

The Canadian **Courier** THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Great Baseball's Final Innings
ILLUSTRATED

Golf Eleven Months a Year
By RALPH H. REVILLE

Beneath the Moon
By C. DUNCAN SMITH



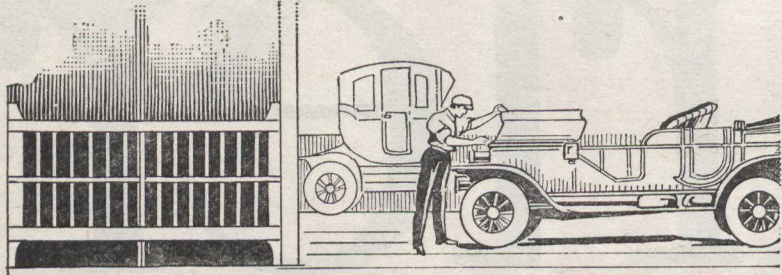
Drawn by F. Hans Johnston

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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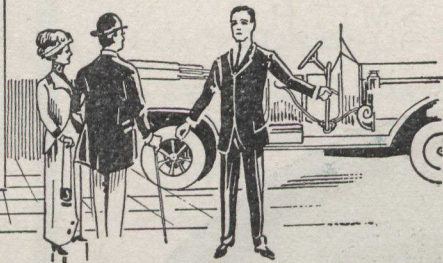
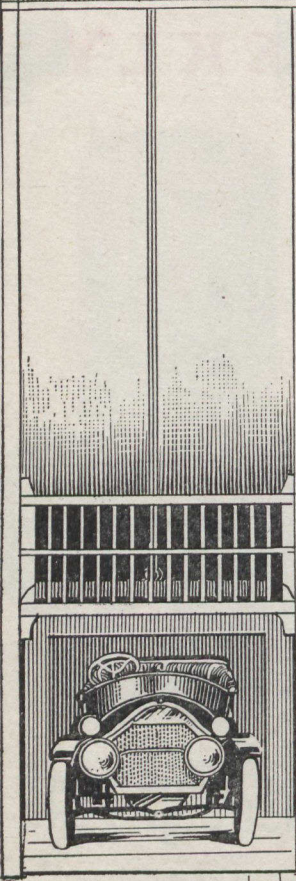


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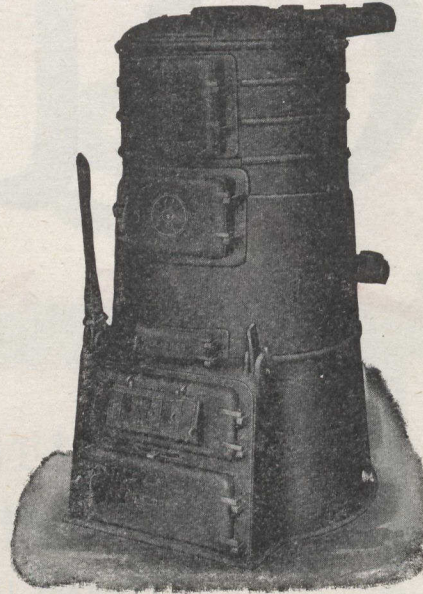
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From Montreal, Que.	Steamer.	From Bristol.
Sat., Sept. 20th	"Royal George"	Sat., Oct. 4th
Sat., Oct. 4th	"Royal Edward"	Sat., Oct. 18th
Sat., Oct. 18th	"Royal George"	Sat., Nov. 1st
Sat., Nov. 1st	"Royal Edward"	Wed., Nov. 19th
Wed., Nov. 19th	"Royal George"	Wed., Dec. 3rd

Full information and further details will be gladly given by any Steamship Agent, or the following General Agents of the Canadian Northern Steamships: P. Mooney, 123 Hollis St., Halifax, N.S.; Jas. Morrison, A.G.P.A., 226 St. James St., Montreal, Que.; H. C. Bourlier, 52 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.; and A. H. Davis, 254 Union Station, Winnipeg, Man.

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The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIV

TORONTO

NO. 20

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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT.

- "Erin" deals with "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" in a manner which does not exactly raise Hall Caine, and disposes in her admittedly clever way of a number of very much more agreeable matters; in an illustrated article, M. J. T. depicts how a house of correction for girls is to the same, in reality, state mother; and the rest is news in the brightest, briefest items.
- Money and Magnates By the Financial Editor.
- The Red Virgin, Serial By G. Frederick Turner.
- Reflections By the Editor.

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In the San Joaquin Valley, California. This great valley in the heart of California yet has room for over half a million men who will farm its fertile acres in the way they should be farmed. There is no room for the failure—no place for the man who can not succeed where he is. But there is a wonderful opportunity for the man who has the success habit.

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All this service is free. It is part of the effort the Santa Fe is making to let people know of the advantages along its lines. The railroad has no land to sell and no interest to serve but your ultimate success here.

What the San Joaquin Valley is, and what others are doing here, is told in our two books, which are free and yours for the asking. Then if you are interested enough to ask further questions, you will find me eager to answer.

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PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 16th day of August, 1913, incorporating Alexander Murray Garden and Charles Alexander Moss, barristers-at-law, Waldon Lawr, student-at-law, Fannie Bingham Cox, stenographer, and Gertrude Hancock, bookkeeper, all of the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario, for the following purposes, viz:—(a) To carry on all or any of the businesses of manufacturers, merchants, wholesale and retail importers and exporters, merchandise generally, but especially of woollens, silks, linens, textile fabrics and general dry goods; (b) To acquire the goodwill, rights, property and assets and to undertake the whole or any part of the liabilities or engagements of Thomas Ogilvie & Sons of Toronto, as a going concern, and of any other person, firm, corporation or association carrying on a similar business, and to pay for the same in cash, stock, bonds, debentures or other securities of the company or otherwise; (c) To enter partnership or into any arrangement for the sharing of profits of the union of interests with any person, firm or company carrying on or engaged in or about to carry on or engage in any business or transaction which the company is authorized to carry on or engage in; (d) To take or otherwise acquire and hold shares in any other company having objects similar to the company; (e) To take over, acquire, hold, use, sell, lease and exchange such property as may be deemed necessary or expedient for the purposes for which the company is incorporated; (f) To carry on any business pertinent to the objects for which the company is incorporated, whether manufacturing or otherwise, which may be carried on in connection with the purposes of the company, or which may be beneficial or profitable thereto; (g) To amalgamate with any company in Canada constituted for the purpose of carrying on a similar business, and to manage, operate and carry on the property, undertaking and business of any such corporation; (h) To apply for, obtain, register, purchase, lease or otherwise acquire and to hold, use, own, operate and introduce and to sell, assign or otherwise dispose of any trade marks, trade names, patents, inventions, improvements and processes used in connection with or secured under letters patent of the Dominion of Canada or elsewhere or otherwise; to use, exercise, develop, grant licenses in respect of or otherwise turn to account any such trade marks, patents, licenses, processes and the like, or any such property or rights; (i) To issue and allot, as fully paid up, stock, shares of the capital stock of the company as consideration for work done, guarantees given or agreed to be given, or services rendered or agreed to be rendered in furtherance of the objects of the company; (j) To sell or dispose of the property, mills, assets, undertakings and business of the company, in whole or in part, for such consideration as the company may deem fit, and in particular the stock, bonds, debentures or other security in any other company having objects similar to those of this company, and divide among the shareholders by way of dividend any cash, stock, bond, security so received; (k) To do all or any of the above mentioned things as principals, agents or attorneys. The operations of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Thomas Ogilvie & Sons, Limited," with a capital stock of two hundred thousand dollars, divided into 2,000 shares of one hundred dollars each, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Toronto, in the Province of Ontario.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 20th day of August, 1913.

THOMAS MULVEY,
Under-Secretary of State.

In Lighter Vein

Frugality.—"No, Madge, dear," said the frugal husband, "I shall not take you to the theatre or to supper or even buy you a dish of ice cream. You see, you are a qualified voter now and I might be accused of trying to influence your vote."—Chicago News.

Too Late.—Neighbour—"And how's yer guid man this mornin', Mrs. Tamson?"

Mrs. Tamson—"He deed last night." Neighbour—"I'm real sorry to hear that. Ye'll no remember if he happened to say anything about a pot o' green paint before he slippet awa?"—Punch.

A Linguist.—An old but sturdy Irishman, who had made a reputation as a gang "boss," got a job with a railroad construction company at Port au Prince, Haiti.

One day when the sun was hotter than usual, his gang of Haitians began to shirk, and as the chief engineer rode up on his horse, he heard the Irishman shout:

"Allez!—you sons of guns—allez!" Then, turning to the engineer, he said, "I curse the day I iver learned their language."—Everybody's.

For the Collection.—Mrs. Murphy was getting the supper for the children on Saturday night when a young woman came to her door.

"I'm a collector for the Drunkards' Home," she said. "Could you help us?"

"Come around to-night and I'll give you Murphy," said the housewife as she went about her work.—Life.

Proof of Intelligence.—Cholly—"Is this horse intelligent, me good fellow?"

Groom—"Very! Look out he don't kick you, sir!"—Puck.

The Master of the House.—"Er—Sophie—er—I believe your mistress and the young ladies have arranged to go to—er—Winklemouth for their holidays. Do you happen to—ah—have any idea whether they are—er—taking me?"—London Opinion.

The Cheerful Thought.—Brown (who has just returned from his holidays, to Robinson about to leave for his)—"Ah, this is what we all want. Three or four weeks of steady rain will brighten things up a lot!"

Made Up For It.—Fay: "The Widow Dashaway's husband didn't leave her much when he died, did he?"

Ray: "No; but he left her very often when he was alive."—Philadelphia Record.

The Busy Editor.—After the fire that destroyed Barnum's Museum, the proprietor consulted his friends as to his wisest course. He told them he had a fortune, and could easily retire from active business.

Among his friends was Horace Greeley.

"What shall I do?" asked Barnum.

"If I were you," replied Greeley, "I would go fishing. I've been trying for thirty years to go fishing, and have never been able to do it."—Youth's Companion.

He Got His Answer.—An old farmer was noted for boasting about the products of his farm. So one day a neighbour, thinking to take a rise out of him, sent his man to ask if he could have the loan of his cross-cut saw to cut a turnip up, so as to get it in the cart.

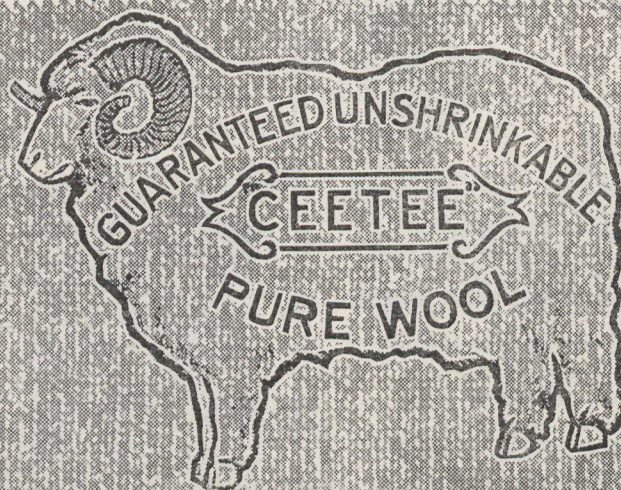
He was not quite sure, however, that he had had the best of it when he received the following reply:—

"You should have had the saw with pleasure, but I have just got it fast in a potato."

Precocious.—Teacher (to boy on front seat): "What were the principal military events in the reign of Claudius Caesar?"

Boy: "He had four wives."—Life.

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP ON EVERY GARMENT



Old Country Knitters

are acknowledged to be the best, all the world over. For this reason we employ them to make "CEETEE" Underclothing.

"CEETEE" Underclothing is knitted on special machines entirely different in every way from ordinary machines.

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"CEETEE" Underclothing is so soft that it will not irritate even an infant's skin. All joins are knitted together (not sewn) making each garment practically one piece. It has no rough spots. Every garment is fashioned automatically during the knitting to fit the human form, thus rendering it comfortable, easy to wear, and perfect fitting.

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Worn by the Best People. Sold by the Best Dealers.

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The
CANADIAN COURIER
The National Weekly

Vol. XIV.

October 18, 1913

No. 20

Why the Athletics Won

Struggle for the World's Series Championship and Some of the Actors in the Play

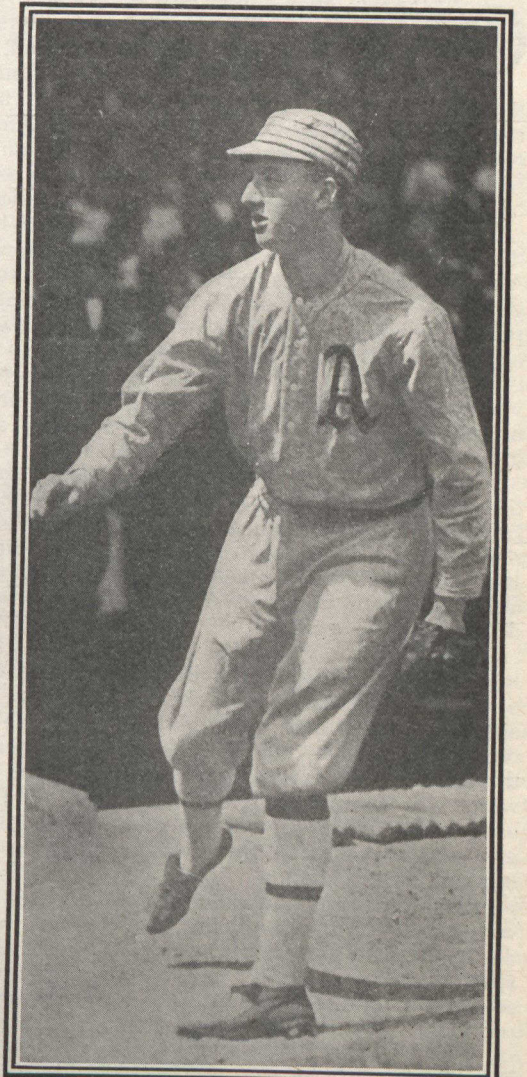
By NORMAN PATTERSON



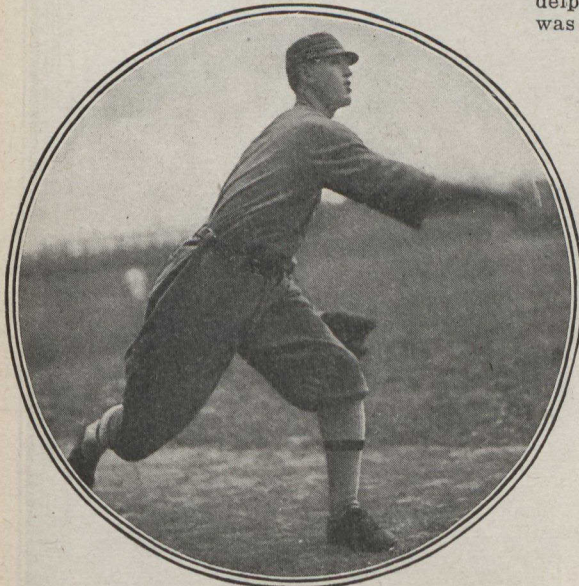
Carroll Brown, a Spitball Headliner, Came to the Athletics From the New Britain, Conn., Team in the Fall of 1911.



EIGHT OF THE GIANTS' BATTERS.
 Line-up at the Beginning of the Season: Snodgrass, Shafer, Burns, Doyle, Murray, Merkle, Herzog and Meyers.



Byron Houck, the Two-year-old Twirler From Oregon. He is the Oldest in the Mack Aggregation, Got From the Portland Team in 1911.



Leslie Bush, the Youngest of the Four Juveniles, Came to Connie Mack From the Missoula, Mont., Team in 1912.

PHILADELPHIA Athletics won the championship of the American League this year and were thus entitled to play in the World's Championship Series against the New York Giants, the champions of the National League. As the American League team had won in 1910, 1911, and 1912, it seemed as if Philadelphia had the right to win. True, the National League teams won pretty regularly between 1884 and 1909, but those fifteen wins are now history. The American League wins are more recent and show that the players in the junior of the two senior leagues are quite equal to the best. American League players are as good as National League players. Therefore, it was natural to expect that the odds should shade slightly in favour of Philadelphia.

Nevertheless, the New York Giants were worthy opponents. They were champions of the National League, the senior league, in 1911, 1912 and 1913. The team that wins the championship of the National League three years in succession is a team which is individually and collectively great. The Giants are a great team in both respects. Yet they have not been lucky in the World's Championship games. Philadelphia beat them in 1911 and Boston beat them in 1912. Indeed, they have not won a World's Series since 1905. This year they looked stronger than usual, having won 13 games more than their two nearest opponents in the league series. Their pitchers were older than those of the Athletics, but had that experience which sometimes overcomes youth. Mathewson, Marquard and Tesreau are names to conjure with in the baseball world.

Before the series opened, it looked as if New York would win. Their pitching skill was greater than the pitching skill of the Philadelphia team, even though their batting power was less. Yet, as was the case last year, the patent reasons were not positive. In 1912, Boston upset the dope and the Giants were beaten. This year there was always the possibility that Philadelphia might repeat its performances of 1910 and 1911 and equal Boston's feat of 1912. Hence, popular interest was at fever height.

New York broke badly in the opening game. Marquard and Crandall were hammered hard by the Philadelphia batsmen, and Tesreau had to step in at the last to save a slaughter. The heavy hitters of the Athletics would not be denied, and the final score was Philadelphia 6, New York 4.

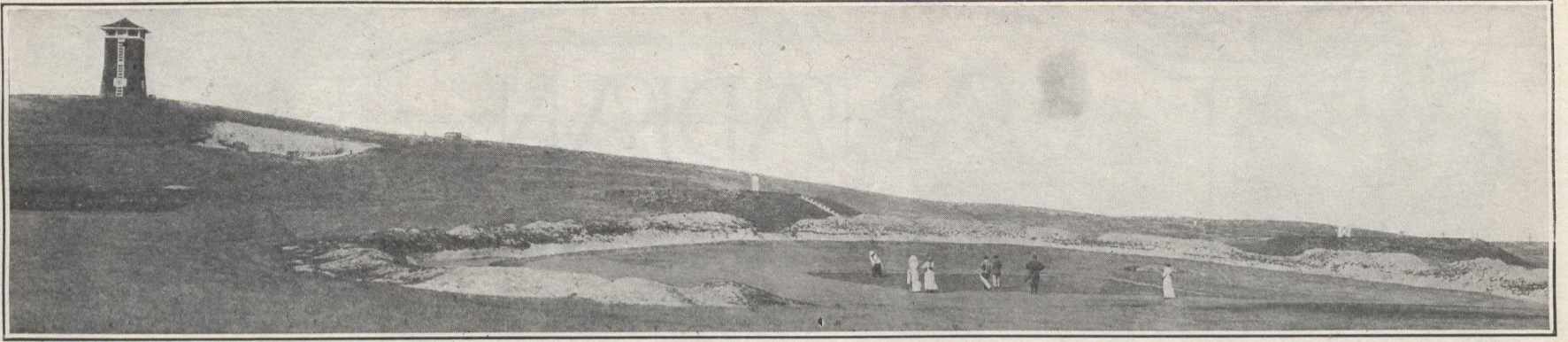
In the second game the mighty "Matty" went into the box for the Giants and pitched one of the greatest games in his career. He overcame his age by science, skill and nerve. He out-pitched Plank and also drove in the winning run with his own bat. He made home-run Baker fan the air when there were two on bases and only one out. He led a team crippled by the absence of Merkle on first, of Meyers behind the bat, and of Snodgrass at centre field. In a ten-innings match he won 3 to 0. Mathewson may be old, but he is not decrepit.

Leslie Bush, whose portrait is shown here, was the hero of the third game. He is one of the four young pitchers whom Connie Mack hoped would safely back up Bender and Plank. Coomb's was in

(Concluded on page 16.)



Bob Shawkey is Serving His Second Term With the Connie Mack College of Talent. He Came From the Orioles.



GOLF IN THE FOOT-HILLS AT AN ALTITUDE OF 4,000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL.
At the 7th Hole of the New Horseshoe Green of the Calgary Golf and Country Club; Where Space and Sunlight Are Unlimited.

Golf Eleven Months in the Year

How the Grand Game is Played in the Foot-hills of Alberta

By RALPH H. REVILLE

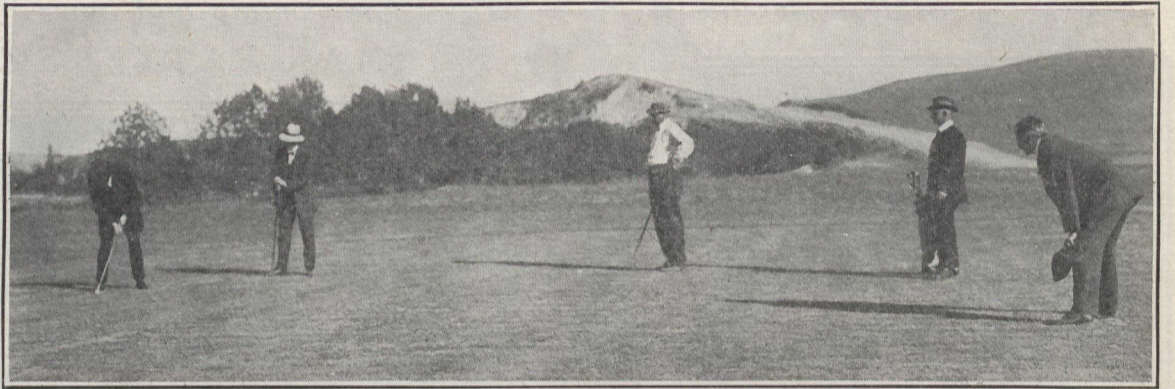
CALGARY, that sunlit city of Alberta which by the by during the last ten years has sprung from a town of seven thousand, most euphoniouly to a city of seventy thousand, is quite an enthusiastic golfing centre. It boasts two capital eighteen-hole courses, and a nine-hole course is also in course of construction in an outlying subdivision, and is freely advertised as one of the big attractions to buy lots in the vicinity.

The Calgary golfer is blessed beyond the lot of the ordinary Canadian follower of the Royal and Ancient, inasmuch as he can play his favourite game eleven months in the year, and during the summer, owing to the long twilight, can get in his eighteen holes with comparative ease even after the dinner hour. And these are certainly great advantages, as it is only by "keeping at it" that proficiency with club and ball can be attained, and a long season is certainly a desideratum.

Another outstanding feature of Calgary golf is the scenic environments of the courses. From both links superb views of the snow-capped Rockies with their bridal-like veil of cloud are to be obtained. It's not every golf course that can casually chuck a few miles of gorgeous mountain scenery at the devotees of the game.

The Calgary Golf and Country Club is charmingly situated within easy distance of the centre of the city. It has the advantage of being "gettable" by street car, although the motor is very much in evidence out West, and the majority of the golfing fraternity own machines. The club, which was incorporated Dec. 6th, 1910, has 134 acres of ground, which permits, in addition to golf, of ample accommodation for lawn tennis, lawn bowling and trap shooting. Golf, however, is the popular game, and the links are always well filled with playfers, the ladies vieing with the men in their devotedness to this fascinating and health-giving sport. A very pretty club-house is a popular rendezvous of the members. The interior arrangements are particularly attractive and complete.

THE course is approximately 6,000 yards. I was particularly impressed with the number of sporty "one-shot" holes. The consensus of opinion of experts now-a-days is that every eighteen-hole course should have four short holes. In Ontario



GOLFING SHADOWS AMONG THE FOOT-HILLS.
A. M. McMahon, Honorary Secretary of the C. G. & C. C., Putting. The Player Holding the Bag is Mr. F. G. Denton.

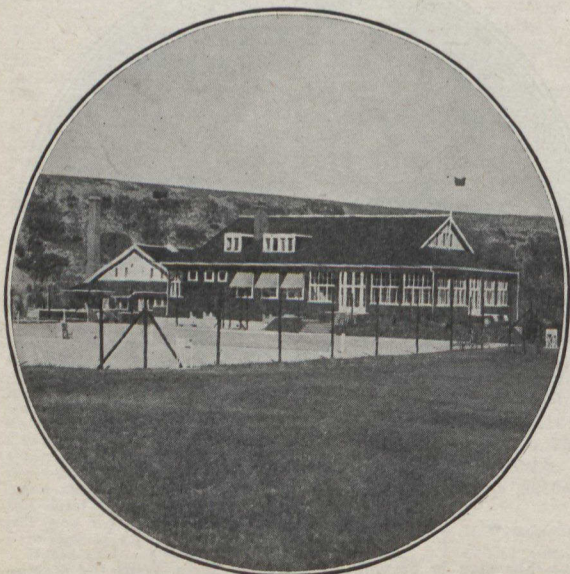
in the past the old-established links have been content, in the majority of cases, with one or two one-shot holes, which is a grave mistake. The Calgary Country Club has four excellent short holes, No. 2, 115 yards; No. 5, 170 yards; No. 11, 150 yards, and No. 15, a particularly well-placed hole of 112 yards over a deep and formidable sand-pit, calling for a most accurate pitch with a back spin to hold the green—altogether a "short 'un" not to be surpassed on any links in this country.

The fair greens are good, and the greens, the majority of them, excellent, with every indication that in the next two or three years with care and attention they will be quite up to the Eastern average.

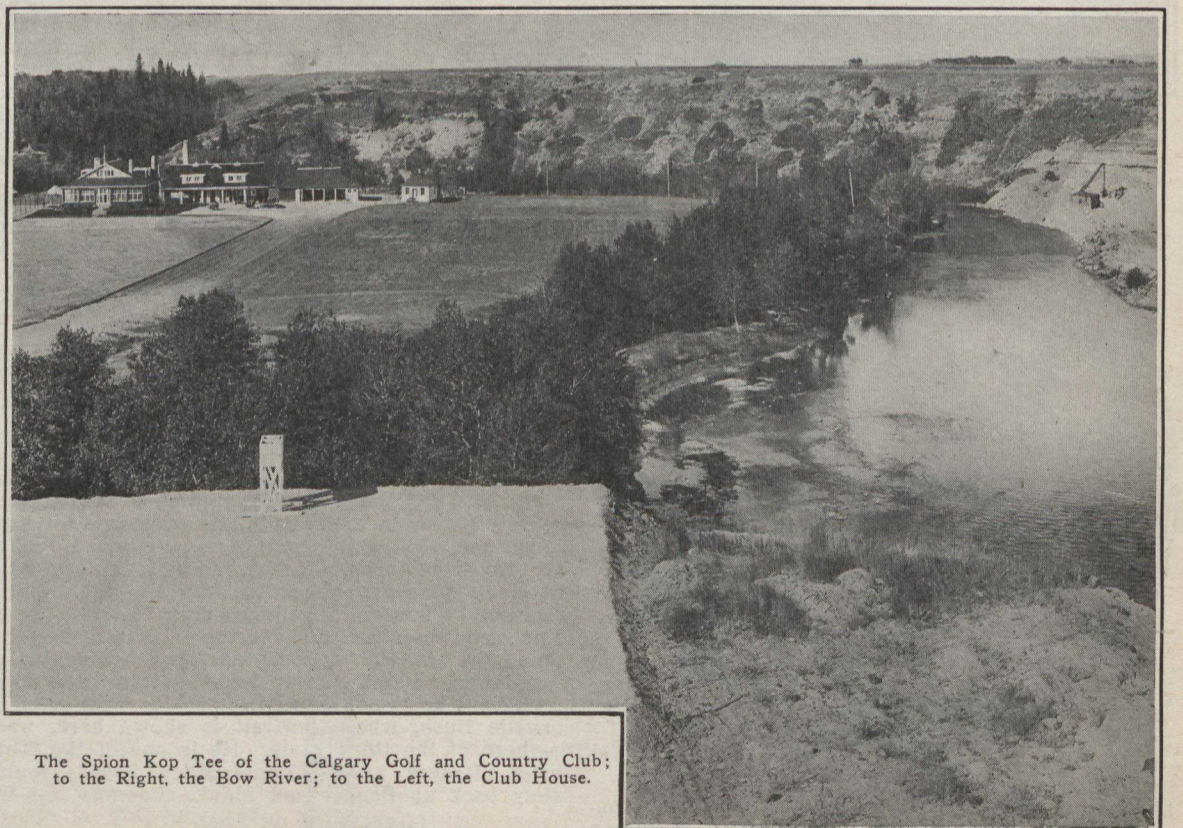
The board of management of this popular and progressive club, which looms so large in the sport and social life of Calgary, is composed of Mr. Wm. Toole, president; Col. G. E. Sanders, vice-president; Mr. G. N. Bull, hon. treasurer; Mr. A. M. McMahon, hon. secretary; Mr. F. Forbes Wilson, Mr. G. A. Walker, Mr. P. J. Bergeron. They are all well-

known citizens as well as enthusiastic golfers.

The Calgary St. Andrews Golf Club was incorporated in 1913, but for the past two years a number of enthusiastic golfers have been playing over the links utilized by the club some two or three miles from the city. The course is a very fine one, abounding in hill and dale and calling for golf of a sterling character to bring in anything like a good score. The par of the course is 71, but he is a player of more than ordinary ability who can get anywhere near these figures. There are three excellent, well placed short holes, viz., No. 3, No. 11 and No. 15, whilst No. 9 and No. 14 are long-shot holes bogeyed at 6, and a capital six it takes to negotiate them. The St. Andrews Club has some very good players, several of them from Ontario. The officers of the club are, hon. president, E. H. Riley; president, the Hon. Mr. Justice Stuart; vice-president, Frederick Searson; secy.-treasurer, W. H. Sellar; captain, S. H. McCulloch; board of management, J. A. Brookbank, D. J. Broomfield, O. G. Devenish, J. F. Glanville, John Reid, F. S. Selwood,



Club House and Tennis Court of the C. G. & C. C.



The Spion Kop Tee of the Calgary Golf and Country Club; to the Right, the Bow River; to the Left, the Club House.



Winning Stroke by W. Tait White in His Match With Mr. H. Black for the St. Andrew's Golf Club Championship at Calgary.

J. A. Walker and W. Tait White.

As Banff is only 60 miles or so away, and viewed from the Western sub-dividers' standpoint might almost be called a suburb of Calgary, reference to

the nine-hole course in this famous resort may not be out of place here. A more ideally located little golf links it would be impossible to imagine—Switzerland, which has many courses, has nothing like it. A tumbling, rushing river runs round the course—the Rockies are its hoary-headed sentinels. Hundreds of visiting golfers every week enjoy their favourite game here under the most ideal conditions. By all means don't miss a round at Banff when you travel through the spacious West. From a golfer's standpoint, it's alone worth the trip.

What the golfer gets on these high levels besides colossal scenery and enormous, unfettered distances is—splendid sunlight and the best of rarified, ozonified air. Tramping those immense, uplifted links after a ball is an exercise fit for the gods. There's a stimulus and exhilaration about it that you don't get on the low levels down east. None of your languorous airs and merely esthetic diversion. No, indeed! You keep moving in a long, grand, glorious swing after the ball, haunted by the mountains, gliding over the grey-green sweeps of the tireless hills. In summer you may play up till nearly mid-



Leading Golfers of the St. Andrew's Club: H. Black, W. Tait White, C. Duncan, W. Devril, S. Holt McCulloch (Capt.), W. C. Warner, M. A. Constable, F. G. Scholey.

night. It's a pastime the Greeks might have envied; its enthusiasts are indifferent to a world's series of baseball.

Beneath the Moon

A Furtive Glimpse of Little Animal Folk That Are Never Seen in a Zoo

By C. DUNCAN SMITH

THE little lake, set in a hollow of the wooded hills, lay like a mirror beneath the full moon of midsummer. Its glass-smooth surface was an oval expanse of liquid, shimmering light, rimmed about by shadows, inky-black yet strangely transparent, where the thick-foliaged forest trees, close-crowding to the reedy shore, threw their deep shade upon the water. Just at the edge of these black shadows, half engulfed therein, half-silhouetted against the misty sheen of the moonlit water, the squat dome of a muskrat house loomed mysteriously, like some lonely citadel guarding the placid lake.

Over this scene of glimmering light and shadow brooded the quiet hush of the midsummer night. The warm air, laden with pleasant, balsamic odours, hung heavy and still, save for a faint, throbbing vibration, now rising, now falling, in rhythmic cadence, as it might be the measured breathing of the slumbering forest. This was the ceaseless humming of the myriad insect life that thronged the upper air. Occasionally the rhythmic monotone would be punctuated by other sounds—intermittent, lonely voices of the night. Now the far-away howl of a coyote echoed faintly across the stillness. Again, from somewhere along the shadowy shore line, a nocturnal reed bird piped querulously. Far up at the other end of the chain of little lakes a loon called—a peal of weird, demonical laughter, mellowed by distance.

But for a long time there was no visible signs of the furtive life that populated the moonlit world. The little creatures went about their affairs unseen, shunning the perilous patches of light, with only now and then the sudden snapping of a twig or a soft rustling of the grasses to give hint of their presence. At last, however, down among the shadows at the water's edge, there was a movement. A wide, V-shaped ripple, luminous against the dark water, detached itself from the glooms, and a big muskrat came swimming out into the lake. Out in the pale sheen, with only his head showing above the water, he circled about several times without any apparent purpose. Then, almost in the exact centre of the lake, he finally came to rest. The dark length of his back emerged above the surface and he lay basking idly in the moonshine.

For several minutes he remained thus, so motionless that he might have been taken for a bit of floating driftwood. But quiet as he was, he was not asleep. No slightest

sound escaped his keen ears, and his little, bead-bright eyes were watchfully alert. He floated lazily, listening to the various little noises of the night, the ceaseless droning of the insect swarms, the occasional lonesome pipe of the reed bird, the harsh, twanging note of a night-hawk as it wheeled above him. And then, suddenly, a new sound, startling and discordant, came booming across the still night.

A great, jarring, ominous voice, it seemed to come from the distant slope of the north, where a forest of naked rampikes lifted their ghostly spires to the moon. The muskrat recognized it instantly. It was the hunting cry of the great horned owl, as he quested over the silvery solitudes in search of prey. "Whoo, whoo, o'hoo, oo, oo," it came again, nearer this time, pregnant with vast menace. But the basking, little amphibian never stirred. At the sound of that dread voice the rabbit might quake with mortal terror, the partridge crouch and tremble in the doubtful safety of its thicket, but the muskrat, secure in his native element, felt that he could defy such perils. Nevertheless, for all his seeming unconcern, he became, if possible, a trifle more alert than before and turned a watchful eye on the dim spaces of the air about and above him.

PRESENTLY, out over the dark shore line a dim, mysterious shadow drifted. A ghostly-grey shape, with wide, noiselessly flapping wings,

it seemed the embodied spirit of the moonlit night. Out over the lake it floated and swooped suddenly at the little, dark object on the glimmering water. But the muskrat had seen the approaching peril in time. With a sudden "plop" he disappeared beneath the surface.

The baffled owl, recovering himself a few feet above the water, mounted upward again on a sharp tangent, then wheeled suddenly and drifted off to alight nearby on the tip of a bleached and lightning-shattered stub that gleamed silvery in the moonlight. There for a time he sat, moveless as the tree itself, watching the lake. But nothing appeared on the dim water, and, apparently, his marvellously keen ears, detecting some slight sound in the forest behind him, he spread his great wings again and drifted off among the trees to investigate it.

Now, for an age-long half hour, the moonlit world seemed deserted. Once or twice there were little, soft gurglings and splashings somewhere in the shadows, but whatever creature it was that caused them, it did not choose to reveal itself at the time. Then, after a period of silence, the V-shaped ripple appeared again, sweeping out from the shore. This time the muskrat carried in his mouth a section of lily-root that he had grubbed up out of the oozy mud of the shallows. He swam straight to where the dome of his citadel loomed darkly from the water and climbed out upon it, dragging the lily-root with him. On the rounded top of the dome he sat up like a squirrel, and holding the succulent root between his small fore-paws, began munching it with all the avidity of a healthy appetite. Apparently he had forgotten all about the episode of the owl.

But, as it happened, there were other perils than owls abroad that night that the muskrat's careless, little brain did not reckon with. Just about this time it chanced that a foraging mink came slipping along at the water's edge. He came silently, writhing his slim body in and out among the reeds with the lithe sinuosity of a serpent, hoping to surprise some careless snipe or other wader in the shallows. In the darkness his eyes glowed like little, live coals.

WHEN he came opposite the muskrat house he paused, and lifting his narrow, snaky head, sniffed at the alluring scent that came in to him. Then he made out the dim shape of the muskrat, crouching on the top of the mound. Into his little eyes leaped the red flame of the blood-



"Perhaps the faint sound of rippling water warned him of the approaching doom."

—Drawn by Arthur Heming.

lust and his teeth clicked together sharply in the stillness. Without hesitation he slipped into the water and swam eel-like out to the dark mound.

The big muskrat, having finished his nocturnal meal, had dropped down on all fours and was sniffing about among the matted rushes for any little morsels that he might have dropped, when something, perhaps the faint sound of rippling water, perhaps a mere subconscious sense of danger, warned him of the approaching doom. Whatever it was, he half-turned to glide into the water. But he was too late. The mink, clambering up onto the mound, darted upon him with the malignant swiftness of a lightning stroke. In his haste, however, the little savage missed securing his fatal throat-hold. Instead, his teeth met in the loose skin and solid muscles on the side and at the base of the muskrat's neck. The impetuosity of his attack rolled the heavier animal over on his back, where he lay kicking helplessly, at a hopeless disadvantage.

Another instant and the mink would have shifted his hold to the soft throat of his victim and drunk deep of his life's blood. But such a consummation was not to be. The fate that shapes the destinies of the wild kindreds is a whimsical fate, and now it intervened to save the muskrat's life and at the same time abruptly terminate the bloody career of the mink at the very moment of his triumph.

Above them a swift, unheralded shadow suddenly appeared, shutting off the light of the moon; two round, yellow eyes glared down upon them with a savage intensity. The big, horned owl, winnowing back toward the lake, had noted the muskrat on the top of the mound and had seen the mink as he slipped up and attacked his quarry. With a quick flirt of his great wings he swept down upon the struggling, little animals, and for the breathless fraction of a second, hung poised above them.

Well the mink knew the meaning of that sudden, ominous shade. His fierce, little heart turned to water and he flattened out against the body of the muskrat, striving to efface himself. But he was doomed. The big owl wanted a meal; of small concern was it to him whether of mink or muskrat; and the mink being uppermost was the chosen victim. There was a sudden pounce, a shrill, agonized squeak, a heavy beating of soft-feathered wings, and then the great marauder of the night went flapping noiselessly off across the misty lake with the snaky body of the mink trailing limply from his talons.

Alone on the top of the mound, the muskrat crouched for a moment, trembling, dazed by the suddenness of his deliverance. Then, as he realized that his enemy was gone and that he was free, he slipped quickly into the water and dived below its dark surface to the hidden entrance to his tunnel.

Once more the lake lay quiet under the fading moon. The air was grown faintly chill with the near approach of dawn; the hum of insect life had long since ceased and the world lay white and empty, unutterably lonely, unutterably still. Across the silvered spaces, wild and weird, and thrilling with the mystery of the night, came the far-away, mocking laughter of the loon.

Native-Born in U. S. Navy

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the editor of the COURIER to ask if the enlistment in the United States Navy is confined to native-born Americans, and gives as his impression that this is not the case. The following answer has been forwarded to him:

In an article in the CANADIAN COURIER of Feb. 8th, 1913, entitled, "A Navy Slander Nailed," Mr. Waldron Fawcett, our New York correspondent, admits that there was a time when

"the enlisted strength of the United States Navy was made up largely of foreign-born sailors—professional seamen who possessed many of the shortcomings which are to be observed in their kind in the merchant marine. However, this state of affairs has long since passed, and to-day, on the contrary, more than 95 per cent. of the total enlisted force of the Yankee Navy is made up of citizens of the United States."

This paragraph would seem to bear out your contention, but there is another sentence which contradicts it. It runs as follows:

"Coincident with the increase in the proportion of Americans in the U. S. Navy—89 per cent. of the total are native-born Americans and only 7 per cent. are naturalized citizens—has come a rise in the standard of character."

This remark indicates that while the enlistment is not actually confined to native-born Americans, these are given the preference. He says farther on in his article:

"Of the comparatively limited number of foreign-

born lads who were allowed to enlist, nearly 700 came from England and Ireland, and almost as many more from Germany."

We interpret this to mean about 1,400 of the 17,743 enlisted during 1912 were foreign-born. The New York *World Almanac* for 1913 gives the following synopsis of the regulations for United States Naval Enlistment:

"The term of enlistment in the Navy is four years, except for boys under eighteen, who enlist for minority, with the consent of parents or guardian. Only American citizens of good character who may reasonably be expected to remain in the service are enlisted, and every applicant must pass the required physical examination, be able to read and write English and take the oath of allegiance. No boy under seventeen can be enlisted except by special permission from the Department."

Toronto's Municipal Survey

BY an almost unanimous vote the Toronto City Council, on Sept. 29th, decided to accept the offer of a Citizens' Committee to defray the expenses of a "Civic Survey" to be made by the experts of the New York Bureau of Municipal Research. This survey will be the first of its kind to be made in Canada, although nearly thirty United States cities have already indulged in the luxury.

A "civic survey" is merely an attempt to substitute knowledge for indignation in the minds of critics of any municipality. It is a written document prepared by a number of accountants and municipal experts after a detailed examination of the departments of the particular municipality which is to be surveyed or examined. When the document is ready it is printed and circulated among the members of the City Council, the senior and junior officers of the civic departments, the newspapers, and the various associations which are concerned with municipal reforms, civic development and the interests of the ratepayers.

The citizens' committee in Toronto, which has undertaken to provide the city with a survey, consists of about one hundred individuals and firms, each of whom has contributed from \$25 to \$200 towards the expense of the proposed detailed examination. The total cost of the survey will be in the neighbourhood of seven thousand dollars. It will require two months to make the examination, one month to write the report, and one month to print, bind and distribute the volume. Therefore, Toronto's Civic Survey will be given to the public about February first.

A Municipal Survey, as the term is used in America, is intended to fulfil two purposes. It informs the heads of departments and other officials how their work compares in efficiency with that done in other cities. In this respect it is much like the list of batting averages in the world of baseball and the bowling and batting records in the world of cricket. Secondly, it informs the citizens of the inner workings of the municipal system, increases their interest and gives them a guarantee of its efficiency. Either of these purposes would be sufficient to justify a survey in any city in the Dominion of Canada.

PUBLIC OPINION

A Reply to Mr. Belford

Editor, Canadian Courier:

Sir,—In your issue of Sept. 20th I noticed an article by James B. Belford, in which he gives expression to his views concerning the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and the way it should be delivered from the pulpit.

His reasoning with regard to the difference between the Creed and the Gospel is sound, and he has given expression to some profound truths in stating what he believes the pulpit should proclaim. I heartily agree with Mr. Belford thus far, but there are some things in the latter part of his article which I think should not remain unchallenged. With regard to the Lord's Day Alliance, they are doing a noble work for the cause of righteousness in this country. The secularizing of the Holy Sabbath Day is one of the most potent factors in leading our young people to hold light and indifferent views with regard to sacred things. Preaching on the work of the Lord's Day Alliance is preaching in the cause of righteousness, and is helping to extend Christ's kingdom here on earth. And in what better way can the secular arm be employed than enforcing a religious idea, seeing that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people"?

With regard to the temperance question, Mr. Belford states that it is only a pious opinion. It certainly is a pious opinion, and it is a great deal more,

and a minister of the Gospel is entirely within his right in preaching on temperance on the Sabbath Day, when we consider that the traffic in intoxicating drink is the greatest enemy with which the church has to contend.

When Christ was asked which was the first and great commandment, He said, "Thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart and with all thy soul, with all thy mind and with all thy strength, and the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." I hold that it is the duty of every man where he sees a wrong to do what he can to right that wrong, in the pulpit or out of it, on the Sabbath Day or any other day, and any man who is doing anything to take the stumbling block of intemperance out of his brother's way is loving his neighbour as himself. Our preachers should take the leading part in social reforms, and it is not secularizing Sunday to preach on these questions on that day.

Yours truly,

ONTARIO SUBSCRIBER.

October 6th.

Religion in Schools

Editor Canadian Courier:

Dear Sirs,—As a rule your editorials are characterized by accuracy as to facts and liberality of view in dealing with matters of current interest. In your last issue, however, you lay yourselves open to a charge of very gross inaccuracy in your editorial entitled "Religion in Schools."

The Anglican Church in Canada is not seeking the same privileges as the Roman Catholic Church enjoys, nor, unless the proceedings of the last Provincial Synod were very badly reported, could anyone get such an idea from what transpired there. All that the Anglican Church insists upon is that this is a Christian country and that there should be in the secular schools of the country some definite religious teaching. These are premises with which only a small minority of the population will quarrel. To secure the end desired it is proposed that representatives of the Anglican Church should confer with representatives of other Christian bodies with a view of reaching an agreement on a course of religious instruction which would be satisfactory to all the conferees. Representations would then be made to the Department of Education to secure the teaching of this course or rather the use of it in the schools of Ontario.

This is a very different matter from the one with which you dealt in your editorial.

Yours truly,

GEORGE A. STILES.

Cornwall, Oct. 6th.

A Remarkable Motor-Boat Ditch

Trenton, Sept. 10, 1913.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—In your issue of Sept. 6th you refer to the Trent Valley Canal as a motor boat ditch. If you are right, then Trenton can claim to be the terminus of the most wonderful ditch in the world. Its draught is equal in depth to that of the original Erie canal, both started about the same time. The latter has but recently been deepened, but has been a great factor in the regulation of railway freight rates. I agree with you that the Trent Valley canal, to fill its proper function as a national waterway, should have a greater depth on the sills than eight feet, the depth canals were dug at the time of its inception. But what Government dare propose making this a truly national highway? Nevertheless this "ditch" can handle 800 ton vessels, and there are few motor boats of that tonnage. But if it answered no better purpose, why not a motor boat waterway as well as a motor car highway?

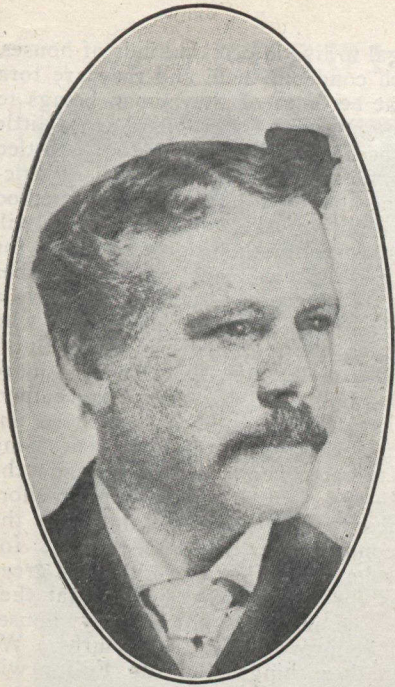
Were there not a boat or barge using the Trent Valley canal, or as it is more correctly termed, the Trent Valley waterways, the money the Government has spent upon this project has well been worth while. Besides, scores of private-owned hydro-electric plants and numerous individual municipal electric plants, there is one company alone developing 57,000 horse-power and selling that quantity to nearly a score of towns in the Midland district of Ontario, from Pickering on the west to Belleville on the east, and all through the mining regions of Haliburton, Hastings, Frontenac and Peterboro. All this power is developed at the dams of the canal, and the possible quantity this company can develop is 125,000 horse-power. Bear in mind, that the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission are not yet selling 40,000 horse-power.

This hydro-electric energy generated on the great system of lakes and rivers has been the means of building up flourishing industrial centres in eastern Ontario, centres that will outstrip the towns of western Ontario for the reason that the sale of electric power is under the supervision of the Dominion as well as the Ontario Government, and the rate is away beneath that of the Hydro-Electric Commission.

Trenton at least takes pride in her "ditch," and I believe all the other towns along the "ditch" are as equally proud.

Yours truly,

D. C. NIXON, Industrial Commissioner.



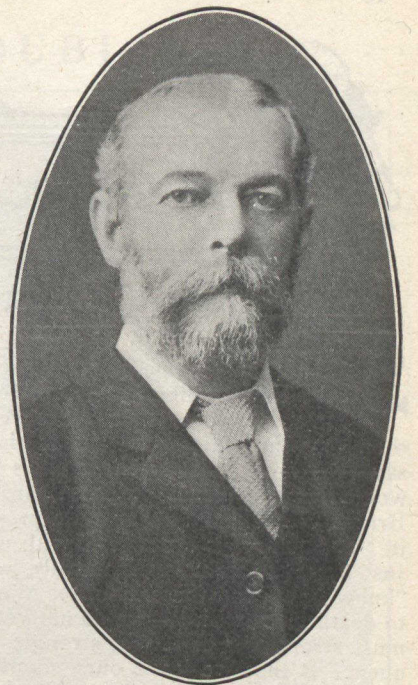
THE CHATEAUGUAY WINNER.
Mr. James Morris, Farmer and Tombstone-builder of St. Jean du Chrysotome, Conservative.



SMILING AS USUAL.
At the Chateauguay Nomination Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux Gave Cordial Support to Mr. Fisher.



AN ELOQUENT YOUNG MAN.
Albert Sevigny, M.P., Speaking for Mr. Morris, Might Almost Have Been Taken for a Youthful Laurier.



ONCE MORE OUT OF A SEAT.
Hon. Sydney Fisher, Ex-Minister of Agriculture and Model Farmer From County Brome, Liberal.

The Battle of Chateauguay

*Liberal Seat of Fifty Years, Won by James Morris, Conservative, with a Turnover of Nearly 200 Votes, and the Heaviest Polling on Record
The Battle of the Ballots in Chateauguay is Being Made a National Issue*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WINNING the Chateauguay election was never in doubt for a moment—in the minds of party workers. The real partisan always has the advantage of faith, that makes "dope" easy. The old county of the Chateauguay river was never so well known as it has been lately. And it has been the scene of a very lively campaign. Mud, many speeches, both French and English, mild jokes about Morris and jibes at Hon. Sydney Fisher, miles and miles of long, wabbling drives through a fat country of cattle and sheep and corn; now it's like the battle of Chateauguay a hundred years ago—all over.

Did either of the candidates mention the battle of Chateauguay? Probably they had forgotten that it ever took place, or why it was fought and by whom, or what the Yankees wanted in that part of North America anyway. Just as the Tory Conservatives at Ottawa have been accused of always wondering what in Sam Hill these ungodly Grits want to be winning elections for, when it's generally understood that a Tory once in is supposed to be in until death; in fact, why shouldn't a seat in the House of Commons be like a peerage, hereditary?

Anyway, there was a very large lot of talk made by both sides in the Chateauguay contest that had nothing much to do with Chateauguay. Most of it was national—that is, party-political. Chateauguay was regarded as a test election. James Morris, farmer and gravestone builder, was regarded as a very good son of the soil to win an election on local merits, without much reference to his personal qualifications. Probably there never was fashioned a more honest, sincere candidate than James Morris. He is a very good representative of the Scotch and English element in that part of Quebec, and there are some odd friendly mixtures along the border. He speaks French well enough to be understood; English not quite well enough to be particularly impressive. But he means straight business, does James Morris, and his citizenship in Chateauguay will not be altered much by reason of the election last Saturday.

ONE always rather hoped Morris would win, unless he happened to be an irreclaimable Grit. The man who pushes up from the farm into the forum, who has the courage to be at the same time honest, simple and bold, knowing that Nature never cut him out for a speaker or a politician, deserves the reward of his labours. Morris has never seemed like a man who inordinately desired office. His personality, as one correspondent remarked on the eve of the election, was never considered; neither Mr. Fisher's, who also, according to the scribe, hadn't any.

Both candidates were chosen because they would do for the kind of election Chateauguay happened to be. Each was expected to be fairly amenable to the operations of the elective machinery. Neither was supposed to have any particular sensibilities. There was no occasion for much personal animosity. And the two candidates set a very amiable example of good fellowship by holding joint meetings all over the county. At every meeting it was expected that Mr. Morris would remind the audience in two languages that he was a son of the soil and that Mr. Fisher was a stranger. Mr. Fisher was expected to make the invariable reply that he was no

stranger to Chateauguay, more than he was to Brome, where Harry Baker defeated him in 1911. Each was expected to make enough allusion to the navy to let the other speakers hammer it out. In fact, the impersonal and gentlemanly Mr. Fisher, and the impersonal, unsophisticated Mr. Morris, were trotted out by the parties for the express purpose of touching the button, as President Wilson did the other day blasting the ribs out of old Gamboa on the Panama. And when the candidate touched the button was the time for the batteries to get into action.

Forty some odd of a Liberal majority was not very much for the Liberals to keep; neither a very big heap for the Conservatives to win over. But it was quite enough of a line to hang most of the party washing on.

Certainly Chateauguay has never had so much excitement since the battle of Chateauguay a hundred years ago. The farmers of Chateauguay have never heard so many national issues discussed in all their lives. They never dreamed that one fat old county of cattle and sheep and corn could be of such tremendous interest in winning an election. The chances are that about two-thirds of the voters now don't quite realize how it came to be so important. All most of them wanted was that Chateauguay should get a good representative in Parliament, whether he was Liberal or Conservative. Probably some of them took a mild interest in the navy question so loquaciously discussed by the chief speakers. Very likely more of them took a much keener interest in the matter of reciprocity with the consumers and producers right over the border.

But as to whether the Conservative or the Liberal party mean more to Canada at large was not so much the concern of the average Chateauguay elector. If by this time the voters down there don't

understand the science of government it's no fault of the speakers. Never again, perhaps, will Chateauguay have such a chance. Next fall the farmers may shuck the corn and dig the potatoes and remember that in October, 1913, a hundred years after the battle of Chateauguay, they had the chance of a lifetime to become posted on national politics when all the rest of Canada was reading in the newspapers about Chateauguay. They will remember that some very brilliant and amiable speakers ploughed through the mud to be on hand at the joint meetings. They will recall the eloquence and the wit of Albert Sevigny, the young Conservative Laurier; the urbane and polished arguments of Rodolphe Lemieux; the caustic remarks of Harry Baker, the member for Brome; the mirthless gentility of Mr. Fisher, and the honest efforts of James Morris to get along without reading his notes. And they will remember that it was a good thing for the farmers that such a spell of fine open weather happened along in October, so that when they knocked off work to drive to the meetings they had a chance to catch up on the fall ploughing and the corn husking when the election was over.

AND they are husking corn and booting after the ploughs this week as good Canadian citizens should. The interests of Chateauguay are all right. Mr. Morris said he would see that they got better roads and didn't get gerrymandered off the map. Mr. Fisher said he would do the same. Mr. Fisher won't need to bother now. The fate of Chateauguay is in the hands of Mr. Morris, whatever becomes of the navy and the rest of the problems that made such a grist of long speeches.

And what of the rest of Canada? What will be the effect of this somersault by Chateauguay? Will it encourage the Conservatives and discourage the Liberals? Perhaps. One thing it will accomplish—the Conservatives will be less afraid of the success of a navy policy in the constituencies of Quebec. The guns of Bourassa are spiked for the time being. Whether they will remain spiked is a matter for speculation. With Bourassa quiet, Quebec will accept a settlement of the navy question.

The Long, Hopeful Procession of a Good Many Liberals and Numerous Conservatives to the Big Meeting on the Fair Grounds.



The Maison du Pension, Opposite the Liberal Committee Rooms, in St. Martine, Was the Scene of Many a Warm Bout in the Battle of Chateauguay.



CANADA'S CRIME

SEVERAL European visitors, experts in social conditions—some of them labour leaders from the United Kingdom—have been telling us of late that our "slums" are very much worse than anything they have across the water. They say that hovels in which families live in Canada would be torn down by the Boards of Health in British cities. And I am quite prepared to believe it. The "slum" is a new evil with us; and we have just begun to fight it. Naturally, we lack both the "know how" and the assiduity. We have not come to death grips with it—we do not yet realize that we must strangle it or it will strangle us. The consequence is that we leave our "slums" pretty largely to the willingness of transient foreigners to be temporarily crowded in anyway, and the greed of native landlords who are quite willing to pick coins from the eyes of the dead. Such a combination automatically forms a murder club which it is hard to beat.

OF course, we will pay for our negligence. The carrying breeze blows over the filthiest "slum" toward the finest residence quarter; and "the little children of the rich" sicken and die of diseases which are bred in the festering bodies of the exploited poor. Epidemics will come from that source; and the man who would not take a day off to establish a civic government which would abolish the "slum" and absolutely prevent its further transplantation to our fresh soil, will take a sadder day off to attend the funeral of his best loved. From the beginning of time, "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been a murderer's question. And the punishment of murder is—well, the least terrible punishment is death. We are bound to be our brothers' keepers. We cannot stand aside and permit the weak and the ignorant and the lacking in capacity to be ground into the muck of our great cities without ourselves finding the poison of the tragic mixture in our own veins.

A "SLUM" in Canada is an absolutely indefensible and unpardonable crime. Europe—you may say—was born with "slums." The utter social, economic and political break-down of the Middle Ages crowded all but the strongest and best-equipped survivors into a dank cellar of pitiless and yet powerless communal anaemia. The Church did what it could—some few noble souls struggled ever to help their fellows—but society was a shattered and hardly self-conscious existence. Still, from the day when Europe began to try to gather her broken limbs up from amongst the wreck of ruthless barbarism and decadent classic civilization, it has steadily endeavoured to better the conditions of life for the disinherited. And it has wonderfully succeeded. Read any record of the state of the proletariat in Europe even two or three centuries ago, and contrast it with their condition to-day; and you will see an almost miraculous advance. Europe may have floundered in the muck and lived amidst conditions too terrible to describe; but it has long been mounting toward the sunshine.

CANADA, on the other hand, has plunged stupidly and viciously downward. Our forefathers knew no "slums." They had poverty, but it was poverty with dignity and cleanliness, and even culture. It was poverty caused by the pitting of unequipped human endeavour against the wild force of an untamed Continent. It was not poverty that rotted men—it was poverty that spurred them on. The "slum" with us is a recent acquisition. How we got it is entirely, and appallingly, plain. We got it by permitting—by, in many cases, driving—people to live in wretched squalour in our large cities. They were at first people who were practically setting up only a temporary encampment in our midst. They had no notion that they would ever really live amidst such conditions; but, while they were getting a foot-hold and coming to understand the game as we play it, they would put up with anything. They simply sought to keep alive until they "found themselves" and got to earning money to rent a real home.

BUT we soon found that the existence of a "slum" in a city is a danger to the gilded dweller on its widest and proudest street. It becomes a per-

manent city of refuge for the native poor as well as the foreign "climbers"—and who dare say that his children will not be among the native poor? It is a place where a man can go to get his breath after a "knock-out" blow—where a family can go when their provider has suffered from this financial "knock-out"—and where people have an unhappy habit of staying when they fall down into it, instead of merely starting from there to climb up out of it. The "slum" has become—not a camping ground—but a permanent section of the city. It has its citizens—not merely transients. It breeds its children; and they grow up in a school of petty theft, prostitution and all the ugly methods of preying on the better-off. It has begun to punish us for our criminal negligence in allowing it to be.

AND what are we going to do about it? One of the favourite ways of fighting the "slum"

New Books and Their Authors

By "PAPERKNIFE"

THE Renouf Publishing Company, of Montreal, has issued an edition of "The Britannic Question." The author is Richard Jebb. This book is a most important contribution to the naval discussion and embodies the views on imperialism of a man who is strongly opposed to centralism. Copies may be had from the publisher, at 25 McGill College Avenue, Montreal, or from the Literary Editor of the "Courier." The price is forty cents, which includes postage.

"Stories of the British Empire," by Agnes Maule Machar. This is a mighty attractive book for young people—of all ages. Miss Machar is a Canadian authoress of repute, and this last book will add to her popularity. The modern method of writing history is to write it in the form of biographies of the great men of the centuries, and Miss Machar has followed this idea. The book contains about thirty stories written around the lives of the important and epoch-making figures, such, for instance, as Boadicea, Alfred, King John, Wycliffe and Victoria. A feature of the book is in the form of a supplement which deals with the British and Canadian flags, showing how they have come to their present form.

The authoress of this book is a remarkable woman. This, her last work, has been produced when its writer has passed the seventieth milestone. Among the many books from the pen of Miss Machar are "Lays of the True North," a volume which abounds in splendid historical poetry, and "For King and Country." This latest book is sure to be well received. (Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.50 net.)

"The Story of Canada," by E. L. Marsh. Everybody seems to be writing about Canada. Whether they do it because they are so entranced with the land of the Maple Leaf or whether the prospect of additional lucre—albeit filthy—lures them to put pen to paper I know not. But Miss Marsh, who is an Ontario writer, has written a very interesting little book which, while specially attractive to young readers, will find favour with older folk as well. Like Miss Machar's book, the history lesson is woven round the lives of the outstanding men of the time. In this way, the author manages to feed the young people with history, while apparently offering them something much more interesting. I don't know who originated this method, but I fancy it must have been a woman. A man wouldn't have had the "savvy." (London: Thomas Nelson and Sons.)

"The Players," by Sir William Magnay. This is a story of politics, play-acting, and people. It has a plot, which is worked out to a very nice and anything but probable conclusion. There isn't very much to be said for this book. It may help one to pass away an hour when the afternoon is too hot and the brain is too sluggish for an ordinarily clever book. But that is its chief virtue. Sir William Magnay (who wants the reader to know he is a Knight) has written several stories of this kind before. They are all pretty much the same; indeed, the sameness is what annoys you. There is a hero who is everything he should be. That also applies, as a matter of course, to the heroine. The chief plotters are a scheming aunt, and a love-sick woman who is bizarre and weird (the female plotter always is), and a degenerate snob, who is—also as a

matter of course—poor and a "sport." Many of the sentiments which the knight-author kindly makes his characters speak are drivel. Those that are anything else are as old as the hills. For the reader who likes this sort of book, it is the sort of book he likes—and that's all that can be said. (Hodder and Stoughton, Toronto. \$1.25 net.)

One publishing house in Toronto, at any rate, seems to have developed a penchant for historical novels. The house is William Briggs, and the latest announcement concerns "The Loyalists of Massachusetts." The author is James H. Stark. Mr. Stark has treated what he calls "The other side of the American Revolution." Through considerable study and poking around in old-time garrets he ran across some early documents which have brought to light the facts that the forebears of these aristocratic families were not all that they have been claimed to be, since the majority of them were bred to trade and commerce and more than one were in the early days convicted of smuggling. The book gives a reason such as we in Canada have never before been possessed of for the action taken at the time by the United Empire Loyalists.

"The Chief of the Ranges," Mr. H. A. Cody's forthcoming novel from the same house, is based upon information gathered while in the Yukon. It concerns the struggles between two tribes of Indians in the northland for long years, coming down to modern days, even the early fifties. The Chilcat Indians, of the North Pacific Ocean, having defeated the Interior Indians in a bloody battle, kept them in cruel bondage. They robbed them of their furs, wives and daughters. The coming of the white men, who built a trading post, diverted the trade from the coast. This so aroused the Chilcats that they swept down and wiped the post out of existence.

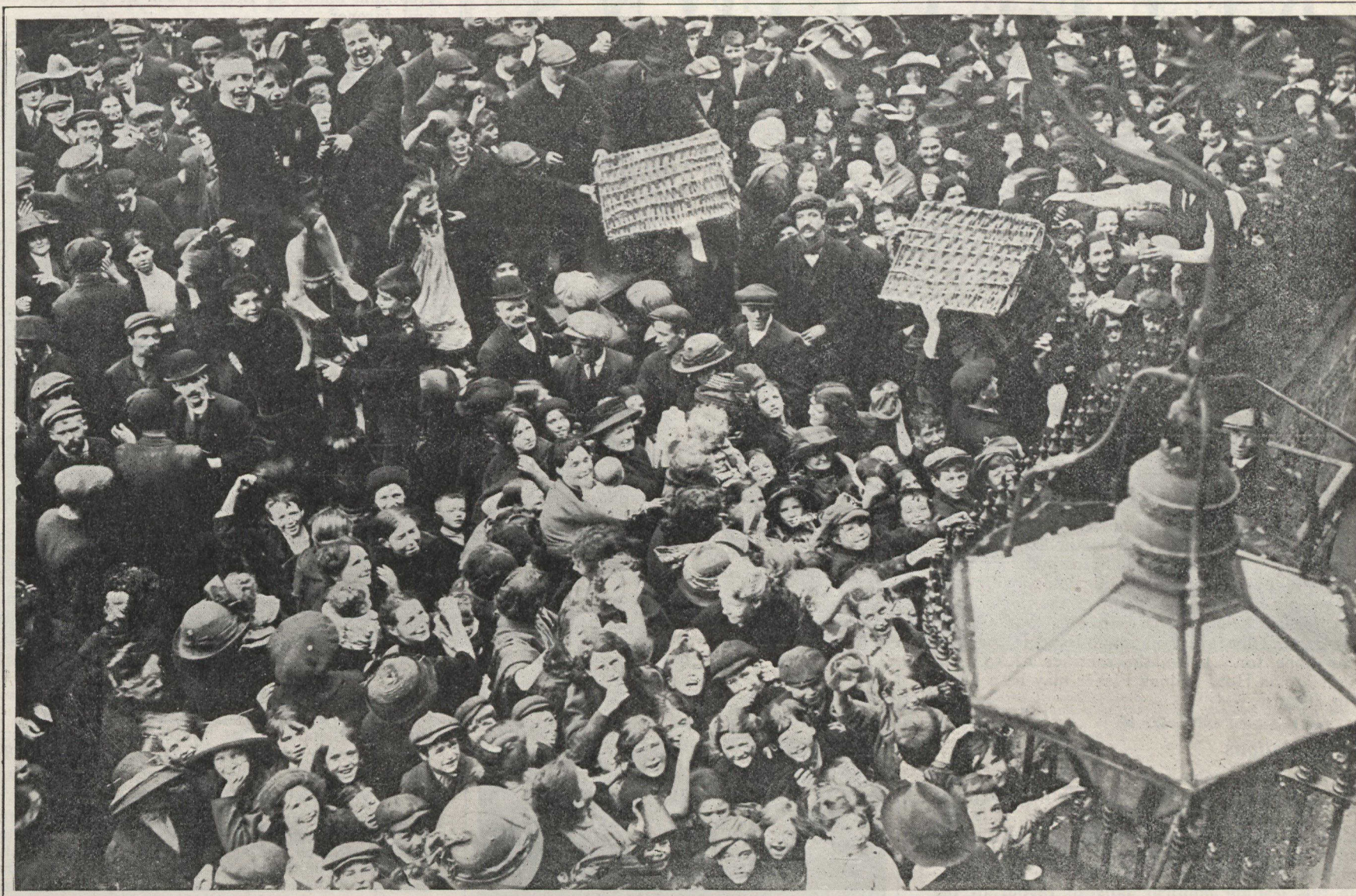
"A Fool and His Money," by George Barr McCutcheon. I remember the delight with which I first read "Brewster's Millions," possibly the book by this author which was widest in its appeal. The Graustark stories, though they had a great vogue, hardly seemed as readable as "Brewster's Millions." Put this latest work is one of the best efforts of Mr. McCutcheon. Latterly, his stories always centre round a castle. There is one in "A Fool and His Money." John Bellamy Smart buys it, and finds he is harbouring unawares an American girl who divorced her husband, a European Count. Nor is the fair American alone; she has abducted her baby daughter, and consequently has to remain in seclusion. So she calmly takes possession of one wing of the old castle.

The story concerns itself with the course of true love, which ended up in the somewhat not-often-come-across-haven of the woman's proposal. Mr. McCutcheon finds opportunity for satirical remarks as to international marriages, and other things. He is agile and nimble in his treatment of the story, which is vastly entertaining throughout.

One thing puzzles me, though. And that is the title of the book. The reader will find himself somewhat in the position of Miss Betsy Trotwood, who, addressing her nephew's wife, Mrs. Copperfield, said, when she heard that the house was called "The Rookery"—"In Heaven's name why Rookery?" Exactly! In McCutcheon's name, why "A Fool and His Money"? (Toronto: William Briggs. \$1.25 net.)

THE MONOCLE MAN.

FEEDING STRIKERS AND FAMILIES IN DUBLIN



Crowd of Strikers' Families Outside Liberty Hall, Dublin, Waiting for the Daily Distribution of Food. Inside the Hall Countesses and Other Leading Women Are Cooking and Packing Food From Morning to Night. This Has Been One of the Most Prolonged Disturbances the Irish Capital Has Ever Seen.

Photograph by L. N. A.

The "Newsie" on an Airship

Advent of the Montreal Daily Mail

THE first paper ever delivered in Canada by an airship was sent from Montreal to Ottawa Wednesday of last week. At 70 miles an hour, beating by a large margin any newspaper special train ever run in this country, the new morning paper, the Montreal Daily Mail, went up the Ottawa Valley on a bright, sunny day. This ultra-modern Depperdusan monoplane, with a 100-horsepower Gnome motor, under the control of Air-man Robinson, representing the Curtiss-Bleriot aeroplane firm of Chicago, made its ascent from Snowden's Junction,

near Fletcher's Field. It was the latest and most powerful long-distance machine possible to get. It carried from Mayor Lavallee, of Montreal, to the Prime Minister, to Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, to Sir Wilfrid Laurier and to Mayor Ellis, of Ottawa, copies of a full-fledged morning newspaper of 16 pages. The price marked on the title-page was one cent. It was delivered to those public citizens free of charge at a cost to the publishers of not less than \$2,000 for delivery.

And the newspaper freight was as modern as the machine that carried it. The Montreal Daily Mail, published and edited by Messrs. Edward Nichols and Brenton A. MacNab, is the most highly organized product of 1913 journalism. It came out, not as a doubtful experiment, but as an accomplished fact.

It represented a quarter of a million dollars invested before the presses ran off the first copy.

No newspaper has ever made its way with Canadian circulation with such a peculiar stage-setting. For six months the publishers have been organizing the enterprise, already outlined by the "Canadian Courier." They have installed a complete new plant, from boiler-room to managing director's office, the most up-to-date congress of modern newspaper equipment. The paper itself is not sensational in form. It looks like business. The front page of Vol. I., No. 1, contained portraits of Earl Grey, Sir Charles Tupper, Rt. Hon. Jas. Bryce, the Duke of Connaught and Hon. W. J. Bryan, all of whom sent greetings to the newspaper. The headings, all but the greeting from the Duke, were single column. The news of the day was there, just as completely as in any paper in Montreal with a hundred years' history behind it. All the regular features of an established newspaper were contained in the 16 pages. The reader saw nothing hasty, jumbled or experimental; everything complete, carefully worked out and comprehensive, even to the smaller detail of the advertising columns.

And the publishers know why. They have been six months on the job, each has twenty-five years' experience behind him, and a capital backing of \$500,000. The Montreal Daily Mail expects to be independent in politics. It expects in some degree to create its own field. And to the publishers, Messrs. Ed. Nichols and Brenton A. MacNab, the "Canadian Courier" extends its congratulations in the name of national journalism.

Honourable T. W. Crothers Returns From Europe



This Picture of the Minister of Labour Was Taken on the S. S. Virginian. Mr. Crothers is on the Extreme Right, and the Others Are Steerage Passengers, Splendid Types of New Citizens.

Photograph by Bartholomey.

Work At Settlers' Welcome

THE number of women who have benefitted from the Settlers' Welcome, opened only three months ago in Winnipeg, is already running into the hundreds.

The Settlers' Welcome office is the enterprise of the local Chapters of the I. O. D. E., and its capable secretary is Mrs. Martin.

"We get the class here, that are not ordinarily dealt with by immigration authorities," said Mrs. Martin lately to an interviewer, "professional women of all sorts, teachers, pianists and vocalists. We do not set ourselves up for an employment bureau, but if a girl wants work we do our best to find it for her or put her where she can find it for herself. Through the order we find what the chances are in other cities, and if girls are going there give them letters to members of the order."

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Chateauguay

HON. SYDNEY FISHER was defeated in Chateauguay by the Government candidate. This was to be expected. If the Government had not believed it could carry the constituency it would not have opened it first. The wise party managers have been justified of their political wisdom.

What is the significance of the loss of this Liberal seat? Probably as little significance as should have been attached to the Drummond-Arthabaska election in 1910, in which the Laurier candidate was beaten by the Bourassa candidate. That was a flash in the pan. This is little more because the Liberals were not in a position to meet the determined attack of their political opponents. There is no reason to believe that the decision reached by the constituency was based either upon the relative merits of the candidates or the relative merits of the party platforms. Rather it was a case of an opposition candidate being submerged by a government candidate because of superior force and method.

It may, however, have an indirect influence upon Sir Wilfrid Laurier and make him more willing to agree to a bi-partisan settlement of the naval question. It may help to prove to him that a joint settlement of this great national issue is the best he can hope for. If so, the sacrifice of so good a candidate as Hon. Sydney Fisher may be a blessing in disguise.

Congratulations

MOST people who are in a position to know agree that the *Montreal Gazette* is one of the best edited papers in Canada. It is also a splendid newspaper, even though it may be less popular than some of its more "frothy" contemporaries. Therefore, it is pleasant to be able to quote this leading political daily in favour of the attitude taken by the *CANADIAN COURIER* and other independent papers as to a bi-partisan settlement of the naval question. In the course of an article on the postponement of the proposed imperial conference, the *Gazette* says:

"It would be well if, all through the Empire, the question of naval and military defence could be removed from branch of politics wherein everything is used for the making of votes and the making of votes only."

With the *Winnipeg Free Press* leading Liberal opinion in this direction and the *Montreal Gazette* leading Conservative opinion, it begins to look as if our national reputation might yet be saved.

Civil Service Reform

WHEN Sir Joseph Cook, Premier of Australia, met the adjourned parliament the other day, he presented a memorandum setting forth the ministry's policy for the session. There were twenty points in the memo., of which No. 2 reads as follows:

"There is to be no preference or favouritism in the public service. Competency and merit are to be the sole basis of employment and preferment."

Premier Borden uttered a like sentiment before he came into office, but he seems to have forgotten all about it. Instead of the jurisdiction of the Civil Service Commission being extended to the outside service, the control of the inside service is slowly passing back into the hands of the Cabinet. There are scores of clerks at work in the Ottawa departments who are there in defiance of Dr. Shortt and his colleague, the two civil service commissioners. Mr. Borden may not have changed his mind, but certainly his colleagues are not practising the principles of their leader.

Mr. Churchill's Latest

RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL was always changeable. He has even changed his party allegiance. But his changes in naval policy are simply wonderful. Just how far these changes are his and how far they are the Cabinet's, no one can tell. In the meantime, most of us believe that Master Winston is a reed shaken in the wind, a weather-cock turning quickly to every breeze that blows.

His newest policy is a Canadian-Australian-New

Zealand fleet operating in the Pacific and a British-Canadian fleet operating in the West Atlantic, with naval base in Bermuda. This is the best policy he has yet devised. It comes nearer to the ideas of the Dominion than either of his previous policies. Just where he got the idea no one knows, but a very similar scheme was outlined in the *CANADIAN COURIER* of April 12th by R. S. Neville, K.C., a prominent Conservative of Toronto. Other Canadian, Australian and New Zealand writers have urged that there should be a "Dominions Fleet" in the Pacific. The idea of a Dominions-British fleet at Bermuda is apparently a newer idea which may be original with Mr. Churchill or the experts of the navy department.

But what a spectacle Mr. Churchill presents. Last autumn he was all for a central fleet in the North Sea, to which all the Dominions shall contribute. He persuaded Mr. Borden that this is the only sensible method of Empire defence. A few months afterwards, he modified his views and proposed an Imperial Flying Squadron at Gibraltar, to which the Dominions should contribute Dreadnoughts. Two or three months later, he sends part

HER HEART'S DESIRE



The Ambition of the Leading English Suffragettes Seems to Pertain Largely to the Results of Their Escapades. This Lady Has Achieved Fame, Being One of the Two Suffragette Leaders Arrested at Kingsway, London, a Few Days Ago. Each Reader May Draw His or Her Own Conclusion as to Whether the Lady is Enjoying the Situation.

of the North Sea Fleet to the Mediterranean and some ships to Bermuda. Now he is out with a fourth plan, as outlined in a despatch dated October 10th, and having as its new feature a Canadian-Australian-New Zealand fleet in the Pacific.

Every advocate of a Canadian fleet will welcome Mr. Churchill's latest plan as a return to sanity. Canada wants its own ships, and so do Australia and New Zealand. Each may satisfy its ambition and yet create a great fleet in the Pacific which will perform a distinct service to the Empire as well as to each of three Dominions having Pacific interests.

What This Means to Canada

MR. CHURCHILL'S new plan offers Mr. Borden a permanent naval policy which will satisfy the advocates of a Canadian navy in his own party and the advocates of a Canadian navy in the Liberal party. It would give Canada a naval service of her own, a naval unit of her own, operating in the Pacific in harmony with Australia and New Zealand. It would mean a national settlement of this vexed question to which all parties in Canada could agree. It should satisfy the ultra-imperialists and the ultra-Canadians. It should

stop all the senseless bickering as to who is loyal and who is disloyal. The charge that Canadians cannot establish a naval service equal to that of Australia and New Zealand will be answered once and forever.

Just what part Premier Borden has had in working out this new plan is not clear. The despatch indicates that he was not wholly pleased with the "Gibraltar Flying Squadron" idea, and has agreed to the newer plan of a Canadian-Australian-New Zealand fleet operating in the Pacific and having its base every other year at Vancouver and Sydney. If all this is true, then Mr. Borden is likely to come out of this long discussion with more honour and glory than some of us had anticipated.

So far as the *CANADIAN COURIER* is concerned, any scheme which will eliminate the idea of permanent money contribution and which will create a naval service which will appeal to Canada's pride and self-respect, will be welcomed. The details are unimportant so long as the main principles are vindicated. If Mr. Churchill and Mr. Borden have worked out such a scheme, they will receive their due meed of praise from all those who put country before party. All classes of Canadians are clamouring for a settlement which will enable Canada to keep faith with Australia and with the Home authorities.

Sir John Thompson, Nationalist

LAST week, we quoted from a speech by Sir John Macdonald, in 1865, in which he clearly spoke of Canada as a nation, in *alliance* with the United Kingdom and the other self-governing colonies—or "dominions," as they are termed to-day. As the founder of the Conservative party, his attitude should be of some importance to the Conservative party of to-day.

There is one other outstanding figure whose opinion is entitled to equal respect with that of Sir John Macdonald. That figure is Sir John Thompson. Speaking in Toronto on January 6th, 1893, the successor of Sir John A. in the leadership of the Conservatives expressed these statements:

"Every man who is a Canadian at heart feels that this country ought to be a nation, will be a nation; and, please God, we shall help to make it a nation. But, sir, we do not desire that it shall be a separate nation, but that it will be a nation in itself, forming a bulwark to the British Empire, whose traditions we admire, whose protection we enjoy, and who has given to this country in the fullest degree the right and power of self-government, and agreed to extend to the people of this country every facility which a self-governed and independent people could desire to have."

Thus the opinions of the two Sir Johns were the same—they believed in Canadian nationality combined with British connection. They were neither of them centralists. They both believed that Downing Street rule had gone never to return. They believed in "the development of Canada as a self-governing nation within the Empire."

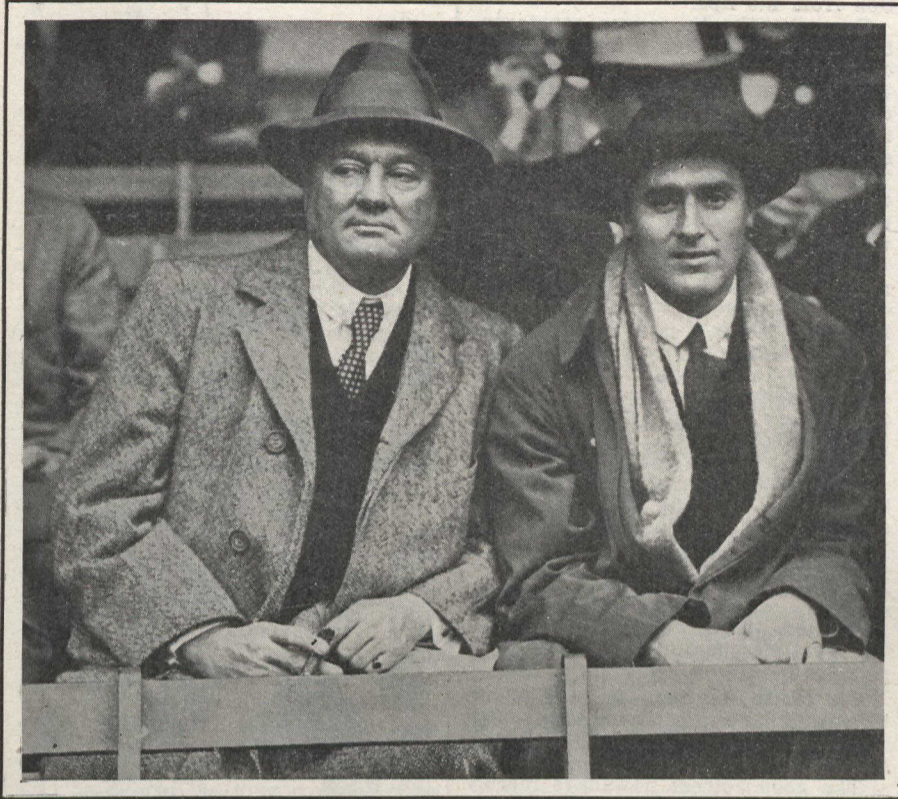
The Panama Canal

CONGRATULATIONS from all the world are pouring in on the United States for their enterprise and skill in having completed the Panama Canal. If no untoward accident takes place, light-draft ships will be passing freely across the new canal in 1914 and all sorts of vessels in 1915. To-day, the two oceans are practically united.

To reduce steamship journeys from Atlantic ports to Australia or to Hong Kong by 5,000 to 8,000 miles is a tremendous economy in transportation. To the United States, it opens a new transcontinental passageway for its fleet. Henceforth the defence of the Pacific Coast will be one problem with that of the defence of the Atlantic Coast. Soldiers might be shipped across the United States by train, but the battleships had to go around Cape Horn. Now the journey will be short and easy.

While the Panama Canal was a military necessity to the United States, it is, like the Suez Canal, a work for the general good of the world. The products of the East will pass to Europe more cheaply and more easily, and Europe will send more return cargoes with equal facility. While the United States will benefit most of all by this expenditure of \$400,000,000 and nine years of engineering effort, there will be a corresponding benefit to all other countries. No nation lives to itself alone, and all such national undertakings have beneficial results in which the other nations share. As the world grows smaller commercially, the world grows bigger ethically. Universal peace will come from international knowledge, which is a product of railways, canals, steamships, telegraphs, cables and airships.

PROMINENT PERSONS AT WORLD'S BASEBALL SERIES



After His Short Visit to Canada and His Numerous Oratorical Efforts, Lord Northcliffe Took a Little Relaxation by Visiting the Championship Baseball Game in New York on October 7th. Lord Northcliffe on the Left, and Russell Wakefield on the Right.



Mr. and Mrs. De Wolf Hopper at the Same Baseball Match. The Famous Comedian Amused Himself During the Series by Writing a Number of Humorous Articles for the Newspapers. Of course he Did This for the Love of the Game, Not for the Money That Was In It.

The Napoleon of Strikes

JAMES LARKIN, leader of the Dublin strike, is now more famous than Ben Tillett. Recently at Sir George Askwith's Court of Inquiry into the Irish strike, Timothy Healy, M.P., made a vigorous attack upon the man who has helped to bring about the most unusual and by many considered the most unfair labour upheaval in the history of British commerce. For the Dublin strike is regarded not as the victory of unionism as such, but the real defiance of legitimate unionism by men who create conditions absolutely intolerable for the employers. Mr. Healy said of Larkin:

"He acts the part of Napoleon. His men obey him as implicitly as the French soldiers obeyed their emperor, and it is they who have brought about these strikes. All employers have been the object of his attacks and humble masters have worn out their marrowbones kneeling at his shrine."

Larkin telegraphed the International Syndicate Congress, from Dublin: "I appeal to all comrades to send ammunition and bring fighters here. The masters admit that they are on their marrowbones."

The Peace Committee, however, formed for the purpose of finding a way out of the deadlock, secured the consent of both sides to confer with the committee on Monday this week. A settlement was looked for on a basis of reinstating the locked-out men and the strikers, the labour men compromising on the question of handling "tainted goods" and the employers on the recognition of Larkin and the Transport Workers' Union.

A Rugby Surprise

VARSITY rugby fans felt almost as surprised as some of the Giants' baseball fans last Saturday when the Royal Military College team from Kingston narrowly beat the near champions of last year's intercollegiate senior series by a score of 15 to 14. This was considered impossible. It was done by honest hard playing from a team that up to that game had never worked outside of the intermediate except for an exhibition game to replace Ottawa College last year. Most of the R. M. C. men are younger than Varsity, and many of them less experienced. Varsity, of course, was weakened by the accident to Maynard in the third quarter; but even with Maynard playing through, the game would probably have gone to the militaries. The game was as snappy an exhibition of good, clean rugby as ever was seen in Kingston. There were no dull moments; no merely mysterious episodes; and very little rough play. The same day Ottawa City-College cleaned up the Hamilton Tigers in Ottawa by a score of 11 to 10. The Argonauts of Toronto paid a still more strenuous compliment to the Montreal Athletic Association team on the Rosedale grounds; score, 23 to 10.

Grand Review of the Carson Army at Belfast



Public Opinion is Divided as to Whether the Ulster Army is a Bluff or a Reality. This Picture of a Portion of the Volunteer Force Reviewed by Sir Edward Carson and General Sir George Richardson May Have Some Influence on the Canadian Mind.



Courierettes.

New York woman is suing Mrs. Clarence Mackay for \$1,000,000 for alienation of her husband's affections. We doubt whether any New Yorker's affections are worth it.

We read of a couple who fell in love while in an airship. The fall might have been more disastrous.

Controller Foster, of Toronto, is said to be piqued because he was not asked to speak at a North Bay banquet. No protest from North Bay reported as yet.

Our American cousins are now agitating for a legal "Fathers' Day." If they keep on there'll be something doing across the line every day of the year.

A well-known political orator was stricken with paralysis while making a speech. Unfortunately others will not be warned by this.

Andrew Carnegie is held to be entitled to a vote in Britain. However, it counts for no more than anybody else's ballot.

European nations are talking loudly of universal peace—and spending a thousand millions on armaments this year. There are national as well as individual hypocrites.

The modern man can get lots of exercise by means of the motor car—not driving, but rather dodging it.

The human race is so called because men are running after women—and vice versa.

The increase in the price of radium to \$52,000,000 per pound just puts it out of active competition with coal.

The only things that look cheap at a bargain sale are the men who have to wait for their wives.

Rockefeller congratulated Ouimet, the young golf champion, on his victory over the British golfers. Ouimet, however, has not yet congratulated John D. on his oil winnings.

The United States got 1,200,000 immigrants in the past year. Uncle Sam is a great importer of humanity.

"Jack Canuck," the illustrious Toronto weekly, has now a yellow cover. Singularly fitting for a yellow journal!

Here's a Riddle.—"After all, what use is money?" queried Rev. C. E. Manning in the course of a sermon advising young men to enter the ministry.

All together now, just one guess!

Somewhat Crude, This.—Art is long, sings the poet, and it must needs also be long-suffering to endure the critical comments of some people who boast more cash than culture.

Which is apropos of a little incident in the Princess Theatre, Toronto, at the conclusion of a recent performance of "The Garden of Allah," that tragic drama of the renegade monk who married a woman, and by her was sent back to the monastery to spend the rest of his life there. Just as the big monastery gate had closed, and the noise of the shot bolt was heard, Dominie, the woman, was left alone on the stage.

At this point a newly-rich society bud turned to her escort, and remarked quite audibly, "Well, she is a grass widow now."

The Plight of the Poor.—Lord Salisbury declares that the labourers of England need neither baths nor parlours in their cottages, and that baths and parlours do not save souls, but rather increase expenses.

The noble lord might at least let the poor be clean, if they cannot be godly.

Here and There.—Over here in America we are chiefly concerned with the increased cost of living, but in Britain certain peers of the realm who have had to settle with some pretty actresses are worried more over the higher cost of loving.

Just a Suggestion.—Now that they are doing most everything, including cooking, by electricity, why not have some buns with electric currents?

The Similarity.—"Why are some men like a beefsteak?" "Because they need considerable pounding before they are tender to others."

Awkward for the King.—The Liverpool Echo tells us that the royal standard is the King's personal flag, "and should be used only where the King is himself."

But would it not be awkward for his Majesty to climb the flag staff so often?

The Other Side of It.—Students at Toronto University have been having their annual battles, in which the damage is limited to the loss of clothing and the misuse of much boot-blacking.

It's no doubt a heap of fun for the boys, but old Dad and Mother, back on the farm, fail to see the joke when they forward the price of more clothes.

Choosing a Preacher.—They tell a little story of the canniness of a certain Scotch Presbyterian congregation

and systems of church worship with persistent faithfulness. One of their ideas was that the preacher should not use notes for his sermons. His words should flow solely by inspiration from his lips.

Consequently, there was consternation and alarm when a new preacher came who was reported to use notes. The rumour of this awful misconduct on his part soon spread and threatened to become a church scandal.

Finally, one of the pillars of the church, more courageous than the rest, interviewed the pastor in order to clear the matter up.

"Is it true, Mr. —, that you use notes?" he asked in awed tones.

"To be perfectly frank with you, my dear fellow," said the preacher, "I prefer the cash."

Ever Notice This?—The editor of the Toronto Telegram never "talks through his hat." He prefers to use "caps."

Do You Know It?—"The Terror by Night" is the title of a new book, just published in England. Probably about a baby.

Defined.—Light-weight champion—The coal merchant.

Old Motto Revised.—In days of old Cromwell and his Roundheads had for their motto "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

The good actress nowadays merely varies this by substituting "handy" for "dry."

Explained.—A Kentucky editor lived to the ripe old age of 89.

Which goes to show, not that he was particularly healthy, but that some people must have been mighty poor shots.

Here's Mary Again. MARY had a stylish skirt, It had a tiny split, And everywhere that Mary went The glance would follow it.

A Fable.—Once upon a time there was a church, and the minister resigned. He was probably called elsewhere. The congregation desired to have another reverend gentleman in their midst, and they sent a deputation to see the Reverend Mr. So-and-So.

He was not in. His good wife opened the door and told the deputation so. "Then if we may not see the minister, we should like to see a pair of his pants," said one of the elders.

Greatly wondering, the wife of the minister acceded to the strange request and produced a pair of the reverend gentleman's pants for the inspection of the deputation.

The deputation retired a little way from the door. They examined the ministerial garment (or garments, if you prefer), and shook their heads. Then they returned to the minister's wife. And one said, "We had intended asking the Reverend Mr. So-and-So to become our pastor. But on examining his pants we find they are worn less at the knees than in some other places.

So we are sure that the Reverend Mr. So-and-So doesn't pray enough to make a good pastor."

The moral is, that the minister's wife was not up to snuff. For if she had been she would have seen to it that the nether garments looked worn at the knees, whether they really showed signs of much wear at that place or not.

Awful! I F I were pun-I-shed For every puny pun I shed I should not have a puny shed Wherein to lay my punished head, If—[No more of that.—Ed.]

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"Everything but the hired man; they couldn't ketch him in motion."

in Ontario which recently faced the problem of choosing a new pastor.

There came a long, thin clergyman first. He did not meet with approval.

The second was almost as thin. He, too, was passed up.

The third was a stout man. "Let us take him," said one wise old elder. "Stout men are not too long-winded. And they took him."

The Preacher's Preference.—Rev. W. E. Hassard, who travels over the Dominion continually in the interests of the Bible Society, tells of a certain country congregation of the old school, who clung to all the old styles

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LONDON LETTER

London, October 1, 1913.

THE King and Queen had a great popular reception in Northamptonshire on His Majesty's attending the army manoeuvres. Their Majesties gave eclat to the occasion by spending some hours with the troops engaged in the operations. Replying to an address which the corporation of Northampton presented, His Majesty said that he rejoiced to find in the old historic town that strong civil patriotism which was so essential to the efficient carrying out of that wider patriotism which was concerned with the defence of his realm and his dominions beyond the seas.

Referring to political matters I note that during the parliamentary recess Balmoral has been the Mecca to which the most remarkable and the foremost of each of the English parties have peregrinated. There is not the slightest reason for denying that the King has availed himself of this opportunity to effect a conciliation on the matter of the moment, viz.: the Home Rule question. Like a true scion of the House of Victoria, he has not allowed personal views to affect him, and if—as many whispered is probable—some rapprochement is effected between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Law on the subject, much of the credit will be due to the long conversations the King has held with his visitors of both political hues in Aberdeenshire.

On high authority it is stated that the probable successor of the Duke of Connaught in the Canadian Vice-royalty—an appointment in which the Duke himself has no doubt had a voice—will be Field-Marshal Lord Methuen, a popular army figure. Lord Methuen is a friend of his Royal Highness who formed a close acquaintance with him while on his visit to South Africa, and has a high appreciation of his abilities as a statesman and diplomatist.

A rumour is going in London society circles that on the occasion of the coming Royal wedding, the King will specially signify his high regard of the union by conferring a personal distinction upon both bridegroom and bride, Prince Arthur receiving a dukedom, and the Duchess of Fife, who is now simply "her Highness," being given the status attached to "her Royal Highness." It would be a somewhat minor and yet decided advantage of this double arrangement that at a stroke, it would solve for each, various difficulties arising out of the table of precedence—difficulties which caused some undesirable incidents in court pageants.

What a tremendous bid for pre-eminence London is making as the city of luxurious hotels, quite a dozen schemes being in progress for increasing the first-class accommodation of the metropolis. At present there are something like 200 "big" hotels, and it is calculated that during the past decade fully \$50,000,000 has been spent on new buildings and improvements. Of present schemes the most ambitious is that for the erection of a great hotel on the site of St. George's Hospital, at the entrance to Hyde Park. Nearly \$2,500,000 has been paid for the position, and it is proposed to spend a greater sum on the building, which will overlook Hyde Park, Buckingham Palace and the Green Park. To the West End, more and more, go the new theatres and magnificent shopping emporiums.

At the farewell luncheon to Mr. Cyril Maude who is undertaking a tour in Canada and the United States, Sir Herbert Tree alluded to the hackneyed observation that the reason why better plays were not produced was because managers had no intelligence. Sir Herbert frankly made the confession that had he produced six of the plays which he did not produce he would now be a rich man; but he had at least the satisfaction that all these plays had enriched his brother managers. Perhaps, added Sir Herbert Tree, he was betraying a secret when he said that "Peter Pan" was brought to him. "Oh, how rich I should have been," he continued, "but I thought the lead-

ing part was unsuited to me."

Pegoud, the famous French air-man who startled even his countrymen by deliberately travelling upside down and then returning to the normal position, has given us English folks some "thrillers" by his sensational performances at Brooklands, near London. His amazing coolness and resource are the more wonderful, the more one considers them, and no more thrilling entertainment can be imagined than that which he has exhibited. The risks, of course, are great, but it may be doubted after all whether they are greater than those run by many airmen who have not enjoyed the training of M. Bleriot, or who do not employ the special controls which make topsyturvy flying a comparatively safe adventure. Its utility to scientific progress or in the direction of practical uses, is, however, an open question for discussion.

THE "passing" of Mr. H. G. Pelissier, the laughter-maker, whose "Follies" has wrought such a transformation in the character of our lighter amusements, has occasioned real regret among his many thousands of admirers. Although Pelissier was a descendant of the French marshal who commanded for a time in the Crimea, he had become to all intents and purposes an Englishman. He distinctly showed the characteristics of the French temperament—liveliness, wit and gaiety. Pelissier, too, possessed a rich fund of humour, and his burlesques of some of the most popular dramatic productions of the day in the form of "potted plays" were exceedingly clever and amusing. If one were tired or depressed, no better antidote could be found than an evening at "The Follies." Mr. Pelissier wrote himself most of the pieces which he produced, and he generally was the chief performer in them. His death may not "eclipse the gaiety of nations," but it will "diminish the harmless stock of public pleasure."

The memory of Pelissier will be honoured, and his departure from this sphere sorrowed, by quite a comprehensive variety of classes, all of whom will remember him with a certain affection for his many merits.

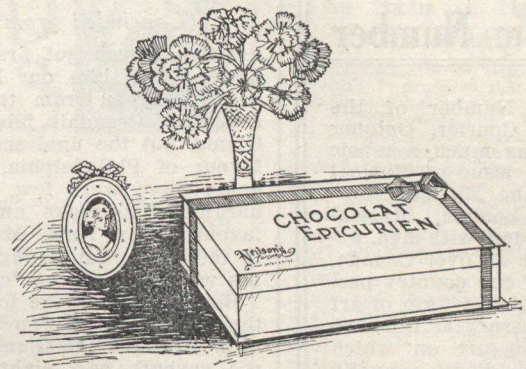
According to city feminine experts I hear that the present season is to be one of unparalleled brilliance in dress. It is in what is technically known as "trimmings" that the brilliance is made exceptionally apparent. One usually associates trimmings with little decorative pieces of silk, satia, or some other fabrics contrasting with the dress itself, but the term has a much broader significance than that, and includes, among other things, diamonds and furs, which are two of the most popular trimmings for dresses—especially evening dresses—that fashion has devised for the autumn season. While the rich woman will have her dress sewn with diamonds and pearls and bordered with sable, she of the lighter purse, but with an equal desire to look attractive, will doubtless be provided with the best substitute for the real thing that the skill of the craftsman can devise.

Mme. Pavlova is giving two farewell matinee performances at the London Opera House on October 6 and 7, before leaving for New York on the 8th, to begin her world tour. These performances will be Mme. Pavlova's last appearance in London for at least five years.

London tires of everything in time, and the new Palladium revue gives welcome evidence that we are ready at last to say good-bye to "ragtime." We may keep the revue form for a long time yet—it is so convenient, a kind of stage pudding in which a bit of anything hard can be thrown, though its hey-day certainly is over.

CALEDONIAN.

A Trite Truth.—People who persist in living too fast are apt to have somebody walking slowly behind them ere long.



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The Music Number

THE Music Number of the Canadian Courier, October 25th, will be as much a music volume as any issue of Musical American or the Musical Courier or the London Musical Times. It will deal with men, women and music all over Canada. In all parts of the country people are developing a form of art that is as necessary as railways and hotels; an art on which they are spending annually millions of dollars. Thousands upon thousands of people are spending time and money to make progress in music—church music, home music, concert platform, opera stage, orchestras, choirs, choruses, bands, singers, instrumentalists, piano, organ, violin, 'cello; all costing a great many people a great deal of money as a phase of making life worth while.

THE Music Number will tell you more about this in picture and prose than has ever been told in one volume before. It will be a better production than the music number of 1912, because the musical story of 1913 is a bigger musical story than that of 1912. It will give interesting information about people in the most interesting way. It will be entertaining, informative—and casually instructive. Every page of the issue will have an individual value.

The first article will be
IS CANADA MUSICAL?

This will be written by the music editor, who has had considerable experience in helping to make various parts of Canada more or less musical. It will contain the opinions of some of our impressarios who are handling every year large fortunes of public money for music in public places.

MUSICAL PEOPLE.

We have secured photographs of men and women doing constructive work in music, in old towns of the east and new towns on the prairie, where already two permanent symphony orchestras are in the making and choirs and choral societies and musical institutions are developing as such things never did in the East.

CANADIAN COMPOSERS.

A COUNTRY'S musical progress may be judged by its individual musicians who make their living in the country; by the amount of money spent on music; and by the music actually produced in the country. Canada is gradually becoming a land of composers; some native born, some recently imported, some naturalized. We shall have a page of pictorial personalities about these very interesting people.

CONDUCTORS IN CANADA.

Every year orchestras and bands come to Canada giving concerts. New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul, old London and the music centres of Europe send over aggregations of players headed by interesting, genius-like people. Several are due to come this year. We shall deal with these familiarly in picture and brief critical notices.

And there will be many other humanly interesting features all illustrated to complete this as a document of experience which will be kept on the family table or bookshelf for many a month after the date of its publication is forgotten.

Why the Athletics Won

(Concluded from page 5.)

hospital. Bush got first opportunity, and to help him out his club-mates drove Tesreau from the box in the seventh. Crandall filled in for the Giants, but the final score was 8-2 in favour of Philadelphia. After that game there were few men with the hardihood to make an even bet in favour of New York. Merkle was back in the game, but Snodgrass and Meyers were still on the "cripple list."

Bender pitched the fourth game for the Athletics and won his game by 6 to 5. He held the Giants hitless until the seventh and eighth, when they scored 3 and 2. Demaree started for New York, but Marquard had to be called on to finish. Bender struck out six men, Marquard two and Demaree none. This has exploded the idea that New York had a better pitching staff than Philadelphia. Snodgrass was in centre for New York, but was slow in the field and on bases. His "charley horse," an affection of the leg muscles, reduced his speed. Merkle limped for a foul which he should have got easily under ordinary conditions; this error probably gave the enemy an extra run. On the whole, New York had all the hard luck.

On Saturday the fifth and final game was played in New York. Mack sent Plank back for another chance, and McGraw brought out the "peerless" Mathewson. It was the Giants' last stand, and they fought hard. Their failure was not due to Mathewson, but to the "cripples" and errors. Under these circumstances the hard-hitting Athletics again had the luck which in a way they deserved. Their superior physical condition was not to be denied. They had six hits to New York's two. Thus, in spite of the brilliant work of Mathewson, the Athletics secured their fourth and final win by a score of 3 to 1. Thus for the third time in five years they are "World's Champions."

The line-up in the final game was as follows:

Philadelphia.	New York.
E. Murphy, r.f.	Herzog, 3b.
Oldring, l.f.	Doyle, 2b.
Collins, 2b.	Fletcher, ss.
Baker, 3b.	Burns, l.f.
McInnis, 1b.	Shafer, c.f.
Strunk, c.f.	Murray, r.f.
Barry, ss.	McLean, c.
Schang, c.	Merkle, 1b.
Plank, p.	Mathewson, p.

The winning players received over \$3,000 each as their share of the receipts, and the losers a little more than \$2,000 each. The total receipts were about \$250,000, with a total attendance of about 175,000.

The lesson, if there be one, is that every baseball manager must have a constant supply of promising youngsters. The team which possesses the largest number of promising recruits produces the highest average in a season's scoring. It would be a platitude to add that a well-balanced team will win over an ill-balanced one. Brilliant pitchers can win only when backed by good fielders and hard hitters.

Philadelphia earned its victory, but had New York's fielders been in as good physical condition as its pitchers, the championship would not have been decided until the seventh game was played. Philadelphia won largely because Connie Mack is a greater general than McGraw.

Lauding Our Lyrist

D. R. LOGAN has been disposing of Canadian music in his article, "Canadian Creative Composers." Canada, he says, has four such: Calixa Lavallee, Clarence Lucas, Wesley Octavius Forsyth and Mrs. Gena Branscombe Tenney. Mrs. Tenney is classed as "the musical lyrist of love, pathos and humour, whose forte is songs." And, then, protesting that he speaks as a critic, and in no wise as a gallant, the Doctor indulges a bit in panegyric: "As a song-composer Gena Branscombe Tenney is one in a thousand—at once an ornament to her sex and the glory of her Canadian homeland."



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MONEY AND MAGNATES

The Welsh Scapegoat

POOOR Mr. Lloyd George! When he isn't "limehousing"—to use the latest effort on the part of British Tory punsters—he is baiting the public with "Form 4," and when he isn't doing that, he is trying to pull the cap over the eyes of dear old John Bull, with an ingenious device by which fourpence is made into ninepence. The latest crime of which he is accused is that of direct contribution to the stringency, and its adverse effect upon Canadian new issues. The "Financial Times," a London paper, says, in the course of an article on the Canadian situation:

"As regards the financial situation, the greater ease in the English money market, which had begun to make itself felt a month ago, has had already a marked effect upon local sentiment. It is true that this has been aided by the fact that the municipalities have been finding a market for their bonds in the United States, where capital has been provided recently for the larger towns somewhat freely on a 5 per cent. basis. The Toronto Hydro-Electric Commission, for example, has just sold \$4,220,000 of bonds to yield that rate, and several other similar transactions have recently been recorded. The Toronto Harbour Board has sold \$1,500,000 of bonds in New York to yield slightly over 5 per cent. It is worthy of mention in this connection that the English market is handicapped to the extent of 1 per cent. by the recently increased stamp duty, a fact which should be carefully noted by the English investor. The amount may not seem large to the uninitiated, but when two markets are competing with a close margin between them, as is now the case between New York and Boston and the London market, 1 per cent. is enough and more than enough to turn the scale. Mr. Lloyd George was duly warned that this would be the effect of increasing the duty and that he stood to lose and not gain by it, apart from the loss to English finance houses by being cut out of business. He now on such transactions gets nothing, whereas the old duty of 1-2 per cent., though sufficiently heavy from the investor's point of view, was much less likely to block business than the present 1 per cent. rate. Either the increase should now be taken off or a wider application should be imparted to the rule under which strictly municipal issues bear a lower duty. As it is, United States financiers are laughing in their sleeves, and, what is worse, Canadians are being educated into looking to the South for money instead of to London, to the detriment of the British investor and to the weakening of the ties between the Dominion and Great Britain, which it ought to be the first duty of every patriotic citizen of the Empire to foster and promote."

All the talk of the "Financial Times" about Canada being educated to look to the United States as the strong box where she may replenish her own coffers, and to the possible weakening of the ties between Great Britain and Canada, is poppycock. Canada is only too thankful for the splendid help which Great Britain has given. Canada hopes to "come again." But she needs to offer no apology if, London having all it can manage, America steps in and temporarily takes the place of capitalist. The "Financial Times" must leave off the blue spectacles.

Slow But Sure

QUITE sure! The markets of the world are recuperating, but the process is a cautious and a gradual one. From week to week, the position seems to vary little; whatever change there is, however, is in the right direction. The speculative tendency shrinks as the investing trend grows.



SIR WILLIAM MACKENZIE.

Who, Once More, Has Crossed the Water. Whether He Has Gone for Money—or Just for His Health—is Not as Yet Clear. The Visit is Unusual in as much as Sir William, for the First Time, Was Able to Make the Voyage From Toronto to Bristol Over His Own Railroad and Steamship Lines.

Optimism is a great wonder-worker. Give it a chance now!

Information Still Wanted

FOR some time the vagaries of Spanish River have been the subject of much talk, both in this country and in England. A few days ago, the London "Standard," "Daily Mail" and "Daily Chronicle" called insistently for some information. The "Standard" wanted to know if the drop in Spanish River was the result of the machinations of the bears, and if so, why this particular security had been chosen.

The information wanted has at last been supplied—in part. Mr. T. H. Watson made the following statement:

"The annual report and accounts are now being printed, and will be mailed

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This corporation's borrowed funds (Deposits and Debentures) and by far the larger proportion of its shareholders' moneys (Capital Stock and Reserve) are invested in first mortgages on improved, productive real estate. To afford an opportunity to all of investing their money with such absolute safety, we issue our Debentures in sums of one hundred dollars. They are a security in which Trustees are authorized to invest Trust Funds. Write for specimen Debenture and copy of Annual Report.

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to shareholders on Monday next, showing that bond interest and preferential dividend have been more than earned.

"The preparation and publication of the report have had to be deferred pending a settlement of the basis of the new financial arrangements for the company. These have now been completed, and will take the form of an issue of £300,000 of term notes, which have been underwritten at ninety-five by the London financial group, consisting of Messrs. Robert Fleming & Co. The British, Foreign and Colonial Corporation and their friends, the Canadian Agency, Limited, and Messrs. R. Niveson & Company.

"The proceeds of this issue will put the company in funds and enable its operations to be carried on successfully."

That statement is all very well as far as it goes. Its effect upon the securities was to make them firmer, and trading in both common and preferred improved a good deal. For the first time in three weeks there was an enquiry for Spanish River bonds. But it will be noticed that although the directors state that bond interests and preferred dividend have been more than earned there is no intimation as to whether the dividend on the preferred stock will be paid or not. Some light on this question is long overdue. On the principle that half a loaf is better than none, this belated statement is in some sort satisfactory, but information is still wanted!

On and Off the Exchange

New Issues

FOLLOWING on the success of the recent Government issue, New Zealand, which was evidently waiting till the Canadian issue was out of the way, is now offering three and a half million sterling four-per-cent. ten-year bonds at 98 1-2 with option of conversion into stock, thus making the price really 97. The price which Canada obtained was 99, which seems to be proof positive that Canada can borrow more easily and more advantageously than the other dominions. Last year, New Zealand got 98, but ninety per cent. of the flotation went to the underwriters.

The town of Hanley, Sask., after trying for several months to dispose of \$15,000 six per cent. debentures, has at last sold them to an American banking firm at 90. The debentures bore accrued interest amounting to \$700.

The British Canadian Lumber Corporation have found that the \$1,500,000 originally provided for the mills and working capital were insufficient. Accordingly, a bond issue is to be made amounting to \$3,500,000, which bonds are to be deposited with a trust company as security for a note issue for the term of three years, amounting to \$3,000,000.

The underwriters have taken 86 per cent. of the city of Vancouver four and a half per cent. bond issue. The price is at one per cent. discount.

A Good Year

THE Ogilvie Flour Mills have had an excellent year. Net profits of \$576,734, an increase of \$55,303 over 1912, and of \$95,424 over 1911, were reported for the year ended August 31st last. Following the good statement recently presented by the Lake of the Woods Milling Company, the report gave further evidence of improvement in the Canadian milling business. As is the case with the Lake of the Woods, Ogilvie's year was the best since the record-breaking season of 1908-'09.

Dealing with the company's recent extension through the building of a new mill at Medicine Hat, a terminal elevator and a number of country elevators at the same point, Mr. W. A. Black, managing director of the company, stated the buildings had been constructed in such a way that the present capacity could be doubled at the least possible outlay if the opening of the Panama Canal should offer other and newer markets, or the trade of the Orient should develop into more generous proportions for the higher grades of flour.

A Reduction in Freight Rates

TUCKED away in the manufacturing district of Yorkshire, England, there is a town named Batley, which has made itself notable by supporting the request of the British Government to bring about a reduction in the freight rates on British manufactures to Canada. A member of the chamber alleged that the freights on woollen goods had increased from 15 to 30 shillings per ton, and carpets from 10 shillings to 25 shillings.

Most of the members of the Batley chamber of commerce are hard-headed woollen manufacturers and know what they are talking about. The increases they report seem very large. In this connection it is worth noting that Canadian importers claim that the increases affected the selling price in Canada.

Canada's Trade Increases

AS a proof of the fact that Canada is sharing in the general prosperity, so far as commerce is concerned, the volume of trade for the first five months of the fiscal year, April to August inclusive, was \$456,223,167, as against \$418,658,748 for the corresponding period of last year, an increase of \$37,560,919. For the month of August, the increase over August of 1912 was \$7,719,677. During August, there was a large increase in agricultural exports, such exports for the month being \$13,176,343, as against \$8,603,843 for last August. Manufactured goods also show an increase, the figure being \$4,911,478, as against \$3,170,362 for last year.

A Useful Book

DR. LEWIS H. HANEY, an American, has published a book under the broad and comprehensive title of "Business Organization and Combination." The sub-title says it is "an analysis of the evolution and nature of business organization in the United States and a tentative solution of the corporation and trust problems." The first chapters describe and go into the details of business organization, showing the evolution of present business methods. The latter part of the book concerns itself with the life history of a typical corporation, and deals with promotion, financing and so forth.

It will pay you to read this book. People don't know half enough about the very business principle which they think they best understand. (Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto. \$2 net.)

Outward Signs of Prosperity

ONE way of telling whether a city is developing and progressing is by its buildings. Judged by this standard, it must be conceded that Winnipeg is going ahead at an unusually rapid rate. The number of big business buildings in the western capital in 1910 was 19. In 1911, it was 22; in 1912, 25; and so far this year, there have been sixteen erected. All these buildings cost over \$100,000. Moreover, three of this year's buildings exceeded the \$500,000 mark.

Next Week's Annual

MOLSONS BANK will hold their yearly meeting in Montreal next week.

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Canada and Religious Progress

By REUBEN BUTCHART

It has not yet appeared in Government reports, but Canada has moral and religious ideas for export. Not that she has a superfluity, but that their discovery and growth are encouraged. Certain outstanding facts prove this. First, just six years ago in November, the Laymen's Missionary Movement (for Canada) was born in St. James' Parish House, Toronto, under union auspices. Then followed in March the first-in-the-world national missionary organization of an interdenominational character. Under the influence of these efforts a wave of missionary and moral influence has swept over the land. Within that time the proposed union of the three great bodies—Methodist, Presbyterian and Congregational—has been discussed and practically accomplished—to the admiration of the religious world outside of Canada. The previous union of all brands of Methodists over thirty years ago, and of a similar union of the Presbyterians, helped to pave the way. Within the Anglicans of Canada a strong union sentiment exists. All of which goes to show that in Christian Union this country leads the world. But, of course, there is still a long road to travel.

It would be unfair to claim Canada as the country of origin of this new item for export. Canadians, no more than Americans, or the British, did not originate Christian Union. Specifically it is rooted, so its advocates claim, in the gospel of John, chapter seventeen. This, by the way. But that Canadians have had the practical sense to put into effect some of the most modern religious ideas, is the outstanding fact. "The grace to do it," as the religionist would say. Never mind the expression; it is the fact that makes for citizenship.

Came along during October's first week, in Massey Hall, Toronto, another evidence of Canada's hospitality to new religious ideas. The Churches of Christ (membership known indifferently as Christians or Disciples of Christ) held their sixty-fifth annual missionary convention. It was mostly an American affair, but Canadians were present from the nine provinces and Toronto Disciples were responsible for the management of the most successful convention in the history of the Disciples, from the standpoint of efficiency, comfort and good spirit evoked. Incidentally the free transportation by street car of every one of the twenty-five hundred visitors who wore badges, proved to be an advertisement for Toronto of no mean order. Another five hundred was present, making three thousand; amongst the records likely, and certainly out of the usual. Take it as a fact, and enquire its significance in religious Canada. It seems to most Canadians that a new luminary appeared. The Disciples are largely unknown in Canada, there being of all kinds not more than 33,000, and less than a hundred churches.

Back of the Massey Hall Convention is the root ideas of the Disciples: in religion simplicity, catholicity and democracy. They do not speak of it in these terms, but the terms are significant of much. The Disciples agreed among themselves to give Canada a short term demonstration, not of dogmas, but deeds. Hence, their philosophic principles were little heard in the convention, for they are not engaged in the not unknown task of creed reformation. The work of their missionary, benevolent and social reform organizations was exploited. They work in all continents, including the American. Their convention was their annual clearing house effort.

The missionary doings of the Disciples obtained prominence and respectful attention. A budget for missions and benevolences in one year totalling \$1,074,019 speaks for something, yet no Disciple boasts of it on a per capita basis. The Presbyterian Church (North) can probably beat it. The Disciples claim to have a programme that excels; they are

trying to grow up to it—and succeeding. In the meantime it is in advance of them. In the reports of their doings it was natural that doctrinal misconceptions should arise. They desire to be known as a Bible people, holding that creeds and ecclesiasticism are deterrent to the spread of religious truth. Hence their beliefs represent the common ground work of Protestantism. They hold nothing in a unique way, not even baptism by immersion. They insist on that because of its scriptural warrant and universal acceptance as valid, while other forms are disputed. Conceiving that creeds and philosophic statements of doctrine are divisive, their programme since 1809 has been for the substitution of the simple belief in the divinity of Christ and acceptance of Him as Saviour, as the programme of the Church—indeed, the programme of Christ for the union of His followers—for what? The conversion of the world! Here connect their intense missionary propaganda, and note again, as before stated, John seventeen.

The Disciples of Christ claim to have a message for Christian-union Canada. The fact is that all recent union efforts in Canada approximate to and endorse the claim. Affairs religious are moving toward democracy, simplicity—and intensity.

WHILE the Disciples were meeting in Toronto and promoting the business of the most modern of Christian faiths, a meeting was held in Montreal, which goes far to prove that the idea of Christian unity is spreading. The second session of the "Co-operating Theological Colleges" affiliated with McGill University, was opened with a meeting in the Royal Victoria College. Anglicans, Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Wesleyans were represented. Dean Rexford voiced their feeling that the affiliation and co-operation of the theological schools of Montreal was likely to have some effect on the world-wide movement toward Christian union. One of the speakers was John R. Mott, of New York. The "Gazette" summarizes his address as follows:

"As to the understanding of this union, it was generally accepted that it was to be an undenominational unity. What was wanted, and what could be obtained, he thought, was not that, but an inter-denominational unity—a bond of sympathy between the various churches of Christ. This would be of more avail than a composite church whose dogmas had been carefully chosen, moulded and trimmed, that they might contain nothing which would not be agreeable to all.

"Having arrived at a proper understanding of what this unity was to be, there was the question of how it was to be brought about. To his mind, no earthly forces could accomplish this. The only method was by means of intercession. He told of how prayer, in one experience of his, had been the means whereby several factions of a church in India had been brought together, and considered that this might be applied equally well to the Christian churches of the world at large. It must, he concluded, be some wonder-work of superhuman spirit."

University Women's Club

FOUR different lines of educative activity have been mapped out for following this season by the University Women's Club of Winnipeg. Eminent speakers will be brought to the city, music will be brought within the enjoyment of the many, civic investigation will be carried on and social work will also be a practical feature.

One hundred university graduates were present at the inaugural dinner the other evening. Announcement was made of a lecture in Winnipeg during the season by Helen Keller, and of series of lectures by either Professor Moulton, of Chicago University, or Professor Phelps, of Yale.



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WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

The Editorial Table

A Nauseating Novel

HOW could the man who wrote "The Manxman" and "The Scapegoat" perpetrate such ineffable rubbish as this novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," which may be a "best seller" before the end of the season? Since 1898, when Mr. Hall Caine gave us the hysterical outburst of fiction known as "The Christian," he has been growing steadily worse until he has reached the depth of erotic folly in this latest study of a woman with more "temperament" than any one human being can conveniently carry. I must admit that I have been quite unable to read the whole volume, for it is in many places a weariness and vexation of spirit. Mary O'Neill, the heroine, is an utterly despicable character, without a single redeeming virtue. She simply "wobbles" through life, and we refuse to believe that any explorer of heroic mould ever imagined himself in love with her. She is so lacking in anything resembling courage, independence or pluck, that we are quite relieved when she decides to leave an unworthy world and betake herself to "beyond." How Mary manages to keep writing her own soulful story until the very moment that her spirit leaves the flesh, her faithful chronicler does not tell us. She is the most tiresome and inconsistent heroine with whom we have been afflicted, and even her literary creator has no resource but to kill the lady.

Perhaps the most unpleasant feature in the course of a revolting narrative is the author's attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church. One need not be a member of that historic church to resent such a misrepresentation as may be found here. One of the most admirable characteristics of that body is its antipathy to divorce, its recognition of marriage as a sacrament. In this novel, Mr. Caine attempts to depict this church, or its priesthood, as both cruel and unscrupulous. As a matter of fact, the Reverend Mother is about the only really sensible woman in the book—and she tells that moping Mary what is her duty in a fashion which is decidedly exhilarating. Mary, however, is of the marsh-mallow order of heroine to whom everything is possible except practical, every-day duty.

Retirement of a Hamilton "Regent"

THE retirement of Mrs. P. D. Crerar from the regency of the Municipal Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, in Hamilton, is matter for deep regret to the members of the various chapters in that progressive city. The organization is in an unusually thriving condition in Hamilton, with an enthusiastic unity of working which never fails to call forth the praise of the visitor. "I have nothing to do with it," says the Regent of them all, "just look at my splendid lieutenants!" While the excellence of the assistants may be granted, at once, those who know anything of the story of club or society organization will recognize that capable and careful leadership must have contributed to place the Hamilton Order in the position which it holds to-day.

Mrs. Crerar has every qualification for such leadership both by inheritance and instinct. She is of mingled Irish and Dutch descent, which makes an admirable blend of enthusiasm and practical perseverance. Her grandfather, the late Thomas Stinson, was one of the best-known bankers west of Toronto, and her grandmother was a Zimmerman, of the historic settlement in Grimsby. With a U. E. Loyalist ancestry, Mrs. Crerar naturally became concerned with matters relating to patriotic enterprise, and, from the first establishment of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, took a deep interest in its welfare. The Hamilton "Daughters" have turned their energies during the last seven years especially to the anti-tuberculosis campaign and have done the greater part in the equip-

ment of the Mountain Sanitarium, which was opened by Earl Grey, and is one of the most health-provoking spots imaginable. In this work, Mrs. Crerar has been indefatigable, and, during the past six years, the Sanitarium has developed into an institution of imposing extent and efficiency. No work more practically patriotic could be undertaken than the fighting of what is one of the most insidious foes of national health and well-being. In this fight, the Hamilton "Daughters" have won an honourable place, and it is to be hoped that, although their Regent during eleven years of good work is to retire from active leadership, her spirit will be with the workers.

For the future, Mrs. Crerar's public activities will be associated almost exclusively with the Hamilton Health Association, of which she is an official. While not at all an advanced "feminist," in the suffrage sense of the term, Mrs. Crerar is deeply



MRS. P. D. CRERAR.
Who for Years Has Been the Indefatigable Regent of the Hamilton Municipal Chapter, I. O. D. E., and is This Autumn Retiring From Office.

interested in all matters relating to civic and national welfare, and is a true imperialist.

The Dress of Our Ancestors

DURING the last few years there has been unusual interest taken in dress and its story, perhaps because so many of our recent fashions are a revival of a long-dead style, and we discover that the latest mode is but an instance of Fashion repeating herself. There are few women who do not take an interest in fragments of finery, worn centuries ago. Of all fabrics, lace is surely the most appealing in its delicacy. Probably the force of contrast makes a filmy handkerchief or veil more suggestive of the transitoriness of human affairs than a suit of old armour or an ancient sword. The lace, so fragile, so easily trampled or destroyed, has survived the long years of change, while the various maids and matrons, after wearing kerchief or veil to wedding or ball, have gone the way of all flesh and left but this gossamer reminder of their grace.

During the last month, Canadian audiences in our cities have been enjoying addresses delivered by Mrs. Charles Ashdown, of Herts, England, on the subject of historic dress. Mrs. Ashdown is the author of "British Costume During Nineteen Centuries; Civil and Ecclesiastical," and was chief

mistress of the robes to the St. Alban's pageant. In her lecture, dress is made a very serious subject, indeed, with an infinite variety of detail. The Saxon Phrygian cap, the Butterfly Head Dress, the Couvre-chef and the Pyramidal Head-gear were only a few of the features which made us realize the pranks which passing centuries play with our raiment.

As one gazed at the fearfully and wonderfully-made structures which were once worn on the heads of British women, one admitted that there is something to be thankful for in these utilitarian times. The modern street-car may have its disadvantages, but it serves a useful purpose when it prevents the revival of crinoline or the headgear of the days of the "Last of the Plantagenets." Perhaps, the most amazing of these adornments was that known as the Butterfly, somewhat resembling old pictures of a ship in full sail, with four or five fluttering bits of sequined gauze. This was popular with the dames of 1470—during the progress of the Wars of the Roses.

They are of historic piquancy and picturesqueness, these styles of nigh a score of centuries, and the Englishwoman who tells us of them has a charm and scholarship which lend individuality to the chronicle of British costumes.

Shakespearean Drama

IN these days, when there are so many disheartening articles on the "Decadence of the Drama," it is well to turn to those artists who have not forgotten their high calling and who still interpret for us the creations of the masters. Canada is having, this month, the privilege of seeing and hearing the Benson Players, whose productions of Shakespearean drama are among the finest theatrical achievements to-day. Nearly thirty years ago, Sir Henry Irving saw Mr. Benson act in a Greek play while he was still at Oxford and said to him: "If you have not yet decided on any profession, why not try the stage?" Two years later, the young actor played *Paris*, at the Lyceum, in the great revival of "Romeo and Juliet." Then he joined a travelling company, and in 1884 reorganized it in the fashion now so well known. He revived one play after another and now, if you want to see a play of Shakespeare's, outside those which may be running at a West End theatre in London, you must go into the English "provinces," wherever Mr. Benson's company is performing.

This enthusiastic actor-manager has been largely responsible for the popular revival of the drama, especially in villages and schools. During the last few years, England has seen a revival of pageantry, of village-plays and players, of folk song and morris dancing. The festivals at Stratford-on-Avon have encouraged those interested in the days of Merrie England to study the ancient out-door games and diversions which went far towards giving the race its sturdiness.

The Benson Players come to us at a time when we are much in need of serious drama. We have been surfeited with doubtful musical comedy and dreary problem plays, written with a manifest purpose to cater to morbid and sensational tastes. The public is not nearly so unappreciative of true art as the managers appear to think. There are usually enough citizens who have not bowed the knee to the cheap deities of the market-places, to fill the theatre when the Shakespearean drama is to be seen at its best.

ERIN.

VARIOUS cities in Canada have been profiting by the visit of Mrs. Henry Daman, of London, England. For, in addition to having a mind well-stored with useful information on social matters, Mrs. Daman discourses with an admirable fluency and succinctness which makes her much in demand at women's clubs. The Women's Canadian Club of Hamilton recently had the good fortune to hear her on the subject of "Industrial Unrest."

TYPES OF DELINQUENTS.

A "Worst Case" (left), and a "Mentally Defective" Inmate.



AT THE ALEXANDRA SCHOOL. An "Incorrigible" (left), and the Institution's "Baby."



Alexandra Industrial School

The Institutional Mother for Delinquent Girls

By M. J. T.

NO other term expresses the function of the Alexandra School, Toronto, so well as "mother." Miss Brook- ing, no doubt, is responsible for this, who as superintendent is ideally maternal, both kind and wise. Had their own mothers done for the girls in this institution what the school is doing the chances are they would not have become, as they are, state delinquents.

The Alexandra Industrial School is a Protestant institution which exists for girl offenders in this province—Ontario—and has been established now for twenty-two years. Previously these young delinquents were committed, with older women, to the Mercer, where in contact with characters older in crime their "reformation" was scarcely to be accomplished.

For the first-fifteen years or so, the inmates of the school numbered yearly from thirty to thirty-five. At the present time the institution houses an average of one hundred and fifteen girls, which represented last quarter, according to the books, ten towns and cities and twenty-seven counties. A large percentage, naturally, were committed from Toronto, the school being adjacent on the Kingston Road.

I visited the place the other day when the nuts were dropping and the haze was spread and the beds that gorgeously pranked the walks which led to the group of red, substantial buildings had not yet turned a leaf to the blackening frost. The scene was attractive. A group of girls (not in uniform, I noticed, and I later learned that this was for a reason) was trimming the lawn with the aid in the distance of six pacific, institutional cows. They looked quite merry and rosy-cheeked—the clever will gather I do not mean the cows.

These observations were made from the mat while the bell was performing that leisurely office which extracts a reply at least from an institution. The reply was a nice, brisk, official-looking woman, whose business transferred me at once from the mat to a room inside, whose diversions, while you waited, having given your card and requested the superintendent, were a multiplicity of highly-

varnished chairs, a piano (shut), nice curtains, and a hymn-book. There was also a case of books, donations, but the case was remote and you could not rummage unless you wished to be caught at a disadvantage, so you had to forego the names—

of the school this summer were told off in bands of sixteen, with officers in charge, to pick fruit on farms in the outlying country. The rest of the girls were scheduled in shifts for work outdoors, at the school, on its fourteen acres.

The blotch of buildings resolved itself, when you came to be taken over the institution, into "Marcella Hall," the administrative quarters; three cottages, each provided with very complete arrangements for supervision; a fine school, recently built with due respect to light and ventilation, which includes an ample gymnasium in its equipment; a laundry, detached from the other structures; a caretaker's picturesque cottage; and the stables.

The training school, which is under the inspection of the Toronto Board of Education, provides instruction along not only the usual public school courses, but also the even more practical lines of dress-making, cooking and work in the laundry. Each girl during her term of detention is furnished with three months' drill in scientific "washing."



A LAKE-SHORE PICNIC.

One of a Number of Supervised Parties This Summer Enjoyed by the Girls of the Alexandra School.



MORALLY, WILL SHE STAND?

A Girl Who Has Served Her Term of Detention Snapped on the Day She Leaves the Institution. Interest, This Time, at the Window—Not Surveillance.

and then you forgot them. For the superintendent, Miss Brook- ing, arrived, and Miss Lucy Brook- ing, though slight in person, with soft hair, gentle manners and kindly eyes, has one of those personalities which fills a room on entering and which going out of a full room leaves it empty.

I spoke of the girls I had seen on the lawn by way of getting over preliminaries and was told that a great deal of emphasis is laid by the officers of the school on the outdoor work. Activity in the open, it seems, is increasingly recognized as being as helpful to girl as to boy delinquents. In accordance with which, from fifty to sixty girls

WE visited the regular school at noon, as none knew better than the guest in this case who also was a sometime teacher, how the casual caller's nosing about can jar upon teachers' nerves and upset classes. A child was playing jacks upon the door-step, and, the fringe of her cropt hair falling back as she lifted a conscious greeting to Miss Brook- ing, a small, bright face was disclosed with the blush of a cherub.

"She is very young," I said to Miss Brook- ing. "Is not such a child in a place like this in danger of being corrupted by the older girls?" I had noticed groups who had not been abashed—who would not have been abashed in any presence.

"She is one of the youngest," Miss Brook- ing replied. "The committal ages are from seven to sixteen years. Most here are about sixteen. But very, very seldom for anything but 'badness' do the courts commit young girls to the institution. Here, eternal surveillance is necessary. And every precaution possible is taken to safeguard inmates of



MUCH LIKE LUCKIER CHILDREN

With Their Kittens, Dolls and Teddies Are These Young Things Whom an Institution "Mothers."



A POST-GRADUATE WEDDING.

Provided, as Far as the Festivity Was Concerned, by the School for One of the Girls Who Had Recently Left it. At the Extreme Right is Miss Brook- ing, the Super- intendent.

tenderer age from those who are older in vice and perverted knowledge. Poor children all, they are just, for the most, unmothered; they are not so much immoral as unmoral."

Presently I was introduced to a chatting group of teachers, who impressed me, in the mass, as keen and kind.

"Tell me," I said to these, "you people should know about it, how might a system work out here—American settlements vaunt it—where the possible promotion of inmates to semi-official positions in the institution is held out as incentive to good conduct?"

"We tried it—once," said one of the teachers, a Scotch woman and scant of information.

"It worked out very disastrously," Miss Brooking supplemented. The



MISS HARVEY, OF HAMILTON.

Who Plays Golf Handsomely and Writes Upon Golf Matters, Would This Year Undoubtedly Have Won the Canadian Title Had it Not Been for the Visit of the English Champion, Miss Dodd. She is Shortly to Play in Philadelphia in the Open Ladies' Golf Tournament of the United States.

idea has to be put on the shelf as unworkable—sentimental. A girl who has once been down herself seldom, if ever, acquires the needed poise."

I saw the girls assembled at dinner, decorous under the circumstances as

could be and yet at ease. Miss Brooking's form in the doorway appeared a signal. They rose en masse. Authority does not always go in buttons. She acknowledged the tribute with a nod and smile. The roomful dropped a plane and resumed its dinner.

Leaving that "nest of appetites" we went to the dormitories. I had lived for a year in a Y. W. C. A. building, and with all respect to that organization, the rooms we inspected impressed me as almost familiar. They were nice, little, individual rooms with the difference, however, of dolls on several pillows, "teddies" on others, and tables at hand tricked out with amazing treasures.

"We let each girl fix up her room," Miss Brooking remarked, with a smile not all amusement—a motherly smile. "And the girls are allowed a little individuality also in dress; they are not in uniform, as perhaps you noticed."

"How do you manage the shifts of work?" I asked, and was shown a schedule. Every girl in the place was considered—her work and her recreation. Every hour was accounted for with "books, or work, or healthful play" in a way that would have ravished Isaac Watts. And every so often in the year, Miss Brooking told me, the whole vast plan was reconstructed.

The jurisdiction of the Alexandra School extends over many more girls than the number it houses. Graduates are legal wards of the school until they have reached the age of twenty-one. The outside girls are inspected regularly in the positions in which they have been placed throughout the country, and although at the present time they number about two hundred they receive, monthly, personal letters from Miss Brooking who makes this point her business.

A charming example of the motherhood of the school was recalled by the presence in Miss Brooking's private quarters of a little sailor-suit across a chair-back. It was explained to me that the owner of it was a small coloured person, a ward of the school's, who had just been in that morning—Lily Snow. Lily is "help" at a farm-house near Toronto, and out of her wages—five dollars a month—had saved up eighteen dollars for winter clothes. Miss Brooking supplied the underwear from the stores of the institution at minimum prices, and after some hours down town with the child, secured her unbounded delight in an adequate outfit.

headquarters in the Booth Building. In the two bright rooms, on the second



MISS MURIEL DODD.

English and Canadian Champion Lady Golfer, Whose Victory Recently in Montreal Will Undoubtedly Prove a Spur to Native Prowess.

floor, classes are now reopening for the season.

THE engagement is announced in Montreal of the Hon. Gwendolyn Aylmer, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Aylmer, of Queen's Bay, B.C., formerly of Ottawa, to Mr. Arthur Scott Lander, Queen's Bay, B.C., youngest son of Deputy Surgeon-General H. Scott Lander, R.N., Edinburgh, Scotland.

A FEDERATION of women's societies at Weston received most enthusiastically Miss Marjory MacMurchy, of Toronto, who accepted the leader's (Mrs. Dawson) invitation to address the body on Tuesday afternoon. The subject of Miss MacMurchy's address was "Woman's Share in Social Progress."

THE engagement is announced in Ottawa of Lillias Donaldson Young, youngest daughter of the late Hon. John Young, to John Betham, eldest son of the late Hon. Sir John Joseph Caldwell Abbott, Premier of Canada. The marriage will take place this month.

TO be approved by Boston is surely a meed for a poet and that the Boston Transcript devotes a column and a half of high praise to "The Drift of Pinions," the new volume of poems by Marjorie Pickthall, is a fact that reading Canadians may be proud of.

LADY TUPPER, Mrs. Julius Griffiths and Mrs. Douglas Armour were among the patronesses at a dance given in Vancouver the other evening by the Sir Charles Tupper Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire.

THE Dominion Council of the Y. W. C. A. is busy at present with preparations for a convention to be held in Winnipeg November the thirtieth to the eighteenth. Of outside speakers there will be: Rev. Graham Taylor, head of the School of Civics, Chicago, who will speak on "Work for Young Women in Social Advance"; Mr. Bruce Walker, Government Immigration Agent in Winnipeg, whose subject will be "Immigration as it Affects Young Girls"; and one of the national secretaries from New York. Miss Una Saunders, Dominion Secretary, will address one of the evening meetings on "Our Work Among Girls in Other Lands."

MONSIEUR POIRET, the artist of dress and the oracle of Delphi on the fashion, the other day electrified his audience in Toronto with his execrations of the sin of overdressing. The audience literally drank him in, and this quite irrespective of the fact



MISS VIOLET POOLEY.

The Victoria, B.C., Expert Lady Golfer Who is Practising at Present Over the Philadelphia Courses, in Company With Miss Florence Harvey.

You Can Have Beautiful Stylish Clothes

The pleasure that pretty, stylish clothes bring—the satisfaction to yourself and others is made possible by DIAMOND DYES.

Just re-color YOUR old dresses, utilize your old materials and out-of-date laces and all the happiness of a complete wardrobe will be yours.

Mrs. R. T. Luxor writes:

"There is ONE MOST EFFICIENT WAY to make last season's gowns and hats NEW.

"It is the DIAMOND DYES way. "The economy—the fascination—the magic of changing colors with DIAMOND DYES, is to me a continual source of pleasure.

"Women everywhere should get acquainted with the many uses to which DIAMOND DYES may be put. There are a thousand occasions where they mean a saving of money in the home.

"Stockings, silk gloves, laces, trimmings, veils and feathers can be made new with their use.

"Portieres, couch covers, table covers, ribbons, sashes and trimmings of all kinds are given new life and added beauty.

"I had such success with DIAMOND DYES that I enclose a photograph of a much soiled white cloth suit which I made into a stylish new one by dyeing it blue with Diamond Dyes."



White Cloth Suit Dyed Blue.

Diamond Dyes

Have a Thousand Uses in Your Home

Mrs. L. T. Ralsten writes:

"All women owe it to themselves and those around them to have stylish clothes.

"DIAMOND DYES have made possible many charming costumes for myself, and I know that every woman can get as much happiness from this delightful little package as I do.

"I enclose a photograph of a blue crepe de chene gown, trimmed with heavy lace. Dyeing it black with DIAMOND DYES it turned out to be as good as new."

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—Animal Fibre Fabrics and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

Wool and Silk are Animal Fibre Fabrics. Cotton and Linen are Vegetable Fibre Fabrics. "Union" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton—so must be treated as Vegetable Fibre Fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Vegetable Fibre Fabrics equally well in one bath.

We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen, or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the very best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10 Cents Per Package.

Valuable Book and Samples Free.

Send us your dealer's name, and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

The WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., Limited
200 Mountain St., Montreal, Canada.



Blue Crepe de Chene Gown Dyed Black.

The News in Brief

THE Woman's Art Association of Canada last week held its annual meeting in Toronto and commenced a campaign to secure new quarters. The proposed site for the new building is near the University and the University Museum. Officers for the ensuing year are: Honorary President, H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. J. H. Cameron, Mrs. D. B. Hanna, Mrs. D. A. Dunlap and Mrs. Frederick Mercer; Hon. Recording Secretary, Miss Florence Deeks; Hon. Corresponding Secretary, Miss Emily C. Cooper; and Hon. Treasurer, Miss Fanny L. Lindsay. The appointment of a successor to Mrs. Dignam, the retiring president, was left in the hands of the executive committee.

ACCORDING to Madame la Bavarde, of Montreal, tango teas at the Ritz-Carlton are flourishing in all their glory. Everybody is trotting and tangoing, and with very little else to do until the season opens, it will be a case of "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined"—or is it still considered unrefined?

MISS FRANCES HAZEN is a principal figure in a set of graceful Bohemian girl dances which are being prepared for the Kirmess in St. John.

HIS HONOUR THE LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR and Mrs. Bulyea last week entertained at an "At Home" in Edmonton to the members of the

legislative assembly, the judges of the supreme and district courts, the deputy ministers, and their wives.

THE Ottawa Women's Art Association has moved from its old headquarters on Sparks Street into its new

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it.

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you pay for the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—H. E. Morris, Mgr. "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.



that the ladies who in the majority composed it, have been battered at for weeks and weeks by all the writers of quilldom with counterviews on the sin of underdressing. So woman is quite at a loss at the moment as to whether to sin against art or against convention.

THE disparity between the salaries paid men teachers and those paid to women of equal fitness is not to be wondered at when the questioner recognizes that the law of supply and demand governs the matter also. Recently the announcement was made that of one hundred and eighty-nine



MRS. HARSHAW,

Energetic Regent of the United Empire Loyalist Chapter, I.O.D.E., of Napanee.

students at the Hamilton Normal College only twenty are young men. And a little research will convince the doubting Thomas (or equivalent lady) that the Hamilton case is by no means a unique one.

Meeting the New Lady Superintendent

IF there is one thing cleverer than telling concisely what happened it is being able to tell at length what didn't. Wherefore this is brief.

I met Miss Gunn, who succeeds Miss Stewart, who recently resigned the important position of Lady Superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital, but I very signally failed to secure the photograph I went for, and the interview was as tantalizing as a peep into a window with its blinds down. I failed to get that portrait photograph because of the original's original idea that any public office is greater, or should be, than its official and, specifically, that a training school, rather than its superintendent, should come in for any publicity forthcoming.

The sentiment made me rather proud that the speaker of it who comes from the States, more definitely, from the Memorial Hospital, Morristown, New Jersey, was formerly a Canadian living at Belleville. She received her professional training in New York, and comes with the very highest recommendations.

Meeting her, the caller is struck with Miss Gunn's almost consummate repose of manner. For a moment it even created the illusion that the caller's nose was wobbling like a rabbit's. Any caller, I venture to say, would have had that same illusion unless it had been "Denery, the Audacious—the new Old Adam." Surely the grill of a nurse's life is rewarded when it achieves that self-containment! I longed for it once, and became a nurse—but six weeks, I found, were not sufficient.

Emboldened by a most human twinkle that sat in the back of the Superintendent's pupils—I mean her eyes—I inquired why a system of disapproval prevailed in most of the training schools for nurses. Had it ever been tried and found disastrous to drop a casual word of appreciation?

What the high nurse said, I will not set down, but it augured immensely well for the present classes.

M. J. T.

Dear to the Hearts of the Women Gouraud's Oriental Cream



An Indispensable and Necessary Article for Particular Women who Desire to Retain a Youthful Appearance.

Every woman owes it to herself and loved ones to retain the charm of youth nature has bestowed upon her. For over 65 years this article has been used by actresses, singers and women of fashion. It renders the skin like the softness of velvet leaving it clear and pearly white and is highly desirable when preparing for daily or evening attire. As it is a liquid and non-greasy preparation, it remains unnoticed. When attending dances, balls or other entertainments, it prevents a greasy appearance of the complexion caused by the skin becoming heated.

Gouraud's Oriental Cream cures skin diseases and relieves Sunburn. Removes Tan, Pimples, Blackheads, Moth Patches, Rash, Freckles and Vulgar Redness, Yellow and Muddy skin, giving a delicately clear and refined complexion which every woman desires.

Price, 50c. and \$1.50 per bottle

At Druggists and Department Stores, or direct on receipt of price

Gouraud's Oriental Velvet Sponge should always be used when applying Gouraud's Oriental Cream. It is perfectly smooth and velvety, and will give you the most satisfactory results. Sent in a dust-proof box on receipt of 50c.

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son

37 Great Jones Street

NEW YORK CITY

Send 10c. in stamps for a booklet of Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves, a little book of perfumed powder leaves to carry in the purse.

"VIYELLA"

FLANNEL "REG'D"

The Queen of English Flannels
for Fall 1913

"VIYELLA" can be obtained at
all leading retail stores.

Stripes! Plaids! and Plain Colours!

AVOID IMITATIONS

Facsimile of Label on Every 2½ Yards

DOES NOT SHRINK

"Viyella"

For FROCKS KNICKERBOCKERS, NIGHT DRESSES, DAY SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, etc.

(Regd.)

DOES NOT SHRINK

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN COURIER."



Women of Refinement

require a stationery that is quite "out of the ordinary," but which carries with it the discriminating taste of the writer.

It adds greatly to the reader's pleasure to receive a letter written upon

Iris Linen

It is beautifully finished, fashionable in size and tint, and is boxed to meet the demand of the keenest critic.

You can obtain Iris Linen at your stationers—if not, write us, and we will have you supplied.

BARBER-ELLIS, LIMITED

Brantford Toronto Winnipeg
Vancouver

The Canadian Women's Press Club



On the Banks of the Athabasca This Summer: Mrs. Mackay, Miss MacMurchy, Miss Fraser, Miss Houston and Miss Fairlie, in the Foreground.

THE wives of the editors of the Eastern Alberta and British Columbia Press Association, who met in Edmonton in September, were entertained by the local Women's Press Club. The fifty visiting ladies had a motor party in the morning; a luncheon at noon, and a box-party at the theatre in the afternoon. That evening they left for the end of steel, accompanied by Mrs. Arthur Murphy.

THE members of the Toronto Women's Press Club, who attended the triennial meeting in Edmonton, gave a dinner at the Lambton Golf Club on September 13th in honour of Miss Marjory MacMurchy, formerly President, and now Honorary President of the Canadian Women's Press Club. Mrs. Garvin presided. Toasts were drunk to Miss MacMurchy; the representatives of the railway who extended the courtesy of transportation to the club, and to the various places at which the club had been entertained en route. Miss MacMurchy was made the recipient of a morocco covered book of snap-shots taken by the members while in the Northwest.

MISS MARIE NUNAN has resigned her position as editor of the Woman's Page on The Edmonton Capital to accept a position as special Western writer on The Canadian Mail, London, England. Before leaving Edmonton she was feted by the local press club. Mr. Cy Warman, of Montreal, was also a guest upon this occasion, and, at the request of the members, read his poem entitled "Sweet Marie" in honour of the guest of the evening.

THE newspaper section of the Women's Press Club, of Winnipeg, visited the Knowles Boys' Home in Kildonan recently, and made an inspection of the new building which has an accommodation for 100 boys. Tea was served to the visiting party by the ladies of the board.

MISS CARTEN, of the Halifax Herald, was a guest of the Winnipeg branch at tea on October 2nd.

MISS ETHEL HEYDON (Alberta West), the treasurer of the Canadian Women's Press Club, was



Principally Miss Agnes Maule Machar, Distributing Humane Society Literature to Boys at the Station at Fitz-Hugh.

married in September to the editor of the Morning Albertan, Mr. W. M. Davidson. Miss Heydon held the re-

sponsible position of city hall reporter on Mr. Davidson's paper, and had complete charge of the several special numbers published by him.

ON Wednesday evening, October 1st, the members of the Toronto branch, and a number of their friends, were entertained by the officers and House Committee at the Woman's Art Association with lantern slides of snap-shots taken on the Western trip dur-



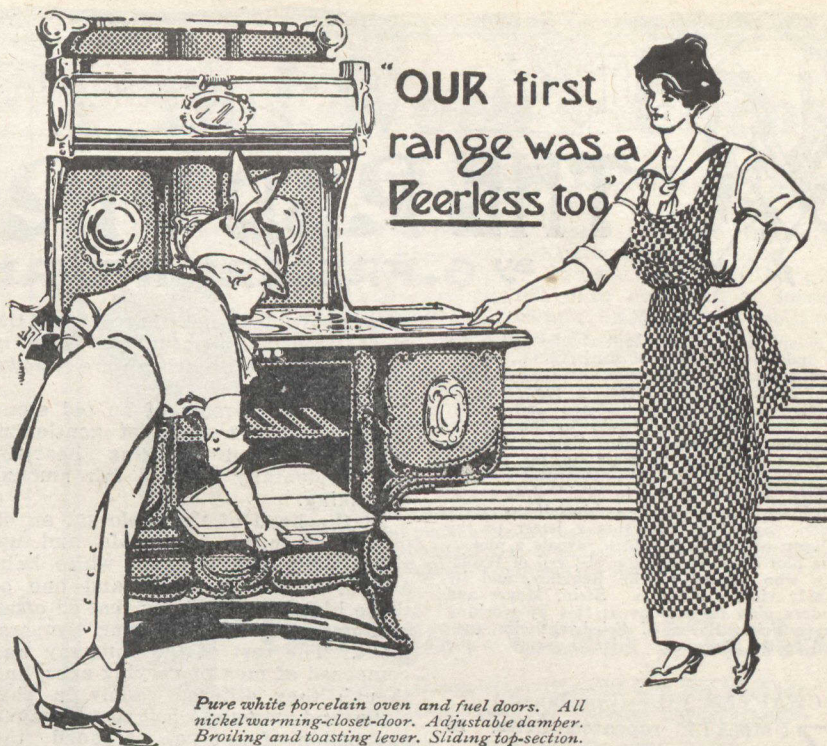
Guest of the Toronto Branch, Miss Maude, Who Accompanied Her Father, Mr. Cyril Maude, to Tea Last Tuesday at the Club-rooms. Mr. Maude is Late of The Playhouse, London.

ing the past summer. Miss Nell Dyas, in her favourite role of "Sis Hopkins," did the "spieling" on this occasion, and her delightful relation of many of the interesting anecdotes of the trip lent colour to the pictures as they fell upon the screen. An excellent collection of snap-shots had been made and nearly a hundred splendid views were shown.

MRS. RYCKMAN entertained the members of the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club at a "kindergarten" frolic on the evening of October 4th. All the guests attended the party attired either as "Mary Jane" or "Buster Brown." The appearance of their usually severely tailored fellow-journalists in a fluffy white French dress, with starched embroidery flounces and a blue sash tied several inches lower than the natural waist line was a delightful experience never to be forgotten by the newspaperwomen and authoresses who comprise the membership of the Women's Press Club.

"THE GOLDEN ROAD" is the title of a new volume by L. M. Montgomery, published by L. C. Page & Co. It is another story of the simple folk of Prince Edward Island made dear to half a million readers of Miss Montgomery's previous books. Miss Montgomery is to address a meeting of the Toronto Women's Canadian Club on October 25th in Foresters' Hall, the title of her subject being "The Garden of the Gulf."

MISS EMILY P. WEAVER is the author of a new book about to be published by Bell & Cockburn, Toronto. It is one of a series, and is entitled "The Story of the Counties of Ontario," much of it being a reprint of articles published at various times in the Weekly Globe, Toronto.



Pure white porcelain oven and fuel doors. All nickel warming-closet-door. Adjustable damper. Broiling and toasting lever. Sliding top-section.

—and she has it yet. The Peerless of to-day is of course a much better range than the one grandmother bought. Looks better. Cooks better. And uses less coal. The oven is of quick-heating steel—the flues perfectly proportioned—all of which saves fuel. The doors drop, forming shelves to draw out the cooking dishes. The top raises for broiling. The grates work without sticking. And the appearance! Grandmother admires the new Peerless with its plain heavy nickel and its pure white porcelain doors. But yet—she clings to her own Peerless. The faithful old companion of her earlier culinary adventures still has—and always will have—a place in her home.

See the Peerless or write for Booklet "The Cost of a Range."

CLARE BROS. & CO., Limited, PRESTON, ONT.

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PEERLESS PENINSULAR RANGE.

Representatives Everywhere

One is never enough of Ganong's. The delicious coatings, made from choice, selected beans, with their daintily flavored centres, put them in a class far above ordinary chocolates.



Ganong's Chocolates





THE RED VIRGIN

BY G. FREDERICK TURNER

DIGEST.

Weidenbruck is the capital city of Grimland and the residence of Karl XXII., who is ill unto death. Fritz, Baron of Friedrichsheim, the finest monarchist in the realm, is wasting his time with "women and wine." When the young king comes to the throne, Fritz joins with Max Stein, General Meyer, and Herr Saunders to maintain the succession. About this time Mrs. Perowne and her daughter, Phoebe, arrive in Weidenbruck and meet Fritz, who describes himself as Herr Lugner. Saunders intercepts a letter to the Ex-Queen of Grimland which reveals a plot.

The plot is the concoction of Cyril of Wolfsnaden who aspires to the Regency, and by probably violent methods. Stein, Meyer and Saunders plan to circumvent this by working to have Fritz, Baron of Friedrichsheim, promoted to the Regency. Fritz consents to the plot.

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"ZUMMAT?" repeated Fritz, in some mystification.

"Zummat is West Country dialect for 'something.'"

"Ah! I see; excellent!"

"I hail from the West of England," Phoebe pursued. "If you have studied English history you will remember that it was from the West Country that the old sea-dogs sailed forth in Elizabeth's time to singe the King of Spain's beard."

"A country of brave men! I can well believe it."

"Why?" asked Phoebe.

"Because a country that produces brave men invariably produces beautiful women."

Miss Perowne's eyes glowed a solemn rebuke. "You persist in gallantry despite my objection," she said.

"Your reasons for objecting seemed so thin," he protested. "A motto which says 'Do zummat'—"

"Don't you see? Do something! Be something! Don't be a mere doll, an empty-headed piece of china with a draping of artistic chiffon and a host of sawdust-stuffed admirers. It is easy for men to work, to vote, to oil the machinery that makes the world go round. It is very difficult for women, and I want to help to make it easier."

"That is a fine ambition!"

"You say so, but I cannot believe that you think so."

Fritz was silenced for a moment. Then he said quite simply:

"You are right. I am insincere. I have really no views on the subject. In Grimland they would be out of place."

"Surely a truth is a truth the world over."

"I think not. What is a truism in London is a lie in Weidenbruck. Have you brought your motto with you to Grimland? Does it hang over your bed at the Concordia?"

"No, I left it in England."

"You were wise. While you are in Grimland give up the idea of doing 'zummat.' Confine your activities to ice-skating and skiing parties. They are more healthful. Adopt as your motto—'Dolce far niente.'"

"That is the one you have adopted for yourself?"

"I?" he cried lightly. "Yes, I do nothing, I am nobody, and I exist. If I were a somebody, an ambitious, active-minded man I should probably cease to exist. That would be deplorable. But I see Mrs. Perowne approaching us, and that reminds me that I have a luncheon-party at half-past twelve, for which I must on no account be late. A thousand thanks, Miss Perowne, for partnering me in that delightful waltz. Good-bye."

"Does Herr Lugner skate better than he fights?" asked Mrs. Perowne with a shrewd side-glance at her daughter, as they skated back to the pavilion.

"He skates quite perfectly," was the reply. "I should say he was an adept at most utterly useless accomplishments."

There was more than one luncheon-

party at Weidenbruck that day, but the most important was taking place in the aristocratic thoroughfare known as the Roderich-strasse.

In the dining-room of an old stone house quite a number of gentlemen were eating and drinking heartily, and incidentally doing a fair amount of talking.

At the head of the table sat an elderly personage, very thin and upright, with close-cropped white hair, a short, pointed beard, and one of those high-bridged noses that so often accompany a domineering temperament. The rest of the company was composed of men of varying ages, and though they differed widely in physique and complexion, some vague suggestion of a type pervaded the gathering. They gave as a whole no great indication of intellectuality, no tinge of the artistic temperament, no suggestion of business capacity. And yet, if what they lacked was obvious, it was equally plain that they were not common men. Perhaps the room itself gave, as well as anything could, the keynote to their pervading type. It was a lofty, well-proportioned chamber, panelled in richly carved walnut from frieze to skirting. The leaded lights of the heavily transomed windows were colored and diversified with the quarterings of innumerable coats of arms. The great stone mantelpiece was an affair of pompous and flamboyant masonry, expressing with heraldic redundancy the dignity of the house it adorned. Round the sombre walls was ranged a number of portraits of men and women arrayed in the costumes of different periods, but breathing one and all the same atmosphere of cold pride and self-sufficiency that animated the white-haired old gentleman who presided over the banquet.

The house was the house of the Freiherr of Kraag, and the gentlemen who graced his board were the inner circle of the Rathsherren.

The Freiherr himself was an individual whose remote ancestor had won his patent of nobility for the fearless defence of the city of Kraag against a vast host of invading Turks. Since that extremely early date the family had existed calmly and decorously in a massive castle on the outskirts of Kraag, adding the present mansion in the Roderich-strasse to their feudal dignity towards the latter end of the sixteenth century. The history of the other herren was equally picturesque. They represented the blue blood of Grimland. Their pedigrees were long, and their quarters innumerable. They were the Rajpoots of the State. They condescended to live in the world, but not to do the work of the world. Nobility forbade, and circumstances did not compel. They had their vineyards and their tilth, their pine-forests and their prerogatives, and they clung to them with the same praiseworthy tenacity that the Freiherr's ancestor had clung to the battle-swept ramparts of Kraag.

"TO use one's privileges," the Freiherr said, "is often to arouse indignation. To forego one's privileges is inevitably to excite contempt."

A young man with broad shoulders and a big frame—the Count of Tortenform—answered his host's dictum.

"As we desire neither to invite indignation nor contempt," he said, "it would be wisest to exercise our legal rights in the best interests of the country."

"We are here not to consider the interests of the country, but the interests of the Rathsherren," was the President's cynical retort.

"The two should be identical, my lord," responded the young man.

"They probably are, my dear Tor-

tenform," said the Lord of Kraag amiably, "but it is our immediate interests which are under discussion. We have been much threatened of late, and it behooves us in electing a Regent to choose someone who will give us the full support of his authority."

"In other words, Cyril of Wolfsnaden," said Count Ernest von Tortenform.

The Freiherr smiled tolerantly. "His name certainly occurs in connection with this important post," he said. "He is, I have reason to suppose, well disposed towards our order."

"He is distrusted and feared by the people," maintained the other. "If we elect him to the Regency we excite the hostility of the Town Council, the House of Representatives, and every popularly elected body in Grimland."

"Undoubtedly," admitted the elder man, "but to shrink from consequences is no part of our nobility."

A ROUND of genteel applause greeted this statement. A deal of wine was being absorbed, white wine from the valley of the Niederkessel, rough red wine from the hillsides of the Wodenthal, maraschino from Sebenico in Dalmatia. Whatever else they lacked the Rathsherren were not deficient in stubbornness, and their native tenacity was not modified by the generous fare of their lordly host.

"My lords," said Tortenform as the murmurs died down, "we are all willing to do right irrespective of consequences; but I submit that the election of Cyril of Wolfsnaden would not be the right action, and that if it is dictated solely by a conscious need of protection for our order it is not a very brave action."

"Whom then do you suggest as Regent?" asked the Freiherr quickly, for Tortenform's thrust had gone home. "I suggest Fritz of Friedrichsheim."

"A youth!"

"A young man of great promise, and one devoted to the dynasty."

"A popular hero, my dear Tortenform," sneered the Freiherr. "I distrust popular heroes. They are too like popular medicines—they promise much and perform little. It is true he is a noble, the equal of the proudest of us in lineage; but he is too contaminated with socialistic and fantastic theories. Had he been sounder in his views he might have become one of us, when death made the last gap in our ranks."

"We should have been richer for his inclusion," said Tortenform beneath his breath.

Then a flat-featured man with a yellow beard spoke.

"I think our good Count of Tortenform has learned too much from his English friend Herr Saunders," he said. "What might be wise in a highly developed and democratic state like England would be very foolish in a less advanced nationality. We shall shortly have our formal meeting in the Strafeburg, when all members will be present, and I have an idea we shall elect a man of maturer years and sounder ideals than the beardless Baron of Friedrichsheim."

The enthusiasm and applause which greeted this declaration was prolonged and rather noisy. The Rathsherren were mellowing.

As the buzz of applause died down the clang of the front-door bell was distinctly audible, and a moment later the Freiherr's butler stood in the dining-room doorway.

"Herr Drechsler desires to see your lordship," announced the menial.

"Herr Drechsler! The Prime Minister!" said the Freiherr, frowning. "Show him in."

"Herr Drechsler came into the smoky, fume-laden atmosphere of the



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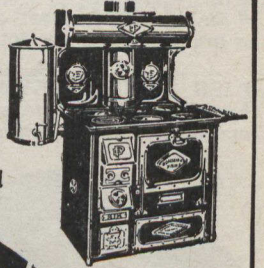
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dining-room like a being from another world.

Of whatever peculiarities the type of the Rathsherren consisted, the Prime Minister possessed none of them. He was a short, thick-set, determined-looking individual, with dark hair and a scrubby black moustache, and practically no neck at all. His nose was fully as aquiline as that of the Freiherr of Kraag, but it lacked the fine bridge-bone and the delicate curve of the nostrils. The one suggested the eagle, the other the crow.

No one rose or offered the slightest civility to the intruder.

"Do you desire to see me officially or unofficially, Herr Drechsler?" began the Freiherr coldly.

"I find you met in an unofficial gathering," replied the Prime Minister, "but I nevertheless come on an official errand. I am deputed by my colleagues to approach you on a matter of the highest importance."

"Pray continue."

"The Rathsherren will meet at four o'clock in the old Council Chamber in the Strafeburg," the Prime Minister went on. "It is not unnatural to presume that the decision which will be recorded at that official meeting may have been influenced by an unofficial discussion such as is now taking place at your lordship's board."

"Very possible," agreed the Freiherr, politely smothering a yawn.

"Well, then," resumed the Premier, "since the informal gathering may well be the more important of the two, I should like to place certain aspects of the situation before your lordships."

"You desire to offer us advice?" demanded the Freiherr, with a freezing sarcasm he knew so well how to employ.

The scowl that sat on Drechsler's brow deepened. He hated the nobles quite as much as they despised him, but being something of a patriot as well as a social democrat, he was not unwilling to do his share in straightening out of the tangle of the times.

"If the word 'advice' is unpalatable," he said, "we will substitute the expression 'suggest.' I am going to 'suggest,' then, that when the time comes for you to decide on the person who is to be Regent, you also decide that that person shall be someone who is agreeable to the people's elected representative."

"Herr Drechsler looked round at the seated herren to see the effect of his words. He might as well have gazed at a marble cliff, or a heap of boulders, for all the effect his words produced. Some of them were smoking, some were sipping, but the impassivity of their countenances was absolute. Despite the warmth of the room the poor Premier felt like an ill-clad wayfarer at sunset when the wind was blowing from the mountains. He was accustomed to speak in an assembly where friends shouted their applause, and foes bellowed their dissent. The frigid silence of restrained contempt was hateful and almost overpowering, but he went bravely on:

"The last time that a king of Grimland died, leaving his heir a minor, was in the year 1591," he said, "and on that occasion the Rathsherren elected a certain Hertzog Arnim von Grusis to the Regency. He was a hard man, who oppressed the people; he taxed the poor that he might live in greater luxury, he administered the laws according to the caprices of his own lust. The people bore it because he was powerful, and they were weak. But since then a great deal of snow, as the saying is, has fallen on the mountain-tops."

"A great deal of snow has fallen," agreed the Freiherr calmly, "and a great deal has melted. The average depths of the snow on the mountain-tops is probably much the same as it was in the year 1591."

Herr Drechsler permitted himself a gesture of impatience.

"You imply that nothing has changed?" he said.

"I imply nothing," said the Freiherr icily. "I merely press your metaphor to its logical conclusion."

Herr Drechsler folded his arms. The duty he had come to discharge was disagreeable enough, and a glance at the hard faces of his listen-

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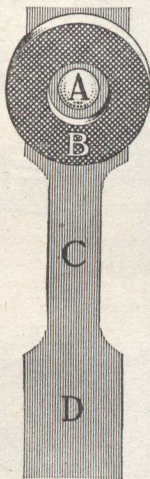
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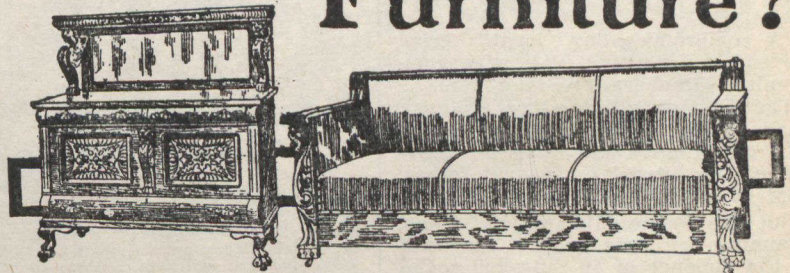
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ers told him that it was also hopeless.

"I am here to suggest," he said, "that whoever you elect to the Regency, you do not elect His Highness the Arch-duke Cyril of Wolfsnaden."

The Freiherr smiled faintly. "Doubtless you will not confine yourself to a negative suggestion," he said, in his tones of irony. "We should like to know definitely and authoritatively whom we are to elect?"

The sarcasm struck Drechsler like a blow in the face.

"We should like Fritz of Friedrichsheim," he said; "but we will not have Cyril of Wolfsnaden."

"Will not?" repeated the Freiherr, with uplifted eyebrows. "Perhaps if your insolent demand was backed by some suspicion of an argument—"

"Argument!" cried Drechsler, losing all patience, "the House of Representatives will give you two hundred and forty. The people of Grimland will give you six millions. We are living in the twentieth century, not the sixteenth. A popularly elected government, such as I at this moment represent, can deal with a man; we cannot deal with a butcher!"

The last word, uttered in a voice of thunder, was followed by a deathly silence, a silence that was infinitely more eloquent than the howls of protest he had anticipated. It was the silence of hate, of affronted majesty, of narrow, bitter, controlled minds contemplating an ardent and irresponsible one.

Drechsler stood his ground bravely before the carven faces and the basilisk eyes, but despite his bold front and unshaken determination there was a sinking feeling in his vitals, as if he had lost blood in the contest of wills.

When the Freiherr spoke again, he no longer condescended to face the Prime Minister.

"Our petitioner has used an offensive expression of a personage closely related to the Royal House. I extremely regret, my lords, that it is in my house that your ears have been so grossly offended."

Drechsler strode to the door. He was himself again—a resolute minister dealing with a bevy of titled anachronisms. He tried one final effort.

"If you will not have Fritz of Friedrichsheim," he said, "give us an honest, human, and enlightened ruler. There are others with claim to the Regency-General von Bilderbaum, my lord of Grauberg, the Baron of Huef-fen."

"A compromise, my lord!" cried Tortonform eagerly. "A wise compromise—Grauberg or Bilderbaum."

The Freiherr's face was like a mask.

"A compromise," he said, "is the result of the interplay of equal forces. Herr Drechsler—"

But the Prime Minister had gone, slamming the door behind him with all the violence of an outraged social democrat.

In the silence that followed his departure the sound of the bell was again heard.

"His Worship the Mayor of Weiden-bruck," announced the butler.

The Freiherr sighed wearily, but gave the necessary permission for his admittance.

If the Prime Minister had seemed a strange figure at such a gathering, Herr Neumann, the Mayor, was infinitely more so. A little plump man, in black broadcloth, with a coat that was too long in the sleeves, and trousers that were too short in the leg, he not only looked an exceedingly common person, but he lacked the touch of strength and determination which redeemed the statesman from insignificance.

"Well, Herr Neumann," began the Freiherr, with a touch of impatience, "what is it?"

The Mayor fumbled in the tails of his ill-fitting frock-coat and produced a large scroll. Then he wiped his forehead with a red handkerchief, for his nervousness was pitiful.

"The Town Council has passed a resolution, my lords," he began.

"They seem to do little else," sneer-

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ed the Freiherr, "judging from the condition of the streets."

"It is a resolution on the existing situation," went on the troubled Neumann, and it—er—emphasises the desirability of the—er—appointment of a popular Regent. Shall I read the resolution, my lords?" he continued, unravelling the many convolutions of the formidable parchment.

"For Heaven's sake, no!" replied the Lord of Kraag. "I know those resolutions! They are invariably specimens of execrable grammar, and of even more execrable taste. We are aware of the pith of the resolution—the appointment of a popular Regent—and that is quite enough."

"May I hope—" began the Mayor. "You may hope, if you like. I do not propose to stimulate your hope, or to extinguish it, by giving you the vaguest forecast of our impending decision. The province of the Town Council is the administration of the municipality—a province which, to judge from the amount of snow outside my front door, it shamefully neglects."

Herr Neumann bowed low. It did not seem in the least unnatural or improper that the elderly nobleman with the aquiline nose should treat him like an underfootman. The atavism that was responsible for the Freiherr's hauteur was equally responsible for the brewer's subservience. He was a successful tradesman, and a not unsuccessful mayor, but he was not—in the fullest sense of the word—a man.

After he had taken his departure, in less noisy fashion than his predecessor, the bell rang again.

"I'm tired of these men," said the Freiherr, when his butler appeared again.

"It is not a man, my lord, it is a lady."

"A lady! What lady?"

"She refuses to give her name, my lord."

"Well, well; let her be shown in," conceded the Freiherr, yawning.

A lady, tall, of elegant figure, and arrayed in the finest sables, entered the room. Her face was covered with a dak veil, such as is commonly worn by women in countries where strong sunlight is intensified by abundant snow. The herren remained seated, and for a moment there was silence.

Then the Freiherr spoke.

"I will not ask your business," he began, "because it is apparently everybody's business to advise, counsel, or threaten the Rathsheeren; but we should be glad to know from whom we are about to be instructed in our duties."

The lady's answer was to remove her veil.

In an instant the Rathsherren rose to their feet as one man.

"I did not know we were honoured by a queen," said the Freiherr.

"An ex-queen," corrected the visitor, a singularly beautiful woman, as was now apparent. "I have not come to advise or threaten, but merely to entreat."

"The world is indeed topsy-turvy," said the Freiherr gallantly. "A man of the people threatens, and a queen entreats. What is it that Your Majesty desires?"

"In the first place, your condonance of an illegal action. I am an exile. My late husband, the King, who is no more, drove me from his side. I was proscribed, and the legal penalty for my temerity in returning is imprisonment. I appeal to the generosity of the present rulers of my country—the Rathsherren—to give me my freedom."

"The Rathsherren, Madame," said the Freiherr, "only exist by the favour of the sovereign, who is the fount of all honour. Were your husband alive, it would be our painful duty as loyal subjects to inform him of your presence in the capital. But Karl is dead, and the King that is to be is not yet upon the throne, and Your Majesty has no more devoted servants than the gentlemen you see around you."

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and birth—and they served her better before such a tribunal than the silver of eloquence or the steel of menace. She was not a virtuous woman, and she knew that her failings were matters of common knowledge. Who was not cognizant of the fact that she had, years ago, left her lawful spouse and fled shamed and tarnished with a renegade priest? Yet for all that her lineage was high, and her beauty more than considerable. For such a one there is always sympathy among men, and the exiled Queen was a good actress.

"My lords, I thank you," she said, dropping a curtsy that was a miracle of grace, "I desire to live humbly in the land where once I reigned. I have no ambitions save to breathe the air I love, to see the faces of those I love, to use any poor influence I may possess for the maintenance of the constituted authorities of my beloved Grimland."

"Were it possible to elect Your Majesty Regent," said the Freiherr, "we would do so. But the Salic law forbids. We trust, however, that the man of our election will be a good friend to you."

"Alas! my lord, I have few friends in high quarters. One great man alone has sympathy for my sufferings, and I know there would be such opposition to his election that your Council, great and courageous though it be—"

"Who is this individual, Madame?" "The Arch-duke Cyril of Wolfshaden," she faltered, "but—"

"There are no 'buts' where Your Majesty's will and the good of the State are in unison," said the Freiherr.

"My lord!" A gleam of startled happiness lit up the ex-Queen's eyes. Her face flushed with joy and enthusiasm. A beautifully gloved hand was pressed to her heart, and she swayed a little, as if the Freiherr's speech was almost overwhelming in its benevolence.

"My lord, my lords," she breathed, "I thank you," and again the inimitable curtsy.

"Members of the Rathsherren," cried the Freiherr, with more enthusiasm than one would have given him credit for, "I call upon you for a toast. Her Majesty the Queen!" "The Queen!" shouted a score of voices.

The herren drained their glasses, and then dashed them on to the floor. And the splendid eyes of the ex-Queen rained great tears, partly because her shallow nature was genuinely moved, and partly because she had that all-important gift for an adventuress, the art of weeping at will.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Mayor at Home.

SAUNDERS and Fritz lunched together in the Neptunburg Palace in the former's rooms, which he had occupied at the express desire of the late sovereign.

"How did you get on with my fair compatriot?" asked Saunders, over their liquors and coffee.

"Well. Too well," was Fritz's reply. "I enjoyed myself abominably—and I am sworn off enjoyment."

"Not healthy enjoyment." "No enjoyment of that sort is healthy. I shall fall in love if I am not careful."

"Why not?" asked Saunders. "A man is better for a mate, especially a man like you with some very strong points, and some very weak ones."

"Oh, you have a high regard for women," said Fritz. "Doubtless you are right, for you married a paragon of beauty and virtue. But the women I have met—"

"Whose fault is that?" interrupted Saunders. "Where have you sought your diversions? What type of womanhood have you cultivated?"

"I have cultivated many types, and the more they differed, the more, as the proverb says, are they the same thing."

"Then this English girl is the same thing as Fraulein Hesta of the Eden Theatre?" asked Saunders.

Fritz swore. "Gott!" he cried, "she is, compared to Fraulein Hesta, what the moon is

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to the farthest star, what the bird of Paradise is to a sparrow."

"You see—"
"That is, outwardly," Fritz went on. "She has the texture and translucence of a bit of Dresden china, the patina of an old-world faience. She has the mouth of a priestess of sacred love, the eyes of a stellar spirit come to earth. I thought I had seen beauty before, but I know now that I was mistaken. Outwardly she is—"

"Quite so," interrupted Saunders. "Outwardly she is flesh and blood in comely mould. Mentally, I suppose, she is less endowed."

"Oh, her intellect's all right," said Fritz. "But she is a woman—a snare in one's path, a cat seeking a home, a seller of alluring goods to the longest purse."

Cynicism is the prerogative of modern youth, my dear Fritz. Practice it while it lasts, for eight-and-twenty will find you a sentimentalist for a certainty. You are too good a person not to mellow with years of discretion, and when the true sun rises the cynic's cloak will be cast aside into the rubbish-heap of discarded crudities."

Fritz gulped down his liqueur. "You are a fine fellow, Saunders," he cried; "the finest in the world. If all men were like you, all women would be like Mrs. Saunders. But you don't see my point? If this little Western bird of Paradise is as angelic in soul as in body; if, as you put it, the true sun rises—what then? I am done for. A man in love is of no use in war, or Grimland politics. I need all my thoughts, all my energies, for sterner things than an amorous entanglement. On no possible account must I fall in love at the present juncture."

"If love takes you that way, by all means avoid it. If, on the other hand, it is likely to be a stimulus to high actions, self-sacrifice, and unselfishness—well, do not avoid it."

"I am avoiding it at all costs," maintained Fritz stubbornly. "I must not fall in love with Miss Perowne, and she must not fall in love with me."

"Why not the latter contingency?"

"Why not!" repeated Fritz. "Do you suppose I could refuse those eyes if they pleaded with me. Himmel! I have compared her to a piece of Dresden china and a bird of Paradise. Those two things suggest but two aspects of her being—daintiness and perfect colouring. She has a thousand others for which I have no simile. To put it prosaically, I am diabolically conscious of her overwhelming charms. I am a man, a weak man, and if she lay siege to my bachelorhood I should resist in vain. I hate cats, but when they rub purring round my legs, something softens within me, and I scratch the back of their necks and give them cream."

SAUNDERS smiled his superior, patronizing smile. "And you seriously think this wonderfully beautiful young woman is going to employ her wiles on you?" he asked.

Fritz hesitated. Then he shook his head sullenly.

"No," he said, "I do not think it is likely."

"Why not? After all, others have done so. Higher born and lovelier creatures, even—"

"Thanks," interrupted Fritz; "we can leave the past alone. I do not think that under existing circumstances Miss Perowne will make love to me."

"What are the existing circumstances?" Saunders asked.

"She does not know who I am. When I was insulted by Major Lachenberg in the Concordia yesterday, I was about to give Mrs. Perowne my card. After that incident—although I swear it was the bravest thing I have ever done—I was not so proud of my name. I said I had not my card-case with me. I lied, and, appropriately enough, I gave my name as Mr. Liar—Herr Lugner."

"And you think Miss Perowne would not be anxious to become Frau Lugner?"

"I appeared to her as a coward. I have since stated that I am a nobody without ambition. Why should she set her cap at an insignificant craven? But if she knew that I was a

Baron of Grimland, Fritz of Friedrichsheim, with ten thousand acres of vineyards, twenty thousand acres of pine-forest, and a Schloss on the Traumberg as big as the Guards' barracks—why, she might play the wheedling game dangerously well."

"Fritz, Fritz," laughed Saunders, "you are that rare being, a genuine cynic. Most of us give off a certain amount of cynicism at odd intervals. It is an easy form of wit, and covers a vast amount of soft-heartedness. But you are the real thing. You honestly believe, as you put it, that women are cats looking for the best home. I cannot disillusionize you. Time may, or an English girl."

"I do not propose to give her the chance. I avoid her at all costs."

"And I am determined to make her acquaintance," said Saunders. "We always try and show a certain amount of hospitality to English people here, and my wife, who, by the way, is lurching with some Americans, is going to call on the Perownes this afternoon."

"Ask her to dinner," said Fritz, "but don't ask me the same evening."

"As you will," said Saunders.

"Touching a more important matter," said Fritz, "the Rathsherren meet at five o'clock, I believe."

"At five in the old Council Chamber of the Strafeburg," Saunders affirmed. "We have plenty of time before us. We might have a game or two of piquet till about four o'clock."

"You forget that I have sworn off cards."

"We need not play for money. That would be conforming to the spirit of your oath."

"Piquet without money! That is like talking to a beautiful English girl without making love to her."

"There is a certain resemblance," admitted Saunders. "It is a good training for one's mental palate to indulge in tasteless diversion."

Fritz consented, and the men played their harmless game till four o'clock. Then they put on their fur coats and ventured into the streets. The sun had set, and with its setting an ice-cold breeze had sprung up and made of the city a place of sad and abominable draughts. Crossing the Karlstrasse, they plunged into a narrow alley, through which a funnel of damp air rushed with nipping virulence. Here they were in the quarter of the Morast, a district of great age and little respectability. Here were the dilapidated tenements of the poor, the gloomy wine-and-beer shops of the seedy reveller. Story projected on story on either side of the confined thoroughfare, till the high-pitched gables almost met overhead, like drunken men greeting one another in a lurching embrace of sodden fraternity. The two men knew their Weidenbruck well, and threaded their way through the labyrinth of slums without difficulty or hesitation. Presently they entered an especially narrow lane—the Schugasse—a way of infamous taverns and low gaming houses, a street of thick-heaped snow and evil odours. They came to a high blank wall, broken at the far end by a big square house with a yellow light over the door.

"That's Neumann's," said Fritz, pointing to the house in question. The Mayor of Weidenbruck's private abode was adjacent to his bottling works, and the house in which he dwelt antedated by perhaps a century the present sinister reputation of the Morast.

Just as Fritz spoke the door opened and the closely wrapped form of a woman emerged into the street. The two men held on their way, but as they drew near the veiled figure Saunders felt Fritz's fingers tighten on his forearm. As they were passing the woman she seemed to gaze intently at them through her blue veil; she even half stopped in her progress, but for a moment only, and then uttering a sigh, she walked rapidly past them.

"'Tis she," whispered Fritz; "Charlotte the wanton."

"The ex-Queen?" said Saunders. "I thought I recognized the figure and the walk. What has she been visiting Neumann for?"

(To be continued.)

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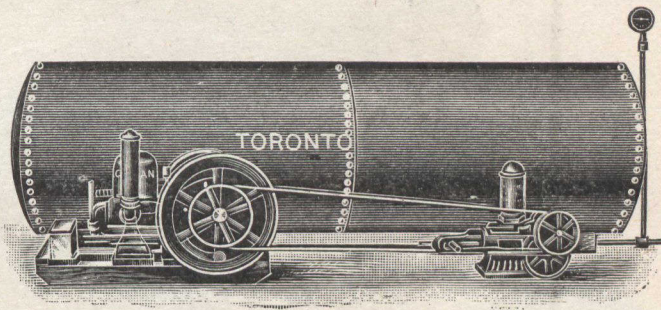
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