

The Canadian
Courier
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN LIFE SUPPLEMENT
A NEW MONTHLY FEATURE

MORMON BAPTISM, MISSIONS AND TITHING
BY NAN MOULTON

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM
SHORT STORY BY ALAN SULLIVAN



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER
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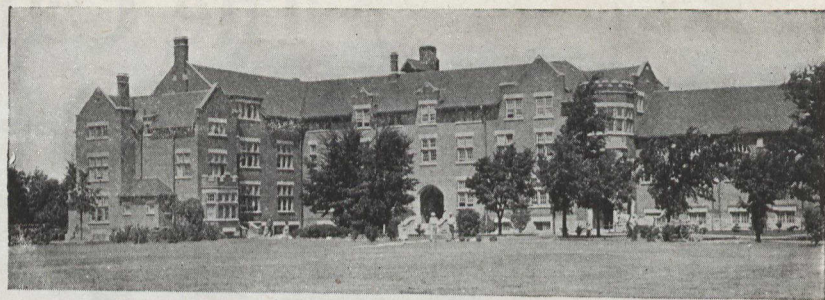
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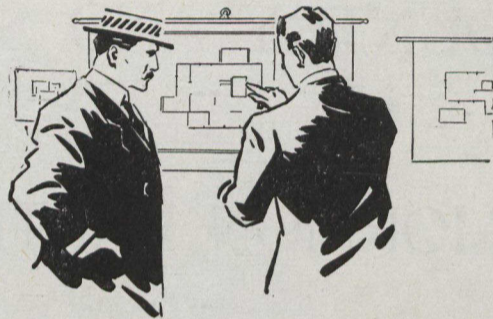
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The Canadian Courier

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Editor's Talk

THIS issue begins a series of suburban and country life supplements which will be a regular monthly feature of the "Courier" as the Woman's Supplement has become. This is not the hackneyed out-of-doors and sporting supplement seen in so many periodicals. It is rather the story and picture of the tendency in this country for the city man and the town man to get, not back to the land for a living, but to get enough of the land to make living worth while. There is very little sense in the average city man's hankering for the farm. The chances are he would not know how to run a farm if he had one; although it is commonly said of some of the big farms in the West that they are better operated by men who have had no previous knowledge of farming than by men who have taken out to the prairie the predilections of a farm in the East.

There is, however, a great deal of sense now—and there is going to be more bye and bye—in the townsman getting enough land round his doorstep for his children to play upon without going to the street; enough for his family to have for a garden without depending upon the boulevard. Transportation has helped and is helping to solve the problem. The radial railway is one of the chief agencies. The automobile is another. The rural telephone is still another. But whatever there is in the movement to get some of the land back to as many of the people as possible will be set forth in the country life supplement which, beginning with this issue, will appear once every month.

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Rather than become your wife I would make the best of the husband I have!

A rapturous outburst from the pianola held him spellbound.

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His parents were rich but respectable.

A steely look came into the eyes of the young ironmaster.

Her arch smile bridged the way to an understanding.

She looked hatpins at him.

Her tears fell harmlessly on his cravenette.—Smart Set.

* * *

A Moment's Notice.—Mistress: "When you leave, I shall want a week's warning." Bridget—"It's me habit, mum, merely to give a blast on the auto horn."—Harper's Bazar.

* * *

How to Buy Shoes.—The Customer: I think these Louis XV. heels are too high. Give me a size smaller, please—or perhaps Louis XIII. would be high enough.—The Sketch.

* * *

The Usual Way.—He—"You know, my dear, X is an unknown quantity."

She—"I know it is. I've never seen one since I married you."—Baltimore American.

* * *

Revised Version.—"Mr. Taft," said a Republican statesman, "is, for his weight, exceedingly nimble. I remember once, in Cincinnati, running for a train with him. He ran well, but, of course, I, with my slender and athletic build, beat him easily. I had to wait on every corner, and in consequence we missed the train. Mr. Taft said, with an apologetic laugh, as we turned away from the closed train gate: 'It was my fault we missed her. More waist, you know, less speed.'"—Kansas City Star.

* * *

Toned Down.—"What are you laughing at, Mabel?"

"I've just got a letter from Cousin Fannie."

"I never suspected that your Cousin Fannie was much of a humorist. Where is she?"

"In Holland. She says she intends to send me picture postcards from Rotterdam and Amterdash."—Chicago Record-Herald.

* * *

A "Big Murder."—Actors frequently receive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. Not long ago, on the occasion of the performance of "Hamlet" by a distinguished English player, there were no more interested and absorbed spectators than two newbies in the gallery.

The boys had been watching the performance with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the lads from their seats.

Before their eyes the Queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the King killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound.

In the gallery there was a clatter and a crash as one of the boys mentioned started for the door.

"Come on, Tommy!" he shouted back to his companion. "Hustle! Dere'll be extras out on dis!"—Harper's Magazine.

* * *

Had No Friends.—Marks—"My old aunt had not been dead twenty-four hours when her parrot died, too."

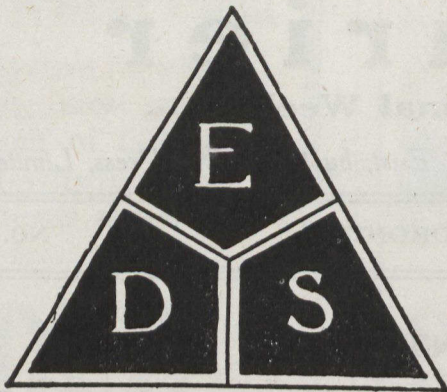
Parks—"The poor bird died of grief, I suppose."

Marks—"No. Poison.—Boston Transcript.

* * *

Her Sacrifice.—Harry—"You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money."

Mrs. Harry—"You dear old boy! What do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you?"—London Opinion.



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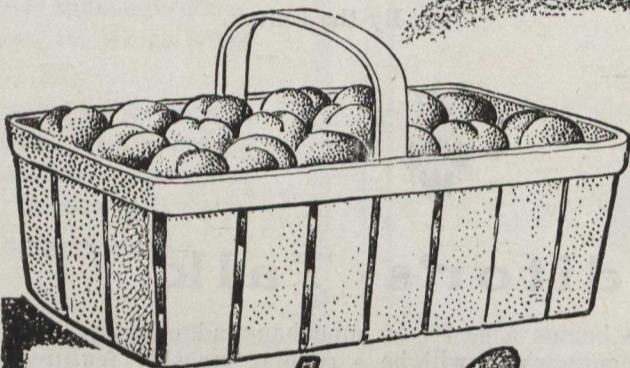
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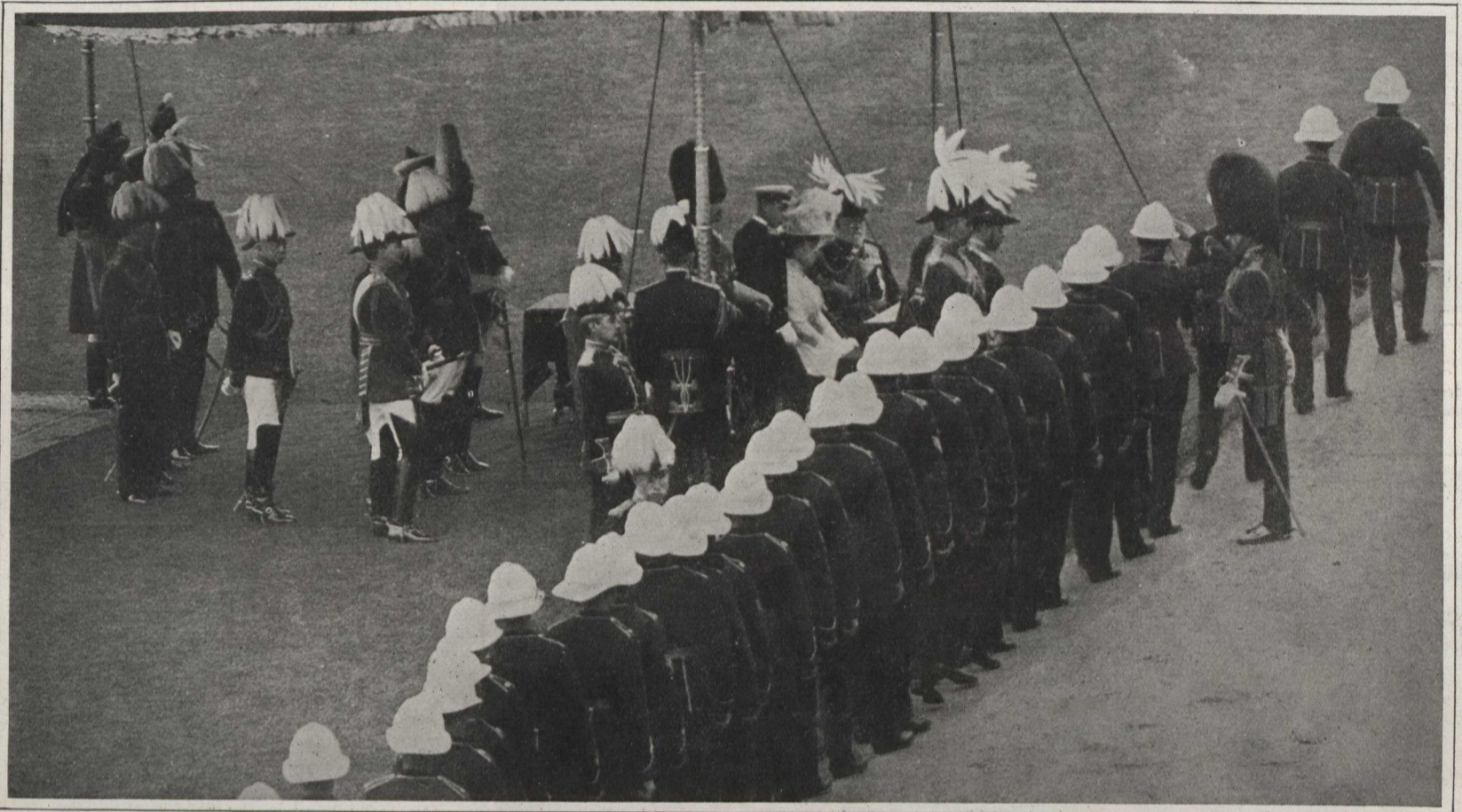
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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July 22, 1911

No. 8



King George presents coronation medals to the troops of Empire. Next him, also in Field-Marshal's uniform, stands Lord Kitchener; behind, Queen Mary between the Prince of Wales and Prince Christian of Denmark.



Another view of the rally of Field-Marsals at Buckingham Palace; the King in the act of conveying a medal; to the left and behind Lord Kitchener; Queen Mary seated.

THE KING, THE GREAT SOLDIER AND THE OVERSEAS MILITIA



Mormon Missionaries working in Winnipeg and Brandon a few years ago

Back row: Joseph Ellison, C. F. Jenson, Seth Thomas, Jasper Head, Social Rolph. Front row: Charles Broadbent, Alex. Lushman, W. S. Barton, Sterling Williams, Jas. F. Stuart, A. M. Merkley.



Children who learn Mormon doctrines at school. Standard III. in the public school at Cardston, Alberta

MORMON RITES AND DOCTRINES

Missionary Work, Baptism for the Dead and Strict System of Tithing

By NAN MOULTON

TO say Mormonism is almost inevitably to think polygamy. But listen now to further quaintnesses of this peculiar people.

To walk warm and close to a revelation is to hold a living faith. "The sign" is so eagerly craved by humans. "How could I doubt?" Brigham Young the third asked, "I sat in a meeting and heard the testimony of one to whom the angel came."

There is that curious doctrine of baptism for the dead, unfolded to me by Mr. S. M. Woolf, on an afternoon when a riot of rain revived in Cardston memories of the old-time floods. Mr. Woolf is keen-looking and clever, sort of legal type, with much personal charm and of an apparent sincerity. I had seen a magazine note to the effect that Mr. S. Low, while filling a mission in Scotland, had obtained the genealogy of forty-five thousand people who had passed away, and I wanted to know why. It transpired that from the time of Christ and His apostles until the finding of the tablets by Joseph Smith, the world was in spiritual darkness. Mormonism is the one immutable eternal faith, lost in an early age and restored in these latter days. All the "spirits in prison" can be redeemed by proxy. And devout saints are solemnly immersed day by day for a grandfather departed not in faith,

and for all sorts of remote progenitors wandering in outer darkness, a dip for each ancestor. Some devote their whole time to being baptized, undergoing several immersions a day, a busy life that one would expect to be interrupted by rheumatism.

"It seems so mad," I mused.

"To me it is the most beautiful doctrine of our faith," insisted Mr. Woolf.

"Have you never doubted," I wondered, looking at his keen, eager face and noting his easy, confident manner.

"Yes," he admitted, "yes, I have. But now I believe so much that at the present moment I am supporting two brothers on missions."

By this time "missions" had grown into one's scheme of things. From the first the Church of Latter-Day Saints seems to have depended for its very life and heart-throbs upon ceaseless campaigns of propagandism. Nearly every male Mormon is called upon to serve two years or more as a missionary. At the present time twenty-two hundred youthful elders are leaving the countries of the earth with tracts and argument and conversation.

"What is the attitude here in Canada?" I asked Bishop Hamner, "of your church and our churches? Are you doing any missionary work among us? And are we attempting to convert you?"

"We have missionaries at work all the time," he said, "but your churches have no missionaries among us."

"And how successful are you among Canadians?"

"A few come in," he said, "one now and then," but he seemed content.

Every Mormon I met referred proudly to his missionary work, Principal Bramwell, at the Academy, the good-looking boy in the hotel, Mr. Woolford, of the Milling Co., the Scotch Bishop at Raymond, men in banks and business and farms. Johnny Woolf, M.P.P., did his term of missions in Winnipeg several years ago.

Missions are the greatest tonic of the church for the weak and wobbling in the faith. Even the weak in faith must obey when commanded to a mission. The effort to convert others re-acts on themselves, and the successful getter of converts rises rapidly in church officialdom. It is difficult to quite determine the appeal of the Mormon evangelist which is largely to the ignorant and unenlightened. The discourses are long, rambling, monotonous and often ungrammatical. The missionary is often rough and uncouth. But he is powerful in his absolute faith, and convincing to others of his own class, the struggling of foreign lands. The Mormon faith swallows the distinctive features of a dozen denominations, wherefore the doctrinal appeal is broad. And here is the material appeal, the loaves and fishes, the penniless immigrant helped, the unfit attached to temporal activities, the hearty, kindly brotherhood promised. So, besides the Saints of pure American ancestry, we find English and Scotch and Scandinavian in the Alberta towns, Jansens and Rasmussens, and in Raymond Bishop Anderson, a Scot from Aberdeen. There he sat in the little hotel parlor in the evening light, blithe and freckly and sandy, his eyes all crinkly with Doric fun, and it seemed he just couldn't be true.

"What on earth," I gasped, "is a Scotchman from Aberdeen doing as a Bishop in a Mormon church?"

"He was doing very well, thank you, and he told me of his conversion in his boyish years back in Aberdeen and of the bitterness of his wife's people against her joining the faith."

"I was a Mormon elder," he said, "who helped a girl in Utah. That girl is now my wife. Mayhap the agitators in England would count that among the iniquities they are at present imputing to our people."

These missions must be a great economic drain, for the missionary earns no money while in the field and is supported by some relative. Often a wife must support herself and family at home and keep a husband in the field at the same time. Here the Church helps not at all, contributing only the homeward fare of returning missionaries, which brings us to the funds of the Church and Tithes.

Every Mormon man, at the end of every year, gives one-tenth of his income or his products towards the maintenance of the Church's activities. In the early days, when there were few markets, or none, these tithes were paid in kind. So the tithing house was built in every community in which were stored the potatoes and wheat and oats that were devoted to the service of the Church. The tithes are oftener paid in money now-a-days, but the tithing barns remain. *No accounting of the expenditure of this enormous fund has ever been made to the contributors.* They are told that the money is used to pay the return fare of missionaries, to build and support the Church schools, and to build and maintain temples. Think of the power of this tithing fund in the hands of a closely organized secret leadership! Southern Alberta contributes one-tenth of the products of nearly ten thousand of her citizens to this secret power in another country.

To illustrate the purely perfunctory character of much of the Mormon's observances, an amused Gentile tells of seeing one day near the tithing house a Mormon farmer with a load of hay. The tithing clerk was away and the farmer in a hurry.

"Mr. Gentile," said the farmer, "do you know where Brother H— is? I have a load of hay here for the Lord, but don't know what in hell to do with it."

The orthodox Mormon is abstemious, wine, tobacco and even tea and coffee being prohibited. Fast Sunday is observed the first Sunday of the month, the money going to the relief fund for the sick and poor. The Mormon believes in a millenium when for one thousand years mortals and immortals will be together here on earth. Missionary work in the spirit world goes on all the time. There are latter-day prophets and direct revelation and healing by laying on of hands. Three separate persons compose the Trinity, these persons being united by a common purpose. To the non-Mormon, quaintness is passed and blasphemy near or at hand when

a God of bone and flesh in his every attribute human is propounded, when God's wife is mentioned casually, and when Apostle Hyde said in a sermon: "If at a marriage of Cana of Galilee, Jesus was the bridegroom and took unto him Mary, Martha and the other Mary, whom Jesus loved, it shocks not our nerves."

The books of the Mormon faith are the Bible, the Book of Mormon, Doctrinal Covenants (being revelations to Joseph Smith), and the Pearl of Great Price, which Joseph Smith found concealed in the wrappings of a mummy he opportunely purchased in New York City. It was Mr. S. M. Woolf who told me in all seriousness of that manuscript in the mummy, only he did not say, "opportunely." The Bible is to be read only in the light of the Book of Mormon. To a dweller among them for a few days, the Saints seemed to go to the Bible just for occasional texts to support a peculiar Mormon doctrine and confuse the unbeliever. The testimony of those longer among them is that the Bible is not often read from or referred to at their services. Joseph Smith's "Doctrine and Revelations" seemed the oftener referred to, another case of "Me and God."

"What do you read?" I asked the lady who had left her dinner dishes and run out through the rain to see her daughter. She hunted under various accumulations and found some smudged periodicals. The Church provides literature also. "The Improvement Era," the organ of the Priesthood Quorums and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations, is a sober, solid little magazine, dun-colored cover with lettering of gold and purple. Travel stories by missionaries, well-illustrated, "The Utah Library-Gymnasium Movement," "Training of Children," "St. Paul's Companions in Rome," "The Writing on the Wall," and "Self-Control," are some of the headings, and a little biography, church news, and world-events finish the book. The illustrations are prone to have a moral, "Boys playing Cards at Haystack Bad for Character." "The Young Woman's Journal," organ of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, deals with domestic virtues, in story mostly, with love affairs centering around Hallowe'en, several preachments, and the usual leaven of church arrangements and study. "The Juvenile Instructor" has a story of the hand-cart days, a Sunday School department, a nature story, "The Girl Who Wouldn't Say 'Please,'" and several poems and juvenile departments, besides the religious pages. "The Women's Exponent" is the organ of the Relief Societies. And "The Deseret Evening News" is everybody's daily, with the church flavour.

The Mormons do not oppose education. They encourage it rather in these days, but direct it themselves. They are not great readers as a rule

and not highly intellectual, generally speaking, but their missionary work has given them the leaven of travel and they have the daily papers. Until the establishment of the Knight Academy, at Raymond, their schools were just the public schools of Alberta, working under the usual curriculum with the time allowed for religious instruction in any public schools the only occasion for the inculcation of Mormon doctrines. In Cardston the majority of teachers are still Gentile. In Magrath about half are Gentile. In Raymond, the most Mormon of all the Alberta towns, only two teachers are Gentile, and these two are not coming back for the next

term. They point to these Gentile teachers as proof of their tolerance, but I think 'twas sheer necessity. They are training teachers of their own faith now and employing them in the towns and in the many school districts round about.

The Knight Academy, the "Mother School of Canada," was opened October 17th, 1910, just thirty-four years to the day after the opening of the first Mormon Academy in the United States. This Academy is significant in that it is the first Mormon school in Canada, in that it calls itself the Mother school, and in that are taught therein the sinister doctrines of the Church, opposed to Canadian ideals.

THE NAVY'S CORONATION

IN the profoundest sense George the Fifth sailor King was crowned by the Navy, at the review of the British fleet. Recently Mr. Havelock Ellis, one of England's most penetrative and discursive writers, has said in an article on the Navy, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that the greatest assemblage and parade of ships the world has even seen demonstrates not so much the strength as the hysteria of the British people.

So perhaps it may be. The great navy never would have been built but for the fear of the possibility of war. It never was reviewed by a monarch with such a complex feeling of what it meant to be the grand head of the greatest agglomerate fighting machine known to history. George the Fifth more than any other British sovereign has come to view the navy as the right arm of power. When his father was crowned the world had only just learned from the Boer War that England's power on land was no longer invincible. Even yet an Englishman cherishes the illusion that one British Tommy is worth one or more of any other kind of soldier—from Boer to Fuzzy Wuzzy. But he knows better. The naval review off Spithead was the last great spasm in what M. A. P. calls the rather overdone drama of the Coronation.

Here were 185 great warships with the voices of three thousand guns. For one day the genius of England fled from the Abbey and Westminster and Buckingham to the roadstead where lay the lines of the ships. And when the scribe aboard of the Soudan looked on the assemblage of the leviathans he was moved to the language of profound admiration. England knows better about a ship than about a barracks. The Englishman can see all his King's ships at once. The army at a glance he has never seen and never will.

To the onlooker born within the rim of the ship's line—and his fathers' fathers before him—there was the picture of final faith in the massing of the

men-of-war. The Royal yacht steering for twenty-five miles that day, never out of sight of British ships, was an uplifted symbol. The Sailor-King, with his field-glasses on the bridge, was momentarily a greater war figure than Lord Kitchener or Lord Roberts on land.

So because he was moved by the last great spectacle the scribe wrote such words as these:

"It was the Navy's Coronation day. They were going to crown the King, not with diamonds, but with wreaths of smoke. They were going to play to him the music of a great orchestra, but the instruments were not fiddle-strings or silver trumpets. They were great guns whose chorus of deep voices would roar out an anthem which the wind would carry from shore to shore across the wide waters.

Other great troopships, painted blue-grey with yellow funnels, were steaming ahead of us, with flags twinkling from stem to stern. On their high decks were moving figures in scarlet coats, and sky-blue coats, and flowered head-dresses. The King's Indian visitors were going to see the majesty of his sea-power. Great passenger ships, heavily laden with little dots of humanity, and all in gala dress, crowded the waterway. Bells were jangling. There was laughter in the wind that tossed the frocks of the ladies on their decks. The King's Colonial visitors were going to the concert of great guns.

Beyond and away, far as eye could see, was a great city of ships, ranged in streets of steel-clad walls. They were as ugly, under the heavy rain clouds of the morning, as black monsters of the deep who have poked their heads up from the slime of prehistoric mud. Yet presently, when the sun broke through the wrack of clouds, and the wind swept the dirt from the sky, this great Fleet of 200 warships was touched with the magic of a great enchantment."

THE GREAT ROYAL REVIEW OF THE NAVY AT SPITHEAD



For one day the genius of England fled from the Abbey and Buckingham to the roadstead where lay the lines of the ships. And this was the message of the Sailor King: "I wish to express the gratification with which I have reviewed the Fleet to-day and my highest appreciation of the admirable appearance of the ships and the marked precision of the lines."

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Enlarging Our Choice.

JUDGING from the reports of aviators' experiences and also of the experiences of those who consort with aviators, our choice of accidents is being steadily enlarged. There was a time when a man got into an accident only by getting in front of a railway train or rocking a rowboat. At least these, speaking generally, were the favourite methods. Then the bicycle added to our opportunities. If we desired to be "accidentated" in the daily news-horror-sheet, we simply stepped off the curb at some unusual stepping-off place and the first bicyclist did the trick. When bicycle-scorching went out of fashion, motor-scorching came in. It was a more painful method of getting into the accident column and finding an entrance to the pay-roll of the accident companies. When a motor-car hits you, it strikes you real hard and is apt to hurt you badly. Because of this there are few motor-accidents except among those who go "joy-riding" and the fools who speed on race-tracks.

Aviation, again, has come in just as motor-scorching is growing unfashionable. In another year or two it will be quite possible for any modest citizen to have an accident with an air-machine at a moderate cost. An aeroplane good enough to fall down and break your shoulder-blade can be had from \$1,200 to \$2,000. If you cannot afford this sum, then regular sittings among the amateur aviators as they make their attempts will be equally effective.

* * *

Animals and Their Sufferings.

WOULD it be possible to enact that in cities with 500,000 inhabitants or more, no one should be allowed to keep pet animals? This question is stimulated by a report in the *New York Herald* of July 12th, telling that seventy-five horses were killed the previous day in the Big City, and that 8,000 dead dogs and cats were picked up in the streets in eleven days. The number of rabbits, canaries, parrots, and other pets are not mentioned. Surely here is a situation which demands the attention of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

During the exceptionally hot weather of the past three weeks, the suffering of the horses employed in all large cities has been tremendous. Even in Toronto and Montreal, many horses have dropped dead on the streets. This loss and suffering seems unavoidable. Not so with cats and dogs. They are not necessary. If their presence in crowded districts was prohibited, the suffering would be eliminated.

The dog and the cat add an element to home life which is educative in its way; but we who insist on living in crowded foul-air districts, where no living thing has a chance when the heat goes over one hundred have no right to keep pet animals. If we must have pets, the city should force us to become customers of the suburban railways.

* * *

Ottawa's Growing Unpopularity.

OTTAWA is quite unpopular these days. It is a pleasure to visit the Capital City when the frosty air, the merry cab-sleigh, and the frolicsome racoon-coat make its streets attractive and inviting. Newspaper men, members of parliament, senators, officials and sellers of government supplies love Ottawa in the good, old winter-time. But a session in July and August—it seems inconceivable.

Last Saturday, a great sigh went up from a thousand pretty little summer cottages scattered through the Ottawa region, from Montreal to North Bay. A thousand hard-working civil servants tore themselves from the bosom of their families and, donning their lightest clothing and a somewhat austere countenance, took train or boat for Parliament Hill. Not that they went back to work—they returned to Ottawa to explain to Sir Wilfrid and Mr. Borden that it would be necessary to get this adjourned session closed up at once. As one man said: "We can tolerate dawdling legislators in the winter season, but not in July and August. It is permissible to take a week to do a day's work in February, but not in July."

Then Ottawa is unpopular with both political parties just now, because a decision about the general

election has got to be made. Mr. Borden says on the stump, "We will fight to the finish." Sir Wilfrid says, less dramatically, "If the Opposition desires a battle, they must be accommodated." Now, out of parliament, these assertions are quite permissible, but when they are made on the Floor of the House in July it is different. Then begins the real work for which members of parliament and cabinet were created. That means a general election, long evenings over voters' lists, a close inspection of bank accounts and much exhausting conversation. No wonder that Ottawa, the place of necessary decision, is unpopular just now.

* * *

New York State Backs Down.

PROGRESS is sometimes over-done in reform as well as in commerce. When this happens, there is a reaction. Last year the New York State Legislature, tinged with the socialism of the period, enacted a law which was intended to increase the revenue from inheritances. It was another case of slaying the goose with the golden egg habit. The tax-rate was put so high that people with money to leave to heirs and collaterals fled the State. Governor Dix estimated the treasury's annual loss at two millions of dollars. Now the State Senate, with only one dissenting vote, has passed a bill to reduce the rate. The Assembly is expected to approve.

Will all the provincial legislatures in Canada please take notice! Go after the rich man if you think it right to do so, but don't drive him and his heirs out of the country. Riches are useful. They are dangerous only when improperly used. Inheritances may reasonably be taxed, but they should be taxed reasonably.

* * *

Perpetuating History and Heroes.

ONE can scarcely understand how slow Canadians are to get past the portrait period. Our public buildings are being filled to overflowing with cheaply painted portraits of public men, present and past, and the deeds which are more important are not recorded. This is true of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, of the Legislative Buildings in Toronto, and elsewhere throughout Canada. At the moment I cannot recall a single historical cartoon in any federal or provincial public building.

In the United States it is quite different. They have passed through the portrait stage and have come up higher under the leadership of Massachusetts. Almost every state building now has its mural paintings of the great events in its history. For example, the Court House in Jersey City is being decorated by three artists—Turner, Millet, and Blashfield. "History of the Revolution and the Glories of the Hudson River" is the main theme, but each painting has its own particular subject.

Some time ago, Sir James Whitney talked of putting some mural decorations in the parliament buildings in Toronto, and also of establishing a provincial art gallery such as graces the capital of every Australian province and of almost every state in the Union. Apparently, however, other important projects have crowded out these ideas, or at least submerged them temporarily.

* * *

Ice Cream and Temperance Reform.

IF all large cities had a plentiful supply of pure water there would be less need for ice-cream selling on Sunday, and there would be a smaller patronage in the bar-rooms on week-days. People must have cooling drinks in hot weather. It would be criminal to deprive them of the privilege of buying ice-cream and soft drinks, where the drinking-water is unsafe.

In Toronto, Montreal, Ottawa, and other cities, the water supplied by the municipality is not absolutely safe. Indeed, if private corporations supplied such water, the public press would clamour for criminal indictments. But, of course, no municipality can commit a wrong!

Temperance reformers should oppose the extremists in the Lord's Day Alliance who desire to prohibit the sale of ice-cream and soft drinks on Sunday. They should also get up a campaign on behalf of pure water. If they will do these two things, they will accomplish much on behalf of tem-

perance reform and general social improvement.

A third feature of their programme might be the advocacy of a general law preventing the dumping of sewage and refuse into all lakes and rivers which pass close to towns of over two thousand population. For example, the town of Smith's Falls supplies its seven thousand citizens with unfiltered water from Rideau Lake, although this water is contaminated by all sorts of sewage and decaying matter. Such a law would be difficult to enforce, but it would do much good.

* * *

What Will the Population Be?

WILL the census show more than eight million Canadians? This is the question which will be answered by Census Commissioner Blue in a few days. So far as information has been given out, it is evident that the figures are to be larger than most of us anticipated. The United States authorities have been claiming that a large number of Canadians are passing over the border, and that our net gain by the population movement north and south is not large. If this claim is accurate, a population of seven and a half millions is all that should be expected. If the claim is inaccurate, and if the migration southward has really stopped, then the eight million mark should be reached. A favourable report from the census office, continued favourable weather for crop-growing in the western provinces, and a little cooler weather in Eastern Canada would enable us to endure the burden of the impending general election.

* * *

The Rideau District.

PEOPLE in Ontario have overlooked the Rideau Lakes region. Here is one of the finest stretches of land-and-water scenery in Ontario, close to the larger centres of population, and yet less famous or popular than Muskoka, Lake of Bays, and Temagami. The explanation is simple. No tourist region in Canada ever gets much advertising outside that which originates in the railway offices. Show me a region which is served by no railway, and I will show you a region whose fame is merely local.

The Rideau Lakes Navigation Company has had steamers running from Kingston to Ottawa for years, and the company issues a nice illustrated booklet. But this small company could not afford to advertise in the national publications of the United States and Canada as do the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk, Canadian Northern, and Intercolonial Railways. The Grand Trunk touches the Rideau at Kingston and Ottawa, while the Canadian Pacific crosses it at Smith's Falls; but otherwise the Rideau has no railway service. No railway runs parallel with it, nor makes a pretension of developing its tourist traffic. Hence the Rideau is almost (but not quite) as local as the Newmarket Canal.

Some day a railway will run from Kingston to Smith's Falls, and will touch at the best spots along the Catarqui River and the Rideau Lakes. Then there will be a rush to what is now a cottager's and fisherman's paradise for adjacent towns. Ottawa, Smith's Falls and Perth people, with an odd visitor from Montreal and Toronto, are enjoying in comparative solitude one of the most beautiful and most historic beauty spots in Ontario. If these people are wise they will keep that railway away as long as possible. When it arrives it will bring the American fisherman who joyfully cleans out every water in which he fishes. It will also bring the lady with two maids, a nurse, and a supply of fashionable gowns such as might add to the splendour of Newport or Atlantic City.

* * *

Ontario's Bush Fires.

PORTIONS of Northern Ontario have been swept by fire, with great loss of life, and tremendous loss of property and timber. This province is practically the only province in Canada where bush fires are of annual occurrence. The other provinces, and the bush lands under supervision of the Dominion Government are either better patrolled or have greater luck. Perhaps the Ontario authorities have done everything which reasonable prudence demanded, but it does not look that way. It may be that the exceptional weather and the rapid rush of miners and prospectors to a new territory increased the danger beyond what a reasonable administration might have anticipated. Be that as it may, steps should be taken at once to prevent another occurrence of this kind. We must all learn by our mistakes if we are to learn at all, and Ontario should profit by this severe lesson. Greater precautions must be taken to protect this fast developing district.



Mr. J. H. Bergeron on the platform at Maple Creek



Mr. R. L. Borden, Conservative Leader, at Carberry
With the band ahead and the Hon. Robert Rogers in the rear, the unassuming Leader of the Opposition marched to the town hall. Some of the rest of the band may be seen in the lower picture, playing at the hall



The Borden Special at Maple Creek
Opposition Leader and Dr. W. J. Roche, assistant chief whip of the Conservatives



Crowd gathering at the Carberry Town Hall to hear Mr. Borden, the top of whose hat may be seen just outside the door

CAPTURING THE WEST

National Problems and Political Pilgrimages

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

CAPTURING the West has become a favourite pastime of both Government and Opposition in Canada. Sir John Macdonald began to do it when his Government undertook to build the C. P. R., and to extend the efficiency of the Mounted Police. But for many years the West became almost a negligible area in politics. Votes in the West were few. Territorial members in the House of Commons were a small contingent of rather unusual men, representing a land that seemed even more vague than the Great Barrens of Great Bear Lake do now. The chief business of Western members in those days was to act as independents, to kick against the Government and to point out in drastic, if not always elegant language, that the West was being eternally neglected. In the Territories themselves there was no local politics. Members of the Legislative Assembly at Regina were neither Grit nor Tory. The political machine had not begun to be used. In fact, outside of Manitoba it was not imported as an agent until the close of the nineteenth century. Politics was largely a personal game; when one person in a member stood for an

incalculable area of territory and a mere scattering of people.

Ten years has worked more than a transformation. Politics in the West has made as much progress as farming and the price of real estate. Even before the inauguration of the new Provinces in 1905 a general election campaign in the West provided a longer period of excitement than in the East. Since the inauguration political gossip has been busy figuring when in the order of evolution the East and West centre of Canadian population will be at Winnipeg, and when the West will send to Parliament members enough to offset the rather solid block of influence represented by the Quebec members as a balance of power. There has been much angry discussion of the right of Western Provinces to control Crown lands as Ontario does; still more heated argument over the rights of Conservative Manitoba to have her boundaries extended in keeping with the size of her ambition and her importance as a Province. There has even been talk of the West furnishing Ottawa with a political leader. And there has been a vast deal of speculation as to the Americanization of the

West by the importation of United States farmers; the danger of colonization settlements which as a voting machine could be utilized and corrupted by either party in an election. Perhaps there has been more danger from the colony vote than from the continental tendency first represented by the American farmer, and accentuated by the present agitation over restricted reciprocity.

Much talk has been indulged over the probable enthusiasm of the West regarding the Empire, and some more or less vague insinuation that a great deal of that country has more practical interest in Chicago, Minneapolis, Seattle and San Francisco than in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa. Most certainly, however, the West had its opinions about Dreadnoughts and the Canadian navy, part of which is already stationed at Esquimalt. Assuredly the people of the prairie and the Pacific coast are as much interested as any other part of Canada, in reciprocity. In a general way, and for practical reasons, perhaps, the West is more favourable than the East to a measure of restricted reciprocity, outside of party politics.

But whichever way that part of the country may look on any of the great issues before Parliament or the electors, it is highly expedient that political leaders should see for themselves in the first person singular, just how the West is thinking, and as far as possible set the country right where from local influences and newspaper reports of doings in Parliament it appears to be wrong. To that end, previous to the last general election in 1908, Mr. Borden toured the West with his Halifax Platform. To the same end Sir Wilfrid Laurier made an entourage last summer when no election was immediately in prospect. Again this summer, in a tour just brought to a close, Mr. Borden has gone from end to end and top to bottom of the land beyond Kenora. He probably expected a general election on the issue of reciprocity. He has made good use of the opportunity to put himself in direct contact with all sorts and shades of people in all sorts and conditions of places. The pictures on this page give a few glimpses of the man who hopes to be Premier of Canada, as he met the people of Manitoba. Next week there will be more pictures of the Conservative leader as he appeared in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The entourage of the Opposition leader, though less spectacular than the Laurier procession last year, has been one of considerable enlightenment to both the Conservative party and the people in the West. As usual, Mr. Borden has been interesting and convincing without being dramatic.



THE JUNCTION CITY THAT WAS--BEFORE THE FIRE.
Main street of Cochrane at the crossing of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the T. & N. O. Railway.



AND THIS TOWN ALSO WAS MAINLY WIPED OUT.
Golden City was the pioneer metropolis of Porcupine--before the fire.



Pioneer Porcupine Prospector on the Frederick-House River.

THE PLIGHT OF PORCUPINE

ON Tuesday last week culminated one of the most terrible disasters in the history of the Dominion. As this goes to press reports are beginning to dribble in of the horror of Porcupine. The eyes of the world are turned toward Northern Ontario, for cosmopolitan Porcupine, which only three weeks ago was linked up to the rest of the world by railway, was universal in its appeal. For almost two years, men from Alaska, from Capetown, from California, feverishly trekked into the northern wilds lured by gold. And picturesque we thought these nomad conquerors of the wilderness. Now another act has been added to the drama of the great, new, Canadian gold camp. Thousands whose hearts a few days ago beat high with the hope of fortune within their grasp have lost all. Millions of dollars in expensive mining equipment have been licked up in the flames of a single day. And then—

the fearful harvest of human life. Across the baked rocks and scorched shrubbery of the north is the trail of death. From two hundred to five hundred—the list of the dead crept up as the stretcher-bearers, the surgeons from the hospitals, and relatives of the missing uncovered detail after detail of the tragedy. But the fatalities will total much below a hundred.

What intensifies this calamity is the suddenness of it. In Toronto, where every train of the T. & N. O. brings its complement of beard-singed men, lies a woman prostrated with grief because her husband is published as among the victims. Only a day or so before the catastrophe he had written to her of forest fires and reminded her of his absolute safety! A few hours later Porcupine was a cinder, and a telegram announced his death.

The Porcupine fire is to be attributed directly to the influence of the boiling heat which has sizzled the pavements of cities and dried to tinder the underbrush in the forest during the past ten days. All over Northern Ontario, as usual, at this time of year, there were forest fires. They had been seen in the vicinity of Porcupine, and some wary mine-owners took precautions. Tuesday came and a strong south-west wind. In four short hours towns with electric light and pavements were a mere smudge on the map. The most dramatic scenes of the fire occurred about Porcupine Lake. Here at opposite ends of the water are situated the two divisions of the town of Porcupine—South Porcupine and Golden City. It was at South Porcupine that hundreds of citizens fled before the fire demon into the waters of the lake, and were many of them drowned. Those who got to Golden City tried to save this half of their town from the flames. South Porcupine is but a scarred memory. Part of Golden City stands largely to the efforts of Jack Munro, ex-mayor and pugilist, of Elk City, who cried:

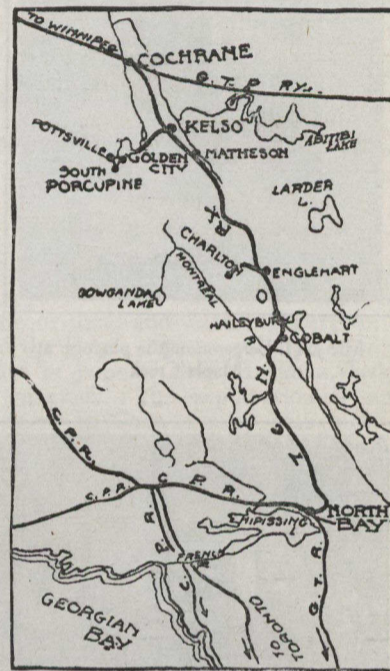
"If you are men we can still save Golden City; get hold of all pails and follow me!"

At the mines individual incidents of heroism there were many. Among them was the act of "Bob" Weiss, manager of West Dome, who, with his wife and child, stuck by the property of their company and smothered in the shaft. A great deal of the tragedy centres about the mines themselves. At Bay Dome there are rumours that 200 men perished; at West Dome the giant Weiss

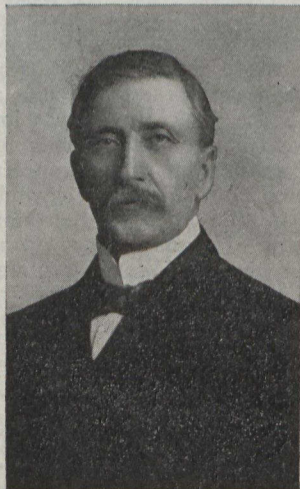
made his fight; at United Porcupine perished Manager Andy Yuille and three of his staff—and so one might go on with the story of the pit's mouth.

Another feature of the calamity is that it descended at the boom time of Porcupine. Population was flocking in, the railroad to Golden City was not two weeks old. Porcupine had passed the trail stage. This meant a great deal to the Dominion and Ontario. At last we had real gold camps, not the myth of a prospectus. The Government helped generously. Millions from Uncle Sam and from Europe were put into the Porcupine ground. Now much of the work has to be done again. Fortunes have to be made over. Already the rebuilding has commenced. Relief funds have started up in Ontario towns and throughout the country. If ever Ontario had an opportunity for philanthropy now is the time. To citizens of the world to whom she was merely the name of the jumping-off place to gold, she became known intimately as a vast province.

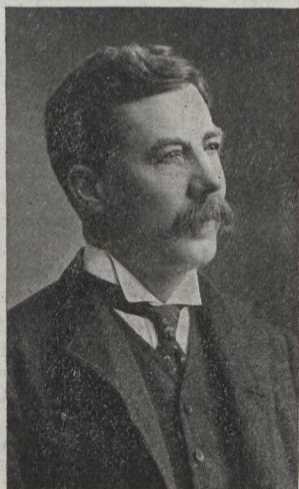
Men who live at the fringe of civilization look calamity squarely in the face. To them life is often but a gamble. The citizens of South Porcupine and Golden City and Cochrane built their towns next door to the forest. They were willing to take the chance. With the present catastrophe in mind, it will be a question for the government to decide what policy in the future shall be pursued to ensure the safety of the mining towns of the north. They may consider how far town back-yards must be removed from the inflammable forest. They may discuss the efficiency of the college youth on a vacation as a fire-ranger. It would be wrong to say that Porcupine is no more. A mining camp which is worth a cent cannot be downed. Porcupine is already rising from her ashes. Money and boundless optimism are loud with hammers, merchants whose stock has been destroyed are keeping the wires to Toronto hot with orders for more goods. The spirit of reconstruction is at work. The rotundas of the big Toronto hotels are filled with little knots of mining men all quietly planning for the future. Talk to these men and they will tell you sagely that it's a poor wind that blows nobody good. A bigger, saner, safer Porcupine, that will be the ideal of the reconstructionists. So it was with the Fernie Fire of three years ago and the great fire of Toronto.



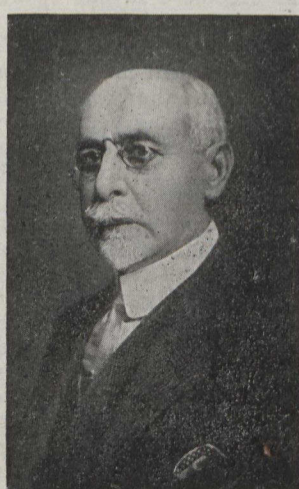
THE TRACK OF THE GREAT FIRE
Showing the location of five towns altogether or partly destroyed.



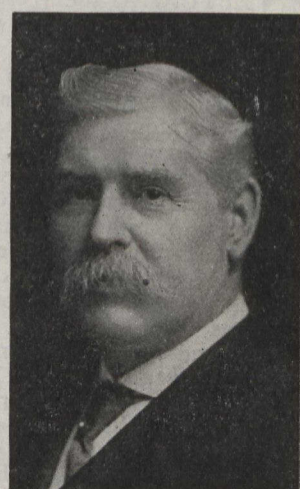
HON. FRANK COCHRANE
Minister of Lands and Mines
After whom a fire-swept town was named.



MR. ALEX. LAIRD
General Manager Bank of Commerce
Chairman of General Relief Fund for Ontario.



MR. J. N. ENGLEHART
Chairman T. & N. O. Ry. Com.
Chief of the supply distribution to the stricken mining centres.



MR. R. S. GOURLAY
President Toronto Board of Trade
Energetic in raising relief funds for Porcupine sufferers.

THE FLIGHT FROM FIRE



First train out of Porcupine, with 300 on board, morning of July 12. In the foreground, Charles Pierce, town constable here.



Refugees on the beach at Golden City in the midst of fire on July 11.



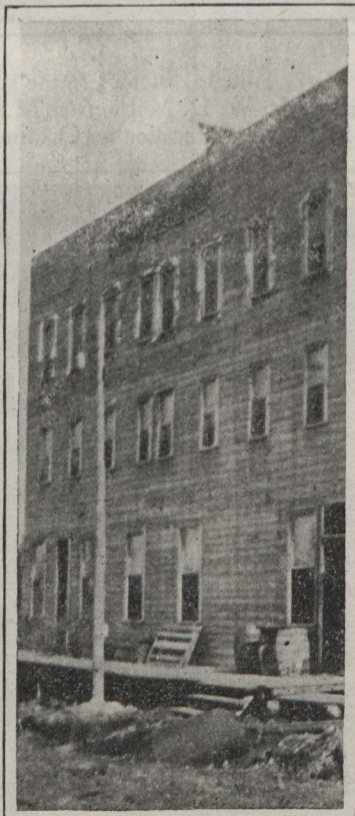
Wharf at Golden City; in the distance the point of Pottsville, only part of the town not destroyed.



Fire fugitives from Porcupine and Cochrane changing trains at Kelso on July 12.



Corduoy death trail, Porcupine to Hollinger and Dome Mines.



Murphy House, Golden City, stopped the fire.



A huddle of Humanity at the water's edge in Golden City.

THROUGH A MONOCLE

THE COMMON SENSE OF A CENSUS.

THERE is bound to be a lot of discussion this year over the taking of the census. The cities are naturally the first from which we get complaints; and complaints in plenty have come in already that people by the household, by the apartment house and by the ward have been missed in the count. If the country enumerators have been no more successful than those in the cities, the census authorities are in for a serious time over their work this summer. But it is altogether probable that the count in the country has been more careful. It is harder to miss a farm house than a city apartment; and tillers of the soil are more stationary than city chaps who flit from job to job and from one rented house to another.

* * *

A CENSUS is an exceedingly important thing. Too many of us, I am afraid, have been more inclined to dodge the bother of submitting to the enumerator's catechism than to take any real trouble to see that we and our families are counted. Yet the nation suffers if the census be inaccurate, and it suffers twice if it be also discredited. It is, in short, a mild form of patriotic duty to get properly into the census. For the next decade, the count which is now being taken will be the authoritative statement of the standing of Canada. It will tell the world not only how many people we have, but how prosperous they are, what callings they follow, what is the size of the average family, how wages run in the different industries, what farms are worth, and all sorts of other things from which home-seekers and investment-hunters will deduce whether or not Canada is the land they are looking for. All other statements of our growth and promise are looked upon as "estimates," and are discounted as a trifle rosy; but the Federal census is a cold and mechanical collection of facts.

* * *

ONE trouble with the census this year was undoubtedly the feeling that it was a trifle "personal," if not impertinent. It wanted "to know, you know," a great deal which some people felt was none of the enumerator's business. For instance, when you ask a man to put a price on his property, he feels that you have confronted him with a delicate question which it is hardly fair for the State to compel him to answer. He naturally wants to know which price you desire—the price he would like to sell at, or the price he would like to be taxed on. He doesn't want to underestimate his holdings; and he doesn't want to be over-taxed on them. Moreover, his answer is not likely to be very valuable, taking all of "him" together. Some will be optimistic and others will be pessimistic; and others, again, will simply be ignorant; and others, once more, may possibly lie. No city assessor thinks of taking any man's estimate of his property as official; and why should a Dominion enumerator be more gullible

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THIS is one question which might have been dropped with a great saving of time, temper and suspicion. The facts sought could have been secured much more accurately and probably quite as expeditiously in another way. Each citizen could have been asked for a list of his properties; and then the assessment rolls could be consulted for the values. These values are universally too low; but a uniform percentage of augmentation could have been agreed upon. Then we should have had something worth while. The insurance question excited some opposition, too. Still it is a little hard to see why. No man is assessed on his insurance; and no man ever wants to "sell" his insurance at a higher price than he paid for it. It is equally hard, however, to think why the Government wanted so badly to know. What does the insurance test show? It may be interesting; but is it important? Would it not be about as much in the public interest to ascertain how many suits of clothes a man uses in a year, or whether he is a Higher or a Broader Critic?

* * *

THERE is no use of objecting to a religious census in such a community as we have in Canada. But, of course, we all know that it is not a census of religion. The Angel Gabriel—or whichever Angel is keeping track of us religiously—would never, never recognize the figures. He would exclaim at once that they were shamefully

"padded"—that there were not as many Christians of all colours in Canada as the Government reported as belonging to one particular shade. We are all religious when the census man comes round; but, if he took his count at the church door, it might be different. I am not so sure either that the racial census is "good business." Why should we go out of our way to label ourselves as of different races? Why not put us all down as Canadians; and then let us all try to live up to that high destiny? There are enough mischief-makers reminding us that we are "different," without the Government taking a hand.

* * *

THERE has been some criticism of the intelligence of the enumerators. They were probably as intelligent as we have any right to expect to get under the "patronage" system. If there was any lack of intelligence displayed, it was by ourselves in permitting this same "patronage" system to select all our public servants for us. Better

work could have been done, I have no doubt, if the task had been left to the High School boys of the country who would have been glad to do it at half the rate paid these party "hangers-on." As a vacation job for college boys who are working their way through their course, it would have been ideal. But High School boys have no votes; and College boys are too high-spirited to be bought by such means. As long as we continue to let the politicians bribe us with our own money, and thank them for it, we will pay the price; and no small part of the price is an inefficient service.

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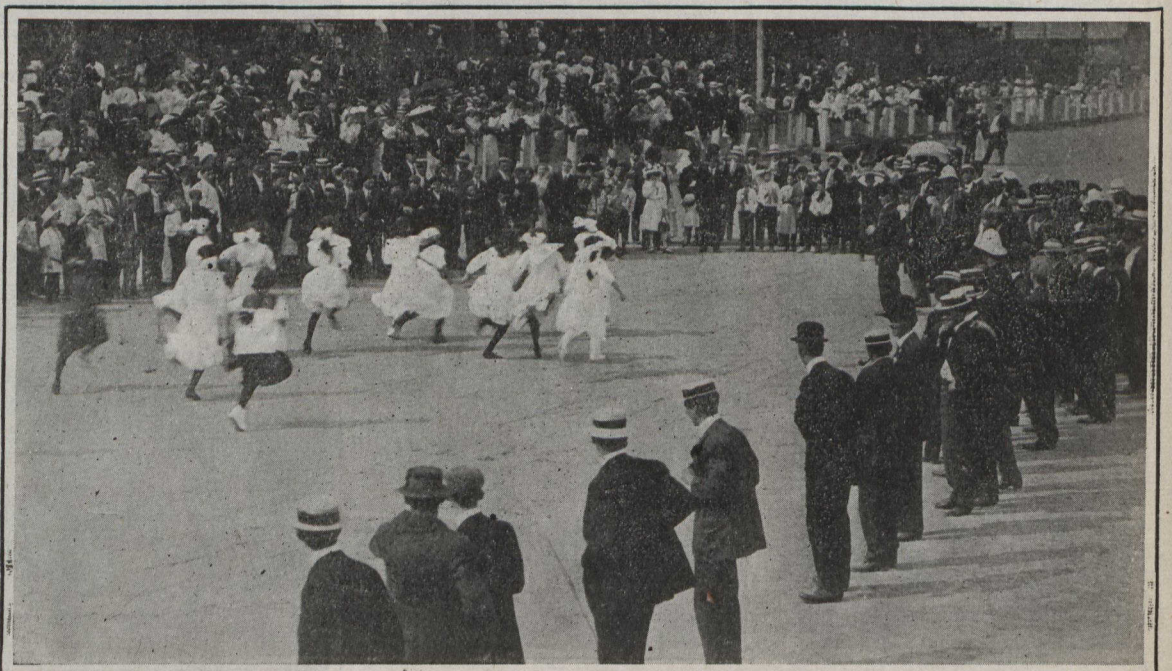
AFTER all, is not the English system of census-taking the best? There they count the people all in one day; and the only test is how many have slept in the house the night before. This has not as many frills as we put on a census—does not gather as much misinformation—but it does make an accurate count. If taken at the right season of the year when all the people are likely to be at home, it provides a good idea of the population—and provides it quickly. Then if we must know how many have gold-filling in their teeth, or what proportion of us think that it was an apple that led to the downfall of Eve, we could learn it afterward.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

FESTIVAL OF THE ORANGE LILY



Interested Orangemen at Exhibition Park, Toronto, listening to the speeches of Mr. Robert Sellar, editor of the *Huntingdon Gleaner*, Mr. W. D. McPherson, M.P., and Hon. Dr. Pyne, Minister of Education for Ontario.



Pretty little Orange Lilies running a race between the speeches.

COUNTRY and SUBURBAN LIFE SUPPLEMENT

THE EXPLANATION

A Wave of Interest in Country Living

IN looking over the list of publications in England and the States it is interesting to note the number of new periodicals devoted to out-door life. Sport has its organs as elaborately prepared, as varied in tone and as seriously reflective as those of politics, trade, society or the churches. There are automobile papers, golf journals, magazines of yachting, sheets devoted to hunting, fishing and racing. But wider than all in interest are the pages given in a general way to fresh air, the fields, the streams, the aesthetics and economics of country life.

These publications glorifying the out-of-doors do not exist without a demand. The demand does not arise without a call of the spirit. That call would not be heard unless nature itself were stirring in the human depths. So the signs of the times work back to a promise of large good for those weary of bondage to the narrow streets and narrowing influence of the man-made city.

It is not asserted, nor even suggested, that everybody can get away from the cities. The literature of the country does not counsel wholesale flight from the responsibilities that exist in crowded centres of population. Their urging is to get all the fresh breathing that we can and to acquire the peacefulness and breadth of view that spring from the look abroad—the look beyond brick walls and above skyscrapers. The description of quiet country ways cannot but be wholesome reading even to one who may rarely walk such paths. Pictures and papers in portrayal of the country dwelling arouse only healthful yearnings, even though the reader be not of the increasing number to whom automobiles and trolleys now makes rural home life possible. And in introducing a "Country Life Supplement," and making it a regular feature, we hope to encourage the tendency towards suburban living, and give it the enthusiasm and prominence it deserves.

Until now Canada has been so much country and so little city there has not been the same encouragement to develop suburban life, but with the steady influx of population, and the growth in wealth and resources, conditions are sure to change. Nothing in life equals the enthusiasm of growing things, and few city people form a just appreciation of what the country idea really means. To some extent it may be a "hobby," but any decided interest in life, whether dignified by the name of an occupation or merely an enthusiasm, is well worth while. With the means of communication quicker and better to-day than ever before, Canadian country life is assuming an entirely new interest. The growth of telephones, electric railways and automobiles sound the knell of isolation in the country, and with the trolleys reaching out in every direction, the trend will be back again to the smaller towns and villages—for the summer months at least.

Years ago living in the country entailed more or less hardship, inconvenience in domestic life, difficulty of access, and so people preferred to live in the city to avoid the disadvantages of the purely country life. Of late years this has all been changed, and many of our best citizens, realizing the benefits of out-door life, have established homes in the suburbs and in the further country. As the auto decreases in price for thoroughly serviceable machines the number increases of those persons whose income is large enough for them to live in the country and still do business in the city. The area and distance from the depot has been widened for such by new forms of transportation. They find more families about them. New suburban sections are springing up within a radius of twenty miles around Toronto and social life is being re-arranged on a country and outdoor basis.

The changed conditions have developed a new wave of interest in country living, and the city man's modern discovery of the country and his increasing

use of it during the summer months is worthy of attention. More people are building homes where acres abound and are giving Canadian country life a stimulus and enthusiasm it lacked before. The inspiration of it all comes from England, where the country has a positive charm and where people know thoroughly well how to get the most from life outside. And this movement will make the Englishman feel still more at home in Canada.

Closely allied with country life is suburban living. The suburbs of Canadian cities are growing in number and importance. There are suburbs worthy of the name and they are "shack-towns." The form should be understood and encouraged so as to eliminate the latter. The evils, dangers, glories, benefits and possibilities of suburban life will be considered from month to month. Here town-planning has its greatest present opportunity. It is a

tedious and expensive process to reconstruct a big city, but a little knowledge combined with common-sense will plan a suburb which will be a glory to the city and the pride of the suburban residents.



A PLEASANT AND COMFORTABLE SUBURBAN HOME.
Residence of A. E. Ames, Esq.

The Automobile in Country Life

THE one thing more than anything else that is bound to encourage country and suburban homes with city people is the steadily increasing use of automobiles. In Ontario alone over 8,000 automobile licenses have been issued this year, and their use is certain to develop a new enthusiasm for country life, with a consequent stronger demand for country property. Among the most attractive claims that are made for the automobile are that it helps to promote social relations, to bring villages and

small cities into closer touch with big ones, to increase knowledge of local geography, and to make village and farm life livelier and more attractive.

A little while ago any village that was not on a railway was apt to be pretty dead. That has been the worst feature of country life for the last half century. The people on the back roads lived too isolated. They did not see enough people go by the door. The country people constantly drifted to the villages and the smaller cities, and to people from the smaller cities the life of the big cities looked far livelier and richer in opportunity than the life at home. Country boys and girls felt strongly that there was small chance of their ever having a due amount of fun unless they got to town. It was not that the average of wealth and ease was so much higher in the cities, but that there was more society, and life was more stimulating and seemed more interesting.

People can live and make livings in the country if they know how and will work, and it is not very hard to learn how. The great problem is to make life in the country seem to them interesting. Successive things have helped of late years to bring that about. The telephone has helped, so has the bicycle, so has the trolley car, so have electric power and light, so has the automobile. Comparatively few farmers as yet have automobiles, but the new machine has carried life into the country. It has extended the suburbs into the cities, has been the biggest force in improving the roads, and has drawn upon the taxpayers of the cities to share the cost. Good roads make an enormous difference in the liveliness of country life. It is only since automobiles made it possible to travel long distances in a short time on the highways that the people of the cities have taken a hearty interest in country roads and have been willing to be taxed for their maintenance.

One great thing in favour of automobiles is that they are showing the country to the people who never would see it if there were not autos to show it to them. They not only show the country to the people, but show the people to the country. For the country likes and needs to see people, and in spite of the dust the autos make and the increased hazards they have brought to users of the highway, they make the farmers who see them feel nearer to centres of population, and make the farmers' children feel that, after all, they are not necessarily "out of it," and that there are things to be had, which are sure to be more generally attainable that will increase neighbourliness and diversion.



Fruit Growing in British Columbia Valleys has attracted many who prefer country to city life.



Will the small fruit farms of the Niagara Peninsula be "merged" into large farms with operations on a broad scale?

FRUIT GROWING BY CITY MEN

By NORMAN PATTERSON.

A DESIRE to get back to the land on the part of well-to-do city business men is manifested in many ways. These men as they get past middle life feel the need for relaxation and out-door occupation. They talk much about going back to the farm. An odd one does abandon his business, buys a farm or two and settles down to country life. With most of them this is impossible. Their money is tied up in many sorts of investments which must be looked after. They cannot cut the painter which ties them to city life. However, they can take up farming as a side line and indulge in a country home. In Ontario, the city man is taking a great interest in fruit growing. This is a development of the last five years.

In the days when fruit was sold only to the local dealer, and when the growing of fruit was but an incident in farm life, the fruit farm was almost unknown. To-day it is quite different. Fruit farming has become an individual occupation in many districts of Canada. It is also changing from a small business to a large business. At first the fruit farmer was about on a par with the market gardener. He cultivated five, ten or twenty acres; his annual production ran from fifteen hundred dollars to three thousand dollars. To-day there is a tendency to establish fruit farms varying in size from one hundred to fifteen hundred acres with an annual production running from twenty-five to a hundred thousand dollars.

The city business men are helping to create this revolution. Some of them are combining fruit-farming and the making of a country home. Others are treating fruit-farming as a business and an in-

vestment. There are several companies of Toronto business men who are operating large fruit farms in the Niagara district. A Toronto lawyer recently purchased eight hundred acres of fruit land in the county of Norfolk and proposes to produce apples and other fruit on a scientific and financial basis. Other Toronto men have invested largely in fruit lands in British Columbia, and spend their spare hours in reading scientific publications on planting, pruning, spraying and the cultivation of fruit trees.

One of the chief results of the advent of the city man in fruit-growing is sure to be scientific production. He will not be content with any trees, vines, or plants which are not producing an average crop. He will not be content to have an orchard which bears fruit one year and does not the next. He will have the benefit of the very latest scientific research and will see that it is applied to his farm or ranch in a thorough and businesslike manner. At least one large fruit-farm in the Niagara Peninsula is managed by a staff of fruit experts under the supervision of a man who might be a professor in any agricultural college in America. These men receive large salaries and are expected to produce superior results. The fruit from their farm will be taken to the railway station on motor trucks instead of horse-waggons. This fruit will be properly selected and packed. Everything that capital can do to produce the greatest dividend from a given area of land will be done.

A prominent manager of an insurance company in Toronto has, not far from the city, a fifty-acre farm, where he and his family spend the summer months. His automobile carries him back and for-

ward several times a week. This year he planted eighteen acres of potatoes and planted them by machinery instead of by hand. He is spraying the potato bushes by machinery and proposes to take the tubers out of the ground by machinery. All the farmers of the district are wondering whether the man is sane or whether he is remarkably clever. They are watching his experiments keenly and earnestly. If his methods are not successful they will have a laugh at his expense. If he gets a big return per acre from his potatoes they will all take advantage of his experience and adopt it in so far as such may be possible. In the meantime, however, he is attracting as much attention as an Uncle Tom's Cabin troupe or a two-ringed circus.

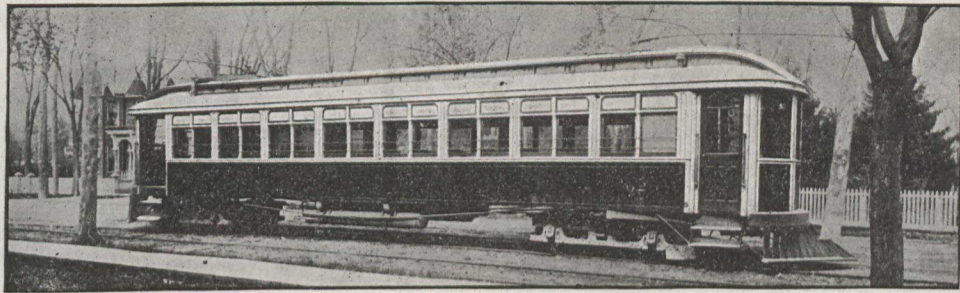
This movement is sure to have a tremendous influence on fruit-growing in Canada. The scientific production of fruit and the scientific marketing of fruit in the United States is compelling a similar state of affairs in Canada. The proposed reciprocity in fruits will further accentuate this necessity. If Canadian fruit is not properly grown and properly marketed it will not be able to compete with similar products from the United States. Last winter apples from the State of Washington were sold as far east in Canada as Toronto simply because of superior cultivation, superior packing and superior business management in selling. The orange-growers of California were not successful until they began to take advantage of co-operation in packing and marketing. To-day a California orange-growers' association is carrying on an advertising campaign all over America and greatly increasing the consumption of California oranges. This is the method which will become general in fruit-growing, and Canada must learn it. The uneducated farmer will never learn it. It is too large a problem for him. It requires business experience and business ability which he does not possess, and which he cannot secure. Just as there are mergers in manufacturing and commerce so there will be mergers in fruit-growing. The Orange Growers' Association of California is a large and successful merger.

In addition to this business view of the city man's interest in fruit-growing, there is the other side—the glorification of the out-of-doors. Instead of spending his spare hours and holidays in fruitless wanderings about the country in search of rest and change, the city man will find in fruit-growing both health and inspiration. There is something in every man which is stirred by a vision of nature's prodigality. There is a delight in watching things grow at the touch of the invisible power which cannot be equalled by any interest in manufacturing which depends wholly on human skill. There is almost as much excitement in making trees and vines produce luscious and valuable fruit as there is in trying to induce a wary black bass to gulp a live frog, or to persuade the evasive trout to snatch at the imitation fly. What would be hard work for one man is relaxation and amusement for another. The man who has been imprisoned for twenty years between the four walls of a small city office throws back his shoulders and holds up his head when he gets an opportunity to manage in his spare hours a piece of land over which the smoke of a factory does not sweep. Twenty years ago the same man might have wanted to escape the drudgery of farm life.



The apple blossoms which have made the Annapolis Valley famous on two continents.

VALUE OF SUBURBAN RAILWAYS



SUBURBAN electric railways are having a considerable effect upon the habits of certain classes of people who earn their living in cities as well as upon the farming population in the neighbourhood. For example, the city of Toronto has three suburban lines, one running east, one running north and one running west. Each of these lines enables about fifteen hundred workers to live in the suburbs, come to the city in the morning and return to their homes at night. These four thousand five hundred workers who make this daily journey represent a family population of fifteen thousand people who are thus enabled to live in the country instead of the city.

About the city of Montreal there are similar suburbs built up by people who work in that city and who are enabled to live in the country because of the excellent suburban service given by the electric railway system, and also by the suburban services of the steam railways.

The same circumstances obtain on the outskirts of the other large Canadian cities, although not to the same extent as in Toronto and Montreal. So far as Canada is concerned this development has not proceeded as far nor as fast as in the United States. The Canadian authorities have not been quite so willing to grant franchises to suburban electric lines, and the city authorities have been very timid in their dealings with companies which propose to give a suburban or interurban service. For these and other reasons the Canadian city dwellers have not had as great opportunities to spread themselves through suburbs and neighbouring villages as have the city dwellers of the United States.

The reasons why men seek to escape to the country are fairly obvious. One man wants to live in a flat or a city house without a garden; he does not object to the bustle and noise of the city. Another man has directly opposite views. He would smother if he had to live in a small flat. He must

live where there is plenty of fresh air and where he can own his own house and his own carefully cultivated garden. To get this pure air, to have the pleasure of owning his own little home and to escape from the smoke, dust, dirt and noise of the big city, he is willing to spend a little more time going to and from his work. He desires to have his children educated in suburban schools. He



The electric railway makes it possible for the city man to live in the country.

cannot afford to send them to a private school, but he is unwilling to have them mix with children of all nationalities who come from homes where the standard of living and cleanliness may not be equal to his own.

Of course, electric railways of the suburban or interurban type are doing more than merely serving the suburbs of large cities. They are creating a new form of country life. In the Niagara Peninsula of Ontario they have revolutionized fruit growing. They have enabled the fruit grower to keep in closer touch with the nearest markets and ship fruits quickly when they are in demand. Again these railways have linked up towns which lie close together and increase the facilities for communication between them. For example, an interurban electric railway connects Galt, Preston, Berlin and Waterloo, and makes these four towns practically one community.

President Hutchins, of the Detroit suburban service explains the evolution of the new country life as follows:

"Throughout this territory we are working out quite an evolution of interurban life. Formerly the farmer, having 20 or 30 miles to drive to town, brought in his team, camped out one night, sold his stuff, and took next day to go home. His wife meanwhile 'nursed his grouch' at home. Now the farmer looks over the morning paper carried out on our early cars, and finds out if prices are such that it will be a good day to market his stuff. If not satisfied with the price he calls up the dealer in the city on the phone, and getting a suitable offer puts his stuff on our express car, gets on a passenger car himself with the old lady, sells his stuff, buys a good ready-to-wear, and takes in the matinee. They take a car back in time to milk the cows and get supper. Under such conditions there has been a great change in the countryside. The farmer is well-dressed and happier. I defy you to go out along our lines and distinguish between country and city people.

"On the other side many of the big city men, merchants and manufacturers, who formerly lived two miles from their place of business, now go out fifteen, twenty and some fifty miles, where they have all the advantages of country life. Our limited cars carry them in and out at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and they read the paper on the way, which they would have to do in any event. The country merchants were at first hostile, and feared they would lose trade. It has worked out quite the other way. If a customer goes in now during the morning and asks for something not in stock they can make a definite promise to have it on hand 'in the afternoon.' The telephone and the trolley freight service have enabled them to hold much trade in this way."



White Jacobin Pigeon.
A most capricious-looking bird



A Modern Pouter.

FANCY PIGEONS

And their Relation to the "Blue Rock"

By R. K. BARKER

THERE are nearly seventy distinct and separate varieties of fancy pigeons, different each from the other in size, shape, colour and plumage. The majority of these are "freaks," and how to trace them all to one parentage, viz., the wild pigeon, commonly known as the "Blue Rock," the Adam and Eve of the "Columbarian" family, is not an easy task. I shall not, therefore, in this short article, attempt a naturalist's arguments or theories, but will confine my remarks on origin to a very few only of the most prominent and most popular of the fancy "freaks," and endeavour to describe the origin of the present names.

Until about fifty years ago, the wild pigeon was most prolific in Canada; blue in colour, with a breast of sheen, almost brown. It built its nest in the high trees away from civilization, and as cities and towns grew up, and railroads began to shriek through the country, these wild birds, after being slaughtered in hundreds and thousands, disappeared.

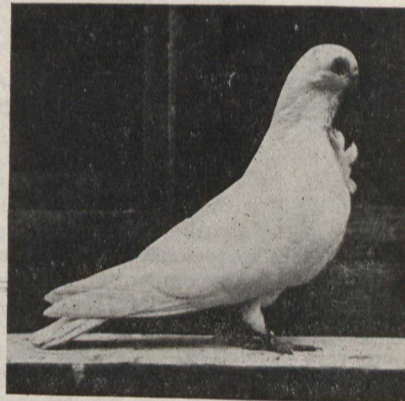
Practically the same state of affairs happened in India, Italy, Belgium, Egypt, Great Britain and America, until now the wild pigeon is practically extinct.

In various countries the size, colour and plumage of these birds differed materially, and naturalists of different nations were successful in preserving

specimens and keeping them in captivity long enough to rear the young, which would return to their own home or loft. The old birds would take to the wild life again, when liberated, but the young became domesticated, and then the fancier got his innings. He commenced crossing the different varieties of these domesticated wild pigeons from various countries, and each season of breeding these crosses produced young varying in plumage, size, colour, feathers.

The "freaks," or fancy birds, were gradually, year by year, bred back to those of similar kind, until to-day no less than sixty or seventy varieties exist, and some of the best of each bring prices as high as \$200 a bird. I shall describe a few of these beautiful "freaks" and one or two which are freaks but not beautiful.

First I will take the English Pouter, so called because of his habit of inflating his huge crop with air, and having been first perfected in England. With this article is produced a picture of this pigeon of one hundred years ago and also one of the present day. The old fellow was bred for his "blowing" qualifications, but the up-to-date fancier of the present wants length of limb, markings, and length of body, as well as "balloon" qualities. Hence the differ-



African Owl Pigeon
Considerable of a rarity



A Pouter of 20 Years Ago.

ence in the old and the new. These birds are bred in whites, blues, blacks, reds, yellows and checkers, though the standard of perfection is the same in shape and markings. A good Pouter will measure over twenty inches from "tip to tip," that is, from end of beak to end of tail.

Probably the next most pronounced freak is the Fantail—the most stylish of all the fancy pigeons—so called because of the shape of the tail, which is very large, flat and carried upright, giving the appearance of a lady's fan. A good one is most highly prized. It has no doubt been bred originally from the wide-tailed pigeon of India, and brought to its present perfection after several hundred years of study and breeding. The best examples of these birds are found in England and the United States, but Canada is not now very far behind, and fanciers in Toronto, Montreal, Kingston, Guelph, Ottawa, and other towns have some beautiful specimens, in various colours, such as blue, white, silver, black, saddle-backed and reds and yellows.

There are records of the wild variety of India with tails containing as many as twenty feathers, but I have seen the present-day fantail carrying as many as thirty-eight and forty feathers in the "fan" or tail. Its body is rolled up like a ball, and its graceful neck lies back until the head rests on the "cushion" (the base of the front of the tail) in the small of the back.

Another beautiful freak is the "Jacobin," called after the Monks of that name, who wore a frill collar round their necks. This collar on the Jacobins of to-day have been so increased in wealth of feather that their heads are completely covered with a "hood," and they carry a heavy mane and chain, shown in a picture accompanying this article. They are small in body and bred in six or seven different colours. Their origin may be traced to the wild pigeon of India, which was possessed of a "ruffle" or neck feather.

The Carrier, one of the progenitors of the present day "Homer," or Messenger pigeon, is now only a fancy bird, with long beak surmounted at the base with a heavy "wottle" or fungus growth. The eye is surrounded with a cere, or fungus growth, similar in quality to the nose wottle. This bird is pill-chested, long in neck and stoutly flighted. It looks like a race-horse. A good specimen brings a large price to the owner, and produced herewith is a picture of a pure white (one of many colours bred) which has oftentimes won a ribbon at leading United States and Canadian shows.

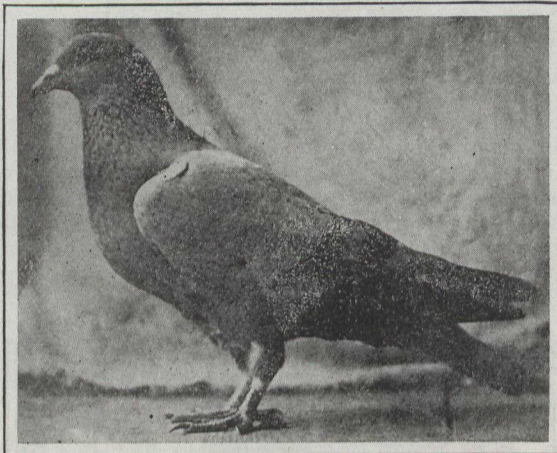
The "Swallow" pigeon, named, no doubt, after the bird of the same name on account of its similarity in flying, is another variety, fancied for its markings, which often take years to perfect.

"Magpies" are, no doubt, so called because of their markings, similar to the bird of that name, but it is a difficult task and seldom accomplished

by the fancier, to attain the clean-cut division of colours of the bird. "Owls," no doubt, are also named after the old bird which once "to the moon complained," because of the broad skull, his full face, and short, stout beak.

There are English, Chinese and African owl pigeons, differing slightly in size of neck or breast feathers, and all colours and varieties have their place in the catalogues of the poultry and live stock shows in many countries.

The Tumbler is a pigeon that is most popular. Its curious back somersaults in the air have un-



DOMESTICATED BLUE ROCK

Supposed by some to be the progenitor of all modern varieties.

doubtedly been responsible for the name. A variety of these birds, known as "Tipplers," will remain on the wing, high up in or above the clouds, for a period of eight hours or more without alighting. In addition to the above varieties, we have Russian and English "Trumpeters," so named because of the peculiar call they make, sounding like a long call on a cavalry trumpet.

Ice pigeons, sharply ruffled in wing feather, grizzly in colour, are named, no doubt, because of their wing feathers having the appearance of tiny icicles. Other varieties, too numerous to mention, are Turbits, Runts, Archangles, bearded and muffled Tumblers, Owls, Priests, Hen Pigeons (with a large body and "cocked" tail), Barbs, Dragoons and Antwerps. All varieties have their fanciers, and all are well cared for in the lofts of fanciers in nearly all the large towns and cities in the world. From a school-boy's hobby to the continued working-out of ideas and brains of many men of fifty years and upwards, the fancy pigeon has been improved in its various varieties for nearly 600 years—and will yet be improved and no doubt increased in varieties and colours.

CITY BOARDER AND THE FARMER

By DONALD B. SINCLAIR

"I JUST wish I were in the country now!" I heard a rather weary-looking woman utter these words on a street-car the other muggy day. Her companion—I suppose he would be her husband—ceased to read his paper, nodded, yawned, and said "Yes." Then he seemed to become very reflective. Perhaps he began to think of days long before he knew anything experimentally about street cars; it may be, of chores done while the sun was struggling in the east; of the rattle of reapers on long, hot harvest days; of a pell-mell to a snow apple tree at supper time, and a cool dip at twilight, without a bathing suit, in the creek on the other side of the bush.

Some ex-country boys who have prospered in the city, have fruit farms or chicken ranches fifty miles from town. At week ends they jump into a forty horse-power roadster and go out to the "farm," where the daughters of the house come out in the morning and feed the chickens in silk stockings and suede shoes, and the boys play tennis on a court behind the bank barn. But there are dozens of good chaps emigrants from the farm, plugging in dingy offices from nine to six, who cannot afford country houses, but who will tell you over a cigar in leisure moments how much they would like to get back to the farm. Reside there? Some would. They are disenchanted of the city and its garish lights. But I am speaking of those who would merely like access to the country whenever they took the notion; some farm house, where they might go and chuck the tyranny of routine; roam the hills or do some

wood rambling or lie with vacant eyes beneath a shady tree.

Why not go and board on a farm? Surely there are hundreds of struggling farmers in Canada who would be glad to take in a fagged city chap for a couple of weeks. Board in the country is cheap—the ex-country boy desperately tries to recall what the school-teacher paid twenty-five years ago. But can you get board in the country. That is the question. The average city man who talks of rustivating for a few days approaches the idea of securing board on a farm with the traditional notion that the farmer will kow tow to him—because he is from the city. He forgets the fact that the modern Canadian farmer no longer regards as a novelty the city folk whom he sees whirling past in their motors, throwing dust all over his clothes line; nor is he much envious of them. The Canadian farmer to-day is not anxious for boarders. This statement may seem surprising. Not long ago, I read an article commenting upon the wealth accruing to farmers in the State of Vermont, through the city boarder traffic. The farmers of this State make the millions out of city rusticators that Maine does out of tourist sportsmen. Are Canadian farmers not alive to their opportunities in this regard? Why do they not encourage city people to enjoy rural delights by providing accommodation for them? I asked a farmer these questions the other day. I described the affluence of Vermont agriculturists, and pointed out to him the folly of vacant village houses, and nailed-up rooms in vast farm houses.

He told me frankly that the farmers of Canada did not want boarders from the city, because they were more bother than they were worth. It was useless to compare Vermont and Ontario, for instance, because rural social standards were not equal. How many Ontario farmers had servants? Upon the farmer's wife, in the absence of the "hired girl," must fall the extra burden of city boarders, and she, goodness knows, from early dawn till late at night, has enough to do.

Then there was the question of the city boarder himself. Was he a desirable visitor for the farmer? Of the city boarder on the farm there were several types. My particular farmer outlined two. He spoke of a city father, mother and several children who descended upon a friend of his, intending to stay two months. The breakfast hour on the farm was six. The town visitors never got down till nine-thirty. Then, the children did not want oatmeal porridge; they preferred corn flakes which they said they were "used to" at home. They had the eating-between-meals habit to excess, sometimes crumbling cookies in that sacred room called the parlour—where the photograph album and stereoptican views are kept. On hot days their parents audibly yearned for electric fans and running water. The family stayed a week.

The other type of city boarder was a young bank clerk who went out on the farm because his mother said he needed the look of the fields. He brought his tennis racquet along, but when he looked out of the window in the morning and saw nothing more approaching to a court than a cropped timothy field, he hid it. He got back home after two exciting weeks. He still tells customers at the bank, and his mother, of his attempts to drive the hayrake and of dumping the grass all over the field; of his first try at hitching a horse.

The city boarder on the farm in Canada is not an unknown figure, but few attempts have been undertaken to make an industry out of him. In the Niagara peninsula I know of a farmer who built four cottages this spring on his farm and rented them to city tenants. Of course, the cottage on the farm is an idea borrowed from England. City boarder enterprise for the farmer in Canada is largely confined to districts in touch with suburban cars, and close to dense centres of population upon which the farmer may draw with certainty for his guests. When our Provinces are netted with electric roads, and cities overflow, and labour gets cheaper, there will be a trek to the farm all the year round from the cities.

Our Trade Commissioners

THE Department of Trade and Commerce of Canada has established the following Trade Commissioners and Commercial Agents, in various parts of the world:

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Australasia: D. H. Ross, Stock Exchange, Melbourne, Agent for Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia and Tasmania.

Argentine Republic: H. R. Poussette, Buenos Ayres.

Brazil: T. A. D. Bertrand, Rio de Janeiro.

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Columbia: A. E. Beckwith, Cartagena.

Cuba: J. E. Ray, Room 203, Lonja del Americo, Apartado, 1333, Havana.

France: A. Poindron, 101 Rue de Reaumur, Paris.

Germany: W. G. Fischer, Hotel Bristol, Unter den Linden, Berlin.

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New Zealand: W. A. Beddoe, F.R.G.S., Auckland.

Norway: C. E. Sontum, Grubbegd, No. 4, Christiania, Norway. Agent for Denmark also.

South Africa: John A. Chesley, Durban, Natal.

West Indies: E. H. S. Flood, Bridgetown, Barbadoes. E. A. H. Haggart, Kingston, Jamaica. Edgar Tripp, Port of Spain, Trinidad; Agent for Trinidad and Tobago. R. H. Curry, Nassau, Bahamas.



A suburban street peopled by workmen
Where the township road is the highway and the foot-path in the grass serves for a sidewalk; soon to become part of a big city

SUBURBS AND VILLAGES

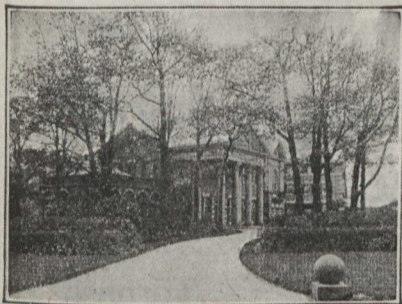
Getting the Land to the Doorstep and Beautifying the Street



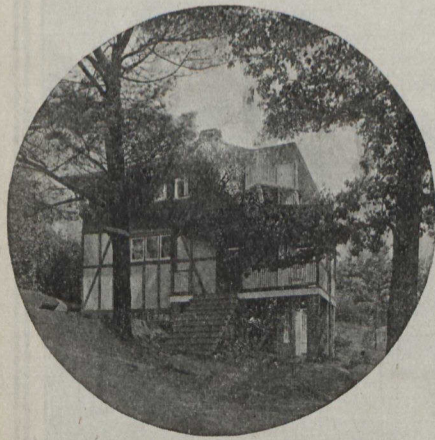
Somewhat in the baronial fashion is this suburban home of a Toronto professional man. The English wall and the conservatory are two distinguishing features.



A well-known Toronto stockbroker built this handsome home in a fashionable suburb.



This home of colonial style stands in Queen's Park, Toronto, surrounded by groves of oak and maple and sloping down to a ravine. The land is leased but the house is the property of a Toronto millionaire who does not like a doorstep beginning on the sidewalk.



Outskirts home of an Englishman, who, two years ago, got this land for \$5 a foot. Material for the house cost \$1,200. Being himself a builder the rest of the cost was wages. This home he now considers worth \$3,500

THIRTY years ago—as may be noted by the miles of houses fronting near the sidewalk—city Canadians were almost as much in the habit of ignoring the land as are the builders of the 20th century. Many of the older houses are near the street line. Most of them were originally without verandahs, or anything more open than a porch. The people those days seemed to have either no inclination or no time to sit in the open. Contrast with that the spectacle of a present-day summer evening, when on one block of homes may be seen hundreds of people sitting on new broad verandahs—and balconies—wherever there was left room enough to build such.

The same tendency to enjoy the open and get the home in touch with the land may be seen on a larger scale in the thousands of suburban homes fringing our larger towns and cities. On this page may be seen a variety of suburban home types; some of them built in the heart of the residential section, many on the outskirts, but all surrounded by large plots of land and gardens. Many a humble labourer from the factories has more contentment of his own "vine and fig-tree" in a shacktown suburb than many a well-to-do owner of a city house, attached, detached or semi-detached. Most of these shacktown suburbs become integral parts of the city. Lucky is the man, then, who, having got his lot at five dollars a foot, is able to see it appreciate in value.

In most of the suburban settlements there is more local pride than in most city streets. But there is still room for a large field of activity in promoting village improvement. Many villages and towns are disfigured by unsightly and filthy rubbish-heaps; ash-dumps littered with dirty paper and rags; hideous blots upon the landscape that are often conspicuous from the railway-trains, giving visitors a most unhappy and unjust impression of the thrift and refinement of the inhabitants. In this respect Canadian towns are often in unfortunate contrast with European towns of the same grade, where the inhabitants have too good an eye to the main chance to allow their village to displease the stranger's eye and turn him away from their hostelries and their shops.

A well-organized Improvement Club can very easily efface the worst blot on the face of its village. With the help or at least the consent, of the village fathers, unsightly dumps and ash heaps can be levelled; tin cans can be buried out of sight; receptacles for waste paper can be provided; the railway company can be petitioned to embellish and beautify the depot grounds, a petition which in many cases they will grant when they see the people are in earnest about the matter; and in a score of ways the village may be made a more beautiful place to live in. A dozen resolute young men can bring about all this by their unaided exertions oftentimes, and then the citizens, when they see what can be done, will unusually contribute money and labour to keep their village beautiful.

Some attention should also be given to store building as well as residences. Nobody can live in a suburb, nobody rusticates in a "resort," nobody can run into the country for a week-end, if of a sensitive turn of mind, without finding cause to bewail the exceeding badness of the commercial architecture of his place of residence, sojourn, or visitation. The domestic architecture of suburb, resort, or country village, is improving year by year. "Village Improvement Societies," in villages far from the maddening crowd, import notions of embellishment. Stately villas are coming to occupy the picturesque coigns of vantage, and pretty cottages to line the village street. As for the "Resorts," the residential part of them offer a choice of picturesque homes and bungalows. The local tradesman alone does not seem to be affected by the esthetic uplift. Curiously, in his private capacity as householder and citizen, he may build and inhabit as pretty and modest

a house as any of his neighbours. But the ugliness, inappropriateness, and vulgarity of his place of business are as staring and uncomfortable as ever. The dwellings are improved by generations and decades. The "store" is as bad as ever. One is tempted to say worse. And yet proper supervision even of the "business quarter" should be included in the Civic programme and efforts made as far as possible to make even the stores picturesque and attractive.

The purpose in all this is to care for the general appearance of the village in the way that the individual property-owner cares for the looks of his own place. The beauties of the town are brought out by judicious treatment, and the ugly spots are done away or modified as far as possible. The roadsides are made beautiful, trees are planted, and the appearance of neglect that disfigures too many otherwise pretty villages is made to vanish.

There are always lot-owners who endeavour to beautify their places. There are others who always neglect them. One of the good effects of these village improvement societies is that they inspire a general desire to improve the home-lots. The lot-owner is ashamed to let his place fall behind in the general improvement. An energetic village society can accomplish much more in this way than its own expenditure would signify.

The money expended in this direction is not wasted. There is greater reward even than that to the eye. Land in a thrifty-looking, comfortable community where everything looks well, is more desirable than that in a neglected town, and where one is near enough to a big city to catch the suburban traffic the results very quickly show for themselves in increased population.

Villages in Ontario

ALL the Eastern Provinces of Canada have villages in bad need of some co-operative improvement scheme. The average Quebec village of course is always more or less picturesque, and might be made worse by any set scheme of improvement. There is always the tin-spined church, the parish house and the neat little cottage with the quaint dormer window. No, it would scarcely be possible for any merely civic idea to better it. It's a matter of poetry and religion and custom.

Too much custom and too little poetry have made many an Ontario village one of the most discouragingly decadent spots in America to visit. Many of these half-asleep little towns—many of which are admittedly improving—were started by a saw-mill. The mill shut down because of no timber. The town started to go into the museum stage. If as sometimes happens local option gets hold of the place, the town becomes dryer than ever. Though there is no reason why the average country hotel, such as is known in Ontario, should be suspected of improving any town. It's largely a question of regenerating the hotels, and rejuvenating the stores, improving the roads, planting gardens, laying out little parks, getting a band and some decent place of amusement besides the town hall—a rummy old ramshackle place!—or the hall over the cooper shop.

Nature has made many an Ontario village the beginning of a place beautiful. People—never having outgrown the old way of "any old thing is good enough, so long as it's cheap," let the village run down hill. They have the same old stores that did business twenty years ago; the same old postoffice, planing mill, perhaps a canning factory; even the same melancholy little shacks of houses. The main item of improvement is the sidewalk.

Yet a very little ambition and concerted effort would put many of these little civic museums into the first class of really alive, progressive little towns. Many of them in these days of much motor travel would begin to get a reputation, and to do a certain amount of casual business, some of them would become desirable places for well-to-do farmers to retire to and build comfortable homes after selling the farm.

It's a matter of a little local pride and some enthusiasm.

Ross Rifle and Its Critics

THE Quebec *Chronicle* explains in a recent issue that the alleged report of explosion of two Ross rifles furnished the Queen's Own was not due to any defect in the rifle, but to the fact that the rifles after delivery were handed over to another company to be fitted with a special sight. In fitting the sight the barrels were tapped to admit a screw instead of soldering on the barrel as in the Lee Enfield—or with rings as with the regular "Ross" sights to hold the rear of the back sight in place; this weakened the barrel and caused it to explode. When this was realized all the rifles which had been thus wrongly treated were, of course, ordered to be withdrawn.

Some people welcome the growing independence of the overseas Dominions. These young nations cannot stray very far afield as long as they owe such huge sums of hard cash to Daddy Rich of Lombard Street.—M. A. P.

LANDSCAPE GARDENING

A New Profession for Young Women.

TO enjoy country life a girl should have her own garden, but to thoroughly enjoy and obtain the best results from that garden she must have a knowledge of the science of landscape gardening. The more digging and planting in the soil is a delightful pastime once she has become interested and eager to see the tiny seeds grow up and develop into wondrous, tender or gorgeous coloured flowers, but this pleasure is as nothing compared to the fascination in being able to make a carefully drawn plan of a garden or park blossom into a living thing of trees, shrubs and flowers, and it is this pleasure which comes many, many times each year to the professional landscape gardener.

Few girls may care to devote the necessary length of time to study to become expert landscape gardeners, but every girl who spends her summers on a large or small country place could not but be glad to know the rudiments of this science and have sufficient grasp of the subject to be able to plan and lay out a plot of land of her own, even though the larger gardens may not be entrusted to her care.

Yet even to be able to plan out a small flower garden requires a certain amount of knowledge. It must be known, for example, just what flowers will grow in what kind of soil or climate, or what may be added to the soil to improve its quality so that a new kind of seed may be planted with a certain amount of surety that it will spring up into life. Here, needless to state, a botanical familiarity with all sorts and kinds of flowers must be acquired, that it may be known what to select for the different beds and what coloured flowers to allow to grow side by side and as backgrounds for each other.

A naturally good artistic sense is essential also in the landscape gardener, for taste in colours can never be cultivated; it must be born in the soul of the artist. And, next, one must be able to draw with fair exactness to be able to make out a plan before the flowers are planted, setting out clearly just where each bulb or collection of seeds is to go.

Many American schoolgirls are now devoting several afternoons a week to courses in the preliminaries of landscape gardening, while others who have left school and are not to "come out" for another year are working hard all day and every day at this most interesting branch of study.

When it is taken into consideration that the professional landscape gardener must go through a two years' course at a horticultural college or school, where he must become thoroughly grounded in all such subjects as botany, geology, physics, chemistry, geometry and geometrical drawing, it can then be understood how a short course of study such as a school-girl can afford the time for will give her scarcely more than a mere outline of the subject and an intense desire to find out more for herself during the summer months through study and experiment.

It is maintained by many that landscape gardening is the coming profession for women, and already there are numberless applicants in this field. Surely there is no profession so peculiarly suited to the natural capabilities of a girl of refinement with a good education back of her, and mere man will soon have to take a secondary place in this art once woman, with her natural sense of the artistic, intuitive knowledge of colours and instinctive idea of space, com-

mences to really compete with him in this line.

One of the chief delights of living in the country is the familiarity that may be acquired with the garden, and it is interesting to note that landscape gardening is fast becoming a favourite profession in England among girls who, brought up amid surroundings of wealth and luxury, are for some reason forced to seek a means of livelihood, and that already they are competing on equal footing with the men in that line.

In this country, where a desire for parks, gardens and terraced lawns is of recent origin, there is tremendous scope for the landscape gardener.

For a girl who must of necessity seek some means of livelihood, and who is at heart a lover of nature and outdoor life, certainly no profession could be more congenial nor could she find any work so little fraught with the various disagreeable and unpleasant incidents of the average business career.

Between the crude simplicity of the old fashioned flower garden arrangement and the extreme scientific theories of the landscape architect there is a happy medium which is the goal of many a young woman to-day. Landscape gardening is a study that any girl can take up with pleasure and profit, for it not only includes a study of plants and flowers, but of many other branches which are more or less closely allied and which, even though not gone into deeply, must still prove of a distinctly educational value.

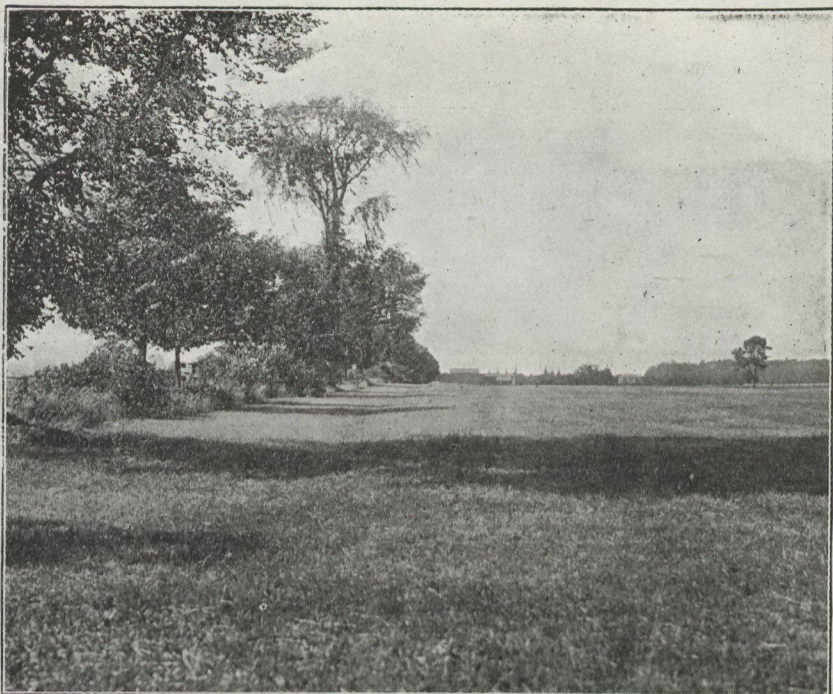
A girl could begin studying the botanical end of it. It would make a fascinating study for the summer months or for the long winter evenings at home. She could make a little study of architecture, sufficient to know the sort of garden to be used with a certain type of house. Let her learn all the best examples of formal gardens, studying all details, why certain things are done and why others should not be done.

A trip abroad should be the general wind up of a girl's study in landscape architecture. In England are seen the best type of the cottage garden, and one can trace the development from the old monastery gardens down to those of the present day.

Make a point of studying collections of pictures showing floral arrangements whenever possible and it will be amazing how discriminating one will become, so that possessing the taste and desire, it will be a simple matter to go on with the study from a scientific viewpoint later on. But even the superficial study will not only be found to be an absorbing occupation, but there is the joy of invention which can be experienced by transforming one's own dooryard from chaos to beauty and symmetry.

* * *

PROFESSOR L. H. BAILEY, of Cornell, one of the members of the Country Life Commission in the States, is not tremendously impressed with the benevolence of the city in sending its surplus population back to the farm. In his new volume on "The Country Life Movement," Professor Bailey, among many other interesting and thoughtful points, insists upon a clear distinction between the back-to-the-farm movement and the larger movement which gives his book its title. The former, he declares, is essentially a city movement, and affords no real solution for the larger problems—economic, scientific and social—which are being attacked on behalf of modern agriculture.



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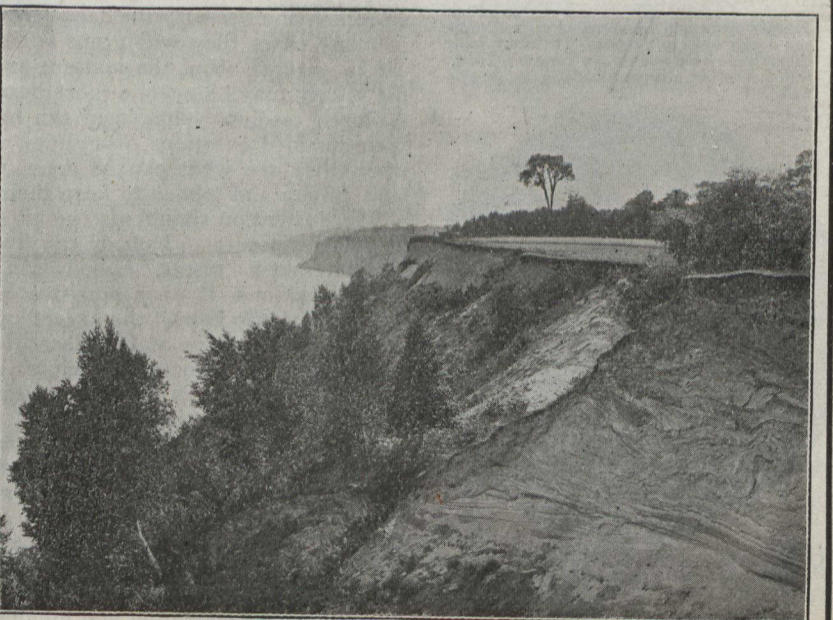
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THE FOREST FIRE

THE Toronto Star, of last Saturday, contained the most graphic portrayal ever printed in Ontario of what a forest fire really is, how it starts, what it feels like and looks like, and how it makes headway. The article was written by Mr. Sidney Howard, who has spent years in the North as a student of frontier conditions in the bush. As reprinted on this page it will be of exceptional interest to all those who have an eye to the welfare of country life.

* * *

Set in a little hoie in the forest, like the bare spots on a carpet such as moths make in the deep pile, are a thousand little camps of the prospectors, those men of nerve and children of long chance. Surrounding, crowded close on every side, stand the long stems of the trees, those tall, thin, woody spruce trees, with the dead dry shadow-killed lower twigs and branches, those tall, ragged birch trees with their shreds of inflammable white bark hanging to their trunks, those mottled-trunked balsams, with the dry green beards of moss dry as tinder clinging to the underside of their brushy branches. Close-packed in the New Ontario forest the branches interlock. Winter and summer their shadow covers the ground, and their tops show on the hills like a rumpled carpet.

From the depths of these trees men look up to the sky for light. They work like ants in the grass. By dint of co-operation and ant-like industry men have cleared away little spaces in which to live and go about their ant-like work of boring holes in the ground. Ten thousand of them there are up there in the Porcupine, ten thousand prospectors in a forest which swallows them up as though they had never existed. Trails they have cut like seams and creases in the great carpet of trees, narrow lane-ways like footpaths in the wheat. And sixteen miles from the steel ribbon which binds that country to civilization, and on the shores of a wilderness lake they have built an imitation of a town, crowding it right into the midst of the untamed wilderness. Not one, but two, three, four beginnings of populous centres have been made in the midst of those close-standing trees. They grow so fast those places that the houses stretch along the sides of the tote road into the deep shade of the bush. Townsites are cleared, but the suburbs extend on into the uncleared forest, first as houses, then as cabins, shacks, and finally tents.

Comes now the driest spring in the history of the country. May passes like a month in midsummer. June is hot and dry. July brings the hottest weather ever known in the Province since climatic conditions have been officially recorded. No rain falls.

In a thousand camps behind the Porcupine men are living and working, cooking their meals, some on open fires, using dynamite, smoking tobacco, burning matches. Every patch of moss is as dry as tinder. Every dead twig on the spruce trees is as dry as a match stick. The very air is super-heated and combustible.

Spontaneously, from a score of places at once come the reports of fire. Some one has thrown a lighted match into a clump of brush, expecting it to go out before it fell. The air, hungry for flame, kept it alive. It fell amid moss and the moss cherished it. Presently enough fire created, a draught had accumulated and the brush clump burst into flames. He who had thrown the match was by now perhaps a mile away.

The spark smoulders. Nobody pays

any attention to it at the camp. Men are careless of such things in New Ontario. Prospectors are smothered with trees. The black flies make their lives in summer a torment. They have little interest in preserving the bush that cumbers the land and the moss hides the mineral exposure in the rock. The fire creeps in a line, spreads in a circle, wings out. In the night the coolness of the air condenses, a wet vapor hangs amid the trees, and the progress of the creeping fire slackens. In the heat of the next day it grows, and spreads the wings of its crescent enclosing an ever-enlarging area. Then some time it strikes a hot hillside where the sun pours down at a vertical angle, and the trees are shriveling. Here the rocks are already hot. The ground fire reaches the base of the hill, and begins creeping up.

A draught commences, grows, increases, and presently the fire is rushing up the slope as up a chimney. The bark in the birches catches and breaks into clear yellow flame. The wind bears the burning shreds off and hurls them through the bush in advance of the line of fire. The fire lifts up off the ground. The tops catch. The flames of a thousand twigs and a million leaves join in one sheet. The forest carpet breaks with a great floor of flame. The smoke rises black above the trees, and great grey clouds of it spread away into the sky. The wind roars to feed the combustion. The gases in the air take fire and the flame rolls up into the sky. Clear off the trees, breaking out of the doom blackness of the smoke, with the rush and the roar that nothing in the puny power of men can stay, the tempest rolls across the land, travelling as quickly as a storm cloud, and sending a torrent of burning stars in advance. Where they fall the forest catches fire afresh and burning awaits the rush of holocaust. Nothing of man can stay it. The land is given to destruction until such time as God sends the rain, or the path of destruction is barred by lakes.

What chance have ants in the long grass when the match is put to the brown wither? At the ends of long trails through the trees are little cleared patches of an acre or so where men have sunk a shaft into the gold-bearing rock. In many cases the clearings are smaller, and in plenty of them, prospectors are tenting out with no work of clearing done at all.

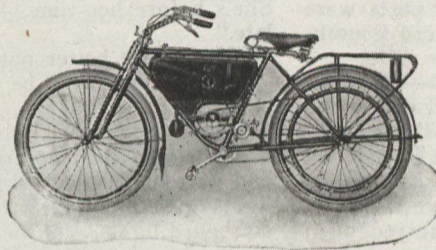
How are these men faring? What of the women at the ends of those long, trailing lanes, the wives of the mine bosses, or the cooks of their camps? Lakes and rivers afforded a refuge for some. The mine crews rushed to the shaft when the flames leaped the clearings, and sheltered underground. In one case five men in a recent bush fire at the Porcupine took shelter in the powder house, built in the cool, damp rock of the cliff wall. It is dangerous at best to seek refuge from a bush fire down a mine shaft. The fire may lick up the surface timbers and destroy the hoisting gear. Then, imprisoned in the depths of a mine, the last case is well nigh as bad as the first. Many a bush fire has leaped the lakes that refugees had thought to provide a barrier. Half a mile has often been recorded of such leaps. In the mountains of the West the draught becomes so fierce as to lift the burnt-through timbers of trees and hurl them before the march of the flames.

"Nothing avails save rain once the fire gets in the tops," as the old bush men say.

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The Greed of Conquest

By
J. B. Harris-Burland.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"**F**AILED, Ralph? No, it is impossible. Quick, see if everything is adjusted properly."

He took the lantern and examined the levers. Each was in its proper place. Then he opened a door in the side of the box, and examined the mechanism. Everything was working as it should work. The vibration bar quivered in a blur of light; wheels spun and flashed; a steel shuttle moved rapidly to and fro.

"There is nothing wrong," he muttered. "Nothing that looks wrong—I made the drawings most carefully—I measured every detail—the parts were made perfectly true to the drawings—there is nothing wrong—nothing can be wrong."

"We must find out, Ralph—to-night—we must work all night—I will get all the lights I can find—we must find the error, Ralph, we must!"

"And if we do it may be too late. The defect may have to be remedied in a better workshop than the one I have here. The part may have to be recast. No, Joan, it is no good. It is the judgment of Heaven on me. I pretended I had forgotten, and Heaven has made my lie a truth."

He leant against the wall of wood, and covered his face with his hands.

"You must not give way like this, Ralph!" Joan Endermine exclaimed. "We have the whole night before us—the whole, perhaps, of to-morrow. We must work like slaves—it may be some little thing that we can put right. Come into the house; we'll fetch the plans in here, and lights—all the lights we can get."

She caught her husband by the arm, and he laughed.

"I did not wish to make the thing—I ought never to have listened to you—I have been punished."

She leant forward and looked at his white face. "Ralph!" she cried, hoarsely, "you have not—no, I cannot believe that you—"

"No, I wouldn't do that, Joan—I wouldn't play that trick on the woman I love. I've done my best—tried my hardest, and I'll go on trying. As you say, we have the whole night before us."

They made their way to the house, and returned with the plans, a table, and two lamps. Joan made another journey and brought more lights, which she placed on a shelf that ran round the interior of the shed at a height of six feet from the ground.

"Now then," she said, quietly, "we've got to find this error. You've got to remember, Ralph. I'm not going to disturb you. You must be alone and think."

HOUR after hour passed, and Ralph Lowick pored over the plans on the table, checking every detail, measuring, calculating, rising every few minutes from his seat, and examining the machine, inch by inch, and section by section. Joan, powerless to help, sat outside in the moonlight and stared at the dark walls of rock that rose against the moonlit sky. Her thoughts were far away from the scene of peace and silence, and in her mind she saw the conflict of armies, and heard the roar of artillery and the clash of steel.

The moon sank in the west, and there was darkness save for the glow of light in the shed where Ralph fought his stern and silent battle against forgetfulness. But Joan did not move from her place by the water's edge. She rested her chin on her hands and stared into the night. It was chilly, but her brain was on fire, and she did not feel the cold.

Hour after hour Ralph Lowick worked with compass, and rule and pencil. Sheet after sheet of paper were covered with calculations and flung aside. Then at last he finished. He had checked everything, was quite certain that he had made no mistake, that he had done all it was possible to do.

"It must be the vibration bar," he said to himself. "I've got the metals wrong, the proportion wrong. The slightest error—"

He went through the figures again and checked off the names of the metals. Knowing the importance of this part of the machinery, he had made the bar himself, melting the metals in a crucible, heated by an oxy-hydrogen jet.

"They've given me the wrong stuff," he said to himself. "That must be it. Adulteration! It's the curse of the age. Well, I've done all—"

Joan entered the shed. Her face was very white and there were dark rings under her eyes.

"I can't find the error," Ralph Lowick said, rising from his chair. "It must be the vibration bar. If it isn't, I've forgotten—that's all—I've forgotten. Nothing can be done."

"There are lights at the mouth of the fiord," she answered, wearily—"the port and starboard lights of a vessel. She is coming in, I think."

"It's the ship we chartered," he replied. "Well, I suppose we may as well put the machine on board. She's before her time, Joan; and we—we're rather late."

"Hadn't we better put out the lamps, dear?"

"Yes; it might not be the Odin after all. We had better be careful."

One by one the lights were extinguished, and Ralph closed the door of the shed. Then husband and wife made their way to the landing-stage. The lights were moving swiftly towards them—port and starboard lights, and the yellow gleam from a mast-head. Nothing else was visible.

Five minutes later the vessel slowed down, and there was the sound of a chain running out from the hawse-pipe. The ship was not more than a cable's length from the landing-stage.

"Is that the Odin?" shouted Lowick.

"Ay, ay; show a light, will you?"

Lowick fetched a lantern, lit it, and stood at the edge of the wharf.

"Go into the house, Joan," he said, as he heard the noise of oars; "these fellows are a rough lot, and there may be language you won't care to hear."

She made her way back to the house, but before she reached the door she heard a shout and the sharp report of a rifle shot. She turned and ran towards the landing-stage.

"Ralph!" she cried, as she came up to a small group of men. "Ralph!" Then she saw him, white-faced, and straining forward, with terror in his eyes. His arms were gripped on either side by two British blue-jackets.

An officer interposed himself. "He is unhurt, madam," he said, quietly. "The shot was only to make him heave-to, so to speak."

"What is the meaning of this—this outrage?" she faltered.

"We have orders to take you both to England, Mrs. Lowick. We have been looking for you for some time—both you and the machine you have, I believe, just finished."

"Have you authority?" she demanded, fiercely. "This is Norwegian soil; if the Norwegian Government—"

"Oh, we must risk that," he laughed, pleasantly. "And now, madam, if there is anything you'd like to take away from your house—we shall have nearly an hour. I expect. I've got to bring the Firefly alongside the wharf."

Two hours later the torpedo destroyer slid seawards out of the fiord, and turned her nose south to Rosyth. Lieutenant Edwards, who was in command, saw himself as the saviour of his country, if he wasn't blown out of the water by a German shell.

Lowick had not thought it necessary to tell him that the heavy deal box regarded as an engine of destruction was of less use than a threshing-machine.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVEN a country that is fighting for its very existence as a nation has time to think of its own internal affairs. Trams and trains run as usual; the post is delivered according to schedule times; the milkman goes on his daily rounds; golf is played by elderly men on inland courses; men fight each other in the law courts; the thief is caught and sentenced; the murderer is tried and condemned to death.

In one of the cells of Sinchester Gaol Ralph Lowick awaited his trial for the murder of John

Corodale. After all he had gone through, after all he had seen and suffered, the death of this man seemed but a trivial incident in the events of the past few months. Amid the roar and shock of war it seemed of infinitesimal importance. But Lowick knew now that his life was in danger, that his defence was weak, and that unless he could come forward and save England from destruction, he would, in all probability, be condemned to death. The law is supposed to take cognizance of nothing but evidence; but in this particular case, where the evidence was all against the criminal, there was a possibility of a free pardon, if that pardon could save a people from the humiliation and the horror of fighting a foreign foe on their own soil.

"Poor Joan!" he thought, as he rested his chin on his hands, and stared at the blank wall of his cell. "If I could only pretend that I knew and would not speak. But that would be worse than the gallows. People would beat down the prison walls and tear me limb from limb if I said that I could save England and would not do so."

His thoughts were interrupted by the entrance of a warder, who stood aside to let an elderly gentleman pass into the cell. Lowick recognized his visitor, though he had never set eyes on him before. It was no less a person than the Secretary of State for War. He knew what was coming, and felt unequal to the conflict.

"**M**R. LOWICK," said the elderly gentleman, when they were alone, "the mere fact that I have come here myself to see you is, I think, proof that my business is very urgent. I have come to implore you—not to save yourself, for I think you are a man who would do what he believed to be right, even if he could save his life by doing wrong—I have come to implore you not to save yourself, but to save your country. An hour ago the Germans and Russians landed a strong force between Harwich and Clacton, and they are holding the coast-line while an Army corps is being poured into Essex. I am patriotic enough, Heaven knows, but I firmly believe that before a week is over there will be half a million men within a day's march of London."

"I can do nothing," Lord H—, Lowick replied, slowly. "I said as much to your secretary the day before yesterday. You have my plans and the machine, and I would gladly help you if I could. Great Heavens, my Lord, I have a wife whom I love! Do you think I'd be parted from her if I could do anything to free myself?"

"I cannot believe that you have forgotten, Mr. Lowick."

Lowick shrugged his shoulders. "You must believe what you like, my Lord," he said, in a low voice.

For half an hour Lord H— talked and pleaded, as a criminal might plead to his judge. Then he confessed himself beaten, and walked to the door.

"You know what this means, Mr. Lowick," he said. "You are by your own confession guilty of the death of Mr. Corodale. You will be sentenced to be hanged. It is in my power to save you—after the sentence."

"I wish," said Lowick, quietly, "that I could avail myself of your kindness, but it is—well, it is physically impossible. I killed John Corodale in order to save my secret from falling into the hands of another nation. In that, at any rate, I did a service to my country."

"It is said, Mr. Lowick, that you killed Corodale in order to prevent your secret from falling into the hands of the Government. However, there is no need to talk of that now."

He left the cell, and Ralph Lowick was alone. The young man knitted his fingers together, and stared sullenly at the floor.

"If I could prove John Corodale's guilt," he said to himself, "that might save me."

He buried his face in his hands, and his shoulders quivered. The shadow of death was in his lonely cell. And the image of Joan was there, too; and the thought of her was more terrible than the shadow of death.

There were not many people in the court when the Judge put on his black cap and sentenced Lowick to be hanged by the neck till he was dead.

The English Army, fighting valiantly against terrific odds, had been driven back on Sinchester, and that sleepy old country town had become the centre of a line of defence that stretched for twelve miles to the north and south of it. Most of its peaceful inhabitants had fled further inland, for there was talk of abandoning the position, and shells were already bursting on the outskirts of the place.

The law, however, grim and relentless, had taken
(Continued on page 28.)

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

A Strange Capture and How Liberation was Brought About.

By ALAN SULLIVAN

AS the Bishop mounted his pulpit the congregation of St. Cyprian's settled itself to hear him. The lights sank into a modulated glow through which the white altar shone and amid a delicate tracery of carving the great organ gleamed like a forest of golden shafts. It was all a fitting framing for the magnificent figure of the prelate whose deep voice searched the furthest cloistered recesses of his cathedral.

This day's address was the penultimate of a series that had rivetted the attention of a thinking city. The Bishop was in arms. The church was menaced, as it had never been threatened for centuries, by a creed that spread with insistent rapidity, striking at the roots of all he held dear; his fighting blood was up and St. Cyprian's drew as with a magnet the brains and power of the city to hear him. He was master there, one might read it in the waves of hushed emotion that spread at his feet, in the tense figures and parted lips that followed him.

Now he was potent with his message and it grew in intensity as he neared his conclusion:

"You may weigh and measure the stars," rolled the great voice, "you may girdle the world with steel and flame and electricity; you may solve mysteries that have baffled the ages, but for your soul's salvation you must accept the unseen God. You may conquer the habitable earth, but you must be conquered by the Spirit.

"The false prophets of a false creed who have knocked at your doors hold with the Persian poet who sang:

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go."

"My people, can you believe that life ends all?" Leaning forward, vibrant with eloquence, appealing and compelling, his voice softened into a depth of tenderness: "Ask it of the worship in your children's eyes, of the love that has transformed the world. In the quiet lapses of time when unutterable questions come, ask then if we are born to meet and greet, to love and die, and this alone."

The keen wedge of his argument had entered the hearts of many. They forgot all save what lay behind the cloud; he had set them face to face with their own souls.

In the vestry a verger brought him a note, and he opened it mechanically, weary from the intense strain of the service. The note was unsigned and begged that he would come forthwith to visit the writer on a matter of immediate importance—a carriage awaited. He was hesitating when he noticed that the note bore the address of a house on a nearby street off the avenue; a street traversed almost daily between his rooms and the cathedral.

He shook off a sudden sense of depression and went out. A brougham stood by the curb, the coachman touched his hat, and the bishop entering, was driven rapidly to a house whose exterior was well known to him. Mounting to a pair of wrought-iron doors that swung open at his approach, a footman in reproachless garb ushered him through other massive doors into a spacious library, and said respectfully: "The Master awaits you, sir."

The Bishop with interest surveyed an admirably proportioned room. It was lofty and lit entirely by a skylight; the colouring was subdued and restful, the walls were lined with books and engravings, a large writing table stood in the centre and a fire was crackling on the hearth. At the far end, through an open partition, he saw what was evidently a bedroom, and this also was lighted from above.

His cursory glance was ended by a step at the door by which he had entered, and a man of middle age and peculiarly interesting appearance stood before him. The Master was about forty-five years, slight, rather below middle height, dressed with scrupulous care and exactitude—his face keen and intelligent, and his eyes extraordinarily bright and liquid, the pupils contracting and expanding with great rapidity. He spoke with a nervous, apologetic decision, and asked his visitor to be seated.

"Cultured mentality; somewhat over concert pitch," thought the latter, regarding him keenly.

The Master stood over the fire and with one nervous hand on the mantel, said, "Bishop, for the liberty I have taken and am about to take, I must express my sincere regret." Here his listener raised a deprecating hand and the master continued. "In me you behold the leader of that school of modern thought, to which you have referred within an hour as pseudo-science." He hesitated a little and the Bishop broke in:

"The subject is rather large to be disposed of here and now, my time is not my own to-day, but if there is any way in which I can be of immediate service, pray command me."

"Your presence is and will be of the greatest service, I assure you, Bishop," said the master, smiling. "The main difficulty we have experienced here, has been the extraordinary influence exerted by the series of addresses you have been giving, all of which have been attentively heard by my brother and myself."

The Bishop regarded him complacently and the



Drawn by Leonard P. Lowson.

Found the golden cross that hung from the neck of his new friend.

level voice went on: "We have felt, for some time, that our cause, which is that of the true happiness of man, cannot be more actively furthered without the help of certain individuals in this city, who by means of their social and especially financial standing, can place it where we wish and intend to see it placed. This assistance cannot be obtained in the face of your influence. We therefore are regretfully compelled to remove that influence for such time as is necessary for our purposes.

His auditor stared blankly at him, as he added, "I beg that for the next few days you will consider yourself the guest of the Doctrine of Reason."

The Bishop rose. "You are as crazy as your creed," he said, angrily.

The master's lips then twitched. "Oh, don't put it that way. Will you not call it a friendly visit in the interests of science?"

The prelate stared. Here, in his own city—whose sounds came faintly to his ear—kidnapped—he, the Bishop—preposterous!

The master's mood changed a little: "I cannot wait upon you further," he said, shortly. "I would like to present my brother, to whose charge I commit you, he will interest you." In a moment the

hall door opened and a man entered. The Bishop gazed at the newcomer with a gasp of astonishment. Nature had used the same mould in fashioning them both. In appearance, in height, in expression, he was the Bishop's double. There were the same massive shoulders, the same strong, thick, grey hairs. He had the Bishop's clean-cut, forceful features, so identical that even the Master looked from him to the other with wonder in his eyes. He had the direct penetrating episcopal glance, and even his manner of standing was that of the Bishop. There was one only difference—his eyes were grey, while the Bishop's were blue.

"You will see that our guest lacks nothing," said the Master, and, turning to the Bishop, "you will find some rather unique first editions on the walls. I trust the days will not hang heavy."

The door closed behind him. It had all happened so quickly and yet so definitely, that the Bishop felt as if every argument, remonstrance and threat, had been answered before it was voiced. His eyes rested on those of his silent double: "Sir," he said, "I am at a loss to know how your cause can profit by this."

The brother seemed not unprepared, and replied in a voice, the echo of the Bishop's own, "I regret, sir, as much as the Master, the course we are obliged to pursue. We have considered the consequences and the most serious which occurs to us is the possible derangement of some of your diocesan affairs. You may, however, avoid this, by co-operation with us."

"Co-operate with you after this insult? Never!" "Let me remind you, that so far as the public goes, your diocese need not be without its head."

"Do you suggest that I should use a pair of unscrupulous bandits as my medium?"

"I only wish to say, sir, that any communications you wish to send will be forwarded, so far as they do not tend to shorten your visit. I suggest that you send word to your house-keeper, that you have retired for a few days' rest from diocesan cares."

The Bishop pondered. There was nothing vital to be provided for, except the final sermon. Could the time be better employed than in preparation? The church militant in the man asserted itself, and, his face relaxing into a grim smile, he stepped to the table and wrote a short note, asking for fresh linen and clothes and saying that he would be occupied for the immediate future. This he handed to his double and once again the heavy doors closed.

His rooms were explored with intense curiosity. The hall doors opened only from without. The bedroom was replete with every convenience, and the library was evidently the collection of a literature of no mean order. The place was eminently comfortable, and, not the least interesting was a pile of papers containing verbatim reports of his recent sermons, heavily scored and paragraphed. The sight of them brought home his extraordinary position, and as the chimes of St. Cyprian's fell faintly on his ear, infinitely distant and removed, he stepped quickly to the door and threw against it the weight of his powerful shoulders.

It did not yield a fraction of an inch, but waiting for a moment in puzzled helplessness, it swung open and the brother stood without in respectful attention.

"Bishop," he said, quickly, "I beg of you to make my duties as mutually agreeable as possible.

Your lunch awaits you," and the same blank-faced footman appeared with a well-laden tray.

The radiance of a perfect winter's day filtered down through the broad sky-light, as the Bishop woke, after a night of dreamless forgetfulness. That startling Sunday seemed very unreal and very distant until his surroundings forced themselves to his attention with gentle insistence—an insistence that took point when a quiet voice came from behind the heavy curtains. "When you wish, Bishop, breakfast will be served."

He turned on his pillow—it was real then—his curiosity, his pride, his courage, all were piqued.

"In half an hour, if you please," he said, and within the time left his bed-room bathed and refreshed and keen to meet the day.

The library had been garnished anew. Flowers smiled on the tables, a fresh fire greeted him with subdued crackling. His breakfast was dainty and appetizing, and as he rose from the table the great door of his imprisonment opened ever so little and closed behind a small boy about ten years old, who advanced timidly with an armful of morning papers.

The Bishop smiled his welcome and from one to the other sped that subtle thrill of understanding which most big men and little children have in common. His knee was inviting, and, perched upon it, the boy responded readily: "Father sent them, sir, and hopes you slept well."

(Continued on page 26.)

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

There is a lady customs officer at Brockville, who is detecting feminine smugglers. She'll never get a gold watch for being the most popular girl at the picnic.

King William has once more crossed the River Boyne.

Colonel George T. Denison did not see the Coronation, after all. Well, what do you think of that?

Several mummies aged three thousand years escaped injury in the fire at Victoria College. What a tragedy if they had been killed!

Mr. R. L. Borden must have made some impression in the West, since the Liberal journals are beginning to call him names.

Newfoundland is ready to subsidize a line of steamers between that colony and Ireland. Sir Edward Morris is "the man for Galway."

The raspberry crop has turned out a lemon.

The Welshmen of Montreal sent a patriotic greeting to the Prince of Wales on his investiture. It was chiefly consonants, and made the minutes of an ordinary Gaelic Society look like kindergarten work.

The Evening Telegram, of Toronto, is suffering from asphyxiation and other simple ailments. One of the Orange bands played "O Canada" on the twelfth.

Judge Morson allows fight pictures to be exhibited in Ontario. This is likely to have a disastrous effect on the Universal Peace movement.

The last rose of summer is now on the ice.

The Mayor of Ottawa was personally, but not officially, de-lighted to see Sir Wilfrid at home once more.

A Poor Memory.—They were watching the moonlight on Lake Ontario, and he was quoting verses from Omar Khayyam. From the poets they drifted to personalities, and he finally made a reference to their happiness the summer before.

"Last summer?" she echoed innocently. "Why, were you here last summer?"

"Was I here?" he repeated in indignation. "Why, we were engaged."

She looked at him dreamily for a moment. "Oh, so we were. But I always had a wretched memory for faces."

Sleeping In.—A couple of men, who don't get down to work till nine o'clock, were talking the other day about the trouble of getting up in the morning, and one of them told what he considers the funniest remark he had heard concerning that trouble.

It appears that one cold morning last winter in a barber shop in a Western Ontario town, a man who looked pretty tired said, "Say, I tell you I felt like sleeping in this morning."

"What time do you usually get up?" he was asked.

"I'm a milkman," he said, "and I usually get up at 4.30."

The idea of a man who gets up at that time on a winter morning talking of "sleeping in" struck the man who rises late as being mighty funny.

"That man would have to lie half a day longer before talking about 'sleeping in,'" he said.

Blaming the Reporter.—There is a certain kind of humour which wins its way more surely than any other policy. Sir John Macdonald was a master in its use, and seldom resorted to it in vain. On one occasion Sir John delivered an address, which, for some mysterious reason, was slightly incoherent. The following day, a newspaper man called on him and diffidently showed him certain notes

which he had taken of the speech.

Sir John surveyed the notes for a moment and then turned to the reporter in a kind and fatherly manner.

"Young man, will you let me give you a word of advice?"

"Certainly, Sir John," said the flattered scribe.

"Well, don't ever try to report one of my speeches unless you are sure that you are perfectly sober. Now, I'll tell you what I really did say."

And the young reporter was wise enough to say "thank you."

Revised Rhymes.

Little drops of water

And a stretch of sand,

Make the sweet hotel bill

Mount to figures grand.

Sing a song of picnics,

A sandwich and some pies!

And a glass of lemonade

With some struggling flies!

A Bright Boy.—In most regular lines of work the old hands usually try to play some joke on each new boy that starts in at the business. That bank clerks are no exception to this rule was indicated by a joke played on the new "junior" in a bank in Collingwood.

The youngster was sent out to a merchant to collect two dollars on a draft, and he got back to the bank with two American silver dollars.

"Where did you get those cart-wheels?" asked the collection clerk. "Don't you know that they're worth only forty-eight cents each?"

The boy looked badly scared.

"Better take them to the accountant," said the collection clerk, with a wink at that official. "But I guess he can't do anything for you."

"No, only worth forty-eight cents each," said the accountant.

The boy was still more frightened, so he took the big silver pieces home, intending to turn in two bills if he could persuade his father to let him have the bills.

Next morning the youngster turned in two Canadian bills. He had a big parcel under his arm, and he proudly exhibited to the clerks a great collection of ties, stockings and other things to wear.

"Say," he said with a smile, "I put a good one over on that store-keeper down the line. I got him to give me two dollars worth of stuff for those old cart-wheels."

WHEN THE JOKE WAS ON ME

Mr. Thomas McNutt, who represents Saltcoats, Sask., in the Dominion Parliament, has been employing the days since the House rose in a reciprocity campaign in his district. He has been finding great enthusiasm in favour of freer trade relations with the United States.

At one of the meetings he made what he considers the best speech of his life, and he seemed to carry his audience with him in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. At the close of the meeting he asked that all those in favour of reciprocity stand up. With the exception of a man near the front, everybody rose.

Afterwards Mr. McNutt asked a local man why the man who had kept his seat was opposed to reciprocity.

"He's not opposed," was the answer. "He's one of the most enthusiastic grain growers of this section."

"Why didn't he stand up, then?" asked Mr. McNutt.

"Well, the truth is," said the local man, "that he went to sleep in the midst of your address, and didn't wake up in time to stand with the rest."

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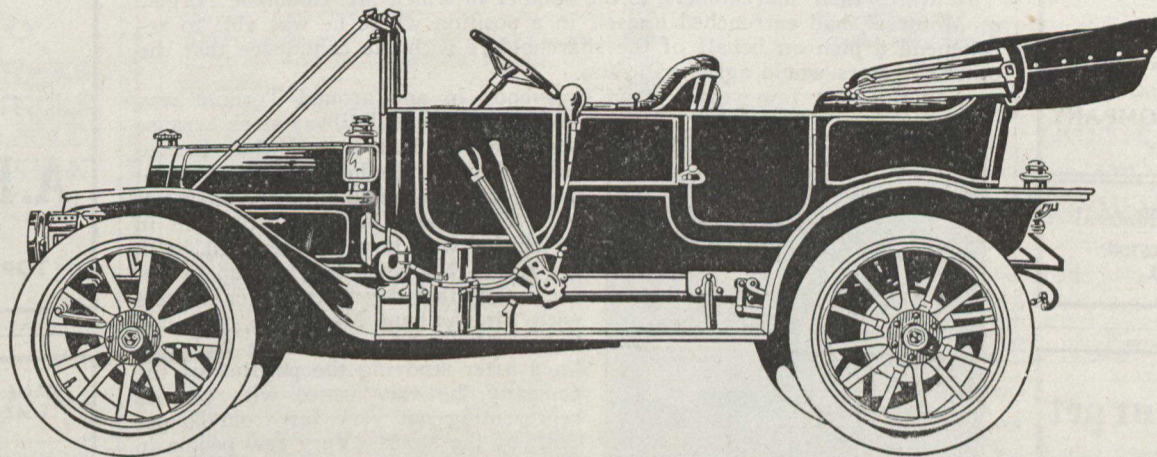
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The Reo is not only the liveliest car of its class in all Canada—but the most capable, the most competent, under Canadian road conditions. Reo Touring Car or Reo Roadster—either one says: "Goodbye, I must be going" to any car it meets of approximate horsepower or price. Many motor cars, like many men, have a good deal of latent power which goes to waste. Every ounce of power the Reo motor makes—it uses. The wheels get it all—none of it gets away. The Reo is never an idler; it never shirks—it is busy getting there every minute that it is in action. Go where you will in the farthest corners of the American continent—there is the busy, industrious Reo; the cheerful, willing servant of some enthusiastic owner. It has never met Canadian conditions that baffled or discouraged it. You will find it at the very outposts of civilization—but rendering no better service, there, than it is rendering every day in crowded city streets. The Reo owner gets all the good out of his car that there is in it—and the supply never runs short.

The experienced motorist will be quick to see in the light yet sturdy construction of the Reo, a tremendous saving in fuel, oil, tires, and those parts of a car which ordinarily suffer from shock or continued strain. A marvellous hill climber, the Reo possesses in the highest degree those qualities which are indispensable for easy riding over rough or new roads. Thoroughly satisfying on city pavements, it gives the same feeling of buoyancy and reserve power under conditions which try to their uttermost cars of even higher rating. The Reo owner does not buy any weight which does not bring him return in comfort. He is not punished with the upkeep expense of weight which hampers and reduces his car's speed, endurance, and general usefulness. The Reo is all car—all comfort, power, and reliability—that's why it easily shows its tail light to other cars less scientifically designed and built.

It is a quick, flexible, ready, economical, easily-managed car. It is of unequalled endurance, and yet it is easily maintained, because it carries not one pound of unnecessary weight. It will do things that will frighten a car of more horsepower and larger carrying capacity—and go places where the other car can't follow. What you want in a motor car is efficiency; because efficiency, of course, means economy; and that is what the Reo gives you every minute and every hour of the day. The St. Catharines plant is ready to serve all Canada at any time and at all times. It does not need to refer to the Reo record on the other side of the border. It rests its claims for your consideration on Canadian records and Canadian results. Hundreds of Canadian farmers and ranchmen are now driving the Reo—but some day there will be thousands. The sooner you investigate the Reo, the sooner your Reo day will come—from every standpoint it will win your loyal affection.

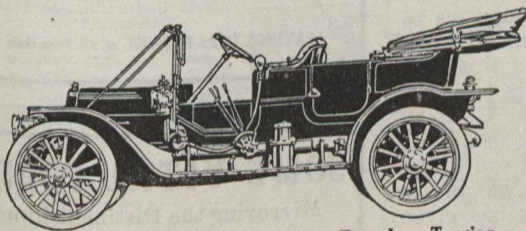
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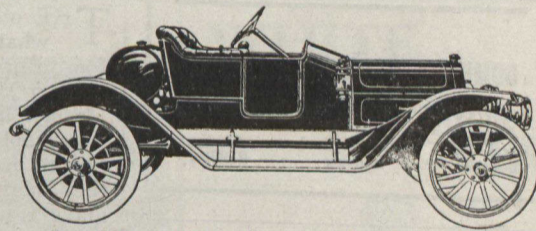
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Springs—Front half-elliptic. Rear, three-quarter elliptic.	Horsepower—30.	Transmission—Selective swinging type.	Water Capacity—3½ gallons.
Axles—Front, I-beam drop-forged, Timken roller-bearing spindle. Rear, tubular, roller-bearing spindle.	Cooling System—Water-jackets, tubular radiator in honey-comb pattern, direct to exhaust valves.	Gear Changes—Three forward and reverse.	Steering—Gear and sector.
gear, High-Duty roller-bearings at wheel.	Valves—Mechanically operated and protected.	Drive—Shaft, universal joints, encased in oil.	Speed—50 miles per hour.
Wheels—34-in.	Carburetor—Automatic, with hot-air intake.	Clutch—Multiple-disc, with positive release.	Equipment—Three oil lamps, two gas lamps, generator, horn, complete tool and tire outfit.
Tires—34-in. x 3½-in. Dunlop or Goodyear quick detachable, with Goodyear rims.	Ignition—Low-tension magneto, with auxiliary batteries, jump spark.	Brakes—Two on rear wheel, internal and external, 14-in. diameter drums.	Passenger Capacity—Touring-Car, five. Roadster, two.
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PROBABLY the most interesting feature in connection with the complete change in the attitude of the Toronto Railway Company directors towards their shareholders, is the manner in which Mr. Rodolphe Forget, of Montreal, had entrenched himself in a position where he was able to recommend a plan on behalf of the shareholders with the confidence that the other directors would agree with him.



MR. RODOLPHE FORGET.

For the past few years, when everybody in and around Toronto was knocking Toronto Railway stock because the company had a somewhat limited franchise, Mr. Rodolphe Forget went quietly ahead accumulating the stock not only for himself, but for institutions in which he was largely interested, with the result that when he came up to Toronto the other day to talk over matters with Sir William Mackenzie, and laid before him a plan which he had outlined after studying the position of the company, he was armed with proxies representing not very far from 75 per cent. of the stock. Very few people in Toronto ever dreamed that such a very large percentage of the outstanding stock of the Toronto Railway Company was held in Montreal, and throughout the Province of Quebec, and of the particularly strong financial position of the Toronto Railway Company to-day. It is just another case of the outsider being better able to appreciate just what the possibilities were.

One of Rodolphe Forget's greatest talents seems to be that he is able to quickly work out plans that, in addition to being entirely feasible, are found on investigation even more attractive than they seemed at first sight. And see what he did in the case of Toronto Railway. He had it all figured out that for years past the railway had been paying out to the City of Toronto and putting back into betterments from surplus earnings from two to three times as much as they had paid the shareholders, the real owners of the property. To be more exact, Mr. Forget took the company's statement for 1910 and showed that, in the first place, the company had paid to the City of Toronto \$727,480.20, and in the second, had a surplus, after the payment of dividends, which was put back into plant of \$651,159.95, a total of close to \$1,400,000, while the total dividends paid at the rate of 7 per cent. had amounted to \$560,000. As he pointed out, the city had come first, the surplus and improvements second, and the shareholders last, and that the same thing had been going on for years past, in fact, ever since the company's franchise had been secured twenty years ago. It was time, he pointed out, that the shareholders, who have so patiently waited for some return, should meet with some consideration, and it was because of the large amount of the surplus earnings that had gone back into plant that he recommended \$1,000,000 stock bonus, being the equivalent of one share of new stock for every eight shares of old. In addition he proposed to provide for future improvements in equipment by the issue of \$2,000,000 additional stock to shareholders at par, and recommended the increase of the dividend rate from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent. Seeing that the total amount that the Toronto Railway is now paying to the City of Toronto represents practically 4 per cent. on the total debt of the city, it can be seen just how well the city is coming out of the bargain with the Railway Company, and it was well-nigh time that the shareholders should receive some consideration.

* * *

Carrying Stocks for Friends.

THE other day a discussion arose on the Montreal Stock Exchange as to what big trader was in the habit of carrying the largest amount of stock for different friends, and it was almost unanimously voted that in this connection Mr. C. R. Hosmer was in a class all by himself. For years past Mr. Hosmer has been in the habit of helping different employees of the C. P. R. Telegraph Co. and other business acquaintances who might not be in a position to operate in the market, by taking on some stock for them, in order that they might have an opportunity, when some particular movement was on, to make a nice little profit. In this way it is believed Mr. Hosmer has given hundreds of young people a start on the path to make money, but, all the time, he has been a strong adviser against speculating in any shape or form, always insisting that it is the best in the end to buy a smaller amount of stock and pay for what you take than to assume the obligation of a larger block with a very scant margin.

* * *

New High Level for Montreal Power.

ONE of the outstanding features of the list of sales on the Montreal Stock Exchange recently has been Montreal Light, Heat and Power, locally referred to as "Power." One does not have to be very old to recall when Power was selling down in the sixties. This was only in 1903, the lowest point the stock ever sold at being 63¾. This low point may have been touched somewhere about the time the company's Chambly power dam was carried away. Subsequently this power plant has been supplemented by other plants, so that the company is well provided against eventualities. Although the stock had advanced practically to par a couple of years later, 1907 saw it down once more below 80.

There were years during which the stock was more or less avoided by the "street," declines having so frequently taken place when advances had been predicted. Those who have stuck to Power, however, are now coming into their own. In 1908 the market advanced from around 85 to 113. The following year it reached \$136, and last year \$161. During the past month it sold up to the vicinity of \$175.

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TOWN TALK

IN real estate business there are two kinds of town talk. Both have points of interest. One deals with land as bought by merchants and mechanics for their own use, and the other deals with land as bought by large or small capitalists as an investment.

When a merchant or mechanic buys a town lot in a western townsite, he begins at once to erect a store, workshop, or home. He is the kind of buyer that the western people love. They admire the capitalist and the speculator, but the real hero is the man who joins the town as a citizen.

Small merchants and mechanics are flocking into the western provinces at a tremendous rate. Every farming settlement containing five hundred people must have a small village in its midst to supply it with a doctor, a lawyer, a dentist, a photographer, a druggist, a barber, a harness maker, a newspaper publisher, a painter, a veterinary surgeon, in addition to the usual run of bankers, traders, and general dealers in merchandise. As that farming settlement grows, the village grows. Its growth is composed of the new merchants and mechanics who come in, buy a town lot, erect a building, and commence business.

Nor is this migration of business and professional men into the west a movement of small proportions. Last year the Canadian Pacific Railway alone established forty new towns along its lines. Mr. F. T. Griffin, land commissioner of that railway, has prepared a little booklet of "Town Talk," in which he estimates that in these fifty towns two thousand new businesses were opened up within twelve months. He believes that there will be as many this year. He is on a ceaseless hunt for men with some capital, who will go out to one of these new towns and set up in business as a dentist, druggist, tinsmith, blacksmith, and so on. The other railways are opening up new towns also, and it is safe to say that at least six thousand new businesses are to be opened up on new town lots every year in the western country.

Mr. Griffin places the average price of a business lot at \$300, and of a residential lot at \$100. Most new business men will buy both. Therefore, these six thousand new business men will invest every year in town lots alone the magnificent sum of \$2,400,000. This is for their land alone. After that comes the erection of stores, and the buying of the necessary tools and merchandise.

Mr. Griffin also points out that the attractive feature of beginning business in a new town in the west is that not a dollar has to be paid for "good will" or trade connections. The young man with limited capital gets a business at once which he doesn't pay for. It is a new business, created by himself and the community.

A young man starting in the east would necessarily have to meet well-established competition, or pay a considerable sum for the good will of a going business or practice. In the new towns in the West it is quite different. They don't sell established businesses there. There are too many opportunities to create new ones, and to create them with very little capital. In a country where they open up fifteen new towns every month, the energetic young man doesn't need to buy out an old business.

Any person interested in this phase of western life would do well to write Mr. Griffin at Winnipeg for a copy of this little pamphlet, which is issued free. Like other Canadian Pacific publications, it is packed full of information and suggestions.

There are dangers in buying town lots from private parties or companies, although in most cases the buyer gets fair treatment. There are no dangers in buying real estate from the land commissioners of the railway companies. The advice they give the public may be tinged with optimism, but it is absolutely above suspicion.

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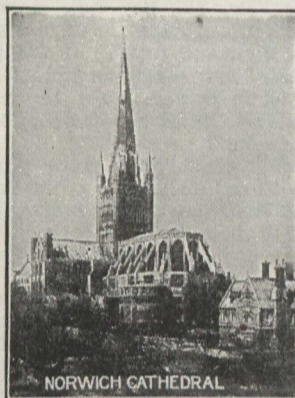
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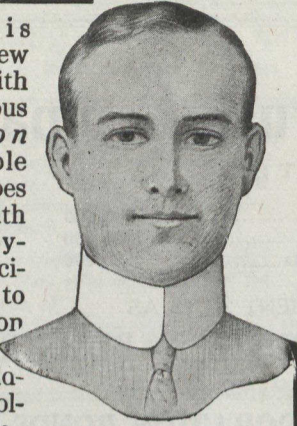
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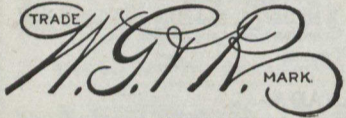
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PALE ALE

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM

(Continued from page 12.)

"Thank you, laddie, I hope you did, too."

The boy's fingers had found the golden cross that hung from the neck of his new friend.

"Why do you wear this? Isn't it beautiful!"

"Because I am a Bishop, most Bishops wear them."

"Are you a Bishop? Do you preach? I want to preach."

Nothing loath, the prelate became a boy again, and constituted a most attentive congregation, while the newly-elected Bishop harangued his flock from the corner of a leather pulpit.

The service concluded, the congregation was asked if it was nice to be a Bishop. The query was a reminder that the office had developed certain inconveniences, typical rather of the middle ages than of the 20th century, when a gentle knock sounded at the door.

"Come in," he said, and a lady appeared on the threshold. The boy sprang from the pulpit towards her. "Mother, mother!"

She was a woman approaching middle age, of medium height and extremely intellectual appearance. She had the same type of face as the Master, but her lips were fuller, and there were faint lines about her tired though kindly eyes. There was the same refinement, the same reserve, but here was also an unspoken appeal. The Bishop studied her with unusual interest.

"I fear, sir, the boy has wearied you. He had not permission to stay," she said, her hand resting on the fair head pressed close against her.

The Bishop bowed. "On the contrary, madam, he is a welcome visitor. Your son, I presume?"

"Our only child," her voice was a caress. Then anticipating anything he might say, she added, facing him bravely: "I beg you not to ask him or myself any questions. I know what you must feel and think, but believe me, it is better for you and so much better for me," her voice broke, and her eyes faltered before the Bishop's steady gaze.

She had made the one appeal he was bound to respect. "I assure you," he said hastily, "that I should be the last to add to the difficulties of the enigma, which must very shortly solve itself. You understand, of course, that this cannot last."

"I understand nothing sir," was the low reply. "All I can do is to care for your comfort so far as possible. Would you like the boy to come again?"

"You could confer no greater favour, madam," said the Bishop, and the heavy doors closed as mother and child left him hand in hand.

He scanned the papers rapidly. All contained, with other Church news, an appreciative resume of his Sunday address, and also a paragraph, the insertion of which he had not authorized, to the effect that on the following Sunday would be given the concluding sermon of the series.

This item had evidently been inserted by his captors to maintain the public interest, and his personal liberty by that date would mean they had secured the assistance against which he himself had been the only barrier. He reflected that a cause whose success depended upon the removal of his own personality must be a tottering one, and the very means adopted for its aid would surely lead to headlong ruin.

The more he thought the more clear the way appeared, unbalanced fanaticism was his summing up, and the hours were spent blocking out with masterly analysis what he felt would be a final and unanswerable appeal.

As the days went by in isolated effort the boy's sunny presence afforded admirable relief. The royal austerity of the lonely Bishop thawed and quickened at the sound of a childish voice. Good friends from the very first, they were soon devoted, till the inner chambers of the man's heart opened to the touch of childish fingers,

and there went out to him, that strong fibre of attachment woven best by the weak and helpless of the world, and as Sunday approached again, the Bishop realized that there was one phase of this extraordinary occurrence which he would remember with real affection.

On Saturday morning, the brother entered the library in response to the Bishop's summons:

"I assume, sir," said the latter, "that I may expect my freedom to-day?"

The brother smiled slightly. "I have not been so instructed."

"Then what am I to make of this?" demanded the Bishop, pointing to the paragraph announcing his sermon on the following day.

"I regret sir, that my answer must appear to show a certain lack of consideration for your feelings. That paragraph is perfectly correct."

"I fail to understand."

"My dear sir, I more than ever regret that it is my duty to explain a situation which I see you have not grasped, and in hearing my explanation I beg you first to believe that the leader of this order would not adopt a course of action the effect of which you could absolutely destroy in five minutes. The paragraph you saw is perfectly correct. The final sermon will be delivered to-morrow, but not by yourself. It will be my humble but most inadequate effort. The composition itself, has been prepared by the Master. It will touch briefly on the points you have already illuminated, but will show the probability of these very arguments leading to a conclusion much at variance with that toward which your eloquence has led. It furthermore will close the subject, so that the congregation will realize that your week of solitary reflection has brought to you the truth of a doctrine you have hitherto denounced."

The Bishop's eyes blazed. Magnificent in his wrath, he advanced to the speaker and laid his great hands on his shoulders. His double stood facing him. The twin faces stared into each other—one transfigured with anger, the other passionless and calm.

"You will not attempt this outrage," thundered the Bishop. The man in him rose, he shook the other in his fury: "I demand to see your brother at once."

Almost as he spoke the Master entered. Never had the intellectual asceticism in his face been more marked, never had he displayed more admirable poise. This small, quiet man seemed the expression of a power deep and illimitable, a vitalizing force that showed itself but rarely on the surface of things.

The Bishop felt it too, and mastered himself. He saw that no revolt could avail, and these men were not to be intimidated. The whole scheme had unfolded its plan of diabolical ingenuity, but in spite of a sensation of absolute hopelessness, which every moment weighed more heavily, the thought of thousands, looking for guidance, nerved him to one ultimate effort.

"Gentlemen," he said, "since there is nothing in my creed, in the name of which I can appeal to you, and since there can be nothing in yours I would invoke, I ask you in pure reason whether you have considered the frightful consequences of the course you are about to pursue. Your claim to recognition, by the world, is based on your interpretation of its life. Is it nothing to you, that myriads of others have been born and lived, and now sleep in a belief which has lightened their days and cheered their evening hours? That countless memories and noble deeds have been inspired by it, and that it has kept step with our best civilization in the march of progress. What is your answer to all this? You may stop my mouth and strike my name from the army whose colours I bear, but there are other mouths you cannot silence, other banners you cannot debase."

He paused and then he glanced at the Master who had listened in respect-

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ful and almost sympathetic silence. "Bishop," he said, with clear precision, "in days gone by your Church used means to further its ends which would hardly be countenanced by that Church to-day, and, it may be, that in the course of time my actions will be subject to the same condemnation. All this has been considered. Your ecclesiastical fathers were sincere in their belief. I am equally sincere to-day. You assert to the faithful, their minds being hypnotized by your eloquence, the existence of something inconceivable, and in the next breath tell them that these things are too deep to be fathomed by mortal mind. You promise them, that which neither you nor any other man has proved. Believe me, Bishop, when I close your mouth, as it will be closed, your silence will speak louder than all your or my arguments, and I," here the speaker's eyes flashed, "will have taken the first step toward the dawn of the reign of Reason. I take away the intangible and the indefinite to bestow the actual and visible. Can you do better?"

These extraordinary words seemed hammers of mathematical precision, each driving home the conviction that this man's mind, however distorted, was made up to a course of action, which would be carried out to the letter, and this conviction was deepened by the passionless exactitude with which he had formulated his purpose.

The Bishop's hands fell to his side, and he racked his brain to put forward some plea for threat which might move this seemingly inflexible being.

As though reading his soul, the Master's quiet voice sounded again, like the voice of Fate—small, thin, distant, but not to be put away.

"At ten o'clock on Monday, Bishop, you will be at liberty. By that time the world will have learned of your discovery. The regret of your old friends will be lost in the welcome of the new ones you will find. I wish you good evening," and the two disappeared together.

With all this burdening his overtaxed mind, he mechanically said "Come in," and the brother re-entered with a sheaf of typewritten manuscript.

"The Master thought you might be interested in the sermon," he said, laying it on the table, and added, "I regret we shall not meet again at present, as our plans are to leave town to-morrow afternoon. We have, however, made arrangements for your comfort and your carriage has been ordered for 10 o'clock on Monday. I wish you good-bye, sir."

The Bishop did not move till he was alone, and then glanced at the manuscript. In spite of himself he read on and on as the diabolical cleverness of the thing unfolded itself. Here was life, slowly stripped not of its charm and beauty, but of its moral purpose and responsibility, an argument dangerously simple and as dangerously attractive. The development of mentality, the cutting away of mythical deadwood, the spur of material interests, all were put forward and garbed in a diction of masterly persuasiveness. His own mental processes, as evidenced in his sermons, had all been dissected and analyzed with microscopic fidelity, and all led up with apparent reason to this episcopal volte-face.

He hurled the address into the fire and was blankly watching its flames, when he recognized the boy's knock and into this world of despair came Laddie.

The blue eyes softened with quick sympathy for the bent figure in the big chair, and he climbed lovingly to his knee.

"What is it, Bishop? Why are you so sad? Has anyone hurt you?"

"Yes, boy, someone has hurt me."

"Who is it? Why did he do it? Did he mean to do it?"

"Yes, he meant to do it," said the Bishop, slowly. "He thinks he can do other people good, but I know he cannot, and that's why I am sad."

"Then is it the other people you are sorry for Bishop?"

"Laddie, Laddie, I am sorry for the whole world."

The boy saw that here was some-

thing he could not reach or understand, and with a child's quick instinct remembered his own special duties.

"You have not your evening papers, Bishop; I'll run out and get them now," and he vanished light of foot.

The unhappy man abandoned himself to despondency. He had shot his last bolt, and it had missed the mark.

Suddenly he raised his head in quick attention, and heard or thought he heard a woman's scream and the horn of a motor car sounding furiously. He waited it seemed an eternity, and then with nerves already tense and quivering, noticed that the door had been left unfastened, and, flinging it open, stood on the threshold of the long hall he had traversed nearly a week ago.

At one end he could see the faint light from the street, but the other was in darkness, and as he stood hesitating caught the faint sound of a woman's sobs.

He stepped quickly and noiselessly to the far end, and the sounds becoming more distinct, paused before a heavy curtain that hung across the entrance to a room. Lifting it aside he looked in and stood rooted with astonished grief.

On a lounge like that leather pulpit from which he had so often harangued the Bishop, lay Laddie—very white—very still, a smear of dust across his cheek, a crimson stain where the bright locks fell across his forehead. The blue eyes were shut, there was no motion as of breath and across the little body lay his mother, wailing out her heart. At the end of the couch, face buried in its depths, knelt the Master, shaking with inarticulate groans.

The Bishop's heart stood still as he looked. "Reason—Reason—Here is thine answer," he breathed. Dear God—could it have come in no other way! A little child shall lead them. "Boy, Boy—dear little Boy." The mantle of his sacred office fell over him as he stepped forward and put his hand on the Master's shoulder, and his deep voice was very gentle as he spoke. Neither the man nor the woman turned their heads, but the magic of his pleading fell like a gentle rain upon their desolation.

It is not given to mortals to speak often in their lives as the old prelate spoke then, and gradually the woman's hand stole blindly across the little body to be held convulsively in her husband's. The Bishop saw it and his voice shook a little in a last farewell of benediction. Then he bent over the still face for a moment, and went quickly out.

As he stepped into the street's free air, the man and woman raised their heads, and gazed each into the stricken face of the other, and then, their eyes resting upon Laddie, they saw upon the child's quiet breast, a little golden cross.

A New Zealand Bull.

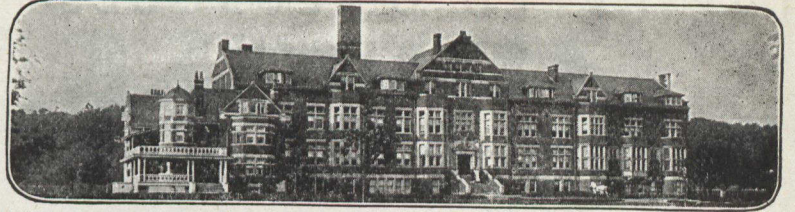
Here is a good story told by Sir Joseph Ward:

A few years ago, the Chinese in New Zealand were found to be doing a very great deal of the laundry work available, and had so thrown out of employment the women-workers in some of the laundries.

In New Zealand a laundry is a factory within the meaning of the Factories Act, and numerous restrictions for the purposes of health and for other reasons are placed upon the hours during which young girls under eighteen years of age may be employed. These provisions are extensive, and are found in the New Zealand Factories Act.

It occurred to a law-maker that he could settle the difficulty of this Chinese competition by a neat amendment in the interpretation clause of the Act above mentioned. An amendment was therefore drafted and printed, and sent with the utmost seriousness and good faith to the Crown Law Office for consideration: it contained a provision in these words:

"For the purposes of this Act (the Factories Act) a Chinaman shall be deemed to be a girl under eighteen years of age."—M. A. P.



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THE GREED OF CONQUEST

(Continued from page 20.)

its appointed course, and Ralph Lowick had been sentenced to death. The facts had been admitted, and his only defence had been the plea of justification. This defence had failed, as there had been no evidence to show either that John Corodale had had a share in the murder of Sir John Lowick, or that he had had any intention of selling the secret to a foreign nation. On the contrary, it had been proved that he had made an offer to sell the plans to the British Government, and his story about the dying man had been corroborated by circumstantial evidence. A man answering to the description given by Corodale had been found dead in one of the dykes on the marshland, and a paper containing a small section of the plans had been found in his pocket.

Neither Joan nor Mrs. Endermine was present when the words of the death sentence—the most terrible words that can ever fall from the lips of man—were spoken by the Judge. Colonel Endermine was there, and his white lips moved in prayer as he watched his son-in-law's face. Mrs. Corodale was also there, part of the time as a witness and the remainder as a spectator. There was a look of triumph in her dark, handsome eyes as she heard the sentence, and the ghost of a smile on her lips. On the bench by the Judge sat Lord H—, and he seemed very ill-at-ease. It was said that the Home Secretary was at Sinchester, but he had not put in an appearance.

"You can still save yourself," said the Secretary for War, as two hours later he stood in the condemned cell. "You have three weeks in which to try and remember. Every facility shall be given to you."

"Where is the machine?" asked Lowick, in a dull, mechanical voice.

"Here, in Sinchester. But the place may be evacuated in twenty-four hours."

"May I have the plans?"

"Yes; you are to have everything you want."

"Have those bars been made for me—those vibration bars?"

"Yes—twenty of them."

"May I try them to-night?"

"Yes. We are going to place no obstacle in your way, Mr. Lowick."

The young man was silent. In the distance there was a dull boom of big guns. "I will do what I can," he said, after a pause; "but I think, if you're wise, you'll get my sentence commuted into one of penal servitude for life."

THAT night Ralph Lowick was taken in charge of four warders to a barn on the outskirts of the town. Here he tried the vibration bars—each composed of a different combination of metals. One after another he put them in place, and pulled the levers, and peered into the darkness for the answering signal of flame. But the only replies were the distant flashes of artillery and the occasional sweep of a searchlight. One by one the experiments failed. The last bar was as useless as the first.

"I may as well go back," he said quietly to one of the warders. "I think I'd like a few hours' rest."

They led him away, and it seemed to him that the roar of artillery was nearer. Then a man passed them, running; and after him other men—in couples, singly, in groups. A hundred yards ahead a shell burst in a splash of flame.

"Being driven in," said one of the warders. "I reckon, Joe, this'll mean London for us."

"And the sooner the better, I say. I'm sick of the place. It isn't healthy at all."

Another shell, and yet another, screaming high overhead, and the crash of falling masonry and the screams of wounded men. The warders quickened their paces to a trot, but men tore past them and jostled them, and cursed back at their questions without answering them.

Then there was a deafening crash overhead, and Lowick thought that some giant hand had picked him up

and flung him through the air. He met the ground with a shock, and still seemed to fall—downwards into darkness.

CHAPTER XXX.

WHEN Lowick came to his senses he raised himself on one elbow and looked into the darkness. At first he thought he was in bed. Then there was the scream and crash of a shell, and he remembered. He rose to his feet, and pressed his bound hands to his forehead.

His mind went back to the experiments, and he groaned. Then he sat down on the ground, and rested his chin on his hands. Behind him three or four horses were in flames, and before him, in that sea of darkness there were jets of fire. Not far away there was the rattle of rifles, and in the distance the continual booming of artillery.

Then a searchlight swept the ground close to him, and he saw the motionless bodies of three warders. The fourth had possibly run away. The broad bar of light moved on, and the scene was hidden again in darkness.

Then there was silence for nearly two minutes, and Lowick, as though impelled by some force over which he had no control, rose to his feet, and moved away from the town, blundering aimlessly along in the darkness. And as he made his way eastwards his thoughts were far back in the past. He saw the island of Cransea, the bungalow standing out against the crimson of the sunset, his father's face, the old grey horse and the cart, and the smooth plain of the sea.

And then—he remembered! It came back to him like a flash of light in a world of blackness. In the plans the negative end of the vibration bar had pointed in the same direction as the muzzle of the weapon; but in the model its position had been reversed. He had forgotten this as absolutely as though he had never known it. And now—well, perhaps the shock had loosened some mechanism of the brain that had grown rusty in the solitude of a desert island. He quickened his pace to a run. It was yet possible, not only to save his own life, but to teach Europe a lesson that it would never forget.

Again the searchlight moved slowly across the town, and showed Lowick his path. He shrank close against a wall as a squadron of cavalry thundered by. Some of the horses were riderless. A shell screamed over them as if in pursuit, and burst a hundred yards ahead, blowing a neat little villa into a heap of bricks and timber.

Lowick ran on down the pathway of light, and raced along the white road leading to Easternhoe. Here and there the road was dotted with dead and dying men. Then an officer rode up furiously, and, noticing the gleam of steel on Lowick's wrists, reined in his horse.

"Hi, you there!" he shouted. "Where are you going?"

Lowick stood motionless, uncertain what to say or do. The officer, a captain of hussars, held a revolver in his hand.

"Sneaking off to the enemy, eh?" "No," Lowick replied. "Look here, do you want to do England a good turn to-night?"

The officer laughed bitterly. "By heaven, she wants it!" he answered. "Where are you going?"

Lowick began to explain, but before he had said more than half a dozen sentences the young soldier understood.

"No time to talk," he interrupted. "Look sharp! I know the barn; I'll help you all I can, and put a bullet in you if you're playing me a trick."

He trotted off down the road, and Lowick ran by his side. In two minutes they had reached the barn, and the officer forced open the doors with the blade of his sword. The door faced east, and a thin film of smoke drifted in from the guns of the enemy.

"I can't do anything," gasped Lowick, "with my hands bound. Light

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Malton and route offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 26th June, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 4th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between ALLOA POST OFFICE and SNELGROVE C. P. R. STATION, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Alloa and Snelgrove, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 20th June, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, the 4th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12 times per week each way, between PALERMO and GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY STATION (Rural Mail Delivery) from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Palermo, Merton and Bronte, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 20th June, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on Friday, 18th August, 1911, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, 6 times per week each way, between JERSEYVILLE P. O. and T. H. & B. RY. STATION and ALBERTON and TRINITY (RURAL MAIL DELIVERY), from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Jerseyville, Alberton, Trinity, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 5th July, 1911.
G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.

a match. What's your name, by the bye?"

"Parkinside."

"Well, this is your show to-night. You do as I tell you."

The young officer lit a match and found a piece of candle that the warders had left on the floor. Then he carried out Lowick's instructions, first reversing the vibration bar, and then moving the indicators and levers.

"What lies ahead of us?" asked Lowick. "Do you know?"

"I rather think so," Parkinside answered, grimly. "I've just come from there."

"Any of our men?"

"Only the dead. They shelled us out of our entrenchments in the centre. We hold the left and right flanks, but we shan't hold them for long."

"Tell me exactly where our men are. I don't want to kill more of them than possible. Of course, some must go."

Parkinside rattled off the disposition of the troops, and Lowick, who knew every inch of the country, had no difficulty in understanding him. And all the time the artillery played an accompaniment with thundering gun and bursting shell.

"You'd better look sharp," shouted Parkinside. "They're pushing forward their cavalry, and if one of their shells—"

"Set the range to fifteen—that indicator on the left; now go round to the right, and pull that white lever towards you—and—well, don't be frightened at the result."

Parkinside set the indicator, and made his way to the other side of the machine.

"No!" cried Lowick, hastening after him. "I'll pull the lever. I ought to be the one to do that. I can manage with my bound hands."

Parkinson smiled and stood aside, holding the candle close to the machine. And it was Ralph Lowick who sent death out into the darkness, and made the night into day, and turned the whole of the land between Sinchester and the sea into a furnace of white-hot flame.

The war was over. Lowick had ended it in half an hour, and a hundred thousand of England's enemies had never left English soil. Of all that mighty army that had landed on the shores of Essex, not a single man had survived, and their ashes were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Their guns, mere heaps of melted steel, were all that remained of them.

The war was over, and it seemed probable that the battle of Sinchester had made an end of all warfare for all time. For the future, England was to hold the peace of Europe in her hands. She had made her own terms with her enemies, and had showed good sense and moderation in her hour of victory.

"You see, dear," said Joan, as she walked with her husband from Hythe Station towards some lodgings she had taken on the sea front, "I was right after all. Now that the secret is yours no longer, you will be safe, and England will guard the peace of the world better than you could ever have done. Well, what is the news from Sinchester?"

"Your father and mother are quite well, Joan," he answered; and then, after a pause, "I was glad to get away from the place. The country between the town and the sea—well, there's not a tree, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass over a tract of a hundred and fifty square miles."

"And Cransea Hall? And my father's house?"

"Roofless and blackened walls," he replied, "and they say all the land is ruined, that nothing can be grown on it for twenty years."

"That means the loss of the best part of your income, Ralph."

"Yes, but I need never worry about money now, Joan. I have been offered two million pounds for the secret."

"Two million pounds, Ralph?"

"Yes. But I am not going to take it. I am going to take just so much as will recompense me for what I have lost."

They walked down the slope of the hill and made their way along the banks of the Military Canal—a relic of the days when England had feared

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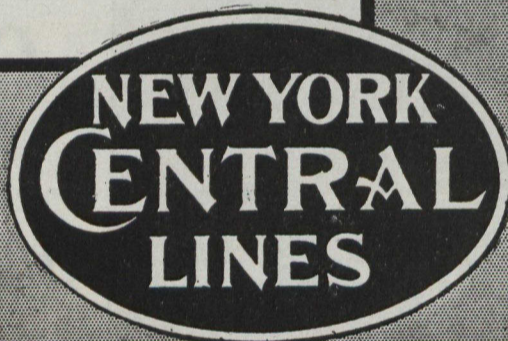
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the shadow that a tree would cast.

"I've good news for you, Joan," said Lowick, after a long silence. "I am a free man."

"Yes, dear, of course you are. I know that."

"I mean that my conscience is free. We've found out all about the Corodales."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Mrs. Corodale is dead. She was killed that night by a shell, and all her papers are in the hands of the police. Who do you think she was?"

"I don't know, Ralph. I—I don't quite understand what you're talking about."

"She was the sister of Senor Smith."

"The sister of that man?"

"Yes, and she and her son had settled in the neighbourhood in order to find out my father's secret."

"Then John Corodale killed your poor father?"

"Not with his own hand; he hired a man to do that—the man who was found dead in the marshland. Her butler was in the secret, and he was fatally wounded by the same shell that killed her. He confessed everything before he died."

"Oh, thank heaven for that, Ralph—thank heaven for that!"

"It has, of course, made things much easier for the Government. It cannot be said now that they have let a murderer loose on the world."

She rested her chin on her hands and stared at the green fields on the further side of the bank. Beyond them lay the rifle ranges and the old martello tower.

"They are going to offer me a peerage," said Lowick, after a pause. "I shall not take it. I have all I want—a great deal more than I deserve. Only one thing troubles me—I am still doubtful about having handed over my secret to the Government. I am not sure that England will put an end to war. She may desire to use her power for her own ends."

Joan laid her hand upon his shoulder and looked up at him with a smile. "Don't you see, dear, what will happen," she said, gently. "The secret cannot be kept indefinitely. In time it will become as much the common property of the world as the invention of gunpowder."

"And then?" he queried.

"Why, then, Ralph dear, war will become impossible—just as impossible as if the secret had perished with your father's death."

For a little while they were both silent, and sat there like two children, holding each other's hands. Then Ralph Lowick drew his wife close to him and kissed her.

"The peace of the world," he said, slowly, "is in the care of heaven. But you and I, Joan, have the fashioning of our own lives."

"Yes, my dear husband," she whispered; "and, at any rate, we can assure peace—in our own home."

(THE END.)

Puzzled.—An American took an Englishman to a theatre. An actor in the farce, about to die, exclaimed: "Please, dear wife, don't bury me in Yonkers!"

The Englishman turned to his friend and said: "I say, old chap, what are yonkers?"—Everybody's.

* * *

His Match.—Almost any man is a match for the fellow who has money to burn.—Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

By the Silvery Sea.

The swain was just a little slow. In fact, that was as plain as print. A boulder hid the pair; and so She gave him just a little hint. She murmured, gazing out to sea, And turning pinker than before: "It always seems so quaint to me— The way some yachtsmen hug the shore." —M.A.P.

* * *

Not His Fault.—"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

"I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not blamin' you. You done the best you could."—Detroit Evening Press.

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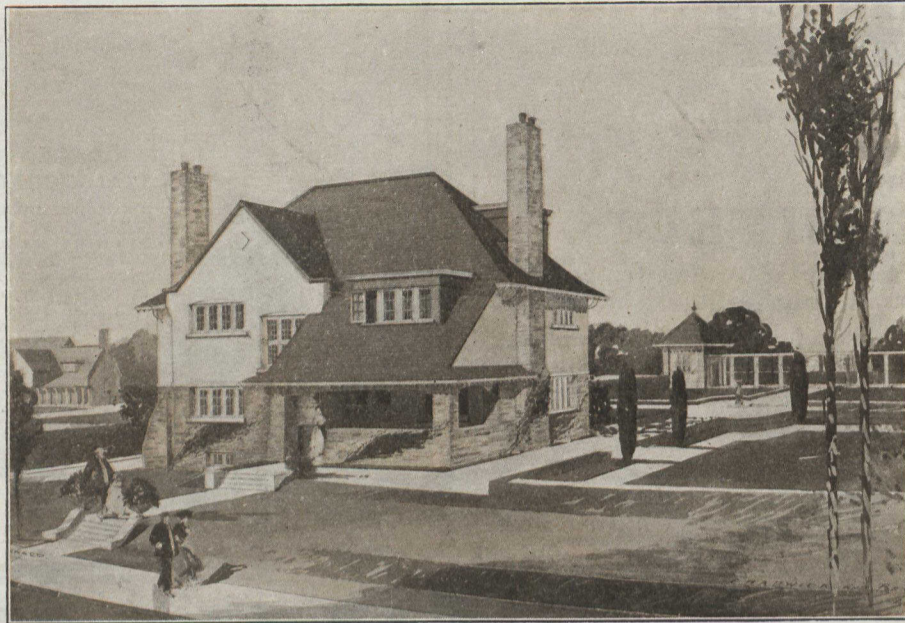
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If an expert landscape engineer were to make a study of the environments of Toronto in search of the best location for a suburban subdivision, he would choose the site of the **Lawrence Park Estates**, as presenting the greatest percentage of available land value and the greatest attractions as to convenience and outlook. The ground presents a rolling landscape, surrounded on two sides by a wooded ravine. The lots are level and the view is magnificent in every direction. These features have made it a singularly successful subdivision, and the improvements, representing over \$200,000 expenditure, have given it a permanent, high class character that will never depreciate. As an investment, or as a home site, a lot in the

LAWRENCE PARK ESTATES

should prove most attractive. It is five years ahead of any other subdivision in development. It has all modern conveniences, is close to the trolley, is subject to high class restrictions and is to be an exclusive private park for well-to-do residents only. All the restrictions go to insure to investors a substantial character to the property which will cause values to advance steadily and rapidly. Toronto is increasing at the rate of 40,000 to 50,000 annually, so that land values are bound to jump. As the only beautifully landscaped, private, residential, suburban park in the vicinity of Toronto, it commands the consideration of those who wish a handsome home or a profitable investment. Prices are still at a low figure and those wishing for reserve lots must engage them at once. Prices started at \$20.00 per foot and rise in value according to location. Visitors wishing to see the property should take Metropolitan car to Glen Grove stop, where our suburban office is situated, close to the Lawrence Park Gate.

Write for further particulars, and we will send maps, and handsomely illustrated book on Lawrence Park Estates

\$20

Per Foot
Upward

**DOVERCOURT LAND, BUILDING &
SAVINGS CO., LIMITED**

24 Adelaide St. East, - Toronto

PHONE MAIN 7281

\$20

Per Foot
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