

The Canadian

Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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NUMBER

ART OF FLORAL
DECORATION

FLOWERS IN THE HOME

REGULATION OF STREAM
FLOW

By A. H. D. ROSS

BUILDING THE CANADIAN
NAVY

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THE SPOTTED DOG MINE
SHORT STORY

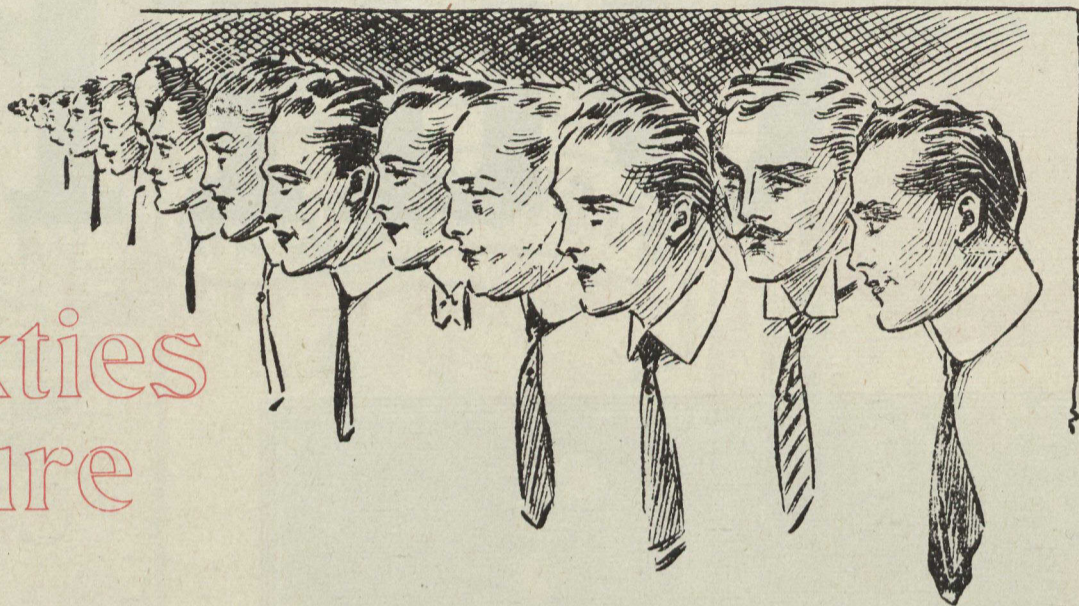
By W. A. FRASER

READ IN NINE PROVINCES

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N.B. Be sure to send enough money EXTRA for postage at the rate of one cent an ounce.

THE
ROBERT

SIMPSON
TORONTO

COMPANY
LIMITED

9th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE NOVA SCOTIA STEEL AND COAL COMPANY, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE - NEW GLASGOW, NOVA SCOTIA

GENERAL STATEMENT

GENERAL STATEMENT, DECEMBER 31st, 1909

ASSETS.	LIABILITIES.
Property and Mines: Cost of Properties owned and operated by the Company \$12,582,191.22	Capital Stock: Preferred \$1,030,000.00 Common 6,000,000.00
Current Assets: Inventories (raw and manufactured materials and stores) \$1,134,258.84	Bonds: Total Issues \$6,000,000.00 Less in Treasury not is- sued 2,500,000.00
Ledger Accounts and Bills Receivable 662,280.15	Debenture Stock 1,000,000.00
Cash in Bank 207,020.15	Current Liabilities: Pay Rolls and Accounts not yet due \$ 193,550.86
\$14,585,759.36	Bond coupons due Jan. 1st, 1910 87,500.00
	Debenture Stock Interest, payable Jan. 1st, 1910.. 30,000.00
	Quarterly Dividend on Preferred Shares, pay- able Jan. 15th, 1910.... 20,690.00
	Quarterly Dividend on Ordinary Shares, pay- able Jan. 15th, 1910.... 60,000.00
	Bills payable and Cash advances 607,458.75
	999,109.61
	General Reserve: Special Reserve Accounts: Reserve for General De- preciation and for un- usual Expenses and Renewals 924,562.40
	Fire Insurance Fund 45,279.97
	Surplus Profit and Loss.... 336,807.38
	\$14,585,759.36

ABSTRACT OF PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

DR.	CR.
1909. Dec. 31st, Interest paid on bonds and to bank, etc..... \$ 247,836.89	1908. Dec. 31. By balance \$1,219,221.07
Interest paid on debenture stock 30,000.00	1909. Dec. 31. By profits for year end- ed Dec. 31, 1909..... 907,949.00
Paid on sinking fund 35,700.00	\$2,127,170.07
Dividend on preferred shares 82,400.00	1909. Dec. 31. By Balance \$336,807.38
Dividends on ordinary shares 60,000.00	
Bonus Stock Dividend on ordinary shares 1,000,000.00	
Directors' remuneration.. 12,500.00	
Transferred to reserve funds for depreciation, renewals, etc. 77,669.00	
Improvements and bet- terments to plant writ- ten off 52,173.58	
Commissions and Pre- miums on converting Bond Issues written off. 184,453.54	
Transferred to fire in- surance fund 7,629.68	
Balance carried forward. 336,807.38	
\$2,127,170.07	

We have examined the Vouchers and audited the Books of the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company, Limited, for the year ended December 31, 1909, and certify that the annexed balance sheet contains a true and correct statement of their affairs at that date.

J. HEYWOOD MacGREGOR }
F. H. OXLEY, F. C. A., } Auditors.

DIRECTORS' REPORT

Your Directors herewith submit their Ninth Annual Report, with statement of assets and liabilities, and abstract of profit and loss account for the year ended December 31st, 1909.

The profits for the year amounted to \$907,949.00, as compared with \$734,701.53 for 1908. In view of the depressed condition of business during the greater part of the year, this result should be regarded with satisfaction by the shareholders.

The amount at the credit of profit and loss account on January 1, 1909, was \$1,219,221.07, against which the stock dividend of \$1,000,000, declared in December, 1909, was charged.

The various amounts transferred to the Reserve Fund and Fire Insurance Fund, and written off for improvements and betterments, are shown by the accounts. A sum of \$184,453.54 for Premium and Commission on redemption of old and issue of new bonds, has been paid out of the profits of the year.

The balance carried forward to the credit of profit and loss account is \$336,807.38.

The sum of \$362,653.17 has been expended during the year on capital account, in the development of the submarine iron ore areas at Wabana, and for improvements, plant, etc., elsewhere.

The volume of business transacted by the Company during the year shows a substantial increase, and is in excess of any previous year, and it is expected that there will be a still further increase in 1910.

The development of our submarine iron ore areas at Wabana was continued, the main slope being extended through these areas a further distance of 1,470 feet. The slope is now about 1,650 feet into our own areas from their southern boundary. The development work carried on has fully confirmed the estimates previously made as to the vast quantity of ore contained in, and the great value of these arms. The plant for the operation of these submarine mines is now being installed.

Considerable extensions and improvements have been made to the mills at New Glasgow, and further extensions and improvements will be made in 1910 with a view to increasing the output of finished steel.

The reorganization of the finances of the Company, authorized by the shareholders, has been carried out. A new issue of \$6,000,000.00 5 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds, and an issue of \$1,000,000.00 6 per cent. Debenture Stock were made; \$3,500,000.00 of the Bonds and the \$1,000,000.00 6 per cent. Debenture Stock were sold in Canada, and the two former issues of 6 per cent. Bonds were paid off and cancelled. The balance of \$2,500,000.00 of the Bonds remains in the Treasury. No portion of the premium on the retirement of the old bonds, nor of the commission on the new issue has been charged to Property Account.

The regular dividend of 2 per cent. quarterly has been paid on the preferred shares, and on January 15th a quarterly dividend of 1 per cent. was paid on the ordinary shares, and the Directors have declared further dividends of 1 per cent. on the ordinary shares, and 2 per cent. on the preferred shares, payable on April 15th to shareholders of record on March 31st, 1910.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

ROBERT E. HARRIS, President.

February 18th, 1910.

SPECIAL MILLINERY PURCHASE

IMPORTED DIRECT FROM EUROPE FOR EASTER

Turban of Unusual Value

A Paris Style at an EATON Price



3⁵⁰

H1-9229. **A Ladies' Smart Turban Effect Walking Hat**, fine chip straw in saxe, rose, moss, tabac, prunelle and burnt, trimmed in front with two heavy silk cords with two cabachons of the same at sides, also with a back trimming of wide velvet ribbon neatly held in place by two fan bows as represented in the picture. Quantity, 16 dozen. **Easter Sale Price 3.50**

These **FOUR SPECIALS** are the result of a wonderful purchase made in Europe, of which we are affording you the benefit. The illustrations are photographs of the original hats and will give you some idea of the wonderful values we are offering. Our millinery department has grown to enormous proportions. Every season our leadership becomes more apparent, as **EATON** millinery is positively the newest—nothing extreme—nothing premature—just the essence of quiet refinement. Thousands of women who prize quality, individuality, grace and charm, find in **EATON** millinery their highest ideals of correct dress. During the spring of 1909, we sold more moderately priced hats than ever before, and we are determined to make the spring of 1910 an even greater success. Our spring and summer Catalogue, which has just been published, contains a wonderful assortment of the season's latest creations, but for the Easter Mail Order trade, we are supplementing our already large array with these **FOUR SPECIAL IMPORTATIONS**. Buy one and if it does not please you in every way return it and we will refund your money in full and pay all transportation charges.



3⁵⁹

H1-9276. **A Ladies' Tailored Walking Hat** of fine chip straw in burnt, saxe, rose, moss, prunelle and black, smartly trimmed with wide taffeta ribbon in two colors, one same color as the straw, the other color to harmonize. There is a large cabachon of silk cord at the left side. Quantity, 14 dozen. **Easter Sale Price 3.59**

This Value will Delight You

2⁷⁹



H1-963. **Ladies' Hat** of fine chip large crown, drooping brim, slightly rolling up at left side, trimmed with wide satin back velvet, ribbon around crown and artistically arranged at left side. Colors, burnt, saxe, rose, moss, tabac, prunelle and black. Quantity, 24 dozen. **Easter Sale Price 2.79**

Both Design and Price are Right

2⁹⁵



H1-9133. **A Young Ladies' Street Hat** of soft Union Milan. Large dome crown and broad brim, trimmed with wide satin back velvet ribbon around crown, forming a large rosette with ends at the right side, which is held in place by a large cord cabachon. Colors are burnt, trimmed with black; and saxe, rose and brown, trimmed with velvet the same color as the straw. Quantity, 24 dozen. **Easter Sale Price 2.95**

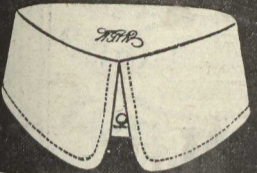
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A "HEWSON" garment is just as shapely, the lines are just as good after six months wear as when you first buy the garment.

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"EVERYTHING IN THE UNDERWEAR LINE."

Hewson Woolen Mills, Limited
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 22nd of APRIL, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Don and Toronto from the 1st of July next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 4th March, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

SANDERSON'S
SCOTCH
MOUNTAIN DEW

POSITIVELY THE FINEST WHISKY IMPORTED



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 22nd of APRIL, 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Oakville and Trafalgar from the 1st July next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 4th March, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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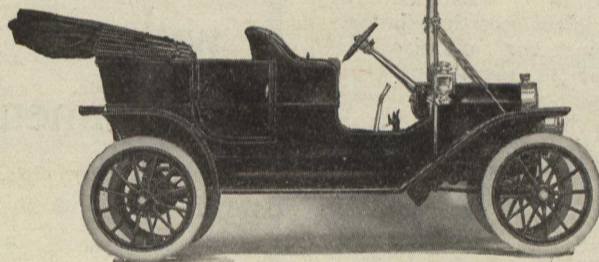
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Send your attempt on a sheet of paper, together with stamped addressed envelope for reply to FELLOWS & CO., Wholesale Watch Merchants, Birmingham, England. The winner is required to purchase a Chain from us to wear with watch. The name of this paper must be mentioned. Prize-winners of last competition were: Mrs. A. Parks, Webbwood P.O., Ont., Canada, Mr. J. Hill, Ethelbert, Man., Canada

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$$\frac{D^2 \times N}{2\frac{1}{2}} = \text{H.P.}$$

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4 Cylinder 20 h.p. 5 Passenger Touring Car, 100-in. wheel base, but will turn in 28-foot circle. Vanadium steel for strength. Price with magneto and complete equipment, \$1,150. Roadster, \$1,100. Tourabout, \$1,150. F.O.B. Factory.

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OF CANADA, Limited

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Bolvin, Wilson & Co., Agents



St. Lawrence Season 1910

Montreal to Liverpool

Royal Mail Service

Corsican	May 6,	June 3
Virginian	" 13,	" 10
Tunisian	" 20,	" 17
Victorian	" 27,	" 24

Montreal to Glasgow

Ionian	May 7,	June 4
Grampian	" 14,	" 11
Pretorian	" 21,	" 18
Hesperian	" 28,	" 25

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Athletic Training

By F. H. HURLEY

WHAT training is, and what it is meant to supply, are matters, I am convinced, about which the average individual knows little.

Professor McLaren, of Oxford—than whom there is no better authority on the subject—has defined it to be "The putting of the body, with extreme and exceptional care, under the influence of all the agents which promote its health and strength, in order to enable it to meet extreme and exceptional demands upon its energies."

How many of those, might I ask, who train themselves, or attempt to train others, realise the full import of these words, or if they do, put it into practice? Not many. At least one would think so, judging by the way they go about it.

"Festina Lente."

Bearing in mind for the moment that "Nature tolerates no sudden changes," and also taking into consideration the above definition, it will be at once seen that the only safe and sure method is to "make haste slowly."

Before discussing the subject further, it may be well to remark, as that venerable proverb puts it, that "What's one man's meat is another man's poison"—the origin of which no doubt can be traced to the fact that no two persons can be found who are exactly alike, and therefore require different treatment. Hence it is that, in all cases, the training should be individual.

To exercise, of course, must we look for the expected improvement in the physical powers, and, to be productive of the best results, it should be rational, moderate—"moderation in excelsis" is in fact the keynote of successful training. Let me therefore impress upon you to never, never over-strain or exhaust the strength by violent exertion, but always to confine the exercise well within the powers, increasing gradually the amount of work as the individual finds he can stand it. In other words, the training should be progressive, which consists in creating a natural and steadily increasing demand, and fitting the supply to the demand. That's the whole secret in a nutshell.

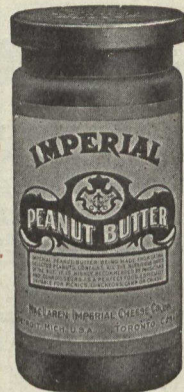
Of course it is assumed that exercise will be supplemented and assisted by a proper diet—good food and plenty of it, with beef and mutton, as meats, for a basis, avoiding shortly, "pastry, pork and pickles," and anything else that is known to be harmful or too bulky and of little benefit to the system. No great restriction, however, need be made, but the idea should always be, to get the foods there is the most strength in.

Avoid "Booze."

Water will be found to be the best drink, and should be freely partaken of between meals, as it is absolutely necessary for the preservation of health, it constituting more than two-thirds of the entire weight and bulk of the body.

Without sleep, exercise and food would avail little. One should see to it, then, that he gets sufficient of it to rest and refresh the system, and his feelings in this, as in other things, will tell him when he has had enough.

The foregoing are the underlying principles that make for success in the art of training, and no one can afford to ignore them. In specific cases, the amount and kind of work would, of course, depend on the event, and these may be dealt with in subsequent articles.



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CIRCULATION DEPARTMENT

Canadian Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

VOL. 7

Toronto, March 12th, 1910

No. 15



REFLECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

CANADA'S greatest need to-day, perhaps, is the habit of saving. Considered as a whole, the people have not been excessively extravagant. The deposits in the chartered banks and in the post-office savings department indicate the prevalence of individual thrift. The well-built, well-furnished homes in every city and town are a further proof. The almost entire absence of permanent poverty is distinctly notable. The Dominion Government has an annual surplus; so has every provincial government. Scarcely a municipality in Canada has defaulted in its payments during the past fifty years.

Nevertheless, there is a tendency towards extravagance among governments, municipalities and individuals. In the case of governments, the extravagance is manifest in the prodigal disposition of natural resources. They are selling their farm lands, forests, mines and water powers as if the supply were inexhaustible. Perhaps the Conservation Commission will offset that tendency to some extent. Its creation came none too soon. Again, governments exhibit their extravagance by carelessly undertaking large public works or by heavy subsidies to large private undertakings. Everything done by a government is excessively expensive. The post-office and customs buildings, the armouries, the wharves and other works constructed by the Dominion Government are usually twice as costly as if they were constructed by private owners. The buildings and other public works built by the provincial governments are less extravagant but are occasionally too costly. As all these governments are large borrowers, they should be more careful in incurring future obligations. Public debts have grown fast and this rate of growth cannot be maintained with safety. Our development has not proceeded too fast, but the country has now reached a state of maturity where the various governments can afford to be less lavish in their expenditures.

MUNICIPAL expenditure is perhaps less open to sweeping criticism than government expenditure. Nevertheless municipal public debts have grown enormously in recent years. Very few towns and cities have ever reduced their debenture debt and not many have even considered such a possibility. They keep on piling up these debts in the blind belief that their borrowings will never mature. Judge Cannon, in his report on Montreal's civic management, hinted that the premier city of Canada was throwing away nearly a million dollars a year. Toronto has nearly reached the limit of its borrowing power but it goes on talking about building new sewers, streets, underground and overhead railways and other extensions of its public services as if it had fifty million dollars in the bank.

Municipal savings should take the form of sinking funds. Every municipality should create and maintain, out of current revenues, an adequate sinking fund. This is seldom done at present. Most sinking funds are a farce. Too often city and town treasurers are incompetent. Usually finance committees are composed of small store-keepers and petty lawyers who have not the faintest idea of the intricate questions which they deal with. A few municipalities are trying to conduct their business on rational lines, and Port Arthur has gone so far as to ask the Ontario Legislature for authority to put the city in the hands of a governing commission. The growth of municipal undertakings, such as waterworks, electric light plants, and telephone systems accentuates the need for a more careful attention to the sinking-fund principle.

INDIVIDUAL extravagance is fully as reckless as that of government or municipality. Individual salaries and profits have grown enormously in recent years because of the exceptional progress which the country has been making. This has made men, women and children extravagant. Men who once ate fifteen-cent luncheons and smoked five-cent cigars now spend a dollar on luncheon and are

satisfied with nothing less than a Carolina perfecto. Women who were pleased with a five-dollar hat, now buy two at twenty-five dollars each. The ten-dollar gown has been replaced

by the fifty-dollar gown. Even the children disdain coppers and are satisfied with nothing less than a fairly large silver coin.

The writer has in mind one family who pursued this system. The father was a manufacturer who was making money easily. He, his wife and his children spent their money freely and generously. They bought everything they needed and many things they didn't need. They threw money about as if it represented neither labour nor goods. To-day, that manufacturer is living on a beggarly pittance, his wife is doing sewing for the neighbours, and the children are living in a poverty which they can neither understand nor overcome.

The man who saves less than twenty per cent. of his income is unjust to himself, to his family and to the community. That twenty per cent. should be put into life insurance, into a government annuity, or into an absolutely safe income-bearing investment. Some economists who know American conditions well claim that there should be a saving of twenty per cent. over and above life insurance payments. Where this is possible, it is of course advisable. But the man is a fool who believes that his present prosperity will continue forever. Few men have either the skill or the luck of a Strathcona, a Hill, a Carnegie or a Rockefeller. Indeed, if it had not been that they early acquired the habit of regular saving, these men would not be known among the richest men in America.

Extravagance and wastefulness are sins against the public interest just as great as drunkenness, dishonesty, and gambling.

COMPULSORY arbitration of labour disputes is something which both labour and capital profess to fear. Yet the events in Philadelphia during the present street-car strike indicate that it is a necessity under modern conditions. In the Lemieux Act, Canada possesses a safeguard against hasty industrial conflicts. This law has done much to prevent strikes and to force a settlement of disputes. It is not a cure-all, but it has more than fulfilled the hopes of its framers. During the present session of Parliament it will be improved and extended, and in future it should be even more beneficial.

The Lemieux Act is, however, only voluntary arbitration. It must be followed eventually by compulsory arbitration of some kind, especially in regard to service on public utilities. When the workmen in a certain factory go out on strike, not much public harm results because other factories can usually supply the deficit in production. When, however, the employees of a street-car system, a city telephone service, a steam railway or other large public utility go on strike, general business suffers within the sphere of this conflict. Here the public interest is more important than the individual right of a body of employees to go out on strike or the individual right of a corporation to cut wages or inaugurate a lock-out. Compulsory arbitration is a shackle on trades unionism to some extent, but it should be introduced where the public interest is greater than that of trades unionism. The greatest good to the greatest number, a maxim which has been much used by unionism, applies very strongly in these larger industrial incidents. The strike of the waist-makers in New York may not greatly incommode the public of that city; the strike of the street-car employees in Philadelphia demoralises the business of a great city and causes great financial loss and much innocent suffering. Compulsory arbitration is the remedy in the latter case. Furthermore, its great excellence is that it is a preventive remedy.

It is difficult to understand just why the wage-earner fears compulsory arbitration. The whole history of industrial disputes shows that the gains through arbitration have been greater than those

through strikes. When the gains and losses are set opposite each other the net gain to the wage-earner does not loom large. His greatest progress has come through peaceful negotiations and "advanced" legislation. Compulsory arbitration would brighten the lives of the women and children and would in the end bring as great rewards to the men.

NOTHING better illustrates our slowness to adopt reforms than our attitude towards road-making. In the early days on this continent, each farmer was supposed to do his share towards making the roads and keeping them in good order. From voluntary work this grew into compulsory statute labour. This still exists in most parts of older Canada, though it has passed away in the older portions of the United States. As a system it served its day. When the country was new and the roads only crude trails, farmers were glad to do statute labour. Latterly they began to scamp their work. They sent boys to do men's work. They bluffed in sundry and divers fashion. What was everybody's business was nobody's particular care.

The good roads movement, originating in the days of the bicycle craze, has grown stronger in the new era of the automobile. That movement has done something in two directions. It has shown that statute labour is inefficient and ineffective, and it has made manifest how important good roads are in enabling the farmer to deliver his produce cheaply and regularly to the local markets. The result is that there is a strong movement towards provincial control of leading highways.

Provincial control will come slowly. The farmer, ever suspicious of the city man, wonders if he is being buncoed for the benefit of the automobilist and is therefore inclined to hold back. The provincial legislatures, never startlingly progressive, shy at taking upon their shoulders another great burden. The cities have been so occupied with steam railway and suburban railway services that they have almost overlooked the value of good roads just beyond their boundaries. Nevertheless the reform is sure to come. It is coming quickly in Ontario. It has already arrived in many states of the Union. It is economically advisable in the interests of all classes.

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

THIS "open spell" may last until "we go to press" or it may not. I do not care. There has been enough of it to make one feel that spring is here again and to make a loyal Canadian feel proud that the finest bit of spring poetry in the language was written by a Canadian. That is a strong statement, but just listen to this:

"Make me over, Mother April,
When the sap begins to stir,
Make me man or make me woman,
Make me oaf or ape or human,
Make me anything but neuter,
When the sap begins to stir."

That is only one stanza and there are too many to quote, but if you take the trouble to look them up you will go out to a park or to the country and be happy that you are alive.

"Make me over in the morning
From the rag-bag of the world.
Scraps of dream and deeds of daring,
Home-brought stuff from far sea-faring,
Faded banners once so flaring
In the rag-bag of the world."

It is almost twenty years since Bliss Carman sent me the original copy of his Spring Song. It reached me when I was recovering from a serious illness and wanted to be "made over." That may account a little for the hold it has always had on me. The spring never comes back but I begin to spout it again.

"Place me in the surge and tide-drift
Of the streaming hosts a-wing."

Oh, well, I am not going to recite it from memory.

* * *

COME to think of it, there are other Canadian poets who have written spring poems worth bearing in mind.

"Hark the migrant hosts of June
Marching nearer noon by noon."

That is by Roberts and has an Elizabethan lilt to it that is seldom to be found in modern poetry. Duncan Campbell Scott—but I must stop right here. All our Canadian poets have written wonderfully of the spring. I dare not quote from them all. Judging from her poets,

THE DECAY OF THE MARATHON

OCCASIONALLY Canada takes a sporting spasm that makes one fear for his country's sanity. But the hard common sense of the Canadian soon again asserts itself and the young nation swings back into the steady stride that assures it athletic as well as commercial progress.

Thus a year ago the concessions and side roads were full of half-clad boys braving the winter cold and the laws of nature in a mad endeavour to gain some of the notoriety which was being passed out by the column to the men who could finish near the front in the Marathon grinds. To be a Longboat, a Shrubbs or a St. Yves was the ambition of every boy who wouldn't work and whom nature never intended for an athlete of any kind.

It was pointed out then that the strain of the long twenty-six mile grind was detrimental to health; that it would shorten the lives of the alleged athletes and that instead of thriving on healthy rivalry it was fed by sectional feeling and race jealousy. But reasoning never yet ended fads and it met with the usual failure here and there were those who moaned over the future of the boys of Canada.

But it is different to-day. The fad has faded. No longer are the woods full of Indians of great speed and much endurance or the side-roads with embryo Shrubbs. Longboat's name is only heard in connection with an occasional firewater battle; Shrubbs has settled down to earn a peaceful livelihood and nobody seems to know or care where or what Dorando is. Other and greater runners are running shorter races that get as many paragraphs in the newspapers as the Marathons formerly got columns. Canadian common sense has once more come to the rescue, the Canadian has thrown the Marathon craze in the sporting scrap heap and turned once more to legitimate sports and pastimes.

If one thing is more admirable than national strength it is a nation's ability to recover from its weaknesses. Canada has come out of the Marathon craze saner than ever and leaving us with the reasonable assurance that it will be some years ere she forgets her folly and takes another plunge into the never ceasing stream of sporting foolishness.

J. K. M.

Canada is "Our Lady of the Spring," rather than "Our Lady of the Snows." I once spent a summer on the lakes with no other companion but William Wilfrid Campbell's "Lake Poems," and they are perfect from Spring to Autumn. But having gone so far I must go farther. If the editor of the Courier would allow me the space he uses for such unimportant matters as the various material developments of Canada, I would quote lavishly from the poetry of Marjorie Pickthall, Virna Sheard, Katherine Hale, Jean Blewett, George Frederick Scott, The Khan and others—many others. And the fact that there are so many others is recognised in the outer world. An editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* once asked me: "Are all Canadian poets? Nine-tenths of the good poetry that comes to this office is from Canada."

* * *

BEFORE dismissing spring I want to say that spring never comes to the city. Spring is a purely country institution. When it comes to the country and "the sap begins to stir" the birds begin to sing, you can fairly hear the buds bursting and everything pulses with life. The only difference it makes in the city is to send up the thermometer and cover the streets with mixed paint that masquerades as mud.

* * *

MAY the Good Roads Association which was in session in Toronto last week have "good going." It is a deserving institution and the load it is trying to move is one that has rested heavily on the public. Statistics are not at hand, and would not be intelligible if they were, but it is safe to say that good roads in Ontario would effect a saving to each family that would pay the yearly shoe bill and leave something over to buy pink slippers for the baby and dancing pumps for the oldest boy. As a matter of fact bad roads are the cause of more waste of energy and money than any other public evil. They retard the moving of the crops, increase the cost of farm produce and make country life almost unendurable for months every year. Moreover, they ruin the tempers of the farmers. After a man has been a prisoner on his farm through a long spell of bad weather he sours on life and becomes so irresponsible that he opposes all the naval programmes, votes the prohibition ticket and does all sorts of depressing things. When the roads are good the farmers sing at their work, say "Howdy" to everyone they meet when going to the post-office, make love to the country girls, take them out for long moonlight drives and otherwise comport themselves as prosperous and happy people should. The Good Roads movement is still in its infancy and it has lost the fostering care of "Good Roads" Campbell, but it still continues to toddle. The conviction is growing that the man who makes a rod of road where there was a mud-puddle is a benefactor.

MEN OF TO-DAY

ANOTHER FROM BRUCE

ANOTHER Bruce man has blazed his trail into eminence in the part of the world that owes more to the exiles from Bruce than does any other part of Canada; which is the West and not least in Manitoba where Hon. Thomas Graham Mathers has been made chief justice of the Court of King's Bench. The man from Bruce—Scotch-Canadian as they are made—succeeds an eminent French-Canadian, Chief Justice Dubuc.

Justice Mathers was born in Lucknow in 1859. Two years before the Rebellion of '85 he followed the C. P. R. to Manitoba, being then a man without any immediate business except that of a newspaper man. He went to Portage la Prairie, where he became the first editor of the *Manitoban*. But the very next year he went back to Winnipeg and entered the office of Hagel & Davis as a student-at-law. He was a good Liberal. In four years time while still a student—getting a thorough ground in law—he was appointed railway solicitor to the Manitoba Government. Those were the fighting formative days of Hon. Thos. Greenway when "Fighting" Joe Martin, now member of the new British House of Commons, was beginning to emerge. Mr. Mathers had charge of all the legal work connected with the Red River Valley Railway and the Portage extension. But not until 1890 was he formally called to the bar, when he resigned his government job and went into partnership with Munroe and West.

Five years of this and he got into association with "Fighting Joe," at the very time when Mr. Martin was getting a powerful reputation for being an excellent big noise and a strong push in politics. Mathers himself was not so much of a noise. Most Bruce men are quiet—except when they are at barn-raising and logging bees, now almost obsolete. He plugged away with the Martin alliance till 1898 when belligerent "Joe," finding the postage-stamp province too narrow for his genius, went to British Columbia to become the stormy petrel of the Pacific coast. Mr. Mathers formed a fresh partnership with Mr. H. M. Howell, K.C. That same year he took a strong hand in Winnipeg civic politics, being elected to the City Council for Ward Two by a big majority over the late Dr. Orton. He took so prominent a part in public affairs that within a year he was appointed chairman of finance and understudy to the mayor. Next year he made a bold run for the mayoralty but was bowled out on a narrow squeak of 70 majority by the labour vote in two wards. In 1905 he left the turbulent arena and went to the Bench.

Justice Mathers is one of the really creditable constructive acquisitions to the public life of the new land. As Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench he will have a bigger leverage on public affairs than as though he had been Mayor of Winnipeg.

THE WAR-PICTURE MAN

YOU have read Kipling's "The Light That Failed" and may have seen it acted by Forbes Robertson; remembering the pathetic story of the war artist who went blind in the Soudan. The original of the hero is now in Canada; the greatest war artist in the world, Mr. Frederic Villiers, at present engaged in the peaceful pastime of making sketches of an English settlement called Greencourt in northern Alberta. This settlement, which has beaten the machine gun into gang-ploughs, is a colony of "old boys" from Greencourt School, Canterbury. Mr. Villiers—if he can so far compose himself as to realise that a casual camp of Crees is not an aggregation of whooping "Fuzzy-Wuzzies," will draw quiet pictures and write placid descriptive articles about Greencourt for the *Illustrated London News*. Perhaps if he should stay in Alberta until the month of leaves he might get a real reminiscent touch of the old war-whoop times in the painted thirst-dance. But even that with all its gaudy magnificence, its troops of ponies and its congregation of face-pigmented braves from the hills of poplar would seem like a Sunday School picnic to Mr. Villiers, who has depicted with his pencil more real wars than any man that ever lived—though in volume of literary correspondence he was probably outdone by the late De Blowitz and Julius Caesar.

Frederic Villiers is an Imperialist. He has seen the struggles of the Empire in various parts of the world and of other peoples who had nothing to do with the Empire. He is almost as much of a fring-

line veteran as Florence Nightingale. One of his earliest experiences with the pencil was in the war between Servia and Turkey in 1876; next year the Russo-Turkish war; in 1882 in the Soudan with Lord Beresford and Wolseley. In 1885 when the Saskatchewan and Alberta redskins were popping over redcoats in the Canadian West, Mr. Villiers was quietly engaged in the Soudan, straddling the hollow of a camel across the Sahara, till the camel was shot from under him at Abu Klea and he got a bullet through his puttie. In China and Japan and in most of the Orient he has been at the front with his sketch pad and his pencil. He is supposed to be the hero of Kipling's tale. On the grilling sands of the Sahara he has seen and drawn the pictures so remarkably and realistically described by the late G. W. Steevens in his book, "With Kitchener at Khartoum." He has drunk gallons from an African gourd and gone slack-belly with hunger when he was too busy with his pencil to bother noticing hunger. Sweat and blinding sand and roasting, sizzling suns in the land of Gunga Din, whom

often he may have blessed with curses even as Tommy Atkins did, have browned and bronzed this veteran of the fighting pencil into as nail-hard a specimen of the out-of-doors as any Indian on the plains. There's nothing in camp, corral or coffee-pot that Frederic Villiers doesn't know. A bucking broncho might be a novelty, but he wouldn't mind it in the least. Pemmican would be a joy to his palate. He will probably heave a sigh or two at the spic-and-spanneries of the North-West Mounted Police who no longer round up the ravaging redskins. But it would have been a real contribution to the literature of war in the Empire if Mr. Villiers could have followed some of the boys under Colonel Steele on the twisted trails of the prairie, when there was no correspondent and no artist to tell the story. This is his first trip to Canada. He has a notion that before he comes back again he may be in the uneasy Balkans doing sketches for the English papers. War is second nature to him. He believes in the German scare. The recent peaceful utterances of Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollwig have no charm for him. He is a man of war.

Mr. Villiers was the first war correspondent to use a bicycle in an European campaign and the first correspondent to use the cinematograph on a battlefield anywhere. On his return trip through Canada he will probably give his famous lecture on war pictures—no doubt with occasional references to the navy.

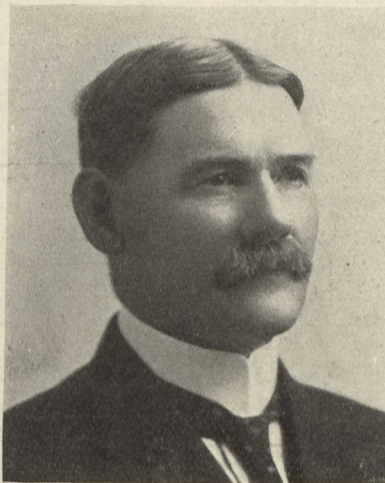
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A FORESTRY EXPERT

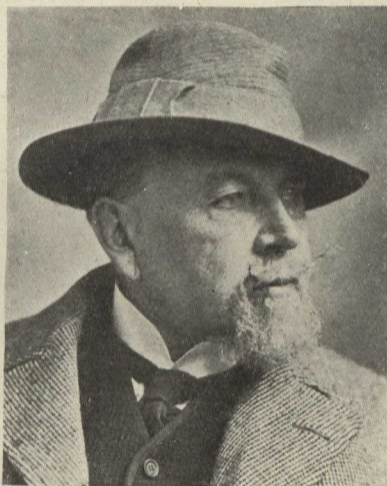
FORESTRY experts were a rather unknown species in Canada until recent years. Perhaps it would be better to say that the forestry expert of to-day is different from the forestry expert of a generation ago. The older expert was a man who knew the science of destroying a forest in the shortest possible space of time and who knew how to do it so thoroughly that the country would become a treeless desert. The newer expert is a man who is studying the science of preserving forests. It is a huge difference.

One of these new experts is Mr. A. H. D. Ross, assistant to Professor Fernow in the Faculty of Forestry at the University of Toronto. Mr. Ross is now contributing a series of articles to this journal on various phases of the forestry question. He comes originally from Carleton Place, on the edge of the Ottawa Valley timber limits, but early migrated to Kingston. When he blossomed out as one of the graduates of Queen's University he became a high-school teacher, but a progressive one. In 1893, five years after graduation, he went up with Mr. R. P. Low on an exploring trip in Ungava. Three years later he was lecturing on botany at Queen's summer school. These were his extra activities. In 1904, he entered the Yale Forest School and his real career began. After graduating from Yale, he entered the Dominion Forestry Service and finally entered upon his present position.

This life-story in detail is interesting because it is a personal picture of the growth of sentiment with regard to forestry. It is one of the modern sciences. Under Dr. Fernow and Mr. Ross, there are now 45 students who will shortly be Masters of Forestry. Some of them are undergraduates, some are taking a post-graduate course. In a short time Canada will have a body of experts who can take care of private timber limits and public forest reserves and give scientific advice as to the proper handling of these. They are destined to teach Canada how to take ripe timbers out of a forest and still leave the forest there; to teach Canada how to supply its timber requirements without really diminishing the supply. Many young men are now considering a course in forestry at the university—whose grandfathers worked their heads off to get the trees down which the present generation is trying to replace.



Hon. Thomas Graham Mathers,
Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench
for Manitoba.



Mr. Frederic Villiers,
British War Correspondent now visiting
Canada.



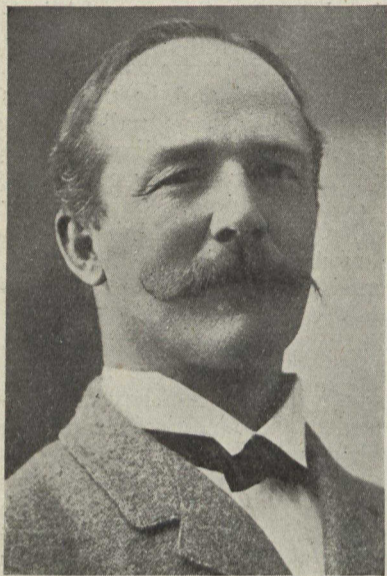
Prof. A. H. D. Ross,
Faculty of Forestry, Toronto.

LAST WEEK IN PARLIAMENT

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

THOSE of us who spent our week-end at Montreal were surprised to see Sir Wilfrid Laurier in his seat on our return to work on Monday.

The Montreal papers had informed us that in consequence of his failing health he had gone away for some months. Journalists always believe what they see in the papers, hence we were agreeably surprised on Monday to see Sir Wilfrid in his usual place and looking particularly well. There is little doubt but that he will be there till the end of the Session. The House will not rise before Easter as some members hope. One day during the third week in April will be the earliest date when legislators will be at liberty to return to the bosom of their families.



E. N. Lewis, M.P.,
West Huron.

Monday saw the return of the Hon. G. Eulas Foster after his sojourn in the law courts of Toronto. It was interesting to watch him in earnest conversation with his chief. There was a pleading expression on his face, but the consul's face was dark and the consul's brow was low and if I can read expressions correctly there was also written there death to the Hon. George Eulas' political career.

Later in the week Dr. Macdonald was to be seen flitting about the lobbies and corridors. One of the most pleasing things about the editor of the *Globe* is his frank boyish expression which is always an open index to his innermost thoughts. The strain was over and he looked as happy as a schoolboy who had just defeated the school bully.

STATISTICS have been prepared giving the time consumed by speeches on the Naval Bill. A decision will be taken probably long before these lines meet the light of publication. Up to the

time of writing the honours are even, speakers on each side having consumed about the same amount of time. The government benches however, have to date contributed the longest and the shortest speech. Sir Frederick Borden claims the record as to length a score of three hours and forty-five minutes. Dr. Clark, of Red Deer holds the shortest record of thirty-five minutes.

Dr. Clark has already made a reputation for himself in the House as to clearness of thought and expression and this was not diminished by the brevity of his remarks on the Naval Bill. He is one of the settlers from the Old Country most welcome in Canada. For the sake of his sons he gave up a lucrative practice in one of the great northern cities of England and has taken up a large farm in Alberta. His natural ability and intuition not only made him a success as a rancher but quickly gained for him the respect of his neighbours who expressed their appreciation by electing him as their member. He has been in this country only eight years.

"Into the jaws of death, into the gates of —, the place I referred to in my discourse last Sunday morning," said the modest curate, who had undertaken to recite the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava for the amusement and edification of the audience at the Village Penny Reading. Mr. C. A. Magrath, the member for Medicine Hat, does not suffer from the same excess of modesty, for on Monday he plainly stated that a Canadian navy would be as useful to Canada as a buffalo overcoat to an inhabitant of Hades.

The curate was run close by Mr. E. N. Lewis (West Huron), who repeated this statement with a variation more vivid than wise. He stated that a Canadian navy would be as useful as "a fur coat in the place to which a good many of us are going." These references to the great unknown proved the merriment makers of the week, though it is difficult to understand why reference to such a serious subject should be received with hilarity.

The member for West Huron is "a prophet of lost causes." He retains his early hopes and aspirations and gives vent to his enthusiasm by introducing into the house periodically measures which have some sense and reason in them. It was quite expected on Monday that his standpoint would be original and probably reasonable—hence amusing. The idea of one of the rank and file daring to have opinions of his own has tickled parliament ever since party government was instituted.

Mr. Lewis really had a sensible suggestion to make. He pointed out that there were a large number of men employed both on the maritime coasts and on the great lakes who are thrown out of employment during the winter. "Take these men," said the prophet, "and train them during the winter and so form the nucleus of your navy." Even the member for West Huron cannot always be reasonable for even after his brilliant suggestion for the nucleus of a Canadian navy, the crack of the Opposition whip will drive him into the contribution lobby.

An election will come sooner or later and those who vote for an immediate contribution on account of the crisis will have to justify their vote to their constituents. As far as I can see, nothing but a war with Germany in the meantime will save them.

I VENTURE to think the closing words of the address by Mr. Magrath (Medicine Hat) will be interesting:

"In concluding my remarks there is another feature to which I will briefly refer and that is Canada, in years gone by, has appealed to the United States for reciprocity, but without success. The next request, I believe, will come from our friends to the south of us and perhaps much earlier than we imagine. Now, I realise that it is not our place to interfere in the politics of Great Britain, but I would like some of our free trade friends in Britain to keep that feature in view when studying Canadian conditions, and upon which I have attempted to throw some light to-day. Again I say there is too much drifting, too much running to political corners to sift out the winds of temporary political advantage, too much placing of ears to the ground to listen for the rumblings of discontented vote manipulators, too little thought of great principles and the willingness to go down and out for them, too little effort to create a strong healthy public opinion in

this country to deal intelligently with all large issues. The next few years will determine whether the British empire is going to enter upon the greatest epoch-making period of its history, the greatest epoch-making period in the history of the world. Canada had an epoch-making period. I refer to the days immediately preceding confederation. There is a confederacy in the balance, greater the world has never seen. And it is for us to do our duty—to-day, not to-morrow, it may then be too late. I say, then, let us play up! play up! and play the game as members of the great British family.

"Sir, we are engaged in the building of a ship—the Empire. Civilisation also demands the strengthening of the union of the elements of that empire throughout this world, therefore let our constant cry be:

"Sail on O ship of state!
Sail on, O union strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!"

ANY relief from the dull monotony of the oft-repeated arguments used on the Naval Bill is welcome and when Colonel Sam Hughes charged into the House with a Ross rifle at full cock and began to yell "treason," he was greater even as a palm tree in the desert. According to the gallant Colonel the English authorities who attend to the Bisley meeting, are afraid of the Canadian marksmen and not being able to beat them by fair means are employing foul. He unfolded a tale of underhand perfidy which should have made the flesh creep and the blood boil of every true Canadian. Unfortunately he somewhat missed fire and subsequent explanations enabled members to keep their temperature normal.

Friday, as is usual, was devoted to supply. The government is making good progress in this direction. This fact coupled with signs of early spring will do much to shorten the Session.

WYNNE GRANVILLE.

Canadian Amateur Art

UNDER the heading "Amateur Art" the *Canadian Century* a recent arrival in the weekly field of Montreal discusses the exhibition of the Canadian Art Club in that city. The exhibition is said to be "remarkable in more than one respect." The writer elaborates this by alleging that it is the first since the organisation of the club, and by adding what may be regarded as a corollary—that "it is purely and distinctively an amateurs' exhibition."

Perhaps there was never so sweeping a criticism of Canadian art anywhere. Merely as a matter of detail, it happens that the Canadian Art Club have given four annual exhibitions in Toronto since the organisation of the club. It also happens that one of the best known artists in Montreal, Mr. William Brymner, R.C.A., President of the Royal Canadian Academy, is a leading member of the club; likewise that several of the most capable Montreal artists are exhibitors; and that Horatio Walker, who does most of his painting in the Isle of Orleans below Quebec, is the club's most celebrated exhibitor and member. It is no novelty for Mr. Walker to get \$10,000 for a picture in New York, and some of his canvases are priced as high as \$17,000; which, for an "amateur," is by no means discreditable. Just what Mr. Walker will get for a picture when he becomes a professional deponent saith not. The prospect is alarming.

Mr. Walter Allward is another member of this "Amateur Club." He is at present at work on commissions for three public corporations which will aggregate more than \$100,000 when completed including the Bell Memorial at Brantford, which will cost something like \$60,000. The prospects are that when Mr. Allward becomes a professional he will charge a million dollars for a statue. Mr. Phimister Proctor, sculptor, now of New York, is another of those promising amateurs. Maurice Cullen, of Montreal, is famous as a painter of winter landscapes. J. W. Morrice, now of Paris, has sold pictures for much more than a thousand dollars each. Clarence Gagnon's etchings are as well known in Canada as Whistler's. Homer Watson, R.C.A., of Doon, Ont., President of the club, paints but a few pictures a year and his commissions nearly always run well over a thousand dollars. Curtis Williamson, R.C.A., of Toronto, is one of the strongest painters in Canada. Archibald Browne, executes nocturnes at a thousand apiece. Edmund Morris, R.C.A., has painted more Indians than any other artist in America, and there are others.

Still it is highly creditable to Canada that she should have so exacting a school of amateurs. Canadian art, no doubt feels deeply indebted to the *Canadian Century* for having made the discovery. When towards the millennium we get able to have a real professional exhibition of Canadian art, we hope the *Canadian Century* will be on hand to denote the event. Meanwhile perhaps the same enterprising publication might send a writer to Toronto to dilate upon that other exhibition of "amateurs," the Ontario Society of Artists now in progress.

"Art is long, but time is fleeting." However this is Canada's century. This is so serious a matter that it should be brought to the attention of Canadian governments—who have been guilty of purchasing several works from the above-said artists sometimes at quite fabulous sums. No government should buy amateur art.

Perhaps it may be worth while to define what amateurism in art really is. Now that art is becoming a consideration in various parts of Canada; not alone in Montreal with its two public galleries, its scores of private galleries, its Exhibition Association and its Learmont collection a gift to the city; not alone Toronto, with its Ontario Society of Artists, its Canadian Art Club, its two annual shows, and its proposed art museum; but also in Winnipeg, where they are talking seriously of a large art gallery and in Vancouver, where the Studio Club is beginning to make a collection for a public exhibition of a permanent sort—it is important to know when is an artist?

Some say an artist is born, not made; some that an artist is a person who starves in a garret in order to paint masterpieces fit for a palace; some that he is an individual who makes more or less clever drawings for advertisements and commercial literature from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on salary and does what little painting he can on Saturday afternoon and Sunday in order to get a picture a year hung in an exhibition; and there are those who define an artist as a man who paints solely for the passion and the love of it, dresses as oddly as possible, dodges his tailor, goes out to all sorts of functions, and waits for a wealthy patron to give him a commission. However it be, we shall be somewhat the wiser on national life in Canada when we come to know precisely what an artist is, whether amateur or professional, and what on earth to do with the artists after we get them.



Sweet-pea growing on a trellis of tree-cuttings stuck into the earth.



Apple trees in bloom in Nova Scotia, one of the most beautiful of Spring's displays.

THE GARDENS OF CANADA

From Coast to Coast, the Flowers and Fruits of a fat sunny land.

THERE are several "gardens of Canada." You will find them in every province from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. When a man speaks of the garden of Canada he refers to a place that somewhat resembles the garden of Eden—which, however, so far as we know, required no spraying nor pruning nor even digging and hoeing, though the apple that Eve got by mistake evidently had a worm in it. In Niagara peninsula and in the Okanagan Valley; in Edmonton and in Quebec; down in the soft-blown summer lands of Annapolis and Grand-Pre, and clean over three thousand miles to the suburbs of Victoria—not omitting Winnipeg, by the way—you will find these promised lands that gladden the eye and fatten the bank account and help to keep the thousands in the towns and cities supplied with market truck.

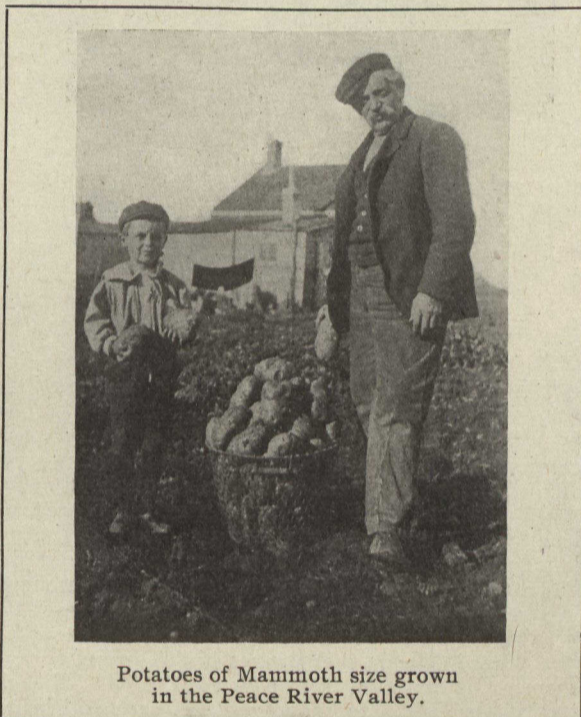
The beauty of it is that there is more truth than fiction or local self-pride in the assumption. Canada has been so long misrepresented as primarily the land of ice and snow and huskie dogs and toboggans that it is time to learn more about the garden-lands and the flower and fruit and vegetable lands that may be found anywhere outside of Labrador and Ungava and a few more of the rock-bound solitudes.

A People of Gardens.

Canadians are essentially a gardening people; somewhat because many Canadians have English ancestors and habits. Many sections of Canada are given over almost wholly to fruit and vegetable growing. Flowers abound almost everywhere. No country in the world has, to begin with, a greater variety of natural small fruits which are found in profusion almost everywhere, even upon the rocks of the north. Wherever you find the native raspberries as they have them on the western plains, the wild strawberries as they have them in the foothills, the huckleberries such as grow by thousands of tons on the rocks, and dozens of other natural fruits that require no cultivation to come to perfection fit for any epicure's table—you are sure to find the natural conditions for great gardens, whether they be of fruits or vegetables or flowers.

There are indeed places in Canada that quite rival parts of England for floral beauty. This may be said of the Pacific coast, sun-kissed and mild, where the suburbs of Victoria and of Vancouver are a revel of floral beauty; the Okanagan valley, which is one of the paradises of fruit and flower plots; of the prairie towns and cities—go for instance to Edmonton and see what they are doing in gardens. There you will see some of the gayest and most luscious blooms to be found anywhere, rivalling even the tropics for colour; the poppies and the sweet peas and the sunflowers and the most magnificent geraniums. In that city for more than ten years they have had an annual flower show which is the pride of the place. In Calgary, blessed with many English as is Victoria, you find the prodigal garden plots; even where trees by nature do not grow, but where they are cultivated and gardened as they are even down in the baldheaded old town of MacLeod. In fact many of these semi-treeless and shrubless regions go better to flowers than do many of the more arboresque areas of the

east. All down the Saskatchewan you behold this prodigality of bloom; in the well-kept and extensive gardens and plots and walks of people who



Potatoes of Mammoth size grown in the Peace River Valley.

found the Doukhobors getting great lovely gardens and themselves did likewise.

Not only in flowers but as well in small fruits and very big vegetables is the valley of the Saskatchewan famous; roots and tomatoes and cabbages and squash that come to a mammoth and almost incredible size without more than the most casual care, because the soil is deep and strong and the long summer days are golden with heat.

In Manitoba—the same. Paradox there is that in Winnipeg they have a habit of importing much garden truck from the States just below, when all round the city is land capable of raising the finest of vegetables. This, however, is improving. The gardens of Manitoba are multiplying. Civic pride has done a great deal to make the city beautiful in a natural way; gardens and parks and public squares, drooping with elms and maples and young oaks—oh, yes, they are able to raise trees in Manitoba as well as they are learning to grow apples and other larger fruits in the more northern parts.

Ontario needs no recommendation. Here are many and several gardens of Canada; almost more than there are counties. Niagara is famous the world over. Essex and Kent and Middlesex and Huron and Grey and any county you come to in a day's journey eastward to the St. Lawrence will show you gardens galore. The market towns of Ontario have no superior anywhere in Canada, though they are equalled by those of Quebec and the east. Markets that are glutted with such an abundance of vegetables and fruits that the wonder is—why does it cost so much to live even on a vegetarian basis in most of the larger towns and

cities? There was a time when the Ontario farmer knew little or nothing about gardening; when if he had a patch of cucumbers or a plot of cabbages it was by the grace of God and the toil of the housewife who did the hoeing and kept off the bugs. Perhaps he had a patch of melons in the cornfield; usually a field of pumpkins; little more. But the Ontario farmer has learned that his table may be easily supplied with the choicest and fattest of vegetables if only he has the ambition and the good taste to fence off a plot where chickens and hogs and cattle do not break in and where with a trifle of hoeing and weeding and fertilising he may have as good a garden as may be found in a nursery.

The gardens of Quebec are almost a proverb. Any one who wanders for an hour in any one of the many markets of Montreal, especially the old Bonsecours, will see to what an amazing extent the *habitant* has perfected his garden; such a variety of herbs and roots and fruits as could be found in the same character and style nowhere else in Canada—though far be it from anyone to forget the gardens of the east where the mellow climate and the bountiful soil of the Maritime Provinces fetch forth fruits and vegetables and orchards such as made the Scotch agriculturists gape in astonishment when they toured the land two years ago.

The gardens of Canada are more to Canada than the icebergs and the snowdrifts. Happily we are blessed with an abundance of both. We know how to appreciate both. What country in the world has the extremes of icebound solitude and happy, home-loving, gardening fertility as Canada? Perhaps there is none. We believe that our fruits in Canada have a flavour and a quality not to be found in more southern lands.

Compensation

BY EVELYN GUNNE.

Listen here, muvver dear!
Come and sit beside me. Let's
Find out where the smoke is blowin';
Where the sun goes when he sets.

Lots of fings so bovver me,
An' I wonder all day long
Why all uvver little boys
Run about so big an' strong.

Where's the angels bringded me?
Listen muvver, tell me that.
I can't see 'em pokin' 'round
Anywheres about our flat.

Wunst at Grandpa's where there's pines.
An' Granma makes me doughnut rings.
Froo the wind at night I heard
Angels shakin' out their wings!

Did they let me fall when we
Flew a "kitin" down like fun?
Betcher they was sorry seein'
What their care-less-ness had done.

But I've always got you, muvver,
Jus' the same as you've got me;
An' I guess not many chuldurns
Gets as much carefored as me.

THE HOUSE OF FLOWERS

A Woman's Ideas about the Natural Way to Beautify a Home

By NINA E. BACON

THE garden of flowers has been, in all ages, the inspiration of the highest qualities of mind and heart, the burden of poet-songs, the connecting link between the memory of the traveller and his early home. The association of a breath of perfume from an old-fashioned flower has been known to waken longings in the heart of a prodigal that later have led to his reformation. No other power for good is so well within reach of rich and poor alike as the flower-garden.

The country-dweller, above all others, has at hand the elements necessary for its culture; earth, with its wealth of fertility from moss and leaves; air, freely permeated and warmed by sunshine; and water unbegrimed by smoke or soot, in pearl-like dew, gentle shower, or long, persistent, root-soaking rain that carries in solution to the thirsty plants the foods held in store in the soil. One more element—and this a vital one—must go to the making of a perfect garden; love in the heart of the worker. "Elizabeth" telling of "her German garden" breathes out from a full soul, "I love my garden," and this short first sentence tells the secret of its success. This element, too, should be pre-eminently a possession of those who live in the open country, untrammelled by the bonds of social form and routine.

Given these decided advantages, the maker of a farm flower-garden must endeavour to select such plants as will give a maximum return of floral beauty for a minimum outlay of time and strength, since, in most cases, the gardener will be also the housekeeper, poultry woman and dairy-woman.

Hardy Flowering Shrubs.

At the head of this list are the hardy flowering shrubs and trees, the blossoming vines and the perennials. These, once planted, will, as time goes on, with little further care increase in size and beauty, giving to the homestead an indefinable atmosphere of refinement which can be obtained by no other means.

In locating our hedges, clumps and masses of bloom, we must keep in mind that to these, as it is to a jewel, the setting is a most important matter. The Rudbeckia, or Golden Glow, is plebeian indeed, when placed in the open, among flowers of varied tints; but, when used in the foreground of an evergreen windbreak, and reinforced by a border line of Nasturtiums, climbing and dwarf; it adds for months a richness to the landscape which is still further enhanced if it form the framing for a stretch of velvety lawn. A clipped grassy space, even if limited, should not be omitted from the garden scheme, as nothing else affords the necessary relief. Among perennial hedges may be mentioned the Hollyhock border, always charming, especially so against a background of Virginia Creeper. As a covering for unsightly fences and sheds, and a foil for our "wilderness of sweets," this vine, though costing us nothing but the digging, is unexcelled. It has the hardihood which the beautiful Ampelopsis Vetchii lacks. A lovely combination in either masses or lines is blue Larkspur and white perennial Phlox. These Phloxes in borders—crimson, white, mauve and pink—are most attractive in late summer and require almost no cultivation. Of the hardy tuberous plants, easy of management when once established, the Peony easily leads, closely followed by the German and Japanese Irises. A bed of Peonies is unsurpassed; dark, luxuriant foliage setting off the great spherical blooms; Van Houtii or Chieftain for red; Dorchester for pink; Festiva Maxima for white, are all good. The Iris, a product of the old and unassuming Flag, runs the gamut of colour from white to orange-brown, from pink to crimson, from mauve to purple, with many modified and combined tones. A mass or border of these, set well in from the lawn edge, that they may not become matted with grass will more than repay the farm gardener for the trifling first cost of time and money.

Cultivate Sweet Peas.

Having gathered from year to year, as means and opportunity permit, trees, shrubs, vines and perennials which will yield their harvest of fragrance and colour in season, and having disposed them according to some definite plan by which their beauty will be accentuated, if possible, we shall be able to spend some time—and egg-money—on those flowers which thrive only with cultivation at regular intervals.

However busy we may be, let us have sweet peas. Nothing is more inspiring than a double row of them, pink, white, mauve, purple and crimson



GROFF'S FAMOUS GLADIOLI.

Grown on Rennie's Trial Grounds, Toronto.

with wings spread; "Sweet Peas on tip-toe for a flight." Dig a generous trench, a foot and a half wide and deep, put in some charcoal or stone for drainage, fill to within three inches of the top with alternate and packed layers of well-rotted manure and good soil, having the last layer of soil. Sow thickly two rows of the best and freshest seed obtainable, cover and pack down firmly. Plant them by Good Friday at latest. The spring showers will be moisture enough at first. Later on, water well and gather the blooms every day since they are like the widow's oil, increasing the more for being used. A somewhat sunny location is best for them. One wise woman plants her Sweet Pea hedge near the pump that she may easily keep it from thirsting. Experience has proven that brush is the best support for the vines, and soap-suds the most effective remedy for green fly.

Individual Taste.

Individual taste must be the guide for arrangement, care being taken always to harmonise colours, and individual circumstances regulate the extent of our undertaking. Two warnings may be permissible; do not starve the divine side of your nature by doing without a garden, if it be only a window-box; and do not elaborate your plans for it till what should be a rest becomes an incubus. One woman whose moments are crowded to overflowing, empties her packets in a plate, mixes all kinds together and sows them in a wide border, rich and worked to mellowness. She has quantities of blossoms for cutting, and her bed does not look to be a jumble. Her secret is, she sows much more of white than of other colours, and "the fairies" seem to keep antagonistic shades apart. Sweet Marjoram and Lavender find a place here, too. A longer season of blossoming will be obtained if the annuals are started in a small hot-bed made in March. A corner beside your early tomatoes, cucumbers and melons would suit them, and they may be grown on here till large enough to transplant in the open.

FRUIT-GROWING IN ONTARIO

FARMERS have begun to realise from the instruction of Fruit-Growers' Associations and experimental farms that there is money in fruit. The effect of the missionary work carried on by these organisations is being evidenced in the fine, trim orchards throughout many rural districts. Of late years the farm orchard has taken on a dignity all of its own; it is no longer a towed clump of bushes full of cobwebs down the lane a piece from the house. The orchard is a revenue producer in the same way as the cattle grazing over in the fields, or the golden areas of No. 1 hard. The farmer prunes his trees and sprays them. His ambition is to pick two barrels off each tree in the fall. He knows that his care will bring its own reward; there will be an easy profit of eighty to one hundred dollars for every acre of his orchard.

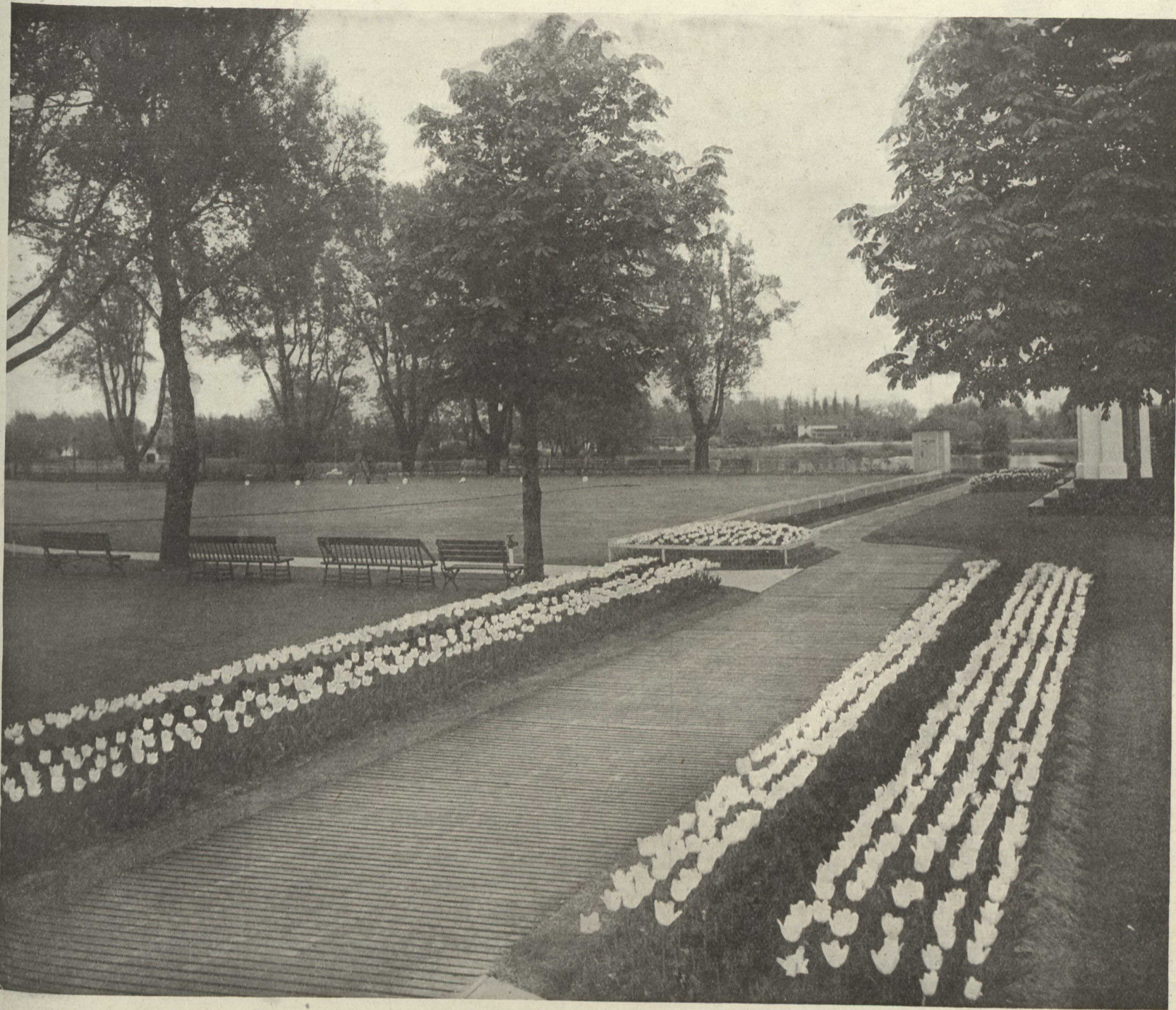
The cry of vegetarianism is more fruit and less meat. There is a big market for the staple fruits of the Dominion. Annually one million barrels of our apples are bought up by Great Britain, Denmark, South Africa, Bermuda, Cuba, Belgium and New Zealand. The encouragement given by buyers abroad has boomed the fruit-growing industry of this country. In parts of Canada it has become a highly-specialised business. Especially is this true of Ontario, where a third of a million acres is devoted to fruit cultivation of all kinds — apples, grapes, peaches, pears, plums and cherries. Sixteen million trees of fruit in Ontario! Selling price of apple-orchard land, five hundred to one thousand dollars an acre. Four chief belts divide the fruit-growing area of Ontario. Down on the south-west corner of Lake Ontario, and in the Lake Erie counties is the famous Niagara district, the vineyard of Canada, lying in the same latitude as Constantinople or Peking. Here are ten thousand acres of grapes, yielding four tons to the acre; also the finest peaches in the world, and bushels of plums, cherries, quinces, apricots and the delicious berries of the early spring. North a few miles to the counties of Huron and Bruce is the Huron district, an apple country. In the east the valleys of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence is another apple country. But where the apple is king is the great sweep of territory up from the northern shore of Lake Ontario, whence comes a good proportion of the apples sent across the Atlantic. These are the win-

ter apples, the hardy kind which stand rough handling and exposure. While the smaller fruits have a big vogue, it is the apples and peaches of Ontario which have made the province celebrated as a fruit country. Of apples the Spy, Baldwin, King, Rhode Island Greening, Fameuse, and the McIntosh Red have hit the market hardest. British consumers hold in great favour the Spy, Baldwin and King; perhaps more the McIntosh Red, the Dundas County apple, rich and alluring. The Fameuse, grown in eastern Ontario, is the apple of the French eye. The demand of France for this apple four years ago far exceeded the supply. Peach culture some time ago was confined to the State of Virginia. Long ago has Niagara ousted the peach-growing industry of the south. At first, the winter frost, though slight at Niagara, militated against the success of fruit-growing there; but the officials of the experimental farms have lessened the possibility of root freezing to a large extent by experiments with fruit trees on hard plum roots. Here is the ripening order of the various Niagara peaches: Alexander, Early Rivers, Hale's Early Yellow, St. John, Early Crawford, Fitzgerald, Elberta, Longhurst. Great quantities of peaches are shipped to the big cities across the line; peaches like the Yellow St. John, Early Crawford, Elberta, and Smock, packed in a refrigerator car stand a trip across the continent to Vancouver and the western coast cities. Peaches and small fruits are sent by swift express and whole train loads from Niagara to Winnipeg and beyond.

The problem of shipping facilities for perishable fruit has ever been a bugbear to the fruit-grower. At the Good Roads Convention in Toronto, the other day, Mr. R. H. Dewar, a prominent farmer living near Hamilton, illustrated the difficulties of a farmer who lives a distance from market in getting his fruit to town. Said Mr. Dewar, speaking of his own experiences:

"We have a chance of two ways in getting our fruit to market. Getting it to Toronto by road is out of the question, but we may send it by express or else by waggon to Hamilton. By the latter route the roads are good up to within a mile of Hamilton, but that last mile is so rough that often the fruit is jolted so badly that a fifty per cent. loss is sustained and in many cases the fruit is discoloured so as to be almost unsaleable."

THE ART OF FLORAL DECORATION



Tulip-bordered Walk and Bowling Lawn of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, Hiawatha Island, Toronto.

Photograph by courtesy of William Rennie Co., Seed Merchants, Toronto.



Tulips in two colours, as a boulevard decoration for early Spring. One of the English spots in Toronto.



A beautiful combination of trees, lawn and flower plots. Art in the Public Gardens of Halifax.



A Man-Made Desert—The effect of cleaning away the bush and the resultant floods.

THE REGULATION OF STREAM FLOW

Third Article on the Vanishing Canadian Forest

By A. H. D. ROSS, Faculty of Forestry, University of Toronto

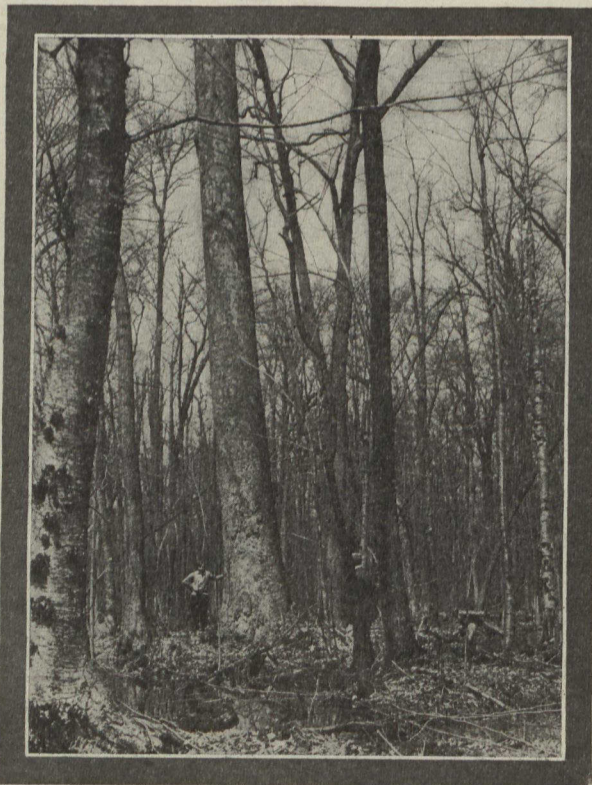
ANYTHING that tends to destroy the natural resources of a country strikes at the very foundations of prosperity. Hence it is a matter of the utmost economic importance that a good forest cover should be maintained on the watersheds if we wish to conserve the water supply and equalise the stream flow. The history of all ages and of all nations shows that the forest is the natural and most efficient regulator of the flow of water in the streams, and that when it is removed there inevitably follow the erosion of the soil, disastrous floods, the silting up of navigable streams, a failure of agricultural crops and a general impoverishment of the people. By the destruction of the forest cover, Persia, Syria, Central Asia and the northern portion of Africa have long since lost their productiveness. Once the garden spots of the world, where Nature rewarded the labours of the cultivator with lavish profusion, they are now largely desolate and infertile regions incapable of supporting a tithe of their former population.

Coming down to more recent times, we have the case of southern France, where, at the beginning of the last century, the forest cover on the slopes of the Pyrenees, the Cevennes and the Alps was slashed and burned, just as we have done, and are still doing, in many parts of Canada. The natural result was that in a few years France found that she had eight million acres (12,500 square miles) of once fertile land rendered useless for cultivation. So far, fifty million dollars have been spent in the work of repairing the damage, but fully a hundred million more must be spent before the restoration is complete. For want of a little foresight the French Republic has thus lost the value of the timber that might have been grown during all these years, plus the value of the crops that would have grown in the fertile valleys, and has to pay in addition a bill of one hundred and fifty million dollars for repairs. If Canadians are wise in their day and generation they will surely profit by the experience of Southern France.

In its natural condition, the forest floor acts as a huge reservoir for the retention of moisture for considerable periods, and parts with it at intervals well calculated to equalise the stream flow. The fallen and partially decayed logs overgrown with mosses and piled thick with leaves and twigs, covering another layer of the same substance more than half decomposed, and the whole overlying another of completely decomposed vegetable material, form a deep porous hollow framework penetrated by myriads of irregularly shaped tubes, pipes and aqueducts connecting millions of miniature cisterns with one another. Every hollow on the surface is obstructed by forest litter which blocks and holds in position the flow of water until the humus below

fully absorb it. Dr. Ebermayer has investigated this subject and has come to the conclusion that a square mile of moss cover will retain from fourteen million to twenty million cubic feet of water, and retains 44 per cent. of the rainfall that would otherwise be dissipated as water vapour. Then, again, the trees pump up moisture from great depths in the soil, and, by its transpiration through their leaves, increase the humidity of the air. By the wholesale removal of the forest cover the surface run-off is increased, disastrous floods are produced, the humidity of the air is reduced, and the rate of evaporation after rainfall is increased to such an extent that either semi-arid or wholly desert-like conditions are produced.

In Eastern Canada the forest is the natural condition for more than half the area, but the work of clearing land for farms has been extended far beyond the limit of the agricultural soils. In every province there are thousands of farms upon which the people should never have been allowed to settle.



Mature Timber in Rondeau Park—A Sand-Bar Forest on the shore of Lake Erie.

In some instances they located on these poor farms through ignorance, but in the great majority of cases simply for sake of the timber. With its disappearance and the burning up of the vegetable portion of the soil in the process of preparing the land for the plough, the capacity of the soil to retain moisture was greatly reduced and its fertility lessened. After years of toil, hundreds of these farms have been abandoned, and the rest yield the barest kind of a living to their owners. The only place for a poor man to settle is on good land, and the only way to have it so is to classify the land—setting aside the agricultural soils for farming, and retaining the poor soils for timber growing.

The water powers of Canada vastly excel those of any other country, and have been estimated to equal 40 per cent. of the total water power of the world. When it is remembered that these water powers are most abundant where coal does not exist, and that electric energy is to be the great motive power of the future, it is at once evident that infinite possibilities lie before us in the way of developing electric energy for industrial and traction purposes. With the cheap production of electricity for metallurgical purposes our vast mineral resources will speedily be developed, and with the electrification of our railways through forested areas, the fire peril would be very largely reduced. It must be remembered, however, that the efficiency of a stream is measured by the amount of water flowing in it at the time of its lowest level, and that the levels can only be kept up by the retention of forest cover on the non-agricultural lands—which fortunately are nearly always near the sources of the streams.

In the eastern part of the Dominion the disappearance of the forest cover has increased the volume of the spring floods to such an extent that if the lumbermen do not get out their drives during the few days that the flood lasts, they suffer great loss. From the upper reaches of the Ottawa River it sometimes takes a drive three years to reach the mills and occasions a loss of fully ten per cent. of the white and red pine, because of these vexatious delays. What applies to log driving also applies to the maintenance of the water levels in our canals—some of which are known to have less water at mid-summer than when they were first built. Water transportation limits the consumption of such non-renewable resources as coal and iron, and is an important factor in keeping down transportation charges.

The equalisation of stream flow is also important for irrigation purposes. In Southern Alberta many semi-arid districts have been converted into fertile tracts by the construction of irrigation canals and ditches. The eastern slope of the Rockies and the

foothills adjoining them constitute the great watershed of the region, which was originally well covered with timber, and in spite of devastating fires and wasteful methods of lumbering, is still fairly well forested. At the present time there is every reason to believe that the whole eastern slope, from the international boundary northward to latitude 55, is to be reserved from settlement, so that the natural forest cover may act as a stream regulator for the many important rivers flowing eastward into Alberta. If this is done it will be one of the most important measures ever passed by the Federal Government, and contribute enormously towards the future prosperity of "Sunny Alberta."

Another phase of the subject is the preservation of fish in our many beautiful streams. A Board of Fish Commissioners once asked their game warden if he could explain why the salmon were no longer running in a certain stream. The prompt reply was: "Ye canna' hae feesh when ye hae stoppit the water." Closely associated with the preservation of the fish in our streams, is the protection of game by the retention of forest cover. In Algonquin Park the game is increasing very rapidly because of the protection afforded it.

Thus it appears that, whether we discuss the subject from the point of view of power development, water transportation, irrigation, supplies of pure water for domestic use, or the preservation of fish



The Mackenzie River—Showing how nature protects the shores of her great Northern Streams.

and game, the regulation of water flow in our streams is best effected by the retention of a sufficient area of forest cover.

IS DEMOCRACY A FAILURE?

By W. S. WALLACE

THE British North America Act is probably as democratic a constitution as any in the world. It is much more democratic than the constitution of the United States, with its autocratic President and its Senate elected on a high property qualification; or than the English constitution, with its hereditary House of Lords and its limited franchise. And we have consequently come in Canada to the conclusion that democracy is the natural order of things. It is taught in our schools, under the guise of history; so much so that the history text-books in use have been characterised by a well-known Canadian scholar as "vile Liberal tracts." The majority of people who go through the schools of Ontario, for instance, have no idea that modern democracy is a very recent development, that it is still on trial, that it can only as yet be described as an experiment. In Canada and Great Britain, it belongs only to the last century. In France and the United States, its rise belongs to

the end of the eighteenth century; but in France, it was never firmly established until the days of the Third Republic, and in the United States, it was only entrenched under the regime of Jefferson, the third President. Washington, the first President, was anything but a democrat; what he would have thought of some of the developments of American democracy, it is pathetic to think.

There are signs that in other countries there is going on a revulsion of feeling against democracy. In the United States, President Roosevelt was not long ago calling for a leisured class who would go into politics. His words may be open to misconstruction, but he seemed to be longing for a governing class based on wealth. In England, where there is a leisured class that goes in for politics (and a very public-spirited class it is) an attempt is being made, by means of socialistic budgets and land reform, to eliminate that class from government. The Unionist majorities in the late election in the

counties, where the governing class is best known, show that a rebuff has been administered to that attempt. Mr. Lloyd-George's democratic appeals have failed to sweep the country. In fact, in England, there is widespread regret that the Reform Bill of 1884, which gave the franchise to the agricultural labourer, was ever allowed to pass. Perhaps it is too early to pronounce an opinion. Perhaps the agricultural labourer will come to have some of that public spirit which is at present largely monopolised by the upper classes. But the point is worth noting that a large body of opinion in England is increasingly dubious about the wisdom of democratic government.

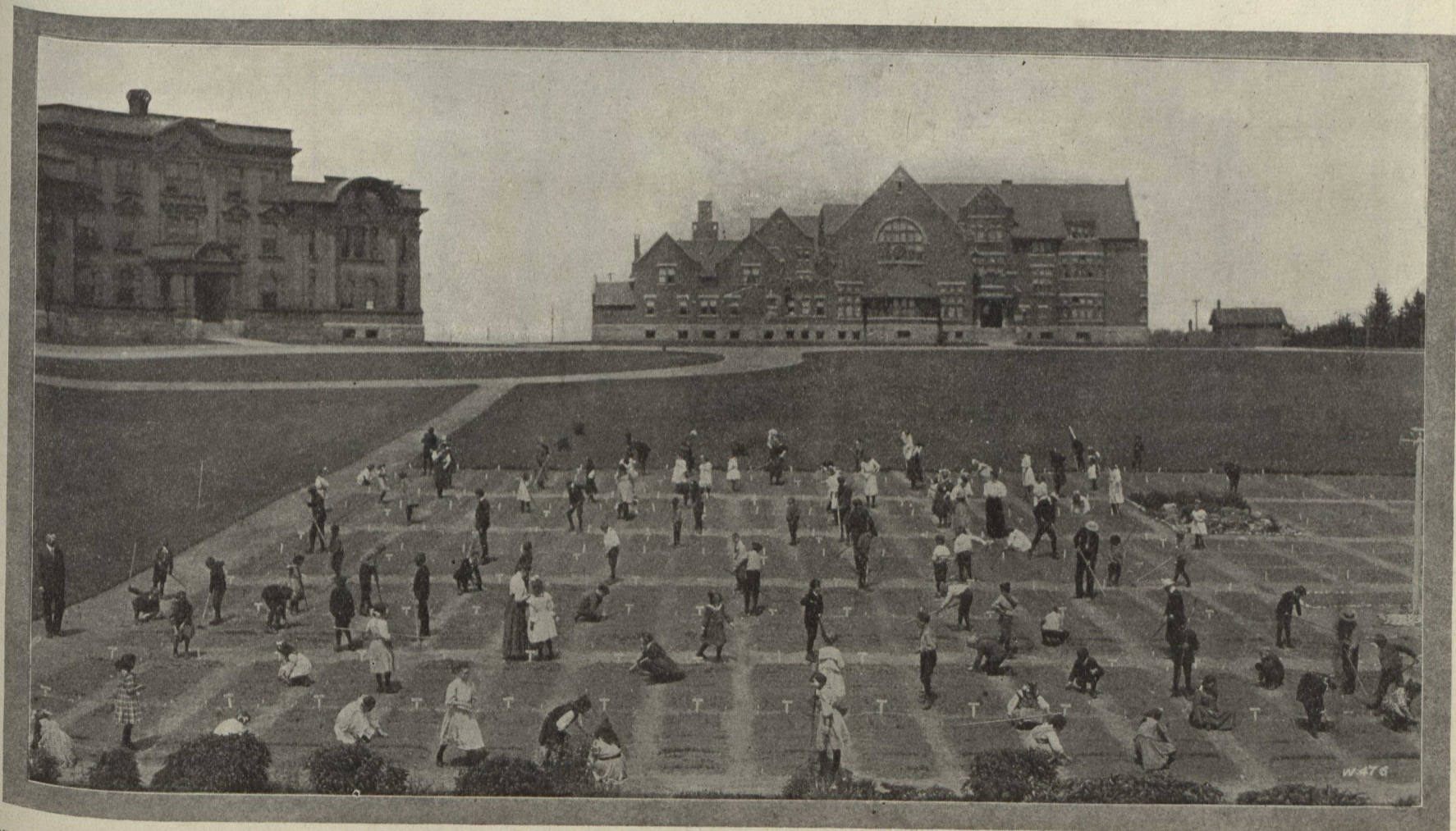
The only cure for democracy is education. If democracy has come to stay, then Demos must be educated. Otherwise the government will fall to those

"Whose hands profane
Plant the red flag upon the piled-up street
For no right cause, beneath whose ignorant reign
Arts, Culture, Reverence, Honour, all things fade,
Save Treason and the dagger of her trade,
Or Murder with his silent bloody feet."

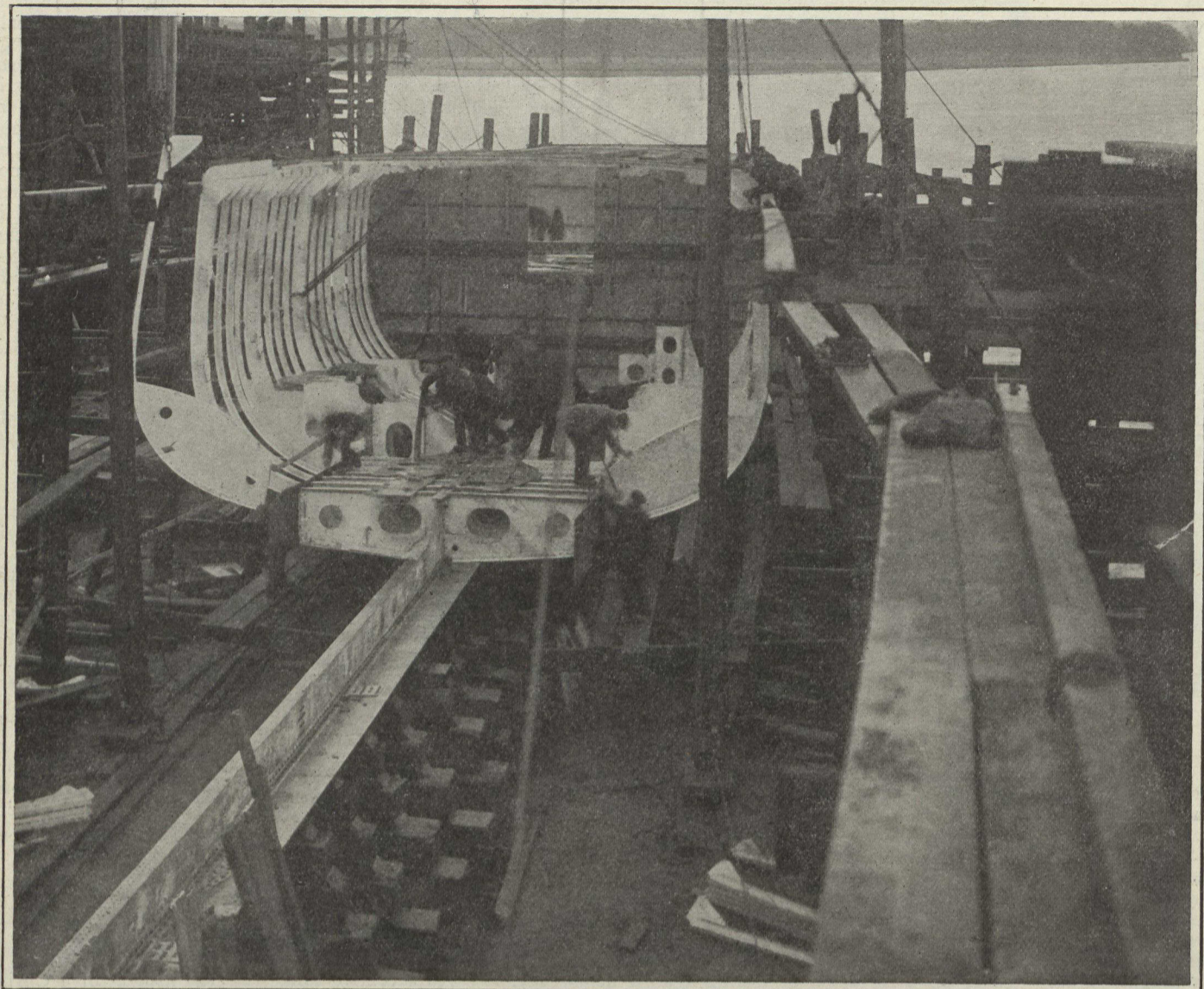
The outlook for democracy in Canada is not a bright one. The educational system has had a strain put upon it by the immigrant population which it cannot bear. And even among the native stock, the school system is failing to produce satisfactory results. The assertion is not wide of the truth that one-half the candidates who come up to the universities to matriculate may well be described as illiterate. They are unable to spell the most ordinary words, or to observe the most elementary grammatical usages. It is a hard thing to say, but in Ontario at least there is at present a breakdown of the educational system. I do not wish to blame either the Department of Education, which regulates the work of the schools, or the School Boards, which pay the salaries of the teachers. I merely state the fact as it is.

The Banker's Puzzle

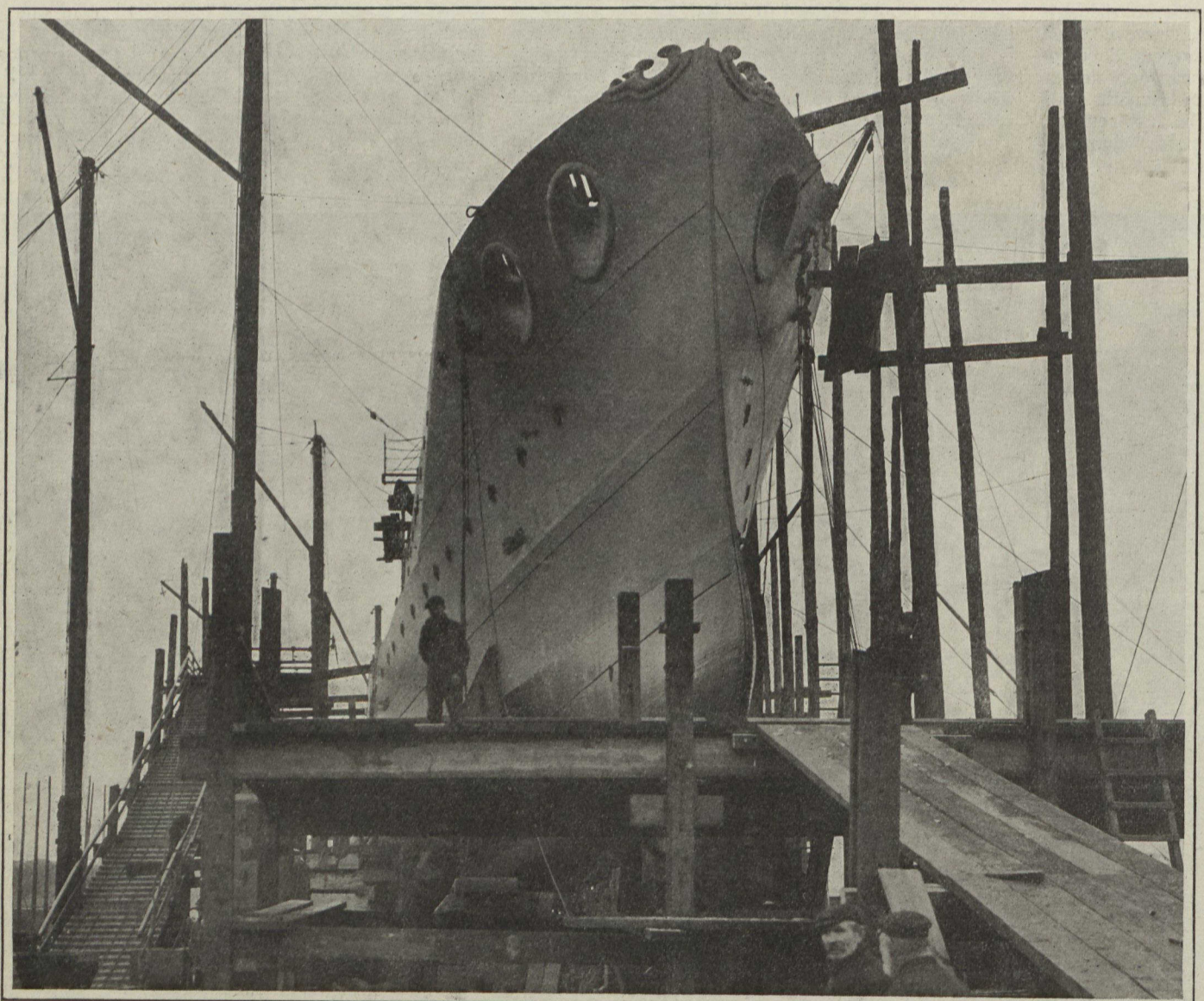
An eccentric banker offered a prize of a Christmas turkey to any of his clerks who could pack a thousand sovereigns in ten bags in such manner that any sum which might be called for, from one to a thousand pounds, could be handed over in one or more bags, without opening either of them. The seniors regarded the offer as "one of the governor's little jokes," and took no further notice of it. But the youngest clerk in the bank, a smart lad fresh from school, claimed and won the prize. How did he manage it?



Some day the children in all town and country schools will have opportunities to cultivate their own little plots, as these children have at the Consolidated School, shown in the centre of this picture. To the left is Macdonald College, Guelph.

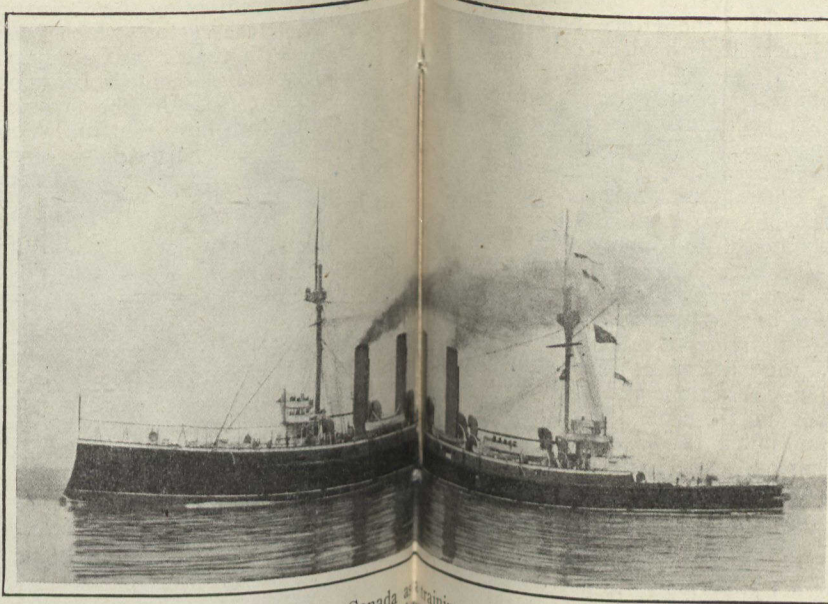


When Canada Builds a Navy—Erecting the frames for a Torpedo Boat-Destroyer.



A TORPEDO BOAT-DESTROYER BEFORE LAUNCHING.

Each boat must have a berth on which the hull is built. These, in a modern plant, vary from 450 feet to 800 feet, and are built in such a way as to easily carry the immense weights put upon them. When the hull is ready for launching, it slips down endwise into the water on inclined wooden tracks.



H.M.S. Niobe, purchased by Canada as a training ship. She was launched in 1898: 11,000 tons; sixteen 6-inch guns; three torpedoes; crew, 677.



THE BRISTOL ON THE DOCKS—A STERN VIEW.

The Bristol is now being built by John Brown & Company, of Clydebank, Scotland, by whose courtesy The Courier is indebted for the photographs shown here.

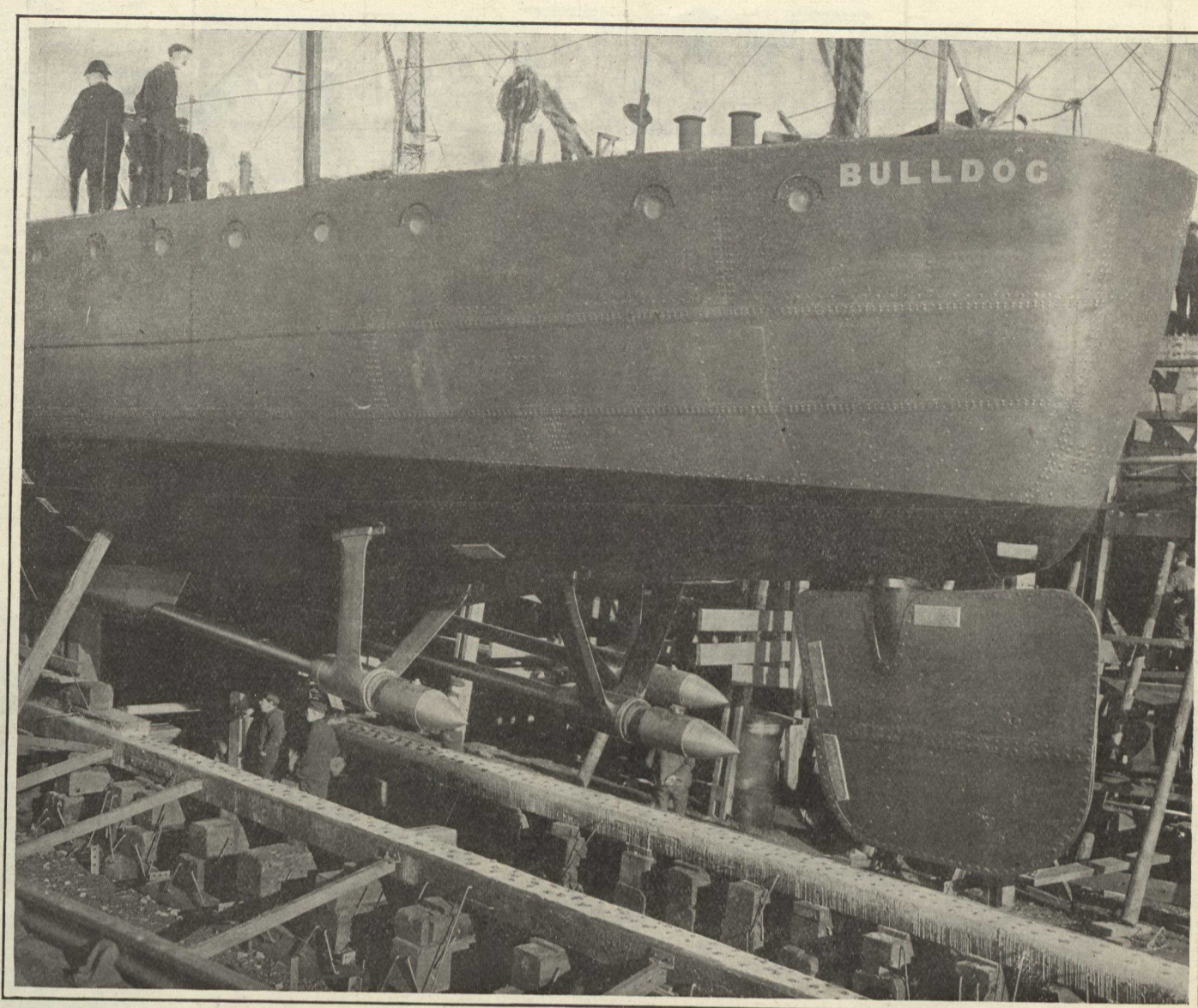
BUILDING THE CANADIAN NAVY

THE longest and the most heated debate in the Canadian House of Commons for this century has practically come to a close. Ever since January 21st, 1904, there have been hearing parliamentary opinions, good, bad and indifferent, on the manifest duty of Canada towards the Imperial navy. A score of the best speeches and by far the soundest and most patriotic arguments have been in favour of a Canadian navy built in Canada, as far as possible by Canadian workmen, of material produced in Canada, and manned by Canadian workmen, of material produced in Canada, and manned by Canadian workmen.

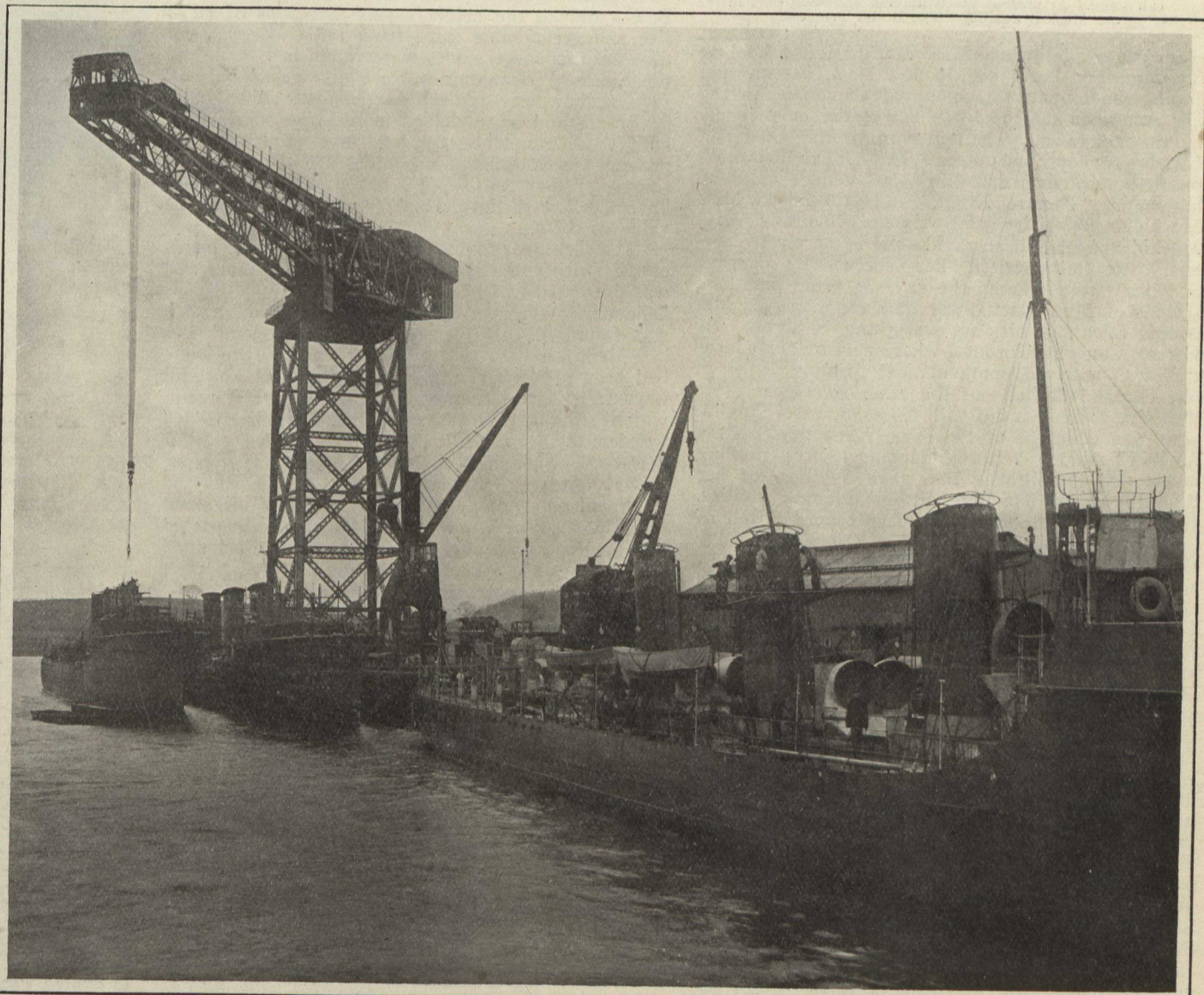
Talk is well enough. We are all about it. But now it becomes of interest to see just what this has done that has filled hundreds of columns in the newspapers of both parties. The pictures on this page will look like the scenes. They show you exactly what a Canadian warship are photographs direct from the building of Canadian warships in Canada will spend her eleven or twelve millions to get as a first step. They are the only pictures ever published in America of such ship-making. They are instructive and inspiring. They have an epic quality as profound and as patriotic as the building of railways and factories and schools.

It is a Canadian and an Imperial tie that can be broken. There is no other series of pictures in the world that can illustrate the ties of Empire in Canada. All you need to do is to imagine a Canadian picture of these Bristols and destroyers in the building in a Canadian shipyard. There is nothing in the case to prevent us from getting in Canada all the material and most of the men; and we know we have the money. We have had large experience in the building of the steel. We have just as good facilities for building steel vessels; we have the machinery necessary to

CONCLUDED ON PAGE 21.



When Canada Builds a Navy—A Destroyer Before Launching.



TORPEDO BOAT-DESTROYER COMPLETE AT THE FITTING-OUT BASIN.

This particular fitting-out basin is 750 feet long, 320 feet wide, and sufficient wharves to accommodate five vessels of different lengths. The depth of water at low tide is 25 feet. Hydraulic and steam capstans and steam winches are used to move the vessels. The crane shown above is capable of lifting 130 tons. There are also smaller cranes.



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

Behind the Footlights.

THERE goes the young lady from "The Dollar Princess"—that is the remark of the Broadway matinee-goer, of which Miss Mary Mackid, a Toronto girl, who has this year made a hit in Gotham theatredom, is the subject.



Miss Mary Mackid,

A Toronto Girl who is doing remarkably well on the American Stage. At present she is playing a leading part in the Musical Comedy "The Dollar Princess."

Two years ago, when Miss Mackid left school at Toronto, her heart set upon a stage career, and joined the ex-patriate colony of Canadians in the big American metropolis, she was the most lonely of the unknown. The other night the Columbia University boys patronised "The Dollar Princess" on that auspicious date in the college calendar known as "Theatre Night," and attested to Miss Mackid's popularity with sixteen encores. Miss Mackid's rise has been rapid—she is merely twenty-one. She has merited her success by courage and hard work. From the day she could first lisp, friends of Miss Mackid say that she displayed histrionic talent, mimicking everything in sight. At Loreto Convent, Toronto, where part of her education was received, mathematical formulæ came in one ear and drifted out the other somewhat after the same manner it did with Miss Margaret Anglin, who was educated at the same institution. Mary Mackid's mind was full of dancing figures, tinkling music and the lights. She gave up most of her time to music, dancing and elocutionary studies. Her instructors in these branches reported well of her. Their praise roused her ambitions. One day she told her family that she was determined to be an actress; also that she was going to New York right away. The announcement was greeted good humouredly by the home circle. Most mothers are familiar with that malady, "stage craze," which attacks their daughters at sweet sixteen and thereabouts. But Mary was in earnest. Her powers of persuasion melted obduracy, and so it came to pass that she heard the rumbling of Broadway for the first time. She engaged a master called De Fault who taught her how to make a proper entrance. Then she toured the managers. That is when the histrionic aspirant gets her first real lesson. To have a bluff, portly man in a red tie remove his cigar and snarl very critically, "What can you do?" is a disconcerting experience at best. Miss Mackid got her disillusionment over as soon as possible. She realised at once that the glamour of the footlights is but the tinsel show of the drama. She calculated her chances of success, and decided that musical comedy was her field. Day and night she worked under good masters, and about a year ago got a small part in an operatic company. To "The Dollar Princess" was the next step. All winter Miss Mary Mackid's dancing with Mr. Donald Brian, of "Merry Widow" fame, has been the hit

of the dainty play. It is unfortunately improbable that Toronto friends of Miss Mackid will have an opportunity of seeing the performance of the petite young lady this season, as the favour of Gotham necessitates an extended contract elsewhere.

The "Excelsior."

"A THING of beauty is a joy forever," and among the beautiful rarities of earth jewels lay undisputed claim to one's admiration. Considerable curiosity has been aroused along this line by some fragmentary remarks concerning the great Excelsior diamond which is now being cut in Amsterdam. The stone was found on June 30, 1893, and was the largest known diamond in the world, is of a beautiful blue-white colour of the purest water, and has been valued at from £50,000 to £1,000,000. Uncut the stone weighed seven and a half ounces, was three inches long, two and a half inches round its outside thickest point and looked like an icicle. But there was a flaw in the middle, a black spot, so it had to be cleft, and is being cut and polished into two exquisite gems at a cost of many thousands of dollars.

It has an interesting history, and comes from the great diamond mines of South Africa. A Kaffir found it while he was shovelling clay into a truck, and although the watchful eye of a white overseer was on the alert, he succeeded in secreting it, evidently, for the pure pleasure of delivering it in person to the manager, who rewarded him with £150, a horse and saddle and bridle. At midnight of June 30, the contract for the sale of all diamonds found during the year expired, and as this one appeared towards evening of the same day it made an enormous difference in the result of the year's contract. It has had several names, the "Imperial," the "Victoria," the "Great White," and last of all it received the name of the "Jubilee" in honour of the late Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee.

The first mention of diamonds dates back to 1,000 B. C., and all the older famous diamonds of large size and great value came from India. It was not till 1728 that large stones were found in Brazil, and the South African mines were discovered only in 1870. They very far eclipse those of either India or Brazil, and have yielded more large stones than both those countries together have produced. At present the South African mines are the only real source of diamond supply, but usually the stones have a yellowish tinge which somewhat diminishes the value of them.

The Kohinoor diamond which fell into the hands of the British soldiers at the capture of Lahore and was presented to Queen Victoria on July 3, 1850, is believed by some to be the "Great Mogul," which was found in India between 1630—1650, and was last identified with certainty in 1665. As the stone had been prodigally wasted in cutting and was still imperfect, it was decided in 1857 to have it recut, which still further decreased the size but added wonderfully to its brilliancy. It is valued now at £100,000, although it is not of the purest water, being slightly greyish in colour.

Napoleon wore the "Regent" or "Pitt" diamond in the pommel of his sword at Waterloo, so it passed into the possession of the Prussians. It had belonged to France since 1717, and although it was perfect in form it was scarcely so in colour.

Larger than either the "Kohinoor" or "Regent" is the "Orloff," which forms the termination of the Imperial sceptre of Russia. It is also of the purest water and very brilliant, and is said to have been at one time an eye in a Brahmin idol, but was stolen by a Frenchman and sold for an equivalent of \$14,000. Russia purchased it in 1774 for \$370,000, an annuity of \$16,000 a year and a patent to the title of nobility.

Fabulous values are placed not only on these, but on the few other remaining great diamonds scattered mostly among crown jewels, and which have played important parts in many of the world's greatest pageants.

The diamond is the hardest substance known, hence the phrase "diamond cut diamond," and it is the only stone that after exposure to sunshine will give out in the dark what it takes in during the day.

Earl's Sister Goes to Prison.

LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON, sister of the Earl of Lytton, was arrested sometime ago in Yorkshire and imprisoned for putting into force the

militant tactics of the Suffragettes. Her ladyship was released on an order of the Home Secretary long before her sentence had expired. It was suggested that this action was due to her rank. The Home Secretary, however, stated that the reason for her liberation was that her heart was weak, and that further detention would be dangerous to her. Sometime afterwards in Lancashire, a woman named Jane Wharton, also a Suffragette, was arrested for using violent methods. She was treated with scant courtesy, and was compelled to comply with the prison regulations. She served her full time. It was then discovered that Lady Constance Lytton had played a grim joke on the authorities in order to show that a lady of title received more consideration at the hands of the authorities than a mere commoner would. Jane Wharton and Lady Constance Lytton were one and the same. It is curious that the prison doctor failed to detect any heart weakness in Jane Wharton, while Lady Lytton was considered to be suffering from a most dangerous malady. Of course the whole thing resolved into a huge joke at the expense of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Our photograph was taken when Lady Lytton was describing her experiences to her fellow-Suffragettes.



Lady Constance Lytton, the Suffragette Leader, speaking at a meeting in England. Miss Pankhurst is to be seen seated at the table beside her.

Photograph by Halftones, Limited.

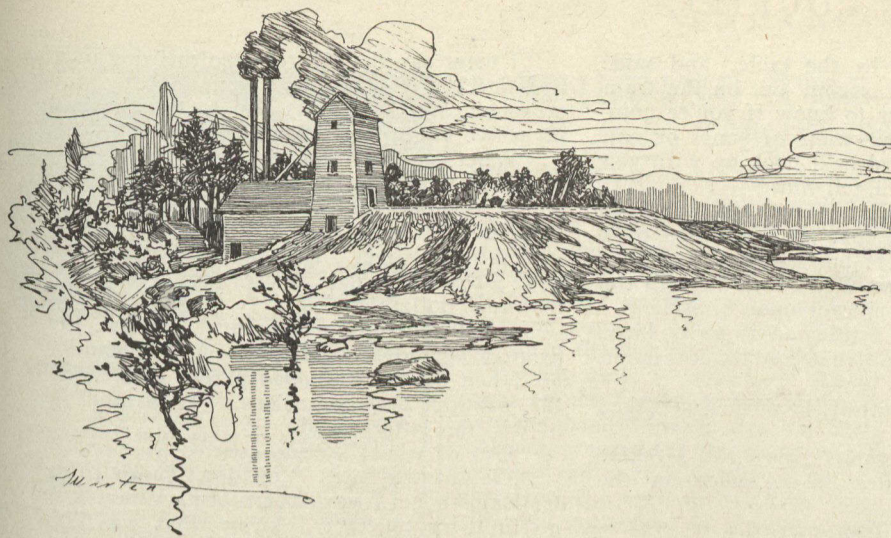
In the New Country.

(A CAMEO.)

BY RICHARD WIGHTMAN.

I WANT Lucille. I've grubbed on this old Section now for months and lashed the stubborn acres with my steel,
And now my heart, all human-like, cries out—I want Lucille.
The cabin is quite finished—every crevice mortared—and the roof
Is fit for any rain. The stove is set
And all the dishes patient on their shelves;
The bed with its checked coverlet is there
In its own corner, and the chair
I made for her is rocking empty in the breeze;
The nails on which to hang her things are driven
And the mirror placed at her own height, a little less than mine.
Out in the shed the Alderney is tied, and Bess, her mare,
Is coated for the fall. The saddle on its form
Is waiting, as am I, just for Lucille,
It's strange, isn't it, how strong a man can be
And yet how lonesome he can feel?
But I don't care—I want Lucille!

—Harper's.



The Spotted Dog Mine

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "Thoroughbreds," "Mooswa," etc.

THIRD OF SIX MINING STORIES

NIPISSING was proud of the Cobalt Bloom Hotel. Its huge square frame dominated the ruck of miners' shacks and small stores like a military blockhouse; its big office was to miners and men of capital what the Waldorf corridor is to a Wall Street broker.

One night Red Meekins sat in a chair eyeing moodily the restless throng that babbled incessantly of ten thousand-ounce ore, and cobalt bloom, and million-dollar companies. The glib lipping of large moneys depressed him; for he was decidedly short of working sinew. Perhaps it was this sense of monetary isolation that caused his eyes to follow admiringly a handsome coachdog that hovered tenaciously close to a pair of legs distinctly labeled "English" by the triple-rolled whipcord trousers that adorned them.

Red's attention was presently diverted from the dog by a big foot which, lazily thrust out from a neighbouring chair, jabbed him in the calf. He turned morosely to inspect this socially inclined neighbour. His eyes failed to identify a gable shouldered man of unnecessary length, who peered at him humorously out of watery blue eyes set in a ridiculously small red face, which seemed all but obliterated by a wilderness of straw coloured whiskers.

Red's puzzled stare appeared entirely amusing to the man who had kicked him. He laughed and asked, "How are ye, Red? How's the claim pannin' out?"

"I guess that voice is Peloo Trout," Meekins said tentatively; "but them muttonchops is a new one on me."

"They're kinder new to home too," Trout, admitting the identification, answered. "I growed 'em in the way of business."

"Say, Peloo, what kind of a dog is that?" Meekins queried.

Trout ran his fingers through the whiskers reflectively, recalling the breeds of dogs he was familiar with. "I know them kind," he said reflectively; "but I jus' kinder forget the name. I got it!" he declared, brightening up. "It's the pokerdot breed. I see lots of 'em in New York, time I sold the Beaver Dam mine."

"Danged if I wouldn't like to own that pup!" Red exclaimed.

Peloo laughed. Red, overconscious of his lack of funds, misunderstood and said angrily, "S'pose you think I'm broke again, Peloo; couldn't even buy a dog?"

"Tain't that, Red. There ain't nobody in this camp got money enough to buy that pokerdot. The man what owns him is a pal of mine. That's him with the delicate stomach," and Peloo indicated a slim young man whose decided stoop had originated this description.

"He don't look up to much—not to own such a handsome pup," Meekins adjudged.

"He's a Lord in London; so's his father," Peloo explained. "I've got him on the string right enough too."

"For a grubstake?" Meekins queried listlessly.

"I've cut out prospectin'," Peloo declared emphatically. "Breathin' mosquitoes in the summer give me hay fever, an' wallerin' round in the snow never panned out nothin' but chilblains. When I see mavericks that's been bank clerks jus' goin' out to the bush an' locatin' mines worth millions, plumb out of fool's luck, I see it's no game fer men."

"What you doin', then, Peloo?"

Trout drew a card from his coat pocket and passed it dramatically to Meekins. "That's me," he advised, "Peloo Trout & Co., Mining Brokers. I'm the whole works too. I give up lookin' fer mines what couldn't be found nohow, an' I'm dealin' in mines as is found."

"Looks businesslike," Red commented.

"That's why I grew the whiskers," and Peloo stroked the bushy entanglement affectionately. "When I was in New York, time I sold the Beaver Dam, I see all the brokers was clean shaved or had

a sporty beard, an' I caught onto the idee. Bein' in business, a feller had got to shave every day if he went in fer that kind of face trimmin'. That cost a heap of money; so I jus' let mine grow. A tall man looks all right in whiskers, anyway."

"Well, how's business in mines, Peloo?" Meekins asked.

"Well, it's lookin' up. I got three or four fellers on the string that's got slathers of capital. A man's got to graft to get on in this game. When I see a bunch of outsiders come into the hotel I jus' look over the register an' get their names an' where they come from, an' then it don't take long to get in with 'em."

"See Hank Pilkins knockin' about?"

Peloo chuckled. "I heerd you evicted him, Red."

"I ain't strong on 'em law terms, Peloo; but he ain't been back to the shack he built on my claim since I swatted him."

"I heerd he got a black eye fer jumpin' your mine, Red, an' that the Minin' Commission give you a patent for the claim. What're you goin' to do, Red, develop the claim?"

"On what?"

Peloo chuckled again. "Cleaned out eh? Whisky an' law'll get any man's bankroll, I don't care how big 'tis."

RED'S prodigality in the matter of bar patronage was so much a matter of general knowledge that he passed over Peloo's animadversion in silence, and the latter added:

"What you oughter do, Red, is sell out. These suckers ain't goin' to keep on comin' here forever."

"I don't want to sell," Red declared surlily.

"What you want to do," Peloo reiterated, "is to sell a half interest for what you figure the whole mine's worth; that's the game. What shape is your claim in?"

"It's mostly forty acres of rocks, labeled R.L. 678 in the Recorder's office."

"That description's kinder tame for sellin' purposes. Most of 'em is described as havin' from seventeen to thirty veins carryin' silver. That's a good way to put it, Red, carryin' silver—see? That kinder makes out that all that's needed is capital to develop an' find the silver. How about that vein I heerd Pilkins found?"

"I guess he must've took it away with him, Peloo. I ain't found nothin' but a stringer of calcite—that's between me an' you."

"Didn't you have to take your affidavit that you'd found mineral in place when you come to record the claim? Ain't that the law?"

"Danged if that spotted dog don't get me!" Red offered in the way of evasion. "Wisht I owned him!"

"I guess it'd be a heap better to get his boss to buy a half interest in your mine. I can work it, if you'll let me fix up the description of the property. I could steer the Hon. Lord Fonsby up against the idee of findin' that big vein Pilkins was supposed to have staked on. Didn't he show the Recorder a hunk of silver ore, an' try to make out that you'd found nothin'?"

"Yes."

"Well, where'd he find it?"

"Danged if I know. I've punched the whole forty acres as full of little drill holes as a pepperbox, an' I've trenched till the ground looks like a piece of Scotch plaid."

"An' got nothin'?"

RED diplomatically ignored the latter question. "There's a big ledge of rock runnin' clean across the claim" he said reflectively. "It's got a bald face twenty feet high, an' I kinder thought Pilkins might've struck a vein in that, same's they found in the La Rose an' Nipissin' at first; but the only danged thing unusual from one end to the other is

the log shack Pilkins built plumb on ag'in this cliff when I was away in Toronto."

"Time you was boozin', eh?"

"Time you wasn't payin' for whatever I was doin'!" Red answered crossly.

"There ain't nothin' to get mad about," Peloo reasoned. "There's Pilkins, he ain't never been knowed to stand drinks fer the crowd. That's why we was all glad when you knocked the tar out of him. An' speakin' of that," Peloo continued, "if you want me to make a dicker with Lord Fonsby, we got to make a splurge about your claim—see?"

"How, Peloo?"

"It would be a good idee to treat the whole house right away. I'd put it up to the fellers what was doin' in the way of a deal, and first thing you'd know your mine'd have a rep'tation like Nipissin'. It's business, that's what it is. There's two or three New York fellers here buyin' mines an' they'd all get tryin' to beat each other to it, first thing you'd know."

"I ain't got the money," Red objected despondently.

"I got it," Peloo declared, "an' if I'm your agent, gettin' ten per cent., I'll grubstake you for drinks on the house an' other necessary expenses."

ME EKINS finally agreed to Broker Trout's proposal, and the latter circulated among the complacent miners, everyone of whom was entirely willing to help Red land a man of means, especially an Englishman.

This part of the game was familiar to Meekins. He acted his role with enthusiasm. At the proper time he rose to his feet and said, "Gentlemen, there's to be a spirit meetin' in the next room. If you'll kindly take your partners. This is on me."

A general exodus to the bar ensued. Peloo, taking advantage of the turmoil, brought Meekins and the Englishman together.

"This is the Hon. Lord Reginald Fonsby of London, and this is Mr. Red Meekins—'Lucky Red' he's called—who's discovered the greatest silver proposition since the camp was nothin' but a bald headed knob of rock."

"I was takin' stock of your pup," Red blurted out. "I see husky train dogs an' them sausage dogs of the Dutchmen, an' most all kinds of dogs in my time; but that pokerdot breed has got 'em all skinned for looks." Red reached down and affectionately stroked the delighted animal's head.

The "Hon. Lord's" smile of amusement turned to one of satisfaction. "Yes, by Jove!" he said. "Achilles has been pretty well about with me."

"Step along into the bar, Lord Fonsby," Peloo admonished.

As Red followed he whispered to Peloo, "What did he say the dog's name was?"

"Kinder think it was Axle Grease. Them dogs runs under a waggon most of the time, an' it may be a kind of English joke."

Peloo's recruits acted their parts well. They lavished encomiums upon Red and his new mine. Three young Yale men who had come to the new silver field looking for adventure and investment were in the seventh campus of joy; they joined hands and did a Maypole dance around Meekins. An overzealous henchman seared the Honourable's cheek with his hot breath as he whispered confidentially, "That Red Meekins is the feller what discovered the Nipissing mine; only they beat him out of it. He's found half the mines about here; but he's too modest. That's Red's weak streak; he's too cussed modest—"

He was cut short by a howl of anguish. Some one had stepped on the pokerdot dog.

Red reached down and lifted the dog to the bar, saying, "Boys, I'd rather some galoot swatted me than hurt that pup. He's the slickest thing in dog flesh I ever see. Gentlemen!" Red cleared his throat and repeated solemnly, "Gentlemen!" There was a hush of attention, and he proceeded, "I've got

a hunch, an idee. I'm goin' to name my mine after this pokerdot breed of pup. I hereby label her the Spotted Dog mine!"

There was a yell of applause. When it was subdued by the command of Peloo, Red added:

"The drinks is on me as a christenin', an' it runs into wine. Barkeep set up the swan-neck bottles, them with the goldy locks."

Peloo turned pale; for he would have to pay. Surely Red was making the bluff unnecessarily strong.

As they drank the wine Red whispered to Peloo, "P'raps that Hon'rab'll feel it's up to him to give me that pokerdot. Pour him another glass of wine; it'll make him loosen up."

"You are sure goin' some, Red," Peloo commented; "but kinder ease up on the buyin' now. You done your share."

AS the mine boosters finished their wine and were turning away, Fonsby slipped the collar from his dog's neck and handed it to the bartender. Then when they were in the outer room he told Achilles to get his collar. The dog went back and, standing on his hind legs, looked pleadingly at the drink dispenser. The latter handed over the leather strap, and Achilles came bounding out to his master.

At that instant Hank Pilkins entered the room with a brindle bulldog, named Esau at his heels. Esau was the bully of Nipissing in a canine way, and when he saw a dog seemingly in some kind of scuffle his perverted fighting instincts carried him into the fray with ferocious alacrity. In a second a wild scrimmage ensued. Men were bowled over like nine-pins by the fighting bodies caroming against their legs.

Between the casual interference of sprawling men and the great activity of Achilles, Esau missed his thrust for the enemy's throat, and found, to his angry astonishment, a set of long fangs buried in the back of his neck. He was being considerably chewed.

Pilkins saw this, and with an oath swung a heavy boot into the ribs of Achilles. As he poised himself for another kick a strong hand gripped his coat collar, and he was elevated parabolically, to descend head first full on top of his pugnacious dog. Scrambling to his feet he faced Red Meekins, who said with quiet menace:

"I don't stand for no man kickin' a dog as is only pertectin' hisself ag'in a fool fightin' dog. You jus' keep that Esau to home, or somebody'll put a pill into him."

Pilkins raised his voice in anger; but the manager of the hotel came between the two and assured Pilkins that he would have him thrown into the street if he didn't subside.

Fonsby held out his hand to Red, saying, "By Jove! Mr. Meekins, you did that deuced cleverly. Awfully obliged, you know."

PELOO, who had gone over the falls in the little cataract of men that had engulfed the dogs, heard this as he stood adjusting his disarranged whiskers, and promptly seized upon the opportunity to introduce business.

"There's a little room behind the bar. Let's git out of this noisy crowd," he said.

"By Jove! that's a corking idee," Fonsby agreed, "and you gentlemen will join me in a social glass, I hope."

Peloo nudged Meekins in the ribs with his elbow as they entered the private room, and pulling a chair to a little table he said, "Have a seat, your Hon. Lordship" adding in more flippant oratory, "Yank that stool up, Red!"

"It's jolly complimentary of you, Mr. Trout," Fonsby remarked as he sat down, "but I'm not a Lord, by any means. The governor is; but he's hale and hearty."

"P'raps I kinder got mixed in individuals," Peloo hazarded. "Readin' in the papers about Lord Fonsby I guess made me think you was him."

"The governor is Lord Ivington," Fonsby explained, rising to touch a button in the wall.

"He's kiddin' us about them names," Meekins whispered to Peloo.

"It's his stepfather, Red; that's how the names don't agree," Trout advised.

As Fonsby returned to his seat Red said, "Peloo was tellin' me you didn't want to sell this pup," and Meekins caressed the shapely mottled head which the dog, knowing out of instinct about the man's sympathy, had thrust across his knee. Fonsby's face showed mystification, and Peloo came to the rescue:

"Soon's Red sees that dog he was fer buyin' him an' I jus' said that I guessed there wasn't nothin' doin' in that line."

THE door of the room opened and a man, answering the call of the bell, entered, followed by a roughly dressed prospector. The latter took a quick

look at the little group by the table, and said:

"That New York chap is goin' out on the train to-night, Red, an' he wants to know if you're goin' to make him a price on that mine of yours or not. He says if you want to deal he'll hook up with you in half an hour. What'll I tell him?"

Meekins undiplomatically opened his mouth in astonishment. It was the first he had heard of a New Yorker with an offer; but Peloo scraped the toe of his boot up and down Red's shin beneath the table and took the latter's answer upon himself.

"Me an' Red an' this gentleman is purty busy, Tom. Jus' tell your friend that Red'll see him in New York."

"What you got to do with it, Peloo?" Tom asked with affected anger.

"Considerable—considerable, Tom. Mr. Meekins has placed his mine business in my office, an' the mine ain't fer sale."

"Does that go, Red?" Tom queried.

"It does. Peloo Trout & Co. is my agent."

Tom strode angrily from the room. Peloo chuckled and turning to Fonsby explained:

"Mr. Meekins had jus' plumb give away mines that has turned out worth millions; but he ain't goin' to sell this one fer the price of a prospect—not if Peloo Trout can help it! There's been about a dozen of 'em New York promoters tryin' to get on the soft side of Red. You see," he continued, "that Pilkins that owns the dog your pup licked found the biggest kind of a silver vein on Red's claim an' tried to beat him out of it. They all know this an' are dead stuck on gettin' his mine on the cheap."

"I'd like to see that vein, Mr. Meekins," Fonsby said innocently.

"Danged if I wouldn't too!" Red blurted out with even more innocence. Then he gave a sharp yelp of pain; for Peloo's boot had nearly cracked his shinbone beneath the table.

"Red's lookin' fer it," Peloo advised, "'cause Pilkins natur'llly wouldn't give his find away. An' it jus' seems 's if Pilkins had struck a streak of runnin' up ag'in Red's fist. That's the second time he's had a rough an' tumble argyment with Red."

AS Peloo held forth out of his plethora of words, he watched the Englishman's face from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, reading the look of intense interest that brightened Fonsby's blue eyes.

"Have you explored much for the vein?" Fonsby asked.

"He's jus' been rootin' round," Peloo hastened to substitute for the frank admission he was certain Red would make.

"I've ben kinder shy on capital," Red declared.

"Lost his money when that bank in Toronto busted last winter," Peloo explained.

This was just a trifle sudden for Red's equanimity. He laughed.

"You take your losses good naturedly. I like that," Fonsby remarked.

"I was jus' thinkin' of the feller I hired to locate that vein," Red explained, fancying he had detected a drawl of suspicion in the other's remark.

"He was one of them fellers that's got a kind of crotched switch fer locatin' wells an' things. He tramped purty nigh all over that forty acres, an' all of a sudden he stopped still as though he'd been paralyzed in his j'int, his face all twisted up, and the switch that he was grippin' with both hands commenced to dip. Only I'm kinder mixed. It was an electric patent kind of crotch he had—that's the idee. Then he says to me, 'It's down there!' Then me an' a man trenched for two days, an' fin'lly we come on a groundhog's nest."

Fonsby sat back in his chair and laughed. "What did the man say?" he asked finally.

"I never heard. I guess he's runnin' yet."

"Red got hot under the collar an' kinder went fer that feller," Peloo elucidated.

FONSBY suddenly straightened up in his chair and said, "Look here! I don't mind saying that I've got deuced interested in your mine Mr. Meekins, and in yourself too, to be candid."

Red had to suppress another yelp of pain. Beneath the table Peloo's toe was cautioning him to be wary.

"You said something about lack of capital," Fonsby continued. "Now, I've come here to invest a few pounds if I find something—well, something, you know."

"Red's got it—he's got somethin' big!" and Peloo wagged his bushy head sagaciously.

"I'll tell you what you do," Red offered. "You come down an' bunk with me in the shack, an' when I've found the big vein I'll give you first chance to buy the mine."

"By Jove! that might cost a pretty penny! You'd want a million. Supposing I buy in now, and take a chance."

"Tain't for sale," Peloo declared, wagging his head despondently.

"I uster say that afore I see this dog of yours," Red declared; "but if you want to come down an' prospect, an'll bring this pup to the shack, I ain't sayin' we mightn't make a deal."

"What's a half interest worth?"

Peloo held his breath, fearing Meekins would be too modest in his demands.

"You best come down with me to-morrow an' look the mine over," Red answered "an' if it looks good I'll trade a half interest for this pup an' ten thousand dollars to boot."

Laughing over Red's unique proposal, the Englishman agreed at least to inspect the mine.

When the two men had parted from Fonsby, on the way out they met Tom. "What do I get out of it?" the latter asked.

"Out of what?" Peloo queried.

"Out of the sale. You don't mean to say you let English get away from you? When I see you go in there together I know what was doin', an' thought I'd boost things by springin' that yarn about a feller wantin' to buy. Didn't it help none?"

"You jus' leave that to Red," Peloo advised.

"Guess he'll make it right with you, Tom."

"That's good enough for me," Tom answered.

"Goodnight, fellers. Make your check payable at par, Red."

THE result of Fonsby's visit to the Spotted Dog mine was a deal through which he became a half owner. Strangely enough, the illuiveness of the big vein appealed to him as a matter of exciting interest. Unknown to the partners, and quite beyond the value they placed upon his intelligence, Fonsby had interviewed the recording officer. With boyish enthusiasm discarding the triple-rolled trousers for a pair of heavy overalls, he rolled up his sleeves and went to work, perhaps with more energy than aptitude.

Such little idiosyncrasies as trying to clean a lamp chimney with a stick of dynamite, its end twisted in a handkerchief, caused Red to exercise a wise supervision which prevented actual disaster—at least up to the time Achilles brought on the end of all things.

There always remained in Nipissing as a matter of discussion the question of which dog would have licked the other the night they hooked up if Pilkins hadn't interfered. The owner of Esau was ready to bet a thousand dollars that his dog could "eat up the piebald mongrel that Meekins chums with"; while Red avowed that he wasn't fighting dogs for a living but that if they ever got together on their own account he'd back the spotted pup.

RED and Fonsby had been trenching and blasting for two months, and with meager results. They had driven a small tunnel into the rocky cliff, following a calcite vein that at times held a blush of cobalt bloom as rosy as the cheek of a girl and again bleaching out in barrenness to an alabaster white. One morning Red drilled a hole in the tunnel, and, after their mid-day meal in the shack, went to a little pit where the dynamite was stored, returning with four sticks of the ferocious explosive.

"That drill this mornin' kinder sounded to me as though it was in metal. We'll put a shot in an' rip her up," he said.

Followed by the ever faithful Achilles, the two men plodded leisurely to their drift in the cliff. Fonsby held the four sticks of dynamite, handing three of them, one by one, to Meekins, who tamped them home with due caution in the drill hole, attaching a fuse. Then he said:

"Light the fuse, Fonsby, while I gather up these tools. Then we'll get out. P'raps when we come back this hole'll be full of silver."

Fonsby put the fourth stick of dynamite down, struck a match and lighted the fuse.

Red, having picked up his tools, called, "Come on! Sometimes these fuses run."

He was already on the move. Fonsby followed on the run, forgetting all about the finger of destruction he had discarded.

Achilles noticed this oversight, or perhaps he thought it a variation of the collar game. At any rate he harked back to his drill in retrieving, grabbed up in his jaws the little brown fiend, added the dangling fuse that was so much like his leading strap, dislodging it with one sharp pull, and cantered joyously after the fleeing men.

As Red galloped he cast a look over his shoulder to make sure that Spot was following. One glance assured him that Spot was, and that he was charged with dynamite.

"My God! Man, run! Run for it!" he gasped, and Ponsby, instinctively turning his head, saw the Nemesis on their track.

He quickened his pace. So did Red. Their heavy boots threw gravel, and all records for speed were being smashed.

BUILDING THE CANADIAN NAVY

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 17



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roll armour plate and to make the steel ribs can be installed within a very short period quite as easily as we long ago got the facilities for rolling steel rails and making bridges. We know how to build engines as good as the best. Most if not all of the machinery can be made in Canada quite as well as it can be made on the Clyde. About the only part of these ships of war we can't make at present are the guns, which we shall be perfectly willing to import from the arsenals of Great Britain until such time as we can make our own.

So, following out the programme laid down by Sir Wilfrid Laurier on behalf of the Minister of Marine, it will not be long till we have in Canada the glorified din of the steel workers in the shipyards busy on the new Canadian navy. If photographers anxious to get a "scoop" visit these shipyards of the future they will see precisely what these pictures show on this page in March, 1910. It will be remembered that the original programme of the Canadian Marine Department called for four Bristols, one Boadicea and six destroyers. That has since been modified by ruling out the Boadicea, and substituting the *Rainbow*, a third-class cruiser already purchased, and the *Niobe*, a first-class cruiser about to be purchased from Great Britain. The *Niobe* is shown in this issue. The *Bristols* and the destroyers make up the rest of the pictures.

Distinctive Features.

Now there are certain features about a *Bristol* and a destroyer which are of immediate practical interest to those who want to know how the new Canadian navy will be built. To begin with, the *Bristol* is a type of a protected cruiser of which five are at present being built by private firms for the British navy. She is being built at the Clydebank works of Messrs. John Brown & Co., Ltd. Her principal dimensions are: length over all, 453 feet; breadth, 47 feet; depth, 26 feet 9 inches. In the normal load condition the *Bristol* displacement will be about 4,850 tons. The vital parts are protected by an arched steel protective deck, extending the full length of the ship. The coal bunkers have been so arranged as to give further protection to the machinery. There is also a continuous double bottom, sub-divided into a number of compartments, which will be used for the storage of oil fuel and reserve feed water for the boilers. The forecastle extends for about one-quarter of the vessel's length. On it are placed the conning tower, and captain's watch cabin with the navigating bridge.

Accommodation for the captain and officers is arranged on the upper deck under the forecastle and on the lower deck forward. Crews' quarters are placed aft on the lower deck, the total complement being about 380. The steering gear is placed in a compartment aft under the protective deck, and the magazines, shell rooms and store rooms are all arranged in the most suitable position for the working of the vessel.

Speed is of primary importance. The propelling machinery of the *Bristol* consists of two sets of turbines in separate watertight compartments and working two propellers. These turbines are equipped with all the latest improvements as regards manoeuvring. Steam will be generated in twelve watertube boilers of the Yarrow type, fitted with superheaters for increasing the temperature and efficiency of the steam; designed to use both coal and

oil as fuel and arranged in three boiler rooms. The machinery will develop 22,000 horse-power and a speed of 25 knots is expected with the vessel in her normal load condition.

The armament consists of two 6-inch breech-loading guns, ten 4-inch breech-loading guns and two 18-inch submerged torpedo tubes. One of the 6-inch guns is placed on the forecastle and the other one at the aft end of the upper deck, firing ahead and astern respectively and each having a sweep of the horizon of 270 degrees. The 4-inch guns are all placed on the upper deck and have a complete command of the horizon. When completed, the cruiser will have a very rakish appearance, showing two masts, four funnels, a high forecastle and a long after part.

Torpedo Boat Destroyers.

Provision was made in the Canadian Department of Marine programme for the construction of six ocean-going destroyers. Three of sixteen such, the *Beagle*, *Bulldog* and *Foxhound*, are being built at Clydebank for the British navy. These vessels may be regarded as a return to the River Class of 1904-5—so called because originally named after the rivers of India—but greatly improved in speed, strength and radius of action. They are 272 feet in length, 27 feet in breadth, 16 feet 6 inches in depth, and have a displacement of about 950 tons; are constructed throughout of special quality steel and fitted with closely spaced watertight bulkheads, dividing the ship into numerous compartments.

The large displacement, in addition to allowing the vessels to be more heavily armed, gives the enormous advantage of high speed under adverse sea conditions. The additional weight of hull, together with the adoption of turbine machinery, provides for a thoroughly reliable normal speed under all conditions. High forecastles have also been fitted in order to improve the sea-going qualities of the vessels. Special provision has been made for the protection and adequate housing of the crew, so as to maintain the efficiency of the personnel on lengthened periods of scout duties under trying weather conditions. The officers' rooms are arranged on the lower deck aft of the machinery space; the crew are berthed in the forecastle and on the lower deck forward of the boiler rooms. Magazines, shell rooms and store rooms are placed forward and aft under the lower deck.

The armament consists of one 4-inch breech-loading gun placed on a raised platform on the forecastle deck, and three 12-pounder quick-firing guns arranged on the upper deck; also two 21-inch deck torpedo tubes. These vessels are propelled by turbine machinery, actuating three lines of shafting and designed to develop about 13,500 horse-power.

Steam is supplied by five water tube boilers, placed in three separate boiler rooms, fitted for burning coal only, and worked under the closed stokehold system of forced draught. Sea-going speed will be 27 knots.

The destroyers are fitted with two masts and three funnels and are complete with wireless telegraphy apparatus, search lights and latest navigation fittings.

The next practical problem is to get the men—badly needed at some of the training stations in Great Britain. With an actual shortage of men as compared to the ships, and without conscription as they have it in Germany, it would be folly to send Dreadnoughts to Great Britain.

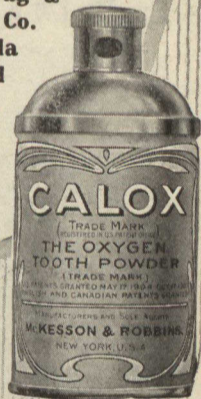
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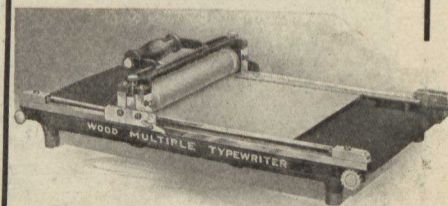
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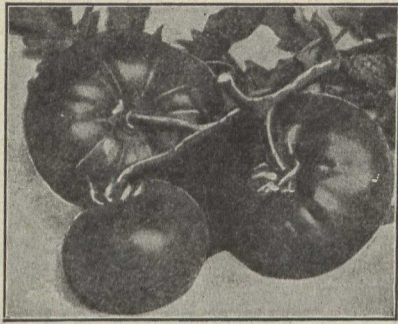
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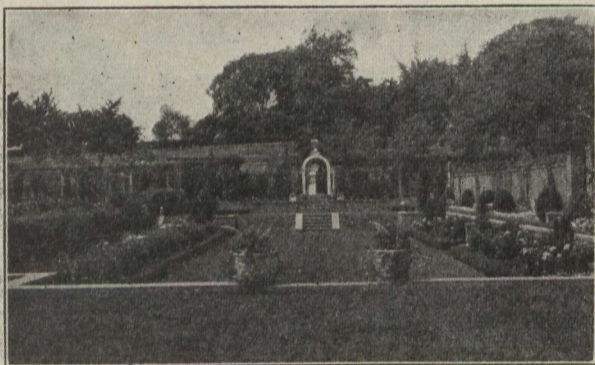
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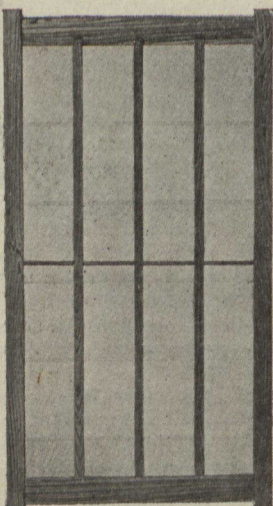
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FLOWERS FOR THE HOME

Any careful and tasty Housewife may Beautify Her Home at slight expense.

By THOMAS MANTON

MANY of our country people when visiting their city friends are struck by the beautiful plants they see decorating their homes, and often wish they could have the same. They see the hardy *Aspidistra*, the beautiful and graceful Boston fern, and the stately Kentia palms, all living and apparently thriving, and they see the really beautiful effect produced by them. But few of them know that with but little effort they can have an equally good show. The country home is nearly always a better house for plants than the city home. In the city gas and furnace heat make the atmosphere of the home a very bad place for living plants, and the list that will thrive or even live in such conditions is a very small one. In the country home it is generally different. The heating is done with wood and the lighting with oil, so the oxygen in the air is not used up and plants and people thrive in it.

In place of the Boston fern, the country woods are full of beautiful plants of the Christmas fern with its dark green leaves so like the Boston that many people think it the same. If these are carefully dug up about the end of September, when its growth is fully matured, carefully potted and well watered to settle the soil it will last in a cool room in the house for three months. Early in the spring, generally in March, fresh plants can be obtained from outside and will then last until spring flowers come in again.

There are several evergreen ferns that are native to the country that can be treated the same way, and while they are inexpensive they are comely and suitable for home decoration. The writer has often used these in decorations with the choicest ex-

otic plants. In the country home the Sultan's Balsam, or as it is commonly called the "Patience" plant is about the best for continuous blooming. If given a light, rich soil and started well into growth in the fall, placed in a sunny window and carefully watered, it will be covered with bloom all winter and be a source of never-ending pleasure.

A handful of "Wandering Jew," or as its proper name is, *Tradescantia*, procured in September and planted in any old pan in rich, sandy soil, will grow and thrive in any fairly light place in the country home. I have seen plants of this placed on small tables in the fall and by the spring they have grown so that the leaves touched the ground and were really splendid. A pan made up like this covered with its bright green leaves is very useful in the winter, especially at Christmas time. Then in places where the Bitter-Sweet is plentiful, short branches of it covered with its bright orange-coloured berries stuck in the pan produce a striking effect and one that will last for weeks. The country woman who will give a little thought and time to home decoration has near at hand quantities of the most charming natural material at all seasons of the year, but material that is often not appreciated because of its very cheapness. Often a little taste and care used in its selection will bring out beauty in it not seen before. I remember seeing a very beautiful decoration in a city house, made up with common beech sprays and wild asters. This was of course in the fall of the year, while in the spring the branches of the golden willow associated with branches of the common red-stemmed dogwood can be made to look very well.

BEAUTIFYING THE PREMISES

THE desolate appearance of many of our farm and general country gardens gives a bad opinion of our people to those who have travelled in the older countries of the world. Many of our people have been too busily engaged in the work of clearing the land to do anything towards beautifying the home plot; but the great change that has come over the farming world through cheap transportation and labour-saving machinery is bringing home to our country people the necessity as well as the utility of improving appearances around the home.

In clearing the farms, fine trees have been ruthlessly sacrificed, and in many places near our large towns and cities trees are now being planted and carefully tended to try and take their places. A good hardwood tree should always be left or should be planted not far from the house, its pleasant shade being so very acceptable to both old and young.

The road from the street to the house should have a gentle curve and on either side a few flowering shrubs should be planted; Lilacs white and purple, *Spyrea Van Houtte*, *Cydonia Japonica* and if possible *Prunus Tri-loba*. These are all good growers, but should not be planted too close together. Unless the place is very small, they should be ten feet apart and quite as far back from the edge of the road. After they are first started they should be mulched with good manure. The only time they should be pruned is just after they have done blooming, as if pruned in

the fall or spring their flowering shoots are cut off and their flowers lost for the season; if pruned immediately after blooming they will make flowering wood again before winter sets in. The flowers in all these shrubs are made by the fall preceding their appearance in the spring, so if the wood is cut off the flowers are lost.

A bed of that beautiful shrub, *Hydranger Paniculata Grandiflora*, immediately in front of the house is very effective. If this is used the bed must be well worked and manured, as this shrub is a very strong feeder. Unlike the other shrubs mentioned this is best pruned in the spring. The flowers come in the fall and always on the current year's growth. To get large-sized blooms the bushes should be cut back very low and the bed should never want for water all summer. When the flowers are turning pink if they are cut and dried they are useful for decoration all winter.

The verandah should be covered with creepers. The cheapest is the Virginia Creeper. This is a quick grower, is clean and no trouble. Another cheap native creeper is the Bitter-Sweet, otherwise *Celastrus Scandens*. This is also a rampant grower, but it needs pinching to make it branch out and training to make it cover the space intended for it. The common varieties of hardy grapes also make cheap and effective creepers. The Dutchman's Pipe is a handsome creeper with striking large leaves, seldom bothered by insects.

BLOOMS THAT PLEASE

A Man's View of the Garden and its Problems.

By THOS. H. BINNIE

NOTHING is more beautiful around our homes than a well-kept lawn. People passing along the street always stop to admire a well and neatly trimmed lawn and flower garden. In years past our forefathers did not see the necessity of having these luxuries for they had all the trees and more, too, than they could care for. They also had all the wild flowers in their native glory and there was no reason to stop their work of clearing the land to care for things which they grew wild all around them in such great profusion. They were making the way clear for the cultivation of plants for man's grosser wants and as soon as they had these they commenced growing and caring for the more beautiful of nature's plants. It is not so very long ago that almost every one thought that flowers around a house denoted luxury and wealth, but this is true in few instances to-day. How cheering it is to come home with "that tired feeling" and spend the evening in the shelter of some tree, with the many coloured sweet smelling flowers giving off their fragrance to the quiet air. This in itself is recompense for the time and trouble spent in caring for them.

Grow More Flowers.

Why do we not grow more flowers? Why do we leave our back yards and very often our front yards in such an unsightly condition? It is not very pleasant to sit and watch bare brick walls or dirty grey board fences, yet this is what many of us do during the summer. There is some excuse during the winter months when plant vegetation is stopped, but when nature favours us it surely should be our duty as well as pleasure to add to the brightness and beauties of our homes. In setting out a plant border arrange all plants in as natural a manner as possible. Do not have the flowers stuck here and there as if the future of the city or the country depended upon the plants growing in a formal outline. Informalities are conducive to the best happiness in the life of man and this also holds true in the case of the flowers. Allow the plants as much natural sway as possible and arrange them so that the different flowers will blend into each other as naturally as if they grew so of their own accord. To do this it is necessary to understand the habits and nature of each plant selected.

How pleasant it must be for the mild Dicentra (bleeding heart) or the pretty Columbines to be playing hide-and-seek behind the tall and stately Sunflower or the long rough stem of the Hollyhock. Though they are small and delicate the harmoniously coloured Pansies, the bright sprightly Phlox and the pale meek Alyssum do not need the shelter of the large foliage of the Iris nor the protecting wing of the Golden Glow. The gorgeous and varied colours of the eastern opium flower (Poppy) do not provide a suitable canopy for Candytuft or the dainty aromatic Mignonne. Neither do the flowers like to be stood up in rows like scholars taking a lesson or as sentinels on duty. Methodical arrangements are unknown in nature and if the most pleasing effects are to be had flowers must be set in clusters where they can enjoy each other's company. A regiment of soldiers do not present so formidable an array or so impressive an appearance when they are in single file as they do when in a solid block. The same is true of the flowers.

Two classes of plants present them-

selves to us for use in the border around our yards—annuals and perennials. The former are those that can be grown from seed every year and have the advantage of being easily discarded if they do not prove up to expectations or are placed in the wrong position in the border. The snow is hardly gone ere the many-hued Crocus and the dainty Snowdrop open their petals for the admiration of all. How bare our gardens would be in May if it were not for the magnificent Tulips or the exquisitely scented Narcissus. The Hyacinth too, sheds its fragrance in the open at this time and these bulbs should be found in all gardens, where they can be so easily grown and where they reach almost perfection. While there are other bulbs that will give a wealth of beauty during the summer months we must get our largest and best display from the seeds which are planted in spring. Pinks commence their duties of producing their beauty about the end of June and are closely followed by the Poppies. The strength of any plant must not be allowed to go to waste in producing seed. A man can not do two things at once and be successful with both, neither can a flower produce blossoms if it is allowed to develop and ripen its seed. Play the part of the tailor and use the scissors in taking all the flowers possible (do not rob the plant too much) for the decoration of the house. Of all the poppies there is none that has such a wealth of colours as the Shirley but the double flowers of the opium varieties are more favoured by some growers. Try a few small clumps of Candytuft at the base of such plants as the Gladiolus and the Dahlias and see what a pretty effect it has in covering the earth. To have all the color of the rain bow there is no flower that will equal Phlox while if some Stocks are planted near them you will have colour and fragrance. Carry the season as far into the fall as possible. After you have taken such pains to have flowers all summer it would be a pity to allow the latter portion of the season go bare and barren. Plant some asters and have a vast variety of flowers till the frost flies.

The First Flowers.

In the country it is one of the first signs of spring for the boy of the family to come running in the house with the cry, "Sap's runnin'," and the boy is very proud to think that he is the first to find it out. So it is with the city boy or girl. They are just as proud if they find the first flower of the year. Naturally we shall not expect to find this first flower amongst the seedlings that are sown in the spring, but in the perennials that are always in the ground ready for the balmy spring breezes to start vegetation. Jack Frost has not stopped his visitations before the Anemone throws up its flower stalks with their purple blossoms to relieve the dullness of the perennial border. Closely following these are the pure white flowers of the Alyssum and the many brightly coloured bouquets of the Barenworts with their pretty foliage. Our grandmothers used to grow the Bleeding Heart yet this old-fashioned flower has a tender place in our thoughts and is always found in a perennial border. Columbines with their lovely shades and the pretty Irises will carry the blossoming period to the first of July. During the months of June and July the lilies

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MONEY AND MAGNATES

Toronto to Rival Montreal in Control of Big Milling Enterprises.

IF it is a real good thing we generally keep after it until we get it. In this respect our leading financiers and capitalists are very much like other men. In making the statement, I have in mind the persistency with which a leading Toronto capitalist for the past two years has kept right on overcoming one obstacle after another in his endeavour to procure the control of a very successful industrial concern, in the milling field, which had been built up almost entirely out of earnings and which it was known to the insiders, was a great money maker. It is not quite possible to say yet that he has secured all the stock that he desired notwithstanding the fact that he now holds the controlling interest and so it might not be well to mention the particular concern, but it rather looks to me as though it would not be long before the official intimation was made of the transfer that has been made in the controlling interest and that the investment of upwards of \$1,000,000 additional capital will provide the concern with the means of being able to show a very much larger output than ever before. Besides it will go to show that the Province of Ontario is just as important a milling centre as either the West or the East and that there are particular advantages that should make it desirable for the larger milling concerns to have some at least of their milling plants at some terminal point of the lakes that touch on different parts of the province. The official announcement regarding it is sure to arouse the greatest interest, because up to the present time Montreal capitalists have controlled the companies that dominate the milling industry of Canada, but this latest development will mean that Toronto will play almost as important if not an equally important part in this thriving Canadian industry as any other one concern and that it will have an output fully equal to the larger concerns that now have various mills and elevators both at Montreal and the different points in the West.

* * *

Great Achievement in History of Big Canadian Corporations.

SOMETIMES great achievements are carried out in such small pieces that very few can realise the greatness of the work that has been done. A very striking instance of this is undoubtedly the work done by Mr. J. H. Plummer since he became president of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. When Mr. Plummer went to Sydney after resigning as assistant general manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, he found the old Dominion Iron practically on the verge of liquidation and absolutely unable to pay the 7 per cent. cumulative dividend on the preferred stock. The position was so bad and it took him so long to make any appreciable headway that before he was able to turn the corner the company owed in deferred dividends on this preferred stock as much as 42 per cent., meaning that the shareholders had to do without their dividends for six full years. Not one man in a thousand ever dreamt that the company would ever be in a position to pay any portion of these dividends in cash and the most they had hoped for was that at some future time the directors would see their way clear to declare a scrip dividend and in this way partly repay for their patience in waiting and hoping for better things, but once Mr. Plummer got down at Sydney he got so interested in his task that he decided that he would try to make the organisation of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company stand as one of the outstanding features of his life's work, and he has kept at it ever since. At one time it looked very doubtful whether he would ever be able to finish his task and for a great many months he was forced through a very severe illness to relinquish the task to which he was devoting every ounce of his ability and energy. Once, however, that his health had improved he was back at the task again, much earlier in fact than his doctors would even think of. As soon as the Iron and Steel Company got out of its long suit with the Dominion Coal Company, Mr. Plummer started in at once to prepare plans for the payment of those deferred dividends on the preferred stock, and while a little over a year ago these amounted to a total of 45½ per cent., he has now by the declaration of a final 31½ per cent. paid off the entire amount that was owing to the shareholders of the preferred stock. The first payment came immediately after the decision of the Privy Council that Steel had won out in the suit against Coal; a second payment was made some six months after when the directors found that the company was in a position to do so and a final payment of 31½ per cent. announced the other day followed immediately on the announcement that a settlement had been reached of the outstanding damages between the Steel and Coal Companies as a result of which the Coal Company had to hand over \$800,000 to the Steel concern, and when it did Mr. Plummer decided to turn this amount right over to the shareholders of the concern. Mr. Plummer has evidently decided that his task is not yet complete and where he formerly was desirous of working out the success of the Steel Company he is now anxious to carry through to a successful issue the merger of the Dominion Iron and Steel and Dominion Coal concerns, working them up as one joint enterprise.

* * *

Disappearance of Landmark in Financial District.

WHEN Senator L. J. Forget this week removed his offices from the old quarters in the Sulpician Building on Notre Dame Street, opposite the Seminary of St. Sulpice, to new premises in the Eastern Townships Bank Building on St. James Street, it meant the disappearance from old Notre Dame Street, of what for a great many years had been the most active office in the financial district in Montreal.

During the past few years the Senator had, of course, withdrawn somewhat from participation in various deals, but a half a dozen years ago, his office was the Mecca of financial promoters and interests, either identified with the Senator in various deals that were put through by the Senator's house, or trying to induce him to go into some deal or other. That was in the days when the Power deal was being put through and when Montreal Street was re-organised in the larger concern. At that time, too, the Senator was very active on the Montreal Stock Exchange, and the large amount of business that his firm did, resulted in thousands of people finding their way into his offices almost every day in connection with their personal transactions. In those days, too, the Senator was greatly assisted by his nephew, Mr. Rodolphe Forget, but a few years ago when the Senator decided that he had had his

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CIRCULATION DEPT.

share of the big battle, Mr. Rodolphe, who was still a very young man, made an arrangement with his uncle by which he should withdraw from the firm and go into business for himself.

Since this division occurred too, the Senator's firm has been devoting itself almost entirely to a commission business, but a great many of the old interests continue to make it almost a daily practice to drop into his office with a view either of looking over the Stock Exchange quotations or having a word with the Senator. Occasionally during the day the Senator will come out of his private office and look over his quotation board, and while he never says a great deal, the little he has to say is generally very near being correct.

And so now the Senator has packed up his duds and transferred his headquarters right to the other end of the local financial district. Up to the present time this financial section of Montreal has been confined within very narrow limits, and it may be that the action of such important firms as that of the Senator will have the effect of broadening it right out. While the Senator no longer goes on the floor of the Exchange, he still gives very close personal attention to all his business, and besides gives a great deal of time to the various corporations of which he is either a director or an official.

* * *

The Situation in Toronto.

BETWEEN the banker and the broker there is a never-ending difference of opinion as to the value of market money. Just now it is particularly acute, but it will be settled as it always is, by the bankers. Brokers may argue and point to the enormous accumulation of unused savings as proof that in a scientific money market interest rates should decline. But the flaw in the situation is that the scientific money market is non-existent. The banks may have a great deal more money than they know what to do with as has happened many times in the past year, but interest rates to brokers are not affected, even though the banks have millions of unemployed funds. Just now the ruling rate in Toronto is five per cent., although a couple of institutions are getting five and a half per cent. on individual loans. In New York it has been around three per cent. with a corresponding low rate in London, and the Canadian lending institutions have over a \$100,000,000 of money in the foreign markets at these unprofitable figures. There are reasons why the Canadian call money rate does not follow the big markets. The bankers themselves say that they are averse to creating a top-heavy speculative position which is always encouraged by a low money rate. A heavily over-bought Canadian market would be a dangerous thing for our banks for the reason that the market is still so narrow that forced liquidation following a general call of loans by the banks might produce a serious disturbance. The other reason is that the lower rate would not bring the banks much more business, so the broker although he may protest in the end has to meet the charge the bank chooses to impose.

A few months more and the annual struggle to finance the crop will be on again. The business interests of the country will probably be clamouring more vigorously for banking accommodations and with the inevitable autumnal drain upon their resources in front of them bankers are very willing to keep their funds easily accessible even at the expense of an active stock market.

Rio is bearing out the prophecies of its local sponsors by showing a disposition to follow in the footsteps of its sister enterprise, Sao Paulo, in the matter of dividends. While the Rio directors will not admit it, it is very probable that the dividend declaration in May will put this stock upon a five per cent. basis, and the bulls on the stock are predicting six per cent. in November. If the present earnings are maintained throughout the year in anything like their present ratio, there would be no difficulty in paying six or even seven per cent., even on the new stock issues which will probably be put out before midsummer. To complete the Rio enterprises, which is a monumental undertaking, a great deal more money will be necessary and Dr. Pearson, the wizard of the Latin American utility companies, is likely to do in new financing by means of both bond and stock issues.

* * *

Where Industrials Show How the Country is Growing.

SOME of our leading Canadian concerns we hear very little about, perhaps because the little leading interests behind them are kept so busy trying to make a success of them that they have very little time or opportunity to draw the attention of the public to just what results are being accomplished. It is largely on this account, perhaps, that the Nova Scotia Steel and Coal Company has been able to make such rapid headway and to reach the strong position it occupies to-day without it ever having received anything like the attention in financial centres that many of the other corporations get.

The report to be submitted at the annual meeting on March 30th and which appears elsewhere in this issue, shows that the company is in a stronger position to-day than at any time in its existence. Like other iron and steel concerns in Canada, Scotia has had its difficulties both from a financial as well as from an industrial standpoint, but these all go with the making of a very large and successful enterprise. The statement that the company issues this year would rather seem to indicate that by far the greater part of its difficulties are of the past. The reorganisation of the finances of the company, carried out during the course of the past year, besides making a substantial reduction in the fixed charges, has left the company well supplied with cash to carry out its various plans of improvements and extensions. On the other hand an aggressive policy in the development of the iron ore areas at Wabana has further confirmed the officials of the company in the great value of these areas and the installation of a plant for their development is sure to be an important factor in the further increase of earnings the company will likely show during the next few years. Particular attention has also been paid to a systematic development of the coal deposits, and although the coal output for the year 1909 greatly exceeded that of any previous years, it is not expected that it would be possible to turn out a great deal more coal in 1910 and for a great many years to come than was the case even in 1909. That somebody has evidently been watching Scotia pretty closely is evidenced by the fact that a group of prominent Montreal capitalists have recently been buying a large amount of the stock, with the evident intention of picking up the controlling interest if they possibly could. The developments of the next few weeks, however, will likely show that the eastern interests who have tried so hard to place the Scotia Company in the position it is to-day have seen to it that the control should be where it could be of material assistance to them, with the result that after the annual meeting is held on the 30th of the month it will be found that the same people are in control of the company as are to-day.

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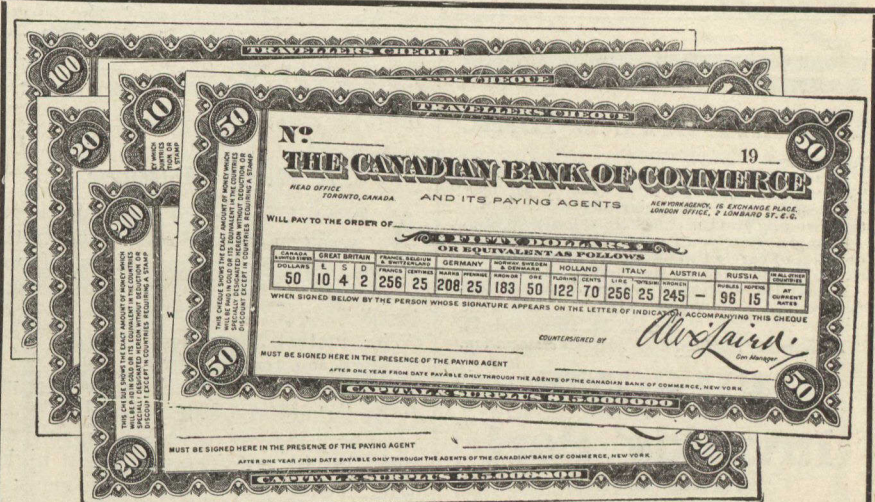
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THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

wrote during 1909 new business (all Canadian) amounting to **\$8,125,578** making total insurance in force December 31, 1909, **\$59,261,959**. Its net surplus earning for 1909, over all liabilities was **\$508,921.25**, while the ratio of expense to income was less than for the previous year.

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DEMI-TASSE

A Way Out of the Difficulty.

THE well known Bishop Henry C. Potter tells a story of a clergyman out west who addressed a Sunday School class. After a short discourse he wound up by saying in a very paternal and condescending way:

"And now is there a-a-n-y little boy or a-a-n-y little girl who would like to ask a question?"

Getting no response he repeated his question and then a shrill, piping little voice in the rear of the room called out:

"Please, sir, why did the angels walk up and down Jacob's ladder when they had wings?"

"Ah—yes—I see," said the non-plused preacher. "And now is there a-a-n-y little girl or boy who would like to answer little Mary's question?"

* * *

A Mixed Metaphor.

A PROFESSOR of English in a western college was once criticising the following lines from Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England":

"The meteor flag of England

Shall yet terrific burn;

Till danger's troubled night depart,

And the star of peace return."

"The star of peace," he pointed out, "could not 'return' after night had 'departed,' for stars, as a general rule, do not shine during the day."

"If you were struck hard enough between the eyes you would see stars any old time," suggested the witty member of the class.

"That is quite true," replied the professor, "but it would not be the star of peace."—*Marvin Leslie.*

* * *

An Indian Stratagem.

A CATHOLIC missionary to the Indians of British Columbia tells the following story:

A certain Indian chief named Powhatan had been received into the Church, and, according to the custom of the missionaries in that country, his name was changed to Peter.

Everything went well for some weeks and Peter proved a most exemplary convert, until one Friday the missionary stopped at Peter's cabin and found him eating meat.

"Peter," said the missionary, "have you forgotten that this is Friday?"

"Um not meat. Um fish," said Peter.

"Fish!" exclaimed the missionary. "Do you suppose I don't know meat when I see it?"

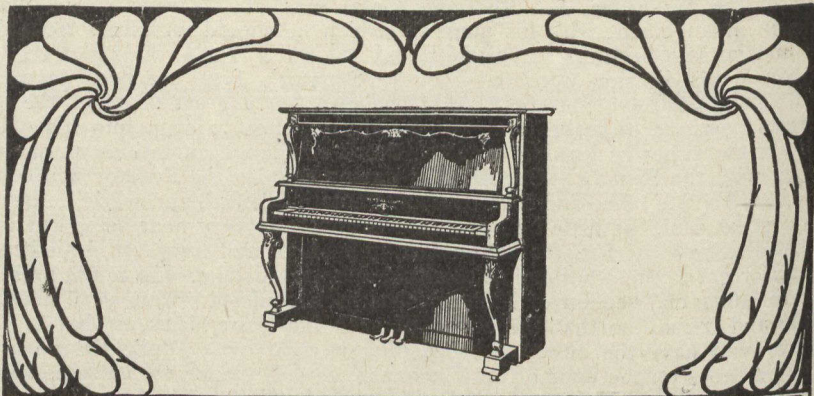
"Um fish," repeated Peter stolidly. "When you take me into the Church you sprinkle water over me and say, 'You not Powhatan any longer now, you Peter,' so I just sprinkled some water over this and say, 'You not meat any longer now, you fish.'"—*Marvin Leslie.*

* * *

'Twas Ever Thus.

MARK TWAIN and Chauncey M. Depew once went abroad on the same ship. When the ship was a few days out they were both invited to a dinner. Speech-making time came. Mark Twain had the first chance. He spoke twenty minutes and made a great hit. Then it was Mr. Depew's turn.

"Mr. Toastmaster and Ladies and Gentlemen," said the famous raconteur as he arose, "before this dinner Mark Twain and myself made an agreement to trade speeches. He has just delivered my speech, and I thank you for the pleasant manner



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in which you received it. I regret to say that I have lost the notes of his speech and cannot remember anything he was to say."

Then he sat down. There was much laughter. Next day an Englishman who had been in the party came across Mark Twain in the smoking-room. "Mr. Clemens," he said, "I consider you very much imposed upon last night. I have always heard that Mr. Depew is a clever man, but, really, that speech of his you made last night struck me as being the most infernal rot."

* * *

The Tourist.

THE tourist who had secured a guide within a few moments after his arrival in Rome spoke crisply to the man. "I've only got an hour or so to spare for Rome," he said, "and I want to see just two things—one's St. Peter's and the other is the Forum. Take me to them both as quick as you can."

The guide engaged a carriage, into which the tourist jumped, and after a few words from the guide to the driver, the equipage started off at a brisk rate. Suddenly it stopped, and the tourist ceased his fire of questions abruptly.

"Hop out," he said to his guide, urging him by a slight push. "Now which is this, the Forum or St. Peter's?"

* * *

The Father of Him.

CENSUS TAKER: "Give the ages of your five children."

Father: "All right. Mary will be thirteen in September—thirteen, yes, that must be right; and John is—John—ahem—he's going on eleven, I guess; then Helen—wait a minute, I never could remember how old she is—but Fred is—Fred is—let me see—and Archie—heavens, man! my wife will be back at half-past five—can't you come again then?"

* * *

The Policeman Scored.

MR. JOHN BURNS is well known for his very precise methods, and some time ago he had an amusing experience with a policeman whom he thought was breaking the law.

Walking out one day, "Honest John" espied a constable deep in conversation with a man in civilian's dress. Suddenly the latter put his hand in his pocket, and drew out something, which he handed to the policeman.

In a moment Mr. Burns, who had scented a disregard of the law against tipping in the Force, was by that policeman's side.

"Open your hand!" he thundered. The constable hesitated, and looked very confused.

"Open your hand!" repeated the irate Mr. Burns.

Slowly the policeman obeyed, and extended his open palm. In it there lay not a piece of silver, and not even a penny, but—a large cough-drop!

A moment later "Honest John" had disappeared.

* * *

An Author's Maxim.

The proper study of mankind is a room where womankind can't get in.

* * *

It Sounded Hopeful.

A YOUNG man who was not particularly entertaining was monopolising the attention of a pretty debutante with a lot of uninteresting conversation.

"Now, my brother," he remarked in the course of a dissertation on his family, "is just the opposite of me in

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And if I can tell you why one flour is more economical as well as more wholesome than another, that, too, will be profitable.

For I mean to go into the flour question deeply, giving Whys and Wherefores, Facts and Figures.

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every respect. Do you know my brother?"

"No," the debutante replied demurely, "but I should like to."

* * *

His Point Well Taken.

THE owner of a good library solemnly warned a friend against the practice of lending books. To punctuate his advice he showed his friend the well-stocked shelves. "There," said he, "every one of those books was lent me!"

* * *

Out of Date.

"SAY, pa, who said the play's the thing?"

"Some back number, my son. Every one knows nowadays it's the chorus."
—Life.

* * *

Some Startling Enquiries.

THIS is the silly season as well as the serious at the University Library, says the *Toronto Star*. If anyone doubts it, let him linger for a while within earshot of the desk. A day or two ago he would have heard a well-meaning damsel inquiring for Goldwin Smith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Her state of mind was however, beautifully clear compared with that of the man who confidentially explained that he wanted either St. Paul's life of Colet or Colet's life of St. Paul, he wasn't sure which—a bally professor had told him to read the thing, and he was desperately afraid of being plucked if he didn't. The assistant to whom he propounded the riddle looked dazed for a moment but having suffered many things of many students, preserved her countenance, and finally straightened out the tangle by getting him Knight's "Life of John Colet, dean of St. Paul's." The palm for ingenuousness, however, should go to the freshmen who modestly asked for "a book of essays." On being pressed for the name of the author, he hesitatingly announced that he thought the ones he wanted were written by "a man named Macaulay." The assistant, sympathetically remarking that she believed she'd heard of some such person herself, got him the book.

Blooms that Please

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 23.

are at their best and we should not forget to plant a few Day, Orange and Tiger lilies. They are profuse bloomers and their golden colour adds greatly to the brightness of the garden. For a continuous supply of flowers from midsummer till late fall there are none that can surpass the Coreopsis and the Gaillardias, while the Peonies and Dahlias are admired by all. Perhaps no plant of recent introduction has received such deserved popularity as has the Golden Glow with its large handsome yellow flowers of almost equal beauty to those of the Chrysanthemum.

All classes of flowers will thrive best in good soil with good cultivation, yet there are some that will do well without much care. This makes them valuable for the busy man and even the lazy man can care for these. If any criticism were to be offered the people of this country it might be for the lack of creed, and the following may answer that purpose:—"We believe in ourselves and the great amount of good we can do; we believe in our town; we believe in Canada with its good laws and good government; and we believe that we can so improve and beautify our conditions that with our good laws we shall have a country that will not be equalled in picturesqueness and in management will not be surpassed by any other country on the face of the earth."

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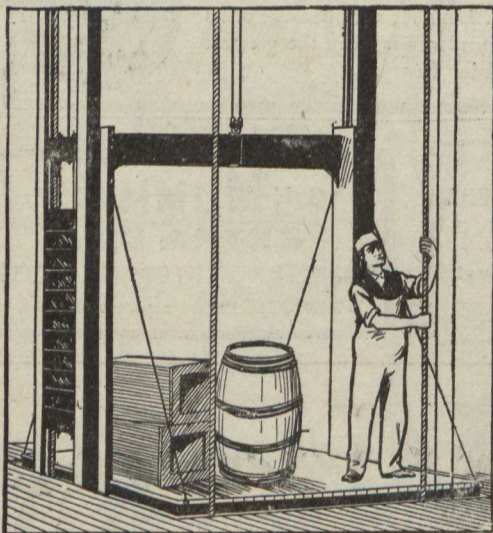


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Literary Notes

THAT part of the Dominion which has been exploited so successfully during late years by Miss Agnes C. Laut, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, Mr. Robert W. Service and Mr. Rex Beach, the American, is to be again well covered this year. Some new writers have been caught by the mystery and vastness of the great Northland, and its spell has gripped more the better known Canadian writers. Mr. Robert W. Service is quietly enjoying the five thousand dollar royalty which he received for his last year's work, and is busy with Arctic hexameters. His third volume of verse will be ready sometime during the summer, it is expected. The call of the wild has come to Mr. Arthur Stringer, whose novels hitherto have dealt with peaks in the underworld of the United States metropolis. Mr. Stringer is going to breathe the pure air of his native heath in his next book. A few days ago, he sailed from New York for the south. On a tropical isle, far from the hum and distraction of Broadway, he is to collaborate with Mr. Arthur Heming, formerly of Hamilton, Ontario, the celebrated wild life artist and animal storyteller, on a novel, the subject of which is to be life in northern Canada. Mr. S. A. White, of Snelgrove, Ontario, a young man—not quite thirty—who for some time has been figuring in various magazines, announces a first novel, "The Stampeder." Mr. White's story is to be a cosmopolitan one. The scene opens in Algiers, and rapidly shifts to the Yukon. The house of William Briggs, Toronto, which is publishing "The Stampeder," also have on their list a novel, "God's Frontiersman," by Rev. H. A. Cody, St. John. Mr. Cody will be remembered as the author of that excellent biography, "The Apostle of the North."

* * *

Seymour Charlton.

HAVE you read W. B. Maxwell's latest novel, "Seymour Charlton"? If not, you have missed something, or you have a treat in store for you. De Morgan's novels are a little longer, but Maxwell's novels are long. Nevertheless they are clever, and he is as much entitled to be called the modern Dickens as De Morgan. His characters are real men and women, not over-painted puppets stalking grandly through impossible parts. They are English also, typically English, and modern English at that. In "Seymour Charlton," he deals with the problem of inherited wealth, its dangers, its handicaps, its value, and its possibilities. He also deals frankly with the weaknesses of men and women—sentimental, temperamental, moral and intellectual. He preaches as Thackeray did, but perhaps less pointedly.

A younger son idling his life away on a mere pittance meets a young girl of the people and decides to marry her, and to try to redeem a wasted series of years. Suddenly he is plunged into rank and wealth by two rather unexpected deaths. Like the Lord of Burleigh he carries his russet-gowned maiden into a castle—but not to happiness. The strain tells on him. He falls and his wife, learning of this, refuses to be but a nominal wife. For a long time he again woos her, and eventually wins. The great wealth is dramatically lost and they retire to a quiet country estate to enjoy "Time, Love, Peace," which is the only solid wealth in the opinion of this novelist. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

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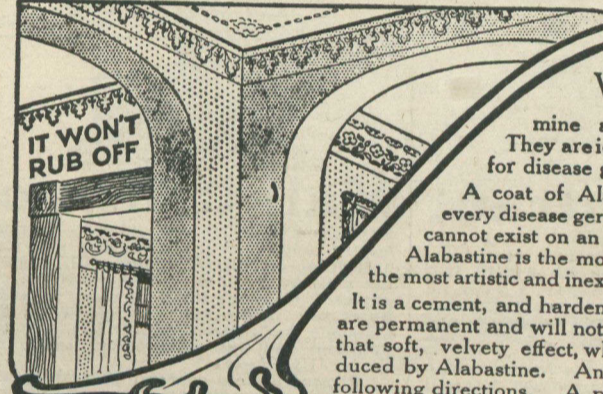


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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 1st APRIL, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, as required, between Dundas and Street Letter Boxes, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 16th February, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Brougham and Markham from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Male Service Branch
Ottawa, 24th February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between North Keppel and Owen Sound from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of North Keppel, Owen Sound and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa 23rd February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 24 and 48 times per week each way, between Port Colborne and Street Letter-Box and Port Colborne and Grand Trunk Ry. Station from the 1st JULY next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 24th February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 15th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Bowmanville and Tyrone from the 1st July next.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 28th February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

Spotted Dog Mine

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 20.

But the dog was in a hurry to deliver the goods. He too was showing speed. The fuse was a handicap on the canine—which was providential. Once it swirled round his legs like a whiplash and the sputtering end singed him in the belly. He rolled himself out of the entanglement, and the men gained twenty yards. They had just breasted a little hill which lay as quiet and peaceful in the afternoon sun as though no travelling volcano was on the move. Now Red and Fonsby were on the level, racing for the shack, while Spot, good Spot, was down in the little hollow gathering up the stick of dynamite that had been switched from his jaws by a catch of the trailing fuse in the splintered end of a log he had short-cut rather sharply.

In all the history of explosives probably no giant of expansion had ever been so tolerant of misuse as the cartridge Spot handled so cavalierly. It is one of the eccentricities of dynamite that it erupts when it gets good and ready—patient at times under maltreatment, and again hasty as a red headed vixen.

And now, as Spot swung free the fuse, the brown power lay in his compressed jaws as innocuous as a wedge of cheese. He scurried blithely up the hill, rounding into the home stretch at its crest just as Red panted: "We'll make the shack! Shut the door and take a chance—we got to!"

AS they journeyed the sprinters saw, with astonishment, men in the shack. In fact, Pilkins stood in the door. Evidently Pilkins had announced the vehement coming of Meekins & Co.; for other faces thrust themselves into the opening, grinning faces that contemplated the joyous spectacle of Meekins and the English aristocrat evidently engaged in a foot race.

Cries of "Come on, Red! You win in a walk! Go it, English!" rent the air. "Fifty dollars on Red!" some one yelled.

The bulldog's heavy head showed between the legs of Pilkins, his yellow teeth bared in a snarl; for his little pig eyes had caught sight of his enemy trailing the Marathoners.

Red saw Fonsby cast a glance backward, and panted, "How's Spot makin' it. Is he comin'?"

"Rather!" the Englishman answered laconically, conserving his energy for increased speed.

Meekins rose to the spurt, and they raced neck and neck. Ten yards from the shack, five yards, the gravel path howling with the beat of their heavy boots! Now they had gained the doorway, and a jocular hand fell on Red's shoulder, almost yanking him on his face, as its owner cried exultantly, "You win, Red—by a nose!"

With a hoarse Cry Meekins threw the speaker off and grabbed the door to shut it. It never budged, because Peloo Trout's enormous bulk rested in a chair tilted back against its pine boards.

A SNARLING yelp from Esau caused Red to swing on his heel. Spot had arrived. He stood in the chip yard, the bristles on his back erect in anger, and in his jaws the slim brown stick of dynamite, within a foot of it the sizzling end of the fuse.

With head low hung and legs wide set, Esau stood on the outer step ready for the fighting charge.

Others had seen the terrible picture, and when Red's wild cry of "Run for it, boys!" rang out, followed by a rush through the other door, they complied with alacrity, some of them outpacing Red, for he was considerably blown. Even Pilkins deserted

his dog and cast in his lot with the others.

Fonsby, slim of limb, held his own with the runners and led the retreat down a hill which sloped away from the house they were evacuating to the smiling waters of Egg Lake, which lay, like the Pool of Siloam, the objective point of their hasty pilgrimage.

The demeanor of Esau and Spot during this trying time must pass unrecorded; but at the instant Fonsby reached the lake the ground trembled under their feet, the atmosphere crackled like breaking glass, and they saw the shack shoot upward, its logs twisting and writhing in the air, accompanied by a crashing roar as though seventeen peals of thunder had merged into one.

Pilkins crawled out of the water, wrung out the tail of his coat, and cursed.

"By Jove! that was a close call!" Fonsby declared presently.

"Is there any more to go off?" Peloo asked. "Cause if there is I'm goin' to chase the black bass."

Something of the disaster heated the quick blood of Meekins. He turned savagely on Pilkins. "What was you an' your bandy legged cur doin' in my shack? What was all you fellers doin' there?" With glowering eye he swept the little group.

Peloo uttered mollifying words. "It wasn't Pilkins's fault, Red, not exactly. The fellers kidded him that he dassn't set Esau up ag'in' Spot, an' we jus' come down to talk it over. We was sorter restin' an' waitin' fer you to come home. That's all, Red. You can't blame the fellers. How'd they know that Spot was foting dynamite round fer you?"

"By Jove!" Fonsby broke in with. "I think it would be a jolly good idea to go up and see what condition things really are in."

QUIESCENTLY they all followed Red. Where the shack had stood there was a scooped out hollow as though a steam shovel had been busy for a week. A red flannel shirt flagged the breeze from a solitary poplar twenty yards away. Occasional pieces of hardware suggested that at some time men had eaten in those parts. Where the shack had leaned its log shoulder against the cliff a jagged cut showed.

Red had gone forward to this narrow slice in the rocky wall and was examining it closely. "Here, Fonsby!" he cried in a voice of excitement.

The Englishman answered the call, followed by the others, Pilkins alone hanging back.

"I guess that's the vein we've been lookin' fer," Meekins said in a voice that trembled with excitement, as he put his palm on a glinting blue-gray vein of metal six inches wide, which stood clearly defined in the compress of the duller toned rock.

"That's silver—smaltine, right enough!" Peloo declared, as he picked with his pocket-knife at the vein.

"That's why you built the shack ag'in the bank—to hide the vein!" Red snarled, turning to Pilkins, who stood in sullen anger, realising that accident had disclosed the silver vein he thought safe hidden until the log walls of the shack would have rotted.

"Yes, boys, I guess that lead'll run into about all I ever want," Red continued in a hesitating voice; "but I don't know as I feel jus' like whoopin' her up. I guess there ain't no chance that Spot hung together when the shot ripped a hole in the ground like that." Red turned away and took a circle of the yawning pit, casually picking up bits of wreckage, and when he came back his voice was steadier. "I guess I'll put a kind of little mark of silver somewhere about here, with Spot's name on it. Guess it wouldn't seem too foolish, 'cause I got awful fond of that dog."

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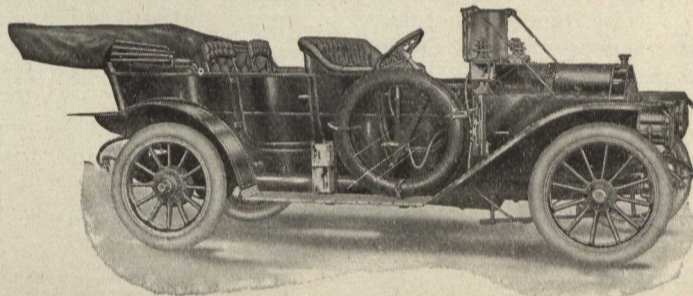
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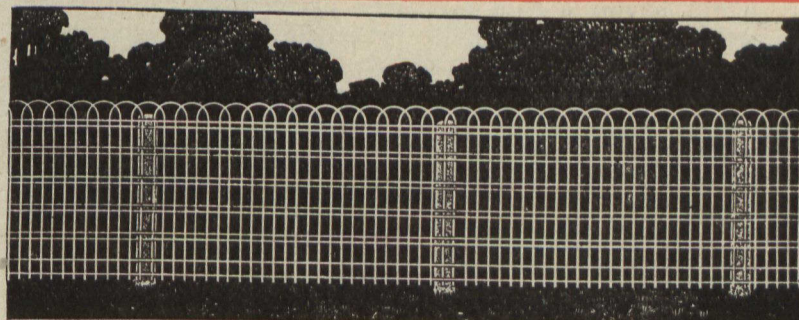
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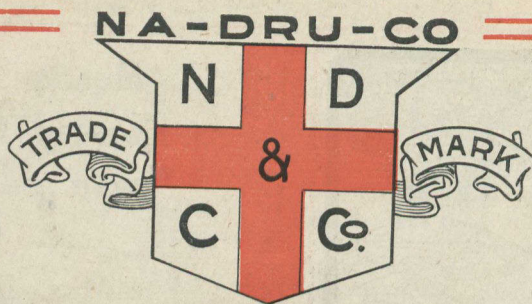


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When you see the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark you have this opportunity and the guarantee for which you are looking.

Source of the NA-DRU-CO Formulæ

The National Drug & Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, acquired the businesses and maintains the honourable traditions of 21 of the principal wholesale Drug Houses in Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver.

All of these firms had long and successful careers, some of them fifty to one hundred years, and during their existence they had accumulated a splendid lot of formulæ which all became the property of the "National." After giving these formulæ careful study and practical tests for several years we have now brought out, based on them, the NA-DRU-CO line of about 125 medicinal and toilet preparations. All the ingredients in these preparations are the best and purest that money can buy, and they are compounded by a staff of expert chemists, each of whom ranks high in his profession.

We have such implicit confidence in NA-DRU-CO Preparations that we offer them with

A Four-Fold Guarantee.

The First Guarantee

is the firm behind the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

The National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, is one of the largest wholesale drug firms in the world, having a Paid-up Capital of over Five Million Dollars. We have wholesale branches in the principal distributing centres in Canada so that you can at all times satisfy yourself that there is such a firm. We are the largest buyers of drugs and do the greater part of the wholesale drug business in Canada. We employ a staff of about nine hundred people and distribute in salaries, dividends and other expenses over One Million Dollars annual-

ly. We carry a stock distributed among our Branches of about Two Million Dollars, and in addition we own real estate and buildings which are to-day worth about Five Hundred Thousand Dollars, and other large assets.

The Second Guarantee

of NA-DRU-CO quality is the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark itself.

We know that the quality of the first NA-DRU-CO preparation you buy will practically decide whether you become a regular user of NA-DRU-CO articles or not—and for that trial you may select any one of the 125 preparations. So we must make **each NA-DRU-CO article of the very highest quality or risk the reputation and sales of the whole line.**

The Third Guarantee

of NA-DRU-CO quality is the fact that NA-DRU-CO preparations are never, at any time or in any place, sold at cut prices.

NA-DRU-CO preparations are so much better than the preparations whose prices are cut that discerning people prefer to pay full prices for the NA-DRU-CO goods.

The Fourth Guarantee

of NA-DRU-CO quality is short and very much to the point. If after trying any article bearing the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark you are not entirely satisfied, return it to the druggist from whom you bought it and he will hand back your money.

Consult Your Physician

NA-DRU-CO medicinal preparations are not intended to take the place of your physician's prescriptions—far from it. When you are ill you need the physician's skilful diagnosis and treatment, and it would be folly to depend on your own diagnosis and any household remedy.

But in emergencies when you cannot get the doctor quickly, and in many other cases, a **reliable household remedy is a real blessing.**

To put the absolute reliability of NA-DRU-CO preparations beyond doubt or question, we are prepared to furnish to your physician or your druggist, on request, a list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO preparation. Ask these men, who are men of standing in your community, and in whom you place implicit confidence, all about NA-DRU-CO remedies.

If your druggist has not the particular NA-DRU-CO preparation you ask for in stock, he can get it for you within two days from our nearest wholesale branch.

Write for the 1910 NA-DRU-CO Almanac, giving a list of NA-DRU-CO articles and prices with other useful information. Address "National Drug Co., Advertising Department, 34 St. Gabriel St., Montreal"

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited

WHOLESALE BRANCHES AT:

Halifax — St. John — Montreal — Ottawa — Kingston — Toronto — London
Hamilton — Winnipeg — Regina — Calgary — Nelson — Vancouver — Victoria