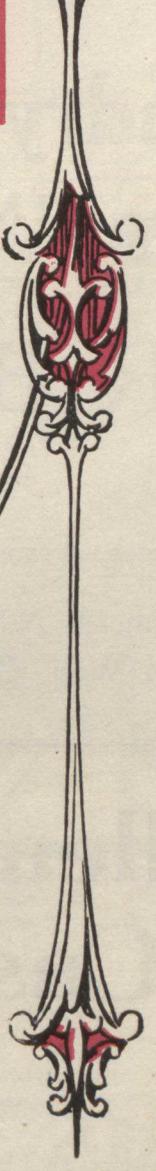
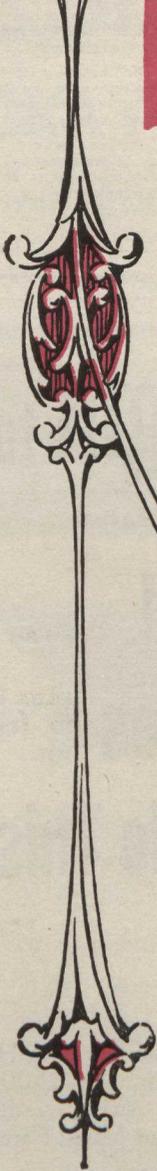


# The Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THIS issue contains Two Illustrated Pages of Baseball Articles, written by a Fan, a Critic and a Manager; a Thrilling Melodrama of the man who a few days ago defied the Mounted Police, by Francis Dickie; "When the Line Broke," an absorbing story, by H. A. Cody; an article on a New Civic Experiment, by W. Stewart; a Character Sketch of an Eminent Canadian Music Master, by Augustus Bridle.



EDITED BY JOHN A. COOPER

COURIER PRESS, Limited, TORONTO

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Elliptic Springs, Steam and Elec-  
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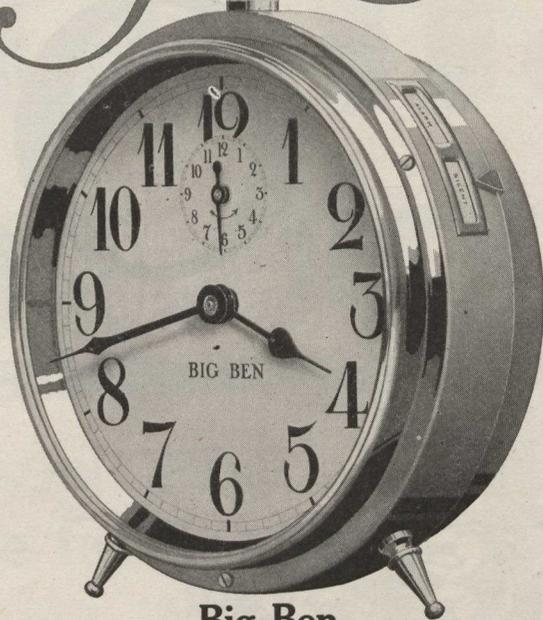
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Ontario

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## Big Ben the biggest thing in the clock business

Big Ben is the biggest thing today in the alarm clock business.

He is only two years old, but he's already getting more trade from the Dominion than any clock alive.

In two years time, 6,000 Canadian dealers have adopted him.

Nearly half of the families in Canada leave it to him to call them up in the morning; nearly half the families in Canada use him all day long

to tell the right time by.—He is really two good clocks in one—a crackerjack of a timekeeper and a crackerjack of an alarm.

Big Ben has everything in his favor—quality, looks and price.—He runs on time, he rings on time, he stays on time. He stands 7 inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large comfortable winding keys almost wind themselves.

He rings five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes unless you shut him off. If he is oiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

Big Ben's price is \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you, carefully packed and duty charges paid.

## What You Ought to Know

We have located

**Government Land** and can sell to you at

**Government Prices** plus location charges in from one Section up.

**You Can Subdivide This** in 40-80-160 and 320-acre farms and sell for from \$12 to \$25 per acre as others are doing to-day.

This land is located in close proximity to the Pacific & Hudson Bay Railway, in a beautiful valley, at an elevation of less than 2,500 feet, semi-coast climate, needing no irrigation, with plenty of rainfall for the maturing of crops, and an ideal spot for Dairying, Ranching, or Mixed Farming.

If you are looking for land in Large or Small lots, and want it at First Price, THE GOVERNMENT PRICE, where prices can go but ONE WAY, and that is UP, send for particulars to

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Suite 9-10 Imperial Block, 448 Seymour St.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. XIII.

TORONTO

NO. 23



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HER MAJESTY  
QUEEN ALEXANDRA

The selection of so critical a judge as Queen Alexandra should induce you to try

### Cherry Blossom Talc

as it is possible that you never before have experienced such an exquisitely delicate, soft talcum powder.

For the same reason let us recommend Cherry Blossom Soap. Used by the Royal Household and recommended by the Medical Fraternity.

At your druggist's or write  
**NERLICH & COMPANY**  
146 Front St. W., Toronto  
For sale in Toronto by the  
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## COSGRAVES

### Half and Half

Simply delicious — this glorious, sparkling, family beer. Has an irresistible tang that aids digestion and acts as a tonic.

**At all hotels and dealers.**

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Augustus Stephen Vogt .....By Augustus Bridle.  
The Canadian Choirmaster who became musically famous in Europe.

Defying the Mounted Police .....By Francis J. Dickie.  
Story of an Alberta maniac who duplicated Almighty Voice.

Banks and Real Estate ..... Illustrated.

When the Line Broke, Story .....By H. A. Cody.

The Town Manager .....By W. Stewart.  
A Novel Experiment in Civic Administration.

Why Alberta Went Liberal .....By Morley Manners.

A Little Baseball ..... Illustrated.  
Two pages of snappy appreciation and criticism of the great American game.

How to Beat Our Meanness .....By the Monocle Man.

Field and Garden .....By E. T. Cook.  
Seasonable articles for those who have the "Spring Fever."

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Demi-Tasse .....By Staff Writers.

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For the Juniors ..... Illustrated.

Reflections .....By the Editor.

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HAS BEEN PRODUCED IN

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It is a pure, vegetable product that makes a perfect table syrup by adding it to white sugar dissolved in water.



It combines readily with the most delicate ingredients and gives a dainty, delicious flavor for cakes, pastries, candies, ices, desserts and summer dainties.

Grocers sell it, 2 oz. bottle 50c. If not write

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Dept. E10 Seattle, Washington  
2c. in stamps will bring our Booklet, "Mapleine Dainties."

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Lights the rooms as well as gas or electricity—gives a steady, restful light—and costs far less than even ordinary lamps.

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The ideal light for your country home.

**USE IT FREE** Write for our free book about the 30 DAYS ANGLE LAMP—then we will send the lamp on 30 days trial.

**E. BOUCHER, St. Hyacinthe, P.Q.**



**RESERVOIR PEN**

Writes long letter with one filling. Always ready. No coaxing. No blotting. Best for ruling, manifold and constant use. Fine or medium points. Sent postpaid, 16 for 20c., 3 doz. 40c., 6 doz. 75c. Postal Note or Money Order. Money back if wanted. A. D. HASTINGS, Dept. II-2, 393 Hargrave St., Winnipeg.



Printer's ink won't make the car go. There's only one reason why 200,000 new Ford's can't possibly satisfy this season's demand. The car itself is right with a rightness that is unmatched anywhere at any reasonable price.

Our factories produced nearly a quarter of a million Model T's. Prices: Runabout, \$675; Touring Car, \$750; Town Car, \$1,000—f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont., with all equipment. For particulars get "Ford Times"—an interesting automobile magazine. It's free—from Walkerville factory. Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited.



**'Wincarnis' is a necessity in every home—in YOUR home particularly. Because—**

In the course of a year innumerable instances occur in which a wineglassful of 'Wincarnis' will prove invaluable. For example: You return exhausted after a day's outing—'Wincarnis' will immediately revive you. You suffer from 'nerves' through household worries—

## WINGARNIS

will sooth your nerves You can't sleep —'Wincarnis' will give you a sweetly-refreshing night's rest. You feel weak and listless—'Wincarnis' will invigorate and strengthen you. You suffer from brain-fag —'Wincarnis' will stimulate your brain. And in cases of sudden fainting fits, accidents, heart troubles, etc., 'Wincarnis' will prove a prompt and reliable restorative. Will you buy just one bottle?

# SPLENDID PROGRESS MADE BY LEADERS

## One Candidate in Canadian Courier Contest Has Passed the 100,000 Mark and Others are Very Close. A New Leader This Week at Sydney, N.S.

THE 100,000-mark has been passed by one candidate in The Canadian Courier contest, Miss Blanche Bourque, of Sydney, N.S., being the fortunate candidate to have the honor of first passing the hundred thousand stage in the contest. Miss Bourque's gain for the week was over 11,000 votes, and her friends will be all the more encouraged to keep her among the leading candidates in view of the fact that their candidate is making such a splendid race. Sydney is giving Miss Bourque the most loyal support, and doubtless will continue to do so.

The greatest gain for the week was made by Miss Olive Isaacs, of Cobalt, Ont., who had an advance of some 38,000 for the week. Miss Isaacs moves back into third place, from which she had been deposed a week ago by Miss Huestis, of Sussex. The Cobalt candidate has made remarkable progress and intends to keep her town right up among the leaders throughout the contest.

Another leader, Miss Huestis, of Sussex, made a good finish for the week, going ahead over 10,000 votes, and she holds fourth place by a good margin. Sussex is one of the big surprises of the contest.

Other candidates who show excellent progress are: Miss M. G. White, of Spy Hill, Sask., who gained over 5,000, and Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, with a gain of nearly 7,000; Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S., with a gain of nearly 5,000; Miss Esther Dewney, Comox, B.C., with a gain of 5,000; Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S.; Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon; Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, who gained 6,000; Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask., who gained nearly 8,000; Miss Velma Welch, of Vancouver, with a gain of 8,000; Miss Doris Sneyd, Welland, with a gain of over 3,000, and many other candidates who show decided but smaller gains.

East and West the candidates are making splendid progress, and the same may be said of Ontario. There is not so marked progress in Manitoba or Quebec as there is in the farther Western and Eastern Provinces. But the contest is young yet, and there will be plenty of time for candidates who have hardly started yet to catch up.

The new candidates this week are Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man., and Miss Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont.

It is not too late by any means for candidates to enter, as the contest will be extended for the latecomers, and they will have until the first of September if they wish to make up for lost time. The contest was originally to have ended the first of June, but so many candidates have come in late that it will be carried through the summer for those who have not completed the work. Candidates who have sent in the minimum number of subscriptions by the end of May will be awarded their college course or the trip as the case may be, and those who wish longer time to complete the work will have it.

A large number of candidates, who are at present in high school, have asked for a chance in the contest as soon as school closes, and these will be accepted and can do the work during the summer holidays. They will have a splendid chance to win their college course and will not be handicapped in any way, as they will have the entire holidays to plan their campaign.

So far no boy candidates have entered to work for the college course, but several are considering the matter and will enter later. Some are in high school and would rather not enter until examinations are over. They will then get to work in earnest to win the college course, and they can do it very readily.

All over the country readers of The Canadian Courier are planning to help some candidate, and if there is not a candidate in their own town or city, are helping the candidate in some place where they formerly resided.

Only the candidates themselves can tell how much they appreciate this unexpected help. It is a tremendous encouragement. A few votes or an extra yearly subscription, which is good for 2,500 votes, is a great help.

The candidates in this race are almost all working for the college course. They are ambitious to gain greater educational opportunities. Their ambition is the most commendable that could be entertained. The contest will mean a tremendous lot to some of the candidates. They will never forget the encouragement given them by their friends in this race.

Any candidate in the race can be made successful if the public take an interest in the contest. For instance, Prince Edward Island has but one candidate. There is no reason why the present readers of The Canadian Courier in Prince Edward Island cannot make it sure beyond all question of doubt that the Island candidate will be one of the winners of the college course. The same with the British Columbia candidates, or in Alberta, or Manitoba, or any other province. One new yearly subscription secured by each reader of The Canadian Courier from some friend or acquaintance will mean the success of every candidate in the race.

Some one at Courtenay, B.C., sent in a nomination blank, but neglected to fill it in. No name being signed the sender cannot be communicated with.

A bunch of ballots has been sent in from St. John without any name written on the ballots or other marks to show which candidate they are intended for.

A package of ballots has been received for Miss Blanche Bourque from some Ottawa friend.

### The standing follows:

Miss Blanche F. Bourque, Sydney, N.S. ....	100,700	Miss Jean Blakney, Sunny Brae, N.B. ....	11,000
Miss M. Augusta McLeod, Goderich, Ont. ....	96,000	Miss Margaret Sutherland, Kingston, Ont. ....	10,950
Miss Olive Isaacs, Cobalt, Ont. ....	83,500	Miss Estelle M. Gow, Fergus, Ont. ....	10,900
Miss Annie Huestis, Sussex, N.B. ....	62,850	Miss Polly Affleck, Lanark, Ont. ....	10,850
Miss Rhona S. Wright, Montague, P.E.I. ....	44,800	Miss Emily Haryett, Edmonton, Alta. ....	10,800
Miss Violet McKnight, New Liskeard, Ont. ....	42,300	Miss Hazel Gillespie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	10,800
Miss Alice E. Cooper, Richmond Hill, Ont. ....	41,400	Miss Mabel Van Buskirk, Mouth of Jemseg, N.B. ....	10,800
Miss M. G. White, Spy Hill, Sask. ....	40,450	Miss Myrtle I. Shaw, Collingwood, Ont. ....	10,750
Miss Margaret Campbell, New Waterford, N.S. ....	31,800	Miss Minnie Dixon, Fort William, Ont. ....	10,550
Miss Lillian E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	31,100	Miss Sophie Shriar, Montreal ....	10,450
Miss Esther Dewney, Comox P.O., B.C. ....	26,850	Miss Alice Guilmont, Ottawa, Ont. ....	10,400
Miss Mary E. Holland, Halifax, N.S. ....	25,250	Miss Alice Hammond, Meaford, Ont. ....	10,400
Miss Velma A. M. Welch, Vancouver, B.C. ....	23,400	Miss Katherine Macdonald, Truro, N.S. ....	10,250
Miss Minnie B. Wentzel, Denholm, Sask. ....	23,200	Miss Edna Fraser, Canso, N.S. ....	11,050
Miss Helen Bryan, Brandon, Man. ....	20,000	Miss Beatrice Booth, Lardo, B.C. ....	10,000
Miss Jennie O'Brien, Athol, N.S. ....	19,150	Miss Lillian L. Pettit, Hamilton, Ont. ....	10,000
Miss Cecilia Pepin, Blind River, Ont. ....	19,100	Miss Clara Cameron, Minnedosa, Man. ....	10,000
Miss Ina Spilsbury, Peterboro, Ont. ....	17,400	Miss Maimie Warner, Goderich, Ont. ....	10,000
Miss Edna McLeod, Cookshire, Que. ....	16,200		
Miss Eva P. Whitman, Baildon P.O., Sask. ....	16,000		
Miss Julia H. Leger, Leger Corner, N.B. ....	15,750		
Miss Mabel Christie, Peterboro, Ont. ....	15,300		
Miss Dorris Sneyd, Welland, Ont. ....	14,650		
Miss George Mary Hunter, Toronto ....	14,500		
Miss Edna Coutanche, Toronto ....	14,050		
Miss Belle Dunne, Toronto ....	13,400		
Miss Vivienne Geldart, St. John, N.B. ....	12,800		
Miss Etheline Schleifauf, Iona P.O., Ont. ....	12,700		
Miss Mary Dorcey, Ottawa, Ont. ....	12,150		
Miss Helen Barnes, Regina, Sask. ....	12,050		
Miss Elsie Cuff, Trenton, Ont. ....	11,950		
Miss Maude Chambers, Sudbury ....	11,850		
Miss Marie A. Hebert, Thetford Mines, Que. ....	11,850		
Miss Olivine Giroux, Pembroke, Ont. ....	11,700		
Miss Florence Sheehan, St. John, N.B. ....	11,600		
Miss Elizabeth Swallow, Edmonton, Alta. ....	11,550		
Miss Ruth Gregg, New Westminster, B.C. ....	11,500		
Miss Bessie Wilson, Tillsonburg, Ont. ....	11,500		
Miss Elizabeth Russell, Parry Sound, Ont. ....	11,400		
Miss Amy Reid, Meaford, Ont. ....	11,350		
Miss Ethel J. Smith, Montreal ....	11,200		
Miss Eustella Burke, Ottawa, Ont. ....	11,150		
Miss Olive Therien, North Bay, Ont. ....	11,000		

## Ballot No. 11

This ballot is good for 50 votes in the CANADIAN COURIER EDUCATIONAL CONTEST.

For Miss .....

Address .....

if forwarded to the CANADIAN COURIER to be credited in the official standing on or before June 17, 1913.

## Nomination Blank

I Herby Nominate .....

Address .....

whom I know to be over 15 years of age, of good character, and to be a proper person to enter "THE CANADIAN COURIER" CONTEST.

Signed ..... Countersigned by .....

Address ..... Pastor of .....

Church or Parish

The first nomination received for any candidate is good for 10,000 votes for the candidate named thereon, provided the nomination is accepted. The votes on only one Nomination Blank will be counted for any candidate.

## In Lighter Vein

### Dirigible Dogs.

WHEN the aeronaut aloft doth fly,  
What pastime could be merrier  
Than to be followed, fleet and faithful,  
by  
His Skye or Airedale terrier?  
—Life.

Faith.—Lady. Reformer—"My good girl, do you believe in a minimum wage?"

The Girl Worker—"Why shouldn't I? Ain't I getting it?"

An Emergency.—When a certain ducky of Mobile, Ala., announced his engagement to the dusky one of his choice, the congratulations that were showered upon him included a note of wonder.

"Joe," said one of these friends, "I shore is surprized! We-all never thought you'd speak up. It's going on two years sence you begun to fool around Miss Violet."

"Dat's true," said Joe; "but de fact is, old man, I didn't lose my job until last night."—Judge.

His Business.—"You insist that the officer arrested you while you were quietly attending to your own business?"

"Yes, your honour. He caught me suddenly by the collar, and threatened to strike me with his club unless I accompanied him to the station house."

"You say you were quietly attending to your own business, making no noise or commotion of any kind?"

"Yes, your honour."

"What is your business?"

"I'm a burglar."—Lippincott's.

No Facilities.—"They say that Cupid strikes the match that sets the world aglow. But where does Cupid strike the match?—that's what I'd like to know."  
—Cornell Widow.

Variable.—Old Lady—"How old are you, little boy?"

Bobbie—"I'm under five years on the street-cars, and over sixteen when I go to the movies."—Puck.

Crafty.—Old Gent—"Well, sonny, did you take your dog to the 'vet' next door to your house, as I suggested?"

Boy—"Yes, sir."

Old Gent—"And what did he say?"

Boy—"E said Towser was suffering from nerves, so Sis had better give up playin' the pianner."—Tit-Bits.

A Limb and the Law.—A case wherein the law got its pound of flesh—or rather of papier-mache—without seriously incommoding the prisoner at the bar is reported.

A lawyer was defending a burglar accused of housebreaking. "I submit, your honour," he concluded, "that my client did not break into the house at all. He found a window open, merely inserted his arm, and removed a few articles. Now, my client's arm is not himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole person for an offence committed by one of his limbs only."

"That argument," said the judge, gravely, "is well put. Following it out logically, I sentence the prisoner's arm to twelve months' imprisonment. He can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

Whereupon the prisoner smiled, and with his lawyer's aid unscrewed his cork arm, and, leaving it in the dock, walked out.

Far Enough.—"And before we were married you said you would be willing to die for me."

"I know it."

"And yet you refuse to beat the rugs!"

"Sure. Dying is my limit."—Houston Post.

Wisdom.—"Every man ought to save up enough to buy himself a good big farm," said the thrifty citizen.

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel; "and then do something else with the money."—Washington Star.

# BECK'S

Imported  
GERMAN  
LAGER

Brewed and Bottled in  
Bremen, Germany

**BECK'S LAGER**

has a much finer flavor than other  
so-called German Lagers.

For sale at all Hotels and  
Liquor Stores.

CANADIAN AGENTS:

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18 Front Street East  
TORONTO

*Na. Dru. Co  
Headache Wafers  
certainly do  
make short work  
of headaches.  
25¢ per box.*

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## Editor's Talk

**I**N this issue we have a sort of spring song melange of good-humored things, ranging from music to country life and baseball. At this time of year the concert hall begins to give place to the grandstand. People are keenly interested in gardens. The baseball season opens in Canada this week. The illustrated articles on baseball in this issue are written, not by sporting editors who often think mainly for other people, but by men who from either a natural love or criticism of the great game, merely think for themselves. The story, "Defying the Mounted Police," is melodramatic enough to be fiction. But it is a true story of present-day western life told by a newspaper man.

Owing to the congestion of news and feature material the lacrosse article mentioned last week must be held over until next week; in which issue also we shall publish a story by the lately deceased Canadian author, Robert Barr. "The Cousin from Canada" is written not only in the best fluent style of a most prolific author, but in the manner of one who while living most of his later life in England, retained a peculiarly humorous interpretation of Canadian life.



## Wise Motorists Choose "JAEGER" COATS

If you are a motorist you know the value of a good motor coat or ulster.

Jaeger Pure Wool Coats have the quality, the fit and the style that add so much to the comfort and pleasure of motoring.

There are so many Jaeger styles and effects that satisfaction is a foregone conclusion.

Our expert Analyst inspects all material used.

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And at Jaeger Agencies everywhere.



By Appointment

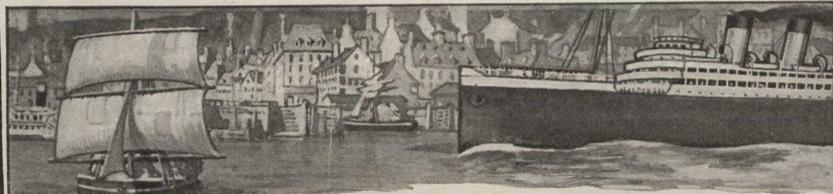
# WHITE HORSE

WHISKY

Has  
Great Age and Bouquet; is Heart Tonic,  
Digestive and Non-Gouty.

Ask Specially for WHITE HORSE.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers & Hotels.



## CANADIAN NORTHERN "ATLANTIC ROYALS"

St. Lawrence Route Montreal to Bristol

Here is an opportunity to see some of the most famous places of the Old World at a modest outlay. A health-bringing trip and a liberal education combined.

You take the "Royal Edward" at Montreal on July fifteenth for Bristol. Special arrangements have been made for the balance of the tour which includes a visit to London, Paris, Amsterdam, Brussels, Ostend, Antwerp, the Isle of Marken, Bruges and historic city of Ghent.

### Special—Rovers' Travel Club Tour

This is an especially good year to visit the ancient city of Ghent. On the date the party will reach that city, the Universal and International Exposition will be in full swing. It will be a great Exposition, with its Palaces of Art and Industry housing unique exhibits from all parts of the world. The slogan of this Exhibition is "A Thousand and One attractions Worth Crossing Half the Globe to See."

By all means ask or send for the illustrated booklet which contains the complete itinerary and gives the cost in detail. In it is described in chatty and informal style the various places to be visited with pic-

tured account of their most interesting features. Simply write your name and address on the coupon, and you will receive booklet by return mail.



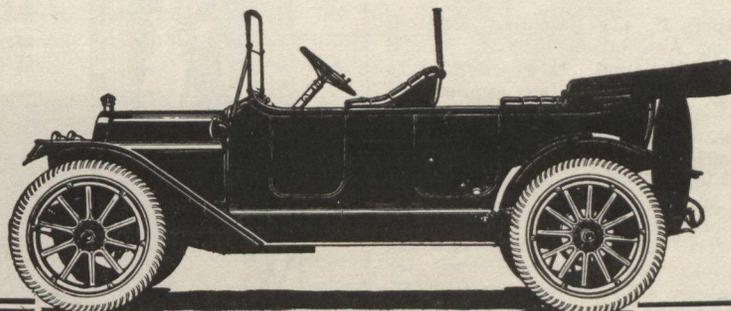
Apply to the nearest Steamship Agent or to any of these General Agencies of the Company: Toronto, Ont., 52 King Street East; Montreal, Que., 226-30 St. James Street; Winnipeg, Man., 254 Union Station; Halifax, N.S., 123 Hollis Street.

CANADIAN NORTHERN STEAMSHIPS, LIMITED

Please send me your Rovers Travel Club Booklet.

Name.....

Address.....  
C. C.



Russell-Knight "28" Touring Model - \$3250  
Russell-Knight "28" Roadster Model - \$3200  
Russell-Knight "28" Seven Passenger - \$3500  
F.O.B. West Toronto

## Authorities Everywhere Endorse The Russell-Knight Car

Men who know cars—men who have run them since "the early days" and who have made a careful comparison of the Russell-Knight with other high-grade cars are unanimous in their approval of its all-round superiority.

The design is later and will be standard, not only for 1913, but for 1914 as well. The Russell-Knight Engine is an advance upon even the Knight Engines in the European and United States licensees' cars. It is absolutely the "latest" Knight model, passed and approved by a corps of engineers second to none in the world. Russell-Knight Model "28" to-day is a proved success.

The body is of an entirely new design—not a part or accessory is visible upon it. It is a handsome body, designed to be comfortable and spacious.

The Russell Left Drive leaves all four doors available. The driver has a clear view in both directions before turning into passing traffic. The rear Windshield—a unique and exclusive Russell feature, is a great boon when winds are high or roads are dusty.

Demountable Rims and the Square Rim save many a roadside repair. The ample clearance and low centre of gravity make it the ideal car for Canadian road conditions. The Power Tire Pump eliminates all labor in re-inflating tires. Call on nearest branch or agent and see the car. Catalogue upon request.



Russell Motor Car  
Co., Limited

Head Office and Factory:  
West Toronto

Branches at Toronto,  
Hamilton, Montreal,  
Winnipeg, Calgary,  
Vancouver, Mel-  
bourne, Australia.

## Sport Topics

### The International League

MONTREAL is holding its professional-baseball-head rather high just now. It usually begins at the bottom of the ladder and returns to the bottom several times during the season. On the other hand, Toronto's head hangs low. It was only last September that the Toronto team won the pennant of the International League. Manager Kelley and President McCaffery were given the freedom of the city. To-day the city is threatening to take back this priceless privilege, for Toronto is at the bottom of the heap. Besides the Honourable Richard Rudolph says that he will pitch no more for Toronto, and apparently Dick means what he says—a somewhat uncommon quality among the highbrow players. Kelley says that he has a good team and that they will come fast when they have shaken off the hoodoo. Be that as it may, Montreal smiles pleasantly as the weary days go by. Baltimore and Newark are leading, with Buffalo, Providence, Montreal and Rochester bunched in the middle. Jersey City is a good second last. Benny Meyer, of last year's Toronto team, is now with Brooklyn. The Toronto fans will miss his merry jibes this season.

Mr. George Stallings, Manager of the Boston National League team, expects to get Pitcher Rudolph, but at latest reports the deal has not yet been closed.

In six years of professional ball with the Toronto team Rudolph won 120 and lost 70 games, an average of .642.

Al Mattern is pitching well for Montreal. Last spring he won eleven games before he fell into the common ruck.

Toronto and Montreal will have their first games on May 6th. It will be a great day for the local politicians and baseball fans of Canada's leading cities.

### Swimming Association

On April 27, the Canadian Amateur Swimming Association held its annual meeting in Montreal. It was decided to join the A.A.U. Halifax applied for the holding of six of the eleven championships.

The officers elected are: President, Chris. Golden; Vice-Presidents, W. O. H. Percy, Montreal; one from Toronto Canoe Club, one from Ottawa Club, one from British Columbia Canoe Club, one from Saskatchewan branch, and one from Halifax Club; Hon. Secretary, T. G. Norris; Treasurer, J. J. Nolan. Sanction Committee—Chris. Golden, M. J. McCarthy, and G. W. Ewer.

### Lawn Tennis

The Canadian Lawn Tennis Association has elected the following officers: President, A. C. McMaster, Toronto; Vice-President, A. D. Anderson, Montreal; Committee, L. A. Gastonguay, Halifax, N.S.; Malcolm McAvity, St. John, N.B.; Dr. J. A. Johnson, Quebec; R. P. Jellett, Montreal; H. Powell, Ottawa; R. A. Burns, J. A. Meldrum, G. T. Pepall and T. H. Hall, Toronto; John Allen, Halleybury; C. S. Reid, Winnipeg; Geo. Blandford, Regina; R. T. Holman, Calgary; R. B. Powell and H. G. Garrett, Victoria, B.C.; E. Cave-Brown-Cave, Vancouver.

The tournaments were awarded as follows:

Junior championship—On Dominion Day, at Toronto L. T. courts.

Ontario championships—On Aug. 11, at Toronto courts.

National championships—On Aug. 18, at Broadview "Y" courts.

The Toronto city championships will be played on the Rusholme courts about July 7.

A report was presented in connection with Canada's challenge for the Davis Cup. Mr. R. B. Powell, of Victoria, is already in England. Mr. H. G. Mayes, of Winnipeg, will be there by May 10. Mr. B. P. Schwengers and Capt. Foulkes leave this week. All of them will be in time for several weeks' practice in English tournaments before the tie with South Africa has to be played.

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The  
**CANADIAN  
 COURIER**  
*The National Weekly*



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No. 23

# Personalities and Problems

No. 27—Augustus Stephen Vogt

*A Canadian Music Master who by a Choral Business System Became Famous in the Music Centres of Europe*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

**D**R. A. S. VOGT, conductor of the famous Mendelssohn Choir, spent a year up till the end of March, 1913, "under fourteen flags" for the purpose of finding out what Europe could teach him in choral music. During his absence the Choir, which takes in a yearly revenue between \$25,000 and \$30,000, did nothing. His studio at the Toronto Conservatory of Music was occupied by other teachers. A week after he got back to Canada he was banqueted by members of the National Club. Near the end of a long, semi-confidential speech, the conductor—born in Canada of German parentage—described a most interesting rehearsal which he attended in Vienna, the great music hub of Europe. It was the Maennergesangverein. This is a club of singers containing a large number of prominent business and professional and political figures in Austria. At this rehearsal of Austrians high up in the social and financial and literary world of Europe, A. S. Vogt—asked if he could sing a bit—sat between the first lawyer and the leading poet of Austria, singing German chorales.

The long itinerary under fourteen flags from Finland to Milan and from Dublin to Vienna, seemed to reach a climax at this rehearsal. In imagination, members of the National Club could almost behold Sir Edmund Walker and Mr. J. W. Flavelle at the head table rehearsing in a Maennergesangverein.

Then in a few words the conductor brought his audience back to Canada. The vessel had called at Halifax. The ship's band played "God Save the King." Vogt went to the bandmaster and said:

"I notice that you have played nearly all the national airs of Europe on this trip. Can't you play—'O Canada!'"

Alas! the band had no scores of this piece.

"Then I'll make it my business to see that you get them with my compliments," said the maestro.

In New York, at the Metropolitan Opera House, A. S. Vogt heard again the Choral Symphony of Beethoven. He described the performance. "Gentlemen," he said, "as I listened to that great work I thought to myself, 'now if the Mendelssohn Choir could only sing the Choral Symphony in London and the Brahms Requiem in Berlin—'"

There was a murmur of assent at the head table. The conductor went on to say what such a trip of 225 choristers to Europe would mean in money; a total cost of \$75,000 and a certain loss even though the Choir should sing to capacity houses, of not less than \$30,000.

"You can get the money," broke out Mr. J. W. Flavelle, who is well known as a music fancier. He simply couldn't help it.

**T**HE President of the Bank of Commerce, who had proposed the toast of the guest—concurrent in this. He is the honorary president of the Choir.

"But even though we get the money," continued the astute "petit Napoleon" of choral music, "it would be useless without the co-operation of employers in letting the choristers go abroad for five weeks."

Whereat Mr. W. P. Gundy, President, rose and said he thought that members of the National Club could use their influence with employers for that purpose.

The point was carried. It is now morally certain that the Mendelssohn Choir—endorsed by the National Club—will go on a musical tour to Europe, not later than June, 1915.

Why should A. S. Vogt take the Mendelssohn Choir to Europe? What does this choir amount to as a national asset that prominent financiers should go into their pockets without solicitation to send 225 people junketing in the music centres of the Old World? Finally, what kind of man is this German-Canadian conductor who in the anniversary year and month of the Battle of Waterloo expects to take his choir on a five or six weeks' journey to England, France and Germany?

Probably to answer the last question would involve both the others. The Mendelssohn Choir is—A. S. Vogt. What it is he has made it. And he is like some other dominant notes in our national



The "Petit Napoleon" of Choral Music.

scale, the lucky beneficiary of circumstances. The old phrase about the stars in their courses fighting for Sisera has applied in this country to railway builders, manufacturers, financiers, politicians—and one choirmaster. To understand how A. S. Vogt has been in league with the stars one must retrace the story of how he was able to build up so remarkable an organization.

This goes back to boyhood days in the counties of Oxford and Waterloo. A. S. Vogt was the son of an organ-builder. This was a good start. At a very early age he became a baseball enthusiast on the village green; and he went about under his brother's management singing comical songs at concerts. While a lad of twelve, accustomed to the ivories from his father's workshop, he played a church organ in Elmira; afterwards in Berlin. While a youth of seventeen he packed up and went down to the New England Conservatory. This was the beginning of his high regard for the United States, where he has since become musically famous.

**S**TILL, under voting age he came back to Canada and took the organ of the First Methodist Church, in St. Thomas, Ont. This was his first serious charge. He made more of the organ than of the choir, however, and as yet had not discovered any tremendous possibilities in choral singing. After three years of this—saving his money—the young man decided to go to Germany. He was one of the first ambitious young Canadians ever seen in Leipsic.

It was during this three or four years in Germany that the Mendelssohn Choir was really born; mainly in the good old Kirche of St. Thomas, in Leipsic, where every Saturday afternoon the young man repaired to sit and shiver in a barn-cold church while the famous *a cappella* choir sang and rehearsed. And this marvelous unaccompanied music haunted him.

So he determined that when he got back to Canada he would have as good a church choir as that of St. Thomas. He was midway on the ocean when the choir committee of Jarvis St. Baptist Church engaged him as organist and choirmaster. He did not expect the post. When he landed he was simply pitchforked into it.

He was there but a Sunday or so when he started in to reform things. The congregation never would hold the last note on each line of the hymn "Abide With Me" the full four beats. Vogt determined to make them. For one service there was a mix-up. Then he got his way—as he usually does.

And he began to develop the art of unaccompanied singing, which under his index finger in Jarvis St. Church with the choir in a half moon all centring on his beat, gradually became a very beautiful and expressive musical service. Those were the good old days when people used to take more interest in church choirs and preachers than they do now.

At first Vogt went on the staff of the Toronto College of Music under Torrington, teaching both piano and organ. Here he stayed for a few years until Dr. Fisher, of the Toronto Conservatory, got him. About this time there was disbanded in Toronto a very select choral society, under W. E. Haslam. In 1894, with a number of these singers and his own church choir, Vogt decided—after talking the matter over with Billy Hewlett, a clever

organ pupil—to start a choir for the purpose of doing music without organ or piano or orchestral accompaniment. This was the beginning of the Mendelssohn Choir—so-called because it was the intention then to give every year at least one work of Mendelssohn.

The first concert was given in the winter of 1895, with a chorus of less than a hundred voices. They sang part songs and motettes and a thing or two of Mendelssohn; and the critics said that a new kind of conductor had come to town. Vogt's conducting was a bit odd; not altogether comfortable either; but it got results, when every one sang to the last ounce on a *fortissimo* and pared down a *pianissimo* to the last shudder of sound. Mainly mechanical expression; and Vogt knew it. He had not begun to interpret.

Three seasons with the aid of a visiting soloist each time the choir gave concerts, two in a season several months apart. And the concerts were popular. They were also cheap. Good old days; when for twenty-five cents in the top gallery one could hear the Mendelssohn Choir.

Then suddenly the choir broke up. Vogt was running an elective democracy that wanted its own way about some things; and that was absurd. He disbanded the choir which for two years did nothing. In 1899 he reorganized it; this time on a basis of running it to suit himself. He chose his own committee, which in turn elected the president and the other officers. And he got together a new choir, with most of the old singers back in the ranks.

Vogt had made a discovery; that he was able to command not only the loyalty but the eternal hard slave work of a large band of singers. These people were willing to come out two or three times a week and have their heads drilled off by this stocky little Napoleon from Waterloo. They enjoyed the music and the way it was done.

SO did the audiences. The Choir had already a tidy little bank account. In 1900 the management decided to branch out a bit. The Pittsburgh Orchestra, under Victor Herbert, was engaged at what then seemed to be a large cost; the first time any choral organization had ever done such a thing

—though many a time and oft had Torrington engaged Gilmore's band.

At the end of the two concerts for that year the Choir had still a small surplus—because the enthusiasm of the choir ran very high, and every chorister sold tickets—which they do to this day. The theory now was that at the end of each season the Choir was disbanded. Between April and September there was no choir; only a conductor, a committee and a surplus.

GRADUALLY the scheme extended. Three concerts were put on all in a row. The prices went up. The people continued to come. The Choir sang some pieces with orchestra, though they continued to make the bulk of the programmes unaccompanied music.

When Emil Paur succeeded Herbert in Pittsburgh the orchestra was re-engaged. Paur was highly popular. He helped to draw the crowds; and he became fascinated by this wonderful expressive choir that seemed able to do anything ever written and willing to do anything but oratorio. It was under Paur that the Choral Symphony of Beethoven was given—after a merciless gruelling of five months by A. S. Vogt. It was with Paur that the Choir went abroad, first to Buffalo and then to New York, where they played hob with the critics of Carnegie Hall. That began the trips abroad, which afterwards took in Chicago and Cleveland and New York again and Boston. But Paur was no longer with them. Stock and the Thomas Orchestra took his place. This was a more costly business; but still the choir now with five high-priced concerts all in a cycle, continued to pack Massey Hall and to pile up a surplus—except in the years when they went out of town.

The wonder grew, that when most people seemed to be too busy chasing money to do anything for anybody else for nothing, A. S. Vogt was able to keep together such a remarkable organization of singers spending five months every year on twice-a-week rehearsals without pay. It was as hard work as drilling in a symphony orchestra.

If a chorister missed a rehearsal he got a card reminding him of the fact. If he missed another he got a second card. Three—in a string—and he

got out; and in spite of a severe vocal test there were always about two singers waiting to take the place of every man and woman in the Choir. These people were simply aching for a chance to be drilled as rigidly as an English regiment.

Why?

It all depended on the man—and the circumstances. First of all Vogt gave every man and woman the sensation of doing a little better than the best that was in him. He went the limit in everything; in double *fortissimos* like the full battery of an orchestra; in *decrecendos* as hair-drawn as threads of silk; in *pianissimos* that were mere shudders of almost inaudible sound.

That was art. And it was beginning to be interpretation, a form of art which the Mendelssohn Choir learned after years of technical drilling.

Vogt had a system as thorough for choral music as the T. Eaton store is for selling goods and the C. P. R. for railroading. The machine worked perfectly. And there was always a little cool-headed man in the centre of it, who kept friction to a minimum.

HE avoided entanglements. If one singer complained of another—investigate it quietly; rearrange the seats; have a voice test; write a letter; use the telephone—but never create a scene at rehearsals.

The Choir was always exploiting new things, from every country on earth. When there was repetition the choristers were keener than anybody else to have it.

People came for hundreds of miles to hear the Mendelssohn Choir. Vogt usually let the choristers know about it. Appreciation.

When the Choir went out of town it was tonally and technically so near perfection that the critics of New York, Chicago and Boston actually became emotional. Still more appreciation; and a little of it went a long way.

Trips out of town were as well managed as a circus. The committee knocked off work to look after details. The power of a system.

There were always a lot of people waiting to get into the Choir. This made a place at a rehearsal. (Concluded on page 24.)

# The New Town Manager

A Novel Experiment in Civic Administration

By W. STEWART

TOWN management has been a trade. It is fast becoming an applied science. The strides gained by industry and commerce have wholly changed general methods of business. Contrasts between present systems of governing cities and towns and of managing private concerns have brought about a weakening of our faith in common councils. So commissions and boards of control have been set up for greater efficiency, but still many citizens are not satisfied with resting on these changes. Hence a new proposal that has a good idea at the root is meeting with growing favour. It is to run cities by a general manager.

The advantages of placing one man in absolute control of departmental heads in a private business are undisputed. Why should it not work out equally well for a city corporation? The principle obtains everywhere. No army could hope to gain the victory if it went into the field under the independent and separate command of major-generals. It must have a commander-in-chief. No ship could hope to weather Cape Horn if it sailed under the command of half a dozen mates of equal power and no captain. It must have an absolute chief officer. But cities try to do many separate duties under the guidance of as many officers who are free of the control of a higher officer and often grate on one another. Miles of pavements are laid down, new streets are opened, sometimes where they are not needed, sometimes where they have too long been necessary, sewers have been put down, water services have been furnished to thousands, parks have been opened or closed, public money has been spent (wisely or unwisely), markets have been too lavishly or too stintingly opened, and run; and no master mind has been in control to dovetail and proportion these activities. A single master in charge with good practical and theoretical knowledge of all these works would surely lay out the public money to greater advantage. He could smooth down rough and discordant elements and harmonize the conflicting views of subordinated chiefs of departments, he could study out the broad outlines

of general improvements, and leave to the under officials the working out of their details; he could lay down regular, definite, and artistic plans for the general growth of the city, he could avoid the upspringing of many undesirable and unwelcome features of the larger cities, as the upgrowth of slums; he could keep his finger on the throbbing pulse of affairs and be ready to prescribe for any ills that might threaten trouble. In short, he could run the town.

IT is a truism that many Canadian and American cities are managed on far less modern business principles than the big corporations. Why? Because the public has not kept abreast of the times like a few of its leading members and these members have as a rule kept aloof from public affairs. In the past ten years many industries have been modernized. But our town corporations have remained almost at a standstill. But progress in the running of private business will bring about progress in the running of public business. The advance has been arrested, not stifled. The older set of men who have aimed at guiding the public have been in a big measure the disciples of a group of doctrinaires who would have the people bow down before an old and nearly obsolete fetish. The cult of this idol preached in and out of season that the function of government was by right limited only to the preservation of contracts, life, and property, especially property. A curse was laid on him who had the community encroach on the landmarks of private individuals even if due compensation were given. Imprecations were called down upon the head of him who attempted stretching the prerogative of government so as to subordinate private interests to general interests. It remained for deep-thinking Germany to lead in throwing to the dogs these choice morsels of the Manchester school and to set up other principles to the managements of German towns. So wonderful has been

her works that town planning and re-modelling has spread into a big movement in the United States and has already gained an immense vogue in Great Britain in the form of garden cities. Germany foresaw a rapid growth of her towns after she created her protective tariff and she prepared to have these grow on healthy and comfortable lines, and conform to a standard of beauty. She wished to produce a great people and not merely a populace. England saw the need of this enterprise after the South African War to stop the trend of her city dwellers to degenerate. The German system has been only partially copied in England, though good Britons say that they have worked out a system of their own, but at least Germany has furnished a good model. In Germany the mayor is more or less a permanent official scientifically trained for his office. A school for the training of German mayors has been opened in Berlin.

At last this movement is gaining a foothold in Canada.

Westmount, Quebec, looked upon with pride by many of her residents as a grateful residential retreat in the engirdling wilderness of Montreal, has long striven to build up a pattern of an administration, and pained by having some flaws laid bare in her system in the course of a controversy, has just sailed on a new tack, and elected to have her affairs run by a general manager. This is a new turn in the manner of governing Canadian cities. Many towns which are now uneasy concerning the virtue of their own pilotage will be much interested in watching the progress reeled off under the new system. It is hoped that with a town manager much better fruits will be yielded than by the former modes of working.

As a veritable garden city, and as the home of many business and professional men, Westmount has long had a high esteem of the value of good city government. It relieved the people of a deal of worry, it made the town a more pleasant place of abode. So, spurred on by the clamorous and partly half-articulate strivings of her larger neighbour, Montreal, for a better running of business at

the City Hall, Westmount has been ever in the van at adopting expedients to better her administration. In her desire to beautify the town she has taken great pains in allowing only buildings of an approved type to be built, to have enough parks opened, to keep her streets, lanes, vacant lots, and public places spotless, and thus aimed in these respects to be the antithesis of Montreal.

A short time ago the city went to confession and owned to many desiderata. Departments, it was said, overlapped, public improvements could have been better carried out, things that ought to have been done were left undone, management by committees of aldermen was damned as loose and unbusinesslike. Said many in their haste, "There is no health in us." It was agreed that a city without a business manager was like Uncle Tom's Cabin without Uncle Tom, or a bank without a general manager. The aldermen or commissioners were the directors, but they had no man in control of the chiefs of departments. The aldermen discharged

the duties of both directors and general managers. Anyone who knows the fate of some late banks is aware that the directors can do but little with the actual management of banks and certainly would not try to do without the services of a general manager. They could readily foretell what the fate of the managerless bank would be.

As Westmount has discovered the best results in town improvement can come only from entrusting its entire direction to a properly trained man who is subjected to a minimum of hampering from the common council. But where can we find the properly trained general town manager? Specialists for the various departments of civic rule we can get, but a specialist of specialists, there's the rub. Many willing and hopeful young men, some with ideals, enter the service of town corporations full of zeal, but constancy goes often unrewarded, and zeal suppressed makes the heart faint. Promotion is often owing not so much to merit as to outside influences. A man who has worked through the

most important departments to the top is as rare as the remains of the mastodon. But to carry out progressive measures something more than the common experience in the city service is required. That official should know the best that has been done at home and abroad. I believe that the most effectual means of providing a supply of well-trained town administrators is to found a school or college for the purpose. The numerous towns that are springing up in the west would afford a constant demand for the services of such graduates.

Some such method of providing the best town officials who would fill their offices much better, if trained as if for a profession, seems imperative owing to the spread of the movement for public ownership of certain activities. Skilled experts to run these utilities may be had, but where can we find men capable of assuming ultimate charge of all these activities so as to make them properly fit in and work together—unless from the universities, whose scope should include more civic economics.

## Banks and Real Estate Values

WHATEVER bank managers think of skyrocketing values for real estate, it usually happens that the big banking office is not far from the area where values are the highest. Nobody ever heard of a big bank situated on cheap land. If the head office of a big bank were to be built on a cheap uptown corner—a year before letting the first contract, prices would begin to go up for all the land in that immediate area. And nobody ever heard of a bank manager objecting to it.

The southwest corner of King and Yonge Sts. in Toronto is a very good example of how banks and financial institutions boom land values without any effort on the part of the managers. The block of land along King St. between the C. P. R. skyscraper and the new Bank of Toronto on the west side of Bay is probably the most valuable area of that size in the British Empire outside of the British Isles. This happens to be at once the centre for financial institutions and traffic. It is the most congested corner in Toronto. There are times when the corner of Queen and Yonge is quite as busy—with shoppers. But the bulk of the traffic at the banking centre is of more immediate value in its effect upon the price of land. Not traffic alone, but financial institutions have made it so.

In that strip there are at present eleven banks, of which no less than six are head offices. In addition, the buildings along both sides of King Street, between Bay and Yonge, are full of financial concerns. The banker, stock-broker, trust company, insurance company, and real estate firm—between them occupy the richest strip of land in Canada. What Wall St. is to New York, Lombard St. to London, and St. James St. to Montreal, this King St. area is to Toronto.

Within the last few years, several banks have erected or planned to erect new buildings in this area involving a total expenditure of nearly seven million dollars. By far the most valuable properties there are the corners of King and Yonge Streets, and of these, the southwest corner comes first. For thirty-five years it has been the home of the Dominion Bank. Now, because of the demand for modernized, palatial bank buildings the wreckers are busy pulling down the old building to make room for a huge new block in which rental values per square foot can be made to correspond to land values. More space is to be taken in, and for that purpose the St. Charles restaurant at the corner of Yonge Street and Melinda, back of the corner property, has been bought, at a cost of \$585,000. In addition, a strip of nineteen feet on King Street west of the original site has been purchased, which runs back about eighty feet, halfway to Melinda St. The price was reported at \$15,000 per foot.

The new Dominion Bank, which will probably be completed during the latter part of 1914, will have a frontage on Yonge Street of 169 feet, and on King Street of 74 feet 9 inches. The estimated value of the whole property is \$1,125,000, and probably shows a greater appreciation than any other site in Toronto. The property has not changed hands so much as some in the immediate vicinity, but nevertheless the transactions in connection with it indicate the wonderful progress in values. In 1899, land in this area was worth about \$680 per foot. In 1903 it reached about \$3,000. By 1907 it had jumped to \$4,200. In 1910, \$6,500 per foot was paid, while in 1911, \$8,000 to \$11,000 was the prevailing price. To-day, \$13,000 and \$15,000 are regarded as the saleable values.



WHAT WOULD A GLASCIE BANKER THINK OF THIS?  
Demolition of a Classic Old Stone Building at the Busiest Corner in Canada to Make Room for a Skyscraper; Because High Land Values and High Ceilings Are Considered Poor Economy.



The Building on the Right Occupies a Small Piece of Ground at Charing Cross, Near the Mall Archway. It Comprises 40½ Square Feet with a Frontage of 69 Feet. It was Sold Recently by the London County Council to an Insurance Company for \$58,000. This Works Out at About Five Million an Acre, or \$125 per Square Foot.

# When the Line Broke

*A Frontier Man's Interpretation of "Coals of Fire"*

By H. A. CODY

Author of "The Frontiersman," "The Long Patrol," etc.  
Illustrated by Arthur Heming

**K**ASEN was the loneliest of all the emergency stations on the telegraph line of over twelve hundred miles between Ashcroft in British Columbia, and Dawson in the Yukon Territory. No man had ever remained there for any length of time. A year at the longest was enough to satisfy even the most inveterate hermit, who had a craving for "a lodge in some vast wilderness." In the summer, when an occasional steamer passed the door, and the days were long and bright, the life could be endured; but when winter settled in stern and fierce, the place was almost unbearable. And yet there was communication with the outside world, for the steady tick of the instrument in the office brought news from many distant parts. The operator could talk with his brother operators miles away, and that was something. But it was not a human voice; it was only the tick, tick, which had to be interpreted. There was no breathing, living personality in that; nothing to satisfy the longing of the heart for companionship.

Norman Thurdage believed that such a life would be all he desired. To get away from people who would not stare at him; to be in a place where he would not have to answer questions, and where he could forget the past. But as regards the latter he was mistaken. For now on this night, two days before Christmas, six months after he had taken charge of the office, his thoughts were by no means of an enviable nature. He had time to think, with no one to disturb his meditation.

How busy was the wire. What an incessant ticking was going on, and he could read everything, news of the world, messages of business, but principally Christmas greetings flashing along to cities thousands of miles away. There was no message for him. No one thought of the lone operator at Kasen.

How different it had been two years before. What a hustle there had been about his house; what loving greetings had been sent and received. He saw it all as he sat there; his cozy home, his family gathered around him, and the merry Christmas festivities. He heard again the shouts of joy of his little ones, and saw the smile upon his wife's face. Such a vision was pleasant, and it brought a thrill to his heart. But this was soon replaced by a cloud of darkness. He watched it as it rose, at first no bigger than a child's hand, and increasing in size until it had enshrouded his whole life like the darkest pall. He recalled the day he had walked from his ruined home with bowed head, uncertain steps, and the fire of wildest passion surging within his breast. He would seek the wretch who had brought such misfortune upon his head; he would find him no matter to what part of the world he had fled. And he had sought in vain, but he had not relinquished the quest. He needed money, and Kasen was a good place where he could save. In a year or two he would continue the search with more determination than ever.

**I**T was a wild night. Wind, mingled with snow, raced howling over the land. It beat against the little window; it swirled around the rude log station, and tried to force open the door. Yet through it all went on that incessant tick, tick, tick. The lone watcher listened as in a dream, for his thoughts were elsewhere. He did not try to read the messages now, for they were nothing to him, and the fond greetings which were hurtling on their way only caused him greater mental agony.

Ere long he was roused from his reverie. The ticking had ceased, and the raging of the elements was all the sound he heard. A fear of what had happened smote his heart. It was not unlikely with such a storm abroad. His fingers tapped the key, and then he waited. But no response did he receive. At once he realized the trouble—the line was down! Quickly grounding his wire he called up the station to the north of him. At once a reply

came ticking back that all was well there. Then to the south he called, fifty miles away, and waited. But no response was returned, nothing but a dead silence. The trouble was, therefore, to the south, and it was his duty to go until he found the break, or should meet the lineman who would be sent out from the emergency station next below Kasen.

Thurdage knew what such a journey would mean. The significance of "wire down" was well known to linemen and operators scattered along that desolate waste of over twelve hundred miles. Time and time again it had sent them forth to take their lives into their hands on brutal mountain sides, through driving storms, and in places where the nimble wild sheep could hardly maintain a foothold. "Wire down!" It was the one thought which now occupied Thurdage's mind as he began to make preparation for a start as soon as possible. Usually there were two men at Kasen, an operator and a lineman. But



"Kill me. One blow will do it!"

the latter had gone to the nearest town miles off, to bring back the Christmas mail.

At the first streak of dawn Thurdage was well on his way, speeding along the edge of the river on his slim, narrow snow-shoes. A little pack was strapped securely over his shoulders, containing blanket, provisions, and his small outfit needed for repairing the wire. In his hand he carried a rifle, for wolves had been prowling around of late, hungry and savage. The storm had ceased, but the wind still blew down the river with unabated force. Through the dim morning light he could see the wire, and not a foot of that filmy thread escaped his watchful eyes. It was quite light by the time he reached the place where the line edged away from the river, to lose itself in a heavy forest region, to dart out over a bleak stretch of wild meadow, then to wind up along a rugged mountain side, and at last to swing down again to the river, where stood the little shack, used by the linemen as a resting-place.

To follow the line through such a region was no light task. But it was just what Thurdage needed. It was better than sitting in that lonely office with maddening thoughts racing through his brain. It was action he wanted, something to battle against. He even enjoyed the struggle. A spirit of elation seized him, such as he had not known for months. Like a silent spectre he threaded the depths of that silent forest. Nothing living met his eye. No track of bird or animal appeared upon the newly-fallen snow.

Swish, swish, swish, sounded the snow-shoes as hour after hour he plodded forward. He traversed the forest; he sped over the wild meadow, and no break could he observe. And now the mountain reared itself above him, grim and forbidding. Along its side he had to make his precarious way. Up and up he moved, pausing now and then to take breath. It was only for a moment, however, and then up and on. The wind whirled the snow around his body, and raced screaming across the wire over his head. He was a mere speck crawling over that blinding, untrodden way. How he kept his footing on the narrow ledges he hardly knew. But keep it he did, and not once did his nerve forsake him.

**A**T length he reached the highest point where the wire hung, and then the descent to the river began. He was tired and hungry now and looked forward to the little cabin some distance ahead. He could pause there for rest and refreshment ere continuing his journey through the afternoon. Before another hour had passed he caught a glimpse of the broad, white stretch of river lying away to the right. His steps quickened, and hurrying forward he soon came opposite the spot where the cabin was situated, a few rods back from the shore. Presently he paused and stared straight before him. The line was down, and the pole which had stood close to the bank was lying upon the snow. It was not the broken wire which caused him such astonishment. It was the sight of the pole. It had not been broken by the force of the wind, but had been cut with an axe a few feet above the ground. He examined it carefully, and found that the wood was much haggled and not cut with the strong, decisive strokes of a skilled woodsman.

"An Indian must have done it," Thurdage remarked to himself, as he rose to his feet from his kneeling position. "The rascal must have been along here in the night. He can't be far away now; in the cabin, maybe. If I can catch him it won't be well for him. I shall connect the wires so the line can be used, and have a snack of food before doing more."

Saying which, he unfastened the pack from his back, opened it, and took out the necessary appliances used by linemen in repairing breaks. After considerable difficulty he brought the two ends of the wire close to each other. But before making the connection he paused for a brief space of time. It was a fascinating moment, and he was the master of an interesting situation. Only a few inches of air separated thousands of people to the north from communication with the great outside world. He knew how impatient so many must be. What questions were being hurled at worried operators as to when the line would be up. A few turns of the wrist and the work would be done. He was only a unit among the mass of humanity, but of what vital importance now as he knelt in the snow looking upon those two frosty, lifeless ends of wire. He would make the connection, the messages would flash as before, but few would ever care or know by whom the work had been done.

**W**HEN this task had been finished, he picked up his pack and moved slowly toward the cabin. Nearing the place he noticed that smoke was issuing from the stove-pipe stuck through the roof. It quickened his pulse and caused him to advance more warily.

"Ah, ah," he said to himself, "the chap has taken shelter in the shack, has he? It's a snug place out of the storm. No one would have disturbed him here for a long time had he not meddled with the wire. There may be more than one in that building, and I may have a difficult job ahead of me."

He was close to the cabin now, and paused to listen. Hearing nothing he cautiously opened the

door, and entered. A low growl greeted him, which stayed his steps. Looking quickly around he saw a dog backing away into a farther corner. A fire was burning low in the small stove. The dog's master was evidently not far away. Stepping forward he peered into one of the bunks which stood against the wall on the right. As he did so he started back with an exclamation of astonishment, for he saw not an Indian, as he had expected, but a gaunt, emaciated white man staring up at him—the very man who had wrecked his home! Then a thin, white hand reached out from under the one blanket, and tense fingers clawed the air.

"Help! help! for God's sake, help!" came the pitiful cry. "Whoever you are, do something to relieve this pain. My leg is broken; it got caught in that crack in the ice as I came ashore. I cut the telegraph pole, kneeling in the snow, and broke the wire. I will be punished, I know. But, oh, my God! haven't I suffered enough already? But say," and here he lifted up his head and looked keenly into Thurdage's face, "kill me. One blow will do it, and I will suffer no more pain of body or mind. I'm in hell now, and don't care what comes after death. The torments can't be worse than they've been here. Will you—"

HE paused, and his face became more ghastly than ever, and his eyes stared with a terrible light. He tried to rise, and his hands clutched together with the intensity of his feelings. "I know you!" he cried. "You have followed me here! You have come to torture me! Kill me, and end it forever!"

Thurdage stood for a minute gazing upon the agitated man before him, and then, without a word in reply, hurried out of the building. He wanted to be alone, to collect his thoughts, to think. He paced rapidly up and down before the cabin. "Kill him, kill him," kept ringing incessantly in his ears. Had he not been longing for such an opportunity for two years? Had he not brooded over it day and night? There would be no mercy, and not a chance of escape when once he got close to his mortal enemy. But he had not been prepared for

such a meeting as this. He had expected to find him as he had known him years before, prosperous, self-satisfied, and with that cynical sneer upon his face. But why should he kill him now? That would be no punishment, for the man wanted to die, had pleaded for death. He did not wish to be tortured. Thurdage desired to see him suffer more. He wanted to watch him writhe in agony of body and mind; to look for days into his face convulsed with pain, and to listen to his cries of distress. And then at last to deliver him into the hands of the law. He had deliberately cut the wire, stopped communication, and he well knew what that would mean. A sudden gleam of exultation shone in his eyes. Yes, he would do it. He would nourish him, keep him alive, and watch him on that long, terrible trail to the hospital. He would have his revenge. He himself would suffer in the undertaking, but oh, what satisfaction to see Forthrey, his enemy, enduring the tortures of the damned.

Re-entering the cabin, he replenished the fire, took some food from his pack, gave the injured man a drink of tea, and urged him to take a little bread and moose meat. By this time Thurdage had made friends with the dog. He also examined the harness, and the sled lying outside the door. It was mid-day now, and he was anxious to get away as quickly as possible before the lineman from the south arrived. He did not wish to answer questions, which he knew would be asked. He wanted to be alone with Forthrey.

It did not take him long to fasten the wire which had been broken to a fir tree standing near. It was impossible to erect another pole; that could only be done when the frost had left the ground. This accomplished, he made preparations for a speedy departure. Having packed up his few belongings, he harnessed the dog. Then going to the helpless man, he lifted him out of the bunk and carried him to the sled. The pain caused by the movement made Forthrey cry out with agony. He begged to be left alone to die there in the cabin. But Thurdage paid no heed to his pleadings. He laid him upon the sled, and wrapped the two blankets securely around his body. A small rope, which he found in the

shack, he fastened to the dog's traces near the back-saddle. This he threw over his own shoulders, and going ahead of the dog gave the word to "mush on." The noble animal seemed to realize how much was expected of him now. His long, lithe body straightened out with a sudden jerk, his head bent low to the ground, and his feet sank deep into the snow. When once started the sled ran more easily.

SLOWLY they moved toward the shore, then up that bleak, winding river. Thurdage knew how impossible it would be to return by the trail he had recently traversed. The river must serve as the only feasible route, though it was much longer. Here the snow was not so deep, and the snow-shoes broke the trail. But the sled, nevertheless, dragged hard, and slow was their progress. Hour after hour they plodded steadily forward. The sun skimmed low above the horizon, and soon disappeared as if frightened by the wild, desolate waste of snow, mountains and forests. The twilight faded and passed into darkness. It was cold, cruelly cold, and the man on the sled groaned, cursed, and at times yelled with despair. He begged Thurdage to stop, to turn back and kill him. But he pleaded in vain. The man, straining his shoulders to the rope, never once replied. His determined face looked straight ahead. He showed no signs of weariness. He seemed to be stimulated by the cries of agony which fell upon his ears. But when it was almost impossible to travel farther, he made for the shore, and prepared camp. By the blazing fire he laid the sufferer, upon some fir boughs he had spread upon the snow. He fed him, and watched by his side through the long, weird hours of the night. Forthrey slept much of the time, but his slumber was a restless one, and often he would cry out in terror or in pain.

The next day the telegraph station was reached. Here the night was spent, and with a new supply of provisions, and a wolf-skin robe for Forthrey, Thurdage set out on his long, terrible journey through the wilderness to reach the hospital. For days man and dog crept over that execrable river

(Concluded on page 23.)

# Why Alberta Went Liberal

## *A Review of Some Considerations Entering Into the Recent Provincial Election*

By MORLEY MANNERS

TO the most casual observer, the fact that in the recent provincial election in Alberta the cities went Conservative while the rural constituencies remained Liberal, must suggest occasion for inquiry into conditions which led to this political cleavage.

The four cities of Alberta are, in the order of population, Calgary, Edmonton, Lethbridge, and Medicine Hat. Wetaskiwin enjoys a city charter, but numerically it ranks as a town. And these four cities are now all counted in the Conservative column; indeed, they furnish half of the entire provincial Opposition in the new House.

Little explanation is needed of the attitude of Calgary. Ever since the claims of that city to being created capital of the province were ignored by a Liberal administration in the days of the autonomy legislation Calgary has wasted little sympathy on things Liberal. If she has commercially outstripped her northern rival she feels that she has done so not because of, but in spite of, government influence, both in Alberta and at Ottawa. In the last Dominion election, by an overwhelming majority, she sent the only Conservative representative from Alberta to Ottawa in the person of Mr. R. B. Bennett; and in the campaign just ended, although the Liberal candidates, in personality and ability, were quite the equal of their opponents, in two cases out of three they contributed their deposits to the provincial treasury.

Lethbridge, also, has preferred to remain Conservative, and Medicine Hat, although honoured by representation in the Sifton Cabinet, went over to the Opposition. While, as in the case of Calgary, local influences no doubt contributed to the total result, there can be no question that there is a very general feeling among the cities of Southern Alberta that they are getting somewhat less than their share of the development of the province so far as it is directed by the legislature at Edmonton. Southern Alberta has many millions of acres of arable lands which have not as yet come under settlement, and yet which may reasonably be claimed to be quite as desirable for agricultural purposes as anything to be found elsewhere in the province. And the wisdom, as well as the purpose, of the

Government is questioned in its eagerness to afford railway facilities to vast areas in the far north, while so much desirable territory in the south is allowed to lie idle for lack of transportation. It is argued that it would be better business and better nation-building to settle the available part of the province reasonably well before undertaking the expensive task of opening to settlement vast areas which the needs of immigration do not yet demand.

The passage of Edmonton from Liberal to Conservative influence is another story. The capital city, the once unquestioned preserve of the Liberalism of the Honourable Frank Oliver, will be represented in the new legislature by two Conservatives and one Liberal. This result may be said to be due to internal causes within the Liberal party at Edmonton rather than to outside issues.

But whatever the explanation, the fact is that the four cities have elected seven Conservatives and one Liberal. And yet the Sifton administration in the new legislature will have probably forty members to the Opposition's sixteen—a majority almost as great as it enjoyed before the election. It is apparent, therefore, that the considerations which moved the city voter did not appeal to the farmer, and vice versa.

WHY did the rural constituencies go almost solidly Liberal in this election? The first and biggest answer is in one word—Reciprocity. It is true that reciprocity is a Dominion matter, and the Conservative press and platform were most careful to explain that it had no connection with present issues; but the farmers of Alberta looked back at Saskatchewan, and at the more recent bye-election in Macdonald, and they concluded that if they elected a Conservative government in Alberta that fact would be quoted in Eastern Canada as an indication that the Western enthusiasm for wider markets was on the wane. And the farmer of the West to-day is more desperately in earnest in tariff matters than he was in 1911; because while then he hoped to gain something, now he fears he will lose

even that which he already has.

There is a second answer, which will be even less readily understood in the East, and it is—Bennett. The name is one to conjure with politically in Calgary, but in the rural ridings it becomes a millstone about the neck of the candidate. Mr. Bennett was recently associated with a reorganization of elevator interests in Alberta, and, rightly or wrongly, the organization is now dubbed a "merger." Now the farmers regard the elevator interests as their natural and irreconcilable enemy. This state of mind is by no means peculiar to the farmers of Alberta; it applies equally to Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and in all three provinces it is so pronounced that the governments have taken cognizance of it. In Manitoba government elevators were established; in Saskatchewan a system of co-operation between the government and the farmers was adopted; and in Alberta, at the last session of the Sifton administration, before appealing to the people legislation was passed to provide for the financing of elevators to be built or acquired by the farmers. When the election was announced Mr. Bennett came post haste from Ottawa to engage in the fray, and it required nothing more than a newspaper cartoon to picture him as the embodiment of the Elevator Trust engaged in a death struggle with a government which dared to provide for the relief of the farmer.

Then there was the farm implement legislation. Most of the agricultural implements used in the Prairie Provinces are bought on credit, and the machinery companies hold millions of dollars in farmers' notes. Credit of this kind is easy, but the implement firms have a habit of requiring the farmer to sign an agreement, printed in small type and worded in ambiguous phraseology, which the farmer does not read and would not understand if he did. Suffice to say that this innocent-looking small type places every advantage in the hands of the machine companies that their lawyers can think of or their experience can suggest. It was held that these agreements gave the companies undue power over the farmers, and legislation was passed which provided that no matter what a farmer might sign it should not be binding upon him unless a judge

held it to be "reasonable." The Liberals contended that this was the most radical legislation in Canada for the protection of the farmer from corporation lawyers, and yet they held that the judges could be trusted to do the machine companies justice. The Opposition seemed undecided whether to approve or oppose the measure, but it added materially to the sum total of Liberal votes.

What about the Alberta and Great Waterways bungle? It is doubtful if that unfortunate matter reversed a single constituency. The people of Alberta are more interested in the problems of the future than the mistakes of the past.

And lest the Eastern reader, who always has a certain bugaboo convenient for such occasions, be led to attribute the result to the "American" vote, let him be reassured by the knowledge that the

cities of Calgary, Lethbridge and Medicine Hat, which are largely peopled with ex-Americans, are all found in the Conservative column. Strictly speaking, there is no American vote. No foreign-born citizen votes in a provincial contest in Alberta until he has sworn allegiance to King George, and the day he does that he becomes a Canadian, and in many cases as good a Canadian as any reader of these lines. Whatever may be true of arrivals of a few months' standing I have found no pro-Americanism in our naturalized citizens. On political issues they divide much as do native Canadians, particularly on matters of tariff; the city-dweller, with a picture of great industrial centres in his mind, favours protection, while the farmer reads of the price of oats in the United States and votes for reciprocity.

If the Provincial or the Federal Government grid-ironed each province with national highways, the municipalities would still have room enough to do their mean-spirited muddling in the local cross-roads and minor "concessions."

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IN the same way, I should like to see the great and important guild of school-teachers added to the civil service. Then they would get decent salaries. Each community, instead of striving to see how little it could pay and still look itself in the face—and it is marvelous how much can be accomplished in this way by constant practice—would be eager to boast that it had the highest-priced teaching staff in that section of the country. Why shouldn't it have the best? The money didn't come out of the local pocket. It would actually lose money when it hired a cheap teacher—or when it permitted the pundits at Ottawa or the Provincial Capital to put it off with one of the less costly variety. Wouldn't it be fine to see the school boards agitating for high salaries for the young men and women who are entrusted with nothing more important than the mental creation of your children? If they had to feed the pigs now, it would be different. Pigs lose value when carelessly fed.

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ANOTHER job I would like to see turned over to the indirect taxers is the making of city parks. There is a place in which lavish expenditure would be the truest economy. And we should get lavish expenditure if these parks were bought and ornamented with "found money." A number of other things will doubtless occur to you which should be done by this system of fooling the people into the belief that they are not paying for them. Here is a little game of illusion which should be played to the limit. Instead of grumbling because people are careless about the "wasting" of indirect taxes, we should take advantage of it as newly-found gold-mine, and so outwit our natural and universal meanness.

THE MONOCLE MAN.

## Once More the Band

FROM now until the middle of September the band occupies the musical stage. Canada has several hundred bands. No doubt every band is a good one. No doubt that the band at A B C is better than the band at X Y Z. All depends on whether a man from A B C or one from X Y Z does the judging.

Certainly the bands in many of our smaller cities and towns are much better according to the chance they have than big city bands. There must be a good reason. Is it better players, better bandmasters or better support from the public? It may be a little of each. It never would do for the hoomperhorn player in a village band to play too badly out of tune, or he would become unpopular with his best girl, who is sure to be somewhere on the green. And there are always critics enough round the village bandstand to keep all the players up to the standard, and the bandmaster is probably too busy playing the cornet to take much notice of anybody but the drummer. In the big city crowd among the peanut stands nobody cares much about who's who in the big band in the centre. As long as there's ragtime enough to get the good music "across" everybody is satisfied. People who can't afford to pay high prices to hear symphony orchestras during the winter season, can't afford to be critical about the band when they hear it for nothing. Years ago the band crowd in the park used to be the same average crowd that went to concerts in the city. Now it's different.



## Through A Monocle

### How to Beat Our Meanness

A CURIOUS "kink" in human nature is revealed by our different attitudes toward the expenditure of public money when that money is collected by direct or by indirect taxation. The very same people who will be as mean as misers in spending money on hiring school teachers, for example, will be as lavish as spend-thrifts in urging the expenditure of money on federal public works. Why? Not because they think that it is more important to have a mansard-roof on their post office than a polished mental top-piece on their "young hopeful." Not a bit of it. They know that education means more to them, personally and as a family, than a striking building on the Main Street. But they also know that any money which is spent in paying the "school-ma'am" comes right out of their own pockets; while the money which builds a post office falls from heaven and is so much "clear gain" to the town. Economists can talk until they are black in the face; but they will never convince the average citizen that he pays the indirect taxes just as surely as he pays the direct—and that he pays ten times as much for the collection of the former as for that of the latter.

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THAT is a little weakness of ours. And it always seems to me that we should recognize it and take advantage of it, instead of trying to cure it. We don't waste time trying to "cure" the force of gravitation—we simply harness it for our service. So, having found out that our people will pay any amount of taxation, indirectly, but will not pay a penny more than they can help, directly, why should we not arrange to have all really important public services performed at the cost of indirect taxation? Take this question of "good roads." We all know the kind of roads that the farmers will pay for themselves. I do not know to what extent they still work out their road-tax by "statute labour"; but they did a lot of it when I was a boy. And it was valuable road-making, I don't think. The consequence of this local control of road-making, however, is that Canada has about the worst country roads in the civilized world. Her farmers lose more in ruined vehicles, worn-out horses and arti-

ficial "distance" from the market, than would pay for the finest highways many times over. And they will continue to do so, exactly as long as the cost of road-making rests upon the local rates.

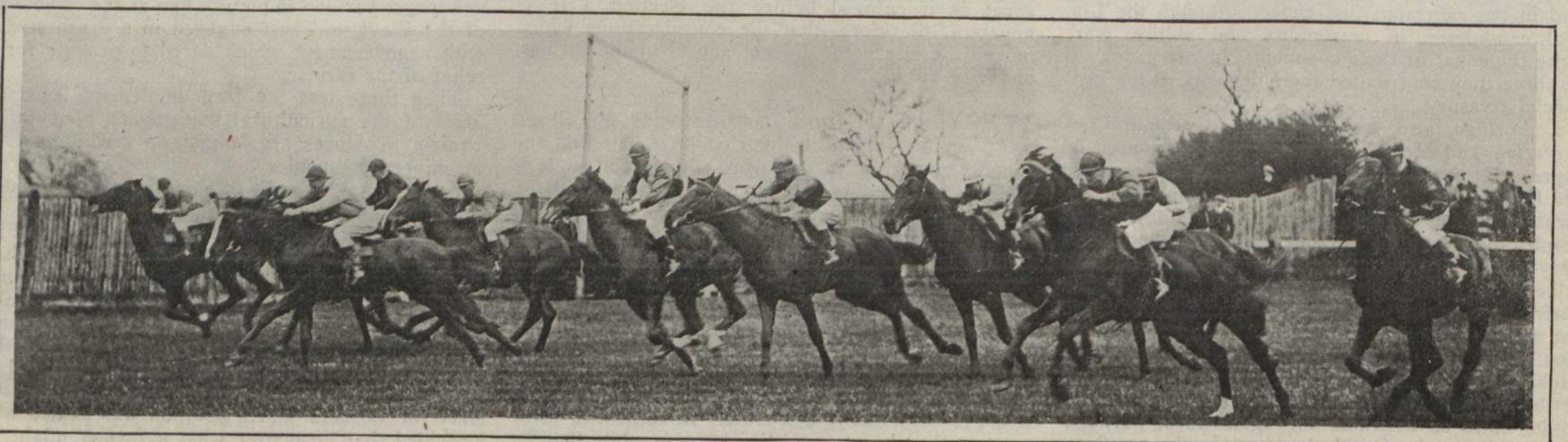
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BUT what a difference we should see if the Federal Government made the roads. Federal and Provincial Governments are now trying to do something by way of assistance and advice. But this is no more than a beginning. The local bodies must still go down into their own pockets and contribute a good deal; and it hurts them like sin to vote a red cent. We get something, of course, from the stirring up by the provincial officials and the proffered contribution of outside money; but the drag of local parsimony is still a fatal hindrance to the real and speedy "civilization" of our country highways. What is wanted is that a thorough road should be built exactly as a post office is built. If the Federal Government said to a town—"We will contribute so much toward a post office in your burg, provided you contribute so much more, and we will send you an architect to tell you how to build it," there would be some very dubious rejoicings over new post offices throughout the country—and much fewer and much worse post office buildings. But when a post office comes as "a gift from the gods," why, then, it cannot be too good and cannot visit too many municipalities.

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IN France, the Federal Government builds the national highways, and keeps them up. The consequence is that they are worth more to the country than the railways. They march across the land, straight and smooth and hard, cutting through the hills and bridging the valleys—and always in order. An army of men live beside them, like the track-men of an English railway, and patch the first appearance of a flaw in their perfect surfaces. They are real engineering feats; and their value to the various rural producers of France is beyond measurement. Covering the whole country, in proportion to population, and paid for out of the national revenues, they are equitably distributed among the people who are taxed for them—but the people do not know that they are taxed, that is all. Why shouldn't we do the same thing in Canada?

## AGAIN COME THE OPENING DAYS OF THE SPORT OF KINGS



"They're Off!"—the Start of the Westminster Plate at Epsom, England, April 22.

# Defying the Mounted Police

White Maniac Who Repeated the Exploits of the Last Bad Indian, Almighty Voice

By FRANCIS J. DICKIE

**A** SUPPOSEDLY insane homesteader named Fonberg for three days was the central figure in a drama which for sensational features is unequalled in the magnetic history of Western Canada. Before the man, badly wounded, was finally captured, he caused the death of Detective Bailey, a plain clothes mounted policeman connected with the Edmonton detachment, and the wounding of two other officers of the force.

Obsessed with the idea that their shack stands on the site of a valuable silver mine, the Fonberg brothers converted the building into a miniature fortress. Built into a hillside, and loopholed like a Hudson Bay post of old and filled with high-powered rifles and a large stock of ammunition, the building overlooked and commanded a sweeping view of the whole valley. And here these two men lived for almost two years allowing no one to approach them. For the past six months they have been the terror of Ross Creek country, a territory lying in central Alberta near to Grassy Lake and about 20 miles due north from the town of Tofield on the main line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway thirty miles east of Edmonton.

On Sunday, April 20th, a Ruthenian homesteader named Antonik was fired upon when he passed near to the home of the Fonbergs. He next day reported the matter to Officer Tetley, in charge of the post at Tofield.

On Tuesday, April 22nd, Tetley, armed with a warrant for the apprehension of the two Fonbergs on a charge of suspected insanity went out to the Ross Creek homestead, but on approaching the place was greeted with a volley of shots. Seeing the uselessness of single-handed attacking two adversaries so powerfully entrenched, he returned to Tofield and wired to Commissioner Cuthbert, at the district headquarters, Edmonton. Detective Max Bailey, an old member of the force, and Officers Stead and Whitley were despatched to the scene by the Commissioner.

Joining Tetley at Tofield the four men made their way back to the Fonbergs' stronghold, arriving late in the afternoon of April 23rd. Approaching the dugout from over the ridge to within parleying distance the police demanded the surrender of the inmates. From within the shack a voice ordered them away.

Crawling down the sidehill the Mounted Police attempted to fire the shack by rolling bales of burning hay upon the roof and then deploying to the left the four officers spread out and rushed the place.

Dashing across the open space Detective Bailey reached safely to within fifteen feet of the door when one of the hail of bullets which poured from the hut struck him in the mouth, killing him instantly. Whitley, seeing his companion fall, turned from his rush on the shack and picked his fallen brother officer in his arms, not then knowing whether life was extinct. A second later a bullet plowed through his thigh, bringing him to the ground. Wounded and still under fire in the open as he was, Whitley still attempted to lift the fallen man, but was unable to carry the body to the shelter of the nearby scrub. The two other officers, Stead and Tetley, gaining the protection of the scrub, carried Whitley to the rig in which they had come and the driver started off across twenty miles of rough prairie roads to the town of Tofield, while the other two men remained crouched in the scrub to guard against the escape of the inmates of the shack.

**W**HEN the wounded man arrived in Tofield wires were sent to Edmonton and the Mounted Police Barracks at Fort Saskatchewan for more men and four officers the same night left the Fort and were followed by a reinforcement of four officers from the district headquarters at Edmonton.

In the meantime back in the lonely ravine of Ross Creek the two Mounted Police, under cover of the gathering darkness crept up and recovered the body of Bailey and dragged it out of fire range. Not a sound had issued from the hut since the encounter of the late afternoon, and, gaining courage, the two men rushed the shack, reached the door and burst in only to find the place deserted and empty. In spite of the fact that neither of them had taken his eyes off the place the quarry had escaped into the night. A short time later, reinforced by nine more of the Mounted Police and a specially sworn-in posse of citizens from Tofield a thorough search

of the surrounding country was made but without avail.

Meanwhile, through the wide publicity given the case, it came to light through the manager of the Anderson brickyard, in Edmonton, that Swan Fonberg, one of the owners of the Ross Creek ranch, was working for him, and that the fight given the police in the shack had been the work of only one man, Oscar Fonberg. What gave rise to the belief that two men were in the dugout was the rapid and perfect hail of bullets which greeted the first rush of the Mounted Police. Swan Fonberg, an ignorant and evidently half-witted person, was kept under surveillance by the police and no word of the battle allowed to reach him.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of April 25th, Mike Rechic, a Russian homesteader, living three miles from the Fonbergs' shack, was awakened by a feeble knocking at his door. He rose and was startled as he saw the shadow of a man in the gloom of the half-opened doorway and the next minute heard the newcomer fall.

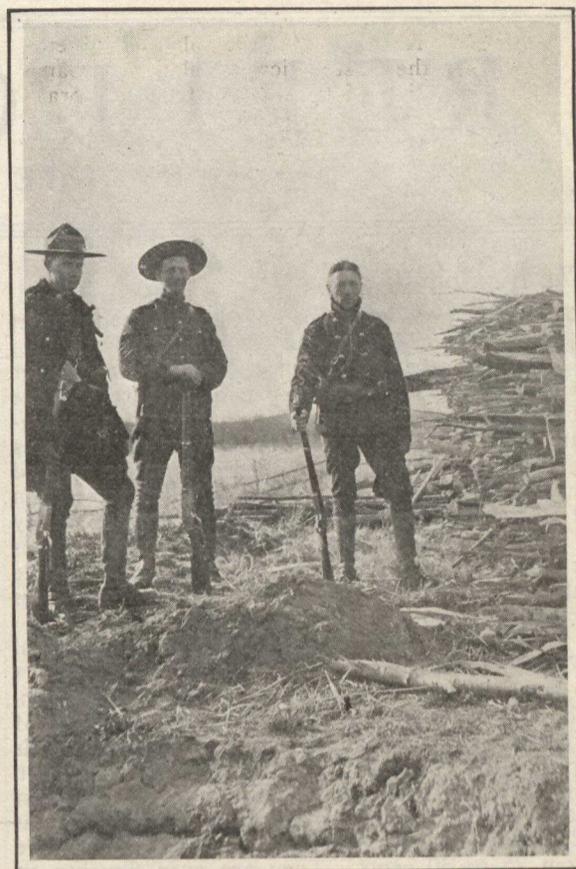
His clothes, tattered and torn, leaving one knee entirely bare from a long crawl through rough underbrush, Fonberg lay utterly exhausted at the door of the Russian homesteader's shack. One arm had been smashed with a bullet from the attacking party, and another had penetrated underneath his left armpit, passing clear through the outer wall of the chest. Yet badly wounded as he had been and with the blood flowing fast from two bullet wounds, the man had crept through a cordon of armed men, some of whom at one time or another must have been within a few yards of him, showing him to be a master hand in the art of wood craft. And even hurt as he was he dragged his rifle with him.

**A**LL unknowing of the great fight which had taken place so close to him the Russian, Rechic, took the man in and revived him with brandy and roughly dressed the wounds. Fonberg quickly recovered some of his almost spent strength and requested to be driven to Chipman, a small way-station on the Canadian Northern Railway about forty miles across country from Tofield and fifteen miles from the scene of the fight. Fonberg paid the man five dollars and in the early dawn they started out in a team-drawn buggy.

They were jogging along within three miles of Chipman when they were met by Constable McPhail, of the R. N. W. M. P., and a newspaper man from the staff of the Edmonton *Bulletin*, who were on their way to join the searching posse. The boy who was driving the Mounted Policeman and the newspaperman recognized Fonberg as the two rigs approached each other.

Slouched far down in the seat and almost unconscious the outlaw who a short few hours ago had given battle to a whole squad of police was no longer terrible. His rifle, which he had carried painfully across the miles of prairie before he reached the Russian's shack, had been left behind there and he was easily taken by McPhail and his companion, and the rigs returned to Chipman.

Lying on a cot in the rotunda of the Chipman Hotel, Oscar Fonberg, the murderer of Detective



Left to Right: Bates, Stead, Parker. Stead is Standing Where Fonberg Stood When He Shot Bailey and Whitley.

Bailey and the terror of the district for many months, gave little the appearance of a man who has created probably the most exciting scene that has marked the history of the Mounted Police in western Alberta in the many years since the passing of the oldtime whiskey runners and cattle thieves. Lying there, his long, unkempt, light-brown hair falling over a full forehead, he was the cynosure of all eyes and all the villagers kept crowding in to look at the man who had made such a desperate fight. Except for his small, stubby nose, which is altogether out of proportion with the rest of his massive features, the man had not an unpleasing appearance and looked anything the part of a figure which in a small way stood out for a few short days almost as commandingly as the famous Harry Tracy in his record-breaking long distance run from the posses of a score of counties.

Fonberg was later removed to the Barracks at Fort Saskatchewan and will within the next few weeks come up for trial on the charge of the murder of Detective Bailey.

Not since Almighty Voice made his sensational stand in a poplar bluff near Prince Albert against a whole posse of Mounted Police, has there been such a melodrama as this of the man in the shack near Tofield, Alberta. Almighty Voice was dead when they found him after shelling the bluff with a machine gun. Fonberg the maniac escaped with his life. And among all the weird outlaw characters that have made Fort Saskatchewan one of the most interesting of all police posts, Fonberg is surely one of the strongest. He is the victim of a single fixed idea, such as helped to make a "lonely" of many a man that lost his reason in the solitude and had to be taken in tow by the police.

## HOW A FEDERAL INCOME TAX AFFECTS THE U. S. PLUTOCRATS



John D. Rockefeller. \$1,998,260. William Rockefeller. \$798,260. Andrew Carnegie. \$598,260. Henry C. Frick. \$198,260. Henry Phipps. \$198,260. George F. Baker. \$198,260.

THESE SIX MEN WILL PAY AN ESTIMATED TAX OF \$4,000,000 ANNUALLY.

The New York Tribune, from Which These Estimates Are Taken, Places W. W. Astor's Tax at \$138,260, Mrs. Hetty Green's at \$118,260, and W. K. Vanderbilt's at \$98,260. The J. P. Morgan and Marshall Field Estates, it is Estimated, Will Pay Taxes of Over a Quarter of a Million Each.

# REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

## The Wanton West

HERE were days when Western Canada might be reasonably termed the Wanton West. The public despised "coppers" and used silver coins only. The Westerner had neither the time nor the inclination to wait for change out of a five-cent piece. All his expenditures were on the same basis. If he thought he needed a farm he insisted on having a couple of sections. A quarter-section of 160 acres was a mere trifle—quite unfit to satisfy a real Western farmer. When he bought clothes or other necessities of life he displayed the same utter disregard for low-priced goods. Money was not gathered to be saved, but only to be spent.

To-day the Wanton West has become the Frugal West. The citizens are establishing public markets to break down the huge profits of the grocery man. The departmental store has cut down the rate of profit formerly demanded by the retail dry goods firms. The "copper" is no longer despised. On the opening of the public market at Brandon last week, the newspapers boast that eggs were sold at 22½ cents a dozen, while the grocery store asked from 25 to 30 cents. They are even figuring on the half-cents, if the Brandon correspondent of the *Winnipeg Telegram* is to be believed. Butter sold at 25 cents, while the grocery stores were charging 35 and 40 cents.

It is about time that the Wanton West became the Frugal West. The days of big profits and thoughtless extravagance in the West are nearly over. During the past few weeks several large Eastern houses have withdrawn their travellers from the West. They will not sell any more goods there, until times improve. Frugality alone can improve Western conditions.

The West has a great future—and that future was never more assured. But champagne as a beverage is being replaced by beer, and luxuries of all kinds are not moving so rapidly. It is an excellent sign. If frugality wins the day, Western progress will be even more rapid and satisfactory in the future than in the past.

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## The Price of Wheat

WESTERN anti-reciprocity papers are deriving much pleasure from a quotation from the financial page of the *Toronto Globe* of April 24, to the effect that "Except for some weeks in December last, cash and future prices in the United States markets have been below Winnipeg." While May wheat was selling at 93½ in Winnipeg, it was quoted at 88½ at Minneapolis and 86½ at Kansas City. The *Globe* further stated that the United States has a big surplus of old wheat and a bumper crop in sight.

This eternal question as to whether Canada would be benefitted by the free admission of wheat into the United States is still interesting. The anti-reciprocity papers deny that it would be of any value, as the United States will continue for years to be a heavy exporter. They argue that if Canadian wheat went into the United States, it would simply add to the exports of that country. The reciprocity advocates, on the other hand, state that there would be quicker marketing, because Western Canada would have two markets and two outlets instead of one.

On the whole, it must be admitted that there are good arguments on both sides. The arguments against reciprocity are, however, gaining in strength. The opening of the Grand Trunk Pacific and the double-tracking of the Canadian Pacific have done much to improve prices at Winnipeg and to increase shipping and storage facilities. When the Canadian Northern is linked up next year, Winnipeg will advance still further as a wheat market. The building of interior storage elevators, which the government has apparently decided upon, will greatly assist.

Indeed, it would seem as if the worst is over and that Canada is better able to-day to handle her own grain crop than at any time in her history. The railways may not be working against reciprocity, but their tremendous efforts to build new lines and new elevators are certainly lessening the value of free entry for Canadian wheat into the United States. But the turning of a quarter of a billion bushels of wheat into cash within a period of four

months will continue to be a pressing problem for many years to come.

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## The Case of Mr. Hanna

ONTARIO has been slightly disturbed by a political quarrel which has grown out of proportion to the real merits of the case. As predicted last week, all the evidence went to show that the Opposition made a great mistake when they connected Sir James Whitney's name with the case. This unwise move alienated a deal of sympathy which otherwise might have been extended to the plaintiffs in this political controversy. Sir James comes off scot free, his reputation for honesty fully vindicated.

As for the Hon. Mr. Hanna, it has been admitted that he accepted a \$500 contribution from a government contractor and used it for campaign purposes. Technically, this was wrong, although it has been customary to allow cabinet ministers to do such work in moderation. When the case was in progress before the Privileges and Election Committee the Conservative majority blocked the inquiry along certain lines and thus made the situation worse. The conduct of Chairman G. Howard Ferguson and of Mr. Wallace Nesbitt, leading counsel for the accused ministers, was not what one would reasonably expect from two distinguished graduates of the University of Toronto and of Osgoode Hall.

As for Mr. Hanna himself, we believe he has suffered at the hands of his friends. He committed a technical error and he should have paid the penalty at once and without hesitation. That he is personally honest, everyone believes. That he has been the most progressive administrator in the Whitney Government, everyone agrees. Under these circumstances, he was badly served when his friends stifled investigation. Mr. Hanna is too big and too magnificent a figure in the public life of Ontario to require any such protection.

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## The Haughty Spirit

POLITICIANS and people should learn anew the lessons which are plainly taught by this political episode in Ontario. No government should be allowed to grow so strong that its supporters in the House come to consider themselves heaven-born rulers. The Conservative members of the Legislature have donned the feathers formerly worn by the Liberals under Mowat, Hardy and Ross. They strut about like vain peacocks and look with contempt upon the Liberal representatives. This is as dangerous to the Conservative party as it is foolish. Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.

Again, every party which is building for permanent success should keep its campaign funds in the hands of a known committee of men who are outside the House itself. This is the practice in both Great Britain and the United States. The less a member of parliament is obligated to the friends of the party, the stronger will he be as a legislator. As for cabinet ministers, they should be absolutely free from the work of collecting or distributing campaign funds. The minister who collects campaign money cannot keep his oath of office as it should be kept. That it is the general practice for some member of Canadian cabinets to superintend campaign funds is no excuse. The general practice is wrong and should be changed. If it is not abandoned voluntarily, it will be necessary for the people to force the enactment of laws which will prevent such a possibility.

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## China's Appeal

DR. SUN YAT SEN, lately provisional President of China, has made an appeal to the five Christian nations to withhold the loan of \$125,000,000 to the Chinese Government, because he fears that the money will be used to oppress the people. The appeal should not fall on deaf ears. To the eternal credit of the United States, let it be remembered that President Wilson has withdrawn from the arrangement. He saw the dangers and denounced the financial cupidity which created the situation. That five other Christian governments should back a Christian financial gang in its

aim to force an unnecessary loan on China for the sake of the profit in such a transaction is almost staggering. Yet such is the fact. It is not too late to withdraw, and the British Government should follow President Wilson's lead.

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## Anglo-Saxon Peace and Slav War

LOD WEARDALE and other representatives from Great Britain and Canada are conferring with the United States representatives for the celebration of the century of the Treaty of Ghent. A hundred years of peace is to be glorified by a great celebration. The Anglo-Saxon races are dwelling in peace and harmony, while the Slav races are warning constantly and threatening more war. The Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks have triumphed over the Turk only to turn on each other. Russia backs the Slav nations in the Balkans, while Austria leads the Teutons in the struggle to keep the Slavs within due bounds. Germany may be forced to come to the assistance of the other Teutons, although Emperor William is averse to breaking the prospective twenty-five years of German peace.

Lord Weardale (Philip Stanhope) is well known in America. He was the leader of the British delegation to the International Parliamentary Conference at the World's Fair at St. Louis. He is a civil engineer by profession and a politician by inclination. His sympathies are broad along national lines and he has none of the narrow, monarchical view which distinguish some of the members of the House of Lords. He is therefore peculiarly fitted to be the leader in working out this peace celebration which should do much to improve the relations between the United States and the various parts of the British Empire—in short, to promote Anglo-Saxon unity.

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## Our New Zealand Visitor

LAST week Canada was privileged to entertain the Hon. Mr. Allen, Minister of Defence for New Zealand. In his addresses to the Canadian Clubs, he emphasized the hope that Canada, Australia and New Zealand should join together for the defence of the Pacific Ocean. Mr. Allen is a moderate Imperialist. He stands for the national integrity of New Zealand and also for the maintenance of Imperial unity. But he is not a centralist. Rather is he an autonomist, believing that it behooves the Dominions to respect the Empire and keep their own powder dry. He looks to British unity to maintain civilization and the world's peace, but he also desires to see New Zealanders provide for their own defence.

This is the view which must ultimately prevail throughout the Empire. The present government programme in this country is being slowly and subtly developed along these lines. At first the Borden Government seemed inclined to favour regular cash contributions, but the people pronounced so strongly against it that it has been abandoned. The *Montreal Star* and *Le Devoir* are practically the only opponents of the policy which is so well expressed by Colonel Allen. Outside of Montreal and a small section of the people in Quebec, the country is pretty well agreed upon a policy of assistance to the Empire and a development of a Canadian naval service. The two political parties are not quite in agreement on details and may never be, but their proposals are growing more and more similar. The efforts of those who are in favour of a non-partisan naval policy, supported by the enthusiasm of an undivided nation, has had a pronounced effect alike upon the Liberal and Conservative leaders.

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## Bowlers for Britain

CANADA has sent lacrosse players, golfers, cricketers, oarsmen, marathoners and other sporting experts, and why not lawn bowlers? Indeed, the experiment has already been tried and another team will venture it again this year. Toronto, St. Catharines, Hamilton, Stratford, Mitchell, Ottawa, Montreal, Paris, Brantford, Berlin and Guelph will be represented in the twenty-eight gentlemen who are to leave Toronto on June 4th and sail from Montreal the following day.

Bowling is a British sport and therefore a proper inheritance of this country, which is essentially British in origin and inclination. But it is not the bowling so much as the mixing of Canadian with British sport-lovers which is important. Such visits as these help to maintain the tie which connects, not binds, the two countries. The English cricketers go to Australia and South Africa, but seldom come this way because we have few good cricketers. The Australian team will visit us this year on their way to England. Such inter-visits are valuable.

# At the Sign of the Maple

A DEPARTMENT MAINLY FOR WOMEN



Mrs. Douglas Young (Left) and Miss Nora Blake, Two Graceful Riders at the Horse Show.



Mrs. James A. McSloy, of St. Catharines, Mounted on "Confidante," Was a Winner in the Class for Saddle Horses Exhibited as a Pair.

## Homesteads for Women

THE "bricks and mortar" period of development in this country and the part which women must play at this stage has been, in a word, the subject of a series of addresses delivered during the past few months by Miss Georgina Binnie-Clark, of Fort Qu'Appelle, in England. Her audiences in London and in sundry provincial parts have been uniformly distinguished and representative—the last but one, for instance, the Suffrage Club of London, and the last, the Royal Colonial Institute.

At the last-named meeting Sir Charles Lucas presided, introducing the speaker in a three-fold connection: as authoress of "A Summer on the Canadian Prairie," as special commissioner of "The Canadian Gazette" and contributor of articles to that journal, and as working settler and practical woman farmer in Canada.

## A Fair-Put Claim

THE speaker dismissed preliminaries, according to her custom, and presented in words "straight-flung and few"—as few, that is, as the size of the subject and the fervour of the conviction that prompted permitted, the unfairness of present homestead laws toward women.

Woman had heroically pioneered, said the speaker, and why, now, when pioneering was listed among the by-gones, when the age of bricks and mortar had superseded the age of camps, did deprivation continue woman's portion regarding the land? What objection, she asked, could be raised to the plea for an equal right to the homestead land grant? "Women of the West"—the Archbishop of Rupertsland was quoted—"have proved themselves, for qualities of courage and stick-to-it-iveness, the best men of all the pioneers." The case of Mrs. Jack May was cited by the speaker, and that of her partner, Miss May Whittrick, on their ready-made farm, in the Sedgwick Colony, in the year 1911. She forebore to mention her own conspicuous triumphs in Alberta, having worked 320 acres for some years with success.

## Answering One Objection

"ONE minister of the interior," says the *Canadian Gazette*. "decided that the ruling need of Canada was population. To grant homesteads to women would make them more independent of marriage than ever. Therefore it would not be in the national interest to grant homestead rights to women." Replying to which, thus Miss Binnie-Clark: "The woman of to-day scorns the thought of the commercial marriage or marriage of convenience." Can it be the millennium is dawning? "She has arrived at a place where, if she cannot have marriage as an inspiration in her life, she refuses it as a mere resource; and to refuse dependence is half-way to independence."

## The Opportunity Now

WOMAN'S time and opportunity, save for the handicap of the land law, have arrived in the West, as the trenchant lecturer pointed out with the facts. The bricks and mortar period has brought in woman's day. The centralization of population is marked by the building of cities. Communities and food supplies are inseparably one subject. And in the production of food commodities, meats, poultry, milk, eggs, butter, bacon, cheese, potatoes, vegetables and fruit, in addition to bread, woman is ready to act as a potent agent.



Two of the Horse Show Equestriennes at Toronto—Miss Marjorie MacDonald (Left) and Miss Elizabeth Coulthard.



## MARRIAGE OF MISS PELLY.

Canadians Will be Interested in This Picture of a Wedding Which Took Place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, London, on April 19, When Miss Evelyn Pelly, Lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught, Was United in Marriage to Captain T. H. Rivers-Bulkeley.

The need of a home agency is powerfully evinced in figures which show the tremendous importation into the West of foods from New Zealand, Eastern Canada and other sources. The West can begin to supply its own want when woman's value is noted in economics.

Life on the land in Canada is not easy, the speaker admitted, but she set forth the opportunity it presents to the British woman who is keen to establish her way to an independence—"the kind of independence of which the possession of \$25,000, at the age of forty-five, after twenty years of profitable work on the land in the West, would be the solid symbol."

## Prominent Men Were Impressed

AMONG the hearers were many men of the administrative classes, a large percentage of whom engaged in an animated discussion of the speaker's talk. Of these some readily-recognized figures were: Mr. Richard Reid, newly-appointed Ontario Government agent in Great Britain; Mr. Ellis Powell, whose writings are wont to link English people with Canadian opportunities; Mr. Obed Smith; Mr. Bull, K.C., of Toronto; Sir W. Grey Wilson, ex-Governor of the Bahamas; Mr. Stewart Gray, advocate of the "simple life"; Major Maguire, the Irishman, and others.

Miss Turnor spoke of women's success at the Arlesley Training College, every one of whose women students who had gone to Canada had done well, and would not consider returning.

Discussion inclined on the whole to the favour of women on the land, an economic while independent agent.

M. J. T.

## Autumn in the Islands

(By M. L. C. Pickthall, in the *Atlantic Monthly*.)

After the wind in the wood,  
Peace and the night;  
After the bond and the brood,  
Flight.  
After the height and the hush  
Where the wild hawk swings,  
Heart of the earth-loving thrush  
Shaken with wings.

After the bloom and the leaf,  
Rain on the nest;  
After the splendour and grief,  
Rest.  
After the hills, and the far  
Glories and gleams,  
Cloud, and the dawn of a star,  
And dreams.

## Recent Events

TO condemn the means by which her personal wealth has been derived is the brave act of a sensitive woman, Mrs. Russell Sage. Through the Russell Sage foundation, established in memory of her husband, the New York public is seeing picture-films at the present time which expose the shark-like nature of money-lenders. Russell Sage is known to have been the possible greatest lender in the world.

His Honour the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and Mrs. Cameron were guests last week in Toronto, attending the Horse Show.



Batting Order of the Giants for 1913. Left to Right: Snodgrass, Schafer, Burns, Doyle, Murray, Merkle, Herzog and Meyers.

### Why I Became a Baseball Fan

By PERCY REDFERNE HOLLINSHEAD

MR. HOLLINSHEAD'S business in life is to sing tenor. But long before he sang in public he began to be a baseball fan. He seldom misses a big game at Hanlan's Point, Toronto. And he has a repertoire of baseball "reps" almost as large as his repertoire of songs.

ONCE more it is spring, and amid all its joyous sounds none can compare in the opinion of the various baseball enthusiasts to the music in the magic and leather-lunged words, "Play Ball!"

The training season is over. The ball players have returned to their summer haunts, where they are to amuse thousands of lovers of the great American game by their prowess of physique and quick thinking. They have commenced the Homeric struggle for championship in their respective leagues.



A Musical Fan.

To one who is casually interested in baseball the essentiality of efficient training is apt to be overlooked, but it is a significant truth that the teams who have "got away to a flying start" have been lucky in having met with ideal climatic conditions at that time. In order that the star pitcher may get his arm into condition, he must have warm weather or he will be troubled with "kinks" which incapacitate him for his best work, often till mid-season. Endless practice both at bat and in the field, during which the mysteries of "Inside Baseball" are laid bare

by the cunning and astute managers, make it possible for the "Fan" to journey to the ball park certain of being able to see a high class exhibition of the game.

The enthusiastic way in which people of all sorts and conditions will support baseball goes to prove that it is a game that must appeal to every sport-lover. Those who know the game and follow it minutely believe that it is the cleanest, most honest and satisfying exhibition of athletic skill in the world, and it is not alone the "low brows" who hold this opinion. One who is in doubt of this should visit, for instance, the magnificent new Stadium of the New York National League Baseball Club when the "Giants" are home. Casting an observant eye over the crowd in the stands, financiers, ecclesiastics, statesmen, "high brows" from every walk of life can be found rubbing shoulders with their humbler (but none the less enthusiastic) brethren of the Bowery. They are one in their love of the game and as baseball "fans" they are free and equal.

On every side one hears harsh criticisms of baseball for its



Johnnie Lush, Left-handed Twirler, and Able Second to Rudolph.



Harry Bemis, Veteran Catcher and Hitter, Has a Fast "Rep"



Bert Maxwell, Got from the Giants Last Season, Famous for Slow Balls

professionalism, its spirit of sportsmanship, and other things. One regrettable part of many a ball game might well be abolished, and that is the abuse and rough treatment which is often meted out on the disinterested, inoffensive, arbitrator of the mask and pad. The fanatic who is roused to the last pitch of excitement over a particularly thrilling and close game does not stop to discriminate in his figures of speech. He is too much absorbed in the game as a rule to realize that he is giving vent to incoherent expressions of rage or delight as the case may be. Umpire-baiting must ever be a humiliation to all lovers of fair play, and with the gradual evolution of this spirit of fair play which we may well copy from our English cousins who embody it so well in their game of cricket, the respectability of the umpire must be upheld.

A man is never said to be a "fan" until he is (so to speak) a walking encyclopedia of the game, the players, and their batting and fielding averages. The "died in the wool" enthusiast can tell you the names of all the star pitchers, catchers, and fielders of the major leagues at least for a decade. He will tell you how the grand old master pitcher of the New York Giants, the peerless Mathewson, has been the mainstay of his team and embodiment of marvelous brains and perfect athletic prowess for over a dozen years in the "Big Show"; how Napoleon Lajoie, the great French second baseman of the Cleveland Americans, has been "hitting them out" for nearly two decades. Tyrus Cobb, Speaker, Chase, Frank Chance, McGraw, Connie Mack, Hughie Jennings, Mathewson, Marquard, and innumerable other celebrities of the diamond, are as familiar to him as the names of his relatives. Nay,



Ambie McConnell in One of His Tight Scrimmages.

more than that, he knows their careers year by year, and can tell you when each star had his most successful year. It is by studying each player and becoming familiar with each career that baseball grips its devotees. The casual observer never becomes a fan until he takes a keen individual interest in every player in the big leagues or whatever minor league he helps to support.

I consider baseball to be the very highest medium for the ideal combination of physical and mental perfection. Under the tutelage of great managers

like Jennings, McGraw, the "Napoleon" of the famous New York Giants, and the tall, lean and crafty Manager Mack, of the Philadelphia Athletics, there has developed in what is called "inside baseball" a medium for the exercise of grey matter and speed. The baseball star of to-day must be able to judge and think quickly. He must have a marvelous memory (if he is a pitcher). He must be possessed of an or-

# A LITTLE BASEBALL

## Now and Then



ganism capable of great speed on the bases. The game then becomes a fine modern illustration of the survival of the fittest.

Lovers of the game will have lots of food for speculation as to the outcome of the National and American League race. It looks to be a comparative certainty that the New York Giants will beat their success of last two years. They have a wonderful team with great speed on bases, a superb pitching staff headed by Mathewson, and splendid team batting. The Chicago Cubs, and Pittsburgh Pirates will on present indication give the champions a much closer race than last year. But McGraw and his Giants will take a great deal of beating before they grasp that bunting.

In the American League the Philadelphia Athletics are playing great ball and look to have struck the gait they had when they won the World's Championship twice from the Giants. But Manager Mack will have to rely on his younger pitchers, as it seems doubtful that the grand old veterans, Coombs, Bender and Plank, can keep up the winning pace much longer.

The Washington Senators should make a strong bid for the pennant. Manager Griffith has gathered together an aggregation whose ability and spirit was well proved last year when they were runners-up to the Boston Red Sox for the American League Pennant.

### What Lichtenhein Says About the Game

By LINTON ECCLES

TO be interested in any sport that ever was in the world, either from the playing or the promoting standpoint, and for the sheer feelings that are in you to survive the ordeal, you must be a good loser.

Sam Lichtenhein is a good loser, as even those who have fallen out with him the worst will admit. A man falls out with Sam Lichtenhein on a question of procedure or principle, not because he likes to sign the cheque that foots the loss. He has lost money all through the four years he has taken control of professional baseball in the city of Montreal, and he does not squeal over his experience.

When he broke into the game and took over the liquidated club that owned the droopiest franchise in what was then the Eastern League, there were not a few hoary old dickerers among major and minor leagues, including a few real roughshod, who hailed the advent of the latest tenderfoot with inward delight. What a tender chicken to pluck, they thought—and they have lived long enough to revise their estimate very considerably.

For the President—the "IT"—of the Montreal Baseball Club, Limited, had some qualifications for the job he took over that these wiseheads down south and away west kind of overlooked. He had played games himself—lacrosse, hockey, track-running, and even baseball—and learnt how to play them and any game. Then he had had over twenty years of business experience of the proper kind, which is more than most baseball magnates of the then, or even the now, can boast.

So the chicken did not prove so tender at the plucking as they thought. They pulled one over him occasionally at the beginning of his baseball magnating career—which was to be expected—and he didn't "beef" about it, as he puts it; but they didn't put anything over him again. Because Sam Lichtenhein's prize motto

we had thrashed it out together before.

"When I was playing lacrosse and hockey," he said, "about the time you were beginning to wonder when you could be old enough to play for your college at Soccer, I saw a good deal about how these games were being conducted. They were, and are, good games, and everybody who knows anything about them knows that they are good games. But they were badly organized; and there was the old mix-up between amateurs and professionals. I always felt that amateur and pro. should play together for the good of the game. So when I became actively associated with the Wanderers Hockey Club and the Montreal Baseball Club, it was after I had made up my mind that both classes of players were to be encouraged on the right lines.

I HAVE always been a constant lover of baseball. I consider it one of the best games played, one of the most honest games played, and one of the best organized sports there are. It has given the public more value for its money than any other sport. Whilst to-day baseball is commercialized to a large extent, nevertheless there is more sentiment in baseball than any other game, because old players can always go to a smaller league and find a means of livelihood, as well as being invaluable for the experience they can teach the younger players who are coming along.

In my baseball experience I have never yet found a player who would lie down or throw a game, and the high-grade moral ethics of the ball player is too well known to require my eulogy.

There is no doubt that the Canadian people are coming to baseball, which is free from the brutality of lacrosse, and free from the short and cold season of hockey. There are a great many people who cannot stand the enclosed rinks where hockey must be played. Besides, hockey and lacrosse have not the organization of baseball, which is not only interesting and amusing, but is healthful on account of being played during the summer months only in the open air.

Some of our best men in public and business life owe their present position through having been baseball athletes. And, whilst I have no desire to disparage any other game, such as football, running, lacrosse or hockey, all of which are mainly beneficial to the mind and body, I differ from the views of the lacrosse and hockey organizations through their not being properly organized to warrant much capital being invested in franchises.

To my mind there is no doubt that athletics plays fully as important a part in the upbuilding of a nation as colleges and educational institutions.

Whilst baseball in Canada has not yet been a financially paying proposition, our Canadians are

is, "They can fool me once, but they can't fool me twice." And the fooling of him is nearly as rare in the baseball business nowadays as the dodo is rare in the archeologic al shows.

When I asked the great little boss of the ball game in Montreal why he was interested in baseball he was ready for me, because

to-day waking up to it and are taking a much bigger interest in the game; and in my experience in Montreal, where formerly on corner lots one could see nothing but boys playing lacrosse, to-day this is all changed and baseball is the universal game played. Which means that it won't be long before Canadian clubs will have Canadian players, and in localizing the players, as we have it in hockey, there will be an added stimulus displayed by the Canadian baseball loving public.

"I sincerely hope it won't be long before the Canadian-made players will be able to stand at an almost equal percentage with the American players, and in those cases where Canadian ball players are already playing in class company, they have shown by their work that the Canadian baseball athlete is in no way inferior to his American cousin, the great difficulty being that baseball has not been taken hold of so long in this country as across the border. But it is making rapid strides, and it won't be long now before Canadian owners of clubs will be able to say that a large percentage of their players are Canadians; and the clubs will be Canadian in the matter of their players fully as much as they are Canadian in the matter of their owners.

The International League is now the fastest league next to the American and National Leagues, and the quality of ball played in the International is very little inferior to that played in the major leagues. The territory covered by the International League will compare favourably with that covered by the National. Our two Canadian cities represented in the International compare very favourably with most of the cities in the American and National. It only remains now for the public of these two cities to show by their appreciation what Canadian cities can do for baseball.

It is the aim of the Canadian owners to give the Canadian public fully as good baseball as that played anywhere. But in order to provide the best available attractions, naturally they must continue to draw many of their players from across the border."



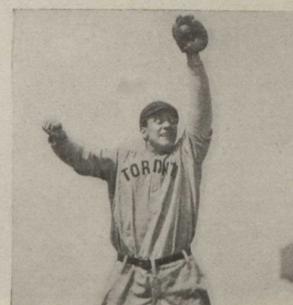
Long Tim Jordan Safe on First Base. Manager Joe Kelley, of the Leafs, Coaching.

All that in general shows how Mr. Lichtenhein has studied the national, as well as what may be called the political, side of baseball. Bringing him nearer to his heart, it was not difficult to discover that he honestly and sincerely believes he has found the ball club this year.

"As for Montreal," he says, "there has been a marked improvement in the support of the public. Montrealers are very sympathetic. They have stood by a losing club for years. But there is no doubt that there are brighter days ahead for the Montreal Club and for the Montreal public, and that both



Bill Bradley Had His First Experience in a Pennant-winning Team Last Year, When Captain of the Leafs.



"Ambie" McConnell, 2nd Baseman of the Leafs, Cost \$4,000 from White Sox.



Bill O'Hara, Native Torontonian on the Leafs, Famous for Running Catches.



Tim Jordan, 19 Home Runs in 1912, 20 in 1911; Famous for Home Run Drives.



Christy Mathewson, the Fan's Idol, in the Giants.

public and management will soon show their neighbours across the border that they can produce and appreciate ball of as high and clean a class as the older fans across the line are in the habit of seeing.

"Oh, yes," was Mr. Sam's parting shot, "you can say for me that we'll be up there fighting no later than this season." And those who know S. E. L. know that his parting shots, like the postscript in the average lady's letter, contain the real meat that is to be digested.

The President of the Montreal Club may be expected to keep on pumping enthusiasm into his end of the game—a few more innings yet.

### Why I Am a Critic

By A MODERATE FAN

THERE are immoderate fans and moderate fans. This may not be the proper order, but I classify myself as a moderate fan. I differ materially from the man who hates baseball

and I think I may safely say that I differ just as widely from the man who talks baseball at breakfast, luncheon and dinner. I flatter myself that I like baseball without any conspicuous signs of growing insanity. I can get excited enough to stand up and cheer when the batter knocks out a home run with two men on bases; but never would I forget myself so far as to make any attempt to express my opinions so forcibly that any man or woman two rows away could hear them. Neither do I burden my friends with an analytical description of the game which I saw on the previous day. Nevertheless, it is rather difficult for me to walk up a street between four and six o'clock in the afternoon without being tempted to look at the score board.

There are some things about baseball which I do not like. I have a thorough contempt for the man who sits in the centre of the grandstand and keeps yelling stock phrases about the umpire and the players. I have an equal contempt for the management of a baseball team that will hire or encourage such an individual. I think a little latitude should be allowed to the coaches, but the man who makes loud remarks in the grandstand should be sent to the police court. A witty coachline artist is like the clown in a circus or the funny man in the drama provided his remarks and antics are kept within due bounds.

The conduct of baseball players and a baseball crowd is not any worse than that of lacrosse or hockey. I never saw anything on a professional baseball field quite so "dirty" as the conduct of professional hockey players at a game which I saw last winter. Further, I never saw so much callousness in a baseball audience as was exhibited by the crowd at that hockey game.

I remember once taking two English journalists to see the final double-header of the baseball season in Toronto when the "home team" needed two victories to win the pennant of the then Eastern League. They had never seen a baseball match before. During the first game they were quiet and earnest, studying carefully the various moves of the grass checkerboard. During the second game, which was intensely spectacular, they grew wildly enthusiastic and before it closed they were real fans.

# A Page for the Amateur Gardener

## May-time in Farm and Garden

Seed Sowing and Planting a Necessary Work—The Tulip  
By E. T. COOK

HERE is no brighter summer and more hopeful month than May, when the first days of summer gladden our hearts, and it is also the month of the year for farm and garden activities. Each season, of course, brings its many duties, but in May they seem to crowd in with special significance. There are the seeds to sow in farm and garden, fruit and ornamental trees and shrubs to plant, and a general hustle everywhere, and the old adage must ever be borne in mind—"if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well." Nothing else spells success in outdoor cultivation and for this reason the soil must be in right condition, seed sown with moderate thickness, and in the case of all vegetable and flower seedlings, judicious thinning-out most vigorously exercised. Occasional stirring of the surface of the soil brings commendable results, as this simple process admits light and air to the roots. Overhead syringing in the cool of the evening also means much to newly-planted trees and shrubs, and especially to firs, which, under the best of circumstances, are difficult to establish. Once this has been accomplished all is straightforward and growth is rapid.

### THE REMARKABLE TYPES OF TULIP.

THE most complete and splendid collection of Tulips that has ever been planted in Canada will be seen shortly in flower in a delightful garden in Toronto, and for the first time the "Cottage" and the "Darwin" types will be fully represented. Those who live in large cities are, of course, well acquainted with the richest flower that heralds the coming of summer, but these are for the most part of a double crimson, yellow, and white. The two classes named are comprehensive and the shades of colour exquisite in their subtle and wonderful variety. This note may appear out of season, because the bulbs cannot be planted now, but during the flowering time an opportunity should be taken of studying them and thinking out beautiful colour associations with Tulips alone or other things in bloom at the same time. I shall write more of these glorious garden flowers soon.

## Hardy and Half-Hardy Annual Flowers

Sow Now for a Summer Display

By H. J. EAST

BEFORE dealing with the flowers separately I will write a few general words about the culture of hardy and half-hardy annuals. Annual flowers are in beauty within a comparatively short time from sowing the seed, and the majority of that class continue attractive until the end of the season. Places that have swallowed up many dollars' worth of green-house plants to cover them can be made gay at a trifling cost by sowing upon them *Tropæolums* (Tom Thumb Nasturtiums), Sweet Peas, *Bartonia aurea*, *Lupinus nanus*, *Virginian stock*, *Collinsia tricolor*, *Limnanthes*, *Convolvulus* (Morning Glory), *Candytufts*, *Eschscholtzias*, *Poppies*, and *Clarkias*. Damp borders and those in partial shade may be planted with *Forget-me-nots*, *Venus' Looking-Glass*, *Rosy Oxalis*, *Nemophilas* and *German Scabious*. For more important positions in the garden one has a choice of many sumptuous flowers, such as *Stocks*, *Asters*, *Balsams*, *Phlox Drummondii*, *Lobelias*, *Antirrhinums*, *Snappedragons*, *Dianthus*, *Portulaccas*, *Zinnias*, and the lovely *Scarlet Flox* (*Linum grandiflorum rubrum*), and the true *Tom Thumb Nasturtium*, which give a variety of colours. It must be remembered, also, that many annuals are very richly scented, and there are also the everlastings, which, with grasses, are valuable to dry for house adornment in winter.

Sweet Peas, the Canary Creeper (*Tropæolum canariense*), *Convolvulus* and the Hop plant are useful to cover arbours and trellises with the best possible effect, and hang in pleasing festoons in the

## Edited by E. T. COOK

rock garden or trail over the ground. The *Dianthus* and its many splendid varieties succeed better as annuals than perennials, and even the tender *Castor-oil plant* (*Ricinus*) will thrive amazingly if sown in the open ground in the second week of May. As they receive no check, as in the case of plants put out of pots, the growth will be sturdy. Fix a label, that will last the season, to each clump and enter the names in a book for the purpose of reference. I know nothing more pleasing, especially by the side

better soil than is usually given them. It is not wise to sow until frost has gone, the most important point being to keep the clumps well thinned. Not only will they become poor, but they will have a brief existence. By thinning the plants out early they will become robust and cover an astonishing space of ground with leafage and flowers.

### HALF-HARDY ANNUAL FLOWERS.

THE best time for sowing these is *at once*. The soil for the seed boxes or pans should be rich and fine. Good loam with sufficient sand to render the texture porous will suit all kinds of annuals that are sown in this way under glass. Sow the seed thinly and cover lightly, also lay a square of glass over to maintain a uniform degree of moisture. It is a good plan when water is required to place the pans or pots for an hour in a vessel containing several inches depth of water; they will absorb sufficient and there will be no occasion then to disturb the surface. As soon as the young plants appear remove the glass and place the seed pans or boxes in full light, where air can be given without danger, but a dry east wind blowing over them will prove fatal. Choice varieties should be carefully pricked or put out into pans or boxes as soon as they are large enough to promote strong growth and plenty of flowers. Take care not to plant them out until the weather is favourable.

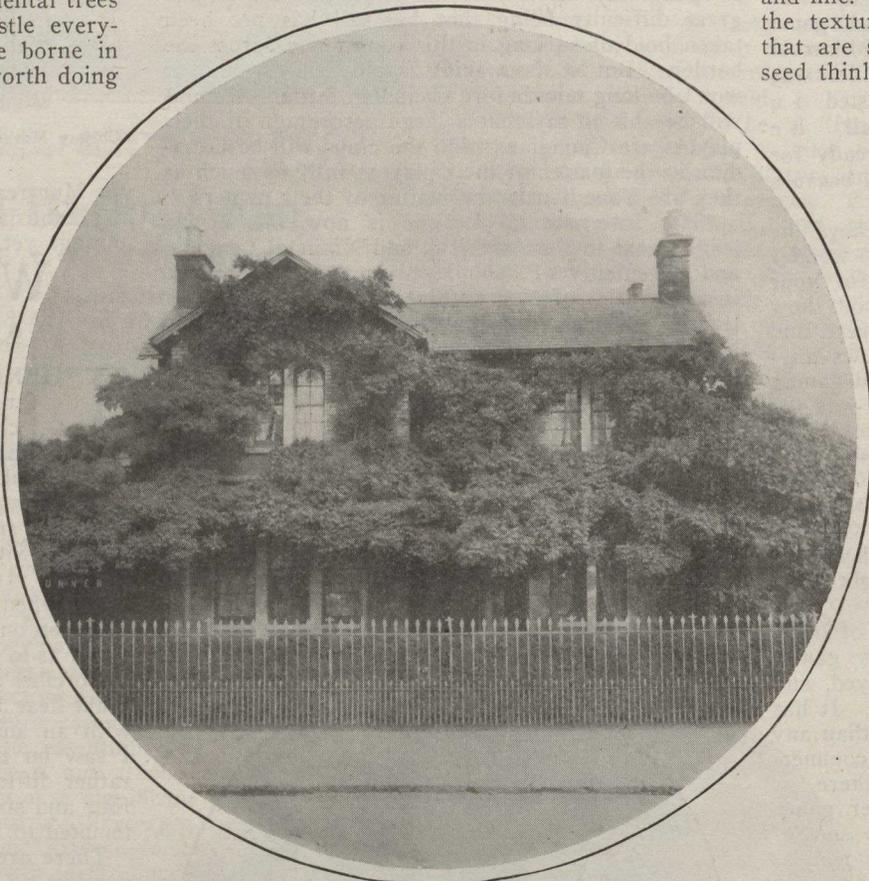
## The Farm Garden

By E. T. COOK

MY recent notes upon the beautifying of the farm garden seem to have attracted almost unexpected interest, and it is to be hoped that the result will be more alluring homesteads in the country where fruits, flowers, and vegetables will most certainly flourish and as a rule manure is available. It is for this reason I have written the following notes:

### TREATMENT OF FIRS AFTER PLANTING.

THE success or failure are so intimately wrapped up in the after-treatment of all newly-planted flowers, vegetables or fruits, that a special paragraph must be set aside for these remarks. It is not sufficient just to merely plant a thing, and this cannot be too strongly insisted upon where none too much carefulness is shown. I referred in my previous notes to a host of spruces and other firs in a well-known estate, and an examination a few days again revealed another wholesale failure. Hundreds of dollars must have been thrown away and that in the most callous way. What does the after-treatment consist in? Occasional waterings and sprinkling over with water after very hot days are necessary, especially the former, and if the soil



The Beautiful Wistaria—the Finest Plant in the World, as Used in the Decoration of an English Home.

of a quiet garden walk, than such flowers as *Soapwort* (*Saponaria calabrica*), *Calandrinia grandiflora*, *Double Sanvitalia*, *Leptosiphon roseus*, various *Sultans*, *Gypsophila elegans*, *Platystemon californicus*, *Erysimum*, and *Silene*.

### HARDY ANNUAL FLOWERS.

THE seeds should be sown carefully on prepared ground, that is, the surface made fine and smooth. Sow thinly and cover with fine, dry earth. The smallest seeds need just a mere dusting to cover them. Keep the plants thinned sufficiently from the first to prevent overcrowding, which, of course, weakens them. The soil into which they are transplanted for flowering should be deeply dug and thoroughly broken up, and if at all poor be liberally manured. Spring-sown annuals are worthy of a



A Bit of the Grounds at the Caledon Club, Near Inglewood, Ont. The Building is the "Annex." In the Foreground is One of the Ponds.

around the stems is lightly stirred up from time to time so much the better. I planted about 50 spruces last year and only lost 6, a gratifying result, but only through close attention to the trees. No manure of any kind is required; it is most hurtful to all the fir tribe. These remarks apply also to deciduous trees and shrubs but not so forcibly. A lilac, for instance, will live under conditions which would kill a fir.

**Putting Supports to Newly-planted Trees.**

WHERE large orchards of trees have been planted and they have reasonable shelter, the question of support need not be entertained, nor does this note apply to shrubs, but in the case of, for example, the more slender crabs, of which the Siberian and Transendent are types, staking is unquestionably an advantage in preserving a straight stem and minimizing risk of irreparable damage where the position is exposed. The most satisfactory support is the triangular, that is, three stakes brought almost together at the base of the head of the tree, with strong, thick bands to prevent chafing of the bark. This is the support the writer has always given and has never failed, unlike the one stake system which seems to accentuate risk of failure and stirs up the soil round the roots of the tree.

**The Petunia Never Fails.**

I HAVE indicated in former notes the flowers that may be obtained cheaply, but some must be raised on a hotbed or seedlings purchased. There are, for example, the Verbena, Phlox Drummondii, the brilliant scarlet *Salxia splendens*, the pretty feathery *Kochia Scoparia*, the famous geranium or *Pelargonium* and many others, but the Petunia is the one that the farmer should try first. It seems to be the Mark Tapley of all gardens and flowers gaily in the hottest places and in soil that is not overburdened with richness. A boxful of seedlings costs very little and the range of flower colouring is from purest white to deepest purple with intermediate shades and forms innumerable. Some of the colours are wonderfully rich and little influenced by the warmth of the sun. It is just that "happy-go-lucky" attribute that makes the Petunia of such value and failures are few and far between.

**The China Aster.**

THIS is another summer and fall flower that gives little trouble and is therefore a friend of the farmer, but it has this advantage over the Petunia, the flowers may be gathered for the house or to give to friends. No half-hardy annual, for such it is, is more thoroughly useful and the colours are very beautiful, white, rose, pink, purple, blue, and laid on petals that are sometimes arranged to compose a full bloom or a single or a half-single one. As in the case of the Petunia, a boxful of seedlings is inexpensive and the reward certainly great. The China Aster must not be confounded with the perennial Aster which clouds over many a mountain side and rough place into an exquisite medley of hues in the fall of the year.

**The Gladiolus.**

THE Gladiolus is a marked success in Canada, and the bulbs should be planted now in well-prepared ground and two inches deep. They are just the flowers for a hot narrow border by the side of the house, and as many of the readers of this paper are aware the colours are strikingly effective, some almost painfully brilliant, the shades of scarlet in particular. These are not expensive, and if one is inclined to compete at any of the floral exhibitions that take place occasionally during the fall, the gladioli should form a strong point. Several types may be purchased from our seedmen, and all are worth a place in the garden. I saw several glorious masses of them last year in farm gardens, particularly in the Niagara district, or the fruit belt.

It is always better to take a few plants that rarely fail and give them every attention than to indulge in a multiplicity of things. This floral-trio has been chosen because all the flowers are "safe" and not only so, but they will give pleasure over a longer season than, say, the Sweet Pea or annuals. Plant them not closer than 8 inches apart, so that each flower can give a

good account of itself in growth and therefore display its true character. Too thick sowing and planting are never a success. The reason is obvious. Overcrowding is a decided evil in the plant world and simply results in stunted, weakly shoots and a paucity of poor blooms.

**CELERY IN THE HOME GARDEN.**

By George Baldwin

CELERY is the poor as well as the rich man's luxury; it grows wild in many of the Southern parts of Europe, and is not uncommon in the marshy spots of England, near the sea. It is not so many years ago that celery was a rarity, but of late a remarkable change has taken place, by improved cultivation, and now presents numerous varieties, some of which are used as salads, etc., while others, including what is called celeric or the turnip-rooted variety, are much used for stewing or similar purposes.

The celery commonly grown in this country is raised in hot-beds, transplanted into boxes, and finally into the trenches.

The celery industry has become a great factor with market gardeners around Toronto, and very seldom does the supply equal the demand. If you want celery fit to set before a king, grow it yourself. The writer of this article is proud of having secured first prize for Red Celery, third prize for White Plume, and third prize for a collection of four varieties at the Canadian National Exhibition in 1912, competing against all comers, and feels sure that if the following cultural directions are carried out, you will be able to bring out the proper quality and size:

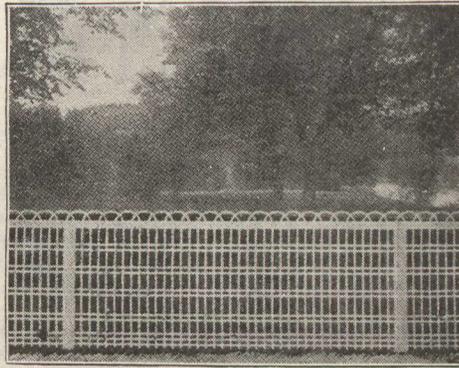
Constant vigilance is truly the price of success in growing celery; what with worms, bugs, and all manner of flying and creeping things, plus blight, mildew and rust and anthranose, the path of the celery grower is hedged with thorns as well as roses, however let me hasten to assure the amateur grower that rarely do all these things come at the same time, and some never at all into many gardens. The very best way to earn immunity from these pests is to have strong, vigorous plants, keep the soil well enriched and use the hoe or bucco continually until earthing up time comes.

Now, let us get right down to business. I do not recommend the raising of your own plants, because they are difficult to raise successfully, unless you have the proper facilities, as well as the time. So put your order in at once to one of our local seedsmen for any or all of the following varieties, quantities according to space at your command and requirements: Paris Golden for yellow, White Plume for white, Rose Ribbed Paris for red, and Evans' Triumph for green; these are all obtainable. This being done, get busy preparing your trench in the following manner: Mark off your ground seven feet wide by length required to take care of the quantity you intend planting, having the trench running north and south. Dig the earth out of this piece to a depth of nine inches, throwing it in a ridge equally along each side; then throw in six inches of good rotten manure, or the best you can get, digging it in thoroughly and deeply, and to insure its being well incorporated with the soil, tramp all over it, and dig it up again; then level and rake it over, letting it stand till the last week in May, having ordered your plants to be delivered about that time, and on arrival mark off your four rows with a piece of string, 18 inches from each bank and 18 inches between rows; then dibble your plants in, 9 inches apart in the rows, but be very careful when planting to dibble the holes large enough to allow you to get all the roots in a downward position, and be mindful of the fact that it is essential to press the earth firmly about the roots, giving a goodly supply of water and shade with paper for a couple of days from the hot sun.

From now on, to the time for earthing up, keep the soil well stirred between the rows, and give lots of water, but not on the foliage. Once a week you may give the rows a watering with liquid manure, and occasionally a little nitrate of soda, either dry or in liquid form.

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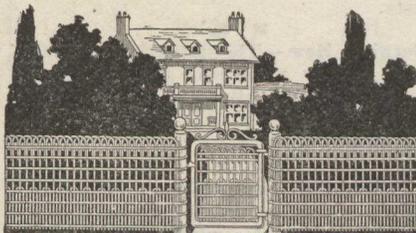
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### Courierettes.

Somehow or other, we hardly ever find the plain truth in a photograph.

Monte Carlo's Casino took in nearly \$10,000,000 last year. Pretty nearly as dangerous as the stock market.

Barrie, Ont., brags of seven new autos arriving in town in one week. Life insurance rates are due to rise now.

United States Congress has 364 lawyers on its roll call. That body will bear watching.

In Germany they jail people for dancing the tango. We heartily agree with this policy after seeing some people endeavour to dance it.

A tramp, arrested for stealing rides on the bumpers, had a letter from the Carnegie Commission saying he was to get a medal for heroism. But heroism is not a negotiable security.

Champ Clark and Wm. Jennings Bryan have buried the hatchet. Chances are that both are keeping a weather eye on the cemetery.

Charge is made that German gun-makers are trying to foment war in order to sell guns. That rather shades ordinary graft charges.

Toronto, "the Good," has had a general clean-up day. Toronto is evidently trying to prove that cleanliness is next to Godliness.

In order to make the thing harmonize with American customs, it now remains for somebody to establish a turtle serum monopoly for Dr. Friedmann.

A U. S. professor declares that "noise is useless." Babies find it very useful in drawing attention to their wants, and some politicians also find noise an asset.

Japan also seems to have a loud-voiced party which insists that a desire to start a scrap is the only genuine evidence of patriotism.

Natural gas has been discovered in Toronto. Belated bit of news in the dailies. "Located" might be a better word.

**The Wit of Champ Clark.**—A Canadian preacher, who went to Washington recently, brought back a very good story of the sharp wit of Champ Clark, the noted Democratic statesman across the line who gained some unenviable fame in Canada by his annexation talk.

Mr. Clark is somewhat of an expert in the line of making campaign speeches, and when heckled he generally has a ready retort to crush his interrupter.

During the last election campaign he was addressing a meeting which was marked by much noise and many interruptions.

Finally, a large chunk of wood was hurled to the platform. Luckily it did not hurt anyone.

Champ Clark stepped out, picked up the wooden block, and said in a mock-tragic tone:

"Heavens! gentlemen, one of our opponents has lost his head."

**How She Met Lewis Waller.**—Lewis Waller, the noted English actor, who has just ended a profitable coast-to-coast tour through Canada, is a matinee idol in London, and has been popular with the matinee maidens for many years.

Apropos of this, his clever, young leading lady, Miss Madge Titheradge, tells an amusing incident concerning her first meeting with the romantic actor.

"I was then a school girl in London," she relates. "We girls used to rush from school to see him drive up to his house in his motor car, and we were satisfied if we caught even a glimpse of him."

"One day I was out walking near the school, and was about to cross the road without taking any particular notice of where I was going. Suddenly a man on a bicycle came along and bumped into me, knocking me down. He carefully picked me up and brushed me off. It

was Lewis Waller. And he hadn't really hurt me at all.

"When I met the other girls, of course they were all jealous. They were mad enough to pull my hair, and they walked about for days just hoping they would meet with a similar accident and be bumped by Lewis Waller's wheel."

**Let the Child Have a Chance.**—"A baby is about the only new thing a man can get in his house that will not make the rest of his furniture look shabby."—Acheson Globe.

Give the baby time.

**The Rising Scale.**—When he began he was only a fiddler.

As he began to grow famous he became a violiniste.

Now that he has a continental reputation and gets \$1,000 per night he is an artiste.

**Nothing New.**—The latest fad taken up by society women is the giving of "gossip parties." Reports so far fail to mention wherein the affairs differ from other feminine parties.

**A National Issue.**—Some American papers are abusing W. J. Bryan, Secretary of State, for his wineless dinners to diplomats. Terrible hardship to make a few ambassadors pay for their own drinks.

**Question of the Hour.**—Never mind about the navy or the tariff—what's the score?

**The Unpardonable Pun.**—California and Japan are in a decidedly quarrelsome mood. Lucky that the big ocean between them is Pacific.

**The Crucial Test.**—The real test of a young man's love comes when his lady fair begins to practice on the piano. If he survives that, call in the preacher.

**Their Preference.**—"There's always room at the top," said the man who is fond of speaking platitudes.

"Yes—particularly on sleeping cars, as people prefer the lower berths," said the giddy young thing.

**Bachelors, Please Note.**—Platonic love is a great money-saver.

**One on the Teacher.**—The teacher wrote a sentence on the blackboard, and then turned to the class.

"Do you notice anything peculiar about that sentence?" he asked.

"Yes," said the small boy in the back seat—"the bad writing."

**It All Depends.**—Brown—"Success depends on pluck."

Black—"But be careful whom you pluck."

**Of Course.**—"It's the little things in life that count"—as the father of the family remarked when the thirteenth came.

### The Modern Way.

**F**ATHER was a poor man and Had mighty little change—  
Mary was a singer and Could run a wondrous range—  
While mother baked and swept and washed  
And ran the kitchen range.

**Cruel Knock.**—"I see that the Dayton baseball team is missing and can't be located," said the Cincinnati fan.

"Yes," replied the Brooklyn fan, "our town never has any luck like that."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Peevish.**—"I had to kill my dog this morning."

"Was he mad?"

"Well, he didn't seem any too well pleased."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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W. B. MEIKLE, General Manager.

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Send your song poems or musical compositions to me for acceptance. I'll publish under a 50 per cent. royalty contract. I composed and published "Wedding of the Winds" waltzes. Million copies sold. Dozens of my publications are "FAMOUS HITS." Established 16 years. DON'T FAIL TO SECURE MY FREE BOOKLET.

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GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL CORPORATION BONDS

Capital Paid-up - \$1,000,000 Reserve - - - 750,000

TORONTO MONTREAL VANCOUVER LONDON ENG.

### How Many

men at fifty have the fortune laid aside that their optimism of twenty thought they would? Very few, but there is one sure way of having a certain amount coming to you when mid-life is past, that is by taking out Endowment Assurance when young and increasing it as your income permits. You will not notice the few dollars a year and you'll welcome the letter announcing the maturity of your Policy.

The Policy you require is issued by the

### Federal Life Assurance

Company Head Office: Hamilton

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W. S. DINNICK, Vice-Pres. and Man.-Dir. Debentures for sale bearing interest at FIVE per cent. per annum, payable half yearly. Capital and Surplus Assets, \$1,400,000.00 Total Assets, \$2,800,000.00

Write for information. Head Office: TORONTO, Canada

# MONEY AND MAGNATES

## Big Expansion in Bank Circulation

DESPITE the pessimists, who stand around, waiting for the bottom to drop out of the market, because they allege that Canada has been growing too fast, an effective evidence of the remarkable prosperity of the country is to be found in a comparison of the monthly bank statements, in regard to their circulation. In March, 1910, the circulation outstanding was \$78,265,822. On March 31st, 1911, it was \$81,938,753. Last year it was \$95,918,404. On March 31st of this year it was \$102,202,047, a percentage increase over the corresponding month of 1912 of 6.4. In three years it shows an increase of practically twenty-four millions.

For the first three months of 1913, the average circulation was \$98,661,468. For the corresponding period in 1912 it was \$90,968,171, while for the first quarter of 1910 it averaged only \$75,410,313. That is an increase of \$23,251,155 in the average circulation over that of three years ago. For a three-year record of expansion these figures must be accepted as remarkable. They are significant because they indicate a rapid growth of population, and a consistently rapid expansion of business.

The following table shows the circulation month by month for the first quarter of 1913, and the corresponding periods of the last three years:

Month.	1910.	1911.	1912.	1913.
January .....	\$73,378,676	\$77,110,971	\$88,065,521	\$94,575,644
February .....	74,686,443	79,927,785	88,920,598	97,206,713
March .....	78,265,822	81,938,753	95,918,404	102,202,047

## The Failure of the Edmonton Loan

EIGHTY per cent. of the city of Edmonton's \$5,000,000 loan, issued at ten shillings above par, has been left with the underwriters, and, in consequence, all sorts of rumours are current as to a congested market in London, so far as Canadian issues are concerned. But just what is the significance of the Edmonton failure? It is nothing more nor less than that the moment of issue happened to be inopportune. The Balkan trouble, just at this time, was stirred up again, and the London investor, fearful and querulous for the last six months, was afraid. True, the loan seemed to be unusually large, but others as large have gone through. It may be that the sponsorship, that of Kleinworth's, was unusual for a Canadian issue. It may be that this is the reaction from the exceedingly generous attitude of the London market towards Canadian issues recently. The COURIER, in its issue of April 12th, said, with regard to the recent successful flotations of Port Arthur and Edmonton, "These . . . may unduly influence our Western cities. The issues referred to are flashes in the pan. It is true that they denote, to some extent, a revival of interest, but it will not, we think, be permanent enough to warrant all kinds of indiscriminate issues of the debentures of cities in London." The Edmonton loan failed because it was floated at the wrong time. The London market, just at present, is as uncertain as a weather-vane. Canada must take the good with the bad. Usually the wires are busy flashing London's practical approval of Canadian issues. If occasionally there comes through news of the other sort that is no reason why we should cry out.

## A Monotonous Market

THERE is little change in financial conditions, all over the world, and Canada shares in the general pronounced stringency of money. The news from the Continent is not any too cheerful. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and certain it is that hope is deferred. At a time when the European trouble showed signs of easing, it was stirred up again by Montenegro's capture and holding of Scutari. The situation, because of the many interests involved, positively bristles with difficulties, and the man in the street wonders, and goes on hoarding his money. Even when a settlement on the Continent is effected, money will flow back into the market very slowly. There will be no sudden loosening up and a deluge of bullion. The past six months will leave a very distinct impression upon the speculator and investor. For some time after the tension is eased, there will be a caution and a deliberation which hitherto have been a stranger to the markets.

There are, however, one or two good signs. The auspicious opening of the immigration season means a busy spring and summer, for both east and west. Building is going on apace. Permits in Toronto showed an increase for the first quarter of 1913 of 33 per cent., and in Montreal of 31 per cent. Two notable decreases are Winnipeg, which has fallen off 28 per cent., and Vancouver, where there is a decrease of 22 per cent. But building depends, as everything else, upon the possession of adequate funds, and these two western decreases merely reflect the stringency, which is universal. So far as the banks are concerned, it is as difficult as ever to get money. Commercial loans are kept at the very lowest figure, and are likely to be.

## On and Off the Exchange

### The Vagaries of C. P. R.

THE event of the week was the sudden fall and subsequent rise in C. P. R. In one day it fell from 240½ to 233¾. It seems feasible to suppose that this was the result of a panicky feeling from London with regard to the European situation. Locally, however, it was attributed to a bear attack in New York. On May 1st, when the London and Berlin exchanges were closed, it started upwards again, and closed at 240, the sudden rise being the result of advices from Europe, which seemed more encouraging.

C. P. R. has a market all its own, and is influenced far more from London than from Wall Street. This is because a large amount of stock, variously estimated at 70 to 80 per cent., is held in Great Britain and on the Continent.

## \$100 Bonds

### A Safe Investment for People of Small Means

To enable the small investor to invest his money without risk, this Corporation's Bonds are issued in sums as low as One Hundred Dollars. They furnish absolute security, and are a

### Legal Investment for Trust Funds

Write at once for copy of Annual Report and all particulars.

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Toronto St. - Toronto Established 1855.

Chief Office for Canada: TORONTO ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.



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## THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized ..... \$25,000,000  
Capital Paid Up ..... \$11,560,000  
Reserve Funds ..... \$13,000,000  
Total Assets ..... \$180,000,000

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H. S. HOLT - - - PRESIDENT

E. L. PEASE, VICE-PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

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LONDON, ENG. Princess St., E.O.

NEW YORK, Oor. William and Cedar Sts.

Savings Department at all Branches

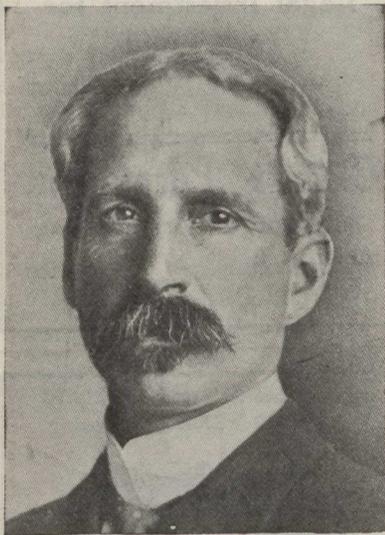
It is a strange coincidence that whenever the European exchanges take a holiday, C. P. R. takes a leap up. It opened the week at 241¾.

**Mortgage Co.'s Increased Dividend**

THE Montreal Loan and Mortgage Company has declared an increase in its quarterly dividend, declaring a disbursement of 2½ per cent. This places the stock upon a 10 per cent. basis. Heretofore, the dividend has been 9 per cent.

**A Dividend Announcement**

THE British Columbia Packers' Association has put its common and preferred stock upon a seven per cent. basis. A dividend of 3½ per cent. has been declared for the first half year of 1913, payable May 21.



AEMILIUS JARVIS  
Vice-President British Columbia Packers' Association.

There seems to be some disappointment because a larger dividend was not declared, as the large surplus of the Association would appear to warrant. It is understood, however, that the financial stringency is the cause, and that a further distribution of profits is only deferred until the autumn, when shareholders will benefit in the form either of increased dividends or stock bonus. The common stock opened the week at 145.

**London Has All It Can Manage**

WITH the entrance of the month of May, London is being deluged by foreign flotations, and the market is likely to be glutted. It is reported that the Chinese \$125,000,000 five per cent. loan is now ready for public offering, at a price of 99. The Brazilian Government's \$35,000,000 five per cent. issue is expected to be offered within a few days. Besides these, Morocco is reported to be making ready for a \$40,000,000 flotation, while both Montenegro and Switzerland

require \$6,000,000. France will have to obtain \$200,000,000, and Turkey and Servia announce their respective need of \$150,000,000 and \$80,000,000. The contemplated foreign government loans, as far as they are known, total the enormous sum of \$685,500,000. No wonder Lombard Street looks askance at Montenegro.

**Toronto Railway Negotiations**

THE movement in Toronto Railway has been a feature of the stock market for the past two weeks. At one time it looked as if there would be a hitch in the negotiations between Mayor Hocken and the Company. The Hon. Adam Beck, head of the Hydro-Electric Commission, objected to the city taking over the Toronto Electric Light Company, claiming that the heavy expense would prevent the bringing about of lower rates. However, with several amendments, the bill giving the city the right to take over both systems has passed the Ontario Legislature. Negotiations are proceeding between the Mayor and Mr. E. R. Wood, who represents the Company. At present the City receives \$1,000,000 a year from the street railway. The question whether under municipal control this would be increased is the subject of controversy. Sir William Mackenzie returns from Europe this week.

**Saskatchewan Government Chasing the Wild-catter**

A DESPATCH from Regina says that the provincial department of works has drafted new regulations which will place a more severe check on wild-cattling than hitherto. In the new provisions, there will be many changes. An important regulation to be introduced is that no low-lying land can be subdivided until it is properly drained by a reliable drainage system. The 25-foot-frontage lots have also fallen into disfavour. In future, all lots will have a frontage of 33 feet, at least. In order to encourage wider lots, the fees charged for registration of plans of subdivisions have been changed; a charge is being made at the rate of so much per lot, instead of so much per acre, as formerly.

**United Investors Limited's Year**

BY the issue of \$450,000 common stock, and \$300,000 seven per cent. preferred, the capital stock of the United Investors, Limited, of Winnipeg, will increase their capital to \$1,000,000. At the annual meeting it was reported that profits resulting from the sale of properties amounted to \$23,896, an eminently satisfactory result for the first year's operations.

**April Sales of Municipal Bonds**

THE municipal bond sales in Canada for April, as compiled by the *Monetary Times*, amounted to \$3,693,857, compared with \$1,083,826 for March, and \$927,160 for the corresponding period last year, and making a total for the year of \$7,153,989.

Six provinces were in the market. The largest issues were made by Burnaby, Regina, Calgary and Victoria. The following are the particulars by provinces:

British Columbia .....	\$1,625,000
Alberta .....	698,000
Ontario .....	501,857
Saskatchewan .....	594,000
Manitoba.....	150,000
Quebec .....	125,000
	\$3,693,857

**Annuals Next Week**

GOODWIN'S, LIMITED, of Montreal, and the New Brunswick Telephone Co., of St. John, hold their annual meetings next week.

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- Town of Galt, Ont.*
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Upon request we shall submit quotations and complete particulars of these securities.

**CANADIAN GOVERNMENT MUNICIPAL AND CORPORATION BONDS**

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Z. A. LASH, K. C., } Vice-  
E. R. WOOD, } Presidents

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A LONG and complete experience in buying and selling real estate, a thorough knowledge of local conditions, and the efficient services of a staff of experts have fully equipped this company for the handling of your realty affairs.

**National Trust Company Limited**

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**Royalty's Choice**

In the palaces of Kings, Emperors, Princes, Rajahs—in the mansions of those who are accustomed to the best the world affords—there you will find

**Royal Patrons of Burroughes & Watts'**

*English Billiard Tables Number Among Others:*  
H. M. King George V.  
H. M. King Edward VII.

**Burroughes & Watts'**

**BILLIARD TABLES**

Burroughes & Watts' Billiard Tables are admitted to be the finest in the world. The Patented Steel Vacuum Cushions give the ball an absolutely accurate rebound—the only cushions yet invented that will do so. They also make the tables speedier. Burroughes and Watts' Billiard Tables are mathematically correct to the most minute detail. They are superbly finished.

Just think of the pleasure there would be in playing on and owning one of these magnificent tables—Royalty's choice, and your choice, too. Write for prices and further particulars.

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34 Church Street, Toronto

Montreal Agents: James Hutton & Co., St. James St.  
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By Royal Warrant to H. M. the King

- H. R. H. Duke of Connaught.
- H. R. H. Duke of Saxe Coburg.
- H. R. H. Duke of Albany.
- H. M. the King of Portugal.
- H. M. the King of Belgium.
- H. M. the King of Greece.
- Princess Gortchacoff.
- Prince Hassan.
- The Sultan of Johore.
- H. H. Prince of Demidoff.
- H. H. Princess of Dolgorouki.
- H. H. Prince Hatzfeldt.

Etc., Etc.

## Augustus Stephen Vogt

(Concluded from page 8.)

hearsal resemble a seat in a stock exchange or a popular club.

There was always a scramble for tickets at the concerts. People seemed anxious to part with their money for a form of art that had no stage glamour or pleasing fictions whatever. Why? Some because they were getting to know and therefore to like good choral music. Some—because it was considered as good form to hear the choir as to go to grand opera or to read the latest popular novel.

The choir was accumulating money; though nobody seemed to know how much. That was a novelty. The man who is treasurer now handled the money fifteen years ago. The secretary has been at his post for eight years, and will probably keep it as many more.

Vogt knew the value of good advertising. He has a large scrap-book containing every reference made to him or his choir since 1895—except, perhaps, a few by the writer of this.

He has always been a tremendously hard worker, a master of detail and an artist in handling certain kinds of men. In rehearsal or in concert he always seemed to be master of himself, even when he was most nervous. That gained him a deal of admiration. He made a sheer analytical and administrative business of tone and rhythm as some men do of writing plays or building railroads. And he was seldom satisfied with his own achievements.

There was always the element of surprise. No one knew what the choir might do, or where it might go next;

though to the majority it seemed as though the conductor was taking them into his confidence. That was good for allegiance.

Then some financial men began to take notice. They said that the Mendelssohn choir was as well organized as any bank or railroad. The conductor in fact might have become a great banker, or a great business manager—so says the President of the Bank of Commerce. And that always helps.

Moreover it always looked as though A. S. Vogt might any day decide to chuck his baton and his comfortable honorarium from the Mendelssohn Choir and accept one of the many offers from United States centres. That made it necessary to do on the home ground precisely what he wanted. And nobody seemed to doubt that A. S. Vogt could go to New York, Boston or Chicago and build up a choir that would put Toronto in the choral retired list. I rather think that the man who had the most doubt of this was Vogt himself. He knows that the Mendelssohn Choir is what it is by virtue of one great thing; not merely Vogt and system and publicity—but Rehearsals.

And if anywhere else on this side of the Atlantic A. S. Vogt can find 225 people willing to be drilled dizzy and pounded up the grade and whipped along the level for the sake of choral perfection without pay like this Toronto aggregation, then he will have discovered a modern Utopia.

## When The Line Broke

(Concluded from page 11.)

route. Through what stretches of broken and twisted ice they had to work their devious way, and what "sloughs" they had to follow, with their progress impeded by fallen trees. A tiny speck they seemed moving at a snail's pace hour after hour. Feet of man and beast became sore. Often Thurday was forced to stop to clear the ice from between the toes of the poor brute, and at length blood marked every step of the way. At midday there was the brief pause for rest and a bite to eat, and at night there was the dreary vigil around the camp fire.

Forthrey no longer complained or cursed. He had sunk into a stupor, and Thurday was forced to arouse him to take any food. The pain and weariness of the journey were telling seriously upon him. His face was more haggard, and his body had become much emaciated. Often Thurday would sit at night watching him. He wondered if he would live until they reached the town. The thought filled him each time with apprehension. He must not die there on the trail. What would be the use of the almost superhuman efforts he and the dog were making? He became doubly attentive now. He nursed his enemy like a child. He would stop frequently to be sure that the robe was wrapped carefully about his body. At night he would rest his head on his lap, and urge him to take a little food, just a mouthful, and the stricken man would always feebly obey.

One idea, and one only, now possessed Thurday's mind. He must get this man to the hospital alive. How he himself was able to stand the terrible strain he could not tell. He must save Forthrey. That was his thought by day as he surged ahead of the almost exhausted dog; it haunted him by night when he dropped into a fitful slumber, or nodded wearily before the fire. He did not try to analyze his feelings. He did not even wonder at himself. His own past injury was forgotten in his desperate attempt to save this man. What had become of the cool, calculating Thurday of a few weeks before? Where was that burning hatred which had been as food and drink to him for months? He did everything in his power to relieve Forthrey's sufferings, and one night he lifted up his voice in a great heart cry to the Father above for help.

Each day became to him now like a horrible dream. He knew that he staggered on, and cared for the helpless man. But the long river seemed to mock him as he watched it white and sinuous as far as the eye could reach. Would it never end? Would it wind on forever? Must his feet always press those bending snow shoes? And when at last one day he reeled like a drunken man to the hospital, the nurse who opened the door in response to his knock, started back with a cry of fright. Never had she looked upon such a face as his, so drawn and haggard. Thurday tried to speak; he endeavoured to lift Forthrey from the sled. But the last particle of strength had deserted him. A blackness rose before his eyes. He clutched the air for support, and with a pitiful cry fell full length upon the ground.

Weeks later when Thurday passed from under the nurse's care, he walked with feeble steps from the hospital to the telegraph office down town. The Superintendent eyed him curiously as he gave him the money due him. Yes, he was going to leave, going "outside," to regain his health, so he said. He fingered the bills nervously as he answered various questions, and at length sorting out several, he handed them to the Superintendent.

"That poor devil up at the hospital," he began, "will not be out for several months yet. His leg is mending very slowly. But when he does come out he will be hard up. I want you to give him this, and never let him know whom it is from."

"He must be a great friend of yours," the Superintendent replied as he took the money. "Few men would have done as much for their friends as you have done for him. You have not told me yet how and where you found him."

"When I found him," was the slow response, "I was a murderer; but when I delivered him to the hospital I was a man. I have had my revenge—it is the revenge of forgiveness. More than that I cannot tell."

Solicitude.—The Father—"Really, I am afraid to associate with my own children for fear my morals will be hurt."

The Daughter—"But, Papa! Don't you suppose we realize that, and are careful when we're with you."—Life.

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or Stuttering may make life miserable for your child, or for one of your family or friends. If it does, you owe it to the sufferer to investigate the successful Arnott methods of permanently curing these disturbing impediments. We will gladly give you full particulars and references. Cured pupils everywhere.

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A fitting description of the genuine Canadian Rye.

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**OLD RYE WHISKY**

Call for it by name, and keep a supply always handy for yourself and friends.

On sale everywhere.

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## —next Saturday, May Tenth, is HOT POINT DAY

On that day, and that day only, we will sell "EL TOSTOVO" at \$2.60

This is the most remarkable bargain in electrical appliances ever offered in Toronto. The regular price of "El Tostovo" is \$4.50—on Saturday, May tenth, the price is \$2.60.

THE TORONTO ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., Limited

"At Your Service"

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TIRE  
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The  
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**REPUBLIC STAGGARD  
TREAD TIRES**

is upheld at all times.

**The Dominion Automobile Co.  
Limited, Toronto**

**CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS**

## We've Caught the Expression

—of real delight that greets a box of "Neilson's!"  
Not merely the smile of pleasure on receiving a "box of candies"—but the "thrill" of delight on finding that they are "Neilson's".

Neilson's Chocolates represent the highest achievements in the art of fine confection making. Be it in the invention of new flavors—the blending of rich chocolate with imported nuts, fruits, or creams in exquisite deliciousness—or be it in the purity and high excellence of the materials themselves;—

Neilson's take precedence in the realm of dainty confections.

## Neilson's Chocolates

Sold by leading  
Druggists and  
Confectioners  
everywhere  
William Neilson  
Limited  
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*Come See  
What Canadian Workmen are Making*

This is the most realistic demonstration of Canada's advance to leadership in manufactures. What the Agricultural shows prove of the Dominion's preeminence in the fields—the Made-in-Canada Exhibition Train does for her development in the factories.

### 10 Cars Full of Interesting Exhibits

From the leading Canadian Manufacturers we have gathered exhibits of what is newest and best for farm and home. Just a walk through the train will be an education and delight. Make especial note to see the exhibit of Produce from the Mixed Farming Districts of Ontario.

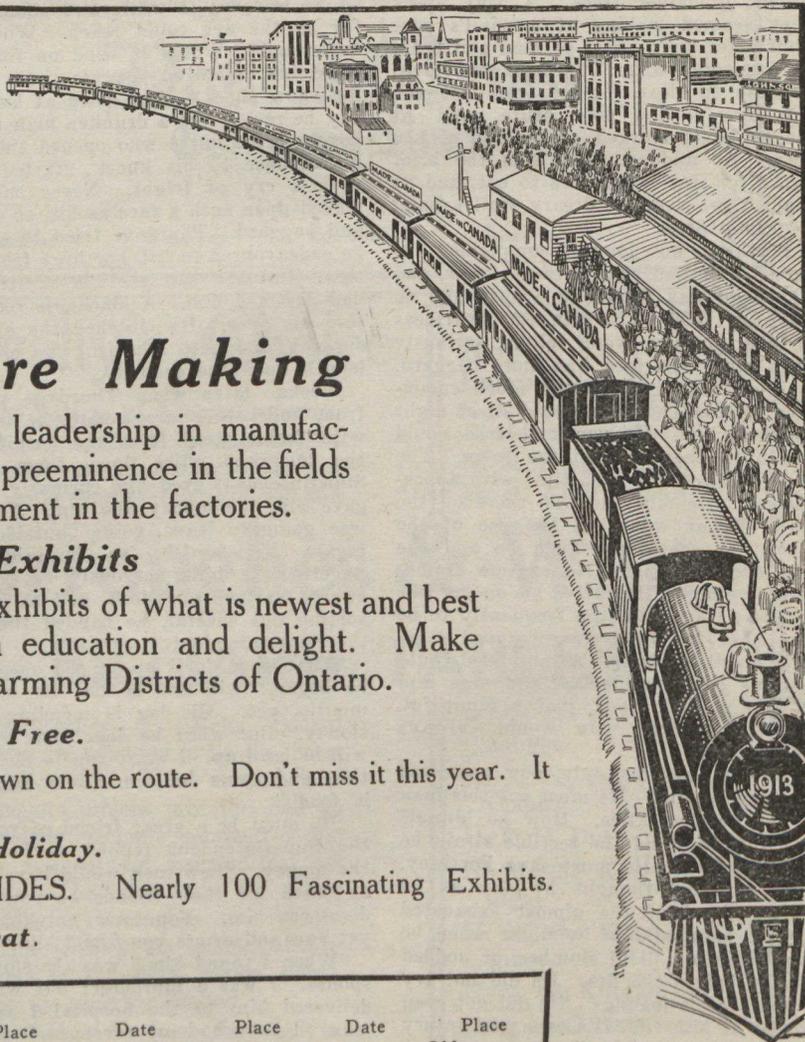
*Everyone Welcome. Admission Free.*

The Made-in-Canada Tour was a tremendous success last year in every town on the route. Don't miss it this year. It has been improved in many ways.

*Make the Exhibition a Family Holiday.*

There will be free MOVING PICTURES and LANTERN SLIDES. Nearly 100 Fascinating Exhibits.

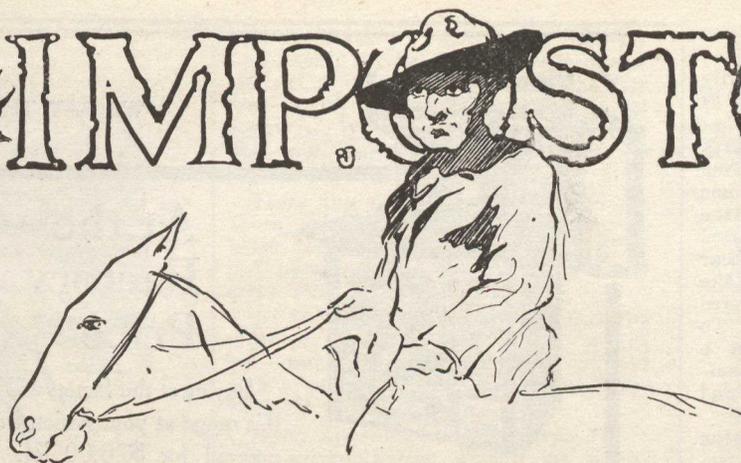
*Don't Miss This Unique Treat.*



### TIME TABLE

Date	Place	Date	Place	Date	Place	Date	Place	Date	Place
May 14	Montreal,	May 24	Treherne,	May 28	Arcola,	June 2	Redcliff,	June 6	Granum,
May 15	Ottawa,		Holland,		Stoughton,		Medicine Hat,		Claresholm,
May 16	Toronto,		Cypress River,		Fillmore,	June 3	Bow Island,	June 10	Nanton,
May 17	Sudbury,		Glenborough,		Osage,		Taber,		High River,
May 19	Port Arthur,		Souris,		Francis,	June 4	Lethbridge,	June 11	Lacombe,
May 20	Fort William,	May 26	Brandon,	May 29	Regina,	June 5	Sterling,	June 12	Ponoka,
May 21	Dryden,		Reston,	May 30	Moose Jaw,		Raymond,		Wetaskiwin,
May 22	Kenora,	May 27	Redvers,	May 31	Swift Current,		Magrath,	June 13	Daysland,
May 23	Winnipeg,		Manor,		Gull Lake,	June 7	Cardston,	June 14	Strome,
May 24	Carman,		Carlyle,		Maple Creek,	June 8	MacLeod,	June 15	Sedgewick,
						June 9	Crossfield,	June 16	Hardisty,

# THE IMPOSTOR



BY  
**HAROLD  
BINDLOSS**

CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

"WHAT do you want here?" he asked.

The other man laughed. Isn't that a curious question when the place is mine? You don't seem overjoyed to see me come to life again."

Witham sat down and slowly lighted a cigar. "We need not go into that, I asked you what you want."

"Well," said Courthorne, dryly, "it is not a great deal. Only the means to live in a manner more befitting a gentleman than I have been able to do lately."

"You have not been prospering?" and Witham favoured his companion with a slow scrutiny.

"No," and Courthorne laughed again. "You see, I could pick up a tolerable living as Lance Courthorne, but there is very little to be made at my business when you commence in new fields as an unknown man."

"Well," said Witham, coldly, "I don't know that it wouldn't be better to face my trial than stay here at your mercy. So far as my inclinations go, I would sooner fight than have any further dealings with a man like you."

Courthorne shook his head. "I fixed up the thing too well, and you would be convicted. Still, we'll not go into that, and you will not find me unreasonable. A life at Silverdale would not suit me, and you know by this time that it would be difficult to sell the place, while I don't know where I could find a tenant who would farm it better than you. That being so, it wouldn't be good policy to bleed you too severely. Still, I want a thousand dollars in the meanwhile. They're mine, you see."

Witham sat still a minute. He was sensible of a fierce distrust and hatred of the man before him, but he felt he must at least see the consummation of his sowing.

"Then you shall have them on condition that you go away, and stay away, until harvest is over. After that I will send for you and shall have more to tell you. If in the meantime you come back here, or hint that I am Witham, I will surrender to the police or decide our differences in another fashion."

Courthorne nodded. "That is direct," he said. "One knows where he is when he deals with a man who talks as you do. Now, are you not curious as to the way I cheated both the river and the police?"

"No," said Witham grimly, "not in the least. We will talk business together when it is necessary, but I can only decline to discuss anything else with you."

Courthorne laughed. "There's nothing to be gained by pretending to misunderstand you, but it wouldn't pay me to be resentful when I'm graciously willing to let you work for me. Still, I have been inclined to wonder how you were getting on with my estimable relatives and connections. One of them has, I hear, unbent a trifle towards you, but I would like to warn you not to presume on any small courtesy shown you by the younger Miss Barrington."

Witham stood up and set his back to the door. "You heard my terms, but if you mention that lady again in connection with me it would suit me equally well to make good all I owe you very differently."

Courthorne did not appear in any way disconcerted, but before he could answer a man outside opened the door. "Here's Sergeant Stimson and one of his troopers wanting you," he said.

Witham looked at Courthorne, but the latter smiled. "The visit has nothing

to do with me. It is probably accidental; but I fancy Stimson knows me, and it wouldn't be advisable for him to see us both together. Now, I wonder whether you could make it fifteen hundred dollars."

"No," said Witham. "Stay if it pleases you."

Courthorne shook his head. "I don't know that it would. You don't do it badly, Witham."

He went out by another door almost as the grizzled sergeant came in and stood still, looking at the master of the homestead.

"I haven't seen you since I came here, Mr. Courthorne, and now you remind me of another man I once had dealings with," he said.

Witham laughed a little. "I scarcely fancy that is very civil, Sergeant."

"Well," said the prairie-rider, "there is a difference, when I look at you more closely. Let me see, I met you once or twice back there in Alberta?"

He appeared to be reflecting, but Witham was on his guard. "More frequently, I fancy, but you had nothing definite against me, and the times have changed. I would like to point that out to you civilly. Your chiefs are also on good terms with us at Silverdale, you see."

The sergeant laughed. "Well, sir, I meant no offence, and called round to requisition a horse. One of the Whitesod boys has been deciding a quarrel with a neighbour with an axe, and while I fancy they want me at once, my beast got his foot in a badger hole."

"Tell Tom in the stables to let you have your choice," said Witham. "If you like them, there's no reason you shouldn't take some of these cigars along."

The sergeant went out, and when the beat of hoofs sank into the silence of the prairie, Witham called Courthorne in. "I have offered you no refreshment, but the best in the house is at your service," he said.

Courthorne looked at him curiously, and for the first time Witham noticed that the life he had led was telling upon his companion.

"As your guest?" he asked.

"Yes," said Witham. "I am tenant here, and, that I may owe you nothing, purpose paying you a second thousand dollars when the crop is in, as well as bank-rate interest on the value of the stock and machines and the money I have used, as shown in the documents handed me by Colonel Barrington. With wheat at its present price, nobody would give you more for the land. In return, I demand the unconditional use of the farm until within three months from harvest. I have the elevator warrants for whatever wheat I raise, which will belong to me. If you do not agree, or remain here after sunrise to-morrow, I shall ride over to the outpost and make a declaration."

"Well," said Courthorne slowly, "you can consider it a deal."

CHAPTER XV.

Facing the Flame.

COURTHORNE rode away next morning, and some weeks had passed when Maud Barrington came upon Witham sitting beside his mower in a sloop. He did not at first see her, for the rattle of the machines in a neighbouring hollow drowned the muffled beat of hoofs, and the girl, reining her horse in, looked down on him. The man was sitting very still, which was unusual with him, a hammer in his hand, gazing straight before him, as though he

could see something beyond the shimmering heat that danced along the rim of the prairie.

Summer had come, and the grass, which grew scarcely ankle-deep on the great levels, was once more white and dry; but in the hollows that had held the melting snow it stood waist-high, scented with peppermint, harsh and wiry, and Witham had set out with every man to harvest it. Already a line of loaded waggons crawled slowly across the prairie, and men and horses moved half-seen amid the dust that whirled about another sloop. Out of it came the trampling of hoofs and the musical tinkle of steel.

Suddenly Witham looked up, and the care which was stamped upon it fled from his face when he saw the girl. The dust that lay thick upon his garments had spared her, and as she sat, patting the restless horse, with a little smile in her face which showed just touched by the sun beneath the big white hat, something in her dainty freshness reacted upon the tired man's fancy. He had long borne the stress and the burden, and as he watched her a longing to taste for at least a space the life of leisure and refinement came upon him, as it had done too often for his tranquility since he came to Silverdale. This woman who had been born to it could, it seemed to him, lift the man she trusted beyond the sordid cares of the turmoil to her own high level, and as he waited for her to speak, a fit of passion shook him. It betrayed itself only by the sudden hardening of his face.

"It is the first time I have surprised you idle. You were dreaming," she said.

Witham smiled a trifle mirthlessly. "I was, but I am afraid the fulfilment of the dreams is not for me. One is apt to be pulled up suddenly when he ventures over far."

"We are inquisitive, you know," said Maud Barrington; "can't you tell me what they are?"

Witham did not know what impulse swayed him, and afterwards blamed himself for complying; but the girl's interest compelled him, and he showed her a little of what was in his heart.

"I fancy I saw Silverdale gorging the elevators with the choicest wheat," he said. "A new bridge flung level across the ravine where the waggons go down half-loaded to the creek; a dam turning the hollow into a lake, and big turbines driving our own flouring mill. Then there were herds of cattle fattening on the strippings of the grain that wasteful people burn, our products clamoured for, east in the old country, and west in British Columbia—and for a background, prosperity and power, even if it was paid for with half the traditions of Silverdale. Still, you see it may all be due to the effect of the fierce sunshine on an idle man's fancy."

Maud Barrington regarded him steadily, and the smile died out of her eyes. "But," she said, slowly, "is all that quite beyond realization. Could you not bring it about?"

Witham saw her quiet confidence and something of her pride. There was no avarice in this woman, but the slight dilation of the nostrils and the glow in her eyes told of ambition, and for a moment his soul was not his own.

"I could," he said; and Maud Barrington, who watched the swift straightening of his shoulders and lifting of his head, felt that he spoke no more than the truth. Then with a sudden access of bitterness, "But I never will."

"Why?" she asked. "Have you grown



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tired of Silverdale, or has what you pictured no charm for you?"

Witham leaned, as it were wearily against the wheel of the mower. "I wonder if you could understand what my life has been. The crushing poverty that rendered every effort useless from the beginning, the wounds that come from using imperfect tools, and the numb hopelessness that follows repeated failure. They are tolerably hard to bear alone, but it is more difficult to make the best of them when the poorly-fed body is as worn out as the mind. To stay here would be—paradise—but a glimpse of it will probably have to suffice. Its gates are well guarded and without are the dogs, you know."

Something in Maud Barrington thrilled in answer to the faint hoarseness in Witham's voice, and she did not resent it. She was a woman with all her sex's instinctive response to passion and emotion, though as yet the primitive impulses that stir the hearts of men had been covered, if not wholly hidden, from her by the thin veneer of civilization. Now, at least, she felt in touch with them, and for a moment she looked at the man with a daring that matched his own shining in her eyes.

"And you fear the angel with the sword?" she said; "There is nothing so terrible at Silverdale."

"No," said Witham, "I think it is the load I have to carry I fear the most."

For the moment Maud Barrington had flung off the bonds of conventionality. "Lance," she said, "you have proved your right to stay at Silverdale, and would not what you are doing now cover a great deal in the past?"

Witham smiled wryly. "It is the present that is difficult," he said. "Can a man be pardoned and retain the offence?"

He saw the faint bewilderment in the girl's face give place to the resentment of frankness unreturned, and with a little shake of his shoulders shrank into himself. Maud Barrington, who understood it, once more put on the becoming reticence of Silverdale.

"We are getting beyond our depth, and it is very hot," she said. "You have all this hay to cut!"

Witham laughed as he bent over the mower's knife. "Yes," he said, "it is really more in my line, and I have kept you in the sun too long."

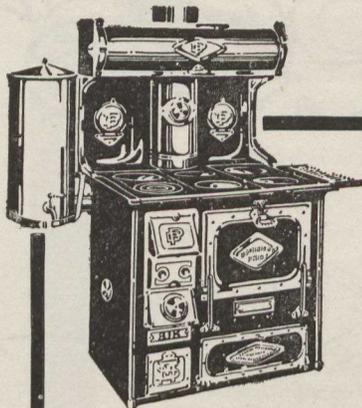
In another few moments Maud Barrington was riding across the prairie, but when the rattle of the machine rose from the sloop behind her she laughed curiously.

"The man knew his place, but you came perilously near making a fool of yourself this morning, my dear," she said.

It was a week or two later, and very hot when, with others of his neighbours, Witham sat in the big hall at Silverdale Grange. The windows were open wide, and the smell of hot dust came in from the white waste which rolled away beneath the stars. There was also another odour in the little puffs of wind that flickered in, and far off where the arch of indigo dropped to the dusky earth wavy lines of crimson moved along the horizon. It was then the season when fires that are lighted by means which no man knows creep up and down the waste of grass, until they put on speed and roll in a surf of flame before a sudden breeze. Still nobody was anxious about them, for the guarding furrows that would oppose a space of dusty soil to the march of the flame had been ploughed round every homestead at Silverdale.

Maud Barrington was at the piano, and her voice was good; while Witham who had known what it is to toil from red dawn to sunset without hope of more than daily food, found the simple song she had chosen chime with his mood: "All day long the reapers."

A faint staccato drumming that rose from the silent prairie throbbed through the final chords of it, and when the music ceased, swelled into the gallop of a horse. It seemed in some curious fashion portentous, and when there was a rattle and jingle outside other eyes than Witham's were turned towards the door. It swung open presently, and Dane came in. There was quiet elation and some diffidence in his bronzed face as he turned to Colonel Barrington.



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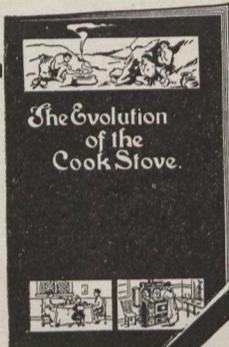
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"I could not get away earlier from the settlement, sir, but I have great news," he said. "They have awoke to the fact that stocks are getting low in the old country. Wheat moved up at Winnipeg, and there was almost a rush to buy yesterday."

There was a sudden silence, for among those present were men who remembered the acres of good soil they had not ploughed, but a little grim smile crept into their leader's face.

"It is," he said quietly, "too late for most of us. Still, we will not grudge you your good fortune, Dane. You and a few of the others owe it to Courthorne."

Every eye was on the speaker, for it had become known among his neighbours that he had sold for a fall; but Barrington could lose gracefully. Then both his niece and Dane looked at Witham with a question in their eyes.

"Yes," he said very quietly, "it is the turning of the tide."

He crossed over to Barrington, who smiled at him dryly as he said, "It is a trifle soon to admit that I was wrong."

Witham made a gesture of almost impatient deprecation. "I was wondering how far I might presume, sir. You have forward wheat to deliver?"

"I have," said Barrington; "unfortunately, a good deal. You believe the advance will continue?"

"Yes," said Witham simply. "Still it is but the beginning, and there will be a reflux before the stream sets in. Wait a little, sir, and then telegraph your broker to cover all your contracts when the price drops again."

"I fancy it would be wiser to cut my losses now," said Barrington dryly.

Then Witham did a somewhat daring thing, for he raised his voice a trifle, in a fashion that seemed to invite the attention of the rest of the company.

"The more certain the advance seems to be, the fiercer will be the bears' last attack," he said. "They have to get from under, and will take heavy chances to force prices back. As yet, they may contrive to check or turn the stream, and then every wise man who has sold down will try to cover, but no one can tell how far it may carry us, once it sets strongly in."

The men understood, as did Colonel Barrington, that they were being warned, above their leader's head; and his niece, while resenting the slight, admitted the courage of the man. Barrington's face was sardonic, and a less resolute man would have winced under the implication as he said:

"This is, no doubt, intuition. I fancy you told us you had no dealings on the markets at Winnipeg."

Witham looked steadily at the speaker, and the girl noticed with a curious approval that he smiled.

"Perhaps it is, but I believe events will prove me right. In any case, what I had the honour of telling you and Miss Barrington was the fact," he said.

Nobody spoke, and the girl was wondering by what means the strain, which, though few heard what Barrington said, all seemed to feel, could be relieved, when out of the darkness came a second beat of hoofs, and by and by a man swaying on the driving seat of a jolting waggon swept into the light from the windows. Then there were voices outside, and a breathless lad came in.

"A big grass fire coming right down on Courthorne's farm!" he said. "It was tolerably close when I got away."

In an instant there was commotion, and every man in Silverdale Grange was on his feet. For the most part they took life lightly, and looked upon their farming as an attempt to combine the making of dollars with gentlemanly relaxation; but there were no laggards among them when there was perilous work to be done, and they went out to meet the fire joyously. Inside five minutes scarcely a horse remained in the stables, and the men were flying at a gallop across the dusky prairie, laughing at the risk of a stumble in a deadly badger-hole. Yet in the haste of saddling, they found time to arrange a twenty-dollar sweepstake and the allowance for weight.

Up the long rise and down the back of it they swept, stirrup as yet by stirrup and neck and neck, while the roar of the hoofs reft the silence of the prairie like the roll of musketry. Behind came the waggons, lurching up the

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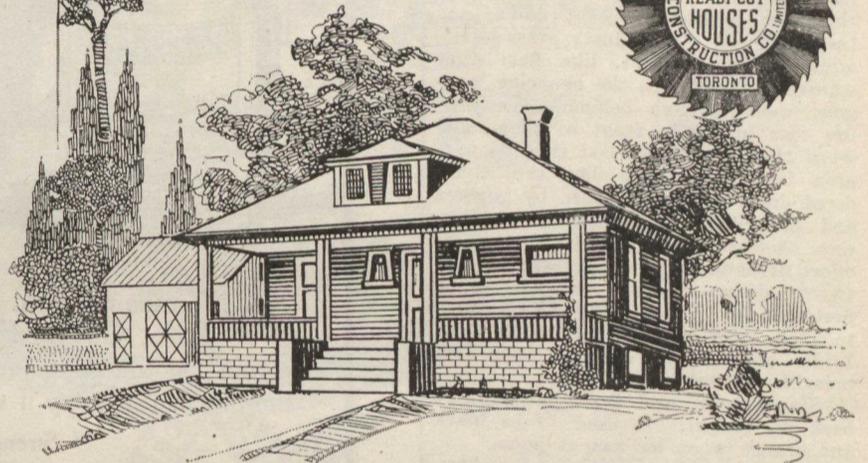
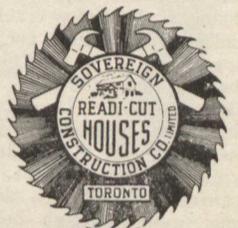
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slope, and the blood surged to the brave young faces as the night wind smote them and fanned into brightness the crimson smear on the horizon. They were English lads, and healthy Englishmen, of the stock that had furnished their nation's fighting line, and not infrequently counted no sacrifice too great that brought their colours home first on the racing turf. Still, careless to the verge of irresponsibility as they were in most affairs that did not touch their pride, the man who rode with red spurs and Dane next behind him, a clear length before the first of them, asked no better allies in what was to be done.

Then the line drew out as the pace began to tell, though the rearmost rode grimly, knowing the risks the leaders ran, and that the chance of being first to meet the fire might yet fall to them. There was not one among them who would not have killed his best horse for that honour, and for further incentive the Colonel's niece, in streaming habit, flitted in front of them. She had come up from behind them, and passed them on a rise, for Barrington disdained to breed horses for dollars alone, and there was blood well known on the English turf in the beast she rode.

By-and-by a straggling birch bluff rose blackly across their way, but nobody swung wide. Swaying low while the branches smote them, they went through, the twigs crackling under foot, and here and there the red drops trickling down a flushed, scarred face, for the slanting rent of a birch bough cuts like a knife. Dim trees whirled by them, undergrowth went down, and they were out of the dusty grass again, while hurled straight, like field guns wanted at the front, the bouncing waggons went through behind. Then the fire rose higher in front of them, and when they topped the last rise the pace grew faster still. The slope they thundered down was undermined by gophers and seamed by badger-holes, but they took their chances gleefully, sparing no effort of hand and heel, for the sum of twenty dollars and the credit of being first man in. Then the smoke rolled up to them, and when eager hands drew bridle at last a youthful voice rose breathlessly out of it:

"Stapleton a good first, but he'll go back on weight. It used to be black and orange when he was at home."

There was a ripple of hoarse laughter, a gasping cheer, and then silence, for now their play was over, and it was with the grim quietness, which is not unusual with their kind, the men of Silverdale turned towards the fire. It rolled towards the homestead, a waving crimson wall, not fast, but with remorseless persistency, out of the dusky prairie, and already the horses were plunging in the smoke of it. That, however, did not greatly concern the men, for the bare fire furrows stretched between themselves and it; but there was also another blaze inside the defences, and, unless it was checked, nothing could save house and barns and granaries, rows of costly binders, and stock of prairie hay. They looked for a leader, and found one ready, for Witham's voice came up through the crackle of the fire:

"Some of you lead the saddle-horses back to the willows and picket them. The rest to the stables and bring out the working beasts. The ploughs are by the corral, and the first team that comes up is to be harnessed to each in turn. Then start in, and turn over a fall-depth furrow a furlong from the fire."

There was no confusion, and already the hired men were busy with two great machines until Witham displaced two of them.

"How that fire passed the guards I don't know, but there will be time to find out later," he said to Dane. "Follow with the big breaker—it wants a strong man to keep that share in—as close as you can."

Then they were off, a man at the heads of the leading horses harnessed to the great machines, and Witham sitting very intent in the driving-seat of one, while the tough sod crackled under the rending shares. Both the man and the reins were needed when the smoke rolled down on them, but it was for a moment torn aside again, and there roared up towards the blurred arch of indigo a great rush of flame. The heat of it smote into prickliness

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the uncovered skin, and in spite of all that Witham could do, the beasts recoiled upon the machine behind them. Then they swung round wrenching the shares from the triplex furrow, and for a few wild minutes man and terrified beast fought for the mastery. Breathless, half-strangled objurgations, the clatter of trace and swivel, and the thud of hoofs, rose muffled through the roar of the fire, for while swaying, plunging, panting, they fought with fist and hoof, it was rolling on, and now the heat was almost insupportable. The victory, however, was to the men, and when the great machine went on again, Maud Barrington, who with the wife of one of her neighbours had watched the struggle, stood wide-eyed, half afraid, and yet thrilled in every fibre.

"It was splendid!" she said. "They can't be beaten."

Her companion seemed to shiver a little. "Yes," she said, "perhaps it was, but I wish it was over. It would appeal to you differently, my dear, if you had a husband at one of those horses' heads."

For a moment Maud Barrington wondered whether it would, and then, when a red flame flickered out towards the team, felt a little chill of dread. In another second the smoke whirled about them, and she moved backward choking with her companion. The teams, however, went on, and, though the men who led them afterwards wondered how they kept their grip on the horses' heads, came out frantic with fear on the farther side. Then it was that while the machines swung round and other men ran to help, Witham, springing from the driving-seat, found Dane amidst the swaying, plunging medley of beasts and men.

"If you can't find hook or clevis, cut the trace," he said. "It can't burn the plough, and the devils are out of hand now. The fire will jump these furrows, and we've got to try again."

In another minute four maddened beasts were careering across the prairie with portions of their trappings banging about them, while one man who was badly kicked sat down grey in face and gasping, and the fire rolled up to the ridge of loam, checked, and then sprang across it here and there.

"I'll take one of those lad's places," said Dane: "That fellow can't hold the breaker straight, Courthorne."

It was a minute or two later when he flung a breathless lad away from his plough, and the latter turned upon him hoarse with indignation.

"I raced Stapleton for it. Loose your hold, confound you. It's mine," he said.

Dane turned and laughed at him as he signed to one of the Ontario hired men to take the near horse's head.

"You're a plucky lad, and you've done what you could," he said. "Still, if you get in the way of a grown man now, I'll break your head for you."

He was off in another moment, crossed Witham, who had found fresh beasts, in his furrow, and had turned and doubled it before the fire that had passed the other barrier came close upon them. Once more the smoke grew blinding, and one of Dane's beasts went down.

"I'm out of action now," he said. "Try back. That team will never face it, Courthorne."

Witham's face showed very grim under the tossing flame. "They've got to. I'm going through," he said. "If the others are to stop it behind there, they must have time."

Then he and the husband of the woman who had spoken to Maud Barrington passed on with the frantic team into the smoke that was streaked with flame.

"Good Lord!" said Dane, and added more as, sitting on the horse's head, he turned his tingling face from the fire.

It was some minutes before he and the hired man who came up loosed the fallen horse, and led it and its fellow back towards the last defences the rest had been raising, while the first furrows checked but did not stay the conflagration. There he presently came upon the man who had been with Witham.

"I don't know where Courthorne is," he said. "The beasts bolted with us just after we'd gone through the worst of it, and I fancy they took the plough



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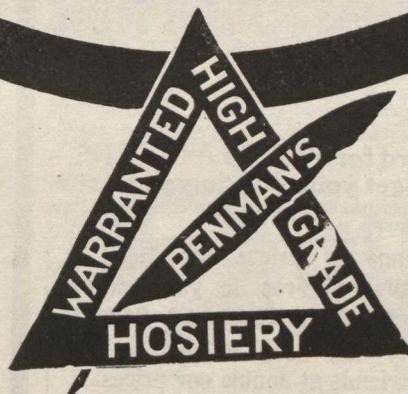
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along. Anyway, I didn't see what became of them, and don't fancy anybody would have worried much about them after being trampled on by a horse in the lumbar regions."

Dane saw that the man was limping and white in face, and asked no more questions. It was evident to him that Courthorne would be where he was most needed, and he did what he could with those who were adding furrow to furrow across the path of the fire. It rolled up to them roaring, stopped, flung a shower of burning filaments before it, sank and swept aloft again, while the sparks rained down upon the grass before the draught it made.

Blackened men with smouldering clothes were, however, ready, and they fought each incipient blaze with soaked grain bags, and shovels, some of them also, careless of blistered arms, with their own wet jackets. As fast as each fire was trampled out another sprang into life, but the parent blaze that fed them sank and died, and at last there was a hoarse cheer. They had won, and the fire they had beaten passed on divided across the prairie, leaving the homestead unscathed between.

Then they turned to look for their leader, and did not find him until a lad came up to Dane.

"Courthorne's back by the second furrows, and I fancy he's badly hurt," he said. "He didn't appear to know me, and his head seems all kicked in."

It was not apparent how the news went round, but in a few more minutes Dane was kneeling beside a limp, blackened object stretched amidst the grass, and while his comrades clustered behind her, Maud Barrington bent over him. Her voice was breathless as she asked, "You don't believe him dead?"

Somebody had brought a lantern, and Dane felt inclined to gasp when he saw the girl's white face, but what she felt was not his business then.

"He's of a kind that is very hard to kill. Hold that lantern so I can see him," he said.

The rest waited silent, glad that there was somebody to take a lead, and in a few moments Dane looked round again.

"Ride in to the settlement, Stapleton, and bring that doctor fellow out if you bring him by the neck. Stop just a moment. You don't know where you're to bring him to."

"Here, of course," said the lad, breaking into a run.

"Wait," and Dane's voice stopped him. "Now, I don't fancy that would do. It seems to me that this is a case in which a woman to look after him would be necessary."

Then, before any of the married men or their wives who had followed them could make an offer, Maud Barrington touched his shoulder.

"He is coming to the Grange," she said.

Dane nodded, signed to Stapleton, then spoke quickly to the men about him and turned to Maud Barrington.

"Ride on at a gallop and get everything ready. I'll see he comes to no harm," he said.

The girl felt curiously grateful as she rode out with her companion, and Dane who laid Witham carefully in a wagon, drew two of the other men aside when it rolled away towards the Grange.

"There is something to be looked into. Did you notice anything unusual about the affair?" he said. "Since you asked me, I did," said one of the men. "I, however, scarcely cared to mention it until I had time for reflection, but while I fancy the regulation guards would have checked the fire on the boundaries without our help, I don't quite see how one started in the hollow inside them."

"Exactly," said Dane very dryly. "Well, we have got to discover it, and the more quickly we do it the better. I fancy, however, that the question who started it is what we have to consider."

The men looked at one another, and the third of them nodded.

"I fancy it comes to that—though it is horribly unpleasant to admit it," he said.

(To be continued.)

Brevity.—Barber (beginning the haircut)—"Have you heard the story about the guy that—(resuming business)—want it short, sir?"

Customer (a tired editor)—"Yes; a mere synopsis will do!"—Judge.

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# FOR THE JUNIORS

## Little Lady Springtime.

**L**ITTLE Lady Springtime

Called on us to-day,  
A-wearing of a flower-  
sprigged frock  
And a bonnet gay.

She bore a blossom in  
her hand,  
And oh! her smile was  
sweet;  
May sunshine clung about  
her head,  
Green grasses kissed  
her feet.

Birds and bees and but-  
terflies

Whisper, "She is here,"  
When Little Lady Spring-  
time

Visits us each year.  
M. H. C.



Little Lady Springtime.

## A Dog That Was a Hero.

**L**OST in the woods of  
New Brunswick for  
five and a half days and  
exposed to the cold and  
rains of early winter as  
well as to the danger of attack by wild  
animals, Jane Burabe, a little seven-  
year-old girl of St. Andre, owes her life  
to a spaniel dog.

The child was returning home from a  
wood lot whither she had gone to carry  
her father's dinner. After losing her  
way she wandered for miles into a dense  
cedar swamp. Hundreds of people  
scoured the woods for the lost child but  
without success, and it was thought  
that she must have perished from ex-  
posure.

At 4 o'clock in the morning, five days  
after the child's disappearance, the dog  
which belonged to John Cyr, a neighbor  
of the Burabes, leaped upon his master's  
bed and refused to be quieted until the  
latter got up and dressed. After break-  
fast Cyr decided to follow the dog,  
which continued to be uneasy and eager  
to lead the way into the forest. For six  
hours they tramped through the woods  
in a straight line. Suddenly the dog  
barked loudly at their approach to a big  
tree and there the child was found. She  
was numb from the cold and too weak to  
walk, but alive and conscious.

The girl said the dog had found her  
the day before, but that she was too  
weak to follow him. He had gone for  
help and got it, and showed by his ac-  
tions that he knew there must be no  
time lost, if the girl were to be saved.—  
Our Dumb Animals.

## Little Green Caterpillar.

**O**NCE upon a time there lived in a  
meadow a little Green Caterpillar.

Little Green Caterpillar was very  
happy. And why should he not be  
happy? The great golden sun in the  
blue sky shone down brightly. The  
flowers nodded pleasantly. The birds  
sang sweetly overhead. Best of all, the  
waving grasses tasted, oh, so good, for  
Little Green Caterpillar was always  
hungry.

"You are very ugly, Little Green Cat-  
erpillar, and very lazy, too," said the  
ants as they passed. "All day long you  
lie in the sunshine and do nothing but  
eat."

Little Green Caterpillar looked up and  
smiled, but went on eating.

Mr. Bumble Bee stopped with a mes-  
sage from Spider, the spinner. He could  
not help telling Little Green Caterpillar  
how very ugly he was. But Little Green  
Caterpillar went right on eating.

A cloud of butterflies passed by on  
their way to the butterfly ball. They  
smiled kindly on Little Green Caterpillar,  
and said:

"Wise Little Green Caterpillar! Just  
eat, and eat, and eat!"

And so Little Green Caterpillar went  
on eating until he became so tired and  
sleepy that he no longer cared to eat.  
Then he began to hunt for a warm bed  
in which to rest himself. He was so  
tired he could hardly crawl to the low-  
est branch of a bush. There he found  
a nice green leaf in which to wrap him-

self away from the cold  
wind which began to  
blow. Little Green Cat-  
erpillar pulled his green  
blanket over his head,  
but his toes were cold.

"I must spin a shell,"  
sighed Little Green Cat-  
erpillar, for he was very  
sleepy now.

So Little Green Cater-  
pillar began to spin, and  
spin, and spin. By-and-  
by his toes and even his  
nose were covered with a  
pretty grey silken sheet.  
So Little Green Cater-  
pillar curled himself up  
in his cocoon cradle and  
went to sleep.

Soon Jack Frost came  
dancing along, the merry  
little elf! He patted  
lovingly the heads of the  
nuts, and made a mirror  
of the pond behind the  
barn.

The Snow King came  
creeping over the moun-  
tains, throwing a winter  
cloak over everything.  
But Little Green Cater-  
pillar slept on, and on, and on, until the  
Snow King took his white cloak and  
hurried away over the hills to the land  
of ice and snow. The brooks and rivers  
were free again, and danced down the  
mountains to find the sea.

The trees dressed themselves in their  
new green leaves. Soon the flowers  
pushed their heads through the brown  
earth to swing in the sunshine. Then  
Little Green Caterpillar awoke. He  
crept out of his cocoon cradle and  
stretched himself.

It was a warm spring day, and Mr.  
Bumble Bee came busily buzzing along  
to make the first calls on his friends of  
the meadow. He paused at the cocoon  
cradle. It was empty. But there be-  
side it, with his wings spread ready  
for flight, was—not the ugly Little  
Green Caterpillar, but a beautiful Mea-  
dow Brown Butterfly.

## OUR SPRING COMPETITION.

**H**AVE you found the bird's nest  
yet about which you are go-  
ing to write a story for our com-  
petition? Look for it every time  
you take a walk in woods or the  
country these fine spring days, and  
remember that when you have  
found it these are the things you  
must be careful to notice and tell  
about when you send in your  
essay:

(1) On what day of the year  
did you find the nest. (2) What  
kind of bird lived in the nest. (3)  
Was it an old or a new nest, and  
of what was it made. (4) When  
were the eggs laid. (5) Describe  
them and tell how many there  
were. (6) When were the bird-  
lings hatched. (7) Tell the date  
on which they first learned to fly.

You will notice a great many  
other things which we have not  
mentioned, but put them all in  
your story and send it along.

### Rules of the Competition.

The essay must not be more  
than three hundred words in  
length. It should be entitled "The  
Story of the Nest." It is open  
to boys and girls up to the age  
of eighteen. It should be written  
on one side of the paper only, and  
name, age, and address must be  
clearly stated. All essays should  
be in this office by the morning  
of July 15th, and should be ad-  
dressed, Junior Competition, Can-  
adian Courier, Toronto.

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illustrating any part of "The  
Story of the Nest."



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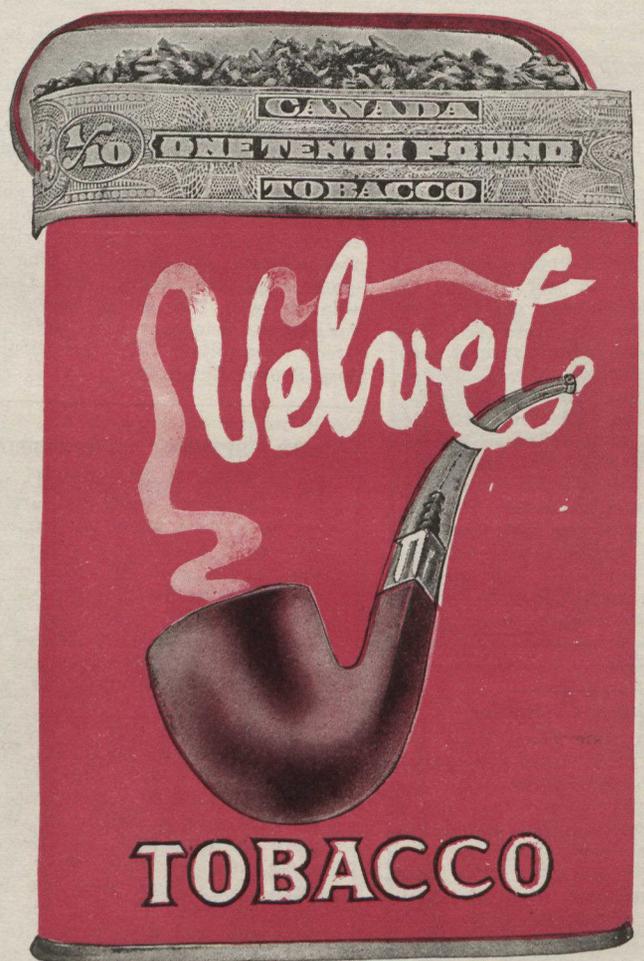
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