nurses, two or three graduates of Guelph Macdonald Institute, one full-fledged optician, one graduate of the American College of Mechanical Therapy, besides many who have undergone that most efficient of trainings, a long and successful life on the farm. Surely the executive has spared no pains to give the women of Ontario the best brains the country affords.

One is pleased to note how the child comes into his own at the hands of

these women who are working in the interest of home and country. More than half the lecturers have subjects dealing with children, while three or



MRS. M. N. NORMAN, OF TORONTO,

Who urges the training of women's minds and the development of such qualities as graciousness and fineness of nature. She also hopes to show parents the necessity of teaching fundamental truths to their boys and girls.

four more speak a special word for the growing girl and young woman on the farm. Miss A. M. Hotson makes the child a special study. Mrs. E. B. McTurk, of Lucan, is an inspector of Barnardo girls in Ontario, and has had great success in dealing with difficult cases; while Dr. Annie Backus, along with Mrs. McTurk and many others, is particularly interested in the Medical Inspection of Children in Rural Schools.

ELEVEN of the speakers give talks on Health and Home Nursing.

One wonders how a malignant germ continues to live in the homes of the women who have heard Miss Mary Murdock on "Bacteriology in the Home," or Mrs. Parsons on "Home Nursing," or Miss E. E. Smillie on "Disease Germs." Mrs. F. W. Watts, of Toronto, explains to each of us how to be beautiful, while Miss Ethel Robson, a practical farmer's daughter, gives demonstrations in physical culture.

But if one kind of subject furnishes more practical information to the woman on the farm than all the others, it is that supplied by the ten lecturers



MISS JEAN CAMERON-SMITH, POWASSAN,

Who has done some of her finest work in a Nurses' Training School in Japan, and is here pictured with one of her Japanese charges. Miss Cameron-Smith is literary, having written many descriptive articles, as well as poems, on patriotic subjects.

who deal with practical farm problems. Miss Gilholm's "Will the Dairy Cow Pay Off the Mortgage?" is a delight to every woman who owns such an animal. Mrs. Hunter, of Pleasant, as mother of five children and mistress of a fine up-to-date country home, always has an audience hanging on her every word in "Common Sense in Housekeeping"; while Mrs. G. H. Greer, of Hamilton, always has something new to tell about "The Canning and Preserving of Fruits."

SEVEN at least of these influential ladies are distinctly literary in taste. Who that has heard it can forget Miss Jean Cameron-Smith's recital of her own poems, "Canada" or "The Nightingale's Song"? A glance through the subjects to which our Ontario women are treated from time to time reveals many such topics as "Canadian Writers," "Literature for the Home," and "Literature and Life." Surely these many-sided lecturers leave no question vital to the Canadian home untouched.

Space prevents my dealing with the work of any one of these noted women who are working so indefatigably for the upbuilding of our country. For instance, I have a strong desire to deal at length with the career of Mrs. M. C. Dawson, at one time the noted president of the Parkhill branch. She is beloved by all for her zeal in making her home institute one of the most noted in the Province. I take it she represents well the entire group of Institute women, whose influence makes for broad culture, home refinement, and public morality. The Ontario Women's Institutes are fortunate in securing the services of such devoted, sincere, and practical speakers.

Women and Standardized Pay

THERE will never be a minimum wage for women and minors in Canada until the women of Canada demand it. Unfortunately, there are not many women in this country who understand what a minimum wage is, nor what it means to the health and happiness of the working woman. There must, therefore, be a considerable amount of education among women of all classes before this reform will get into the realm of man politics.

In Canada there would seem to be an inclination to gyrate about the point of a minimum wage for women and minors rather than to go straight to the heart of the matter.

The heart of the matter is a plain wages question—the standardizing of payment for work, in any industry, for the district in which it is located. The gyration has been hitherto manifested by acts which, while they affect the conditions under which these workers labour, dealing with, for instance, factories' sanitation, the age limit, and the fixing of working hours, still have neglected the all-important matter of a fair living wage, by which one means a wage sufficient to maintain the worker in health and in a reasonable degree of comfort.

Men need no protection in this regard, as their bargaining power is already represented by trade unions—the various labour organizations—by



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THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1914, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1914.

Further details can be obtained on application to the Undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister.

Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Department of the Naval Service,
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function of which no man is underpaid. In other words, the minimum wage for men is a fact already. And now what men have found needful for themselves and what they have been able to establish—standardized pay—is seen to be the moral right of women workers also, whose "bargaining might" is not enough to claim it.

It was the part of man to wrest his right from the strong hand, no matter how unwilling. It will now be woman's to receive her right unless the boast of our patriotism, and, largely, our civilization, is vain that both have stood for that progress briefly defined as "the emancipation of woman."

The wage is a patriotic obligation, and the neglect of its discharge in Canada up to the present moment is a reproach which, to our greater shame, is not shared by Australia and

New Zealand. From these two colonies, not from us, has the Mother Country taken the tip that fair play is the due of the wage-earning woman. In these three countries there is active legislation to standardize the wages of women workers. Also in eleven of the United States similar measures have been passed, or are impending, for the conservation of woman and the minor in the industrial world. Canada yet lags behind the vanguard.

The minimum wage is a basic necessity in the cold eye of a nation's economics. Healthier, happier industrial workers—improved manufacture—a wealthier country! The minimum wage is the equalizer which takes from the few what will not be missed and bestows on the proletariat who need it.

Recent Events

MISS URSULA LAWRENCE, the Montreal soprano, has been much praised recently for her admirable singing in conjunction with the recitals in Canada of Miss Kathleen Parlow, violinist. They appeared together in Montreal and in Kingston.

TWO presentees at court this season are Mrs. Russell Brown, nee Muriel Tandy, of Kingston, Ontario, now the wife of Major Russell Brown, of the Royal Engineers, and Mrs. William McNeill, of Vancouver, B.C.

A REQUEST has been made by the Winnipeg ladies in charge of the Babies' Milk Depot that the city take over the burden of financing.

Eastwood, whose services as superintendent have greatly advanced the usefulness of the order in the local branch. Miss Eastwood resigned last October, and Miss Touche has been appointed to succeed her.

THE members of the Women's University Club were the guests of Mrs. Ambrose Small at a meeting recently held at the Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, when the speaker was Mr. Martin Harvey.

LADY MOUNT STEPHEN, whose husband is likely to succeed Lord Strathcona as High Commissioner for Canada in London, is (says the Daily Express) probably the Queen's oldest and most intimate



MRS. JULIAN HEATH.

President of the Housewives' League of New York and a recent visitor in Toronto, where her valuable address to the public was given under the auspices of the local Y. W. C. A. Our illustration shows the speaker at the hearth of her hostess, Mrs. Raney, who gave a fireside function in her honour.

The work has grown immoderately, and the ladies feel that the point has been reached when the project should be put on a civic basis.

THE STROLLERS DRAMATIC CLUB of Ottawa is planning to give "Mrs. Carrington's Necklace" in aid of a fund for the purchase shortly of a "Fresh Air Cottage" at Britannia.

THE Women's Directory of Montreal, which aims at the reclaiming of unmarried mothers by keeping them in touch with their children and providing them with suitable occupations, has been guaranteed the use of a room as headquarters, by kindness of Lady Drummond. A committee has been formed to conduct the work, of which Mrs. George Kohl is president.

AT the recent fifteenth annual meeting of the Toronto branch of the Victorian Order of Nurses, suitable tribute was paid Miss

friend. Before her marriage in 1897 to the Canadian millionaire peer, she was Miss Gian Tufnell, and was lady-in-waiting and the favorite companion of the late Duchess of Teck.

THE students of Dalhousie University, Halifax, have just presented at the Academy of Music the comedy entitled, "The College Widow." Among the brightest amateur "stars" were the Misses Georgina Faulkner and Hattie Boak. The orchestra was directed by Mrs. G. F. Pearson.

THE "grand bal masque et travesti," recently given in Montreal by the management of the Ritz-Carlton, was a brilliant affair with its three episodes, supper at midnight and "grand farandole de Bazet at 2.30 a.m. and "une bataille des fleurs," which followed at 3 a.m.

THE Club for the study of Social Science, Toronto, became affiliated at its last meeting with the Local Council of Women.

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The Royal Carnival

THE most lavish and brilliant entertainment ever given at Rideau Hall took place on February 18, when their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught gathered around them a large crowd of enthusiastic Ottawans at a skating carnival. Former Governor-Generals have been good enough to include a function of this sort in their scheme for entertaining, but fetes in the past cannot compare in magnificence with that which recently took place.

The request that skaters go in fancy costume was a happy thought. That it came rather late was also an advantage, saving many hours of worry and fretting over the selecting of something unique and suitable. Impromptu affairs are, proverbially, the most successful. The costume idea was no exception to the rule.

For some distance before entering the grounds at Rideau Hall, the reflection of gigantic bonfires could be seen. These enormous stacks of timber, seen from afar, fired the imagination and brought back pictures of history when armies lay camped upon Canadian hills—hills covered with snow and with only such warmth as could be had from bonfires. Chemically treated, the colour changed every now and then—a lurid red faded into green or blue; two fires on nearby elevations coming within the range of vision, spoke of old-time signals; with a curious thrill one walked out of civilization back to the days when Canadian history was being born.

Turning into the grounds, however, the imaginative guest was pulled up sharply. Even from the gate myriads of Japanese lanterns could be seen. Stalwart minions of the law patrolled the drives or stood at hand, possibly to extinguish any ambitious flames which might seek to creep beyond their confines. The rink was brilliantly lighted, as was the toboggan slide and the log cabin. In fact, lanterns crossed and re-crossed one another in endless strings throughout an enormous area surrounding the rink and nearby buildings. Their number must have run into thousands. From different parts of the grounds rockets hissed themselves into the sky, looking like so many lurid shooting stars. There was light and music and laughter everywhere.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES received their many guests in the rink building, and shortly after nine o'clock the grand march was played—some two hundred skaters taking part. His Royal Highness led with Mrs. Robert Rogers. They were immediately followed by the princess with the Hon. Martin Burrell. Several intricate figures were performed before the lanterns carried by the skaters were discarded and dancing commenced. The ice was unusually good, and spills unusually few.

Not only had the pleasure and the comfort of the skaters been taken into consideration, but that of the spectators as well. The benches placed around the rink were greatly appreciated; boards arranged to keep already cold feet from becoming colder sooner than absolutely necessary, were never vacant; carpet spread over the ice in the curling rink, where an elaborate supper was served, was a thankfully recognized blessing.

The weather having moderated in honour of the occasion, costumes varied from the heavy Russian models to such airy conceits as Night. The princess, who was constantly on the ice, and the ladies-in-waiting wore white velvet Russian costumes, trimmed with fur, white toques to match, and the whole effect offset with bright orange sashes. The Duke and his aides wore tobogganing costumes, consisting of white sweater coats, white trousers, white toques, red sashes and red putties. The Duchess, who remained with her guests throughout the evening and looked better than she has for some time, wore an attractive reddish brown soft leather costume.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Description of the Darley home in Connemara, which contained the famous Velasquez; of Sybil Darley and her mother, who owned the picture suggesting the personality of her husband whom she supposed to be dead; of young Hugh and the storm; arrival of the storm-beaten hunter, the Earl of Sternholt, connoisseur in pictures; interested in the Velasquez, he offers to send for a famous Italian expert, Pallacio, who at first pronounced the picture a copy.

The picture suddenly disappears. Pallacio, on his way back, is arrested, but innocent. Mrs. Darley, overcome with grief, tells Sybil the story of her husband's life, how the picture came, and how he disappeared. Hugh Limner leaves Connemara. He goes to London to study medicine. In an old art shop he buys cheap a Max Weenix canvas. He views an operation on a man's heart and is repelled by the dissecting room. His mother decides that he cannot study medicine.

Hugh enters as assistant in the shop of Pallacio and is sent up country to buy bargain pictures at an auction. In a pawnshop of a little town he stumbles across what he recognizes as an early Gainsborough, which he buys for ten pounds. Pallacio refuses to take it. Hugh pays him a hundred and leaves his employ. The picture is sent to Christie's in Bond Street and sold by auction for 6,650 guineas. Hugh's fortune and reputation as a dealer are made. He becomes an expert. In a book of Turner's poems he finds a letter from Turner to Ruskin concerning a Turner masterpiece since lost to the world. He determines to find the Turner.

He rents the cottage in which Turner painted the masterpiece and discovers the painting secreted under the floor. Sybil arrives. Also Pallacio.

Pallacio and Lord Sternholt combine to keep Hugh and Sybil apart. Sternholt shows Pallacio the Velasquez, which is secreted in his country house. Sternholt outbids Hugh at Christie's for a supposed Manet. The picture is proved to be by Stephen Browne, whose place as a master is assured. Pallacio takes Sybil to Hugh's studio, where he shows her a picture which makes out Hugh to be a thief.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"YOU are a bold man, Mr. Limner, to keep up the farce to my face.

I suppose I have no legal redress against you or the rogue Pallacio. You generously refused a fee for your services. You acted as my friend. Besides, you will swear, no doubt, that you honestly exercised your very excellent judgment on my behalf."

Every word his lordship spoke, every tone of his voice, was an insult. It seemed as if he were determined to force a quarrel on the other, and he almost succeeded.

Hugh's right hand clenched as for a blow, and Lord Sternholt noted the movement and was ready. But even as the two men stood, with muscles strained ready to fly at each other's throats, a sudden thought came to Hugh which swept away his rage. His fists unclosed and his lips twitched in a smile, and there was no trace of anger in his voice as he spoke.

"Lord Sternholt," he said, "if you had treated me with common courtesy I would have given you an explanation."

"A truly valuable commodity, no doubt," sneered his lordship.

"A satisfactory explanation," Hugh went on, calmly. "Now, I will offer none. Instead, I will take the picture off your hands at the price you paid Pallacio for it."

"When?" demanded Lord Sternholt. He could hardly believe the offer was seriously made.

"Here and now. I will give you my cheque for a thousand pounds, and carry away the picture in my carriage at the door. But it is only fair to warn your lordship that I will have the best of the bargain."

"I am glad you think so," retorted Lord Sternholt. "I suppose you think your reputation worth the price you are ready to pay with this ingenious forgery thrown into the bargain.

Well, I'm willing to accept a thousand pounds hush-money."

For answer Hugh drew a cheque for a thousand pounds and threw it on the table. Lord Sternholt took it up, looked at it, nodded approval, and put it in his pocket-book. Then he pressed the button of his electric bell and his converted Indian noiselessly appeared.

"Put this picture into Mr. Limner's carriage," commanded Lord Sternholt, curtly. "Good day, Mr. Limner, this interview has closed more pleasantly than I anticipated—for me, at least."

"And for me, my lord," retorted Hugh, as he followed the Indian from the room. "Your lordship has been clever enough to make a hard bargain with Pallacio, and foolish enough to forfeit it."

CHAPTER XIX.

Good for Evil.

HUGH found Pallacio and his daughter at home together when he called again, the day following his interview with Lord Sternholt. Pallacio looked even worse than when he had last seen him. Though the air of the sitting-room was close and heavy, the old man was crouched at the fire warming his large bony hands at the blaze which showed pink through the fleshless palm and fingers. Ella was reading Ruskin to him, apparently as oblivious as himself of the stifling heat of the room.

"I have brought your picture back to you, Pallacio," Hugh said, when he had shaken hands with both of them. "Lord Sternholt has convinced himself that it is not a Rubens."

The next moment he was sorry he spoke, for the old man started to his feet in a frenzy of fear and fury. "It's a lie," he cried, "he wants to cheat me of my picture and my money. The bargain he drove was not hard enough. You know the picture was a Rubens, you said so in the presence of my daughter. Has Lord Sternholt bribed you? Have you been whispering lies to him? I might have guessed you would be my enemy."

A sudden fit of coughing choked his voice and shook his whole body with violence. When he paused at last there was a blood-stained foam on his pallid lips which Ella softly wiped away, while her eyes appealed to Hugh for patience with her father.

The appeal was not needed. Hugh felt no anger at the flickering wrath of the old man. He felt angry with himself that he had told his tale so awkwardly.

"I'm sorry to have vexed you, Pallacio, it was good news I had for you, not bad. As his lordship would listen to no explanation I gave him back his thousand pounds and carried the picture away with me."

"Then the picture is yours?" said Pallacio. "I don't care which of you has it so long as I have the cheque."

"No, no, the picture is not mine. Now, don't flare up again, there is no need for it. The picture is not mine until I have paid something like a fair price for it, and you know as well as I, Pallacio, that a thousand pounds is not a fair price."

"A bargain is a bargain," said Pallacio. And there was a gleam of suspicion still in his dark eyes. He was not quite satisfied that Hugh was not playing some trick upon him.

"Lord Sternholt has gone back on his bargain, and you have made none with me. If you sell the picture to

me you must have a fairer price for it. I have paid a thousand to Lord Sternholt. I will draw you a cheque for another five thousand, if you choose, and think I have made a most excellent bargain."

"Don't take the money, father, don't take it!" Ella broke in impulsively.

"Be quiet, miss," Hugh cried, shaking his finger at her. "You are not in this deal. I would not sell the picture myself for twice the sum. If I am to buy it at all, in common honesty I cannot give less than six thousand."

He sat down at a table, and drew a cheque with his fountain pen and passed it to Pallacio, who drew back as if at once attracted and repelled by the figure.

"I cannot take it," he stammered out. "I cannot take it, not from you."

"Nonsense, man," Hugh cried, laughing. "Why not from me as well as another? I think I am entitled to the preference. For Ella's sake," he added, in a lower tone, as he laid the cheque down beside him.

"No, no," persisted Pallacio, but the resistance was gone out of his voice. He stretched his hand out to Hugh and drew it back impulsively before their fingers touched. "I cannot, I cannot," he whimpered, like one in pain. Then, in a sudden frenzy, he shouted, "By God, I will tell you everything. I don't care what happens afterwards. Listen, Mr. Limner, the Velasquez that was stolen—" Again his excitement was too much for him, and a violent fit of coughing took him by the throat and almost strangled him.

At a look from Ella, Hugh took up his hat. "Good-bye, Mr. Pallacio. You are not fit for more talking just now. To-morrow or next day I will look in and listen as long as you like to anything you have to say to me."

Pallacio, laying back exhausted in his chair, looked relieved by the respite. Ella followed Hugh to the door. "I wish you would say a good word about Stephen," she said, "if you get the chance. I tried, but my heart failed me. He is so weak I'm afraid to excite him. But a good word from you about Stephen's painting and prospects would help. You have no idea how father values your judgment."

"I'll do my best," Hugh said, "but I fear I will not be able to call again for a few days."

But the very next day he came, for Ella fetched him, not to be denied.

About noon she called for him in a taxi. When the servant came to the door she refused to cross the threshold.

"Give Mr. Limner this," she said, "and tell him I have a taxi waiting. Tell him it is a matter of life or death. There is not a moment to lose."

ON the crumpled bit of paper which the footman handed to Hugh, in Pallacio's large handwriting, but so feeble and shaky as to be almost unrecognizable, were the words, "Come to me at once. I am dying."

Hugh ran down the stairs, snatched his hat from the hall stand, and jumped into the taxi beside Ella.

The driver had his instructions, for Hugh had hardly found his seat when the cab burst into motion, gathering speed as it went.

"Is it true?" Hugh whispered to the pale-faced, tearless girl at his side.

"Quite true. The doctor says he



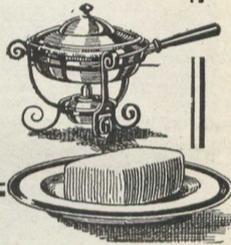
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Yours very sincerely
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Note: In a second letter Miss Wilson writes:

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has only a few more hours to live. Last night he was delirious and raved about you and some picture. This morning he was calm, but very weak. I told him about Stephen, and he was glad, he said, to know I have a true man to care for me when he was gone. But when I told him how much we owed you he groaned as if I hurt him. Then after a while he called out, 'Send for him, I will confess everything,' and he wrote the scrawl which I gave you. He has something to say to you, he declares, something you must know. He cannot die in peace until he has said it. Mr. Limner," she added, after a pause, touching him timidly on the arm, "I am afraid he has done something he is ashamed of, something he is sorry for. When he confesses don't be hard on him, for my sake. For the sake of old times, don't be too hard."

HUGH was moved by the timid gentleness of the vivacious, reckless beauty of the old days, whom love and grief had transformed. He caught the timid hand in his with a warm, re-assuring pressure. "You may trust me, Ella," he whispered, "surely you may trust me to be gentle with a dying man, even if he were not your father."

The tears were in her eyes at last and her lips were quivering. "You are very good to us all. From his raving last night, I fear that father has done you some cruel wrong which he wants to confess before he dies. You will forgive him?" "As I hope that God may forgive me when my time comes," said Hugh, solemnly. The next moment they were at the door, and he was helping her out.

The doctor met them in the hall, and when Ella would have gone past him to the patient's room, he put out his hand to stop her.

"He is not—" She could not speak the word.

The doctor quickly interposed. "No, no," he said, "it's not that. He is no worse than when you left him. If anything, he is better. But he sent me down to see that Mr. Limner is brought to him at once and alone. He is so eager that it would be dangerous to thwart him."

"I'm ready," said Hugh, pressing Ella's hand and whispering, "I won't forget my promise."

There is some brandy and water on the table beside him," the doctor said, as the two ascended the stairs together. "He will need a sip or two if he has much to say to you, for he is very weak."

Pallacio's black eyes were fixed on the door, and he drew a deep sigh of relief when Hugh came in. It needed no skilled eye to see he was very near his end. His face was as white as the pillows piled under his head, and the bedclothes could not hide the angles of the great, gaunt body they covered. There was a sickly medicated odour in the dim room.

The doctor left Hugh at the door and closed it behind him.

"Come nearer," whispered a feeble voice from the bed. "I have much to say to you and very little time and strength to say it."

Hugh came closer up to the bed and took the chair where the nurse had sat during the night. There was silence for a moment—so complete that the ticking of the two watches racing against each other was plainly heard. Pallacio was forcing himself to speak. He broke out at last.

"I stole the picture, the Velasquez, you remember. Sternholt made me steal it. He had me in his power and could make me do what he chose. He was mad to have the picture. It was a perfect likeness of his brother, the late lord, but it wasn't from brotherly love he wanted it. There was no love lost between the two. I did not guess the real reason at the time. I had just to do what I was told. And I stole it."

"But—" Hugh began.

"I hadn't the picture with me when I started from Connemara you will say; it wasn't with me when I arrived at Dublin. It was Lord Sternholt himself put it into the carriage when the train was slowing down to enter the

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second station. Abdallah, his Indian servant, took it out through the carriage window a few stations from Dublin, and conveyed it to the picture gallery at Sternholt Towers, where it has been ever since. You have not seen it there—of course not. Wait a bit. I'm coming to that. I have something else to tell you first."

Again there was a long pause, and the old man's face worked and his hands clasped and unclasped as if he were battling with some physical constraint that held him silent. Then he spoke again in a low voice with pauses between the words.

"A few days ago I borrowed the picture from Lord Sternholt. I brought it to your studio the day you lent me the keys, and I brought Miss Darley to see it there."

Hugh's face darkened with a sudden gust of anger. "You pretended to her it was I who stole it?" he gasped out.

The pale lips on the bed shaped the word "yes," but no sound came.

"But she did not listen to me," he pleaded piteously after a moment. "I was mad when I did it—mad about Ella, I thought you had treated her badly—but Miss Darley did not believe it was you. She did not know what to believe, but she never doubted you for a moment. She would have gone straight to you when she saw the picture, but I pledged her to silence. That's why she ran away to Rome. When Ella told me how kind you were to her and to her husband that is to be, when you behaved so generously about the Rubens; the thought of what I had done tortured me. I cannot rest in the grave without your forgiveness. Don't be too hard on a dying man, Mr. Limner."

The faltering voice and piteous appeal in the dark eyes conquered Hugh's resentment.

"I forgive you freely, Pallacio," he said kindly. "Of course, I must tell what you told me to Miss Darley."

"Of course, of course," the dying man repeated the words eagerly, "that's why I tell you. I want to right the wrong I have done. I'm safe from Lord Sternholt's grip at last. In the old days in my own country there was a man—a nobleman—who was rude to Ella's mother. I killed him and escaped to England. Lord Sternholt somehow got to know of it, and the secret made me his slave. But he forgets that death pays all debts and breaks all bonds. He has the Velasquez in his gallery now. You have noticed the blank space on the wall opposite the windows. The picture is hid behind the oak panel. If you press the centre of the carved rose in the wainscoting the panel will revolve. I have found out at last why he stole the picture, his brother was—"

Before he could complete the sentence his voice faltered, and frailed from a whisper into a silence. Vainly he strove to speak. His lips still moved but made no utterance, and his breath came and went with a harsh rasping sound. Hugh watching the piteous struggle saw the bright eyes grow slowly dim, and heard the hoarse death rattle in his throat. Too well he knew the fatal signs. He pressed the button of the electric bell till the whole house rang with the alarm. Then, running to the door, called Ella in a loud voice.

She was in the room in a moment. She kissed the old man's lips passionately, calling him by his name with soft Italian endearments. Her touch and voice seemed for a moment to hold back his soul from instant flight.

The dim eyes were bright again as he met hers, and the lips murmured softly, "Good-bye, my own dear little girl, good-bye."

Then a shiver shook his body and passed. All the strained muscles suddenly relaxed and he lay back in the infinite peace of death.

Hugh tip-toed from the room, leaving the sorrowing daughter alone with her dead.

CHAPTER XX.

"Convey, the Wise Call It."

THE strong desires dragged in opposite directions in Hugh Limner's heart. He was wild with impatience to start forthwith to Rome.

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But he was held to London by the fierce resolve to capture the stolen picture before he left.

Never for a moment had he doubted the truth of Pallacio's confession, and with the knowledge of the secret of his life, of the galling chain in which he was held, came a great pity for the fierce old exile.

The first shock over, Ella, with the elastic spirits of the Italiana, quickly consoled herself for a death which she had long expected. She turned her eyes from the past to the future, and the lover more than filled the father's place in her heart.

When the first week had passed Hugh felt no uneasiness for her. His whole thoughts were concentrated on recapturing the picture. If he could go to Sybil with the good news that it had been recovered he would be surer of a welcome. Half a dozen plans came to his mind and were dismissed as unworkable. At last he took the obvious, prosaic course of consulting a great lawyer.

He had some difficulty in penetrating into the stronghold of the famous Mr. Yorke, K.C., whose chambers were incessantly besieged by an army of solicitors, and defended by a solid clerk on whom curses and caresses were lavished in vain; who was moved by one consideration alone, the magnitude of the fee.

BY the liberal use of this effective argument he managed to convince him of expediency of allowing a brief interview with the oracle.

"But," added the clerk conscientiously after the fee was paid, "I don't think he will listen to a word from you. He must be consulted through a solicitor."

With this comforting assurance Hugh was ushered into the inner chamber where the great man sat.

His first sensation was a shock of sharp surprise and disappointment. Mr. Yorke, K.C., was a very commonplace oracle. His enemies were wont to aver that he looked like a goldfish with sleek head, dull bulging eyes, and face wholly expressionless. The memory of the comparison came back to Hugh as he took the chill limp hand which Mr. Yorke extended with a civil, but perfunctory "What can I do for you, my dear sir?"

Hugh thought it best to be candid. "I should first like to tell you, sir, that I am not a solicitor."

Mr. Yorke smiled a faint smile that never got as far as the expressionless eyes.

"Of course you are not a solicitor, my dear Mr. Limmer. I know you well as the best judge of pictures in London. I understand you desire to consult me personally."

"And you will listen to me. Your clerk thought perhaps—"

"My clerk was wrong," said Mr. Yorke a little pompously. "If there were a pending case I would not hear you. But it is the privilege of clients to consult counsel and the duty of counsel to advise them."

Then in quite another tone he added, "My dear fellow, fire away. What do you want to ask me?"

Hugh told his strange story from start to finish as briefly as he could. Mr. Yorke listened intently, but for any sign of interest on his impassive face he might have been the goldfish to which his enemies compared him.

"Well?" he said coolly, when Hugh had finished his exciting story.

"I want to take legal proceedings," Hugh answered hotly, "to recover the picture and punish the thief."

"You can do neither," said Mr. Yorke. "You cannot legally recover the picture nor punish the thief. You can take legal proceedings, of course—any person can take legal proceedings who has money enough, but they would be certain to fail."

"Then you don't believe he stole the picture, that he has got it now?"

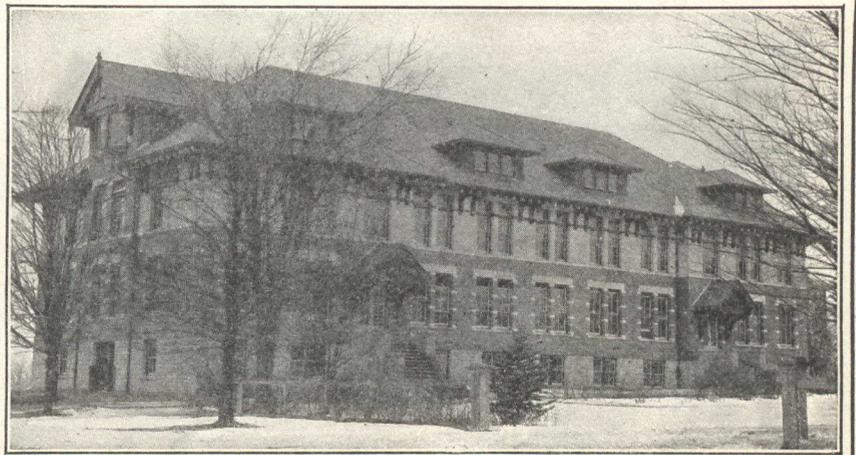
"On the contrary, I am quite certain of both facts."

"Yet you say there is no remedy."

"I didn't say that, my dear sir. I said the law offers you no remedy. The law won't stir an inch without evidence."

"Haven't I the statement made on his death-bed by Pallacio?"

"Not evidence. The law wouldn't so much as let you mention it in court."



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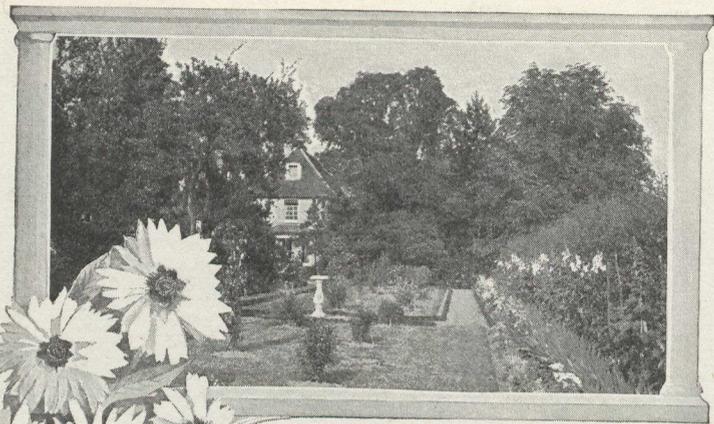
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Don't you see, my dear Mr. Limner, that even if you could take legal proceedings with any hope of success, the picture would have vanished before they could come to a hearing."

"It seems a bit hard, sir. A picture has been stolen. We know where it is; yet there is no way to get hold of it."

"How did Lord Sternholt get hold of it?" asked Mr. Yorke mildly.

"Stole it!" retorted Hugh.

"Ah, just so, I had forgotten it for the moment. Risky plan, very, but, as you say, effective. Lord Sternholt is a man of action; saw it was the only way, and took it. Well, goodbye, Mr. Limner," for Hugh had risen abruptly when the last few words were spoken. "Sorry I could not help you further, but it is my province to advise only on the law, and I'm sorry I could suggest to you no legal remedy." There was a faint emphasis on the word "legal."

"I thank you most heartily," cried Hugh with compromising gratitude, as he caught the lawyer's meaning at last.

"For nothing, for nothing, my dear sir," Mr. Yorke replied quickly. "I would be glad to assist you if I could, the case is peculiar. The likeness of the portrait to Lord Sternholt's brother and to Miss Darley's father is a very interesting coincidence. 'Things that are equal to the same thing,' how does it go? I have forgotten my Euclid. Can you guess at what else the man Pallacio wanted to tell you? If the picture should ever by any means come into your hands, Mr. Limner," again there was the faintest possible emphasis on the words "any means," "I should advise you to make very full inquiries about it. I will be always glad to advise you on the law if you have anything further to tell me about this interesting case."

HUGH had no doubt that Mr. Yorke meant him to steal the picture.

The advice was as clear to him as if it had been put in plain words. He realized it was the only logical and rational plan. As Mr. Yorke said, he could not legally recover it from Lord Sternholt. Lord Sternholt would find it harder still to recover it from him if he once reduced it into possession. The old fox was right. The law could not help him. Robbery must be met with robbery. As Hugh walked homewards his mind was made up as to what he should do—the only puzzle remained how he should do it.

The details of the plan were vaguely forming in his mind by the time he reached Christie's sale-rooms, and from mere force of habit went in. It was an off-day, but almost at the door he met the courteous head of the firm.

"I have something to show you, Mr. Limner," he said, "arrived the day before yesterday—a very fine Reynolds. Man and woman—husband and wife apparently, but no one knows what husband or what wife.

"The picture was discovered in an old room in the Temple, and sent in here for sale. I don't think there is any doubt it is genuine."

He led Hugh in front of the picture, which hung in a good light near the door. But if he hoped to have his judgment confirmed or reversed he was disappointed, for Hugh was silent.

"An unquestioned Reynolds," he added tentatively.

"So much the better for the finder," Hugh answered smiling.

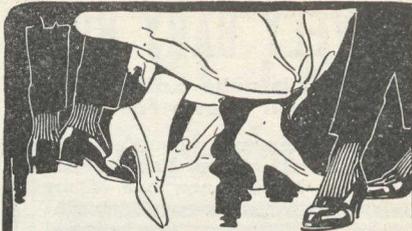
"The owner of the chambers has put a reserve price of two thousand on the picture. I may tell you Lord Sternholt is very keen on buying it."

Hugh's attention was instantly arrested by the casual mention of that name, but he said nothing, and the other went on.

"His lordship was here yesterday to know when the picture would be sold. You know his lordship's way—always bids in person when he can—will trust no one. I told him the sale was the day after to-morrow. That did not satisfy him. He should know the exact hour that this particular picture was to be sold."

"And you told him?"

"About twelve or half-past I said as



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near as I could go, but it was impossible to be quite sure."

"I'm sorry," said Hugh quietly, "it's impossible for me to be here before two."

"You think of bidding?"

"Perhaps."

"At what hour could you be here?"

"At half-past two or three at the latest."

"Make your mind easy, Mr. Limner. Naturally I would like to give you a chance to bid for it. I'll promise you the picture won't be taken before three. I know his lordship will be in a rage, but he is certain all the same to wait on for the sale."

Hugh's plan was complete in every detail before the other had finished speaking.

At two o'clock on the day of the sale he stepped out of his motor under the Ionic portico of Sternholt Towers with a large picture done up in a thick wrapper in his hand. He bid his man wait; he would return in less than half an hour.

Then leaning his picture against one of the pillars he pressed the button of the electric bell.

At the first jangle of the bell the great doors flew open, and two resplendent footmen showed themselves in the hall.

THERE was no trace in their manner of the insolence they had shown old Pallacio. The lackeys were quick to recognize Hugh as a friend of their master's, and received him with cringing deference, enhanced, no doubt, by a sight of his well-appointed motor at the door. One of them even condescended to lift the picture into the hall while the other answered his inquiries.

Hugh found with apparent surprise that Lord Sternholt was from home. The footman thought he was expected back to lunch. Abdallah would know. Abdallah was sent for. "Yes," the Indian said, "Lord Sternholt was expected back at three o'clock at the latest. If Mr. Limner could wait?"

Hugh could wait until three o'clock. Would Abdallah kindly have the picture brought to the gallery?

Without a word Abdallah shouldered the heavy picture and led the way up the broad stairs.

Hugh had another opportunity of admiring the supple grace and strength of the man as he moved easily with light footfalls in front, apparently unconscious of the weight on his shoulder.

At a word Abdallah laid the picture down on the vacant space on the oak panel. His task done he stood there silent and motionless as a statue. So far Hugh's plan had worked without a hitch. Now he grew impatient of the motionless Indian.

He could not know that Abdallah had strict orders that, in his master's absence, no one on any pretence was to be allowed alone in the gallery. Lord Sternholt had no more confidence in his fellow mortals than in his own. For a quarter of an hour Abdallah stood impassive as a statue. The precious minutes were slipping away—something must be done.

"Are you sure your master will be back for lunch?" Hugh asked.

"Almost sure, sahib. But you can have your lunch served at once if you prefer it."

"Thanks, no," Hugh answered, but if I might trouble you so far I will have a cup of coffee and a biscuit here. I have a very pleasant recollection of your coffee, Abdallah."

The Indian paused for the fraction of a second, then with a grave salaam turned away. As he passed Hugh, whose ears were very sharp, heard the lock click in the bolt. It was plain Abdallah was taking no chances. It was plain also that he did not know the secret of the revolving panel and the hidden picture.

The door had hardly closed behind him when Hugh pressed the knob in the heart of the hidden rose, and the hidden Velasquez swung noiselessly into view. Even in that moment of haste and fierce excitement, its beauty thrilled as in the old days. But there was no time for rapture. He had it down from its place in a moment. The canvascase in which

his own picture was stored opened with an artful flap. He hoisted the frame to the hook on which the Velasquez had hung, and settled it in its place. Then the knob was pressed again, the picture swung round on silent pivots, and the square of black panel showed as before.

And Hugh had the twice stolen Velasquez snugly ensconced in its padded canvas sheath a good five minutes before Abdallah reappeared with the coffee.

He noticed with infinite amusement that Abdallah carefully scanned the walls, and made sure that none of their treasures were missing before he set the little table which he had carried in with the coffee service at his side. The coffee and the liqueurs were perfect, and Hugh sat and sipped for a good twenty minutes in unaffected enjoyment.

Three o'clock had passed, and it drew on to half-past three.

"Abdallah," Hugh said, "I fear his lordship has been unexpectedly detained; I am sorry I cannot wait."

"You will leave the picture for him, sahib? It will be quite safe."

"I fear I cannot. There is someone to whom I am anxious to show it—someone who wants particularly to see it. You may tell his lordship I could not wait. Tell him I brought a picture to show him. I hope he will soon have an opportunity of seeing it, and I am sure he will appreciate it when he does. May I trouble you again?"

Abdallah, deftly shouldering the heavy canvas, carried it without an effort down the broad stairs, and deposited it in Hugh's motor.

Hugh slipped a sovereign into the dusky palm—he was in a mood to be generous—and drove off unsuspected and triumphant, blessing the discreet and ingenious Mr. Yorke.

(To be continued.)

Calgary Orchestra in Edmonton

THE first visit of the Calgary Symphony Orchestra to Edmonton took place a few weeks ago, and is well worthy of passing notice, not merely because it happens to be a musical event. The programme of a Young People's Matinee, given in the McDougall Auditorium, was as follows:

1. Rossini (1792-1868) Overture, "William Tell."
(Cello Solo, C. E. Booth.)
2. Haydn (1732-1809) Allegretto from Symphony "Militaire."
3. Humperdinck—Song of the Sandman and Evening Prayer from "Hansel and Gretel."
4. Strauss, Johan (1825-1899) Waltz, "Voices of Spring."
5. Offenbach (1819-1880) Interlude, Minuet and Barcarolle, from "The Tales of Hoffman."
6. Cheshire—Harp Solo, "Believe me . . . charms." (Moore.)
Miss Eva Bohmbach.
7. Smetana (1824-1884) Dances from "The Bartered Bride."
(a) "Polka."
(b) "Furiant."
(c) "Dance of the Comedians."

Which calls to memory what about ten years ago would have been the programme of an average aggregation from Calgary visiting Edmonton at this time of the year. The scene would have been the skating rink, and the programme very fast hockey; interludes—the men knocked out, one broken head, one dislocation, and two black eyes.

Civilization moves. The Calgary Symphony Orchestra must be reckoned as one of the most useful civilizing influences in the West. Edmonton also has musical organizations which will yet do something for the further refinement of Calgary. But the once and not so very long ago cow town is the only city in Canada west of Toronto with a touring symphony orchestra.

Only Papa.—Robbie ran into the sewing room and cried: "Oh, mamma. There's a man in the nursery kissing Fraulein."

Mamma dropped her sewing and made a rush for the stairway.

"April fool," cried Robbie, gleefully, "it's only papa."



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