

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Fifty-Four Years of Baseball in Canada

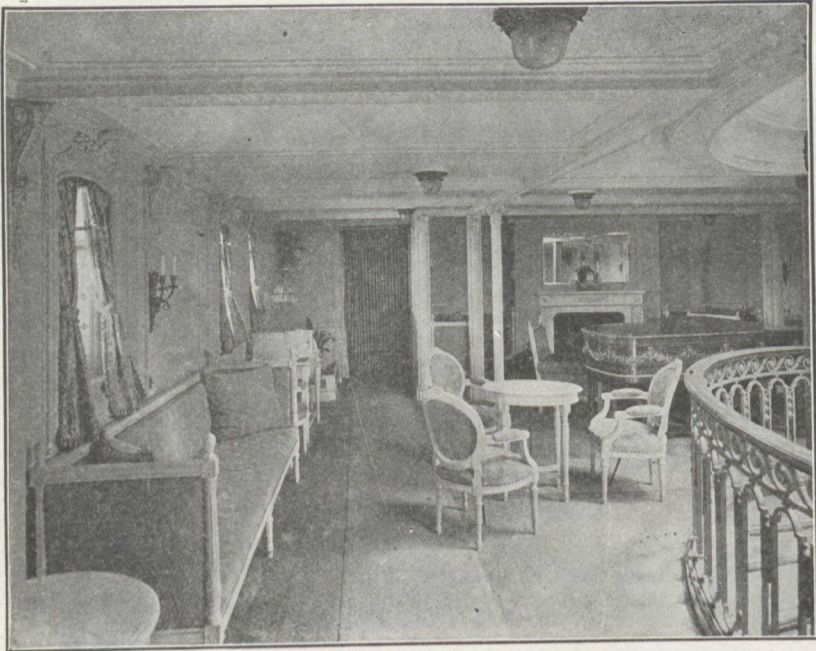
By JOHN M. COPELAND

The Call of Der Lieblied

STORY By EDITH G. BAYNE

EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

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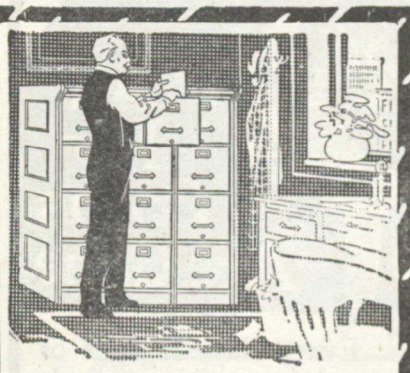
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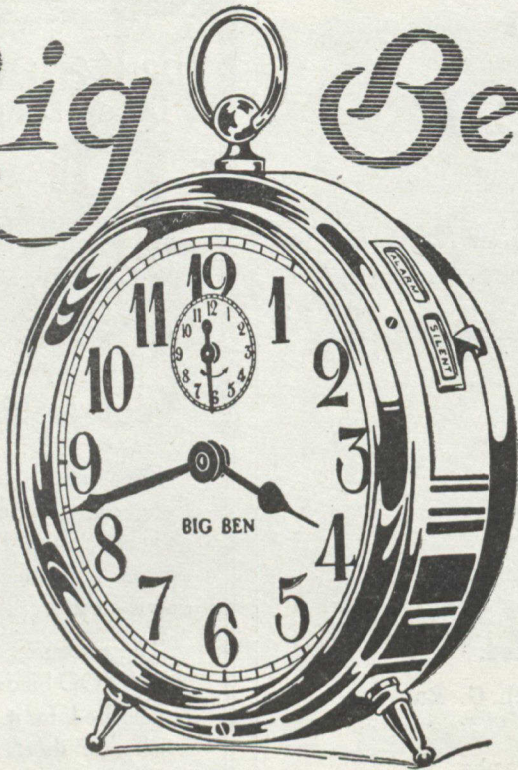
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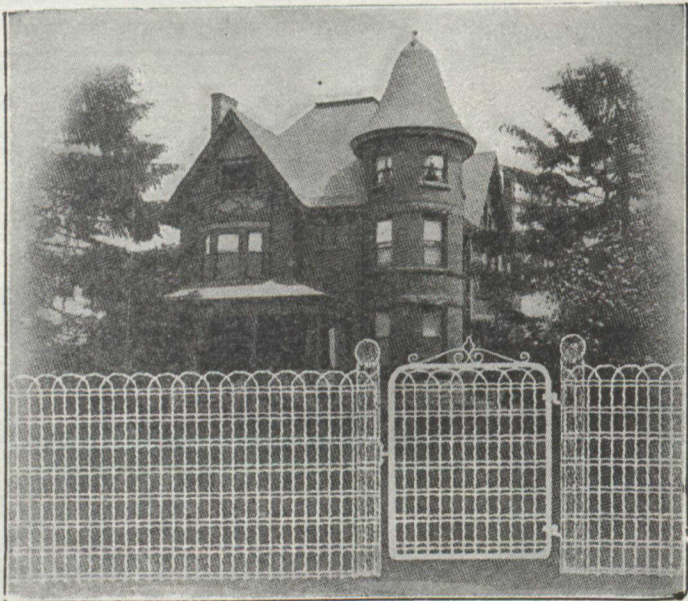
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Not Binding.—"You used to say that I should never want for anything."
"That was before I knew your capacity for wanting."—Detroit Free Press.

Enough.—Nora was applying for a place as cook, and when asked for a reference presented the following:
"To whom it may concern.

"This is to certify that Nora Foley has worked for us for a week and we are satisfied."—Kansas City Journal.

Talk That Counts.—Ephum Johnson was up before Judge Shimmerpate on a cruelty to animals charge.

"Deed Ah wasn't abusin' dat mule, jedge," the old man demurred.

"Did you not strike it repeatedly with a club?"

"Yassah."

"And do you not know that you can accomplish more with animals by speaking to them?"

"Yassah; but dis critter am diff'nt. He am so deaf he can't heah me when Ah speaks to him in de usual way, so Ah has to communicate wid him in de sign language." — Youngstown Telegram.

Tommy: "Pop, what is an idealist?"

Tommy's Pop: "An idealist, my son, is a very young man who thinks all women are angels."—Philadelphia Record.

A Trick of the Trade.—"Stop!" thundered the client at the barber, who was cutting his hair. Then, he continued, in somewhat milder tones: "Why do you insist upon telling me these horrible, blood-curdling stories of ghosts and robbers while you are cutting my hair?"

"I'm very sorry, sir," replied the barber, "but, you see, when I tell stories like that to my clients, their hair stands on end, and it makes it ever so much easier to cut."—New York Staats Zeitung.

Locating it.—"You ought to be contented and not fret for your old home," said the mistress as she looked into the dim eyes of her young Swedish maid. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be."—Youth's Companion.

Pat's Strategy.—"Do moined yes don't git hur-rt, Pat?" said Bridget, as Pat started to work. "It's so dangerous a-working in that quarry."

"Thot's ahl roight, Biddy," said Pat. "O've borried two dollars frim th' foreman, and he don't let me do any dangerous work anny more."

The Cynic.—Gibbs—"I believe in early rising, don't you?"

Dibbs—"Well, there's no abstract excellence in early rising; it all depends on what you do after you rise. It would be better for the world if some people never got up."—Boston Transcript.

His Lost Opportunity.—First Jew—"Dwenty years ago Goldstein sold shoestrings on the corner, and to-day he owns the corner on which he stood." Second Jew (excitedly)—"Und if he had valked up and down he might have owned the whole block."—Life.

Unfortunate.—The New Yorker was descanting on the glories of Broadway.

"The streets are ablaze with light—a veritable riot," he said. "Why, there is one electric sign with one hundred thousand lights."

"Doesn't it make it rather conspicuous?" asked his English friend.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.



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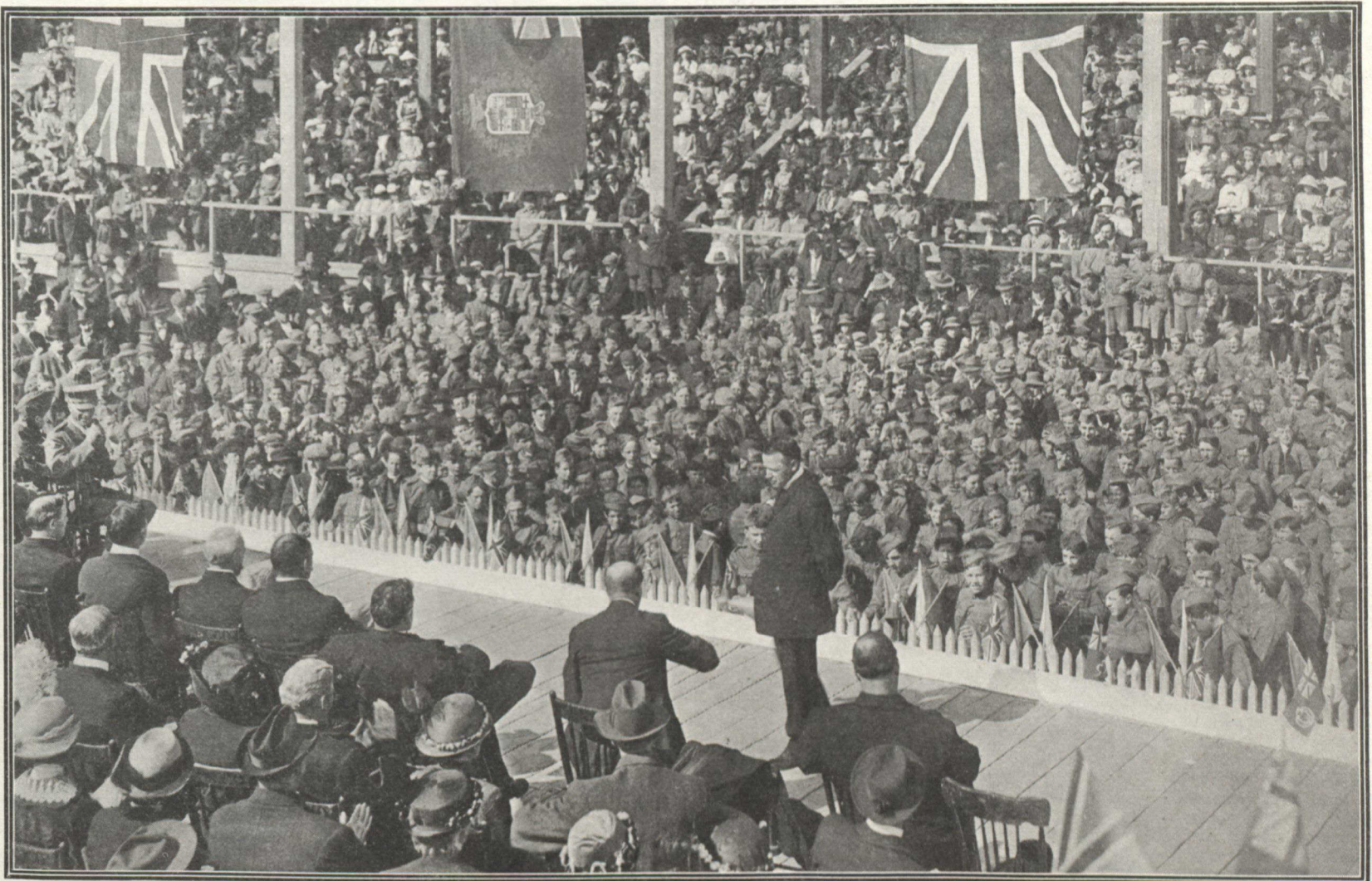
The
**CANADIAN
 COURIER**
The National Weekly

Vol. XV.

May 9, 1914

No. 23

Once the Haunt of the Cowboy, Now the Home of the Cadet



When nine of the twelve Cadets picked to represent Canada in the Imperial Cadets' Competition at Bisley, England, in May, were chosen from Calgary, the city on the Bow River naturally became excited. This is a picture of the huge open-air demonstration of cadets and citizens and civic officials giving the boys a popular send-off on April 23rd.

Photo by the Progress Photo Co.



The nine young Calgarians who will do three-quarters of the Canadian representation at the Bisley Tournament. To the right of the rear row is Sergeant-Major Ferguson, Instructor; to the left, Colonel Walker, financial backer of the Calgary Cadet Corps, and himself a fine survival of the Mounted Police regime in the days when he saw buffaloes by the million on the Western hills.

Fifty-Four Years of Baseball in Canada

The Great Base-Runners of Ontario in the Days of Old

By JOHN M. COPELAND



Bob Emslie, Umpire National League, Makes His Home in St. Thomas, Ont.



Adrian C. Anson, of Chicago, one of the great players in the '70's, had many cronies on the London and Guelph teams.



The Celebrated Maple Leafs of Guelph, Ont., Semi-professional Champions of America in 1874. Most of the Players Were Native-born Canadians, but Some were Bought from United States Teams at Much Less Fancy Salaries Than Are Paid Nowadays. The Names of the Players Were: Top Row: R. Emery, W. Sunley, W. Jones, — Keerle. Bottom Row: H. Myers, T. Smith, Geo. Sleeman (Promoter), Six Times Mayor of Guelph; W. Smith, H. Spence, Chas. Maddock.



Second in renown to the great Maple Leafs were the Tecumsehs, of London, Ont., Champions of Canada, 1876, and International Champions, 1877. Top row: Joe Hornung, Tom Brown, Tom Gilleen, Buckle Ledwith. Bottom row: Mike Dinnen, Fred Goldsmith, George Latham, Phil Powers and Billy Hunter.

AN admiring mother, on beholding her awkward son parading for the first time with his kilted regiment, indulgently exclaimed to brither Jock, "Aye, lad, look! Sandy is the only one in step." On the contrary, freckled-faced Sandy was sadly out of harmony with the prevailing movement, but few, indeed, of the boys and men of our rising generation in Canada are far out of step with the march of America's baseball cohorts. Almost to a man they know the players and what they are accomplishing these spring days to focus attention on a really ancient, yet up-to-the-minute, fascinating sport. And though baseball was not born in Canada, surely fifty-four years of Canadian baseball entitle it to be regarded as more or less of a national pastime.

Spheroid brainstorm, or "baseballitis," a distemper caused by an insectivorous parasite, and prevalent in all parts of the country in this era, is by no means a new discovery of Doctor Diagnosis. The susceptibility of the vocal apparatus to the infection in summer, which in severe cases in males is accompanied by waving arms and near convulsions, was recognized fifty years ago. So general was the contagion among the struggling ten thousand baseball fans assembled at Guelph, Canada, July 1st, 1874, when they beheld Boston's Red Sox and the famous A. G. Spalding trim their idolized Maple Leafs, that symptoms of this disorder did not disappear until the first snow fall. On the day before, as well, the Bostonians had encompassed the downfall of the pets and, thus encouraged, the bean-eaters set sail for home, and in 1875 won every game played on their home grounds. Grim, indeed, were the reflections of Mr. George Sleeman, six times Mayor of Guelph, brewer, crack shot, and manager of the Royalists; but not for long, as sweet satisfaction came presently to this all-wool, yard-wide baseball enthusiast.

HE it was who recognized in a large way the infant pastime's possibilities. Though first introduced in 1860, at Woodstock, Ontario, the home of the lusty James "Tip" O'Neil, who was Comiskey's heaviest hitter on the St. Louis Browns, and given a premiere by Alfred S. Feast, at Guelph, in 1861, Mr. Sleeman was the original Canadian promoter of this erstwhile sport of Egypt and the Netherlands. He won for Guelph from Woodstock, Hamilton, Flamborough, Dundas and London; at London, in September, 1869, \$50 in gold at the Provincial Exhibition, and later a solid silver ball made of forty Mexican silver or "adobe" dollars, emblematic of the Canadian championship.

This honour the Leafs held, purloining every game played during two seasons. The interest grew so

keen that the Maple Leafs organized an excursion from Guelph to Woodstock, at one dollar per capita. Five hundred sympathizers and a brass band went along.

The new game flourished, in the face of peevish cricketers. Watertown, N.Y., inaugurated a semi-professional baseball tournament for the American championship in July, 1874, when part of the state population, and the whole town, shut up shop to take in the series. The Maple Leafs were drawn to lock horns with the Ku Klux, of Oneida, Nassaus, from New Jersey, and Eastons, representing Easton, Pa. The Haymakers, of Troy, and Atlantics, of New York, were also in this series.

The Canadian delegates scored thirteen runs in three games, dividing a tie on Saturday on account of rain; earning second place and \$300 on Monday; substituting for the runner-up position the championship on Tuesday together with \$500. On that occasion Billy Smith, pitcher, was awarded first prize, ten dollars, for the longest throw of base ball, some say 125 yards, and others 133 yards.

Homebound, the boys featured in games at Kingston, Belleville, Cobourg, Newcastle, and Bowmanville. They were defeated in 1875 at Watertown, N.Y., by the Live Oaks, of Lynn, Mass.; score, 6-3.

The Tecumsehs, of London, Canada, beat them for the first time in 1876, but no club was strong enough to wrest from them the silver-mounted rosewood bat put up for competition by their management.

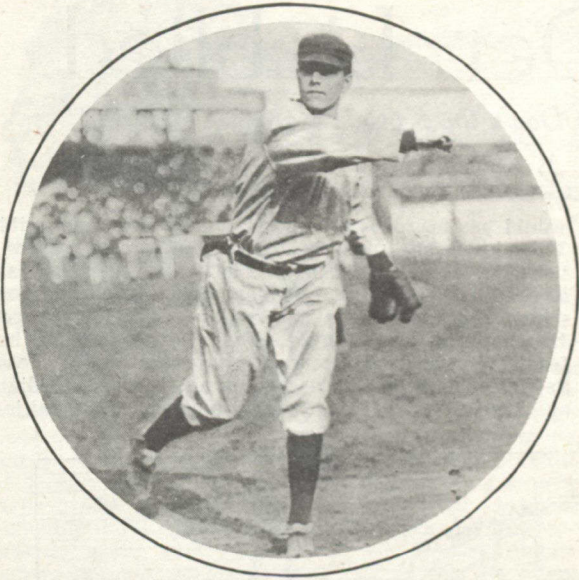
In those days boiling out at hot springs was not in style, and liniment artists were not carried on tour. Bare hands were "au fait," while the amputated kid glove of Her Ladyship was "de rigeur," and did duty in place of the various padded sofa cushions now apparently essential. The distance between pitcher and catcher was shorter than now, and the knee-high, underhand throw the only style permitted. They say that between '77 and '90 the great "Silver" Flint caught 833 games without chest protector or glove. Some chroniclers aver, however, that Charles Maddock, at Guelph, resorted to the use of a piece of rubber between his teeth when backstopping to relieve the tension at moments of extreme strain. Despite the absence of artificial armament, injuries were less frequent than now. C. P. McDonald says:

"Why, I recall the days when we played ball just like it ought to be; The first mild day of spring we'd go To some big lot and stage the show. No gloves in them days—just the hand That nature gave us—no grand stand; No hold-outs, contracts, legal scraps, No magnate owned the old-time chaps."

THE Guelph brewer financed an international trip in July, 1886, and it is a coincidence that the same Al. Buckenberger, who managed the Rochester Hustlers in later years, was commissioned by him to pilot the team that eventful summer. When Mr. Buckenberger harks back to the time the victorious Maple Leafs decisively won forty-one away-from-home games out of a possible forty-two, he must be prone to the invidious comparisons paragraphers talk about.

The Maple Leafs included native players and several from the United States, the roster reading: J. Purvis and A. Dillon, c.; H. Zell, p.; F. Miller, 1b.; J. Hower, 2b.; D. Mulholland, 3b.; F. Shielbeck, s.s.; Charlie Campeau, W. George, B. Stevens and O. Williams, o.f. It is not drawing the long bow in narrative to declare that this great team swept all before them, as the right-hand tallies in the appended, incomplete list, shows:

Opponent.	Runs.	Maple Leafs. Runs.
Hamilton	2	25
Brantford	3	23
Stratford	5	22
Seaforth	8	8
London	2	17



Russell Ford, pitcher for the Buffalo Federals this year, came from the wheat fields of Brandon, Man.

Opponent.	Runs.	Runs.
Windsor	2	18
Detroit	5	6
Detroit (Cass Club)	5	14
Detroit (Hiawathas)	7	19
Saginaw	6	10
Bay City	4	16
Adrian	4	14
Ann Arbor	3	13
Buffalo	2	5
Philadelphia (at Guelph)	3	6

Returning from Michigan, the hard-hitting Guelphites, so handy in poling circuit drives, got a brave reception. The home guard besieged their train, the band struck up a lively air, 6,000 people yelled themselves hoarse and the impetuous crowd, with a rush, shouldered beaming Dan Mulholland, who was wont to whack the ball until the stitches sang, and placed him in front of a parade of fifty carriages.

The Uticas, subsequently winners of the International Championship, were defeated twice in one day on this tour. The Athletics, of Philadelphia, got the Indian sign on the Canucks and took their measure in William Penn's town, but the National Leaguers, from whom Connie Mack's hand-picked collegians received their escutcheon, bit the dust at Guelph.

The records of this memorable contest allow the Pennsy pilgrims but one hit. Mind you, that was before Cummings and his understudies perfected the curved shoot. Weather conditions were delightful, attracting a large gallery of ladies, who enjoyed the excitement and the unusual interest the game aroused. Every manoeuvre of the opposing nines was keenly watched and the people went wild when victory came to the Leafs.

Each consecutive crop of maple buds which the warmth of springtime brought out attracted the attention of the U. S. A. sporting papers, and the concern of such clubs as the Chelseas, of New York, St. Louis Browns and Lord Baltimores, who advertised Joe Kelly's town slumbering beside the oyster beds.

Staid little Guelph became the hub and witness of many quasi-historic struggles, getting a notoriety reaching far beyond her own bailiwick.

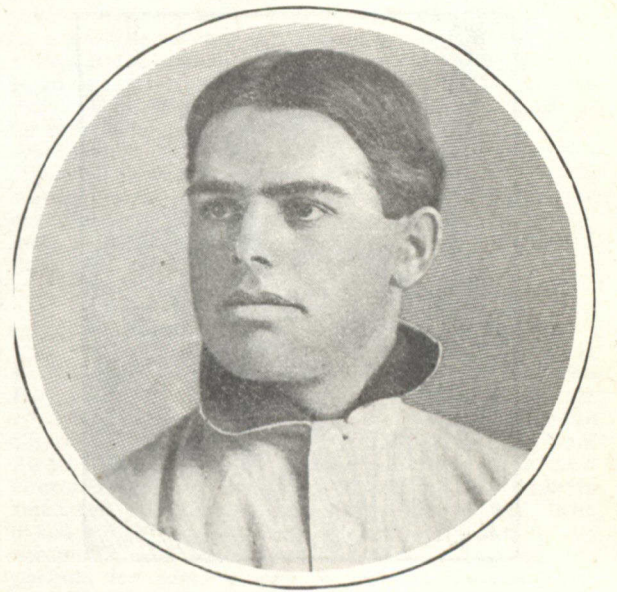
London Town was a baseball burg from earliest days, although Dame Fortune, prior to 1876, allotted her only second place in various contests with Guelph. In that year the Maple Leafs secured but a couple of draws, and did not market a victory from the Cockneys, who became famous in a season.

AN old-time photograph of the London team is reproduced herein and will prove to many an ageing athlete a clear-cut reminder of other days. George Latham, nick-named "Juice" for his love of the liquifying weed, captain and first baseman, came from Utica, with Boston National experience. Fred Goldsmith was a spectacular "find" made by present editor Harry Gorman, of the Sarnia Observer, who, as director, went scouting in New England when the club was growing desperate for a reliable pitcher. Goldsmith had previously displayed cleverness, developing the barely known curve ball, and was engaged by New Haven professionals for that season. Unhappy because they denied him opportunity, he had resigned two days before Mr. Gorman arrived. He and Phil. Powers, a Brooklyn, N.Y., amateur and star backstop, made the battery every day they were in condition. It is related that at Harvard College gymnasium the catcher's mask was first seen in use. One was purchased and sent to Powers at London, but so unusual a contrivance pinked the fans' curiosity, and Powers was guyed so much that he threw the bird-cage away in disgust. Oswego produced semi-professional second baseman Mike Dinnen, and youthful Joe Hornung, at short, hailed from Utica. "Buckie" Ledwith, third baseman, was a graduate of the vacant lots of Troy, N.Y. Tom Brown, now postmaster, Tom Gillean and Billy Hunter, who ornamented the outfield, were London lads

loving the sport and played with skill. Genial Dick Southam, widely known in Toronto litho-printing world, is said to have alternated at second base.

On the 24th of May, the Queen's Birthday, 1876, London and Guelph sent out on the diamond—the old military parade ground where Victoria Park now is—the first two purely professional teams maintained in Canada. Interest was widespread throughout Ontario, and ten thousand people saw a splendid, stubbornly contested game of ten innings, score 8—7 in favour of London Tecumsehs, whose name, perpetuating a famous Indian warrior chief, was taken from historic Tecumseh house, where all meetings were convened by E. M. Moore, baseball enthusiast and organizer. At this hotel, about forty years ago, Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt was married to Mrs. Crawford, a southern belle, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Fred Goldsmith afterwards scintillated with Chicago Nationals, and Dutch Hornung made a big name for himself as left fielder with the Bostonians. In those days the Philadelphia Athletics, St. Louis Browns, and other old National League clubs stopped off at London when en route to Boston, New York and Chicago to play exhibition games, and London Town got to be "some pumpkins." Adrian C. Anson, the brilliant and invincible player with the great Chicago team, was at this period cutting his eye-teeth with the Rockfords, of Rockford, Ill. You will remember his batting average for sixteen years was 344. He visited London several times, forming a friendship with W. H. Burrell, a prosperous merchant



George Gibson, backstop for the Pittsburg Pirates, was born in London, the town of the old Tecumsehs.

there, who was once vice-president of the Tecumsehs. These two gentlemen afterwards established a business. (Concluded on page 21.)

The Montreal Team in 1914

By E. W. FERGUSON

THE Montreal team of the International League enjoys a distinction this year unique in organized baseball. For the Royals, were there any cause for elation over the fact, could boast that they will introduce more new faces to the International League circuit this summer than has ever been done by any team in major baseball.

This is a sad, sad affair. The draft of a host of new players was not the plan of President Sam E. Lichtenhein, chief stock-holder of the Montreal Baseball Club. Nor was it because there had been a house-cleaning in the ranks of the Montreal baseball force. Indeed, it was generally conceded that had the Montreal team been able to retain all its talent of last season, other than that sold or drafted, they would have started the year in fine form.

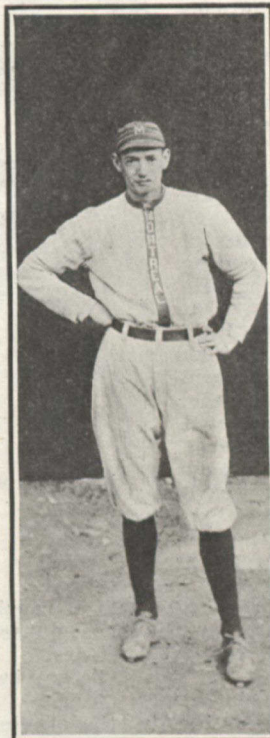
But the Royals, unfortunately, managed to retain little more than the bat-boy. The war declared by the Federal League upon organized baseball struck no one nearly so hard as it did the Montreal Baseball Club. Player after player was lured by the clink of the out-law coin. When the Royal roster was called late in the winter, it was found that no less than a dozen players, including the cream of the Montreal talent, had been appropriated by the Federals.

Both infield and outfield sustained severe blows from the Federal warriors. Art. Griggs, an ex-Cleveland player, one of the most formidable sluggers in the entire International League, was one of the first to jump, and his departure left a large-sized gap at first base, which has not yet been filled acceptably by three efforts. Jack Flynn, a veteran of Pittsburg years ago, latterly in the American Association, displaced Albie Carlstrom, a Boston National recruit for the first-sack position, but Flynn is getting along in years, and lacks speed. Royals are undoubtedly weak at first base. At the middle corner, the loss of Eddie Lennox, also a jumper to the Federals, has not been so keenly felt. A Pacific Coast youngster named Keller, highly recommended by Iron Man McGinnity, has been holding down the key-stone most acceptably for the Royals, fielding well, hitting consistently, and showing speed on the bases. Benny Purtell is one of the few familiar figures on the team. The diminutive short-stop returned to the Royal fold, and made his old berth easily. Purtell is a grand fielder, but a weak hitter, and his presence affords some indication of the team's strength. Joe Yeager, the veteran of ten years' International service, is back at third base again.

In the outfield, the team looks strong. Malay, a left-fielder who came more recently from Cuba, is partly filling the empty shoes of Ray Demmitt. Malay is fast, and a hitter. Whiteman, a Texas Leaguer, is fast, and has been hitting close to the 300 mark. Kippert, secured after the opening of the season from Cincinnati Nationals, has been placed in right field, and is showing sensational form at bat and on the bases.

Montreal has plenty of pitchers so far as quantity is concerned, but the quality is yet to be proved. Dale, a lanky right-hander, is one of the best in the league when inclined to work. Mattern and McGraner, left-handers of last year, are dependable. So is Del. Mason, also left from last season, a right-hander. Couchman, a big Cincinnati pitcher, has worked well in the early games. Richter, who was with the team for a time last year, is expected to pan out well. Dowd, who came from the New York State League, is an unknown quantity.

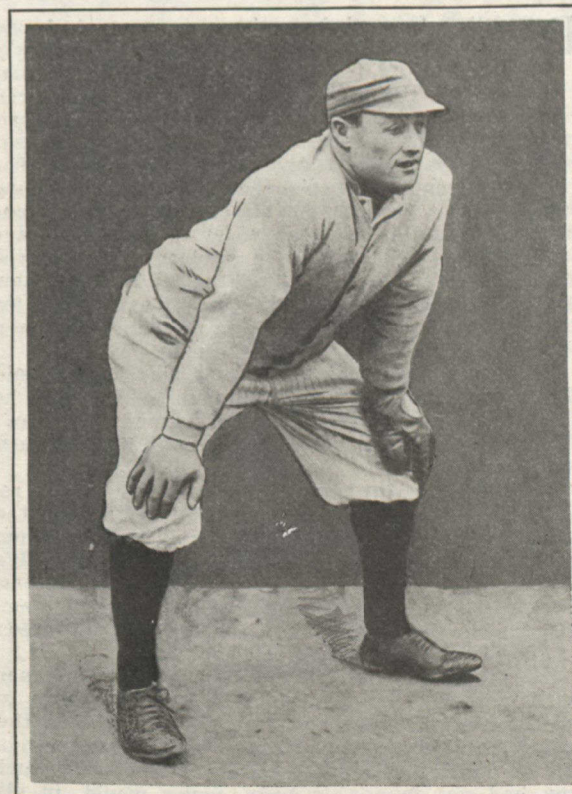
The team is well fixed for catchers with Howley, who came from Philadelphia Nationals in the Burns deal; Tommy Madden, of last year; John Smith (who was with New York Americans), and Murphy.



J. J. Dowd, New York State League pitcher, one of the Montreal Unknowns.



Robert Couchman, right-handed pitcher from Cincinnati; another of the unknowns.



George Whiteman, Montreal centre-fielder from the Texas League, hits well and has speed.

The Call of Der Lieblied

And How Gustav Laubach Went Down the Kywato Falls

By EDITH G. BAYNE

Illustrated by A. Lismer



It was a very ordinary violin in the eyes of the burly customs officer who had reached the little group under the letter "L" in the dock-shed, but the immigrant boy clung to it with the jealous affection that is bestowed upon a Cremona or a Stradivarius alone. When the official was about to lay profane hands upon the shabby case, something in the wide blue eyes of Heinrich—was it defiance or appeal, or both?—stayed him, and he passed on to where Frau Laubach, with the baby and little Peter, Gustav and Gretchen, stood guard over a meagre supply of hand-luggage, awaiting the coming of the husband and father, who had not arrived. Nor did he come even when darkness had fallen upon the busy scene and lights began to twinkle all about. Long hours they waited, and watched others greeted by friends, heard laughter and talk gradually melt away until at last the shed was almost empty. Then hunger and exhaustion drove him forth, and, not without misgivings, they straggled up the street, Heinrich in the lead, because he knew a little—a very little—English.

Fearful, bewildered, disappointed at the non-appearance of Gustav Laubach, and seized with a great yearning for the fatherland they had left behind, back across the grey Atlantic, they almost forgot the large hope that had buoyed them along until this moment—that hope which stands at the prow of the incoming ship and points to the frowning heights of old Quebec—to the portals of the fair and new country which lies beyond and is that hope's fulfillment.

A huge electric sign suddenly flashed out the word "Eat," and Heinrich seized his mother's arm. "See, mutter! It is food at last! Come, let us go in."

The hot odour of cooking was a welcome greeting and they entered the little eating-house and partook of their first meal on land, eagerly, unsparingly.

But when Frau Laubach tendered a bit of German money to the cashier, that haughty person shook her head and returned it. Puzzled, the German woman looked at the coin, then emptied her wallet of the few remaining pieces and pushed them across the counter. The cashier spoke harshly in the new and unknown tongue and again refused it.

"It is goot money," interposed Heinrich; "we rob not you. See? Good silver is it."

"But not Canadian. Have you no other kind?"

The head clerk and the manager, who were Italians, appeared at the girl's signal.

"You try cheating, eh?" began the clerk, but the manager stayed him and a discussion arose in which

the only words Heinrich understood were, "German-Lloyd boat." At length it was made known to the boy that an interpreter would be brought, and in the meanwhile the whole family were requested, not unkindly, to take seats in the little office which was separated from the eating-hall by a screen. Nothing loath, they obeyed, and soon the three smaller children were asleep, leaning against the Mutter, while she gazed about at the people, the advertisements in the strange language, the movement and bustle of the little place. The tables were fully occupied now, while a line of hungry folk was beginning to form at the desk-end. Heinrich, weary but wide-awake, had opened his fiddle-case and was looking longingly at the instrument. Lovingly he drew it out and fingered the strings, and almost unconsciously his right hand sought the bow. Then, suddenly, in the midst of the confusion and noise of clattering dishes, while the talking in the new tongue, supplemented by French voices, was at its loudest, there rose the faint, sweet, sonorous tones of a German melody, which, gathering volume, began to float out across the company and hush the boldest. A small crowd collected at the door, and a shoal of new customers pushed their way in, while fragmentary sentences of "Tony's got music to-night," and "What's the big draw at this joint?" caused the cashier to smile at the clerk, and the manager to hasten kitchenwards.

Meanwhile, Heinrich, unaware of the boost which he was applying to Tony's business, played on. He was back in the linden groves at home, beside the babbling little stream which meandered through their heavily-mortgaged little farm—the farm they had had to leave. Strange to say, no one interfered with his fiddling, probably because the first strains had insinuated themselves so gently as to weave a spell upon one and all.

When the interpreter, a German grocer from across the street, at length arrived, he was forced to make his way but slowly through the knot of people surrounding the doorway. Frau Laubach roused with a start at the sound of her own language.

"Tony says you will not have to pay. The boy has earned the suppers," reported the interpreter.

Then ensued a lively discussion in the Teuton tongue.

"So your husband he works at logging-camp number eight. He did not to meet you come. Very well. I see you get out in the morning," the man assured her.

DELIGHT beamed from the poor woman's broad, honest face at this assurance, and her newly-found friend, furthermore, found the little party two beds for the night in an adjoining shop, overhead. During this parley none had noticed a movement in the eating-room. A man had risen and was passing his battered hat about among the others. The clink of silver had escaped them, but soon the young fellow, with a generous supply of small coin and one or two bills in his hat, stepped up to the screen, and with rough courtesy and an apologetic air, bowed and emptied the contents into the lap of Frau Laubach. Heinrich paused at the cry of astonished joy from his mother, then perceiving the cause he began to pour out thanks in voluble German.

"Tony wants to keep the boy to play again," said the interpreter. "You go your man to find, and he will stay here and earn more of the money, is it not? You are lucky. You keep this money. He will earn some more."

A Quebec logging-camp is not singular for its refinement of speech or manners, but every man at the dinner-tables of number eight lowered his tone when it became known that a woman had arrived. "It's Laubach's wife," was whispered from one to another. Most of the men were French. These crossed themselves, while the English and Canadian men muttered: "Poor Laubach! Who'll tell her?"

The others understood and spoke in like manner in their various languages. Who would venture to tell her that her husband had been caught in the log-jam on Friday and had gone over the treacherous Kywato Falls to his death? This was Tuesday and they had not found his body, never would, in all probability, as the boiling whirlpool below, with its hidden rocks and the swift river current beyond

would make recovery of poor Laubach impossible. They knew she must be told. The foreman knew a little German and to him was left the distressing task of breaking the news, but from hour to hour he postponed the duty till a day and a night had passed. He that had once fought a bear single-handed, had fearlessly trod the narrow chute-line with death yawning on either side, had quelled hostile Indians at the northern forest-edge, shrank with abject



"Flung the baby into his arms."

cowardice from the sight of a woman's grief.

It was evening again, and all of the men had retired to the bunk-house, excepting Steve, the foreman. Frau Laubach sat upon a fallen log by the door of the eating-room with the baby upon her knee, and from the rear could be heard the chattering noises of Arsene and the cookee "cleaning up." Steve paced up and down before the door and kept his eye upon the three German children, who ran up and down the sand at the river-edge, playing and shouting gleefully. It was utter nonsense, in fact nothing short of cruelty, to keep silence any longer, and Steve braced himself for the painful duty before him. He seated himself beside the frau. Two of the men lounged against the door of the bunk-house, smoking, and Arsene passed down to the shore for a pail of water. Except for the muffled tones of the men and the distant cry of a loon in the woods beyond there was no sound, for the children had ceased their shouting and were examining some fishing-lines with great interest.

Suddenly the Scotch collie, asleep on the ground at the frau's feet, awoke and whined, scenting the air.

"Listen!" cried Steve, sharply, and the men stopped talking.

"I hear nothing," said one, after a moment.

"What is it?" asked the other; "there is no wind."

"Footsteps," answered the foreman, shortly.

"Indians!" exclaimed Arsene, who had returned with his pail and was stretched at length on the pine needles. Strange footsteps in the forest at nightfall, thirty miles from civilization, are calculated to surprise and alarm even a lumber camp, but Arsene did not understand Indian ways, altogether.

"It's Red Hawk again, mebbe," he continued, "but he doan get no pies dis trip, nor no pork nor no grub at all. Locked up!"

Frau Laubach, waiting with typical stolid patience for the appearance of her man, whom she believed was away in the bush working, roused expectantly. At last a man's shout fell upon all ears with a sense of unutterable relief. It came from the direction of the lower bush, east of the clearing. The collie rose and, wagging his tail, started off down the sand. Steve shouted long and loudly and everyone listened with strained ears for the answer. Soon it came,

(Continued on page 22.)



"Then suddenly . . . there arose the sweet sounds of a German melody."



Through A Monocle

Journalism and Crimes

SENATOR CHOQUETTE has prudently dropped his bill forbidding newspapers to publish the portraits of persons accused of crime. Nothing could well be more mischievous than an attempt to decide by act of Parliament any part of so complicated and ramified a question as the relations of the public press to the business of reporting crime. For, of course, the publication of a portrait of a criminal is only a very small feature in a very large problem. Many a man would prefer that you should publish his portrait rather than his name—especially the sort of portraits which many newspapers manage to produce. Then, as for the effect on the reader, surely a description of a crime is much more dangerous than the picture of the criminal! And no one has yet had the hardihood to suggest that the newspapers should be prohibited from publishing accounts of crime.



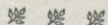
THERE is a remarkable delusion present in the minds of some people to the effect that editors revel in descriptions of crime. Other people—more nearly reasonable—honestly believe that papers print stories of crime because it pays. Of course, every practical newspaper man knows that this is awful nonsense. If a law were to be passed to-morrow prohibiting all references to crime in the Canadian press, and barring out all foreign papers that reported crime, the subscription lists of our papers would not be affected by the smallest fraction of one per cent. There is enough other news of vital interest to make it worth while to buy a paper, even if not a crime were reported. Such a law would not hurt the newspapers at all. In fact, it would help them—financially; for it costs them a lot of money now to report crimes, and especially to engage in the semi-detective work on their own account, which most progressive and public-spirited journals do. They would save all that outlay, and wouldn't lose a dollar a week.



BUT what would be the effect upon the public? Turn off the search-light of publicity from crime and criminals; and would crime decrease—or increase? In spite of the perfectly true theory, in my opinion, that occasionally some unusual crime does breed a spawn of imitative crimes through the agency of publicity, I think it will be admitted that publicity is the greatest single factor in the running-down and capturing of criminals, and the setting of the public on their guard against them. Let us suppose that no paper had ever published the story of the "lightning rod man," who got the farmers to sign notes under the impression that they were only signing agreements to take lightning rods, how merrily would that species of swindle run on, counting its thousands of victims? The papers help kill the "gold brick trade," the Spanish prisoner swindle, the confidence trick—all the rascalities which depend on the ignorance of the victim. They also put the city household on its guard against the bogus "inspector" and the unauthorized "collector."



THEN, in many cases, newspapers have caught criminals by the combined effect of publicity and the restless activities of their reporters. They are, in short, a police agency. They help reward a good detective for earnest and clever work. They encourage police activity, secure the promotion of successful men, and make the public aware of the value of their criminal-takers. Moreover, they bring the entire public into the court-room when a criminal is being tried, thus turning the wholesome light of publicity upon the administration of justice. If newspapers were forbidden to report criminal trials, our courts would become—except for the casual loafer—a sort of star-chamber. The public would not be kept out, but they would stay out; and the effect would be the same. Half-cock critics should think of these things when they propose that the publication of criminal news in the papers be curtailed.



THE question of how fully the details of crime should be published must in the end be left to the reader. He is the final judge. Editors are only trained and expert students of public opinion on this subject. They really decide nothing—though they are commonly blamed for whatever decision is arrived at. What an editor does—in practice—is to try to guess how much his constituency wants to know about a certain crime, and then supply precisely that much. If he guesses wrong, and his rival guesses right, his subscription department will soon report to him the results of the "polling." He pos-

sibly has himself no desire either to publish details or to withhold details. He is entirely neutral. But he does want to meet the wishes of his customers—precisely like any other good and honest merchant. His disadvantage is that he must in most cases guess what his customers want. He is not close enough to them to hear their orders—he only gets to know their opinion after the event.



HE is in the position that a grocer would occupy if it were the custom to leave it to the grocer to decide what he would send you daily for your dinner. If you found, in such a case, that the grocer guessed badly at your taste, you would soon change him for a better "guesser." And that is precisely what you do with your editor. If you find that he gives details of crime which soil the minds of your family, you change to another newspaper with a better appreciation of the duties of a family journal. Ultimately, the editor who gives too much or too little about crime goes to the wall; while the editor who hits the happy medium prospers. So the de-

cision is made ultimately, as I said, by the reading public. Of course, it will be said that the editor, to a certain extent, can create a taste. He can—within limitations. But his work in creating a taste is governed by precisely the same rigid rules as his work in meeting a taste already existent. That is, he must win public approval. The taste he tries to create must be in line with the scruples and principles and even the prejudices of the public. He is merely introducing a new line of goods instead of contenting himself with supplying an old one—a business enterprise of more delicacy and risk. But the final decision rests as ever with the public.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

Strathcona's Card Trick

LECTURING on "Canadian Jottings," at the Wesleyan Church in Sheffield, England, Rev. Dr. Sutcliffe, a former pastor of Douglas Methodist Church, in Montreal, told of inviting the late Lord Strathcona to lay the foundation stone of a new church some years ago. In consenting, his lordship remarked that it was the first time he had been asked to officiate at such a function. When the ceremony was over, Lord Strathcona felt in his pockets for some money to make a donation, but could not find a single copper. He thereupon wrote a subscription for \$1,000 on a card, which was duly honoured.

Being reminded later of the incident, Lord Strathcona replied: "It was the first corner-stone I laid, but not the last. They must have heard of that card trick."

The Seven Ages of the Fan



The Infant

The School-boy

The Lover

Swearing Strange Oaths!

Full of wise saws and modern instances

The Lean and Slipped Pantaloons

Sans Everything

The Greatest Union Station in Canada



General view of the new Union Station which, after years of bickering between the railway authorities and the municipality, is now to be built in Toronto.

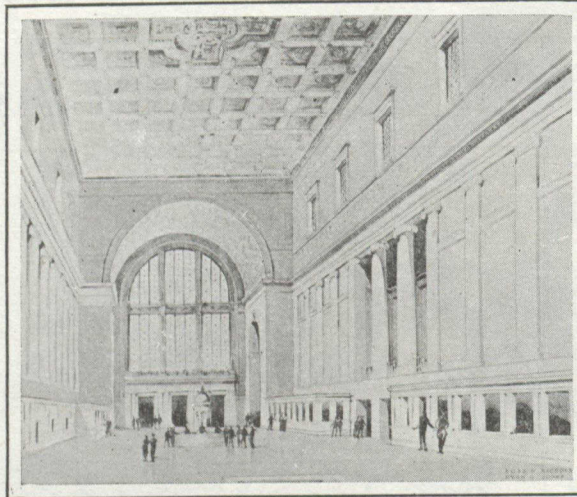
AFTER years of delay, blamed mutually upon the city of Toronto and the authorities of the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways, the great new Union Station for Toronto is about to be built. There are still sceptics who doubt this; calling to mind the wilderness left on Toronto's front after the great fire of ten years ago and supposed to be occupied by the railways. But the plans are now drawn up and the details of construction ready. Messrs. Ross and Macdonald, and Hugh G. Jones, of Montreal, are the architects, with Mr. John Lyle, of Toronto, as local associate.

The plans have been drafted according to actual traffic conditions. The architects were instructed to study traffic conditions in a number of American cities, some of them similar to Toronto. Ten months have been spent on the investigation, covering traffic development for twenty years and taking into account the necessary growth in traffic which long ago made the old Union Station of Toronto inadequate. On this comparative report the plans for the new station were based.

The results of the investigation are interesting. Toronto has a passenger traffic about equal to that of Washington and half that of St. Louis and Kansas City. The baggage business is much greater, being equal to that of the Pennsylvania station in New York and almost as great as St. Louis. The surprising fact is that the number of parcels of baggage carried on an average is higher in Toronto than it is in any large station on the continent of which records are obtainable. The general character of the traffic in Toronto, however, is similar to that in St. Louis, Washington and Kansas City, so that these stations have been taken somewhat as models

for the new structure.

It is found that a somewhat smaller station building proper than the old one could take care of the normal average traffic; but there are periods of



Ticket Lobby of the new Union Station at Toronto.

heavy traffic, such as Exhibition and Christmas and the month of June, when that capacity would not be sufficient. This has made necessary a separation of entrance and exit traffic for the heavy periods and for the time when the growth of general traffic

will demand it. This complete separation of traffic will be carried to a point of perfection in this station such as can be found in no other station on the American continent.

The new arrangement will do away with the confusion and crowding which has been such a bugbear to people meeting their friends at the old Union Station. Passengers outgoing will enter a large ticket lobby 250 feet by 90 feet, containing ticket offices, information bureau, parcel checking and baggage checking counters. This will be recognized almost profanely as a great improvement. As the tracks are to be above the street level, the general waiting room will be placed on a lower level than the tracks, as it is in the Michigan Central in Detroit and the new Union Station at Winnipeg. This room will be 250 feet by 100 feet and will have plenty of light and ventilation and places where people can buy things before taking trains. Toilet and smoking accommodations will be modern and complete. As incoming passengers will not pass through this room the capacity will be much greater than it is in the present station and the discomfort very much less. Similarly people coming from the trains will not be choked and confused by the crowds rushing to outgoing trains.

In appearance the building will be Roman classic in design with simple and dignified wall surfaces. The interior of the great ticket lobby will harmonize in design with the exterior of the general building. As much decorative art as possible will be combined with utility and despatch in handling business. So that at last the second city in Canada is to have a railway station worthy of its importance in the world of travel.

Baseball in Toronto

By A SPORTING WRITER

BASEBALL is in a somewhat muddled state across the border owing to the operations of the Federal League, an out-law organization, but the game is flourishing mightily in Canada and in the larger cities is rapidly driving out lacrosse. This is particularly true of Toronto and Montreal, despite the efforts of Messrs. Fleming, Caron and others to keep the professional league alive. Toronto is an out and out baseball city. There are few places anywhere on this continent where the American national sport has so many followers. The Queen City's high standing in this respect is due to the untiring efforts of Pres. J. J. McCaffery, of the Toronto Baseball Club. He has stinted neither time nor money to give the local fans the best, and it is not his fault that Toronto is not represented in one of the major leagues. It is recognized that Toronto is a far better baseball city than either Detroit, Washington, and one or two

others now in major company. Influences are at work, however, that may result in change of things before next year. There is a strong probability that in order to combat the Federals, organized ball may decide to admit the International League into the upper circles, and that will mean faster ball for the two Canadian cities. Toronto will present practically a new team this year. Pres. McCaffery decided last fall to rid himself of all the old-timers on the club, and with three exceptions, namely, Jordan, O'Hara and Fitzpatrick, the Leafs are fast, young players. Fitzpatrick until this season was never worked as a regular, so that it can be readily recognized that Manager Kelly has a complete new outfit. The Federals very kindly took several players off Mr. McCaffery's hands, but they dealt him a severe blow when they enticed "Benny" Meyer away from the club, as this player was re-purchased from Brooklyn just before the close of last season for \$3,500. It is rather too early to venture any predictions as to the club's prospects, but taking the performances to date as a criterion the Leafs should finish in the first division.

Montreal was hard hit by the Independents, no fewer than twelve players being "lifted" by the new organization, some of them of distinctly high class. As a consequence, Pres. Lichtenhein has to practically rebuild his team, and that he was able to make a start at all this season speaks volumes for his hustling ability. If all the players that Montreal had secured reported this season, the Royals would have been great factors in the flag flurry, but under present conditions the team will be lucky to keep out of last place.

Many Canadians have made their mark in baseball, notably Russell Ford, of Woodstock, who, until this season, pitched for the New York Yankees. He is now with the Buffalo Club in the Federal League. Ford is rated as one of the best exponents of the art of spit-ball pitching in the business. "Glad" Graney, of St. Thomas, is a team mate of Lajoie and Joe Jackson, on the Cleveland Club, and he is considered to be in the first flight of out-fielders in the American League. "Jimmy" Archer, of Toronto, is probably the most famous Canadian in baseball. He is with the Chicago Cubs, and as a throwing back-stop has not an equal. Archer began his career on the Toronto sand lots, and after playing with Detroit and Buffalo eventually drifted to Chicago, where he

has been the last five years. There are many other Canadians in baseball: "Bill" O'Hara with Toronto, Ike Owens with the Brooklyn Federals, Roy Miller, of Chatham, who is with Cincinnati.



CHARLIE PICK
Third Baseman.

others now in major company. Influences are at work, however, that may result in change of things before next year. There is a strong probability that in order to combat the Federals, organized ball may decide to admit the International League into the upper circles, and that will mean faster ball for the two Canadian cities. Toronto will present practi-



HERBERT AND HEARNE
Pitchers of the Toronto Ball Team, 1914.



Gymnastic Team of Strathcona Horse, Which Took Part in Regina's First Horse Show.

The Annual Pageant of the Horse

By M. J. TROTTER

NOW, a wise man by the name of James has said without serious contradiction that before war can be recognized as Angell's "Great Illusion" a moral equivalent must be forthcoming in which there shall be the attractiveness of war—its glitter, its pride, its chivalry. From which one deduces that James thinks pomp is good. The question is—is it? Are the horses and horse-men, say, of a nation vain?

Two poets have expressed themselves on this point—an ancient and a comparatively modern—the poet of life and the poet of the graveyard.

Thomas Gray took a grayish outlook, rookish, even

and curved one's neck with a pride that the country brings forth forms so noble.

We have our gallery of art, our museum—the Horse Show might be as revered an institution. At any rate, it is more fascinating, and it might be made part of this country's pomp and become as reputed a characteristic as the chariot-racing of ancient Rome—but expressing a wiser era's evolution. A nation of pomp is a living nation—a nation which has it not is dust and ashes.



"Lady Penrhyn Boy," Champion Saddle Horse of L. V. Kerr, Regina, Champion at Both Regina and Winnipeg.

sable. He tucked Pomp into a common tomb with Beauty and a number of other delights—marks of a nation's exuberance of living—and deceived even Wolfe, who gave us Canada, into thinking he'd struck a sounding epitaph:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

On the contrary, that ancient, Elihu, exulted in the "pomp of power" of his day: for hear, in his exhortation to Job, his bounding delight in the splendour of a charger:

"Hast thou given the horse his strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?
Canst thou make him afraid as a grass-hopper?
The glory of his nostrils is terrible.
He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.
He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted; neither turneth his back from the sword.
The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield;
He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.
He saith among the trumpets, Ha ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

War has its glory beyond a doubt. The chivalry of it has blinded men's eyes to its hideousness, which lurks behind the glory. But the pride of a nation in its horses and horsemen could display itself, not in war, but in—a Horse Show. There is an ideal for a national Horse Show which has not yet been approached in Canada.

The recent Horse Show was a noble spectacle—a display not merely of bonnets and dresses—which were but as the fringe to the golden-hearted daisy. The golden heart was the tan arena where the centaur-figures of native riders inflated one's chest

Rivalries at Toronto Show

NEVER were there such keen rivalries as at this year's Toronto Horse Show, held last week.

The advent of Miss Loula Long, of Kansas City, a superb horsewoman, with a string of twenty-one horses, seemed to have provoked jealousies. Mr. Yeager, driving for Miss Viau, of Montreal, objected to the decision in the King Edward Cup, when Miss Long's "Realization" defeated Miss Viau's thirty-thousand-dollar New York champion, "Earl Grey." This led Miss Viau to withdraw. Mr. Yeager, it is said, told Miss Viau not to pay \$175 for "Realization" and had advised her not to accept \$30,000 for "Earl Grey." Hence when the "cheap skate" beat the "Emperor of Emperors" there was an explosion.

Regina's First Horse Show

WITH the progressive spirit characteristic of the west, Regina set out to make her first Horse Show the best of its kind. The verdict of the judge on the opening night, when the ring was filled with fifteen high-steppers in single harness that the best aggregate collection of horseflesh brought together in Canada for many years, was then before him, would go to show that the committee of management had not entirely failed in its purpose.

The entries included horses from the stables of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Captain J. Sifton, Lieutenant-Governor Cameron, of Manitoba; Major McLean, Bates and Jones, of Ottawa; Captain Shaw, of Winnipeg; the Royal Canadian Stables, of Winnipeg; Parsons Brothers, of Regina; L. V. Kerr, of Regina; and from Vancouver and Calgary. The Horse Show was held in the auditorium built for that and similar

purposes last year, and capable of holding seven thousand people. During the four days of the Show, April the twentieth to the twenty-fourth, the attendance as a whole was not good, but box parties were the order of each afternoon and evening, and silk hats, which had graced only occasional weddings and funerals before that time, were pressed into constant service!

Popular features of the performances were the Musical Ride and feats of horsemanship of the Royal North-West Mounted Police, and the gymnastic exhibitions of a cavalry detachment of the Strathcona Horse of Winnipeg, under Captain Shaw. The high jumping of the Sifton horses the last evening, when Captain Sifton's "Wasp" cleared a seven-foot-two hurdle from a bad take-off, was an exciting finish to Regina's first Horse Show.

KATE HAWS MILES.

Calgary's Twelfth Show

A NEW fifty-thousand-dollar building, the twelfth Horse Show, and three days and evenings of sport and life are the bald facts of Calgary's recent Horse Show. Besides jumpers and harness horses, there were Clydesdales, Percherons, Shires and Belgians. It was representative not only of Calgary, but of the fine agricultural district of which the city is the centre.

"Katy Dodd," owned by F. C. Lowes, won the championship for the best female standard-bred, while



F. C. Lowes' Bay Gelding "Blenheim," Tied With Two Sifton High-jumpers at 7 feet 4 inches at the Calgary Show, Defeated "Confidence," World's Record Holder, and Broke the Pacific Coast Record of 7 feet 3 inches.

Hewson & Sons' "Tilden Bay" won the corresponding prize for stallions. J. Weir's "Le Roi" won the British Hackney Society's prize for the best Hackney stallion any age. The jumpers attracted the usual amount of attention, F. C. Lowes' "Blenheim," a great jumper, broke the Pacific Coast record by clearing 7 feet 3 inches. This horse tied with two of Hon. Clifford Sifton's famous string at 7 feet 4 inches. A native jumper, "Smoky," owned by D. P. Macdonald, of Cochrane, cleared seven feet. Being seventeen years old, "Smoky" competed for the last time and was awarded a special ribbon for the champion Alberta-bred jumper. "Smoky" is probably the famous "pony" in the province.



At the Toronto Show Two Guelph Horses Were First in the Double Saddle Entry; Ridden by Mrs. McKee, of Guelph, and Mr. Wm. Buckle, Trainer.

Biography and History

By NORMAN PATTERSON

STUDENTS of Canadian history and other important subjects will find much to interest them in Professor Wrong's annual "Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada." This is a guide book to books, but also readable in its own right. Professor Wrong has the assistance of Mr. Langton, the Librarian of the University of Toronto; W. S. Wallace, of McMaster; Professor Kylie, of Toronto; Professor Grant, of Queen's; Professor Munro, of Harvard; Professor Martin, of Manitoba; Professor Skelton, of Queen's; and Professor Oliver, of Saskatchewan. These comprise a formidable and capable staff, and they have covered every book and magazine article of 1913 which could possibly be of any permanent value.

The reviews, like those of the darty press, reflect the opinions of the reviewers. For example, Professor Kylie can find nothing in Jebb's "The Britannic Question" to commend it to any reader seeking light on Canada's relations to the Empire, while he finds Lord Milner's volume of speeches both delightful and important. Should Professor Kylie ever write a book, it is to be hoped that Mr. Jebb will be requested to review it. If Mr. Jebb is human, and presumably he is, he would probably find much pleasure in the task. Professor Kylie also pays his respects to J. S. Ewart and Henri Bourassa, for both of whom he has the same lack of respect as he has for Mr. Jebb. It was lucky, for the Professor, that he found Lord Milner worthy of commendation, otherwise one might think that he were growing slightly supercilious. (Toronto: Glasgow, Brook & Co.)

SIR GEORGE ROSS' last work was a splendid volume on "The Senate of Canada." It is not large, but must be indispensable to those who have any dealings with or interest in that body. The origin is fully and historically explained. Perhaps

one of the most important points dealt with is one which has been raised several times, viz., that the Senate cannot be "reformed" without the consent of the Legislatures of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. These four original signators to confederation made a "Treaty" which was embodied in the B. N. A. Act, and the constitution of the Senate was an essential feature of that treaty. Therefore, the original parties to the treaty must be consulted before the terms are altered. The argument seems reasonable, and must be considered if there ever should arise a political party which would have the moral courage to tackle this dangerous question.

Sir George believed in the Senate, and gives the reasons for the belief that was in him. Any fair-minded person who cherishes a belief that the Senate has usurped any powers which it does not properly possess should immediately consult Sir George's defence. It may make him pause. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. 124 pp.)

SIR CHARLES TUPPER has played so large a part in the life of the Canadian people that his reminiscences must be welcomed by all those who have any appreciation of Canadian history. In his "Recollections of Sixty Years in Canada" he has embodied most of his important correspondence between 1860 and the present time. His letters to Sir John Macdonald at the time of confederation are delightful and illuminating reading.

There is one amusing incident which might be recorded here. In 1889, Tupper made a speech in England on preferential tariffs, urging that Great Britain should extend some favour of this kind to colonial wheat. Sir John, who was holidaying at Riviere du Loup, wrote Tupper under date of August 14th, 1889, saying that the speech had caused much dissatisfaction in Quebec, and that "it would be well, I think, for you to let it be known as widely as possible that

you spoke your own opinions and not in any way as High Commissioner."

Tupper came back hard. He ventured to remind Sir John that he (Sir John) and two other members of the Government were on the council of the Imperial Federation League, Colonel Denison's pet organization, but that he (Tupper) had "stood somewhat aloof." Further he pointed out that such a policy had already been formulated by Sir John and Sir Leonard Tilley and submitted to the Colonial Minister.

Sir John replies from Ottawa in September that he has read the letter in council, and discussed the question, "and I think we shall hear no more about it." He explains, however, that he had simply written because Langevin "became nervous."

This is but a sample of many bright and interesting records to be found in this well illustrated, well printed, four-hundred-page volume. (Toronto: Cassell & Co. \$4.00.) The appendix contains his two most important, it may be assumed, speeches, one made at the first sitting of the House of Commons in 1867, and the other on the Fisheries Treaty, delivered in the House in April, 1888.

CANADIAN public men have been a little chary of giving the public volumes of their addresses.

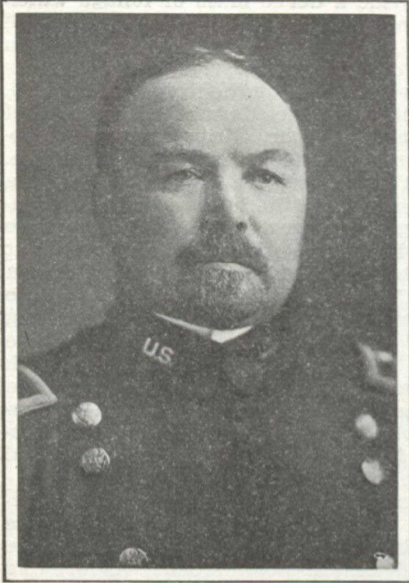
This may have been due to timidity on the part of publishers as much as to the indifference of our publicists. The Hon. George E. Foster has broken the rule and a volume of his addresses has recently been published in London and Toronto. These are well worthy of serious attention from the serious reader. Mr. Foster is probably the leading Canadian orator, excepting perhaps Sir Wilfrid Laurier, and a study of his addresses should be valuable to every young man who has ambitions in this direction. Moreover, these addresses and articles contain some of the best material which Mr. Foster has ever given to the public, and as such constitute a record of his constitutional and political activities. Judging from his introduction he has aimed to make the volume indicative of the great national problems which Canada has been facing and are yet unsettled. Also



WAR "SHORT OF WAR"

HUERTA: "ENOUGH, SENOR SAM; WE SHALL BE PLEASED TO ARBITRATE"

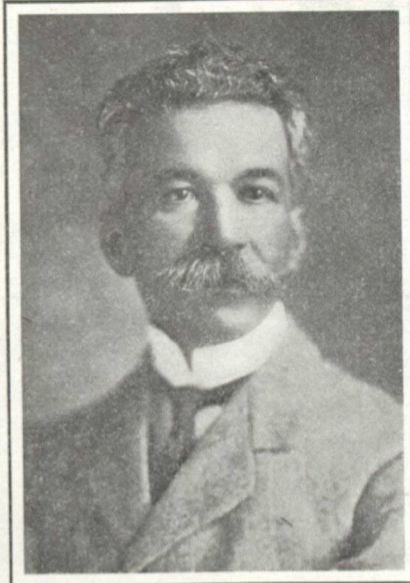
Three Peace Arbitrators and a Man of War to Pacify Mexico



Brigadier-General Funston, Commanding Fifth Brigade of United States Army at Vera Cruz.



Edwardo Saarez, Minister from Chile. One of the Mexican-American Arbitrators.



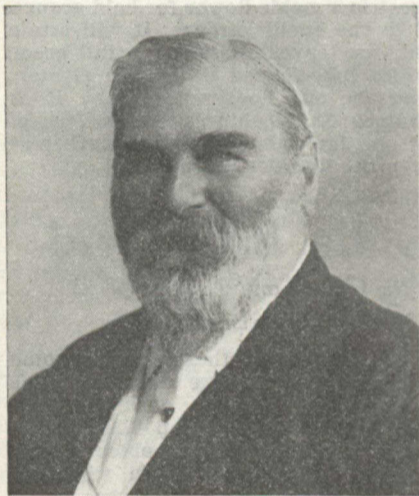
Ambassador Senor don Domício da Roma, Brazil, Arbitrator.



Senor don Romulo S. Naon, Minister from Argentina, Arbitrator.

Mr. Foster has given special attention to Canada's commercial and diplomatic relations with the other parts of the Empire and with foreign nations. (Toronto: Bell and Cockburn.)

DR. J. M. HARPER, of Quebec, has long been known as a prominent educationist and historical writer. His latest volume, entitled, "Annals of the War," is intended to commemorate the hundred years of peace. It describes the leading events in the war of 1812, but it is not slavishly chronological. He divides his history of the war into three main campaigns, western, central, and eastern, and deals with each separately. Another departure from the stereotyped form of history - telling



Dr. J. M. Harper.

is his liberal use of the metrical ballad. It is thus a story told in verse and prose. The book proper closes with a scholarly review of what peace has meant to both nations and its value if maintained for the future. There are maps, illustrations, and a collection of biographical notes.

Dr. Harper graduated from Queen's University, Kingston, in 1882, and received his Ph.D. from Illinois University a year earlier. He taught school in Truro, N.S., St. John, N.B., and Charlottetown, P.E.I. From 1886 to 1903 he was Inspector of Superior Schools in the Province of Quebec. During this time he wrote many educational works, translations and poems. "Champlain, a Drama," is one of his most recent works. He is still a resident of the city of Quebec.

Exchanging Insults

AT a meeting in Toronto recently, Mr. Edmund Bristol, M.P., paid the following compliment to the Asquith Government, whose advice the Borden administration has been following in naval matters:

"I regard Lloyd George as a demagogue; Winston Churchill as a renegade; and as for Asquith, he is a slippery opportunist."

It is now in order for some Liberal member of the British House of Commons to retort:

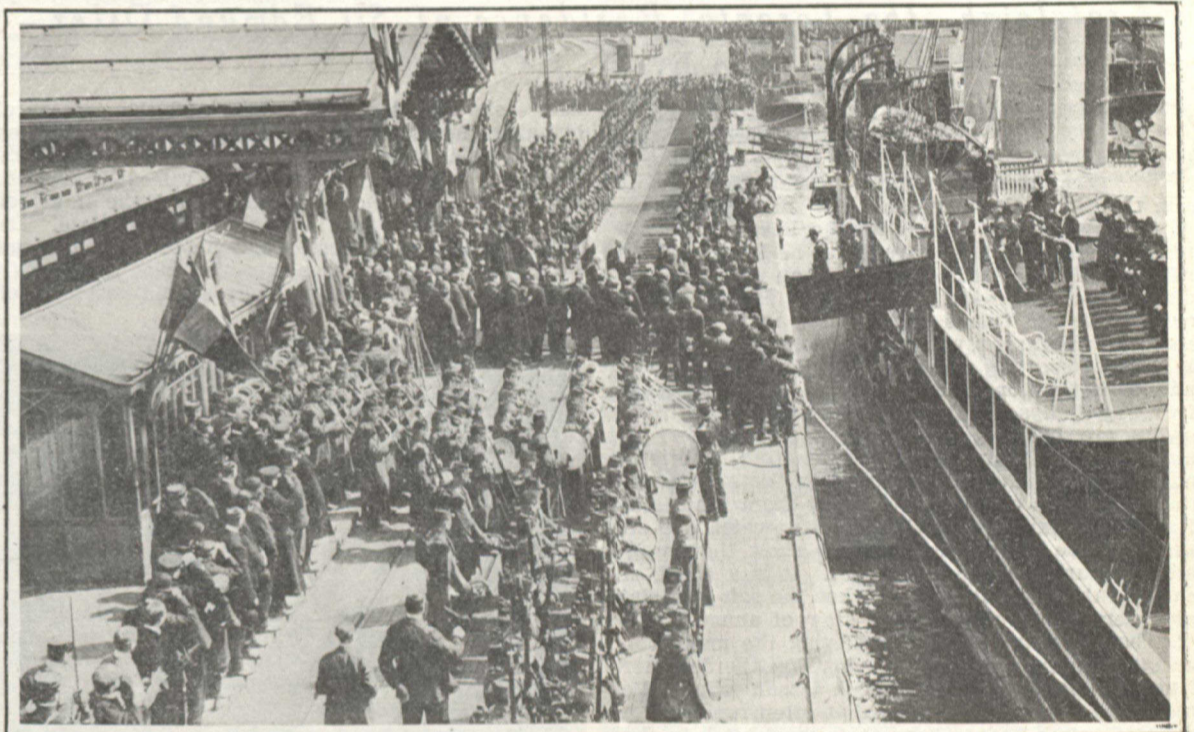
"I regard Tom White as corporation slave; Bob Rogers as a mere political manipulator, and Mr. Borden as a spineless imperialist."

What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander.

Arbitration

MEXICO and the United States are trying to arbitrate their differences. The three arbitrators are Argentina, Brazil and Chile, pictures of whose ministers at Washington are shown on this page. Should success crown their efforts, Pan-American diplomacy will gain a new reputation.

THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT FRANCE

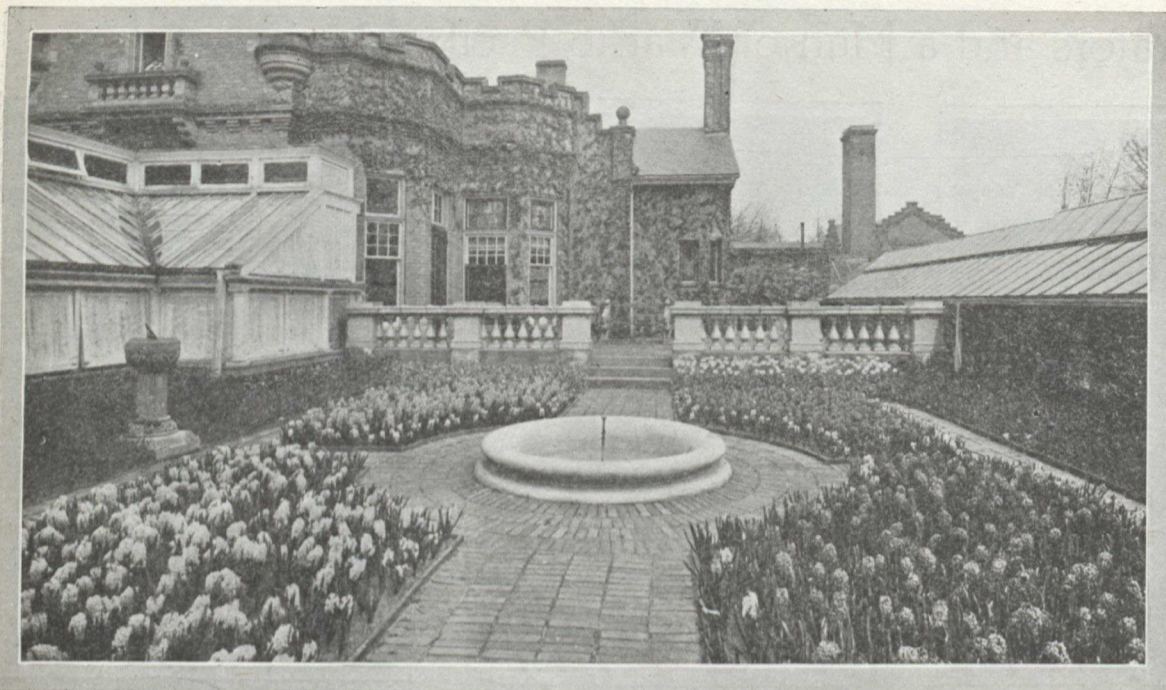


King George and Queen Mary Visiting Calais, Which Another Queen Mary Said a Post-mortem Might Find Inscribed on Her Heart. Here the Guard of Honour Played the British National Anthem as the King Came Down the Gangway.

IRISH VICE-ROYALTY SMILES, DESPITE HOME RULE



Lady Aberdeen, the central figure, is head of the International Council of Women, which holds its Quinquennial Congress in Rome this month. This picture shows the Irish Vice-Regal party at the Punchestown Races.



Where His Royal Highness will stay while in Toronto.

An Impressive Town House

Craigleigh, the Toronto Residence of Sir Edmund Osler

By E. T. COOK

ON the edge of the beautiful Rosedale ravine, in a setting of woodland and flowers within and without, is the home of one of Canada's great men, Sir Edmund Osler, M.P. Away from the din of the city, the great railway magnate and financier spends most of his leisure moments among the art and flower treasures he loves with no ordinary affection. Sir Edmund is an enthusiast in whatever he undertakes, and as this page concerns country life and things appertaining to it, some reference to the garden, which may be considered one of the most interesting and displaying the most skillful handling in the Dominion, is in place. At the moment of writing, Tulips and Daffodils and hundreds of other flowers are bursting into bloom. The rookery is painted over with purple and white, from *Ambrietia* and *Arabis*, and the indoor garden or "conservatory" is a fairy scene of flower splendour from the series of radiant *Gloxinias* and *Calceolarias*, which are arranged in the most artless way to show their wonderful colouring and development. It is a scene of beauty in the day, but more so when the soft artificial light seems to throw a silvery glow of unusual subtlety, both softening and intensifying the many colourings from snow-white to shades that the designer of new fashions may well take a lesson from. We presume the "art" dress tints that often represent a dream of colour beauty have their inspiration in the flowers of woodland and garden. During several months this indoor garden is filled with flowers. The scene opens in the fall with the *Chrysanthemum* in its latest development, and then onwards flower pictures are unfolded until the threshold of summer. The garden is something different from the general character of home surroundings. Flowers are enjoyed not from the mere desire to have something "showy to look at," but because they are flowers, and their history and development are studied with the same seriousness as any other phase of art. The gentle art of gardening is set forth in its highest expression. Many seekers after flower knowledge who have visited, by kind permission, the flowers here for the first time, have expressed astonishment that so much rarity is to be seen in the city.

When high summer has been reached, there is beauty everywhere. Roses and scented vines over the pergola, brave perennial groups in the border, with a big, full heart to the garden in the shape of a spacious and superbly-kept lawn. The impression made by this garden on those who have seen it for the first time, and know much, too, of the gardens of the world, may be briefly summed up. "Well done, Canada, seen nothing like it." The gardens are not of vast extent, and there is no "show" for the sake of show.—Craigleigh is a gem in a very beautiful setting.

An Uncommon Vegetable

THE development in gardening in Canada has brought one great satisfaction, a better knowledge of vegetables that are considered "rarities," although as easily grown as the Mushroom. The Canadian Courier has persistently urged the wisdom, to say nothing of the practical necessity, of bringing into the homes of those who are not rich nutritious vegetables to introduce some variety in the daily menu—a relief from the everlasting corn, beets, carrots, and so forth. The illustration shows several forced stems of a seaside plant called "Sea-

kale"—the kale by the seashore and the process of bringing the stems to the condition in which they are shown is much the same as in the case of *Asparagus*. Roots are purchased or raised from seed, and placed in soil prepared underneath the stages of the greenhouse, where no light can penetrate. Its culture is becoming increasingly popular in our large cities, and with the same attention that is given to *Asparagus* and *Mushrooms* there should be plenty of



An Uncommon Vegetable—Seakale forced.

the tender, delicious stems that served with appropriate sauces and as a separate course make a welcome change in the dishes served up for one's enjoyment. As copious instructions have been already given upon the ways to grow *Seakale* and prepare it for the table, further reference to it is needless. The illustration represents some unusually fine forced shoots.

The Scented Garden

IT may be asked: Is this some craze of a garden fanatic or the sentimental babbling of an idealist? The answer 's, "neither." The true spirit of the garden is borne on fragrant wings and in the evening when rest comes from the labours of the day, a flower retreat filled with sweet scents seems to have a deeper meaning than the conventional plots which are simply to give so much colour and finish to the surroundings of the house, much as would clothe the room floor with a carpet, because it is the proper "thing to do." A garden is a place to rest in, to enjoy with the quiet enjoyment that comes from a sympathetic environment. It is, of course, a place for games, but in shady nooks and recesses it is possible to be alone with flowers around that contribute to the building up of renewed energy for life's work. At this season, when preparations are going forward for the summer and everything must be done at once, one may think of the garden in which scented flowers are sown or planted. A certain garden one has in

mind in which flowers of great beauty and for the most part fragrant are specially used, and from these notes a few practical hints may be gathered. At the entrance gate, *Sweet Briar* and *Penzance Roses* have been used to provide a dense mass of foliage which scents the warm summer wind. No better place could be chosen for this fragrant-leaved plant. On the left hand of the drive are several beds of *Roses* filled with one kind of *Rose*—in the first, *Paul Neyron*, and following this *Madame Ravary*, *Madame Abel Chatenay*, *General McArthur*, *Ulrich Brunner*, *Caroline Testout*, *Lyon-Rose*, *Liberty*, and *Madame Hoste*. One of the most successful features is the pergola of *Roses* and vines behind the house. This was constructed years ago, and over it many climbers have rambed, *Roses Dorothy Perkins* and *Hiawatha* at the entrance, then the *Penzance Briars*, *Crimson Rambler*, *Lady Gay*, *Tauschenschon*, *Halls* and the monthly fragrant *Honeysuckle*, the fall-blooming *Clematis paniculata*, with white lilies between the posts. Near this pergola are *Sweet Peas* lining each side of a short walk, and in the borders round the house are the night scented stock (*Mathiola*), *Mignonette*, the *Nicotiana affinis* or sweet-scented *Tobacco*, *Evening Primrose*, *Heliotrope*, *Stocks* and *Lily-of-the-Valley*.

The writer remembers in *Sir Henry Pellatt's* garden, *Casa Loma*, Toronto, last year, borders of the night-scented *Tobacco* (*Nicotiana affinis*) against the plant houses and near a public road. As evening drew on the flowers opened and saturated the air with a subtle perfume that makes life the more enjoyable and satisfying. Those who have not planted the *Nicotiana* in this way should do so, and select the hybrids, strong plants of which are not expensive. These should be put out when all fear of frost is over and though the flowers hang their heads, close up, so to say, during the day, they open out with winsome freshness when the sun is sinking. The hybrids give warm shades of purple, red, pink, and intermediate hues, which mingled with the white, gain through this contrast, or it is possible to have one colour alone—such as scarlet, and, of course, the pearly-white type, *affinis*. An ornamental *Tobacco* which should be more seen in the Dominion is *Nicotiana sylvestris*, a noble flower for bold groups, and not adapted to the small garden. It will attain six feet in height, the leaves abundant, a full green in colour and white tube-shaped flowers in clusters or "panicles" that the sun does not close. It is strange the influence of sunshine upon flowers of the same family, one inert the day long, another as fresh at noon as in the late evening hours.

Utilize the Back Yard

Plan out the Ground and Dig Deep

By HUGH S. EAYRS

LAST week it was pointed out that economy would be effected if the husband were the housewife's green-grocer, and also that a city of back gardens is better than a city of dump heaps. The first thing to do to attain both these objects is to plan out the space available. To begin with, the whole space isn't available. Probably, the house-

(Concluded on page 24.)



Deep digging is an essential for successful gardening.



A POPULAR EXHIBITOR AT THE TORONTO HORSE SHOW

Miss Loula Long, of Kansas City, was so attractive a figure in the arena that a rival declared she prejudiced the judges. Miss Long showed a splendid string of horses and won several of the most desired honours.

The Girl Student Abroad

BY HER OWN ACCOUNT

EDITOR'S NOTE:—One of those writers who cry "Wolf, Wolf!"—and by that means succeed in keeping the beast from their personal and presumably desperate thresholds—has recently been conjuring up the monster in the shape of the dangers he alleges to surround the American girl student who studies abroad. Even minds whose habit is not to be duped have been more or less disturbed by the allegations, and numbers of pens have considered it needful to protest stoutly against the statement that the girls who go as students to Berlin, Paris, London, Milan, Vienna, Munich and Dresden, "return home stripped of their health, their jewels, their innocence, even their belief in God." Wherefore the following letter is refreshing, which comes direct to her father in Toronto from a Canadian girl who is studying art in Munich:

Elizabeth Strasse 5,
Munich, April 15th.

DEAREST FATHER,—By this time you will be wondering how I am enjoying Munich, and as I have now been here ten days I can give you an idea. First of all, I must tell you about my work, as that is chief thing.

Here it is all quite different from Berlin. I am learning from Herr Prof. Hermann Groeber—very well known in Germany—teacher at the Academy here. There was a long article in the paper the other day about his life and work. He has two schools of his own, as well as teaching in the Academy. I am in the drawing school, where only drawing, no painting, is done. He only comes twice a week to correct; so I am thrown entirely on myself.

From 9—12 mornings we have drawing from nude, and from 2—4 afternoons, portrait drawing. Not a word is spoken during the hours—just in pause—and everyone works very earnestly and seriously. I was afraid I was not advanced enough to work with so little correction, but I think maybe in reality it is very good for me. I am interested, at least.

We had, of course, holidays for a few days at Easter, but now steady work has begun. Some afternoons during the few holidays I tried to paint landscape, as I want to have experience in that as well as portrait. So I am working and it's so nice—the whole atmosphere of Munich is art, art, art. One can't help oneself simply.

The day before yesterday, being Easter Monday, we decided to take a trip to the mountains. Sport trains (very cheap, 4 marks return) leave at 5 o'clock and are in the mountains, Austria, at 7. There are, of course, mountains nearer, but these are particularly lovely—Kaiserberg. Imagine me getting up at 3 a.m.—breakfast at a quarter to four!

I cannot tell you how glorious it all was. The sunrise was heavenly! It was a warm summer day, which dawned with a red ball casting lovely reflections on the snow-peaked mountains, which soon surrounded us as we flew past the green fields about Munich.

At 7 a.m. we were at Kopfstein. There we had

coffee and started on our tramp. I never, never was more thrilled as I stood on a hill by the town and looked back at the glorious sight before me! Mountains in a thin veil of silver blue haze—deep blue sky—and the line of mountains as pleasant and picturesque as possible. As the eye came nearer in, rested on green fields, trees budding into tender green leaves. If I could only put into words all I felt and saw, father! Well—for hours we wandered, sometimes in snow, which seemed very funny, as it was so hot, and then past a rushing mountain lake, with always the great, huge rocks rising on all sides.

As we wandered on, singing, and one of the party playing the flute and mouth organ—not at the same time—and jodling, it was a jolly party.

At about 12 we reached Landsbarberg, where we had dinner. It was a delightfully picturesque, typically Austrian or Bavarian inn. We ate at little tables in the snow, as it was so warm, the people around all in the charming Tyrol costume and mountain dress. After writing some post-cards there we again started to walk homewards, always the all so lovely scenery around.

We stopped at another quaint little inn for our after-dinner coffee, where the host greeted us very heartily with his "Gruss Gott," and those already guests raised their beer glasses in Prosits and Guten Tages; 2 a.m. again we wander on.

I took a snap of some quaint old peasants as they stood by a cross. One sees everywhere crosses with Christ darauf, and no peasant goes past one without raising his hat. They were very funny at first, and I had to explain that it was not in the least painful to have their pictures taken; they must not move, but hold their breath and look as pretty as possible for one minute and it would be over—sort of dentist's chair effect. They were very quaint and their funny dialect quite upset me!

Soon we came to a rushing, tumbling mountain river. A ferry in the shape of a punt attached to a line so that it would not be forced down-stream with the current conveyed us across, and at 6 o'clock we sat down to tea—consisting of beer (it was good Munchener, and Bayreuth beer is the best possible, you know), ham, black bread and jam!

At seven we took the train home. Had loads of fun getting a place, on account of the ski-ers. I never saw so many! As they came from the train in sweaters and short trousers (ladies as well), with their great wooden skies over their shoulders, it looked almost like the Birnham Wood of Macbeth fame. But soon we bribed the guard and found ourselves in a first-class compartment.

A tired out, but I'm sure at least a ten-pound lighter party, reached Munich at 10.15 p.m.—after a never-to-be-forgotten day. I hope it won't be the last, too!

This is a long story, and I hope it has not wearied you. It never sounds so nice in black and white, some way or other.

Bye-bye. Much love to all—

Your most loving daughter,

MURIEL.

Halifax Women's Interests

MRS. LEONARD MURRAY, secretary of the Princess Louise Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, and very active in the work of the Order here, left on May 1st for Toronto, to attend the annual meeting of the organization. Upon the occasion of the recent visit to Halifax of Miss Constance Rudyard Boulton, the latter was Mrs. Murray's guest. Prominent socially, the wife of one of the ablest of our younger physicians, she is also a worker on the Local Council of Women, of which she is vice-president. She is a delightful woman, whose personality has gone far to popularize the Daughters of the Empire.

There was held recently the fifth annual meeting of an organization which, unless all signs fail, is destined to become a very important factor in the life of Dalhousie University—the Dalhousie Alumnae Association. The body was organized with one great end in view, the establishment of a residence for girl students at the university. Two years ago, with funds raised entirely through their own efforts, the Alumnae rented a house on South Park St. and opened it as a temporary residence under the name of "Forrest Hall." Recently the Board of Governors made them an offer of \$20,000 for the immediate erection of a residence at Studley, the beautiful site of the new university buildings, at such time as they should themselves have raised \$10,000. At the annual meeting it was reported that of this \$10,000, \$6,000 has been raised. Among non-resident alumnae who have done valiant work in connection with the "\$10,000 campaign" is Miss Grace Saunders, who some months ago removed, with her father, Rev. Dr. E. M. Saunders, and her sister, Miss Marshal Saunders, to Toronto. Miss Saunders, by the way, loyally remembered the annual meeting, and a congratulatory telegram received from her was read amid applause. There were two very fine addresses at the meeting—one by the President, Dr. Eliza Ritchie, recently returned from Italy, and the other by Mrs. F. H. Sexton. Especially noteworthy was that portion of Dr. Ritchie's address, in which she referred to the advancement of the position of women in university life, and the desirability of representation of the sex on the Board of Governors and also on the staff.

For the first time in fifteen years Halifax has just had a public lecture on the subject of "Woman Suffrage," the lecturer being Mrs. F. H. Sexton, wife of the Principal of the Nova Scotia Technical College. "Woman Suffrage" is not a subject on which Halifax feels any special enthusiasm, but it was generally admitted that Mrs. Sexton's presentation of "the case" in its favour was a really brilliant one. She is a singularly magnetic speaker and was never heard to greater advantage than on this occasion, when her audience was large and in a fine sense representative.

Recent Events

MADAME HELIODORE FORTIER was re-elected president of the Montreal Women's Club, at its recent twenty-second annual meeting. The other officers for the coming year are: Vice-presidents, Mrs. E. M. Renouf and Mrs. R. E. Welsh; hon. recording secretary, Mrs. A. Watson Bain; hon. corresponding secretary, Mrs. Alexander Murray; hon. assistant corresponding secretary, Mrs. May Armitage, and hon. treasurer, Mrs. David Seath.

Miss Marita A. Dickinson, a former newspaper woman and daughter of one of Ontario's best known newspaper men, was recently appointed by the city council to the office of assistant city clerk of Windsor, Ont.

Mrs. H. P. Galloway is the new president of the Local Council of Women of Winnipeg, succeeding Mrs. Bond, who has filled the position for several years. The other officers recently elected are: Vice-presidents, Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. Bond, Mrs. Hagarty, and Mrs. Hudson; corresponding secretary, Mrs. R. F. McWilliams; recording secretary, Mrs. Copeland, and treasurer, Mrs. T. R. Deacon.

Events in connection with the fourteenth annual meeting of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, held this week in Toronto, were: An At Home, given at Government House by Lady Gibson; a reception and musical at "Deancroft," by the president, Mrs. Albert Gooderham; a short motor drive and a reception, by Mrs. E. V. Reynolds.

The Earl and Countess of Ashburnham are to sail for Canada in the early part of June, and will spend the summer in Fredericton, which was Lady Ashburnham's former home.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught entertained at a dinner in Ottawa at Government House last Friday in honour of the 64th birthday of the Duke of Connaught.

REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

End of Session Approaching

AFTER many weeks of discussion and investigation, the Dominion Government has arranged with the Canadian Northern to guarantee forty-five million dollars' worth of bonds in exchange for forty millions of the railway's common stock. There is to be a general amalgamation of all the subsidiary companies and a limitation of the total amount of common stock outstanding.

The situation was a difficult one, and the Government has handled it with skill. The Premier and Mr. Meighen, upon whom most of the work fell, have found a solution which commends itself to all classes of the public. The Opposition is demanding details, and quite rightly so. When they get all the information, they will no doubt agree that the Government has done well, although there will naturally be some difference of opinion on details.

With the tariff discussion ended, and the C. N. R. matter drawing to a close, the only other heavy item is redistribution. With any sort of reasonable business despatch, this should be closed up by the end of the month and the session ended. If the remaining estimates should be seriously disputed, it may be that the redistribution bill may be laid over until next session. In any case the adjournment cannot come before the first week in June. By a common consent there will be no discussion on the naval question, the "emergency" in the Irish Sea having fully dissipated the "emergency" in the North Sea.

Montreal Newspapers

QUITE a discussion has arisen over the application of Messrs. Nichols and Macnab, of the Montreal "Daily Mail," for an evening franchise for a paper to be known as the Montreal "Evening News." This has been twice refused by the Canadian Associated Press, which controls the telegraphic news gathering in Canada. Presumably, there are two reasons. First, Sir Hugh Graham is opposed to having an English competitor for the "Herald-Telegraph." Second, the Liberal party fears that the "News" might kill the "Herald-Telegraph" and leave them without an evening organ. They want a little time to see if they can get the "Herald-Telegraph" out of the clutches of Sir Hugh.

The outcome will be watched with interest. Messrs. Nichols and Macnab have waged a keen fight against the monopolistic tendencies of Sir Hugh Graham, and they seem to have the sympathy of the great majority of the "big" people of Montreal. They are now to wage a battle against the Associated Press. If they succeed in winning out, the word "monopoly" will be eliminated from the Montreal newspaper world for some years to come. One thing is certain, the present situation is intolerable for several weighty reasons.

Provincial Elections

ONTARIO and Manitoba will hold provincial elections this year, June being the favoured month. Each has a governing party which is strong numerically, and an opposition which is weak in organization as well as numbers. There is really not much to struggle for in any province except patronage and prestige, but it is wonderful how reigning ministers and members will barter their very souls for these baubles.

A subsidiary issue in each campaign will be the "Abolish-the-Bar" problem. Temperance sentiment is fairly strong in both provinces, and each Opposition uses the cry in order to strengthen its attack on the Government. Mr. Norris, Opposition leader in Manitoba, and Mr. Rowell, Opposition leader in Ontario, have taken up this question, this important and vital question, more as a matter of politics than as a matter of principle. This is unfortunate, because no great moral question should be a football of party politics.

License laws, well enforced, are much better for both provinces than prohibitions badly enforced. Mix prohibition or "Abolish-the-Bar" with politics and you have one party organized to discredit it. The situation is quite without hope.

Reaping the Whirlwind

WHEN, for thirty-three years, the Liberal rulers of Ontario debarred the Conservatives from a share in the governing of the province, they sowed to the wind. Now they are reaping the whirlwind. Last week, with a majority of over fifty, the Conservatives put through a redistribution bill which was based on the principle of "what we have, we'll hold." One or two of the present little Liberal contingent in the Legislature were, as one member put it, on that day attending their own funeral.

Not content with that body blow, the Conservatives made a strong attack on the personal relations of the leader of the Opposition with governments and corporations. They paid him back measure for measure for the similar attacks which he and his followers have made upon Hon. W. J. Hanna. They fought fire with fire, and Mr. Rowell suffered.

When any political party for a space of thirty-three years compels its opponents to eat dirt, to rub their noses in the dust, and to submit to all sorts of humiliations, it need expect no mercy when its opponents get into power. If one party follows the maxims of the Old Testament instead of the New, it must expect its opponents to do the same. The Liberals are reaping the whirlwind and at the election now approaching they are likely to gather some more of the bitter fruits of the famous thirty-three-year debauch of power.

Generosity to one's opponents is an unlearned lesson in this country, and the lust for power has become one of our primary and most potent qualities.

The Minimum Wage

MANY people favour a minimum wage for women and minors, but few favour it for men. Nine states of the Union now have a minimum wage law for women, although it is too early to say how they are working out. In Victoria, Australia, they have had a minimum wage law for both men and women for seven years. Recent statistics of the clothing industry in that state show results as follows:

	Men.	Women.
Minimum wage	\$10.80	\$ 8.64
Average wage	\$12.84	\$10.14
Per cent. excess	18.8	17.4

This shows that a minimum wage law may work to help the weak without interfering with the rewards of those who do not need the help of the law.

Toronto is the only place in Canada where a minimum wage has been adopted. In that city, the Council recently adopted a minimum wage of \$15 a week for male workers. They have not yet fixed a similar rate for women.

Cowardice and Missions

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that the man who goes on foreign mission work is usually impelled by a feeling of cowardice; that he is afraid to stay at home where, if he were a failure, his friends would know about it. Therefore, instead of taking the home mission field, he takes the foreign field.

This is not borne out by the facts. It is the almost universal rule that when a man goes away from home, he tries harder to "make good." There is more glory, of course, in the foreign field. Could there be anything less inviting than to become a pastor on a rural Methodist circuit at \$600 a year, anywhere in Canada? Is it any wonder that an ambitious young man would prefer Central Africa or Central China? If he does fairly well and escapes being shot or boiled, he can come back to Canada and get a city church. This to the preacher is what a senatorship is to a member of the House of Commons.

No, the missionary is not a coward. He is a wise man. If he goes into home missions, working among the Polacks in Toronto or the Ruthenians in Northern Saskatchewan, he will be regarded as a religious slave all the rest of his life. If he chooses the foreign mission field, he has a chance to become a bishop or a moderator. He may become head of a "book-room," or a "financial manager" of church funds, and leave as much money to his children as any other business man. And, why not?

Graft and Politics

GRAFT has not been a national crime in Canada, but graft has existed and does exist. Most of it is petty. In all the departments of government small things are done which are ignoble and sordid. These are seldom done for personal gain, but rather for party advantage. Padding pay-lists to secure money for political expenses seems to be common.

An ex-member of the House of Commons tells of an aunt of his who was much opposed to liquor. If her husband or her sons ever brought a flask or a bottle around, she would rise in righteous wrath and demand that the vile stuff be emptied upon the ground, where it would do no harm. Yet she was interested in her nephew's election and knew that it was customary to distribute bottles of whiskey to certain classes of voters. One night, about election time, she was alone in the house when a rap came at the door. Going there, she found a man outside with a horse and waggon. He asked for her husband and seemed quite perturbed because he was not at home. Being a clever woman, she gleaned

that he had brought two or three "cases" for her husband. Torn by conflicting emotions she told the man to wait a moment. She went into the house, got a lantern, led the man out to the barn and into the granary, and said to him, "Put them in there and cover them up with grain." At the ensuing election, her nephew got a good majority in that division.

Many of us are like the member's aunt. We have one set of morals for private conduct and another set for political behaviour. What we would scorn to do for private gain, we will countenance for the party's advantage. So long as this double standard obtains, so long will there be petty graft in our political life.

Our laws against graft and corruption are strict, but they are not enforced. If a public official is found grafting, he is seldom or never punished. He is scarcely ever deprived of his office. He may be suspended for a month or two, or he may be transferred to some other job, but he is never sent to jail. So in election corruption, the crooked election worker goes unpunished. Neither party desires to punish the corrupt on the other side. There is a sort of mutual understanding that political corruption in elections is to be tolerated for mutual advantage.

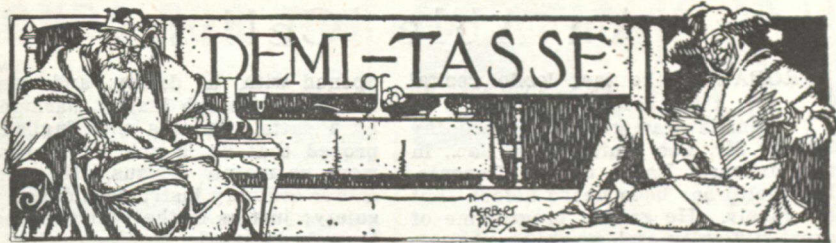
Graft will continue so long as our ministers of justice, our attorney-generals and our crown attorneys wink at it. There is no one to prosecute. The men whose business it is to enforce the law are a part of the political machinery which benefits by the misuse of government patronage and public moneys. The reform must begin at the top, in a higher sense of morality among those entrusted with the enforcement of the law.

In every political election in this country there is corruption. Every member of parliament or legislature is more or less a party to it. He knows that several thousand dollars are spent on his election in ways which are not justifiable. But he must either shut his eyes to this sort of thing or retire from the game. There can be no improvement, until "saw-offs" are prohibited and the election laws enforced by boards of judges specially entrusted with this duty. Where corruption is charged by either party, this board of judges should be empowered to go into the constituency and investigate. They should have discretion to overlook the little things, but to punish severely the men who spend large sums in debauching constituencies. If ten thousand dollars has been spent where the legitimate expenses should be not more than two or three thousand, the people who are guilty should be punished. Exposure is not enough. Canada has had plenty of exposure, but little real punishment. Under our present system, an election protest is dragged from court to court until it is forgotten or "sawed-off." It is quite possible for a member of parliament to spend twenty-five thousand dollars openly in an election without fear of punishment. If the worst comes to the worst, he resigns on some technicality and goes through the mock heroics of being elected by acclamation if his party is in power.

The only force which will ever correct these evils in our public life is public opinion and a determined press. In this country, there are few independent newspapers and not many of these are strong enough to conduct investigations or exposure. Hence public opinion has little chance to make itself felt. Under these circumstances, the wonder is that our political life has been as clean as it has, or that there is so little graft in public services. Nevertheless, many of our best publicists believe that graft and corruption are growing and that a determined effort must be made to awaken the public conscience as to its dangers.

Another Deceased Governor-General

IN less than two months after the death of Lord Minto, another popular Governor-General of Canada has passed away. The Duke of Argyll, most familiarly known in this country as the Marquis of Lorne, was in some respects the most remarkable governor this country ever had. He was less eloquent than Lord Dufferin, whom he succeeded, but on account of his marriage to the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, he was somewhat the same strong connection with the Royal family as the Duke of Connaught. He was born in London in 1845. His marriage took place in 1871. It was said by some that the Marquis of Lorne sacrificed a political reputation in order to marry the woman who is still remembered as the most beautiful and perhaps most accomplished and most distinguished of all the mistresses of Rideau Hall. But in Canada, from 1878 to 1883, Lord Lorne proved himself a real Canadian in spirit. He took more practical interest in this country than most of his predecessors. He was the only Governor-General who ever traveled the entire Canadian West by buckboard and saddle before the Canadian Pacific Railway was finished. On his return to England he re-entered British politics, contesting Bradford in 1892, and in 1895 being elected Unionist member for South Manchester, which seat he held until 1900. When he succeeded to the full title and estates of the house of Argyll he took on a name already famous in Scottish history. It was one of his ancestors who wrote the famous scientific book, "The Reign of Law." And the late Duke himself was considerable of a writer on Canada, the United States and Imperial topics. He also wrote several tales and poems and one play.



Courierettes.

THE Duke of Connaught went to see a sparring bout in Montreal. He was probably tired of the shadow-boxing in the Ottawa House.

Barrie's town hall was but half filled to hear Prof. Hutt lecture on "How to Beautify Barrie." Perhaps the people regard it as impossible, or unnecessary—take your choice.

Toronto Telegram recently printed a pretty little poem about "The Evening Star," in which it asserts that "naught of tumult may its beauty mar." This is a refreshing change.

Over in France they have invented a noiseless bowling alley. The only thing left to be desired is the speechless statesman.

Truth is stranger than fiction, and this may account for the fact that some husbands are so loath to tell their wives the truth, lest it be not believed.

Senator Choquette has dropped his bill to bar newspapers from publishing pictures of criminals. Why this fear of missing publicity?

A Toronto court crier was arrested in court the other day. The charge was forgery, though we have heard court criers who should be arrested for the way they cry.

The most obnoxious bore of the present day is the chap who is always trying to make puns on Huerta's name.

The courage of a man may be judged by the clothes he wears—also the daring of a woman.

A Nova Scotia editor had his nose pulled by an indignant reader the other day. Other editors find that their legs are pulled more frequently than their noses.

Chicago's Mayor has a wife who writes fiction and fairy tales. Quite convenient to have a manufacturer of fairy tales so close at hand.

Three Canadians were in the first four to finish at the Boston Marathon race. Even if we weren't much in a fighting way we Canucks have the advantage of being good runners.

Al Jennings, the outlaw, having reformed, is likely to be the next Governor of Oklahoma. Virtue is its own reward, but gall gets there.

A Common Feeling.—The cost of living continues to soar so steadily that it makes us all sore, too.

This is lucky.—Now comes the pleasing information that Mrs. George Bernard Shaw is mild, modest and coy. Thus is the safe balance maintained in Shaw home.

The Cheerful Prospect.—Rev. N. D. Hills, a noted American minister, declares that all the American people will be insane 400 years hence. Isn't he rather optimistic?

A Candid Confession.—There have been many funny advertisements—unconsciously funny, we mean—but the best of the recent ones appeared the other day in the Indiana Star. Here it is:

"With much reluctance the management of the Bliss Hotel is forced to announce that no more rowdyism in and about the hotel will be tolerated."

Weather Note.—This is the glad season of the year when we are not quite certain whether we should keep the furnace fire going or begin negotiations with the ice man.

Just An Excuse.—Two Toronto men

announce their intention to get into Uncle Sam's army and take a hand in the Mexican affair.

We suspect that this is just a trumped-up trick to escape the campaign of carpet-beating that their wives had planned.

We Know Them.—There are some folks so lazy that when they go to heaven and are given golden harps they will want to know if they can't get some other people to play them.

Carried Unanimously.—When a man has so much money that he does not know what to do with it, his ignorance may then be defined as bliss.

The Thing That Hurts.—It's very annoying when you hire an expert on ancestry to hunt up the family records to get you a pedigree, only to find yourself up against a demand for hush money.

Just a Hint.—Yes, dear, pray for the things you want, but get out and hustle for the things you have to have.

Not Used To It.—The minister was discoursing on the sweetness of home life and urging that it was the duty of husbands to keep on acting as if they were lovers.

"You old married men should go home and kiss your wives as you did when you had been married only a year or two," he said.

Next day the preacher met one of the old men he had addressed, and the old fellow shook his head as he said, "It's no good, mister, it's no good."

"What's no good, my man?"

"You told us old fellows to go home and kiss our wives as we used to do when we was young chaps. When I went home and kissed my Mandy she went and says to me, 'Go on with ye, Hiram, ye old fool, what's come over ye?'"

Get This One.—"Why is a woman in a tight skirt like a crowded theatre?"

"There's standing room only."

The Eternal Feminine.—A woman dearly loves to be told a secret, but her supreme joy is to discover one for herself.

The Real Thing.—"I hear that Finicky is a gentleman farmer."

"He certainly is. Why, he won't even allow the scarecrows in his fields to be shabbily dressed."

Slandering a Hospital.—From the Toronto Star's report of an accident:

"She was removed to the General Hospital and escaped with a badly bruised arm."

Not Without Hope.—A good story is being told in Ottawa at the expense of W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration. There is a well-known coloured servant there in the employ of Mr. E. C. Whitney, a brother of Sir James Whitney, and a well-known lumberman. One day this man was sent to Mr. Scott with a message and Mr. Scott said to him:

"You have been a long time in Ottawa, Charlie."

"Yes, sah."

"Lived here all your life, Charlie?"

"Oh, not yet, Mr. Scott, not yet."

Sir Wilfrid's Retort.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier is probably one of the thinnest men in the Canadian House of Commons—certainly the thinnest of Canadian premiers. Yet it is related

by Ottawa story-tellers that a big, burly M. P. was once sufficiently maladroit to charge the Liberal leader with "fattening at the expense of the poor, deluded people of this country."

Sir Wilfrid genially retorted: "I ask the House to look at the honourable gentleman opposite, and then to look at me, and say which of us is most exposed to the charge of getting fat."

The contrast between the Falstaffian proportions of the assailant and the slim figure of the assailed was too much for the gravity of the House, and there was a general roar of laughter.

The Modest Chauffeur.—Donald Brian, the famous actor-dancer, who, by the way, is a Canadian, has been touring through Canada recently, and he amused some of his friends by a few stories of his own experiences.

Mr. Brian sprang into fame when he played the role of Prince Danilo in "The Merry Widow," and that part put him on Easy Street in a financial sense. Not long ago he married a wealthy widow, so that he is staying on the stage largely because he likes it.

The actor relates that shortly after his marriage he went on a motor trip, accompanied by Mrs. Brian, and they stopped at a fine hotel for lunch. The meal over, Mr. Brian called the waiter and said:

"Give me the bill, please. We had four sandwiches, two pieces of pie and two glasses of milk."

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, making out the check.

"But wait a minute," said the actor, "I almost forgot the chauffeur, who is eating downstairs. I want to pay his bill, too."

The waiter went away, and returned in a few minutes. Then he said:

"The chauffeur, sir, has had a Parmesan omelette, a grilled brook trout, lamb cutlets with green peas, an ice, a demi-tasse, and a couple of fifty cent cigars."

Not To Be Fooled.—An old lady who prided herself on her business ability was much interested in an insurance advertisement appearing in one of the daily papers. It looked to her like a good proposition, and she betook herself to the offices of the firm in question to investigate.

"Your advertisement says that for the sum of five dollars I can insure my house for one year for one thousand dollars. Is that correct?"

"It is, madam."

"In other words, if my house should burn down within one year I shall be paid the sum of one thousand dollars. Is that correct?"

"That's the idea."

"Well, supposing my house were to burn down would you simply send me the thousand dollars and that's all there would be to it?"

"Oh, no, indeed, madam," explained the clerk. "A very strict investigation would be made as to the cause of the fire."

"Ah! That will do," said the old lady starting toward the street door. "I felt sure there was a catch somewhere."

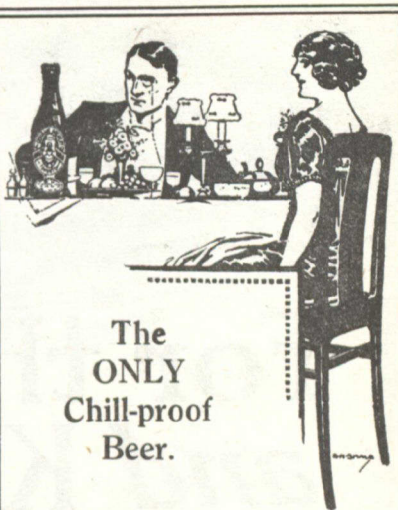
Press Gallery Humour.—The members of the Press Gallery at Ottawa held their annual dinner recently and for the occasion prepared a little booklet entitled, "The Canadian Parliamentary Guide." The first page contained the following description of "Canada":

"Canada is a considerable area of climate situated north of the Reciprocity agreement. Discovered by Sir Charles Tupper. Constituted by the B. N. A. Act, 1871, which no one has since read.

"It consists of Manitoba, the Press Gallery and the Senate. It is governed by the Orange Order, the Hierarchy, United Empire Loyalists and the Manufacturers' Association. Also rans—Grain Growers, Henri Bourassa and Harthur 'Awkes.

"Chief Industries—Senate reform and the making of political platforms, honorary colonels, scandals, promises, transcontinentals, royal commissions and naval policies.

"Principal food product—Crow."



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Mild (Chill-proof) Pale Ale



Get acquainted with this health-giving, delicious beverage — you will be better for it. Specially brewed to meet the requirements of those who want a light beer. It satisfies the most critical taste.

At all dealers and hotels. 36-D

THE OLD SAYING

"Shakespeare never repeats" may have been applicable in his case, but nowadays the man who never repeats his application for Life Insurance is going to be a big loser in the long run. No man takes out in his initial investment enough Insurance. He must increase it as his earning powers develop, for as they enlarge it makes his worth so much more to those dependent upon him, a worth which must be safeguarded. Increase your Estate by taking Insurance with the

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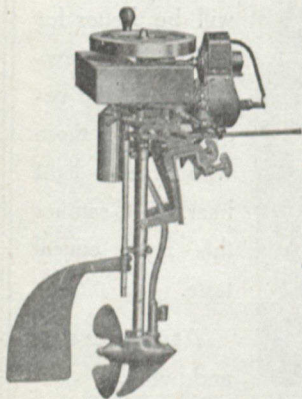


For the Wife and Kiddies

WOULDNT your wife get more real enjoyment out of your row-boat if it were transformed into a safe, speedy, reliable little motor boat? Think of the times you're not around to do the heavy hauling—times when she'd like to fix up a lunch and take the youngsters across the lake to the Woody Point for a day's outing. And there are only the old back-breaking oars to drive the boat with. End this! Get a

Wisconsin Detachable Row Boat Motor

Simple, reliable, powerful. Just a twist of the wheel and away skims your row-boat at any pace up to nine miles an hour. Never a miss, stall or breakdown. Nothing complicated to get out of order. It's a positive blessing to the row-boat owner or renter—to the fisherman, the picknicker, the resorter. Fits any row-boat. Adjusted in a minute—started in a second. High Tension Magneto Ignition. Steers with a rudder.



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The connoisseur always chooses

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A trial will convince you of his excellent choice.

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An Able 'Cellist

PROBABLY the last 'cello recital for this season anywhere in Canada was given on Saturday last by Mr. Leo Smith, Mus. Bac., in the Margaret Eaton School, Toronto. Mr. Smith has been heard before—but too rarely. He gave a programme of great difficulty and much beauty, assisted by Miss Eugenie Quehen, pianist, and Miss Madeline O'Brien, accompanist. Leo Smith seems to have a serious penchant for Brahms, of whom he gave four movements in a very exacting performance, for the opening number on the programme. Few of us agree with him as to the absolute affection we may have for this sombre, sometimes gay composer. Mr. Smith sets out, however, to interpret Brahms—in so far as that may be always possible—and he succeeds in doing it quite as well as anybody that ever plays the 'cello in this country, and a great deal better than most. That is because the fundamental serious note in the German religious composer quite suits Mr. Smith's sometimes pensive moods. To him Brahms is not a matter of technic and of detail so much as a matter of feeling. Hence he succeeds with Brahms where many fail.

But his most delightful work was done with a sonata of great beauty by Marcello, one of those delightfully lyric early Italian composers. This work is not familiar to Toronto which, during the past three seasons has heard a good bit of the early Italian school. Mr. Smith delineated with fine sensuous care the lovely outlines of the broad old-fashioned melodies in this piece so quaintly contrived in two sections, both Largo-Allegro, with a cadenza by Leo Smith between the two. His own cadenza was truly musical, marked by the same thorough harmonic and lyric construction that characterizes all his work whether for the 'cello, the piano or the voice. And there were passages in the Marcello work that showed how deeply this frail-looking but sometimes savagely temperamental near-genius of the 'cello feels the poetic meaning of what he plays.

The concluding group of pieces

opened with a dainty and stately minuet by Joseph Haydn, harmonized by Peiatta. In this the Englishman proved that he is not necessarily always or mainly serious. He made a rather ordinary instrument dance with gaiety; just as in the Waldensruhe by Dvorak he made it creep with odd, strange gropings of sound that were pure 'cello and in no sense intended to imitate the brilliance of the violin. In the Allegro Appassionata by St. Saens he woke the instrument up to a pitch of abandon that made a brilliant and worthy finale to a really splendid programme. For which he responded with a delightful encore and played it delightfully.

It is sometimes imagined that only continental Europeans with a Belgian turn are able to play the 'cello, as it should be played. Casals, the Spaniard, is probably the greatest living 'cellist; and, of course, he is a Latin. But now and then you come across an Englishman or a Scotchman who seems to know what the 'cello is supposed to mean. A few years ago we had in Canada a positive 'cello genius in the person of one Linden, a thorough-paced Scot, who surely could make his 'cello perform wizardly if anybody could. Leo Smith, with less daring than Linden, is quite as able an interpreter on the 'cello. He has abundance of feeling and conception of what 'cello music is and what it is not. His greatest fault is that now and then on the upper register he is not always over careful as to intonation. But this again may be as much the fault of the instrument itself.

Miss O'Brien played the accompaniments with rare skill and fidelity to the moods of the performer. Miss Quehen gave a really brilliant rendering of a Beethoven rondo, and played two other numbers with the ability that has always made her work highly acceptable to a critical audience.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Smith may be heard to greater extent next season, as he is able to do much in the popularizing of the 'cello, now beginning to be a favourite instrument in this country.

Children's Musical Festival

THE beginning of a new order of things in Western Canada, and the promise of great things to come, was the first children's musical festival in the West, held in Saskatoon on the evening of April 6, the occasion being a competition among Saskatoon school choirs for the shield presented by Mr. J. D. Macdonald, of the Saskatoon Public School Board.

The aim of this festival is to encourage the love of music and the study of part singing among the children, and well has it achieved its end. Eight choirs of from sixty to seventy picked voices were entered for competition, and the earnest work and careful training were evidenced by the very surprising beauty of tone and finish in production shown by the choirs.

The adjudicators, Mr. Buckley, of Regina, and Mr. Izon, of Moose Jaw, found difficulty in making the award, the choirs showing such an almost equal degree of excellence, but the shield finally went to the Caswell school choir, conducted by Miss Clark, with a score of 89 marks, the Albert school following with 88, Miss Landon conductor, and the King Edward coming third with 87, Miss Stewart conductor.

As a result of this local competition the winning choir and next two in rank will be entered at the Provincial Musical Festival, held this year in Saskatoon, where they will sing in competition with children's choirs from Moose Jaw, Prince Albert, Regina and Weyburn.

The interest taken in this first children's festival was shown by the audience which crowded to its capacity the largest church in the city, with scores of disappointed turned away.

The shield is for yearly competition between the Saskatoon schools, and it

is expected the festivals will give the children a knowledge and love of music and afford them the training in part singing which is such a valuable brand of education in older countries.

Three numbers played by a children's orchestra of twenty pieces, conducted by Mr. Jackson, added very greatly to the enjoyment. A most delightful feature of the evening was the singing of the five hundred children in massed choir, conducted by Mr. Izon without previous rehearsal, the children following the conductor's baton with a wonderful effect of light and shade and precision in singing which might well be imitated by adult choirs.

England's Greatest Violinist

MUSIC lovers throughout Canada will have the opportunity next season of hearing a really great violinist, John Dunn, of the London Philharmonic; Queen's Hall Concerts; Crystal Palace; Halle Orchestra Concerts; Bradford Subscription Concerts; Scottish Orchestra Concerts; Esposito's Concerts, Dublin; etc., etc. Acclaimed by critics to be England's greatest violin virtuoso, John Dunn will visit the more important musical centres between Halifax and Vancouver, commencing at the former place early in October, prior to his appearance in the United States as soloist with a number of large orchestras and musical societies. The Musical Times, January 1st, 1913, commenting on his appearance at the Birmingham Symphony Concert, says: "The reappearance of Mr. John Dunn, the celebrated English violinist, gave to the concert a distinct cachet of its own. He gave a magnificent performance of the Tschaikowsky 'Concerto,' his executive skill being quite phenomenal."

BONDS FOR \$100

Many people of small means are possibly not aware of the opportunity for safe investment offered by our \$100 Bonds. The small investor has looked upon owning Bonds as rather beyond him—thinking of Bonds as being only in denominations of \$1,000, or some other equally impossible sum.

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Retail vs. Wholesale

LAST week in this column the question was raised as to whether a large city could sell its bonds wholesale or retail. Montreal and Winnipeg sell their debentures wholesale, while Toronto sells them at retail. It was argued that Toronto lost \$800,000 last year by the retail method as compared with a loss of \$105,000 lost by Montreal, although the latter city sold a third more bonds.

It is only fair to point out that the quotations given in the newspapers for each of these three cities are not a basis for fair comparison. When Toronto sells by retail, it has no other expense but a broker's commission of one quarter of one per cent. When Montreal or Winnipeg sells wholesale in the London market they must pay a commission of from 1 to 1½ per cent. to the underwriters and a commission to the broker and the banker, making a total of from 2½ to 3½ per cent. Even making these allowances, Winnipeg and Montreal did much better last year than Toronto.

A prominent banker, commenting on this situation, says: "The trouble with amateur financiers is that they fail to realize that the proof of good financing lies not in the price procured for one loan, but for a number of loans over a series of years. The best results can be accomplished only by maintaining the credit of the borrower."

It seems clear that for the larger Canadian cities the wholesale method of disposing of debentures in large lots on the London market is decidedly more economical and profitable. It is also clear that unless Toronto changes its financial method it will continue to lose over half a million dollars yearly.

Canadian Interest in Mexico

IT is just as well to recognize that the interest taken in things Mexican by Canadians is not an interest which springs from the fact of large investments there. For while there are Canadian companies operating in Mexico there isn't a great deal of Canadian money in Mexico, since most of the financing was done abroad, chiefly in London. It is true that Canadian chartered companies directed British money to Mexico, but our actual monetary stake is not considerable. The London "Pall Mall Gazette" points this out, as a side-light on a Toronto cable to London, telling of the anxiety of Canadian investors over Mexican enterprises. "This appeal to sentiment," it says, "is really touching. We were under the impression that Canadian groups had placed their scrip rather widely among British investors. We will be bound to say that if there is any sympathy to be wasted it should be directed towards the British Isles, not towards Toronto."

The principal public utilities in Mexico are Guanajuato Power and Electric, Mexican Light and Power, Mexico Tramways, Pachuca Light and Power, Mexican Northern Power, Monterey Railway, Light and Power, and Pueblo Tramways, Light and Power.

A Change in the Market Tone

LAST week there was a decided change in the tone of the market. On Saturday, April 25th, Brazilian closed at 76¾, Canadian Pacific at 189¾, Nova Scotia Steel at 59½, and Dominion Steel at 25. These may be taken as indicative of the state of the market. Brazilian's low point in 1913 was 80¼, and a new record low has thus been made. During the week it came back and again passed up over the 80 mark. The same story is told in regard to C. P. R. Its low point in 1913 was 204¼, and it is many a long day since it was as low as it was on Saturday, April 25th. During last week it came back with Brazilian, and is now well on the way to convalescence. N. S. Steel's low in 1913 was 70. Yet, on Saturday, April 25th, it was below 60. Dominion Steel had a low point of 37¼ in 1913, and on Saturday, April 25th, it was away below 30. The steel stocks have not recovered as fast as the railways and industrials, but Nova Scotia made a wonderfully quick rebound.

This tremendous change in the market in one week indicates that Saturday, April 25th, was one of the historic days in the Canadian stock market. It was Black Saturday. Everything relating to the stock market and to finance was at its lowest ebb. War was imminent in Mexico, civil war was threatened in Great Britain, and the whole world seemed to have lost confidence in itself. The bandage across the eyes of Hope had got tied in the hardest kind of knots, and one could easily imagine tears trickling down her cheeks.

On Monday, April 27th, there was a decided change, and prices wandered up and down like a rudderless ship. But a recovery had set in, and as the days of the week passed the recovery was accentuated. The bears rushed to cover, and the bulls once more assumed an ambitious attitude. The world seemed to have regained its mental poise, and there is every indication that the men who follow the stock market will not again lose hope for some months to come.

The sudden change for the better last week was no doubt due to an improvement that had been steadily proceeding for some weeks previously, but which had not gathered sufficient strength to be effective. The change did not come about by accident, but was due to a long delayed feeling of optimism which emanated from many quarters.

There is no explaining the world's mental attitude. It is a subtle psychology of which there is no professor. The one outstanding feature on the North American continent is the growth of socialism, in all its varied forms. In Europe socialism is bred by autocratic rulers and the inequalities which beget the poor and the downtrodden. On this continent it is not the poor who are socialists but the better mechanics, the merchants, and the professional men. In Europe, socialism has its springs in the submerged tenth; in North America socialism had its spring in the classes who read, study, think and speak. In Europe socialism is social; in America socialism is purely economic.

The great corporations of America have been autocratic and domineering. They have insisted upon all the rights that go with big dividends, watered stock and natural monopolies. They have been so offensive in their dealings with the public that it has become fashionable to cry, "Down with the corporations." Some of the finest citizens that this continent ever produced have adopted the cry of their time.

While this has been the case in both Canada and the United States, a change is coming in the latter country. Already the manufacturers and merchants are joining with the railways in demanding that the Interstate Commerce Commission should grant an increase in railway rates. These thinking people who have damned the corporations for twenty years are finding that the pendulum has swung too far, and that capital has become too timid. There is a manifest tendency to stop all the freak legislation aimed against corporations and large financial interests. There is a tendency to substitute

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All the branches of this Bank are equipped to issue on application drafts on the principal cities and towns in the world, payable in the currency of the country on which they are drawn (that is drafts drawn on points in France are made payable in francs, etc.).

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half yearly since the Securities of this Corporation were placed on the market 10 years ago. Business established 28 years. Investment may be withdrawn in part or whole any time after one year. Safe as a mortgage. Full particulars and booklet gladly furnished on request.

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regulation for suppression, and to once more apply the golden rule to financial legislation.

Canada is still at the top of the socialistic movement. The revulsion of feeling which came last year in the United States has not yet crossed the forty-ninth parallel. The attitude of certain classes towards the recent adjustment of the tariff on iron and steel and other imports is an indication that Canadians are still suffering from the indignities heaped upon them by the corporations, the promoters who made a specialty of watered stock and the gang of buccaneers who transformed the farm lands of the West into town lots and sold them to the unwary. Canada is not likely to get back to a reasonable attitude on economic affairs for some time. The hard bargain which the Dominion Government has driven with the Canadian Northern Railway is one of the strongest pieces of evidence in this connection.

However, the capitalist need not despair. There is a good time coming and common sense will once more rule in seats of the mighty. When the people are convinced that the financial barbarians have been eliminated for the time being, they will begin to admit once more that capital has some rights and that all the virtue of national life is not embodied in the trade unionist.

Representative Stocks for Five Weeks

THE figures explain more quickly than anything else the course of the Canadian stock markets in recent weeks:

		April			May
		4	11	18	25
C. P. R.	206	199 3/8	199 1/2	189	193 1/2
Brazilian	81 5/8	80 3/4	80 1/2	75 3/4	78 1/2
Bell Telephone	147 1/2	148	145	145	144 1/2
Can. Gen. Electric	109	107 3/4	105	104	105
Dom. Steel Cor.	32 1/2	31	28	26	25 1/2
Laurentide	188	185	181 1/2	176	181
R. and O.	103 1/2	99 1/2	98 1/4	100	103 1/2
Rogers	119	119	116	116	103
Toronto Railway	138 1/2	138	136	134 1/2	136 1/4

It will be noted that every stock in this list, which includes all the representative Canadian stocks, shows a decline during the past five weeks.

Four Months' Bank Clearings

FOR the first four months of the year bank clearings in Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg show a decrease, but so far as Eastern Canada is concerned the decline is slight. Montreal, for the four months ended April 30th, shows a decline of 3.4 per cent., compared with a corresponding period a year ago, and Toronto a decline of 2.8 per cent.

The drop is more noticeable in Winnipeg, where the total for four months is 13.4 per cent. lower than the same period in 1913. The figures for the three cities are:—

	Jan.-Apr., 1914.	Decrease.
Montreal	\$873,101,038	\$31,478,159
Toronto	697,899,279	19,937,294
Winnipeg	392,317,314	60,759,788

The Banker a Benefactor

THE Sterling Bank of Canada issues monthly a valuable little magazine called "The Teller," which contains a good deal of sound and sensible advice. In the April issue, under the caption, "The Banker a Benefactor," it says:—

"A business man, capable and energetic, was hampered by lack of capital. He commenced in a very small way, but by the assistance of his bankers he has been enabled to build up one of the largest car-manufacturing industries in the country.

"Such a man must demonstrate to the satisfaction of his bankers that he is capable, prudent and dependable. Then, because the bankers have confidence in him, they advance funds in response to successive requests for enlargement of credit. Gradually increased profits enable him to refund to the bank, the man becomes a force in the commercial world, and the bank has an account upon which it has no legal hold, but, perhaps, what is even stronger, the tie of goodwill and gratitude."

New Issue of Toronto Railway

LAST week announcement was made that the Toronto Railway Company will issue a million dollars of new stock at par. The present shareholders will be entitled to take up the new stock in the ratio of one to eleven. This will increase the stock of the company from eleven to twelve million dollars. After the last increase of one million dollars in August, 1911, which was purely a bonus issue, the stock dividend was increased from seven to eight per cent. There are those who think that there will be a further increase in dividend, but there are others who think this is impossible.

There is also a general impression that this announcement indicates the end of an attempt to sell the franchise to the city of Toronto. It might possibly be that the company intends to extend and improve its service, looking to a renewal of the franchise in 1921.

Tobacco Company's Year

THE second annual report of the Tuckett Tobacco Company, Limited, issued last week in preparation for the annual meeting, which has been set for May 14, at Hamilton, Ont., shows net profits for the twelve months to March 31, 1914, of \$214,325, which compares with net profits of \$303,384 for the twelve months to March 31, 1913. Earnings were at the rate of 10.7 per cent. on the \$2,000,000 preferred stock, compared with earnings at the rate of 15 per cent. in 1912-13. Earnings were at the rate of 2.5 per cent. on the \$2,500,000 common stock outstanding, compared with 5.6 per cent. earned on common a year ago. The balance, however, is equal to 8.6 per cent. on the common stock.

Milling Company's Policy

THE Lake of the Woods Milling Company, of Winnipeg, will spend large sums in extending and improving its plans, according to Col. Meighen, the president of the company.

"Now that the free wheat question is settled," declared the Colonel, "the Lake of the Woods Milling Company is preparing to invest large sums of money in furthering the plans in Western Canada, to buy more wheat from the western farmers, and to grind it into flour on Canadian soil. This company has always believed in the Canadian West, as is shown by the fact that it is the only large flour company which has all its mills west of the Great Lakes, but, I say emphatically, that if the company thought that free wheat was to be the policy of the Government, we would not invest another dollar west of Fort William."

Fifty-Four Years of Baseball in Canada

(Concluded from page 7.)

ness at Chicago, manufacturing Anson's Ginger Beer. I cannot state that this is why he has been known as "Pop" Anson.

Early in 1877 Tecumseh management reorganized, and the president for that year was a former Cleveland oil magnate, Jacob L. Englehart, who is to-day the astute chairman of the Ontario Government's Commission handling the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway. Imagine seven or eight men contributing \$100 each towards financing a ball club for the summer, when to-day reports of a half million investment does not turn a hair of the blase commoner. To those old campaigners the Giant-Red Sox 1912 World Series attendance of 252,037 and receipts \$490,833, must loom before their imagination like an Arabian Night's dream.

Guelph and London were the only Canadian clubs to join the International League, formed that spring, which included Columbus Buckeyes, Indianapolis Indians, Live Oaks of Lynn, Pittsburg Alleghanies, Syracuse Stars and the Lowell and Manchester clubs. Some changes in the Tecumseh personnel were inevitable, and Ross Barnes, who afterwards wore a Chicago White Sox uniform, was listed on the salary sheet at \$250 per month, while Herman Doescher covered third bag. Detroit's noted Big Dan Brouthers and Lave Cross followed them. The teams were well balanced, with Canadian clubs coming strong, and the season was a success. Harry Gorman relates an instance when Tecumsehs, on two consecutive days, bested the Manchesters 3-0 and 5-0, amidst intense excitement. The Columbus Buckeyes played the London team an 18-innings game that was called on account of darkness with the score standing 1-1.

RIVALRY between opposing pitchers, McCormack with Columbus, and Fred Goldsmith, was keen. The Columbus Sunday Herald, summer 1877, alluding to a Saturday game resulting 7-2, with the short end for the locals, announced in heavy type, "Canada's Champions—How they bounced the Bucks yesterday," and again, "The Terrible Tecumsehs Tramped on the Bucks."

The Columbus Sunday News, likewise, printed prominently, "British Lion Claws the Eagle in a Frightful Manner."

The Tecumsehs won the International Championship that year. A former player recalls vividly that Mike Kelly sat on the Columbus bench in 1877, hanging his lip like a motherless colt at \$40 per month and impatient for regular work. When offered \$60 by the Tecumseh management he almost wept with chagrin on being prevented from accepting the advance. This fretting youngster became the peerless \$10,000 beauty Boston sold to Chicago.

London is the home of George Gibson, the Pirates' fine catcher. Bob Emslie, well known National League umpire, as a youth played pitch and toss in the same city. Mr. Emslie appears in the quaint old picture of Harriston Browns, when they were Canada's champions, in 1880. It is, however, the Province of Quebec that takes pride in her husky son, Napoleon Lajoie, star for eighteen years and Cleveland's erstwhile mighty wielder of the waggon tongue.

Bewhiskered baseball has been sent to college, boiled down, laundered and combed to an extremely scientific and fascinating degree for the delectation of an ever-increasing body of fans. As the old codgers and young blades amble down the avenues of time, there surely must come to them the conclusion that for a half century's fealty to baseball in Canada the pennant and palm should be surrendered to Guelph and London. The teams of these cities still battle for supremacy.

A Winner.—"My dog took first prize at the cat show."
"How was that?"
"He took the cat."—Columbus University Jester.

Details of the Typewriting Contests

held in conjunction with the Annual Business Show at the Arena, Toronto, April 25th and 27th, 1914

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

HALF-HOUR

Name.	Machine.	Total Words.	Errors.	Net Words Per Minute.
Margaret B. Owen	Underwood	3,928	32	126
Rose L. Fritz	Underwood	3,864	39	122
Bessie Friedman	Underwood	3,806	32	122
Emil Trefzger	Underwood	3,704	18	120
Wm. F. Oswald	Underwood	3,725	32	119
Rose Bloom	Underwood	3,742	45	117
G. Trefzger	Underwood	3,648	32	116
Parker C. Woodson	Remington	3,626	60	111
Harold H. Smith	Remington	3,583	105	102
E. G. Wiese	Remington	3,507	130	95

CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP

HALF-HOUR

Fred Jarret	Underwood	3,444	61	105
Corinne Bourdon	Underwood	3,288	70	98
P. J. Cowan	Underwood	3,379	147	88
Nellie Haskell	Underwood	2,985	153	74
Mary Tharrett	Underwood	2,266	104	58
Thos. Vezina	Underwood	2,350	128	57
Reta Odlum	Underwood	1,595	73	41

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIP

FIFTEEN MINUTES

For students who commenced the study of typewriting September 1, 1913, or later.

Beatrice Hahndorf	Underwood	1,078	53	54
Cecile Dwyer	Underwood	1,036	46	54
Grace Orr	Underwood	1,000	39	54

and 33 others. In this event only Underwood operators wrote at a net rate of over 30 words a minute. Special medals were awarded to Mary Lowther-Dove and J. P. Crysdale, who wrote, respectively, 58 and 54 net words per minute—on the Underwood.

THE real value of a typewriter lies in its speed. Speed is the reason of the machine's existence. There may be other good points about a typewriter, but they are simply thrown in for good measure.

In spite of all the efforts put forth by makers of other typewriters, there is no machine which can equal the Underwood in speed. It has won every Championship Contest.

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Norman Richardson, 12 E. Wellington St., Toronto

Affairs in New Zealand

Facts About the Little Dominion — Warm Election Campaigning — Naval Policies

By A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

Wellington, N.Z., April 9th.

THERE are possibly some Canadians whose ideas concerning this far-flung corner of the British Empire are very hazy, if, indeed, they are not unaware of our existence. To New Zealanders, of course, these tight little islands are the best in the world; our national spirit is very strongly developed on this point. However, for the benefit of those of your readers who do not know it may be said New Zealand is an autonomous portion—styled a Dominion, even as is Canada—of the British Empire. It comprises three main islands and a number of smaller ones, and the total area is less than one-third that of Ontario, for instance; while the population is just over the million mark, or about two-fifths that of your Province. The people are virile, and progressive, and in the past twenty years the country has made rapid strides. Last year our exports of local products totalled £22,341,411, an increase of nearly £2,000,000 on the previous year. Wool, dairy produce, frozen meat, skins, gold and hemp are the chief items of export, wool taking first place. So much by way of introduction.

THIS is election year, and although the polling day is eight months ahead, we are already in the vortex of political unrest. The reason is not far to seek. From 1891 to 1911 the Liberals held uninterrupted sway. The 1911 election resulted in a bare majority for the Ward Government coming back, but some wavering and secession—"rattings" they are called here—led to Sir Joseph Ward's resignation of the Premiership and the defeat of the Mackenzie Administration after a few weeks' tenure of office. Then, from twenty years of wandering in the wilderness, the Conservatives stepped into office under the

leadership of Mr. Massey. They had adopted the style and title of "Reformers," the old-fashioned "Conservative" apparently being regarded as too unconvincing. It was not so much a change of opinion in the electorates as a whole that led to the deposition of the Liberals. It was the promises of "reform" in many directions, of reduced public expenditure, and a lowering of the cost of living that influenced people to alter their choice of representative while not actually changing their political views. Many thought the Liberals had had a good run; it would be a fair thing to give the other side a show—they could not do much harm.

So the other side got its show, and now many people profess to be sorry. Last year the most serious industrial upheaval in the history of the country paralyzed trade for the last quarter; street fighting of a serious character occurred in this, the capital city, and in all the chief centres large forces of mounted special police had to be secured from the country districts to enable the ports to be unlocked. As a consequence of the iron hand policy of the Ministry Labour is up in arms against it. The Liberals, of course, want to recapture the citadel of power and will probably succeed. So the electoral battle this year promises to be the most exciting yet recorded.

AN important subject for debate just now, outside of local matters, is that of naval defence. In that I think it safe to assert that the majority of the people of this Dominion support the policy enunciated by Sir Joseph Ward—that we should give generously to the British navy and not attempt to inaugurate a little fleet of our own. It is not forgotten yet how, just five years ago, Sir Joseph Ward, then Prime Minister,

startled the world by the offer on behalf of New Zealand of a Dreadnought—"and two if required!" at a moment when it was believed the Home Land was facing a critical situation. That offer galvanized the other portions of the British Empire into action; it invested the Spirit of Imperialism, of which we had already heard so much, with a new and deeper meaning. It had needed just this master touch to give it shape and life. The Imperial Defence Conference of 1909, which may be said to have resulted from that action of the first citizen of this farthest corner of the Empire, decided upon a certain policy to be pursued. So far as New Zealand was concerned we were to make a substantial contribution to the home navy, and the Admiralty undertook that certain vessels of the secondary class would be detailed for police duty in these waters. With the advent of the Conservatives to office this policy seems to have been at least in part abandoned. Just why is not yet known outside the official mind; but there is evidence of a determination to depart from the wider Imperial plan and to try in a small way to emulate the example of Australia by having a fleet of our own—beginning with one Bristol cruiser. I believe the majority of New Zealanders, however, regard such a policy with disfavour, contending that its cost will prove too heavy for our small population to bear. We already have an expensive new system of land defence in operation, of which more anon. Much money is required also for development work in the back country. Therefore, for the present, those who favour the Imperial navy contribution believe that plan will produce the best results and be at the same time less costly.

FRANK H. MORGAN.

The Call of Der Lieblied

(Concluded from page 8.)

once, twice, three times.

"Somebody lost, sure!" said Arsene. "No, I think—" began the foreman, but before he could proceed Frau Laubach flung the baby into his arms with a German exclamation, and followed in a half-running, half-ambulating gait the direction which the dog had taken.

Arsene crossed himself and muttered a prayer or an oath, and Steve, clutching his burden exactly in the centre for fear of getting the wrong end downward, and holding it in a safely horizontal position, loped after the woman.

Presently, around a bend in the river he saw a strange sight, and one which was imprinted long upon his memory. Coming toward him slowly was a group of three, the centre figure limping painfully. The light of sunset had melted into dusk, but one long glance at the stocky form with its head of short-cropped fair hair told him that Gustav Laubach, or his very substantial ghost, had risen from the dead.

"Me you not kill so quick!" said Gustav to the crowd of men, some scarce awake from their first heavy slumber, who gathered about the returned one in the glow of a bonfire on the shore.

"No you don't get rid of me so soon already. I was chust so good swimmers as any of you here."

Arsene, after one long series of screaming oaths or prayers, had settled himself on the sand, and was rocking back and forth in an ecstasy. Steve ordered him to the rear to prepare coffee for Laubach.

Only dimly did the frau understand the reason for the excitement. That she had been spared hours of sharp grief she did not guess. Having at last found her man she was content.

"But I not work on logs any more now," declared Gustav. "I go to Quebec a job to get. I not risk any more like so much danger. I have had plenty now."

THE third person, who had assisted him along the shore to camp was the ferryman from Long Rapid Ferry, two miles below, and at whose shanty he had arrived only that morning, faint with hunger, lame and exhausted from five days' wandering in the forest. He had gone over the Kywato Falls, clinging to a heavy log, and been driven about in the eddies for several hours before he had been missed. His shirt had been torn and portions of it left clinging to the boom-chain while he had been carried on, on for miles. Fortune appeared to have cast in her lot with him for a time, for he had been picked up at length by a steamer, unconscious. But when he had recovered consciousness, had had a meal on board and told his story. The captain left him at a point nine miles below to find his way back to camp. This time Fortune deserted him, and he lost his way in the bush before he had walked half the distance. The weather along remained kind, and after despair had begun to clutch his heart he found the river again, followed its upward course, and reached M. Pachin's ferry shortly before noon of the seventh day. Gustav Laubach drank his coffee and continued:

"But I not tell you yet of my dream. That it was what lead me out to de river. Last night, in hunger and fear, I lay me down under wide tree trunk to sleep, tired, so tired. I only wish to die. I sleep an' dream I hear music. It sound so much like my boy Heinrich, when he on his fiddle makes sweet music. I know I should to meet

my family be in Quebec by dis time, but I fear dey lost are now. I thought no more of dem. I hear only Der Lieblied faint an' far off an' closer, closer, till right over my head. I was glad. Not tired now was I. Dark it was, but I walked some more, following on to Der Lieblied, where she lead me. I walked some miles, but straight, straight out on to de river!"

When the reunited family arrived in the city the next day, Heinrich was found to have made many friends and a considerable sum of silver money in the short period in which he had been in Quebec. "Oh, mutter!" he cried, before any of the party had spoken. "Such a dream I had last night. It seemed fadder was lost an' all de t'ick, t'ick bush around him. Tired he was an' dying. Ugh! I was glad when it came day an' I knew it was only a dream. See what I have here."

He jingled his pockets and the sound was a very pleasant one. His violin was under one arm.

"Such a fine country, mutter an' fadder. We get rich here. I got a job for t'ree mont's playing in big rathskellar uptown. I play dere las' night till midnight—"

Proudly he spoke Canadian, forgetting that his mother could not understand much of it, but Gustav Laubach, embracing the child, questioned him closely. Then he laughed and explained in German. "Tell me, Heinrich, did you play de music las' night you say? What did you play, so many of de old tunes, is it?"

"Only a few old ones, fadder. I learn Maple Leaf an' lots new ones, too, already. I pick up lots to-day an' yesterday. When I play Der Lieblied de crowd cheer an' say I must over again do it. I play Der Lieblied seven times las' night!"



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MOTHER EARTH.

OLD Mother Earth woke up from sleep,
And found she was cold and bare;
The winter was over, the spring was near,
And she had not a dress to wear!

"Alas!" she sighed, with great dismay,
"Oh, where shall I get my clothes?
There's not a place to buy a suit,
And a dressmaker no one knows."

"I'll make you a dress," said the springing grass,
Just looking above the ground,
"A dress of green, of the loveliest sheen,
To cover you all around."

"And we," said the dandelions gay,
"Will dot it with yellow bright."
"I'll make it a fringe," said forget-me-not,
"Of blue, very soft and light."

"We'll embroider the front," said the violet,
"With a lovely purple hue;"
"And we," said the roses, "will make you a crown
Of red, jewelled over with dew."

Old Mother Earth was thankful and glad,
As she put on her dress so gay;
And that is the reason, my little ones,
She is looking so lovely to-day.

THE CLEVER WOMEN OF WEINBERG.

DUKE WELF was the lord of Weinsberg, a little town in Wurttemberg, and he retired there after being defeated by the Emperor Conrad. The Emperor was very angry with the townspeople for protecting his enemy, and he proclaimed that he would sack their town. He laid siege to it with a great army, and as the Weinsbergers made a stubborn defence he grew still more angry, and swore that when he took the town he would not let a single man live. So severe did the siege become that the Weinsbergers were starved out, and had to surrender.

But the women of Weinsberg sent a message to the Emperor, saying, "We have not fought against you. Before you sack the town, let us depart and take with us as much of our property as we can carry on our shoulders to keep us from want."

Conrad thought this was only reasonable, and he willingly agreed to it. The next morning the town gate was thrown open, and out marched the women of Weinsberg, each carrying on her back a husband, a brother, or a kinsman. The Duchess came first, bearing on her shoulders the Duke Welf.

"This wasn't what was meant!" shouted some of the Emperor's soldiers, rushing forward to stop the women.

But Conrad roared with laughter at seeing the trick that the women had so successfully played on him.

"Let them pass!" he said. "I have given my word, and it cannot be broken!"

So the Weinsbergers and the Duke were happy. And so were the clever women of Weinsberg, we may be sure.

WHY A PILLARBOX SLOT SLANTS UPWARD.

EVERY boy and girl knows that the slot, or opening, of a pillarbox slants upward, because this makes it difficult for a very little child to post a letter. If we can only just reach the opening, we find that, though we push the letter inside, it slips out again, because of the slant in the slot. To allow the letter to fall inside the pillarbox, we have not only to push it through the opening, but so far through that it will go right over the bevel, or slanting entrance, and fall down among the other letters. This curious arrangement of the opening may seem foolish, but there is a very good reason for it. In wet weather the rain beats all round the pillarbox, and if it were not for the entrance passage slanting upward the water would go into the box and soak the letters. Another purpose which the upward slant serves is to make it more difficult for thieves to get letters out of the box.—Children's Magazine.

RECITATION FOR FIVE CHILDREN.

(All in concert.)

WE are little raindrops,
Falling from the sky,
Very tiny, it is true,
Yet there's good that we can do,
And we're going to try.

(First child.)

We will lay the dust with showers,
And the birds may play,
And the barefoot boys may wade
In the pools that we have made
All along the way.

(Second child.)

We will fill the mountain springs
Till they overflow,
Carrying drink to man and beast,
To the highest and the least,
In the vales below.

(Third child.)

We will reach the little seeds
Hidden in the soil,
Make them grow with might and main
Into fields of grass and grain
For the men who toil.

(Fourth child.)

We will wash the faces fair
Of the leaves and flowers,
Lifted toward the arching sky,
Bringing joy to passers-by,
Through the summer hours.

(Fifth child.)

We will swell the little brooks,
Murmuring soft and low,
Till they make the rivers wide,
Where the stately vessels glide
Swiftly to and fro.

(All repeat first verse.)

—Progressive Teacher.

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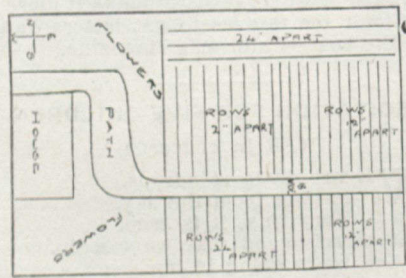
Utilize the Back Yard

(Concluded from page 14.)

wife wants a drying ground for the clothes. This has to be taken into account, and a path about eighteen inches wide, running down from the house, gives the necessary space, besides furnishing somewhere for the children to walk on, instead of trampling down whatever is planted. The path also enhances the appearance of the garden by breaking it up.

Having got the path, and found out how much room there is for growing the vegetables, and the flowers, the next thing is to clear the ground of all rubbish, and carting it up into one corner, burn it there. Note that the bonfire should be somewhere on the path, and not on the ground left for the garden. The ashes need not be thrown away. An economical gardener will use them for manure. There are concerns in Canada paying dividends to their shareholders by selling potash for manure, and there is a big percentage of potash in the ashes. The ashes should be distributed all over the soil, and dug in.

TOO much stress cannot be laid on the importance of lots of digging. It is the foundation of good gardening. It doesn't matter what good seeds are put in, nor how much moisture and manure the ground gets, nor how often the sun beats on the soil, if the fundamental digging isn't there.



Now, there are two ways of digging, double spit trenching, and single spit or bastard trenching. For the purposes of big gardens with good soil the double spit trenching is all right, but for the average small garden, the single spit method is better.

Of course, there should be manure to dig in. Manure is the sheet anchor of successful gardening, so the amateur gardener has to have a manure heap, and use it pretty often. If it is at all possible, the manure should be perfectly black, and without any form or void. The blacker it is the better. If manure can't be obtained, of course it has to be done without, and since moistening is one of its chief functions, frequent watering will do, though the use of manure is a stimulant. To return to the method of digging. Start at one end of the garden, and dig a trench about eighteen inches wide, and nine inches deep. Cart the soil that is dug out to the other end of the line along which you are digging. Then, at the bottom of the first trench you have dug, put some manure, if you have it. Dig a second trench, eighteen inches wide and nine deep, and fill up the first trench with the soil, inverted, that is, taken from the second trench, partially filling the second trench with manure. Then dig a third trench, and fill the hole in the second with the soil, inverted, from the third, and so on, all along the line, using the soil which was taken from the first trench of all to fill the last trench. By this method all the soil is dug up, inverted, and thrown in again in a different place, and has, all along the line, a foundation of manure to permeate it.

After digging, the hoe or rake, or the buco cultivator—an excellent implement much in use in Canada, though not known very well in England—should be used to break up the clods, and root out any weeds or other excrescence which have no business in a good garden. This is working over the soil, and is important. If digging is to be done at all, it must be done thoroughly and frequently. It's good exercise, anyway. Note that the digging should be deep. It's no good to potter with the soil, and turn over the

surface only. Moreover, manure put in a few inches from the top might just as well be left out for all the good it will do.

Now, to plan out the garden. Already we have the path. In the drawing which accompanies this, provision is made for flowers at the house end of the lot, since variety is the spice of good gardening. But, of course, the presence or absence of flowers is a question for the man who is on the job. It is important to have the main rows running north and south, thus getting the sun on both sides. Some of the rows should be two feet apart, and the remainder twelve inches, and should run up to the end of the garden. The rows can be on either side the path, the long ones on the north side, and the shorter ones on the south side. The path, it will be remembered, is eighteen inches wide, or thereabouts. Then, as the garden wants to look as if someone cared for it, and most of the fences which divide one lot from another are unsightly, provision is made for covering them up. This is done by making three rows, about two feet apart, from the fence south, and growing corn, or some other high vegetable, which will run up, and cover up the fence. Corn is the best vegetable in this regard, but lettuce and radishes would be good things to plant now, and after the early crop of these, the corn might follow. This arrangement to cover up the fence can be followed up on the south side of the garden, too, if by so doing the rows running north and south are not shortened too much. A space should, of course, be left between these rows running north and south, and those referred to, running along side each fence.

A good way to mark out the rows is by pegs. A few cents expended on pegs will ensure that the rows are at any rate in a straight line to begin with, and they will thus be more or less straight when the vegetables come us. If there is room enough, rows should be about twelve inches apart, so that when the vegetables appear, the whole effect is not spoiled by looking cramped, and overlapping. But the main thing is to get as much out of the room available as possible, and, if necessary, neatness must be sacrificed to this.

There will be more said about planting and subsequent tilling in issues to follow, but the present is the time to begin planting. If the whole garden isn't laid out and prepared, such part as is ready should be turned to account as soon as possible. Potatoes, carrots, lettuce, radishes, peas—indeed, all the vegetables may be seeded now, the sooner the better. Some will give a quick crop, and some a slower one. The great thing is to get two crops where two crops are possible. On this head, too, more will be said next week. Meanwhile, a spade, and a hoe, and lots of elbow grease, may be used in making ready.

The Waist.

An imaginary line is the waist, Which seldom stays long where it's placed,

But ambles and skips
"Twixt the shoulders and hips—
According to popular taste.
—Anthony Euwer, in Harper's Magazine.



Taking No Chances.—A young Clevelander who is always generous with his touring car offered to take the old coloured janitor of the apartment in which he resides downtown the other day. "No, suh, boss—no, suh, thank you, suh," grinned the ancient functionary. "I reckon I'll wait and go on de street cyah." "What's the matter, uncle? Are you afraid?" "No, suh—me afraid? No, suh, I got to wait." "Uncle, have you ever been in an automobile?" "Nevah but oncet, an' den I didn't let all ma weight down!"—Reedy's Mirror.



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SYNOPSIS.

Dr. Arnold Bassingbroke performs a clever operation, and by it makes sane a man who has been mad for three years. Afterwards the doctor goes home, and wishing to prove the efficacy of a drug, takes it himself. He goes out and is knocked on the head, losing his memory. After examination at the police office—which proves ineffectual—he is released and searches for a position. He is engaged as a chauffeur. He goes to a fifth rate boarding house to live.

Complications in the lodging-house lead him to befriend a stranded young woman whom he commits to the care of an aged and pious couple. Miss Pragg, by whom he is engaged as chauffeur, suspects some mystery of his past to the intense interest of her charming niece, Peggy, youngest daughter of Lady Assitas. Miss Pragg remonstrates severely with Peggy's mother because she is trying to counsel Peggy to marry a young lordling. John Grey overhears the conversation and finds that he is in love with Peggy.

James Kenway, the man upon whom Dr. Bassingbroke performed the operation, tries to find the doctor, but is unable to. Miss Pragg gives Peggy some more lectures about the foolishness of convenient marriages.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

"YOU don't look it," said Peggy heartlessly. "I believe you are lazy"—this severely.

Albert repudiated this suggestion with pained surprise.

"How is your father?" asked Peggy. "Same as usual," admitted Albert, who had monopolized the conversation.

"He preaches every Sunday morning and afternoon—not being able to get a substitute—congregation fall asleep and wake up for the Benediction. Discouraging, but what can he do?" asked the youth solemnly.

"There is Dad, now!" cried Maud, as a tall man with a slight stoop came slowly up the path. She ran out excitedly to tell him of their unexpected visitor.

The vicar came into the room with a smile, his pale, ascetic face lighting up with pleasure as he looked at Margaret Assitas. He gave her a warm handshake; she seemed to bring a breath of the outside world with her, from which he had been excluded so long.

Margaret, with some intuition of this, directed her conversation to him, and the younger people became more subdued. The vicar's eyes lost their weary look as they discussed the latest books, the latest pictures, the latest music. He plied her with questions, listening with eager, almost hungry attention.

Margaret told him of her recent trip to Norway, gave him a resume of the last exhibition at the Gallery, touched upon the Opera, and the latest literary gossip. When she rose to go, she pressed him to come over soon to Appletree House for a game of bridge, and bring the girls, or come to tea and have a game of croquet afterwards.

Mildred coming in flushed from her culinary duties declared it was too bad of Peggy to go just when she was able to spare a moment from her labours; but Peggy could not be beguiled to linger. With reiterated promises of future calls, she had to tear herself away under pain of incurring Miss Pragg's displeasure if she kept that martinet waiting for her mid-day meal.

She firmly declined Albert's pleading offer to see her home, declaring that she and Roy would simply have to "fly"—and added laughingly, that as Roy always had a rooted objection to

be hurried against his own inclinations, she would have her hands full enough without being further handicapped.

So, with the bull-dog walking sedately beside her, Miss Pragg's adored niece Peggy went homeward, singing now and again little snatches of songs for very joyfulness as she went.

The world for her just now was all sunshine and laughter—laughter and sunshine. Perhaps it was well that she could not see the dark clouds gathering fast upon her life's horizon, could hear no muttering of the evil storm that was so soon to break and threaten shipwreck to her happiness.

For matters that have much to do with our story were moving apace, and stern test was to be given to the brave promise of Miss Pragg, echoed so fervently by John Grey, the chauffeur, that Peggy, beautiful, bright Peggy, should be preserved from the Moloch sacrifice of Society at all costs.

The trial of their lives was swiftly coming upon these three, and would press hardest of all on the one who, all unconscious of approaching sorrow, was singing on her homeward way.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Dream.

WALKING briskly, Margaret arrived home in the nick of time, for punctuality was a feature with Mrs. Mellor in the matter of meals, and one which Mrs. Law of the Maisonette would have done well to copy.

Miss Pragg with a cry of "catch," threw a tiny pink envelope to her as she entered.

"I know who that is from," laughed Peggy gaily. It is from Miss Silvia Dolman, with the usual invitation to tea.

She drew out the miniature note and read the stiff formal writing—"The Misses Dolman request the honour of Miss Pragg's and Miss Margaret Assitas' company to tea on Wednesday, at four o'clock."

"Why, that is to-morrow!" said Peggy.

"Of course we shall have to go," replied Miss Pragg. "I sent a note by return accepting the invitation. Silvia and Seraphina will already be getting out the best silver tea service from its wash-leather bags and Mary will have a busy afternoon," Miss Pragg spoke with amusement.

"They are the quaintest little couple we know, and I always like going to tea," admitted Peggy, "they give you such good home-made cake. Who brought the note?"

"Silly Bennie."

"Poor boy."

"Oh, I don't know," retorted Miss Pragg, "he's not so silly when it comes to money, he didn't forget to ask me for a tip—and of course Silvia had paid him already for coming."

Margaret laughed. "Bennie always did make more pocket money than any other lad in the village, but then he's so ready to do an errand."

They sat down to the table and Margaret did ample justice to the mid-day meal.

In the afternoon the ladies went out in the car. Several miles from the village of Appletree, the hard-worked country doctor had built himself a house, being unable to put up with the insanitary dwelling of his predecessor. As Miss Pragg had never yet required his services professionally, she

contented herself by occasionally leaving a card, secure in the knowledge that the doctor's wife, a noted golfer, was never at home to receive callers.

John Grey left the card at the door, the ladies remaining in the car, after which they sped on for another ten miles through wooded lanes and between high banks covered with ground ivy, harts-tongue ferns, blackberry bushes, wild roses and a tangle of verdure. The air was filled with sunshine and the sweet scent of growing things. A soft glow crept into Margaret's cheeks and a brighter sparkle to her grey eyes.

"I BELIEVE you are going to Sir Gorrington Gaunt's," she exclaimed as they neared an extensive wood.

"Why—of course I am," laughed Miss Pragg, "he would never forgive me, if he heard you were here, and we had not called."

Margaret resumed a resigned air. "He will be out shooting, that is one good thing, but we shall get the inevitable invitation to a luncheon party afterwards."

"Why not?" asked Miss Pragg with a mischievous chuckle.

Margaret shrugged her shoulders and pulled a wry face. "You know he always proposes to me every time I go. I do wish the man would take 'no' for an answer."

"He never will, while you remain Margaret Assitas," said Miss Pragg with conviction. "The poor man ought to get married, though," she added slowly.

They ran through a dense wood for quite a mile, coming out on the other side upon extensive game preserves. The fern and bracken were variegated with the tints of autumn, and in the distance could be seen a very fine old mansion, showing through an avenue of trees.

"I always think the Hall looks very pretty from here," said Miss Pragg. "It seems a pity there is no mistress to look after it." She gave a sigh.

Sir Gorrington Gaunt was a big stout man somewhat under fifty, with a very red face, and loud blustering voice; he was always seen in shooting costume, with his gun and his dogs, and it was commonly reported that he drank far more of that plebeian cordial, gin, than was good for him.

Ever since Margaret had been a girl of eighteen, he had proposed to her with unflinching regularity whenever he saw her, and declared with pertinacious obstinacy that he would never marry any one else. Margaret came at last to regard it as a harmless joke even while it irritated her.

Sir Gorrington lived very much alone with his dogs, horses and game—and as Margaret said—"was never so happy as when he was killing something." He was a shy man, and covered his awkwardness by an aggressive manner and an unpleasant habit of shouting.

Occasionally he held shooting parties of men, but more often dwelt quite alone. Once or twice he scandalized the neighborhood by breaking out into wild sprees and had shocked the whole countryside by having a chorus of ballet girls down at the Hall for a week—after these outbursts he would relapse once more into gloomy penitence and solitude.

As the car glided up the avenue, Sir



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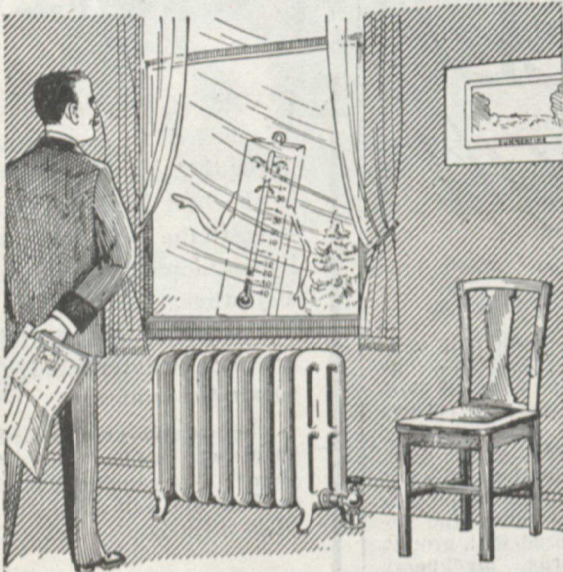
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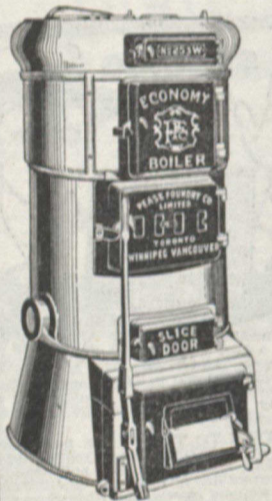
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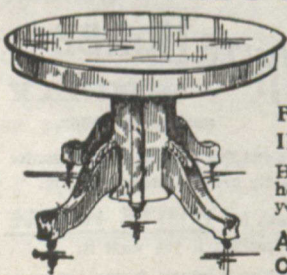
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Gorrington Gaunt made his appearance, gun in hand, and with half a dozen dogs at his heels. His face flushed to a dark purple as his eyes rested upon Margaret, and his hand shook very perceptibly as he extended it to the ladies.

The usual civilities exchanged he pressed them with awkward apologies to tea, but Miss Pragg, with a shrewd notion of the unpreparedness of his bachelor establishment for lady callers, declined, under the excuse of letters to be written for the evening post, and after a few moments the car was turned in the direction of Appletree, which they reached in excellent time for high-tea after nearly a thirty-mile run. "I declare I feel quite dissipated," declared Peggy, stifling a yawn, as the clock struck nine, "I must positively go to bed, or I shall fall asleep in my chair, this air always does affect me like that."

She rose, kissed her aunt, and taking up a silver candlestick from the hall table, lighted it, and made her way up the wide staircase, feeling blissfully ready for the big down pillows and lavender-scented sheets awaiting her in the old-fashioned four-post bed.

In a few moments after laying her head on the self-same down pillows, Margaret was fast asleep, and dreaming. Silently and peacefully she seemed to be drifting out to sea in a little boat, enjoying the soft, swaying motion as the waves rocked the craft to and fro; she thought she would like to drift on for ever in the moonlight on that placid summer sea, and her feeling was one of perfect peace and contentment.

But gradually, very gradually—the rocking increased in violence until it became so rough that she had to cling to the sides of the little vessel, she felt heavy waves dashing over her, and then, all at once, realized that she was far out at sea, in a tiny boat without an oar, a rudder or a pilot!

A wild and helpless terror seized her and she cried out loudly for help. Suddenly, as is the way of dreams, she beheld, as if he had risen apparently out of nowhere, John Grey sitting in the boat with her; his hand was at the helm, and he was steering the tossing cockleshell in which they sat through the pitching breakers to a place of safety.

Her fear fell from her when she saw him, and in a voice of deep relief she cried: "Oh, John Grey—John Grey—I am so glad that you have come to save me." He did not answer, but sat, with his hand on the tiller, a grave and silent figure at the helm.

Then came the hissing sound of surf, with a more violent motion of the boat, and Margaret awoke with a start.

Outside, the sound of the incoming tide mingling with that of the wind which had risen to a gale, and was howling round the house.

Margaret snuggled down sleepily once more into the sheets and drowsing off, murmured brokenly: "John Grey—John Grey—I am so glad you have come—to—to—"

But before the sentence was finished slumber had fast bound her, and she did not wake again until the morning sun, pouring into the room, caused her to spring up, in the sudden joy of a glorious new day, her dream forgotten in the sunshine.

CHAPTER XVII.

Country Visits.

TEA at the Grange was a very important ceremony, not to be entered upon lightly, it entailed extensive preparations and no apology for a meal. The Misses Dolman would have considered themselves seriously insulted had they ever been offered the few wafers of bread and butter and plate of mixed cakes which usually constitute afternoon tea in a London flat.

As Miss Pragg had surmised, the family silver had been taken out of its wash-leather coverings and carefully polished; the gate-table in the prim drawing-room was spread with a linen cloth of exquisite texture edged with fine deep crochet, worked, in days gone by, by Miss Seraphina when her eyes were better able to deal with the filmy threads.

Home-made bread was cut up in

lavish quantities into thin bread and butter. Home-made plum cake such as Peggy loved was supported by scones, queen cakes and jumbles; in the centre of the crowded table a glass dish of Devonshire cream, holding the place of honour, stood in a silver basket, flanked on either side by honey from the sisters' own hives, and apple jelly of Miss Silvia's making.

Mary, with a rosy face which shone like a polished apple, from too plentiful an application of soap, and wearing a well-starched white apron and cap, received solemn and repeated injunctions to be sure the kettle was boiling before she poured the water on the tea, which Miss Silvia put ready in the pot from the best tea-caddy.

The old and valuable china was another care which lay heavy on the spirits of the maiden ladies, who dreaded to trust it to Mary's clumsy red hands, lest the tragedy of a broken cup should mar their proud boast that it had been kept intact for fifty years.

Miss Silvia and Miss Seraphina were twins and surprisingly alike in appearance. They still kept up the traditions of their youth, dressing alike in every particular save one, namely that Miss Silvia wore pink ribbons and Miss Seraphina blue. Occasionally—after long intervals of time—they changed over and reversed this order, but the alteration was a serious matter, involving many cherished garments, and not to be undertaken lightly, or without grave discussion.

The two sisters were small, wiry women, quick and jerky in their movements, with beak-like noses, round little black eyes and yellow complexions; their hair had formerly been of a reddish brown, but as it perceptibly thinned in front they each assumed yellowish "fronts," assuring each other that a censorious public could not possibly detect the assistance thus rendered to nature; they also wore elaborate mob caps of lace ornamented with their favorite ribbons.

THE Grange was little more than a glorified cottage, a long, low building of cob, rather damp, and covered with creepers. The drawing-room smelt decidedly musty, and was never used except on state occasions like the present.

Miss Pragg and Margaret presented themselves punctually on the stroke of four o'clock, and were met by the two maiden gentlewomen in a perfect twitter of excitement, Miss Pragg's deep voice sounding like a recurring bass note to their shrill treble.

Margaret could remember them ever since she was a child in short frocks and had sat on a beaded stool with a plate of cake on her knee. The Misses Dolman whenever they saw her could never get over their surprise at the remarkable way in which she had shot up to womanhood, the good souls deluding themselves with the idea that they had stood still during the flight of years.

Margaret looked around the prim old room and the heavily-laden table which only waited the bringing of the tea-pot and hot buttered cakes. Everything was familiar, the faded chintzes, the handworked fire screens, the water-colour drawing representing two pink and white Misses Dolman in their infancy; Margaret wondered how many years had elapsed since those days, and not being good at arithmetic, gave it up.

The old maids fluttered and fussed about over their visitors, their twittering voices, yellow fronts, and bright peery eyes irresistibly reminding Margaret of a couple of canaries in a cage; she thought they looked a little yellower, a little more wrinkled than before, but otherwise all remained unchanged.

The ceremony of pouring out was accomplished with dignity by Miss Silvia, she being if anything the elder of the two by several minutes, which had conferred a slight advantage upon her from birth.

Tiny, the little Skye-terrier, was adorned for the occasion with his small silver bell and a large bow of blue and pink ribbon combined, he being the joint property of the sisters.

Tiny performed his usual little

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tricks, sat up and begged for crumbs of cake from each in turn, a toy dog in a toy house, and finally scrambled on to Peggy's lap, where he curled himself into a silver ball, his bright eyes peering out between the locks of hair which covered them.

Margaret bent down and kissed him. "You ducky little pet," she whispered, "do you know that Roy could make one mouthful of you?"

Tiny received this terrifying confidence by snuggling closer to the white-knitted coat, and, feeling securely comfortable, promptly went to sleep.

The visit was extended far beyond all recognized canons of time, much to the secret exultation of the Misses Dolman. Miss Pragg always got the full history of the country-side at such times, with the list of births, deaths, and marriages since her last visit.

THEN there was an accurate account of the number of comforters the ladies had knitted the preceding winter, the red flannel petticoats to be distributed during the coming one, the misdeeds of Mary, the satisfactory results of Miss Seraphina's black currant jelly and raspberry vinegar, valued recipes exchanged, and vigorous comments upon church and parish matters; for the two ladies were staunch supporters of the church although they criticized severely the vicarage girls, and thought it a great pity the vicar did not marry again for the good of the parish. Miss Silvia added that "she thought it quite time the youngest vicarage girl wore longer skirts and learned how to put her hair up decently," and Miss Seraphina declared she "didn't know what young people were coming to nowadays!"

As dusk began to gather, Miss Pragg rose after a most satisfactory gossip, and Margaret lifted the silver ball curled up in her lap, and laid it gently down on its own particular cushion by the fire-place, but Tiny whined fretfully at the transfer, missing the warmth of her woolly jacket.

With great difficulty they succeeded in detaching themselves from the faded drawing-room and the hospitable little old maids—who sat on for yet another hour after the visitors had departed, enjoying the aftermath of the visit, discussing and reviewing all that had passed, and congratulating each other upon the perfect success of the entertainment they had given.

In spite of Miss Silvia's and Miss Seraphina's strictures, the vicarage girls were great favourites with Margaret, and although not herself a golf-girl, she frequently drove over to the links and brought Mildred and Mabel back to Appletree House for tea and a good "heart to heart" gossip. The girls had all known each other from childhood, and Peggy's visits to Appletree were the milestones in their quiet existence.

Mabel had a really fine contralto voice which had proved of value at many a village concert, and the ambition of her young life had been to have it trained for the concert-hall; after long resistance, her father had at length consented; she was just then wild with delight at the prospect opening before her, and built gay castles in the air, dreaming of the days when she would have the world at her feet and be earning showers of gold. Life in the old vicarage had been a meagre, cramped affair, and her strong vitality rebelled against it, as she beat her wings against the cage.

Maud talked of going out as a governess when she was old enough, and hammered at the old piano, puzzled over Latin, and wept in secret over mathematics. Mildred, the eldest, contented herself with looking after them all, she seemed to have no ambition outside the home, her only desire was to serve those she loved. Years ago she had taken up the burden which her mother had laid down when Maud was a toddling mite.

Mildred was devoted to her father, a scholarly man, whose talents were wasted upon an empty church and a dozen farm labourers; he was a shy, kindly man, conscious of failure and disappointed with his life, seeking to



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keep his talents from growing rusty by constant reading, while he also contributed frequent articles—chiefly studies from nature—to various magazines. At one time the vicar had intended his only son for the church, but in view of his own struggle for existence and the boy's manifest objection, he abandoned the idea and sought vaguely for another. Then Albert suddenly and finally solved the question for himself by going into a bank.

Such was the family with whom Margaret spent most of the time when stopping at Appletree House. She liked them all, but Mildred was her favourite, because of her gentle selfless nature which was a source of perpetual admiration to Margaret. She felt also a sincere sympathy for the disappointed scholar who was eating out his heart in this lonely country corner, unable through straitened means to take those occasional journeys into the greater world which would have done so much to break the dull monotony of his existence.

Given a wider sphere of action, this studious man and brilliant scholar would have been able to make use of the rare talents he possessed, but as it was, his sermons usually passed over the heads of his congregation, being too exalted for their comprehension; the shy and reserved man, conscious of this, shrank still more into his shell and turned to a literary career as a more congenial field for his labours.

Mildred was the only one who, to any degree, realized the bitter disappointment of her father's life, and the irreparable loss which had fallen upon him when her mother was taken away. As far as lay in her power she strove to fill the vacant place in the home, and was to him, more than all his other children, his real companion—more and more he came to lean upon her—more and more she felt that his need for sympathy was great.

The vicar was now concentrating all his energies on his big work on the "flora" of Cornwall, and secretly building hopes upon its ultimate success. In parish matters, as in all others, he leaned greatly upon Mildred, trusting to her judgment and sure of her ready common sense. And Mildred was content to give of her best so that she could lighten his burdens and brighten his solitary life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

An Unpleasant Episode.

MARGARET ASSITAS had been at Appletree House a month when it was decided they should return home. Miss Pragg and Peggy had threshed the matter out. The White Maisonette was finished and ready for its mistress, and Miss Pragg was getting restless and wanted to be in the thick of things again. She had a new novel working in her blood and never wrote so well as when she was in the seething life of the Metropolis. After a time the country bored her, she frankly admitted the fact without shame or concealment. She grew tired of her country clothes, which at first she had revelled in, she knew perfectly well she looked a fright in them.

It was all very well for Peggy with her slim graceful figure to go out in a short tweed skirt above her ankles, a knitted coat and a soft corduroy hat pulled down over her fair hair—but Miss Pragg, while aping in the same style, felt the effect was entirely different, and despite her years and her bulk, was not yet entirely indifferent to her appearance.

Her tweed skirt looked too skimpy on her over-generous figure, it was too short and gave the public an ample view of thick, shapeless ankles and square-toed man-like boots, the soft felt hat she adopted in the country was jabbed on to her grey hair with one over-long hat pin which protruded dangerously at both ends and failed entirely to secure the hat, which wobbled on to the back of her head or hung dejectedly over one ear, while the bridge of her strong hawk-like nose protruded aggressively forward as if daring the world to laugh at her.

In the car her appearance was even more disreputable, enveloped as she was in an old mackintosh coat, with

her felt hat tied on with a mud coloured motor veil. She rigidly adhered to this get-up from some mistaken fetish that it was the "correct" thing to look as obnoxious as possible when leading a simple life.

In London, Miss Pragg also dressed up to her surroundings, usually in the best of taste, suitable to her age and station. But John Grey experienced a fresh shock whenever she emerged from Appletree House, and there were times when he could with difficulty repress a smile.

Having decided in the morning upon the date of their departure, Margaret drove to the links in the afternoon, to collect all the vicarage girls for tea and a game of croquet afterwards.

Albert had entered upon his duties at the bank that very week, and, having his own share of the family imagination, already pictured himself as a future bank manager, or—later on perhaps—as the founder even of a bank of his own. Somewhere at the back of his mind hovered a dim vision of Peggy as the future mistress of his home when he should have achieved the desirable position he dreamt of; fortunately, Peggy was so blissfully unconscious of this disposal of her life that it did not disturb the amiable balance of their friendship.

The day was perfect, an autumn day, mild and sunny with a soft breeze blowing from the sea—Margaret felt it was good to be alive, and also a keen regret at leaving so much beauty behind for the noise and bustle of London.

"You lucky—lucky—girl," chorused Mabel and Maud, when she told them of her near departure from Appletree. "Don't we wish we were in your shoes, instead of having to poke along here all winter."

"I WONDER if anyone is really quite satisfied with their life?" queried Margaret thoughtfully.

"I know we aren't," declared Mabel energetically. "I've a chance to escape from it soon—but there is poor Dad—and Mildred," she sighed. "Albert can get out of it, too, for a bit, even if he does come home at night, he sees something fresh every day, but poor Mildred is just a prisoner."

"I don't mind," said Mildred hastily. "I am quite happy, and I couldn't leave Dad!"

Margaret looked at her and smiled, it sounded so like Mildred, she wondered in her heart, how it was that Mildred had reached thirty years in her life without winning the love of a good man, she was so sweet, so lovable, so capable, so selfless, so eminently womanly, yet no lover had as yet found her out!

"It is a good thing for us Mildred is so contented," said Mabel easily, "I can't think how she can be—I feel choked—suffocated in this place—I am weary of it to my very soul." She spoke tragically.

"You have a glorious voice," said Mildred quietly—"and I have nothing, I am just an ordinary being whose proper place is at home."

"Ordinary beings are very useful dear," said Margaret, giving the girl a kiss and feeling sure that Mildred had smothered a sigh.

"It is scrumptious having a car to ride in," declared Maud as she sprang in after her elder sisters, "I'm afraid we shall never have one of our own," this regretfully.

"One never knows," laughed Peggy, "everyone seems to get a car in these days, and there is Mabel going to make a fortune with her voice."

"Oh! I hope so—won't it be ripping! No one really can appreciate money, unless they have had to skimp and screw and do without every blessed thing they ever wanted," cried the girl vehemently.

Mildred looked distressed, and there was a moment's silence while the car flashed along the open country road past the "swans' lake" a large natural sheet of water where black and white swans were serenely sailing about.

"There is Dad before us," exclaimed Mildred, as the car climbed up a steep hill, and the vicar's tall figure came into view, intent upon some bot-

anical specimen in a high bank covered with luxuriant vegetation.

"Dad is writing a book on the 'Flora' of Cornwall," said Maud, "and we are always digging him up in the most unexpected places."

"A prisoner of war," cried Peggy gaily, as the car slowed down, "we shall carry you off with us, together with the spoils you have collected from the high-ways and by-ways."

"I will sit in front," volunteered Maud, jumping out and climbing up beside John Grey, while the vicar took the vacated seat inside the car.

It was a merry party which arrived at Appletree House and peals of laughter echoed from the rose garden where the girls had gone, each to claim a rose. Tea was served, as it frequently was, under the cedar tree at the side of the house, and Roy was allowed to make one of the party.

Miss Pragg and the vicar were soon engaged in a wordy warfare and continued the argument after the meal was over, while the girls wandered on to the croquet lawn; they were old-fashioned at Appletree House and tennis courts had never been introduced.

As the shadows lengthened, the two elders declared a truce, each withdrawing from the argument with honour and without having budged one iota from the opinions expressed two hours before. A few minutes were spent in watching the four girls finish their game and then they took their leave declaring it would be past bedtime when they reached the vicarage.

Left alone, Margaret continued to knock the ball idly about.

"I am going in," said Miss Pragg, "the dew is falling and I've got a twinge of rheumatism. Are you coming, Peggy?"

"In a few minutes, auntie—it is so lovely outside, it seems a shame to leave it for the lamplight."

"Well, I must write to London, telling them when to expect us. I told Grey to come for the letters soon after seven and post them in the village, and it is nearly that now, so I can't wait."

SHE left the garden and passed into the house, going to her private writing room.

Margaret Assitas moved restlessly about, her mallet still in her hands, she was not playing, but now and then she knocked a ball through a hoop.

A figure strolled quietly across the lawn, it was Manson, the secretary.

"Shall I gather up the balls, Miss Assitas?" he asked, "or do you wish to go on playing?"

"Oh no—it is really too dark to play."

He stooped and collected the balls one by one, putting them into the bag kept for them, then he gathered up the mallets, moving about with leisurely precision. As he approached the girl he stretched out his hand for the mallet she held, but instead of taking it from her, he seized both her hands in a sudden grip.

She gasped with astonishment. "You forget yourself—Mr. Manson," cried Margaret indignantly, "let me pass at once."

John Grey, on his way to the house to receive Miss Pragg's letters, heard her clear voice raised in angry protest. He came to a dead stop as if turned to stone.

"Miss Assitas—Peggy—I will speak. It is not a crime to love you. I implore you to listen to me."

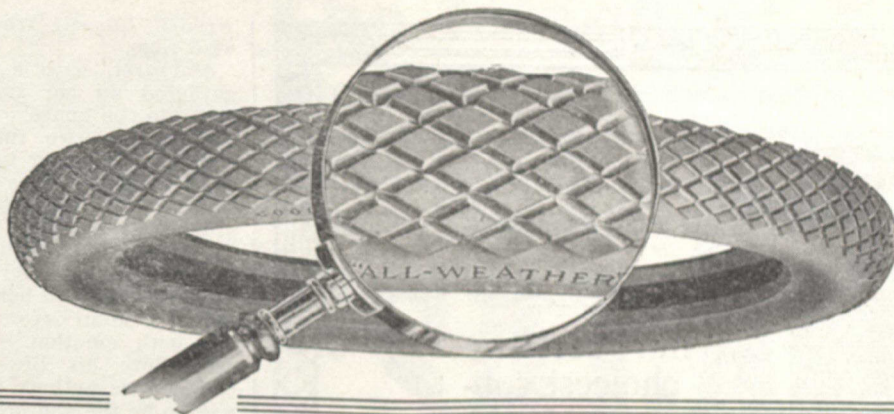
"Let go my hands! How dare you touch me—you—you—unspeakable cad!"

She shouted as if choking with rage. Suddenly John Grey strode forward, crushing through the shrubbery. He saw Margaret Assitas trying to wrench her hands from the firm grip of the secretary, her head thrown back, her face ashy white.

With blazing eyes, the chauffeur gripped Manson by the collar and swung him round.

"How dare you interfere with that lady?" he demanded in a dangerously level voice.

"How dare you interfere with me?" hissed the secretary as he tried to



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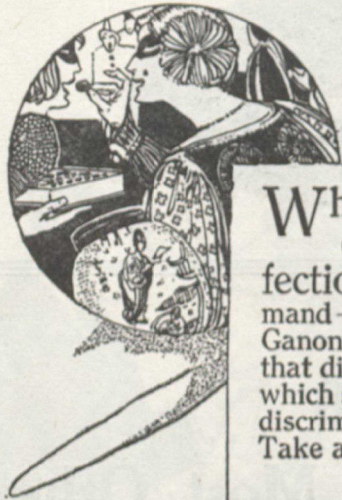
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wrench himself free, his face livid with rage.

Margaret, with a swift movement gathered up her trailing gown and fled into the house.

Then the two furious men, with clenched fists and faces distorted by passion, sprang like wild animals at each other, striking, parrying and plunging till John Grey with a sudden sense of loathing, flung his opponent from him and strode away.

Miss Pragg and her letters were forgotten. John Grey's mind was whirling with emotion. Something had come into his life that completely changed its outlook. What, oh what was to be the end of it all?

Reaching his own quarters after his struggle with Manson, John Grey sat for an hour, his head in his hands, motionless, dazed and startled.

Sudden revelation had come to him. He thought he was fighting to avenge the insult offered to this beautiful girl. In one blinding flash he knew that jealousy, furious, raging jealousy, had driven him on, and that he loved her—loved her—loved her!

He laughed a harsh and exceedingly bitter laugh.

"FOOL—fool—and again fool—that I am! That peerless queen amongst women is not for you, John Grey—oh nameless wanderer!"

He groaned aloud in an agony of despair. How was he to live in her presence and not betray his love? How could he leave and shut himself away for ever from the joy of her? What would she think of the action he had taken on her behalf?

One thing, however, was certain, he and Manson could not both remain.

This question was promptly settled next morning by Miss Pragg. Manson, ornamented by a very black eye and bruised countenance, was summarily dismissed her service, with drastic comments on his behaviour.

John Grey, also carrying a black eye, was not dismissed. Margaret Assitas, turning very pink when she saw him, thanked him in a few well chosen words, and the incident was closed.

A few days later Miss Pragg and Margaret took their places in the car with John Grey at the wheel, and set out on their long ride through the south of England. Miss Pragg had no idea of scorching over the distance or doing it in any time limit. She always liked to make the journey a part of the holiday and a very enjoyable part also.

They stopped at all the cathedral towns on the way, visiting Exeter, Salisbury and Winchester, admiring the old cathedrals afresh, and putting up for the night at such hotels as Miss Pragg had stayed at before. They flashed through the pretty villages of Dorset, only stopping at a wayside inn for refreshments; often they had a luncheon basket packed and put into the car.

The few days spent in this unconventional way, imperceptibly drew them together. John Grey became less of an automatic fixture to the car, and more of a human personality to them both. They consulted together about roads and petrol—stopping gypsy fashion on the broad downs to eat their luncheon in the open air.

On one of these occasions, whether by accident or design, Margaret's bare hand rested on John Grey's for a second as he was handing something into the car to her, it was but a fraction of time, so slight as to be barely noticeable, but the man flushed and paled suddenly. Several times during the day he looked at the hand which she had touched, and once, when quite unobserved, lifted it to his mouth and kissed the spot where her soft palm had rested—kissed it reverently and passionately.

He wished that long ride could have lasted indefinitely, and was sorry when at last he drew the car up once more before the White Maisonette.

CHAPTER XIX.

Man and Maid.

WE must now hark back to our friends Jacob Smilie and his wife, in whose humble home in the mews, near Miss Pragg's London

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house, John Grey had left Violet Vernon, the young governess he had rescued from the clutches of Mrs. Bindels, the harpy of Rose Court.

The two good old Salvationists had come to look upon Violet almost as their own daughter, and she had made herself the right-hand of Martha Smilie in the domestic work of the little domicile. But times were hard, the old cabman was still out of regular employment, and the girl felt that she ought to be doing something to keep herself, and to help the kindly old couple who had taken her to their hearts.

Greatly to the joy of Martha, and "Smiling Jacob" Violet had, as we know, joined the Salvation Army and become an earnest worker. It was through the connection with the Army, some two months after she donned the uniform, that her chance came.

Mrs. Captain Kempton wanted a nursery governess for her three small children, and Violet gratefully accepted the post. She was thus still able to remain with the Smilies, and the knowledge of this relieved John Grey of any anxiety he might have felt when leaving town with Miss Pragg.

The heat in London during the months of July and August had been very oppressive, and following on the privations of winter had greatly tried Violet's strength. No doubt her three small charges tried her also, but she did not complain.

John Grey, coming back from the freshness of sea and country was struck with her pale and dejected appearance, and mentioned it to Martha with some uneasiness.

"She do look white and pinched," admitted Martha, "but what can ye expect? Cooped up with them three noisy youngsters in that little back sittin'-room at Mrs. Kempton's, a-trying to learn 'em their letters—an' no fresh air—'tain't to be wondered at. Poor girl she do look dead beat at times an' has 'orful 'eadaches." Martha was very sympathetic. John Grey looked grave.

"I WISH Violet could have had some of the beautiful sea air at Apple-tree, instead of breathing smoke and petrol all summer."

"Aye—that's so—but it don't do fer poor folk to be discontented," murmured Martha, "we has to make the best of life as it comes to us. But ye're lookin' fine yerself, John Grey," she added with pleasure.

"I feel perfectly fit and well," he laughed, and then his face clouded again, as he puzzled his brains to find a remedy for Violet's dejection, some means of bringing the colour to her cheeks and the brightness to her dull eyes. It hurt him to see the languid, lifeless look she wore.

Miss Pragg was a strict Sabbatarian, and never used her car on Sunday except in case of great emergency; it was therefore a clear day for John Grey, to employ as he chose. It was then he thought most of Violet, and the good it would do her to get out of London, even for a few hours, and so fill her lungs with fresher air than she got at the "Army Barracks" in the heart of the crowded district where she spent most of her time on Sunday.

He thought the change from her drab surroundings to something brighter would lift up her spirits. Still he doubted if Martha and Jacob would approve of the Sabbath day being made use of to build up the girl's physical body. He did not wish to offend against their strict religious views, and he approached the subject with diffidence and hesitation; only to be once again joyfully surprised at the breadth of their charity and the humanity of their religion.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof," said old Jacob in answer to his proposal. "You can think of Him, mate, in the green fields, as well as in the city streets."

"Better, Jacob," chimed in Martha. "'Tain't a sin to git into the fresh air, it's what folks does when they gits there, that matters."

John Grey always admired the directness of this simple old couple in going to the root of things.

"You don't consider it breaking the Sabbath then, to get into the country?"

"Them that works shut up all week, don't have no other time to see God's beautiful earth," said Jacob, "an' that's why, I often thinks, the blessed Master Hissell walked through the fields on the Sabbath day an' said—'there was One there who was greater than the temple.'"

"I thought it would do Violet good—she does not look at all well."

"So 'twould, mate—so 'twould. To my way of thinking, if yer thoughts is set on worldly things, yer can break th' Sabbath day in church or chapel same as out of 'em—it's the heart wot matters—not the place."

Thus, with the approval of Martha and Jacob, Violet went to Richmond with John Grey, and standing on the Terrace, drank in the beauty of the noble river at her feet, with the sunshine and the balmy air. At other times they wandered under the big chestnut trees in Bushey Park, or stood on the high ground of Hampstead Heath, letting the breeze blow upon their uncovered heads, and one glorious never-to-be-forgotten day they got as far as Epping Forest. The colour crept back to her wan cheeks, her eyes grew brighter, her dejection fell from her like a garment.

These were the bright spots in her monotonous life to which she looked forward all the week, the red-letter days of a drab existence that lifted it to a higher level, and made of life something worth the living.

With the exception of Violet, John Grey had no companions. She did not jar upon him during his frequent fits of abstraction, she did not interrupt his musings, or annoy him with senseless chatter.

OCCASIONALLY, if he had a free evening, he took her into Hyde Park to hear the band play.

It was on one of these gala occasions that they sat, the grave man and the young girl, beyond the fringe of the crowd round the band-stand. The Park was full of promenaders, people who were glad to escape from the streets with their smell of petrol and din of traffic, and it was still too warm to crowd into theatres.

It was light enough to see the elegant costumes of the women amid the gay crowds ever shifting and moving. Violet responded to her surroundings spontaneously, her eyes sparkled and she was laughing and chatting merrily.

John Grey, in a light summer suit, a cigarette in his mouth, watched the crowds with that curiously detached air which he habitually wore; the neatly dressed girl beside him, casting frequent glances at the handsome abstracted face, saw a sudden light leap to his eyes, as a tall graceful figure swung into view, walking with the erect, easy carriage of one accustomed to much exercise in the open air.

The lady's fair hair was confined under a blue silk turban of the Moorish style, its only ornament a white aigrette fastened by a jewelled brooch. Margaret Assitas always favoured small head-gear, which suited the peculiar style in which she dressed her hair. Her cream coloured gown was of soft clinging material swathed round her perfect form in such a way as to show it off to the best advantage; by her side sauntered a tall man smoking a cigar.

John Grey was following her every movement with hungry eyes. As she drew nearer, the floating end of a lace scarf thrown round her shoulders, caught in a bush. Involuntarily he sprang to disentangle it, before her escort knew what had happened. With a slightly heightened colour, she murmured a word of thanks, then raising her eyes, an involuntary expression of surprise crept into them as she exclaimed almost inaudibly:

"You—Grey?"

He raised his hat and stood aside as she passed, her glance travelled to Violet, whose eyes were fixed on her.

"What rotten cheek!" muttered the man at her side, considerably annoyed at being forestalled, and favouring the interrupter with a savage scowl.

"Oh, no, Archie—it was quite all right," her voice came back clearly as the two passed on, and Grey resumed his seat beside Violet.

(To be continued.)

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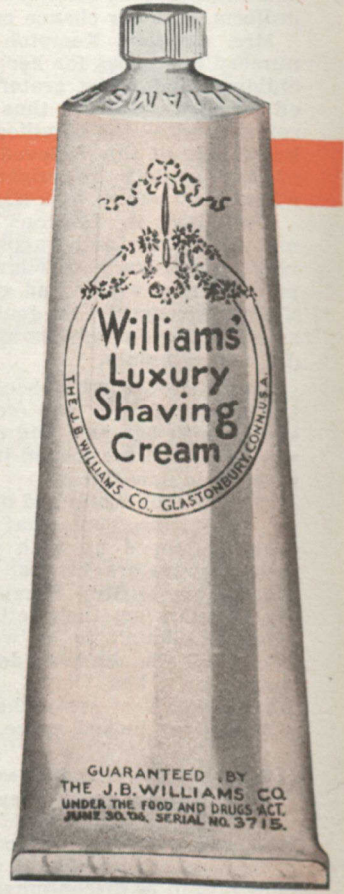


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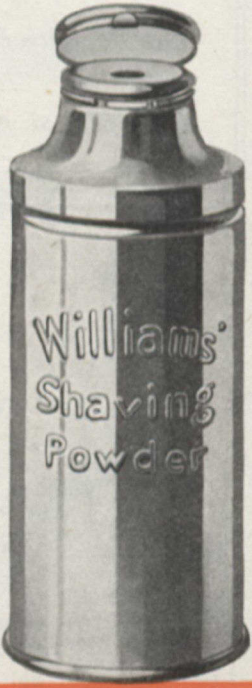
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