

The Canadian

# Courier

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



THE MISSIONARY "KNOCKER"

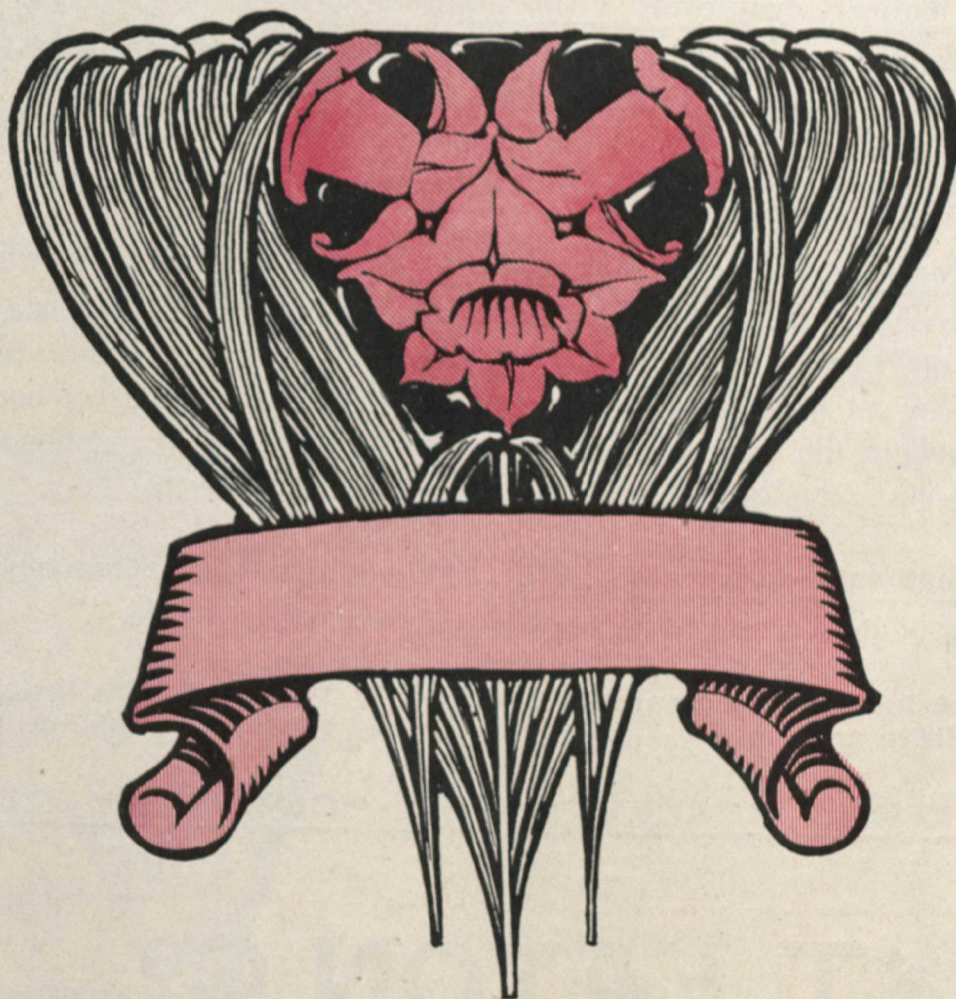
By JAMES RYRIE

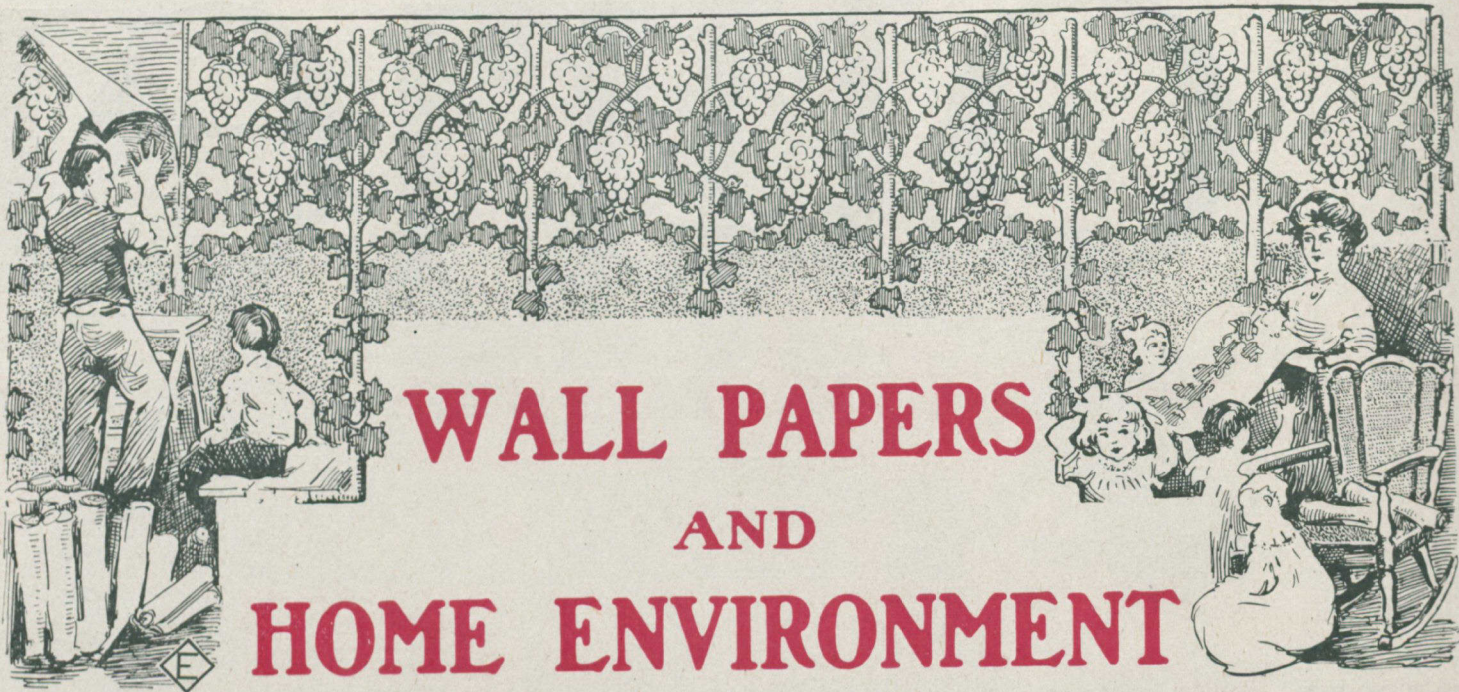
THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

WANTED—A NATIONAL POLICY

By NORMAN PATTERSON





## WALL PAPERS AND HOME ENVIRONMENT

The Walls of Your Home are the constant background against which every piece of furniture must stand, every curtain and picture hang. Your comfort and enjoyment will either be heightened or diminished in some degree by the surroundings of which the walls, decorations make no small part.

Recognising this condition we have worked out some wonderfully good room lot offers for those who live within the limits of the City of Toronto, such as those given below. For our out of town friends we have prepared a catalogue containing actual samples of the papers at prices that are low indeed.

### Three Prices and Three Specifications.

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1½ inch White and Gold

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## The Queen's TORONTO, CANADA

has been patronized by their Royal Highnesses Prince Leopold and the Princess Louise, the Marquis of Lorne, Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Stanley, Lord and Lady Aberdeen, Lord and Lady Minto and the best families.

300 rooms, 120 of them en suite with bath, long distance telephone in every room; elegantly furnished throughout, cuisine and service of the highest order of excellence.

Pleasantly situated near the lake and beautifully shaded; it is cool, quiet and homelike.—McGAW and WINNETT, Proprietors.

### CANADIAN HOTEL DIRECTORY

#### The New Russell

OTTAWA, CANADA

250 rooms

American Plan \$8.00 to \$5.00.  
European Plan \$1.50 to \$3.50.

\$150,000.00 spent upon Improvements

#### La Corona Hotel

(Home of the Epicure)

MONTREAL

European Plan  
\$1.50 up.

John Healy  
Manager

#### King Edward Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA

—Fireproof—

Accommodation for 750 guests. \$1.50 up.  
American and European Plans.

#### Grand Union Hotel

TORONTO, CANADA

Geo. A. Spear, President

American Plan \$2-\$3. European Plan \$1-\$1.50

#### Hotel Mossop

TORONTO, CANADA.

F. W. Mossop, Prop

European Plan. Absolutely Fireproof

RATES

Rooms without bath, \$1.50 up  
Rooms with bath, \$2.00 up

#### Palmer House

TORONTO, CANADA

H. V. O'CONNOR, Prop.

RATES

\$2.00 TO \$3.00

#### Calgary, Alberta, Can.

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Calgary, the commercial metropolis of the Last Great West. Rates \$2.00 and \$2.50 per day. Free Bus to all trains.

H. L. STEPHENS, Prop.



BY APPOINTMENT.

## WHITE HORSE WHISKY

Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

# The Canadian Courier

A National Weekly

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

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## Editor's Talk

**D**ID you ever read that sombre poem in the old Fourth Reader:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds and naked woods,—"

Well, there was something wrong with Bryant when he wrote that; as there was when he wrote "Thanatopsis," the death poem; except that a poet must have license to feel as blue as he wants to for the sake of making poetry.

That's not the sort of Northland fall that Canadians believe in—at least very much. Next week's issue of the "Courier" will be an out-of-doors number. The hunt season for big game opened on Nov. 1st—though that's merely a feature of the great open life that some people with the good red corpuscles in their blood like best of all when there's a tang of frost in the air. The smell of the down leaves, haze of Indian summer, just beginning to creep down the short level, mellow days; rowan berries red; moose hair thickening; corn husked; apples picking; roots a-hauling; needles of ice on the crisp river's edge—these are the clean, delight of the north-land fall.

**H**OW caribou are hunted in New Brunswick will be breezily described by Douglas Wetmore Clinch; a well-known out-of-doors writer. Manning W. Doherty will depict the trail of the moose—from experience. Both articles will be well illustrated. Most strikingly unusual will be the bird and nest photographs to the sketch "The Woods, the Birds and the Little Quakers," by Jean Blewett. The cover is designed from a strong hunting scene. A particularly striking feature will be a story by Charles G. D. Roberts, "Mothers of the North."

Our competition for this week is a year's subscription for the best hundred-word reply to the question, "Which is the Livest Advertisement in This Issue?" Answers must reach us by Nov. 17th, addressed "Advertising Competition, No. 3, Canadian Courier, Toronto." Other competitions will follow in due course. See also page 21 in this issue.



## HAMILTON'S REAL IRISH HOMESPUNS

make Suits and Costumes that are not only very stylish, but will stand the hardest wear. All wool. From 42c yard.  
A handsome catalogue, descriptive of Hamilton's Hand Woven Linens, Laces, Ladies and Men's Tailoring Department, etc., will be sent free on application to

THE WHITE HOUSE,  
Desk 34  
PORTRUSH, IRELAND

# PURITY FLOUR

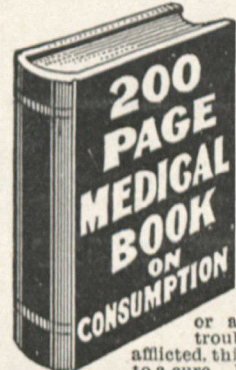


For bread,  
for cakes,  
for biscuits,  
for pies—  
the flour  
that will win  
and hold  
your  
confidence

"More bread  
and  
better bread"



## Consumption Book



**FREE**

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you to a cure. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, this book will show you how others have cured themselves after all remedies they had tried failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Vonkerman Consumption Remedy Co., 1609 Rose Street, Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will send you from their Canadian Depot the book and a generous supply of the New Treatment, absolutely free, for they want every sufferer to have this wonderful cure before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.



## Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 25th November, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between FREELTON and HAMILTON, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,

Ottawa, 19th September, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

## SHEET STEEL BRICK

WRITE FOR PRICES  
METALLIC ROOFING CO.  
LIMITED,  
TORONTO, CANADA.

## THE SCRAP BOOK

### With and Without.

LIVING without an income appears to be a much easier problem to a lot of society men than living within one.

\* \* \*

### Then the Boss Boiled Over.

CARPENTER—"Didn't I tell you to notice when the glue boiled over?"

Assistant—"I did. It was a quarter past ten."

\* \* \*

### The Easier Way.

"WHEN you lie awake at night, do you count sheep going over a fence?"

"No; I count automobiles that pass at full speed."

\* \* \*



Rev. Smifkins: You ought to be ashamed to be seen smoking that disgusting cigarette.

Friend of Delinquent (waiting for a whiff): Garn, there's cheaper'n these.—*The latter.*

\* \* \*

### Local Colour.

"SERVE the champagne in tin cups, Oscar," directed the owner of the bungalow. "Very good, sir." "These hunting parties like to rough it a trifle."—*Washington Herald.*

\* \* \*

### Commencing Operations.

THE Millionaire: "Doctor, is it absolutely necessary to remove my appendix?"

"Not absolutely; but it is safer to begin with some simple operation like that."—*Life.*

\* \* \*

### Speed Thrills.

SLOW Waiter—"Have I ever been in the country, sir? No, sir. Why do you ask?" Tired Customer—"I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on the fence and watch the tortoises whizz by."

\* \* \*

### A Testimonial.

"EVERY TIME the automobile breaks down I notice you examining your state license." "I do that for encouragement. The license says I'm competent to operate the machine."—*Houston Chronicle.*

\* \* \*

### The Retort Courteous.

"NOW," said the suffragette orator, sweeping the audience with her eagle eye, "I see Mr. Dobbs sitting down there in the third row—a man who has condescended to come here to-night and listen to our arguments. He has heard what I have had to say, and I think we should like to hear from him, and get a man's view of our cause. Mr.

Dobbs, tell us what you think of the suffragettes."

"Oh, I couldn't, m-m-ma'am," stammered Dobbs. "I rur-really c-couldn't. Thu-there are l-l-ladies pup-present." —*Harper's Weekly.*

\* \* \*

### A New "Cuss Word."

HE—"I never can remember what this plant is called. (Considering). Oh, sarsaparilla!" She—"Alois, you really shouldn't use such bad words when things don't come to you quite readily."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

\* \* \*

### Truth Will Out.

RICH Banker (to his daughter's suitor)—"Don't talk so much of love; you know that what really attracts you is the 80,000 marks that my daughter will get when she marries."

Suitor—"What? No more than that?"—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

\* \* \*

### On a Business Basis.

MOTHER—"I gave you a nickel yesterday to be good, and today you are just as bad as you can be." Willie—"Yes, ma; I'm trying to show you that you got your money's worth yesterday." —*Boston Transcript.*

\* \* \*

### A Candid Critic.

MISS GUSHWELL—"I like grand opera in Italian so much better than in English! Don't you?" Musical Critic—"Oh, yes; unless you understand Italian or follow the translation in the libretto closely, you don't need to find out what awful rot it is."—*Chicago Tribune.*

\* \* \*

### What Else Could He Do?

AT breakfast, recently, Andrew Carnegie indulged in a piece of pie. A diet reformer present remonstrated.

"Why, Mr. Carnegie," he said, "do you eat pie?"

"Of course," replied the noted philanthropist benignly, "what do you do with it?"—*Success.*

\* \* \*

### Might Be a Baseball Hero.

A BOY in a Chicago school refused to sew, evidently considering it beneath the dignity of a ten-year-old man. "George Washington sewed," said the principal, taking it for granted that a soldier must; and do you consider yourself better than George Washington?" "I don't know, time will tell," said he, seriously.—*Popular Education.*

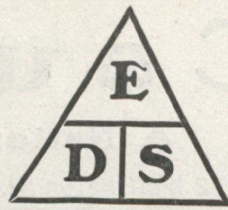
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### A Nice Distinction.

IN the heat of revivals regrettable things are sometimes said. Deacon Washington, coloured, says the *Detroit Free Press*, was holding a meeting in the Nalachucky chapel, and being wrought up to a high pitch of excitement, he cried out, "I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay!"

Instantly Calhoun Clay rose and left the church. He was very angry. He brought several powerful influences to bear, and the deacon promised to apologise. So at the next meeting the old man said:

"I desire to retract mah last night's remark when I stated that I see befo' me ten chicken thieves, includin' Calhoun Clay. What I should have said, dear brethren and sistern, was—I see befo' me nine chicken thieves, not includin' Calhoun Clay."



# PURE JAMS

## Made in Canada

on E. D. Smith's Fruit Farms in the Niagara District

### None Superior—Few Equal

Write for a Bulletin to E. D. SMITH, WINONA, ONT.



Dainty  
Desserts  
for



Dainty  
People

## Knox PURE, PLAIN SPARKLING Gelatine

is much more than a delicious dessert. It just naturally lends itself to a thousand and one other uses—for garnishing the meats, stiffening the sauces and gravies, making the ices and preparing the salads—throughout the entire meal from soup to dessert.

**FREE** on request, with your grocer's name, the revised edition of "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," a book of new recipes, many of them beautifully illustrated in colors, and a pint sample.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO., 510 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, New York, U.S.A.  
Branch Factory: Montreal, Canada



## COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

If cocoa is your favorite beverage by all means enjoy it at its best—as made with Cowan's Perfection Cocoa.

The acme of purity, richness and flavor.

THE COWAN CO. Limited,  
TORONTO. 135

# TRISCUIT

The  
Wholesome Luncheon

Triscuit (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) with cheese, marmalade or fruit, is delicious. Better than pastries, all the food properties of the whole wheat—easily digested.

At all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c.

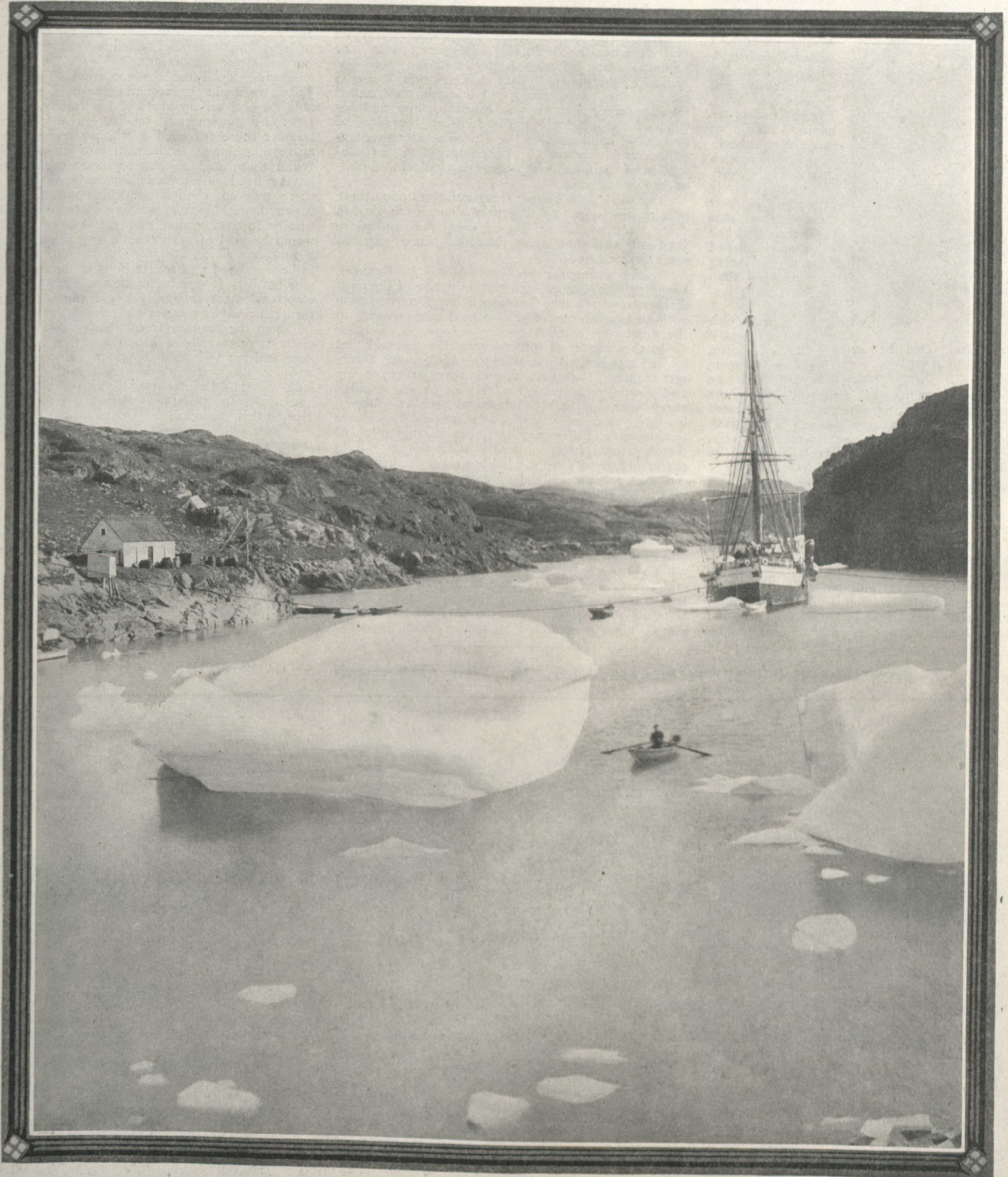
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THE  
**Canadian Courier**  
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Vol. 8

Toronto, November 5, 1910

No. 23



**EXPLORING OUR SUB-ARCTIC COAST LINE**

THE STEAMER "ARCTIC" ON ONE OF HER RECENT TRIPS, IN PORT BURWELL, ON UNGAVA BAY

The Mouth of Ungava Bay is in direct line with the probable steamship route from the terminus of the Hudson's Bay Railway. The middle of the Bay is on the same north line as Fort Churchill. Six hundred miles north of Belle Isle, and in the same latitude as South Greenland, the new route will still be well in line with Liverpool and Glasgow. The route is regularly covered twice a year by Hudson Bay Company Steamers carrying out mail from the fur posts. The Arctic is now engaged in further explorations of that coast.

# THE MISSIONARY KNOCKER

By JAMES RYRIE

ALL persons interested in Christian work are confronted, from time to time, with the problem of reconciling the favourable reports of the missionaries, regarding the foreign work, with the unfavourable reports of many of those who have lived in the same fields and who are supposed to have had exceptional opportunities of judging the work.



A Native of Siam. One of those who ought to be civilised.

A recent visit to the mission fields of India, China and Japan, has afforded an exceptional opportunity of enquiring into the facts at first hand, and, has not only impressed me with the absolute truth of these reports made by the workers, but has also enabled me to classify, once for all, the average missionary "knocker" as unreliable and unjust.

Genuine, honest criticism is entitled to the highest regard, even though one may not agree with the results arrived at; but, for the "knocker" who maliciously or ignorantly, goes out of his way to "knock" such work and workers, deserves nothing but sorry contempt.

There is one thing to which angels, men and devils are alike entitled, and that is Anglo-Saxon fair play; but unfortunately, this is the very quality which is too often either entirely withheld from the much-maligned missionary or doled out to him

in mean and beggarly homeopathic doses by "Globe Trotter" and permanent resident alike.

A few instances which came to my personal knowledge, will illustrate the case:

Upon the steamship *Coronia*, on our way to the East, by way of the Mediterranean, there sat at an adjoining table a gentleman from America, who, in the course of conversation said:

"It has been found that it costs \$20,000 for each heathen converted. The beggars are not worth it; I have no use for foreign missions."

This surely is commercialism gone mad. Apart entirely from the deplorable ignorance as to the financial aspect of the question, and the utter disregard of the query, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul" no cognisance whatever is taken by him and his kind of the gradual improvement in the physical and moral conditions of these people through evangelical and educational work, nor yet of the alleviation of their sufferings through medical and philanthropic agencies.

The work done by our representatives upon these mission fields in this direction alone, even though there were no future life, is worth all, and more than all, that has been expended since missions were first established.

Whilst sitting on the hotel balcony in Benares, supposedly the holiest, and certainly, one of the most dirty cities in India, I dropped into conversation with an Englishman, who also held mission work in the same poor esteem.

In the course of the conversation he said that he had exceptional opportunities of forming a correct opinion, "inasmuch as my business takes me up and down the country for six or seven months every year. When I come to a town or village," he said, "and see a very fine house with ample verandahs and heavy pillars, set among a lot of thatched mud huts, I know a missionary lives there, and when I see a spanking team coming along the road raising a cloud of dust, I know 'you bet,' that a missionary sits behind it. These horses do not last over six or seven months in this climate anyhow, but that does not make any difference. As soon as they are played out, they are tossed aside and another pair ordered up. Now," he added, "I am a churchman myself, and believe in religion all right, but these fellows have a religion that is better suited to their climate than the one you are bringing them. Why don't you look after the people at home instead of bothering about these?"

As this opinion was emphasised by the ordering of a "Whiskey Peg," whatever that stands for, this opinion was intended to carry conviction.

Upon being asked if he had ever visited one of these mission fields, he admitted that he had not. He insisted, "I am doing business constantly with people who live among them and are much better able to form an opinion as to their worth than those who are simply spending a few days among them."

He was surprised to hear that Baptist missionaries, and presumably those of other denominations also, entered the service at \$800 a year and, under the most favourable circumstances, never received more than \$1,300. He had to admit that, after providing for a family, importing, in some instances, many of their necessities from America or Europe, providing requisite servants, sending some of their children home to be educated, there certainly could not be very much left for the purchase of "spanking" teams, of which we had not seen even one in all our wanderings.

Again: Upon the steamer from Tien Tsin to Kobe, we made the acquaintance of a most estimable medical missionary and his family, who were returning to America on furlough. Upon this steamer there travelled a military officer who was also going home. In the course of conversation we found that although coming from the same city, having lived side by side for at least three years, there was not even a speaking acquaintance between them. Upon expressing surprise at this, naturally supposing that two native-born Americans would be glad of each other's acquaintance in such a far-away place, we were told, "Oh, that is not to be wondered at, because he is in the military service, whilst we are in mission work." No special emphasis whatever was laid upon the fact that their respective wives were not even upon calling terms.

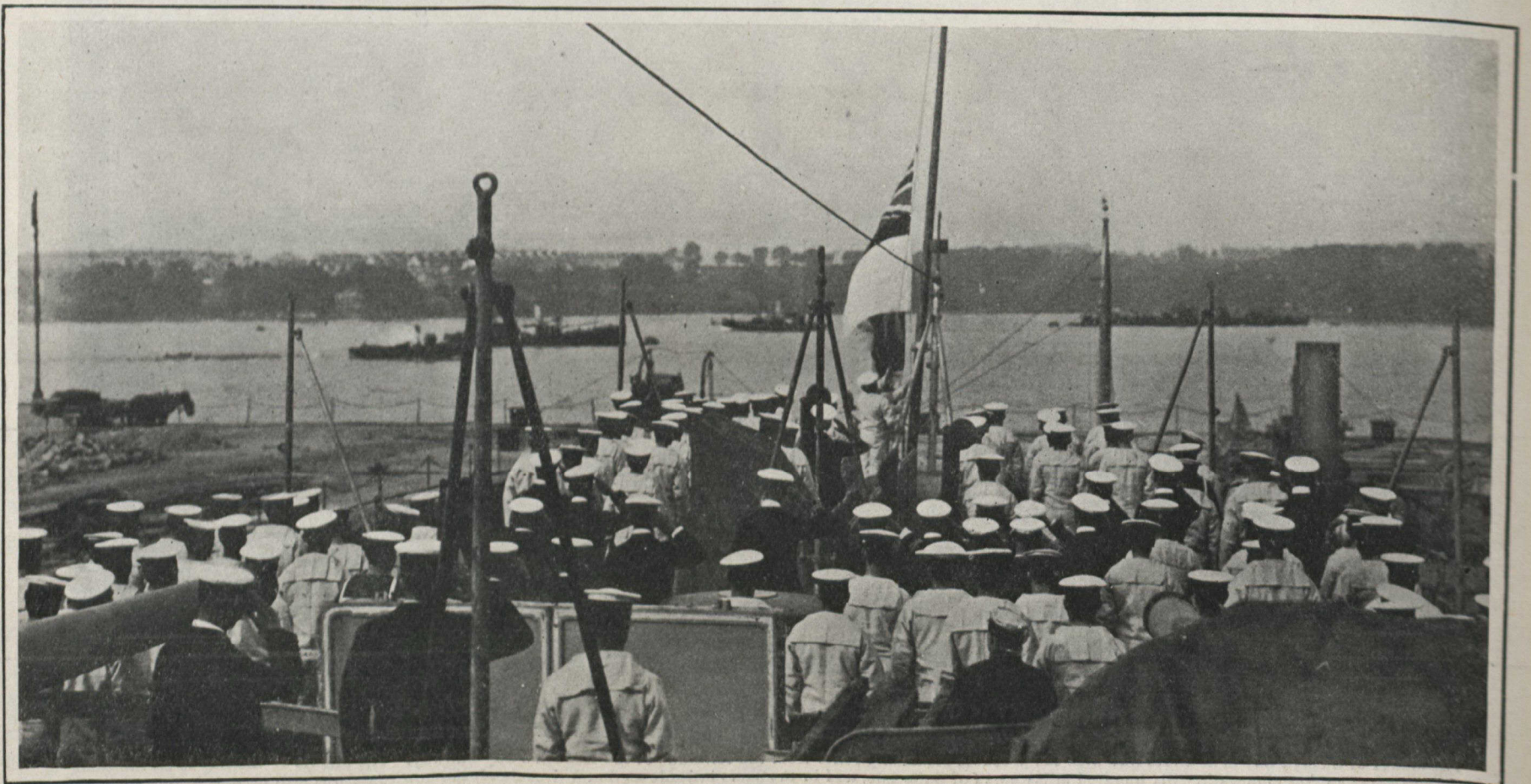
Upon the steamer from Shanghai to San Francisco there travelled with us a native Indian magnate and his wife and daughter. Upon the same steamer also, travelled a very wealthy American lady who had been touring India in an automobile, and who was overheard offering the following advice to this young native woman:

"Now, when you go to Europe, they will be sure to try and make you change your religion. I would not do it if I were you, for your religion is just as good for you as mine is for me."

We have no doubt as to the truth of this latter statement, as it certainly would be a very poor religion which would not rise to such a low standard.

This same woman was overheard denouncing foreign mission work, of which, she said, she had been making a study for some twenty years, but admitted that although she had been touring through India, she had not so much as called upon any one of the workers to see for herself the true condition of affairs.

## FIRST RAISING OF THE COLOURS ON THE CANADIAN SHIP "NIOBE"



When the Canadian Flag was first hoisted at Devonport the officers and men saluted. The ship's band played "God Save the King," and "The Maple Leaf."

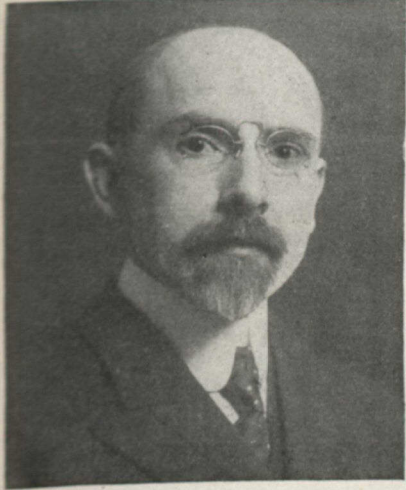
# MEN OF TO-DAY

PASSING GLIMPSES OF PUBLIC MEN AT HOME AND ABROAD

## OUTSIDE OF THEOLOGY

**M**R. E. R. WOOD is now president of the international Y.M.C.A. convention, which concluded this year's labours in Toronto last week. It would have been difficult for Mr. Wood to have got this honour without having earned it. Merely because he is a financier and a strong church worker would not entitle him to it. He is a day-in-and-day-out believer in and worker for the Y.M.C.A. movement, which of late years has happily broadened its platform sufficiently to permit men of Mr. E. R. Wood's calibre to take prominent positions. A thinnish, shrewd-looking man,

Mr. Wood moves quietly and quickly, and makes no poses. Since he came up from Peterboro' way—that source of so many brainy financial men in Toronto where, like his forerunner, Senator Cox, he was once telegraph operator—he has made progress at very swift rate in the financial world. He began in Toronto on the staff of the Central Canada Loan



Mr. E. R. Wood.

and Savings Company; is at present manager of the Dominion Securities Corporation; vice-president of the National Trust Company, and a director of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Co., the Western and the Canada Life Assurance Company and the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Incidentally he is a Methodist, and a working one. He takes as much interest in some phases of church work as he does in finance. But he never makes a noise. His election as president of the Y.M.C.A. convention is the first really public place he has taken outside of finance.

\* \* \*

## THE GOVERNOR OF B.C.

**Y**OU can tell that he came from the land of Roderick Dhu—or as one said recently, the land of the porridge pot. He has the Scotch thistle in his strong face; a large, rugged, well-knit man, with all the dogged tenacity of his race. But Thomas Wilson Patterson, Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, was not brought up in Scotland. When a lad of four he left the banks of Ayr, and with his parents, came to Oxford County, Ontario. That was in 1855. He went to a log school and lived in a log house. What little schooling he got was mixed up with logging and chores. But he got it in a way that came useful to him when he first got the notion that Ontario was becoming a little too civilised and quiet for sane men.

The West owes a big debt to Ontario for some of her first best pioneers. Mr. Patterson was one of them. For sixteen years in Ontario he had been a constructionist. He built railways and canals. When the C.P.R. got through the Rockies he went to British Columbia, where his firm completed fifty miles of the Esquimault and Nanaimo Railway. He also had the contract for the grade and track work of the first electric railway in the province, after which he, in company with the late Captain Larkin, built and leased to the C.P. Railway Company the Shuswap and Okanagan Railway. The Victoria and Sidney Railway was also constructed, owned and operated by him for a number of years until sold to representatives of the Great Northern Railway Company.

His Honour's opinion on British Columbia is worth a good deal. He has seen her in her swaddling clothes, when few thought seriously of British Columbia, except as a mining district. He now sees the realisation of prophecies uttered years ago by a few who saw into the future. He is a man of few words; unaffected in manner, but with the solidity of character that is generally an asset of a

self-made man. He can enjoy a joke and can tell a good yarn. Being a pioneer and builder, with the practical side of life a part of his education, he is not overly covetous of the honours which have recently been conferred on him. As the chief officer of British Columbia for the next few years, it is safely predicted he will justify the popular choice of the Ottawa Cabinet.

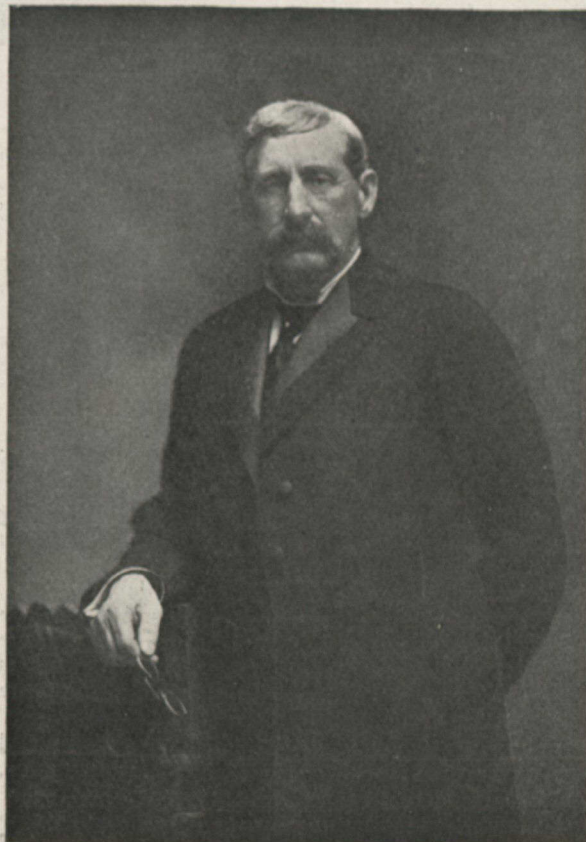
Mr. Patterson is not afraid to speak his convictions about British Columbia. He believes that northern British Columbia is a better country than the southern part for farming purposes; room up there for three hundred thousand people he thinks, during the next few years. He believes also that Vancouver Island will be a surprise to Canada very shortly; not only in agriculture, but also because he thinks that the big balmy island has the greatest area of merchantable timber in the world, besides no end of possibilities in coal and useful minerals.

\* \* \*

## SOLDIER BY HEREDITY

**L**IEUT.-COL. W. S. BUELL, of the 41st Regiment of Brockville Rifles, is one of the most unusual military officers in the world. He was born a Canadian soldier; likewise his father before him, and his father's father; his grandfather's father was also commander of a regiment; and all these hereditary regiments were headquartered at Brockville. Col. Buell's history is important; because his forbears helped to make history. His great-grandfather, William Buell, was the first settler in Brockville; a U.E. Loyalist who had lived in Connecticut, and when the Revolutionary War broke out packed all he had and shoved up through the wilderness to Montreal. But not to settle down peacefully. He took out a commission as ensign in the 34th King's Rangers, and he fought with that regiment till the war was done. Retiring on half pay he began to practise the arts of peace. With his wife he pushed up the rapids of the St. Lawrence till he came to a beauty spot at the foot of the Lake of the Thousand Islands—which is now Brockville. There he built the first house. Seventeen years later he was elected to represent his constituency in the Parliament of Upper Canada; about which time he was made lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Leeds militia.

Martin, his son, was a sergeant in the militia. He fought at Chrysler's Farm and other engagements in the War of 1812. About the middle of the nineteenth century he also became lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, and was also elected to Parliament; became Mayor of Brockville and editor of the Brockville Recorder. His son, J. D., raised



Lieut.-Governor Patterson, of British Columbia.

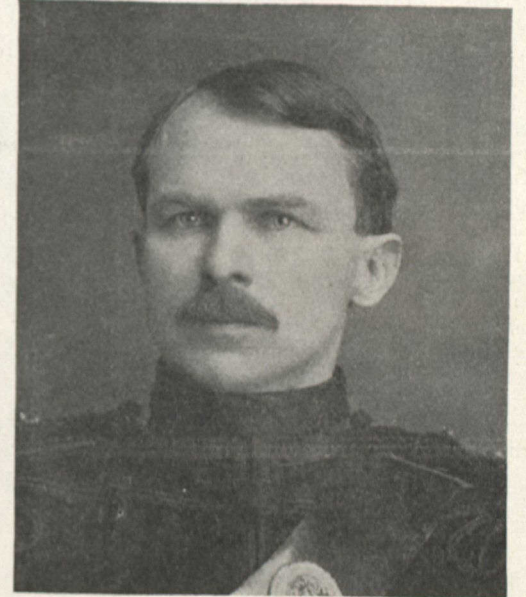
a company of infantry in 1860; and in 1866, the year of the Fenian Raid, he, when the 42nd Battalion was organised, became its first commanding officer. He also followed his father's and grandfather's footmarks by becoming Mayor of Brockville, and being elected to Parliament.

The subject whose portrait appears on this page is the only son of Lieut.-Col. J. D. Buell. Curiously enough, he took up the ancestral thread where the other three generations left it off.

He, too, has had some share in public affairs, having served five years in the municipal council, and one year as mayor. He was the first captain of the Brockville Rowing Club, an organisation that has produced championship crews. He has also represented his town on cricket, football and hockey teams, and his regiment at the Dominion Rifle Association for several years.

## THE TWO CHARLIES \* \* \*

**A**MONG those who came in contact with the railway officials of Canada there are no better known pair than "Charlie" Macpherson and "Charlie" Foster, of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



Lieut.-Col. J. S. Buell, of the 41st, Brockville.

Both men hail from St. John, N.B., where they did their first work for this great railway corporation. Each in turn went from St. John to Toronto, where each made a "hit." Mr. Macpherson went to Winnipeg, where he has repeated his Toronto success. A few years later, Mr. Foster went from Toronto to Vancouver. Now comes the announcement that the passenger traffic of the West, recently in charge of Mr. Ussher, is to be placed wholly under the two "Charlies." Macpherson will manage the lines between Fort William and Revelstoke, and Foster all traffic west of that point.

Urbanity, courtesy and good-fellowship are the qualities which distinguish these two successful officials. At the same time, each has shown his ability to handle large business in a large way. The man with urbanity does not always have exceptional ability, and the capacity for much hard work, but when he does he is a winner. Each of these men fulfils the higher conditions. The public has always had the confidence in them which is again so clearly exhibited by the C.P.R. executive in making these latest promotions.

\* \* \*

## THE NEW WIZARD OF THE SOO

**W**ILLIAM CHARLES FRANZ of the Soo—is a new name in Canada; and Franz is a remarkable man. The Canadian Soo is a remarkable man. Recently a gathering of notable public men, both Canadian and English, did honour to Mr. Franz in a banquet at the city that was founded by Clergue the wizard; the city that now has 15,000 people, seven thousand of whom are employed in the consolidated works of the Lake Superior Corporation, financed by British capital.

Mr. Franz is the general manager of the works; which in their astonishing variety and range of output are among the marvels of modern Canada. The wizard era of F. H. Clergue who, looking for cheap water power, discovered the great plexus of raw materials that makes the Soo the most remarkable industrial small city in Canada, was followed by a series of lapses and reorganisations; later by a great fire. But the Soo works of 1910 are greater even than were dreamed of in the days of Clergue. Mr. Franz is the most powerful man in the Canadian Soo. When a youth he had a dog, a rooster and a gun; also a pocketful of rusty nails. He is now manager of a corporation whose property is valued at \$35,000,000.

# THE MOON IN LEGEND AND SONG

*A Classic Study of the Earth's great Satellite*

By D. B. MARSH, Sc. D., F. R. A. S.

THE great antiquity of astronomy renders this science worthy of attention. Not only because of its educational value as a nature study, but historically. Unlike some branches of science which, for the most part, are but of yesterday, the science of the heavenly bodies may be traced backwards until its beginnings are lost in mythology and fable.

Man has always looked upwards, and from time immemorial regarded with awe and profound wonder the handiwork of the Creator as displayed in the starry heavens. Among savage tribes this naturally led to deification and worship; and it is in this deification of the celestial bodies that many of the legends relating to them had their origin. These old stories, strange and fanciful as they are, reveal to us the thoughts and feelings with which primitive man gazed into the sky.

We have, however, many star legends that come not from antiquity, but from the folk-lore of more recent periods. We meet them every day in modern literature, for Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow and others make constant allusions to them in their verse. The Indian legend regarding the markings on the moon is told very quaintly by the latter poet, when Hiawatha

"Saw the moon rise from the water,  
Rippling, rounding from the water,  
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,  
Whispered, 'What is that Nokomis?'  
And the good Nokomis answered,  
'Once a warrior very angry,  
Seized his grandmother and threw her  
Up into the sky at midnight;  
Right against the moon he threw her;  
This her body that you see there."

There are many other stories about these markings. The Incas of Peru explain them by telling of a very beautiful maiden, who long, long ago, fell in love with the moon, and cast herself into his arms; while the aborigines of the islands of the Pacific represent the moon as an ardent lover who snatched a fair bride from earth.

Perhaps the best known of these stories is the one told of an old man who, busy picking up sticks and brushwood one bright Sunday was met by a fairy who asked why he was working on the Sabbath. His reply, "Sunday on earth or Monday in heaven, is all the same to me," so angered the fairy that to punish him she decreed that he must carry his sticks forever, and banished him to the moon, saying, "As you have no regard for Sunday on earth, take your perpetual Monday (Moonday) in heaven, and from now on travel with the moon."

From Scandinavian folklore, we learn that on the moon are two children bearing between them a pail of water suspended on a pole or yoke, from their shoulders. This is most probably the original of our nursery rhyme about Jack and Jill, for the vanishing of one spot after another as the moon wanes, represents the fall first of Jack, and then of Jill.

According to a Hindoo legend, Buddha, in a very early stage of his existence, was in the form of a hare, and when travelling one day in company with a fox and an ape, they were met by Indra (the Jupiter of the Hindoo). The god, disguised as a beggar, asked them for food, and all three went in search of it. The hare, being unable to find any, and wishing to appear well in the eyes of his guest, had a fire built and then threw himself on it that the beggar might have supper. The god was so pleased by the hare's great heroism,

that as a reward he placed him on the moon.

The Hindoos have another legend about the moon which runs something like this: The Sun, the Moon and the Wind belonged to one family, and one day their relatives, Thunder and Lightning, invited them to a banquet. Their mother, a very beautiful star, was not invited, so waited patiently at home. By and by the children returned and were warmly welcomed by the star, who had kept her bright little eye open all night long. "Well, dear children," she said, "have you brought anything home for me from the banquet?" Then the Sun, who was the oldest, and very selfish, and while



A remarkable full-moon photograph taken by Rev. Dr. Marsh; much resembling a water-melon in shape.

having a good time himself, had forgotten all about his poor hungry mother at home, said: "I have brought nothing home for you! I went for a good time and not to bring a dinner for my mother."

Then the Wind said: "I didn't bring anything for you, either, mother. I forgot all about you when I was away."

But the gentle Moon said, "Mother, see all the nice things I saved for you, I hope you will like them"; and as she said this she placed a choice dinner before her mother.

Then the Star turned to the Sun and said: "Because you amused yourself without any thought of your poor lonely mother at home, you shall be cursed. Your rays shall be so hot and scorching that men shall hate you." (This is why the sun is so hot to-day).

Turning to the Wind, the Star said: "You, too, forgot your mother, and must be punished. You shall blow when it is hot, and nature will become so parched that men shall detest you." (This is why the wind is so very disagreeable during the hot weather).

The Star smiled, and her voice was sweet and low as she said to the gentle Moon: "My daughter, because of your thoughtfulness, no dazzling glare shall accompany your pure rays. You shall be so cool, calm and yet so bright that men shall love and bless you. (This is why the moon's light is so soft and soothing).

Nothing, so the Greeks thought, was more pure than the White Moon goddess, and the story of her love for Endymion was one they told and retold to their children.

Long, long ago, before people had settled down to the humdrum existence which we lead to-day; when giants roamed about the earth, and the gods were yet with men, the moon sailed above the known world as she still does, only in those days men knew and called her by her names: As a celestial deity she was known as Luna; as a terrestrial deity, Diana; and in the lower regions, Hecate or Prosperine. Diana was the daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and though she loved them and her twin brother, Apollo, very dearly, she seldom saw them, for her path lay among the stars.

One beautiful summer evening, when Apollo's sun chariot was sinking slowly behind the western sky, and all the earth lay bathed in rosy splendour,

"There came a vision of a lovely maid,  
Who seemed to step from a silvery car,  
Out of the low-hung moon."

Diana stood on a hilltop looking down over plain and valley, and far out to sea. The earth was very beautiful as it lay at the feet of the moon goddess, and yet she cared little for its beauty, for her heart was very sad. Many a tender love meeting had she witnessed, as she does now; many a happy tale of love had her pale face looked down upon, but a sister's love was the only one she had known. A strange unquenchable longing had come to her heart. She was so alone!

Just as she felt her heart about to break a wonderfully beautiful sight met her eyes. Far down the hillside, under the trees edging a placid lake, lay a youth, the night air playing softly with his waving locks. A crook was by his side, and the lambs of his flock were gamboling near him.

To Diana's eyes this shepherd boy was more beautiful than hill or valley, river, lake or sunset glow, and waiting only until Apollo had sunk behind the hills, the proud moon princess bent her stately head and whispered to the youth, "Oh, Endymion! Come away with me. How happy I would be to dwell in this peaceful valley by thy side, but I am Luna, Queen of Night. I must wander night by night across the sky, even as the sun god does by day. Come sweet youth, and wander with me. Thou dost not even dream how vast and beautiful is the world outside this peaceful vale. Come with me, Endymion! Come with me, my love!"

But Endymion, closing his eyes before the radiant face bent so lovingly over him, murmured in

reply: "No, it cannot be, thou most beautiful Queen of Night! Alas, it cannot be! Thou canst not stay in my peaceful valley; neither can I wander with thee, my queen, in the heavens. I fain would go, but great Zeus commands us both; we must obey."

A death-like palour overspread Diana's face, and a stony sadness settled there as she heard the death knell of her hopes. Already the sunset glory was fading. Darkness was creeping on and the sky called to the goddess of the moon to shed her pure white light over the sleeping earth. "I must leave thee now, Endymion," she whispered faintly. "Alas! thou canst not come with me: I cannot dwell with thee! Good night, my love, good night." Stooping low she kissed the fair brow of the youthful shepherd and immediately his eyes closed in sweet slumber. Stepping into her silvery car the Queen of Night once more pursued her path across the heavens.

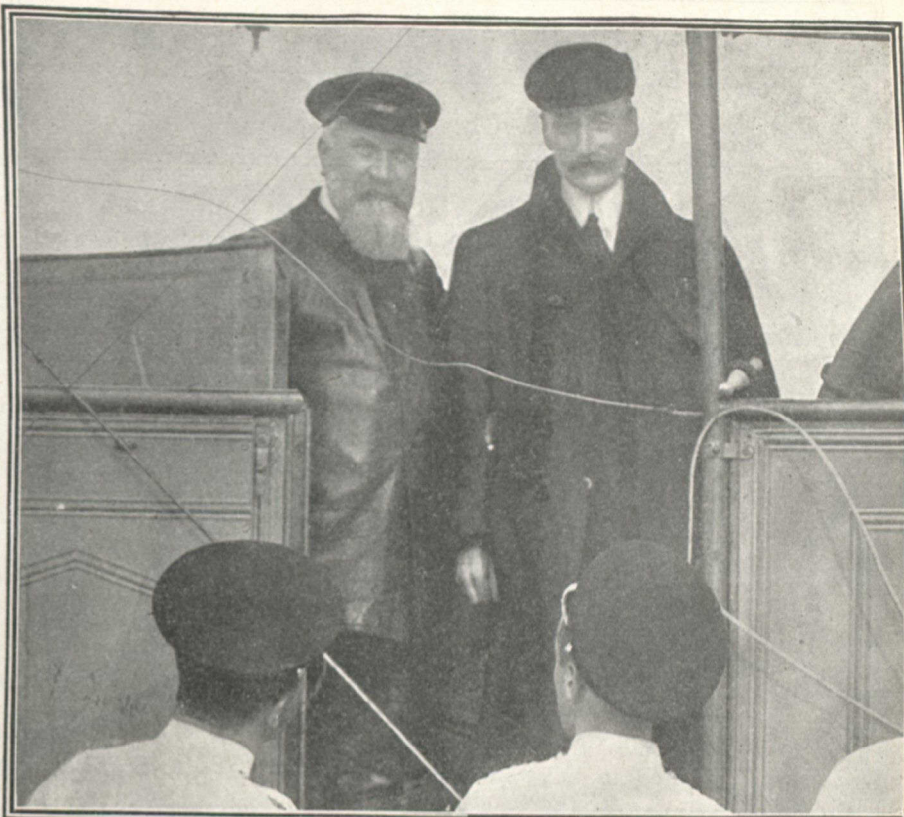
All night long, and even now, Endymion is sleeping. And why? Listen, and I will tell you. The moon goddess, fearing that age and toil would soon destroy the charms of her beloved, had bestowed upon him the gift of eternal youth. Nightly she passes over her dear one's resting-place, and alighting from her silvery car, impresses an airy kiss upon his lips. He, responding not to the Queen of Night's caress, her face is cursed with perpetual sadness, and one can read her sorrowful story in her pale countenance.



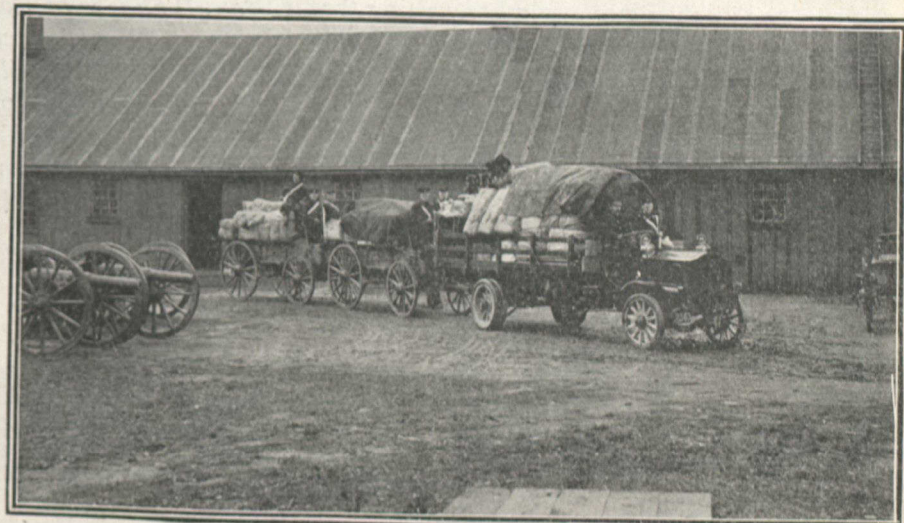
# TWO DISTINGUISHED MASTERS OF AERONAUTICS



Augustus Post and Allan R. Hawley, the two Balloonists who won the Gordon Bennett Cup in the race from St. Louis. They landed north-east of Quebec.



Mr. Clement, (with beard), in the car of the Clement-Bayard Airship which crossed the English Channel from France with seven occupants on Sunday, Oct. 16th.



Two methods of transporting military baggage, tested in Toronto last week. The first picture shows the old method, one team with military harness and one with the more useful "farm" harness. The second shows a motor-truck which successfully drew a load equal to sixteen team loads over twenty miles of country roads in less than one-half the time taken by horses.



A hundred tons of small Southern Canada Fruit being loaded on one of the Vessels of the Northern Navigation Company, at Sarnia, for shipment West.

SHIPPING fruit in Canada is one of the problems in handling and cold storage. A few weeks ago a first shipment of Niagara peaches was sent to England. The experiment was successful, though the fruit had been picked rather too green. For some time now small fruits have been sent by express from Oakville, Ont., and points beyond to Winnipeg which is nearer the Ontario fruit belts than to the fruit areas of British Columbia.

A further step in the marketing of Canadian fruit in Canada—not merely apples, which are easy to ship, but the more perishable fruits, such as peaches, pears, plums and berries—has been made at Sarnia, which is the shipping point for a large fruit territory almost as prolific as Niagara. Intensive farming has been initiated in that lakeside peninsula. Fruit has been picked, crated, carted and deposited in cold storage on the vessels of the Northern Navigation Co. within three hours. Orders arrive from western points by wire. Rural telephones complete the circuit. The growers know exactly how much is wanted and no time is lost getting the order filled at the steamship lading. One of the big boats of the Northern Navigation Co. carries regularly a hundred tons of fruit; such a cargo as is illustrated in the accompanying picture.

# WHERE EDUCATION FAILS

BY THE EDITOR

LAST Sunday I attended a church in a country town—for I had joined the migration from the big city and had gone "home" for Thanksgiving. The hymns and the general service was much the same as when I was a Sunday School scholar in that same congregation more than a quarter of a century ago. There were the same fathers and mothers—not all, of course, for there were some vacant seats. Those whom I remembered did not seem to have changed much, for what matters a few more wrinkles and a shade greyer hair? But what struck me most forcibly was the limited number of people between twenty and forty years of age. Eliminate the visitors, and the rest were under twenty or over forty.

And I was led to wonder why these people were content to let their young folk go away to the big cities to work and marry, and to add to the city's population. Here were a number of people, owning property which was growing slowly but surely less valuable, because the population of the town was dwindling. And not only was their property getting less valuable, but the social life of the town was becoming less attractive, and things generally were showing retrograde rather than advancing progress. Yet these people seemed to have no pangs of regret, no ambition to stay the exodus, no visible desire to build up the community as thousands of newer communities in the West are being built up. In other words, the community itself seemed like an aged man sitting in an easy chair by the kitchen stove calmly awaiting that inevitable dissolution which comes to all men sooner or later.

THE pathos of it all appealed to me in a new way. The problem of the Ontario town and village was presented in a new light. What the cause? What the remedy? Who the doctor?

The cause is complex no doubt. Wrong education forms a large element. The High School is perhaps the greatest cause. It is educating the young people out of the towns, teaching them that the professions are accessible, and offer great rewards. The High School teacher is not a native of the place, has little sympathy with its progress or possible future, and is bent only on producing scholars who will shine in the big business college, the Model and the Normal schools, the colleges and universities. The High School teacher's progress does not correspond with the progress of the town; it depends rather on the success of his pupils at the greater centres of college education. His aim, therefore, is to drive the young men and the young women out of town.

These thoughts led me to wonder if the High School should be abolished, or simply reformed. Abolition is impossible perhaps, but reform should be easy. The trustee board might begin by saying to the teachers: "Now, gentlemen, we desire you to inculcate into every pupil in your school that it is his business to so educate himself that he will help the town and the county to become bigger and greater. Your courses of study must be such that our young men and women are fitted to take part in the activities of this town, and not in the activities of the big city. You will be held responsible for the young people you drive out of town." The teachers would probably think the trustees were crazy, but it would lead to a valuable discussion.

Dr. Robertson, in his address to the Y.M.C.A. convention in Toronto last week, said that education should include three departments—domestic science for the women, who managed the homes; nature study for the farmers, miners, fishermen, foresters, and men in towns; and manual training for men in industrial life. This in brief is my idea. Why should any country support three High Schools which exist for the purpose of taking the county's best young folk and sending them away to help build up other communities? Still it is true that the High Schools of Ontario, except in a few of the wiser cities, are simply depleting the rural communities of their finest human products.

OTHER reforms might also be made. Changing the spirit of High School education is not the only remedy. The spirit of the people must be changed. They must believe in their town and county and possess a determination to build it up. The man who buys a dozen farms, dispossesses them of people and populates them with sheep or cattle only is a man who must be fought. The man who refuses to lend his capital to enterprise and will invest only in first mortgages is another person who should be taught a lesson. The retired farmer who goes to live in a small town and votes down every suggested improvement and development must be educated to better sense.

The growth of the small towns in Ontario depends upon the growth of the population in the rural district surrounding it and upon the growth of local industries. The men in the towns can do much to farmers and encouraging them to adopt such methods as will employ more people and market more products. The great factors here are good local markets for all sorts of farm products and first-class facilities for shipping.

The growth of local industries depends on local patriotism, shipping facilities, supply of labour, and a first-class board of trade. When local patriotism dies, the town begins to fade away. When the board of trade ceases to find work to do, the town is doomed. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom; ten determined, broad-minded, patriotic men can save any one of the moribund towns and villages of Ontario.

NOT many years ago I was speaking to an audience in the famous fruit valley of Nova Scotia, the Land of Evangeline, and I pointed out as best I could that to my mind Nova Scotia was backward only because her young men were not encouraged to stay at home. They were educated to believe that success could be won only by going to Boston or some other New England city. A lady came to me after the meeting and thanked me for my criticism, saying that it came home to her, because she had six brothers in the United States.

Yet to-day rural Ontario is getting into much the same condition as rural Nova Scotia. The farming population is not growing as it should, and many of the rural schools have only half the pupils they once had. The young men have gone to Toronto, or Buffalo or Detroit, or to the great Canadian West. Is rural Ontario content to be the breeding-place, and the schoolhouse for a few large cities or for the newer provinces? Is rural Ontario willing to pass through the distressing stages which have marked the recent history of the agricultural sections of the New England States and of New York State? Surely not. Yet this is likely to occur unless the government of Ontario and the business men of the smaller towns waken up and take measures to prevent it. It is time to cry "Wake Up, Ontario."

## ENCOURAGEMENT

*Mr. Rowland Brittain, of Vancouver, writes: "I take this opportunity of expressing my satisfaction with the Canadian Courier, the Editor of which seems to provide in a healthy manner for all phases of Canadian life. I wish him continued success in his efforts."*

*Mr. Jas. P. Hill, of Welland, says: "I do not think you are overdoing the Canadian side of the question. Your strong Canadianism is certainly one of your drawing cards."*

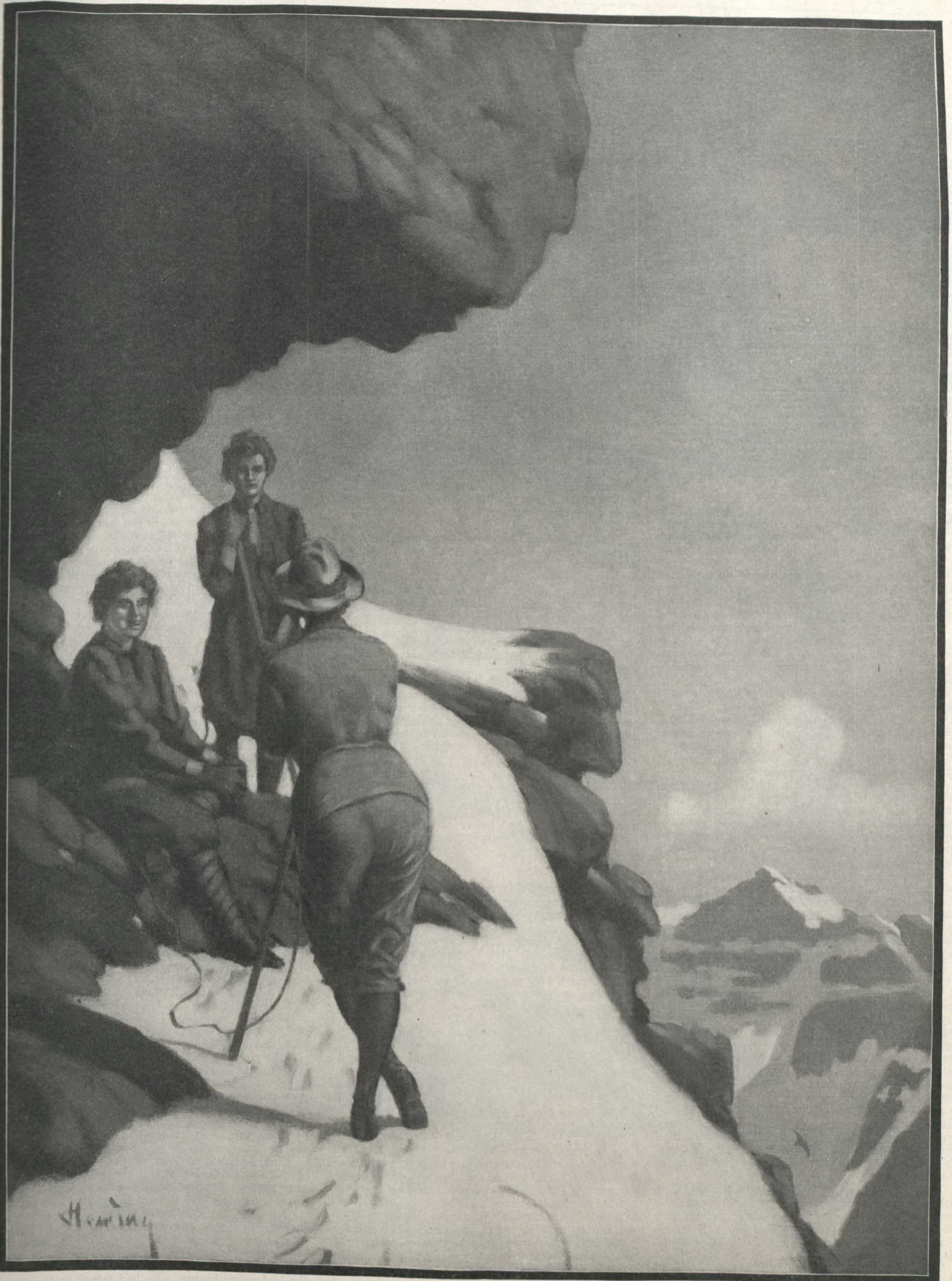
FEW will deny that there is more money to be made in agriculture in Ontario to-day than at any other stage in the history of the province. There are also fewer privations and more pleasures. The Agricultural College has helped, and there has been a general advance in all farming methods. All that Ontario requires now is that the young men shall be taught to stay on the farm. Abolishing the present High School and establishing agricultural High Schools would accomplish much. A few years ago there was a burst of enthusiasm about teaching agriculture in the rural schools, and at least two text books were authorised. To-day in the village book stores odd copies of these text books are to be found upon the bargain tables, a mute tribute to a short-lived provincial ambition. It is hard to say who should be hanged for this crime, the writers of the text books, the Minister of Education, or the public school inspectors. There is a culprit somewhere. If the Ontario Agricultural College is the stumbling-block, abolish it and use the money to establish the teaching of agriculture in rural schools. Transfer the experiment plots to the centre of every township, and bring this sort of education to the farmer instead of asking him to go to Guelph for it. At any rate, let us do something to save the situation.

BUILD up the agricultural communities, keeping the farming population of every township growing and the first step will be taken toward building up the declining towns and villages. The next step will be to make the towns and villages help themselves in other ways. Perhaps it might be wise to have a Provincial Board of Trade, presided over by a Cabinet minister, to whom any discontented and discouraged town or village could go for advice and assistance. It could maintain a staff of experts, who were well up in industrial and commercial possibilities, and these could be sent out to give expert advice as to the methods best suited to each community. One town might be advised to put in a huge cheese factory, another a butter factory, another a canning factory, another a knitting factory and so on.

The other day I bought some apples in a Toronto grocery store which had come all the way across the continent from Washington Territory. United States apples from a Pacific coast state selling in Toronto stores in competition with apples grown in the greatest, or what should be the greatest, apple province in North America—think of it. I asked the grocer why. "Honest selection, scientific packing, and co-operative selling," was the answer.

What value has education for the farmer and the villager if it unfits him to compete with producers and packers two thousand five hundred miles away? What value has physics, and trigonometry and algebra and geometry if they do not fit us to take from nature that which she is prepared to give us if we have but common sense?

# HOW CANADIAN WOMEN ENJOY THE WILDERNESS



Drawn by ARTHUR HEMING

No. 4—PLAYING THE GAME OF THE ALPENSTOCK IN THE GLACIERS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS



# The Mystery of the Tower

By Andrew Loring

Author of "Tom King of Nowhere," etc.

## A NEW SERIAL STORY

### SYNOPSIS.

Motherless Margaret Lee flees from Paris and her keeper, Mrs. Gascoigne, to see her father in London. During the first evening at home, she looks through the father's pet telescope and sees a sight which is the basis of all the events to be narrated. In the first excitement, her father drops dead, and her only friend is Mr. Percy Marshall a chance acquaintance. Mrs. Gascoigne comes to London and a mysterious Mrs. Carlingford, a friend of her father, appears also. The former is easily driven out, but the latter is mistress of the situation. In the meantime Marshall sets out to solve the church tower mystery. He finds the church, gets in and discovers that the telescope tells the truth. His entrance is noted, he escapes cut off, and he climbs down the lightning rod only to be struck senseless. Meanwhile, a woman gains entrance to the Lee home, and while Margaret is asleep, secures a paper from Mr. Lee's private box. When Margaret awakens she takes it for granted that her visitor is Mrs. Carlingford, her father's friend, and gives her her full confidence, including the Mystery of the Tower which Percy Marshall has determined to solve.

"I AM very anxious," answered Margaret. "He did not come; I have not heard from him. I am afraid; I fear anything—everything. I ought to go to the police, I am sure of it; don't you think so?"

"Of course I will go with you if you insist," said Mrs. Carlingford, after a little pause; "but if I were you I should wait till to-morrow, at any rate. I know you won't mind my frankness; but your story is a very strange one. I have looked through the papers this morning; nothing about it there. You run a risk, my dear—a risk of making yourself ridiculous. The police would smile—and do nothing; I am sure of it."

"You don't mean that they wouldn't believe me?" Margaret was indignant at the suggestion.

"I'm afraid that might happen," answered Mrs. Carlingford, gently. "It is almost incredible, you know."

"You are doubtful too?" exclaimed Margaret in a hurt voice, looking reproach.

"My dear, how can I help it?" Mrs. Carlingford laid her hands caressingly on the girl's shoulders. "I don't for an instant doubt that you believe you saw it all; but I'm sure the explanation lies in some trick of the eyesight; some peculiar effect of lightning; some freakish illusion of the senses. Our eyes are not always infallible, you know."

Margaret bit her lip in distress, but she could not resent the words; they were uttered in too kindly a way. Still less could she argue; against blank unbelief, expressed with tenderness and consideration, there was no weapon. It was useless to go on repeating over and over again that what she had seen she had seen.

"But how do you account for Mr. Marshall's silence?" she asked.

"An absolute stranger, remember that, dear. You know nothing about him—Oh, yes!"—the girl had opened her lips in protest—"I know he behaved well, but any gentleman would have done as much. He is young, and you are very pretty—and you were in distress. But to hunt London for a church tower simply on the word of a girl who has had enough trouble to make him suspect hysterics—no, dear, hear me out—this is making a great demand on his chivalry. You are young; you have not had much experience of life; you have met few men. You do not know how they fear ridicule more than anything else in the world, and not even for a beautiful girl will a man run the danger of being laughed at."

"But he promised," cried Margaret, flushing. She could not answer Mrs. Carlingford's arguments; she knew that there was reason on Mrs. Carlingford's side, yet she never wavered. "Mr. Marshall believed my story absolutely. I know I am right about this."

"What could he do but say he believed, my dear? You would have gone to the police, you admit it. He wished to spare you the humiliation of being laughed at; hoped to quiet you until the delusion has passed from your mind."

"I am hysterical, and he—he does not speak the truth. Neither idea is right, Mrs. Carlingford. I believe in my own eyes, and I believe in him." The comment was brusque, but Mrs. Carlingford's patience and tact were disarming.

"I admire you for your trust," she said, smiling, "but take my advice and wait one day longer. You may upset his plans; you may annoy him by making him look foolish. If you are right in believing in him, he has not come because he has nothing to tell you yet. If I am right in thinking he was only putting you off, you will probably hear from him all the same."

"And you will help me about it to-morrow?"

"Yes, if you hear nothing in the meantime I will go to the police with you."

"I will wait."

"I think you are very wise," answered Mrs. Carlingford, patting Margaret's hand, "and I thank you for yielding so nicely. I think only of what is best for you."

"I am sure of that, dear Mrs. Carlingford."

"And now about the future, about to-morrow, and after. You won't want to return here after the funeral, will you?"

"Oh, I should love to leave it all," cried the girl, looking round her with a little shiver, "but I'm tied. Mr. Marshall—"

"Of course, I do not forget him. You needn't go far away. You needn't leave London. We could go somewhere near; somewhere accessible—"

"Yes, let's do that. I've been thinking of it; of what I ought to do. I shivered when I thought of staying here. You say 'we' Mrs. Carlingford; can I really be with you for a little time?"

"Of course, my dear girl. I never thought of anything else. This is a place of horrors for you. It is no proper address for you at any time. You can never live here alone. You must cut it, once and for all. You had better dismiss the servants, shut up the flat, and start quite afresh. May I arrange it all for you?"

AND Margaret was only too glad to acquiesce, with many expressions of sincerely felt thanks.

The dressmaker came to fit on the mourning which had been ordered the day before for the two ladies. This vexatious but inevitable interruption took some time, for Mrs. Carlingford, it seemed to the impatient Margaret, was absurdly particular.

"I cannot help it, dear," she said, when Margaret ventured a protest. "Grief does not excuse a woman for being dowdy. It is always her duty to appear as well as she can."

Mrs. Carlingford's mourning was, of course, not as deep as that of Margaret. She had said it was necessary that she should wear black because she must appear at the funeral.

"Your father," she explained, with a mournful accent, "lived so entirely alone that he has no friend left to follow him to the grave. You and I will be the only ones, my dear, and so I must be suitably dressed."

The long, dreary day passed heavily, but the unremitting brightness and tact of Mrs. Carlingford helped Margaret to endure the always growing suspense. The night, however, was an unending time of misery. In troubled dreams the anxious girl pictured Percy Marshall in danger, ill, injured. In the restless waking hours, imagination played fantastic tricks more terrible than dreams. The letter which came in the morning was almost a relief, though its contents surprised and wounded her.

"Dear Madam," he wrote, "I regret that pressing engagements have prevented my being able to write to you before. I made some enquiry about

churches, and found one that seemed to answer your description, but there was nothing of a suspicious nature about the tower. I referred the matter to the police, as I thought that would be your desire, but I was not surprised to find that in the absence of substantial grounds for suspicion they were, to put it plainly, only amused at the story. Under these circumstances, it does not seem to me that there is anything further to be done. Extending my sympathy in your bereavement, and regretting that my sudden departure on business must prevent my expressing it in person, I remain, dear madam, yours sincerely.—Percy Marshall."

Margaret re-read the letter, cut to the quick. So Mrs. Carlingford had been right, after all; and men did things like this, and he was just like all other men. She doubly resented the absence of an address. Did he fear that she would make other demands on him? With quick indignation Margaret tore the note into fragments.

When Mrs. Carlingford came the girl simply told her that Mr. Marshall had written to say that he was unable to find the tower, and had left London."

"How fortunate," she cried, "that we waited."

"Yes, it was," said Margaret, slowly.

"I am glad it happened so," continued Mrs. Carlingford. "You are rid of one who might have been a dangerous acquaintance. He has at least the grace to disappear; but he was not kind; he didn't know but that you were still alone. He feared responsibilities and trouble, no doubt."

MARGARET dismissed the subject with a shrug of her shoulders. Brought up in France, under the guarded conditions usual there, Margaret had met few young men. The peculiar circumstances of her meeting with Percy Marshall, his ready tact, his kindness, his never-failing courtesy, and most of all, his veiled yet obvious admiration of herself, had all tended to invest him with almost a halo of romance. This, the second disillusion of her young life, left her proud and silent. She would not admit, even to herself, how disappointed she was.

Mrs. Carlingford watched her from beneath lowered lids. Then, seemingly satisfied with what she saw, she told Margaret of the arrangements she had made as to the funeral, which was to be that day.

"Your father is to be buried in the country," she explained. "He once had local associations with the place, and it is a beautiful spot. I sent a messenger to the Vicar. He is an old friend; and everything is arranged."

"I am pleased that it is in the country; thank you, dear Mrs. Carlingford. What should I have done without you?"

"My dear, don't thank me. I should not be human if I did not do what I could, you poor lonely child. We leave soon. Your trunks, are they ready?"

"All packed."

You are prompt. We will send them away now."

The hall porter was summoned, and the luggage was sent on to the cloak room at Euston Station, to be called for later. The servants received liberal payment, and arranged to leave that morning. Mrs. Carlingford seemed to forget nothing. She even gave a sum to the hall porter to pay any forgotten little accounts.

"Did you find any money among your father's things?" she asked; and the question must have been superfluous, for she herself had seen rolls of bills and a box of sovereigns in the case under the bed where the dead man lay.

"Yes, Mrs. Carlingford—a great deal, I thought."

"You must take it. It is not safe to leave it."

Margaret shook her head. "It is in there," she said, pointing, "and I can't take it—not now. I brought enough from Paris."

"As you please, dear. We shall not be coming back for some time, though."

"It must wait," said Margaret, indifferently; and then the undertaker's men came.

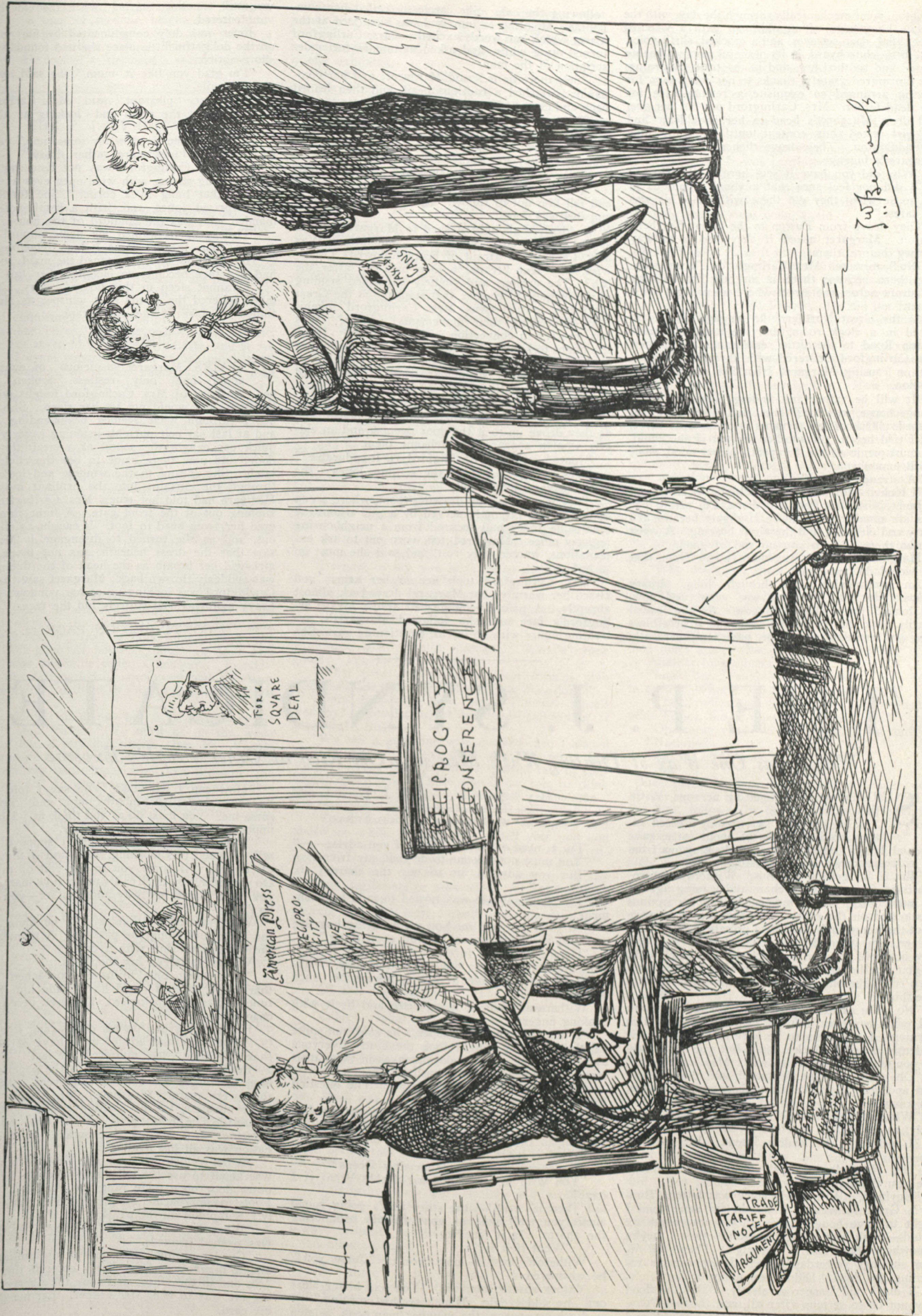
"Oh," whispered Margaret, as they drove slowly away, "we ought to have left our address."

"I've told him," answered Mrs. Carlingford; and then they relapsed into a long silence.

Margaret leaned back in the carriage, staring out into the busy streets at the hurrying throngs, who gave a cursory glance at the slowly-moving cortege with its one mourning coach. She felt as if she were in some strange dream, from which she should wake and find herself back in Paris. That she was following the body of her father to its last resting-place seemed fancy; she could not realise it. She had met a strange old man—one whom she had never known, who had talked to her for a short hour, who had died. That was the story of it all to her throbbing brain.

She got mechanically into the train from Pad-

FOR FARMED



Jack Canuck—"No disrespect intended to our esteemed relative, but there's an old adage, Sir Wilfrid—"He who supps with the Devil must needs have a long spoon;" Take this with you."

dington, went mechanically through the day, with the vague knowledge of an old man with a wizened face, kind, deep-set eyes, and a cracked, shrill voice. The little churchyard, in its peaceful summer beauty rested and soothed her, and in the train, returning, she murmured grateful thanks to her companion for having arranged so exquisite a resting-place for her dead father. Mrs. Carlingford put out her arm and drew Margaret's head to her shoulder; and the girl rested thus, content, until the train came to Paddington. They drove thence to Euston for Margaret's luggage.

"Why did you have it sent here?" she asked.

"I did not feel sure that anybody would be in the house when they got there with it. This was the safest."

They drove from Euston to the Great Northern Station. Margaret asked if they had a railway journey before them.

"No," answered Mrs. Carlingford. "I am stopping there because there is an odd little Italian restaurant across the street where we can get some dinner."

At the Great Northern the luggage was again placed in a cloak room, and they walked across Euston Road to the little restaurant. At dinner, Mrs. Carlingford chattered with cheerful lightness, bent on rousing Margaret from her mood of depression.

"It will be rather fun finding ourselves in a strange house, won't it?" she cried, when they had finished. "One of my servants is to meet us there, and I told her to get another servant if she could. We must picnic a little, I expect. Never mind, dear, it will amuse you."

"A strange house?"

"I took it—for us. I can't ask you to Horsham, as Janet is so ill. Poor old dame, I'm afraid her days are numbered. I chose Highgate because it's pretty and elevated, and the air is bracing. A week or two there will do you no end of good."

Margaret smiled. Anywhere away from that flat would do her good.

An interminable drive through long, dreary streets followed. Margaret was very tired now, and longed for a chance to rest. As she leaned wearily back, she chanced to see that a breathless man was running along the pavement, evidently

following the cab. She carelessly called her companion's attention to him, and was surprised at the alarm which her words excited. Mrs. Carlingford turned quite white, and asked agitatedly for a description of the man.

"See, there he is," said Margaret; and her companion stretched a cautious head, and then leaned back and closed her eyes.

"I thought so," she cried, in an accent of relief. "It is one of those dreadful men who will follow you for miles, hoping for a chance to unload the luggage. They are very rude sometimes."

"Poor fellow, he looks starved," said Margaret.

"I shall stop the cab and give him a sixpence, and tell him not to follow," said Mrs. Carlingford; and this was done.

Suddenly a thought flashed to Margaret's brain as she looked curiously at her companion. Was Mrs. Carlingford afraid of being followed? Otherwise, why fear because a man had run after the cab? The curious and vaguely explained sending of the luggage to Euston, that stoppage at the Great Northern Station—was Mrs. Carlingford ingeniously concealing their movements? Why? Was this mystery in connection with her father? If so, she ought to know. If it were not about her father or herself, then her companion had something to conceal. Margaret, suspicious, troubled, determined to ask an explanation later. It was impossible now. The cab rattled over stones, and she could not talk.

It was twilight ere they found the house, and as they drove up to it the door opened, and an elderly woman appeared to welcome them.

"Jones," said Mrs. Carlingford, "is it endurable?"

"Yes, mum," answered the smiling Jones; "the house is very comfortable."

They went to a tiny drawing-room, where a cup of coffee was promptly served by a girl whom the invaluable Jones had secured from a neighbouring registry office. Margaret, too worn out to ask explanations, wanted only rest, and said she must go to bed.

Mrs. Carlingford took her in her arms and kissed her warmly; but Margaret drew back almost abruptly. A pained look flashed across Mrs. Carlingford's face and she followed Margaret's retreating figure with an intent, questioning gaze. She

was still standing, staring, when the elderly servant entered.

Jones was duly complimented by her mistress on the delightful little place she had found on such short notice.

"I'm glad you like it, mum," she said, with a pleased smile.

"It is very pleasant," said Mrs. Carlingford, walking about the room and looking at all the knick-knacks.

"It hasn't been lived in for some time," remarked Jones. "Things were rather dusty."

But Mrs. Carlingford was not listening. She was standing gazing with wide open eyes at a photograph that hung in a corner. She turned to the surprised Jones, and, with a harsh voice, demanded who was the landlord of the house.

"The agent mentioned his name, mum," said Jones; "some foreign name I don't remember."

Her mistress' look frightened the maid, so white had her face become, so bloodless her lips.

"I cannot sleep in this house," Mrs. Carlingford faltered the words in a whisper as she continued to stare at the photograph.

## CHAPTER VII.

UPSTAIRS, Margaret suspicious of everybody, could find only restless, broken slumber. Distrust of Mrs. Carlingford fought with exhaustion, and would not let her sleep. She tossed about through what seemed never-ending hours; and at last sat bolt upright, listening eagerly. Her quick ear caught the sound of a stealthily closed door; and now there came to her the click of a latch. She sprang to the window and looked out through the curtains into the brilliant moonlight. Her ears had told her true. Mrs. Carlingford was slipping out of the front gate. A light cloak covered her from head to foot. It caught as she went out, and as she turned to disengage it Margaret saw that the dress beneath was not black. The girl held her breath as the head of the fleeing lady was suddenly thrown back; Margaret saw that Mrs. Carlingford was looking up at her window, but the heavy motoring veil entirely hid the face.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.

# THE P. J. SYNDICATE

*Which was One Way of Dealing With Men who Get Rich at Other People's Expense*

"SURELY you aren't getting nervous, Witherow."

The speaker, a smartly-dressed rather handsome man of about forty, gave a genial laugh, without however looking up, from the correspondence on his writing table.

"But I am getting nervous," Witherow returned, rising from the easy chair and leaning against the mantelpiece. For a moment or two his anxious eyes rested on the other; then they began to rove about the luxuriously furnished private office. "Yes, Vasper, I'm infernally nervous, but I shouldn't have bothered you had I not chanced to catch sight of you at the station this morning. You don't often reach the office so early as this—why, it's not nine-thirty?"

"No. I'm earlier than usual. My reliable clerk and office boy are in for a pleasing surprise this morning. I pay them to be here at nine. This is evidently not their lucky day. But you were saying you were nervous, Witherow. May I ask why?"

"Oh, well, you see, Vasper," said the younger man apologetically, "it's about those mining shares, you know."

"What mining shares?" Vasper enquired pleasantly, as he slit an envelope.

"I mean the Honeydew Deeps. You remember—"

"Oh, Honeydew Deeps. What about them? Are you thinking of buying?"

"Buying?" Witherow's voice was bitter. "Buying? Great Heavens! I bought far more than I ought to have bought when they were round six pounds—don't you remember—and now they're somewhere about half a sovereign. They fell fifteen shillings yesterday on the latest rumour regarding the flood. Didn't you notice it?"

"I did," said Vasper carelessly. "But the flood may not be so serious after all, and then—"

"But what ought I to do? Ought I to sell and save what I can, or hold on the chance of a recovery?"

"It's hardly worth while selling, is it?"

By J. J. BELL,

Author of "Wee Macgregor," "Thou Fool," &c.

"I'm in need of money. Still, if you advise—"

"You must not ask me to do that, my friend."

"But you advised me to buy the shares six months ago."

"I?" The syllable was turned to mild astonishment.

"At least you told me you were buying heavily; you said the mine was a rattling good thing."

"I could not have foreseen the flooding trouble. And I certainly never advised you to buy, Witherow. I don't believe in giving advice on such matters."

Witherow produced a cigarette and lit it with shaking fingers.

"I thought you did, Vasper," he said, not quite calmly. "At any rate, I took the hint. Everyone knows that you never make mistakes in these matters. Of course it's your business."

"What do you mean precisely?" The question was chilly.

"Oh, Lord knows," the young man answered in heavy tones. "But I can't afford to lose another sovereign. Do you mind answering one question?"

"What is it?"

"Have you sold your Honeydew Deeps?"

"You wish to know a great deal! What if I have?"

"Then it's true!—the story that's going round about you and some of your friends hammering the shares. Is it true?"

"What if it is?"

Witherow drew a long breath. "Curse you!" he whispered.

Vasper rose to his feet. "You had better clear out," he said evenly. "I'm busy this morning."

Looking savage, the younger man took a step forward, then halted, wavering.

"For God's sake tell me what I'm to do, Mr. Vasper."

"How can I tell you? You say I told you to buy the shares six months ago, and now you curse me. You must do as you think fit. I have an important engagement immediately."

"You won't tell me? Then I suppose I must sell. I'll sell this morning, and—and if they go up afterwards, I'll curse you to the end of my days. Do you hear, you devil? I wonder how many people you have ruined one way and another—you swindler!"

With something like a sob he flung out of the room and along the passage. A moment later the outer door shut with a crash.

Vasper shrugged his shoulders.

"The young fool, to have approached me in that spirit, when I could have made him his fortune! Had he apologised, I'd have given him a chance."

He rang the bell on his desk—rang it again.

"That clerk and boy of mine have earned the sack this time," he muttered at last.

But for a space, immersed in the papers before him, he forgot his belated employees. After all, they were mainly for show. Mr. Vasper did a large business, yet he could overtake most of it himself. The brass plate on the door bore the lettering, "J. B. Vasper, Accountant," but the designation was all but nominal.

At ten o'clock, his eyes on a sheet of figures, he was about to use the telephone, when he heard the outer door open. He rang the hand bell instead. Footsteps approached the private room, very leisurely. A tap fell on the panel.

"What do you mean—" he began, as the door was pushed inwards.

"Good morning," returned an unfamiliar voice, and a man of perhaps thirty entered the room. "No one in the office, so I took the liberty of finding my way to you, Mr. Vasper. Let me give you my card."

After a moments hesitation, and obviously annoyed, Vasper took the proffered card. He had business to do—business that must not be long

delayed. From the card he glanced at the stranger, beholding a man of medium height, broad-shouldered, with peculiarly bright eyes, deep-set in a clean-shaven, healthy, rather humorous countenance. He looked at the card a second time. It was like this:—

THE P. J. SYNDICATE.

No. 3

The visitor helped himself to a chair on Mr. Vasper's left, remarking that the weather was somewhat chilly for May.

"Had my clerk been in the office," said Vasper stiffly, "he would have told you that I was engaged at this hour. As a matter of fact, I am particularly engaged now; but if you care to call later, Mr.—er—" He eyed the card once more, then glanced enquiringly at the visitor.

"Number Three," said the visitor, with a smile. "There are seven of us in the Syndicate, and as we are all of equal importance and of one mind in all our transactions, we employ numbers only on such occasions as this. Our Number One, I may say, would be the last to infer that his number gave him any precedence whatsoever."

"Very interesting, I'm sure," said Vasper, wondering whether he had a practical joker or a lunatic to deal with. In either case he was anxious to be alone. He took out his watch.

"If you will kindly mention your business now, and return to discuss it later—if necessary—I should be infinitely obliged. By the way, what is the P. J. Syndicate? Gold, copper, lead—eh?"

"Oh, dear no, Mr. Vasper! P. J., I have the honour to explain stands for Poetic Justice."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Poetic Justice, my dear sir, Poetic Justice." Vasper stared. The man was certainly mad.

"I do not wonder at your never having heard of our Syndicate the other proceeded. It was formed but recently. Its operations so far have been small, yet not, we trust, without some profit to the public. We have not, however, until now dealt with anyone who might be called a financier. In addition to the designation of accountant you Mr. Vasper, are fairly entitled to that of financier. Is it not so?"

"No doubt, no doubt—but in a small way, of course," said Vasper. To most of us the word financier has a pleasing sound. But Mr. Vasper was not quite comfortable just then. Several people were awaiting instructions from him through the telephone, and he was very impatient to give these instructions. The lunatic seemed harmless enough, but there was a danger of his visit proving costly.

"Because I am only a financier in a very small way," added Vasper, with an effort at good humour, "I cannot afford to lose money. And at present time is money."

"So it is," Number Three mildly admitted. "So it is. Doubtless one hour would mean some money to you, while a whole day—but I wander."

"Pardon me if I agree with you there." The financier "in a very small way," smiled grimly.

"I wonder," continued the other, as though he had not heard, "I wonder if you have ever studied the beauties of Poetic Justice."

"I've never had time to study poetic anything. And now—"

"What a pity, what an immense pity! The Syndicate has studied its beauties most carefully. On several occasions it has executed little pieces of Poetic Justice, quite fascinating in their way. It is desirous, very desirous, Mr. Vasper, of showing you an example that will, we feel sure, appeal to yourself—"

"I must really request you to allow me to attend to my morning's business. I assure you it is urgent."

"I am sure it is, otherwise I should not have called this morning."

Vasper looked quickly and keenly at the speaker. "What do you mean?"

Number Three smiled gently, and said: "Wouldn't you like to use the telephone now?"

The financier stiffened. "See here, my man!" he said roughly, "what are you playing at? What do you want?"

"Poetic Justice." The voice was so mild that Vasper was more wrathful than alarmed. But precious minutes were slipping away.

"Yes, I wish to use the telephone. And first of all I'll ring up the police station."

"Why?"

"To give you in charge, if you don't clear out at once."

"In charge for what? For cutting your telephone wire as I came along the passage? Didn't you hear the snip-snap? Here's the little instrument that did the trick." A pair of shining pliers was briefly exhibited.

"What!" Vasper fell back in his chair. "You cut the wire!" He jumped up furious, but far more anxious. "You'll pay for this later, but now—"

"Please sit down. I took the liberty of locking the outer door as I came in. The key is in my pocket. Further, on the outside of the door is a notice to the effect that the office is closed for the day. Perhaps I ought to mention, also, that I wired your clerks early this morning that they could take a holiday. There is no fear of our being disturbed, Mr. Vasper, while I expound, or rather exemplify, the Syndicate's methods. Put down that ruler!"

The heavy ruler fell with a crash, and the financier, white and shaking, sank into a chair, gaping at the muzzle of a revolver.

"What is it you want?" he asked hoarsely. "Poetic Justice. That is all."

"Are you going to rob me I—I've nothing here in the office."

"No; we don't do that sort of thing. Still, if you like, we are going to rob you; or, rather, we are going to make you rob yourself. But first of all I am going to tie you up."

Ere the huddled creature realised the words, Number Three was behind him with coils of whipcord. In three minutes he was trussed securely in his chair. Then there was a longish silence, broken only by heavy breathing.

"For God's sake," said Vasper at last, "do one thing for me. Keep me here as long as you like, but send word—send it any way that suits you—to my brokers—I'll give you the addresses—to cover Honeydew Deeps. Will you do it? I can't make out what you want—but I suppose it's money. If you do this for me, I'll give you plenty of money. Oh, name your price!"

"I regret to say, you have asked the very thing that cannot be granted."

Vasper gave a great groan. "Mr. Vasper," said the visitor quietly, "have you still no glimmerings of what the Syndicate means by Poetic Justice."

"Curse your Poetic Justice! What's your game? What's your price?"

"What price would you suggest from a man who has made himself wealthy as you have done?"

"Don't preach! How have I made myself wealthy? Speculation? Gambling?—call it that, if you like! But—"

"We call it gambling with marked cards; loaded dice, if you will. Why don't you play fair, Mr. Vasper? Why have you never played fair in your bigger operations? Those who know you, or think they know you, call you a fearless speculator—whereas you are merely a fearful swindler."

"You lie! It's all very well to sit there and abuse me while I'm helpless. I tell you, you and your gang shall suffer for this assault. I am engaged in a perfectly legitimate business, and—"

"Pardon me, you are no longer engaged in any business, legitimate or otherwise. As you say, you are helpless, and helpless you must remain till five o'clock, at which hour I shall leave the door open and send some one to release you."

"FIVE o'clock!" Vasper's body went rigid; he turned grey. "That'll ruin me," he whimpered.

"Of that we are aware. The cable from your Johannesburg agent should be in by then."

"Cable! What do you know about a cable?" The question was a terrified whisper.

"The Syndicate works fairly hard and pretty thoroughly," was the unemotional reply. "The cable referred to should have reached here weeks ago, with the information that the flooding of the Honeydew Deep was a comparatively trifling affair. You and your clique paid for its suppression and wrecked the market. Incidentally you ruined hundreds of people. You have played the same sort of game so often before that the Syndicate determined to make an example of you. It's all very simple."

"You—you dirty spies."

"It is rather dirty work dealing with swindlers, Mr. Vasper. We had to follow your example and bribe your Johannesburg agent. But once bribed, always bribable, you know."

A minute passed. "I'm not the only one," whined Vasper.

"No; there are four of you. The Syndicate is taking care of you all this morning. None of you will be able to communicate with the Stock Exchange to-day. I should inform you that their wives and children will not be allowed to starve. For yourself, the Syndicate understands you are a bachelor. You shall have one hundred pounds to start afresh."

The captive made a choking sound. "Your gang has been buying the shares," he croaked.

"Only a few, the profit on which may cover the expenses of this operation. Over our previous operations we have been out of pocket."

"And you call this playing fair?"

"We call it Poetic Justice. Ruin for ruin, my friend."

"Did I ever injure you or your friends?"

"No; but the police can't look after everything." Another silence, longer than any previous, fell between them. It was painfully still in the office. Suddenly hurried steps came to the outer door, halted, and went away. Vasper quivered. A message from a broker perhaps. He determined to shout for help should steps come again.

"PRAY don't make it necessary for me to gag you now, Mr. Vasper," said his visitor quietly. "I shall, of course, have to do so ere I leave you. It won't hurt beyond a slight stiffness afterwards."

"You devil!" cried Vasper. He did not remember Witherow's use of the identical epithet towards himself an hour previously.

"The cable ought to be posted in the Exchange some time this afternoon," said the other absently. "It will cause a bit of a flurry, I expect. I wonder what you'll be able to buy back at. How many are you oversold?"

Vasper, writhing in impotent agony, made no reply. He was about eighty thousand shares short. To buy that number in a market crazy with relief, booming from an unmerited collapse, would bulge the price, not by shillings, but by pounds. And he was not alone in his plight. Scores had followed his lead in selling short. The result would be a bear panic that would, in all probability, become historic. He who at that moment was half a millionaire would be beggared. He had entrusted his brokers with no instructions. They would be paralysed when Honeydew Deeps began to rush up.

"Why don't you shoot me?" he exclaimed of a sudden.

"Why not?" Number Three lifted the revolver from the table and pointed it.

"No, no! spare my life."

"Certainly. You may yet make something of it. You don't know what life really is so far."

Another long silence.

"Look here," said Vasper weakly; "let's come to terms. What'll you take to set me free?"

"The Syndicate sometimes finds it expedient to offer bribes, but it does not accept them."

"Oh, curse you! Will nothing move you?"

"Nothing."

"Let me close some of the shares."

"No."

Once more footsteps approached the outer door. Vasper opened his mouth. A peculiar tap fell on the door, followed by the flap of the letter-box.

"No use calling out," said the visitor. "It's only a message for me. Excuse me for a moment." He left the private room and returned almost immediately with a note in his hand. He opened it.

"Honeydew Deeps have opened at 8s. 6d. to 9s.," he said. "Think of the poor wretches who have given up hope selling at that price, when the mine is as good as ever it was. Think of all the poor wretches who have been giving up hope and selling ever since you started your trickery. I don't mean the speculators, though they needn't be grudging sympathy in such a case as this. But I refer particularly to the small investors. It's extraordinary what varieties of people put money in gold mines. Yet why should they not, if the mine is good? There was the case of a young man who gave his wife twenty shares for which he had paid over five pounds apiece. They would have yielded him ten per cent. on his hard-earned money. Doubtless he ought to have put his money in the bank, but he and his wife were as proud as lord and lady over their twenty shares, and the dividends were going to pay for no end of things. Then the shares went down and they took fright and sold, losing seventy pounds. There was an elderly teacher of music who bought ten. She admitted she hoped to sell them at a profit some day. Her life was dull. Ten pounds profit would give her a long-dreamed-of trip to Switzerland. Instead of gaining ten she lost thirty. There was an old man in the country—well, never mind him. And there was a young man who—blew his brains out when the Honeydews fell to a pound. The Syndicate knows of others. Possibly these people were unwise, but their misfortune was not due to the Stock Exchange nor to their natural desire for gain. It was due to your marked cards, Mr. Vasper, to that long-suppressed cable. Think of the feelings of these people when they read the cable of quotations of Honeydew Deeps to-night or to-morrow morning. And



This American skipped and danced over the English itinerary as naively as a spring lamb. Harry Beach Needham, snapped along the road from Bristol to Glastonbury where the Abbey was.

## THE "AMERICAN" IN ENGLAND

*Men from Skyscrapers and Snake Fences among the Hedgerows*

By AUGUSTUS BRIDLE

SAM KISER, from the *Chicago Record-Herald*—"well-known humorist," as they say in press notices and other obituaries—was going down Fleet Street in old London the other day along with a Canadian newspaper man. Both were members of a Canadian-American delegation visiting England in search of "copy."



Tom Daly, author of "Canzoni" getting his sea legs.

"New York Sun, buy a New York Sun, sir?" chattered a newsboy, looking square at the Canadian.

He bought; Sam likewise. The boy had no Chicago papers. The newsie may have heard of Chicago; but he knew nothing about Montreal or Toronto. And to him S. E. Kiser and the man from Toronto were both chips from the same block. They looked alike, talked alike; and the boy reckoned they were both from America, which in his case meant New York.

A block or two farther among the unusual traffic, the like of which was never seen on Broadway or State Street, swiggering storey-high motor buses, dodging taxis, jiggering decadent cabs, great drays, picayune coster carts and apple women—another newsie piped out to the Canadian, who had lost track of the man from Chicago:

"Paper, sir? Buy a *News*, sir—only a cent."

"Oh, you mean a ha'penny, I guess?"

"Yes, sir. Fold it for you, sir? I thought you was from America. Thanky, sir. But it's really worth a penny, sir. You see, I folded it."

This weasel-eyed critic saw no difference between the Canadian and the average American on Fleet Street; though the Canadian saw a vast difference between that newsie and the average newsboy in Toronto. To the London newsie all those chaps who didn't wear morning coats or knee breeches or dinky little caps and scarves were from the land of the dollar and of the *New York Sun*.

A few days earlier down in Bristol, which some Londoners tell you is merely a seaport suburb of London, the Canadian-American party of scribes got another view of the "hands-across-the-sea" picture. Bristolians are quite as observant as Londoners. Perhaps they take even more interest in Canada than Londoners do. On a high hill above Bristol stands the Cabot Tower memorial of John Cabot who, sailing out of Bristol in 1497, discovered the mainland of America—so they say over and over again. To the Bristolians the entire party were Canadians. Sam Kiser, with his solemn reticence, Tom Daly from Philadelphia, swarthy as a peanut vendor and as un-Canadian as a cart wheel

dollar; Harry Beach Needham, from a little of everywhere, but as Chicagoesque as Kiser; Ernest Cawcroft, from Jamestown, N.Y.; and Herbert Vanderhoof, a Yankee of some generations now becoming a citizen of Canada—were all Canadians, so far as Bristol could see. It took Bristol two days to make sure there was any real difference.

I don't know how the "Americans" in the party took this compliment. It was really a delicate matter; though it was as easy as rolling off a log to go round with these companionable "cousins" of ours. When you pause to argue it out there's no end of trouble. To call a Yankee a Canadian is absurd. To call a Canadian an American—is a matter for discussion. Some Canadians insist that America doesn't stop at the Great Lakes and parallel 49. But let a Londoner call a Canadian an American, and he at once insists:

"Canadian, if you please."

Which may be a symptom of no-annexation, anti-reciprocity, nationalism or new Imperialism—whichever way the wind happens to be blowing. For it's one of the hardest things on record for a Canadian to define what he really thinks he is, to an Englishman who for generations has summed it all up in the convenient term "colonial"; especially when junketing with a mixed-up Canadian-American party such as ours was. One member of the party confessed his cosmopolitanism by saying that though a Canadian by birth he was now neither citizen or subject; never having become naturalized in the United States. Another born in Canada, living half in the United States and rearing his family in Canada, was in a somewhat similar predicament. When a South-of-England man heard either of these talking with equal familiarity about political conditions in New York State and the province of Ontario he was naturally as much bewildered as when he heard the Chicago-Winnipeg delegate talk as intimately about State Street as he did about Edmonton.

The personnel of the party was all the more complicated by the fact that but one was both Canadian born and living altogether in Canada. One of the other Canadians was born in Ireland; another in England; and the writer, though born in England, left that country as a youngster thirty years ago.

But we were all a unit in one respect; the wonderful novelty of old England; of Bristol, more English than London; of Somerset, marvellous for dreamy valleys and haunted caves, cheeses and cathedrals; of Devonshire, glorified by hedgerows and sea walls, cider and junket and Devonshire cream, ruined castles—and cathedrals; of Gloucestershire, almost equally beautiful, but not so lovely as "Devon, glorious Devon."

On an eight-days' swift itinerary from train to charabanc, from bus to taxi, and again on motor cars or on foot, where you wished for a day just to loaf in some sleep-haunted, archaic little town, peakful of centuries of interest, it was a constant series of sensations and shifting sentiments, mainly from the country, somewhat from the mixed-upness

of the party to which were added several species of Englishmen all as interesting to us as we were to them. Whereby the Canadian discovers sometimes that he has so much in common with the American that he has little or nothing to do with a pure Englishman at all; sometimes that he has in him so much of the British that he feels immensely more at home on Fleet Street than on Broadway.

Though a Canadian sees Broadway or State Street ten times to once that he sees London; and the man on Broadway may not even know there is a Notre Dame, or a Yonge Street, or a Portage Avenue. Provincialism may be as conspicuous on Fleet Street as on Notre Dame or Broadway. Chicagoans assert that Broadway is full of it. New York alleges that Chicago is not the real American city. Toronto and Montreal have their own characteristic insularities.

But from a snake rail fence to a Devonshire hedgerow; from a skyscraper to a Norman castle—puts Canadians and Americans on one level. The Englishmen knew that we were all abroad to see beautiful England. They had the show. We had the eyes. They had the stories; we the ears. The only difference between Canadians and Americans may have been that one was trying to interpret; the other mainly seeing things. To the Englishman we were all one party. If the Lord Mayor of Bristol had been told that Tom Daly was from Montreal and Sam Kiser from Winnipeg he would have believed it. We talked much the same; dressed much the same; perhaps thought differently.

After a public dinner in Exeter, most charming of all cathedral cities, a British journalist remarked to a Canadian regarding a speech he had made:

"I say, the people here don't seem to get on to your American humour very well, do they? They're a bit keener to it in Bristol, though."

"Well, to begin with—why do you call it 'American' humour when it was not meant for either?"

But there was no use to argue the point. So far as vernacular went, Canadians and Americans were all one. Owen Seaman, editor of *Punch*, has lately attempted to analyse American and English humour. By American he probably includes Canadian—if any; which is said to be doubtful. He finds that the essence of American humour is exaggeration; of English, understatement. He omitted one unmistakable element in some English humour—which is provincialism. A Devonshire man recited a ballad about a squirrel to an audience composed of Devonians and Americans. To the Devon people the thing was decidedly funny; to the Americans—well, not side-splitting at least. And it was the same audience that failed to see anything funny in alleged American humour.

However, the visiting delegation contained at least two American humorists; Daly and Kiser. "Tom" Daly is the man who writes Irish and Italian verse, one volume of which is called "Canzoni." He also recites his own verses—with the art of an actor. Of these he gave several selections on board ship and in England. They invariably "took." When not too busy reciting Daly told stories, of which he had more than almost any other two of the party put together. Tom's humour is



Arthur Stringer and Arthur McFarlane on the top deck, talking over New York politics and England as a source of good "copy"



pure Irish-American. Otherwise he is universal. In England he was somewhat of an enigma; perhaps never more for a few moments than the day he undertook to speak on behalf of the company, thanking a venerable Dr. Brushfield who had journeyed over the moors to deliver a brief lecture to the delegation visiting the birthplace of Sir Walter Raleigh. It was a matter of conjecture just how Tom would work in the tobacco incident and remain a humorist. But he did it; much to the doctor's surprise.

"Dr. Brushfield," he said—with that long-drawn solemn air quite befitting historic reminiscences—"it has been said that Sir Walter Raleigh was a much greater hero than history gives him credit for."

"I believe you," smiled the doctor, expectantly. "You remember, sir, the episode of his throwing down his cloak in the mud for Queen Bess to walk upon?"

And the old man nodded again; still expecting a real contribution to history.

"Well, sir there is an unauthenticated but quite plausible rumour to the effect—that the cloak on which the queen trod that day—contained two beautiful cigars. I call that, sir, a high type of heroism."

Which in due season the learned doctor apprehended as an Irish joke.

The *American Magazine* for October contains an illustrated article on Tom Daly from the pen of his friend, Franklin Adams. The article is one of those off-hand eulogies done in a style well befitting the subject, who is surely as genial and entertaining and brainy a specimen of the Irish-American as can be found in Philadelphia; concerning which he said one evening at a public function in Bristol as a preliminary to a speech: "I—am the greatest orator from Philadelphia—." And the audience sniggered at the audacity. "Present this evening," he added.

Harry Beach Needham represented the American in England as well as any; usually by being incomprehensible. A little chap with a drawl in his voice and an electric battery in his brain he skipped and danced over that itinerary as naively as a spring lamb, but always with a shrewdly Yankee cunning. It was at Glastonbury that Needham made his only speech—directly against his will. The High Sheriff of Bristol was chairman, and the venerable mayor of the old abbey town, white-whiskered and wearing a neck chain, was host. The gasoline *charabanc* had broken down on the road, making it necessary to do a few country walks.

"And that motor was not what she was cranked up to be," said Needham, at the end of his speech.

Which caused some of the Englishmen to hold an inquest on the precise meaning of that joke.

But the speech Needham didn't make was probably his best. That was at Exeter, the cathedral city. The venerable Dean of Exeter and Bishop of Marlborough, 83 years of age, scholarly, eloquent and very impressive, had given us already an hour of historic discourse on the marvelous cathedral which Cromwell once turned into a stable; the finest piece of ecclesiastical oratory on the trip. Needham was asked to speak thanks to the dean at the deanery tea. In a moment of weakness he consented.

For weeks he had been hobnobbing with Roosevelt, the great talker; but the Dean of Exeter was a specimen he had never encountered at close range—and after an hour of speech-concoction Needham gave up the contract. Whereby he missed a chance; for it turned out that the Dean of Exeter had been the main cause why the log-book of the Mayflower that sailed out of Plymouth below in 1620 to found New England, had been returned to descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers in Boston in 1908.

The humour of Sam Kiser was always a surprise to the Englishman. There were two occasions on which the peculiar semi-Hoosierian style of the man from Chicago kept the Britishers guessing. Owen Seaman's analysis of American humour omitted one element very characteristic of Kiser—which is the suspended sentence. It was at a luncheon at Sidmouth, Devonshire, when Kiser perpetrated one of these. Prime Devonshire cider of champagne quality had been served up galore. Sam was asked to respond to a toast. He did so mainly by reciting some of his own early verses—on the old cider mill. In a perfectly pastoral style he pictured the old apple orchard in the fall; the windy boughs and the boy with the pail; the apple barrels and the old stoneboat; the squabbling blackbirds and the haze of the Indian summer with the nip of frost

in its tail; and it all seemed to the Englishman a perfect poetic idyll, till with a half-smirk Sam wound up with the lie:

"And he ground 'em worms and all."

Similar incongruity in another recital of Kiser's on the American sleeping car. Of course they don't have any such monstrosities as "uppers" in England; and when Sam undertook to portray the romance of the sleeping car he had some trouble "getting it across" to the English. In the tenderest of tones he spun it out—why the young lady in the berth below never would forget him, no matter where or how, because in getting out of his "upper" he "tramped upon her face."

At the Lord Mayor's dinner in Bristol amid liveried flunkeys, swords and powdered wigs, Sam did another thing; expressing the truth that every



The brilliant, humanistic Irish-Canadian "Kit," drinking in the ancient charm of Wells, the Cathedral Town, near Glastonbury in Somerset.

man thinks a little the best of his own country; of how Jim Somebody from New York State always maintained that there never could be a two-headed calf or a prize "punkin" or a case of erysipelas half so tremendous in Illinois as any in New York—"I say," whispered a British journalist to a Canadian next, "is it a characteristic of American humour to keep a long solemn face?"

Ernest Cawcroft, from Jamestown, N.Y., was out to study political economy—of which now they have as much and as many kinds in England as anywhere else in the world. Cawcroft holds the world's record for magazine-writing interest in Canada. Up to date he has written for a great variety of periodicals between two and three hundred articles on Canada.

Herbert J. Vanderhoof comes next in point of derivation. A Canadianised American of the live-wire type, he was more interested in the caves of Cheddar and the archaisms of Bristol than his pure-American cousins. It was he who a year ago brought out in his magazine the serial of Emerson Hough called "The Sowing"; which was a Yankee's attempt to solve a British-Canadian problem.

"And I'm willing to admit," said Vanderhoof, "that there's no American I ever met with more organised system and hustle than two or three of the men that conducted the itinerary of our party in England. You can't tell me that the average Englishman is anything like an effete proposition."

No mere passing courtesy in print could do justice to "Kit," who, Irish as she was, and Canadian as she is, saw more deeply into the charm and magic of old England than most of us. To her English, Americans and Canadians were all one. I had never met her before; though I had read her writings which with all their native strength and humanistic sympathy have never quite expressed the kind of great-hearted poet-woman she is.

The two incomparable Arthurs—Stringer and McFarlane—are both known to readers of this paper, and will perhaps be better known in future. They are Canadians of the best intellectual type; eternally alive to the new things, as much interested in New York as in Montreal or Toronto; in England as Canadian as any of us; in Canada, cosmopolitan; above all, a pair of men, with whom it would be a joy to travel in any country, and years-long friends of the pen. Such travel enthusiasm as McFarlane's is hard to equal. Stringer, more conservative in style, makes an admirable foil. Without both or either of them—and without Mrs. Stringer the accomplished, purely American woman—the American in England would have been very incomplete.

## NEW NATIONAL POLICY WANTED

By NORMAN PATTERSON

THAT Canada needs a new national policy is self-evident. Sir John Macdonald's national policy was to build up a manufacturing business to supplement agriculture and lumbering; to round out the commercial life of the country. That policy was successful. It has built up industries at a rate which has been fairly satisfactory. It took more time than most of the enthusiasts of that period anticipated, but in the end it won. To-day, the manufacturers of Canada produce twice as much as the agriculturists.

Then came the Liberals and their policy. In the main, Sir Wilfrid Laurier agreed with Sir John Macdonald. While not so frank in his approval of a protective tariff, he nevertheless maintained that manufacturing was an important part of the country's activity and deserved consideration. Consequently since 1896 manufacturing flourished as it had never flourished before. But the newer National Policy included greater attention to the development of the West. Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues bought the West and pledged the country's credit in the building of a railway across its then unpeopled stretches. Their schemes of development, however, dwindled sadly between 1885 and 1895. Then came the change, and the advent of a businesslike, irresistible immigration policy, which rapidly made Western Canada the Mecca of a new people. Then followed the pledging of the country's credit to the building of the National Transcontinental and the Grand Trunk Pacific. Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues took all that was good in the Old National Policy and framed up a New National Policy of their own. As the Old had been successful, so has the New. There is little to cry about, little to lament, much to applaud.

But the wheels must still be turned. The mill must grind more corn. As the policy of 1878 need-

ed amending in 1896, so the policy of 1896 needs amending in 1910. Canada needs a third National Policy—bigger, broader, higher and deeper. It needs a policy which will create new enthusiasm in every province and territory, in every county and constituency, in every city, town and village. It needs a policy which will appeal to all classes—bankers, financiers, transportationists, farmers, manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, professional men and mechanics.

There is nothing radically wrong with Canada to-day. The national progress is satisfactory. Foreign trade is leaping forward, banks are wondering what to do with their profits; manufacturers are buying country homes and automobiles. Almost every man and woman in the country has a fat purse. There is so much money to be spent that Canadians are in danger of becoming extravagant. But it is not enough. The future demands a revision of our National Policy.

The West has in recent years been given the lion's share of attention. There is no fault to be found with that. It was absolutely necessary to national integrity and safety, that the great spaces should be brought into subjection to a white population. Enough has been accomplished to guarantee that the West will continue to develop. But what of the East? It has given its best men and women to help the growth of the West—given freely and ungrudgingly. Should it be asked to give more? Should not the waste places of the East be considered now?

Mr. Chamberlain, of the Grand Trunk Pacific and all other big Easterners who have gone West and have imbibed that irresistible enthusiasm and that pugnaciousness which the West breeds so mag-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.

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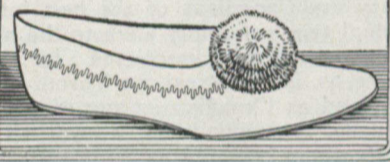
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# DEMI-TASSE

## Newslets.

**KING CHULALONKORN** of Siam has died. One by one the chums of our babyhood are removed—and Chu was one of the best.

Farming is declared to be a fatal industry, judging from the list of September accidents reported from Ottawa. Almost any industry is dangerous, says Weary Willie.

A Winnipeg journalist protests because an account of his death has been published in Eastern papers. If such obituary notices *must* be published, the alleged corpse should be allowed to read the proofs.

Germany is lending money to the Turks—not that she loves Constantinople more, but that she loves London less.

Sir Oliver Lodge has just declared that death is but emigration. There are many citizens who should be encouraged to emigrate. And then death has no deportation system.

The Black Hand has been raised against that genial citizen, Mr. John C. Eaton. It is safe guessing that the Black Hand is married to a bargain fiend.

The Portuguese Finance Minister has intimated that all the employees of the old government will be dismissed. The spoils system so soon.

\*\*\*

## Remodelled Hymns.

"**MOTHER**, may I go out to fly?"  
"Yes, my darling daughter:  
But be sure that you keep quite clear of the sky,  
And don't fall in the water."

The farmers down in old Quebec  
Are flustered as can be,  
For every evening aeronauts  
Are dropping in for tea.

Said the Board of Education,  
"You are no longer mine."  
Said the haughty little doctor,  
"Oh, did you say 'resign'?"

\*\*\*

## Some Correspondence.

**AUGUSTA:** Will you kindly give me Dr. Crippen's address? Is he a widower?

You might address him care of almost any English morning paper, but the Daily Mail would be sure to find him. He is to the best of our knowledge a widower, of some months standing. The late Mrs. Crippen was deeply mourned.

**Henry B.:** What is the tariff policy of *The Globe*?

My dear sir, it is not fair to ask a question like this, just as the Christmas puzzle season is coming on. We have studied the subject carefully, but must admit that it is bewildering to the ordinary mind and gives it almost as much confusion as the eyes of the Mexican senorita caused in the heart of J. A. M. The Sphinx may know about that tariff policy, but it preserves a stony silence.

**A Lamb:** Is it true that the Sheldon, who turned a few dishonest pennies in Montreal, was once a barber's apprentice?

We believe it to be the case. It was while in that humble calling that he became an expert in sharp practice and in the use of soft soap. He also learned the gentle art of saying "Next" to his victims. It was while reading the *Toronto Saturday Night* during his hours of ease that the idea occurred to him of having a financial career.

\*\*\*

## Some Irish Bulls.

**I**N an Irish newspaper a letter written by an old Indian officer of Irish birth defending the climate of India contained this: "The way is that a lot of young officials and military officers come out here, and they eat and they drink, and they drink and they eat and

they die; and then they write home to their friends saying it was the climate that did it."

"I think it will be admitted," said a man at a dinner party, "that vast numbers die in India."

"Very true," was the answer, "but if you tell me of any country where people don't die, I will go and end my days there."

\*\*\*

## A Bit of Bunting.

**T**HE Irish priests in Lisbon  
Had foes upon their track,  
And loudly revolutionists  
Admonished them to pack;  
When calm came o'er the clamour  
The mocking crowd turned back,  
While o'er the cries and tumult  
There rose the Union Jack.

It's just the triple crosses  
The crowd is looking at—  
St. George and brave St. Andrew,  
And ever-loved St. Pat.  
But in the strife it flutters  
In red and white and blue,  
The centuries come back to us  
And speak of things to do.

We talk of reciprocity,  
And tariffs and all such,  
We wish to be so neighbourly  
And love the U. S. much.  
But when it comes to ties of home,  
And days of stress and rack,  
The only flag we hanker for  
Is just the Union Jack.

\*\*\*

## Mixed.

**A** MIXING of sentiments gives an odd effect to an item published by *The Evening Post*, of Lindsay, Ont., from one of its correspondents. With the name left out, one sentence reads: "We are all sorry to hear that Mr. — passed away from this world to a happier home."

\*\*\*

## Had Experienced It.

**A**T the recent appearance in Massey Hall, Toronto, of the famous Russian dancers, a couple of ladies who had waited fully half an hour in the "rush seats" line-up in the lane beside the hall were fortunate enough to get other than "rush" seats, and incidentally were enabled to sit with some friends. During one of the long waits one of the party who was reading the program informed the others that the star dancers would perform the "Bacchanale." And, replying to that, one of the ladies who had endured the long wait brought down the little circle's part of the house with "They can't tell us anything about 'back an alley.'"

\*\*\*

## Father Takes to Flying.

**F**ATHER, dear father, come home with me now,  
The altitude record you've bust;  
You promised to drop when you'd hit fifty miles,  
And I'm choking in all this star dust.

\*\*\*

## Beaten.

**K**IN yoh tell me, Mistah Drummah, what's de diff'nce 'tween a bass drum and a c'nundrum. No, of course yoh can't. Yoh beats one, and the other beats yoh. (Mr. Johnson, the velvet-voiced tenor, will now sing that touching ballad, "I'll be with you in the sweet hay fever time.")

\*\*\*

## Getting Even.

**T**HIS is the story of how a jibe was given to "Busy Berlin"—before that happy town got into perpetual lime-light by being the first place to get Adam Beck's Niagara power.

A man belonging to Berlin and one from Toronto were travelling from the latter place to the former. The Berlin man showed great eagerness to get back home from "Hogtown," which is a term that other Ontario centres of population sometimes tag to Toronto. After a spell of restlessness he looked at his watch

and at his time-table and said wearily, "Heavens, we're only half way to Berlin."

"Well," said the Toronto man, "isn't that near enough?"

\*\*\*

## Baseballitis.

**H**OW baseball grips was shown by a recent issue of the *Brandon Weekly Sun*. On the front page was a double column heading, "The Cubs Lost Again To-day." On the next page was an item telling of a cyclone striking the Island of Cuba, and the article was headed, "Great Cyclone Visited Cubs."

\*\*\*

## Prospecting.

"**T**ORONTO," quietly remarked a visitor from across the line, "is one of the greatest mining towns I know. It's streets are torn up pretty much all the time."

\*\*\*

## Rr-r-r-venge!

**W**HEN you've listened your best and not caught what they've said,  
This proposal should please you well—  
Let's have the railway conductor wed  
The waitress at the hotel.

\*\*\*

## Public Enemies.

**H**E was one of the fellows who live up to the Golden Rule in several little ways. Kicking a banana skin into the roadway, he said: "I don't like a man that will throw a banana skin on the sidewalk—and I don't like a banana skin that will throw a man on the sidewalk."

\*\*\*

## A Bright Schoolboy.

**T**EACHER—Give me an example of a concrete noun.  
City Boy (suddenly inspired)—Side-walk.

\*\*\*

## As It Seems to Us.

**R**ECENT experiences of balloonists and airshippers have convinced the average man that for a little while longer he had better confine his aviation to going up in the elevator.

The "bearded lady" has wedded. If she takes to shaving, she and hubby may disagree as to who should get first chance at the family razor, but it will be a comfort to the man in the case to know that the razor won't be used as a can opener.

For a long time man sailed on the ocean, later he laid cables under it, and still later he ran his submarines through it. Now he flies over it, and Neptune wonders what's next.

The sports are looking for someone to lick Jack Johnson. Now, if Teddy Roosevelt weren't so busy—

Somdeth Phra Paraminda Maha Chulalongkorn, king of Siam, is dead, and the printers who had to set up the obituary announcement are not very well.

The Cunard Steamship Company is to build a steamer one thousand feet long. Some day we'll have an ocean liner so long that while people on the stern are calling good-bye to friends in Europe, the people on the bow will be waving handkerchiefs to friends in America.

Now let the beaver screech—our navy has arrived.

Mark Twain left an estate valued at \$611,136, but his greatest legacy is laugh-producing literature worth several times that amount to a sad world.

No wonder King Manuel is sore. He has been cut off from a salary of \$800,000 a year, or almost as much as is paid to a star of lesser magnitude in vaudeville.

One of these days an enterprising farmer will set out a lot of electric light plants and have the hired man work right up till bedtime.

Next revolution promises to be in the kingdom of playing cards. Some day Uncle Sam will become enterprising and turn out a deck with the places of King, Queen and Jack taken by President, President's Wife and Vice-President, and in which the Joker will be "the Roosevelt."

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## MONEY AND MAGNATES

### The Big Things the Soo Corporation Are Doing.

FROM time to time comes word of the big undertakings that are being carried out at Sault Ste. Marie by the Lake Superior Corporation. Recently the official announcement was made that English capitalists had furnished as much as \$12,000,000 for improvements and extensions, and that of this amount \$7,000,000 was being spent about the plant itself, while \$4,500,000 would be used in extending the Algoma Central Railway up towards the Canadian Pacific lines. But even these statements are altogether too general to give anyone an idea of the work that is being carried out there, at the present time. Much of it will be completed between now and the end of the year, while other portions will be rounded out some time during the month of February. When they are completed the big plant, which has always attracted so much attention, will be operating on an entirely different basis than it has up to the present time.

Of special interest, perhaps, are the many extensions and improvements that have been carried out at what are generally known as "The Steel Works." This whole part of the plant has practically been transformed, and the man who dropped in a few years ago to see the steel rail mill in operation, would not know that portion of the plant at the present time, such enormous undertakings have been carried out in the way of the construction of a new blast furnace, of a large merchant mill, of a gas-washing plant, and enormous coke ovens. With the new plants in operation, the steel department of the Lake Superior Corporation will be rounded out in a well nigh perfect manner, and it is claimed that it will possess advantages, even over the Gary plant of the United States Steel Corporation, which is regarded as the best bit of construction work in connection with the big American Consolidation.

From the point of view of the general public, perhaps the biggest change that has taken place is in the establishment of the Merchant Mill, which will make a specialty of all small sizes of steel material that enter into all kinds of construction work. The establishment of such a mill shows clearly how rapidly the market for the output of such a plant has increased, and will continue to increase throughout Western Canada. From a point of view, however, of economics, perhaps the most important change of all is in the establishment of the enormous coke ovens following on the action of the company in purchasing its own coal mines down in what is regarded as one of the best districts in the States. The company will be able to bring its coal right from its own mines, and by establishing a very large bank close to the coke plant, will place itself in a position to have all it requires at all times of the year, and be absolutely independent of any outside concern. While manufacturing its own coke, the company will effect enormous savings in the cost of manufacture besides securing, through the gas-washing plant, an enormous amount of power that will be used in the different mills. At the present time it is expected that the new Merchant Mill will be in operation some time towards the end of November, and the contractors are rushing work on the construction of the coke oven plant, always a difficult bit of construction work, and are now confident of having it ready for operation towards the end of the month of January. The re-modelling of the entire steel plant has been worked out by Consulting Engineer Ernst, the man who originally designed the first steel rail mill at the Soo, and who, ever since, has been closely allied with the up-building of the steel industry at that point.

Everybody at the Soo works, from General Manager Franz down to the youngest clerk or workman, is confident that the Soo Corporation has passed through its most trying stages, and that it is now sure to have a large measure of the success that is only due, after the patient and hard work that has been put into it by such a large number of men. Just about another year will show what the possibilities really are from a point of view of earnings, and everything at the present time indicates that the company will likely have favourable market conditions during the experimental stages.

In connection with the Algoma Central Railway, considerable work has been carried out during the past summer in grading the railway up towards the C. P. R. main line, and the contractors are hoping that they will be able to get the rails right through to that line by the end of the season of 1911. Of course, this will be an important link between the Soo and the Western Canada markets, and every traffic man who has a knowledge of the situation is confident that it will show quite a large earning power quite aside from the business, with which the Lake Superior Corporation itself will be able to supply it. The ultimate success of the big corporation will, of course, mean a great thing for the Province of Ontario, if not, indeed, for the whole of Canada. Everybody will be interested in watching the developments that will occur at the plant during the next twelve months.

### Developing Fishing Grounds About Magdalen Islands.

THE attractiveness of the fishing grounds about the Magdalen Islands, down in the lower St. Lawrence, has, for quite a long time, led many to believe that it would not be long before this industry would be placed on a very sound commercial basis, and that one big corporation, supplied with ample working capital, would handle all the business around the islands and incidentally contribute, to a great extent, to the development of the islands themselves. Such a project, it is understood, will be carried out in the near future, the firm of J. A. Mackay & Co. of Montreal, who have already been identified with some of the more successful consolidations, having made arrangements for the organisation of the Eastern Canada Canneries. Men who are in a position to know just what the possibilities for just such an industry are, maintain that the company should find a very ready market for its entire catch, both in the principal commercial centres of Eastern Canada, as well as in the larger cities of Great Britain. The islands are particularly well situated to do an export business, while the consumption in Canada, for the past eight or ten years, has been showing phenomenal increases. It is understood that the company is making arrangements to establish its various canneries during the coming winter months, so that it will be in a position to take full advantage of the entire fishing season of 1911. The capitalisation of the new company will be a very moderate one, and it should not have any difficulty, under normal conditions, to more than earn all its fixed charges.

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# PEOPLE AND PLACES

## The Museum of the Arctic.

**T**IMES change. Up at Fort Simpson on the Mighty Mackenzie there is a cluster of log buildings, the beams of which are now getting a little rusty with rot. Years ago, there used to be tall stools in those buildings, heavy ledgers, and an army of strapping young chaps who rubbed their palms together to keep warm, and when they were feeling comfortable, took a spell at adding up tall pyramids of figures, and talking smoothly to their red brothers, whose wont it was to drop in off the trail with a pack of pelts. That was Fort Simpson in the days that it was the headpost of the Hudson Bay Co., the headquarters for guns and food before the board packed the whole outfit, clerks and all, down to Fort Smith and made it the base.

The evacuation must have taken place suddenly. For the H. B. C. clerks left considerable treasure behind them. This property tells a highly interesting and creditable feature of the lives of the clerks of Fort Simpson; skins and figures were by no means their whole existence. At Fort Simpson you will find taxidermy and literature; a collection of Canadian birds whose equal no museum in the Dominion possesses, and a library—antiquarian. It was

now. In Toronto, for instance, there is a very reputable organisation known as the Guild of Civic Art, which evolves from time to time romantic and costly ideas in municipal aesthetics. A few years ago, how a town was laid out or looked—well, it "didn't matter." Getting on was the thing. So. But now we are sprucing up a bit. We are donning store clothes and we are "getting on"—better. Just like young whippersnappers of clerks see the value of facing their customers with a good front, so the mushroom cities are realising the value of appearance. One of the bodies which is encouraging municipal sartorial work, is the Ontario Horticultural Association. These people are due at Toronto Nov. 17 and 18, when they will meet in convention assembled. Civic improvement is on the programme. Richard B. Watrous, secretary of the American Civic Association, is down to speak with lantern slides. No one has yet thrown out a hint as to what Mr. Watrous is going to say. Likely he will have a few paragraphs on modern office buildings and new parks. Here is a tip to him and all civic embellishers: Why don't they teach us how to begin at home; to care for a few flowers. Flowers! If

## AMERICAN WRITERS IN ENGLAND



On the grounds of the Bishop's Palace at Exeter, the party touring the South of England for "copy" was photographed for an Exeter newspaper.

Bernard Ross, chief factor in 1859, and one Hennicott who got together the birds and the books—mainly Hennicott. He was an old army veteran who loved the open places, and a chair and a book before the glare of the campfire when the sun went down. The books have the biggest appeal to a delver in the museum of the Arctic. There's humanity in those sere, mosquito-bitten pages. They belong to a hardy age; before the literary era of Robert Chambers and the hammock. Here is part of the mental menu of old Fort Simpson:

"Virgil," printed by order of George II., with a royal proclamation signed by Hollis Newcastle, 1741; "Works of British Poets," Robert Anderson, M.D., 1795; "History of Europe," Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., 1859.

The traders at Fort Smith are going to chase back after their things aesthetic it is reported. And there is a rumour that the National Museum is to receive a present of the birds.

\* \* \*

## Municipal Aesthetics.

"CIVIC improvement" is an expression looming up big in the vocabulary of Canadian towns just

there is one thing that catches hold of a Canadian visiting England and almost seduces him from his home street, it's the floral incense on a bright summer day. In Canada we have not as yet got the garden idea.

## An Overburdened Hen

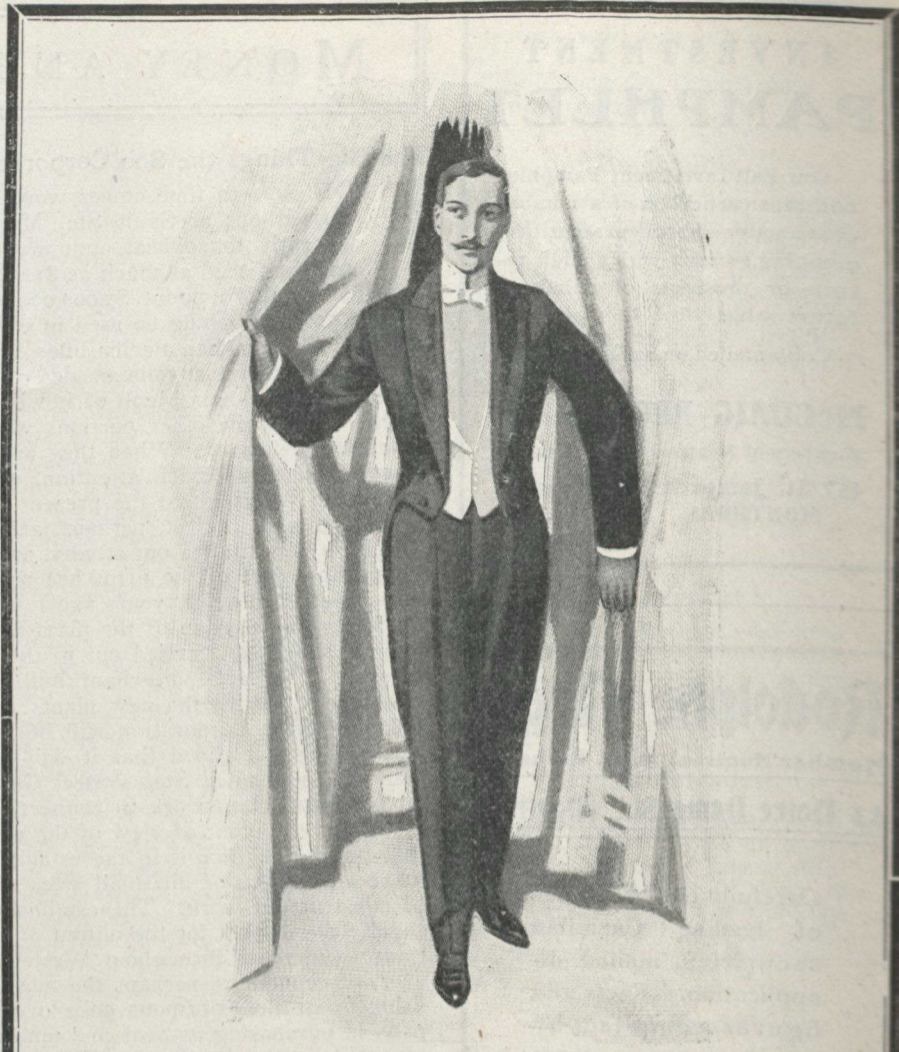
**T**HERE is a certain hen, residing on a certain small farm on the Hamilton road, just outside the city limits, that is one of the most overburdened of mothers.

Some time ago she hatched out nine beautiful chicks. The same day two incubators which had been at work brought out 175 birds.

The hen, being a poor hand at arithmetic, and possessing an open heart, imagined herself the mother of the whole tribe, and daily she does her best to keep order in the family, and scratch for the 184 little bills.

When she croons to them, a perfect avalanche of broilers races in her direction. When she seeks repose, she is almost smothered under brand new chickens.

When an *Advertiser* man saw her she was doing her best to get her wings over all the chickens, but in a minute she looked like a well-decorated miniature pyramid of spring fowl. —*London Advertiser.*



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in matters of dress, if there is one thing more than another a man should be particular about, it is the cut, fit and finish of his dress suit.

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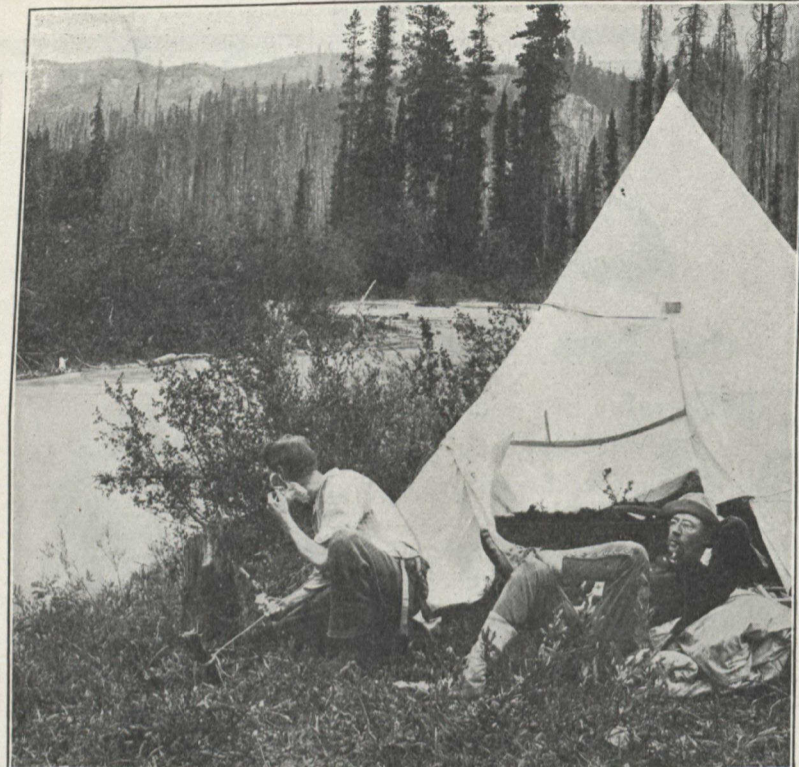
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PRESIDENT.

W. T. WHITE,  
GENERAL MGR.



## MYSTERY OF THE TOWER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.



## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

OFFICE OF GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENT

H. R. CHARLTON,  
GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENT.

MONTREAL, QUE., September 8th, 1910.

IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO HRC-4

Mr. A. A. Bittues,  
Manager, Gillette Safety Razor Coy. of Canada, Ltd.  
63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Dear Mr. Bittues,

I am sending to you with this letter a photograph taken at Moose River, British Columbia, about 245 miles west of Edmonton, and in the Rocky Mountains just west of the Yellowhead Pass. The photograph, I think, will be of interest to you as it shows one of your razors in action. I carried one of your metallic box outfits on the tour that I made from Wolf Creek, Alberta, the end of the steel of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, to Fort George, British Columbia, and return, covering a distance of about three hundred miles on horseback and 320 miles in canoes as far as Fort George, but in all, after leaving Montreal, nearly 5,000 miles. The razor was a great comfort, and though I never used a safety before, I found it indispensable before I got through with the trip. Would not do without one now.

Yours sincerely,

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Though Margaret knew she could not be seen she drew back, watching still. Mrs. Carlingford stood for a long time, then slowly turned, and after a few steps handed the small bag which she carried to a man who approached from the shadows. They walked rapidly away together towards two gleaming lights, and presently there came through the stillness the buzz of a departing motor car.

Margaret went to the door and listened; all was still in the house. She hesitated; her impulse was to go, to escape now, while chance served, from these mysterious people. To do what—to go where? She had no refuge. She lighted a match; her watch told her it was one o'clock. She felt to learn if the bolt on her door was securely fastened, then crept back to bed.

She lay, wide-eyed, looking for solutions. This Mrs. Carlingford, so personally agreeable and congenial, so exquisite in her dress and manner—what was the meaning of her mysterious movements? In league with Mrs. Gascoigne. Hardly possible; the two women were as far apart as the poles. There was no tinge of vulgarity in Mrs. Carlingford, while Mrs. Gascoigne was made up of it. It was impossible to suspect Mrs. Carlingford of any common intrigue which had for its object the few pounds which would result from the marriage of a defenceless girl to an objectionable suitor. Margaret's intuition told her that a lady of Mrs. Carlingford's kind moved in mysteries only under compulsion, only when great things were at stake; and the girl at last reasoned herself to the conclusion that the midnight goings and comings had nothing to do with her. It was reasonable to suppose that the old servant was dying; that the mistress had been unexpectedly summoned; and on this conclusion Margaret slept.

In the morning, however, as she dressed, she came to a quick decision. She was tired of other people's mysteries; she had enough of her own. She would go. She flung on a wrapper, ran into the hall, and tapped on the next door. Hearing no sound, she looked within. The bed was disarranged, but a glance showed that this had been done to deceive. Margaret had somehow expected to find that Mrs. Carlingford had returned from her nocturnal excursion; and she was disconcerted. She finished dressing, wondering what explanation she was to receive from Jones.

At breakfast she listened to profuse apologies. Mrs. Carlingford had been summoned, had left an hour ago, might not return until late. The servant at Horsham was dying. An hour ago—that spoilt the reasonable explanation. Lies, mysteries, Jones a confederate. Margaret, scrupulous in courtesy, resolved to go that morning to Horsham. She owed much to Mrs. Carlingford; she would go in a straightforward manner to that lady, would express her gratitude, and say good-bye for the time being, unless explanations were offered. If these were forthcoming she would stay with this kindly lady.

When breakfast was over, Margaret announced her intention of taking a walk.

Jones, elderly, stout, agreed that it was a very lovely morning for a walk, and said that she would be very pleased to accompany the young lady.

Margaret had expected this. Jones

was her warder. She smiled. Poor Jones!

"Do you know the neighbourhood?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, and a beautiful one it is. 'Ow the sun is shining this morning. It will do your 'eart good to see it."

"Let us go," cried Margaret; "it will be delightful."

As soon as they were in the road Margaret walked rapidly; the morning was hot, and poor Jones began to pant. She talked in little gasps, mentioning incidentally the Spaniards' Inn and Jack Straw's Castle as historical places dimly off miles to the west.

"Ah the Spaniards!" cried the girl, blithely. "I have read of it. Mrs. Bardell took tea there. We will go."

"Walk to the Spaniards, miss?" gasped Jones, stopping short.

"Why, yes," was the smiling answer, "and then we can scamper up to that beautiful Hampstead Heath that you say is beyond. It won't be over ten or twelve miles there and back. That's my usual distance."

JONES, horrified, suggested a cab.

Margaret laughed and shook her head. The maid, quite fagged already, prayed her to return to the house. She shook her head, drew in deep breaths of air, and said she must have exercise.

"It will do you good, Jones," she cried, looking out of the corner of her eye at the panting woman.

Jones exhausted persuasion, then hinted that Mrs. Carlingford might not approve of Miss Lee's going so far alone, that she, Jones, couldn't walk another step, and that she feared her mistress' anger for deserting the young lady.

"I shall be sorry to have to go alone, Jones," responded the girl, sweetly, "but if you really feel that you must turn back, I will take all the responsibility with your mistress. She has no right to blame me."

Jones started at the significant ring in Margaret's voice, and a great resolution shone in her round face.

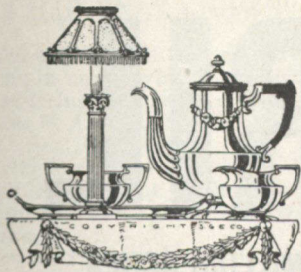
"I couldn't—I couldn't, really," she said, "allow you, miss, a stranger as you are to these parts, and not knowing English ways, to go alone. I will go."

"Come, then, it will do you good," cried Margaret; and she started on at a round pace.

A hundred yards did it. The poor woman sank helpless on a roadside seat; and then and there, with pathetic warnings of the dreadful people one might meet on that dangerous Hampstead Heath, resigned the young lady to her awful fate.

Margaret went on alone, exulting in the bright, beautiful morning, in the heavy foliage of the trees, and in freedom. London lay at her left in a ruddy haze, and down there, somewhere in that smoke-covered valley, lay railway stations whence one could go to Horsham; but there was no turning. So at last Margaret did actually arrive at the Spaniards, and there she was fortunate in finding a hansom which had just discharged its couple of pleasure-seekers. As she stepped in she heard a cry from behind, and she looked hastily around. Jones was leaning out of the side of an open fly and waving her hand.

"Drive on—quick!" cried Margaret, and her heart beat fast as they bowled along. She did not know the difference between the speed of a fly and a hansom, and that she was perfectly safe; so it was not until they came to the turn in the road by Jack



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Straw's Castle that she could see that the chase had been abandoned.

"Where to now, miss?" came a voice from the roof.

"Victoria Station," she said, gaily; and sat back exulting. She was free—that was her only thought for the moment. She enjoyed her long drive, keenly interested in this London which as yet she had barely seen.

At Victoria she dismissed her cabman with a tip which made him stare, and was soon on her way to Horsham. When she arrived there she found, to her astonishment, that the station master had never heard of Mrs. Carlingford. He declared it to be impossible that any important lady of that name could live thereabouts and he not know it. The perplexed girl went to the post office. They were equally ignorant. She declared that a telegram had been sent there to that name—and delivered. The telegram was remembered. It had not been delivered.

Margaret went out of the post office dazed. If Mrs. Carlingford had not received that message, what had brought her— Was she Mrs. Carlingford? If not, who was she? And what was her motive for the pretence?

She sought the nearest police station; they had never heard of Mrs. Carlingford. She was finally convinced. She paced the platform impatiently, awaiting a return train, and when it came resented the slow progress towards London. She drove to Maiden Lane.

HODGSON was at the door and ran forward and shielded her skirt as she descended from the hansom.

"The key, please," she cried.

He procured it and took her up in the lift.

"I am not at home, Mr. Hodgson," she said—"not to anyone, anyone, you understand."

"Yes, miss," he answered; and she went into the lonely flat, determined to seek every clue that might guide her footsteps. She spent three hours in a careful search among her father's papers, but she found absolutely nothing. Her time had been wasted, she was forced to admit that when she had looked everywhere.

She could not stay there; the place choked her. She could not remain in London alone. There was only one place of refuge that she could think of—a school in Paris, where she had been three years before. She would go there for the moment, get proper legal advice, and know how to proceed.

She rang for the lift. "Mr. Hodgson," she said "you have my address."

He shook his head.

"Surely Mrs. Carlingford gave it to you?"

"No miss; she said you or she might be coming in, and that nothing was expected, anyhow."

Another deceit, further evidence of treachery. Margaret remembered how Mrs. Carlingford had answered her in the cab—that the address had been left with the hall porter.

"Very well, Mr. Hodgson," she said, "I am going to Paris. Here is my address. I shall take the keys of the flat with me. If any letters or telegrams come you will send them to me there. And you can give the address to anyone who enquires."

"Very well, miss."

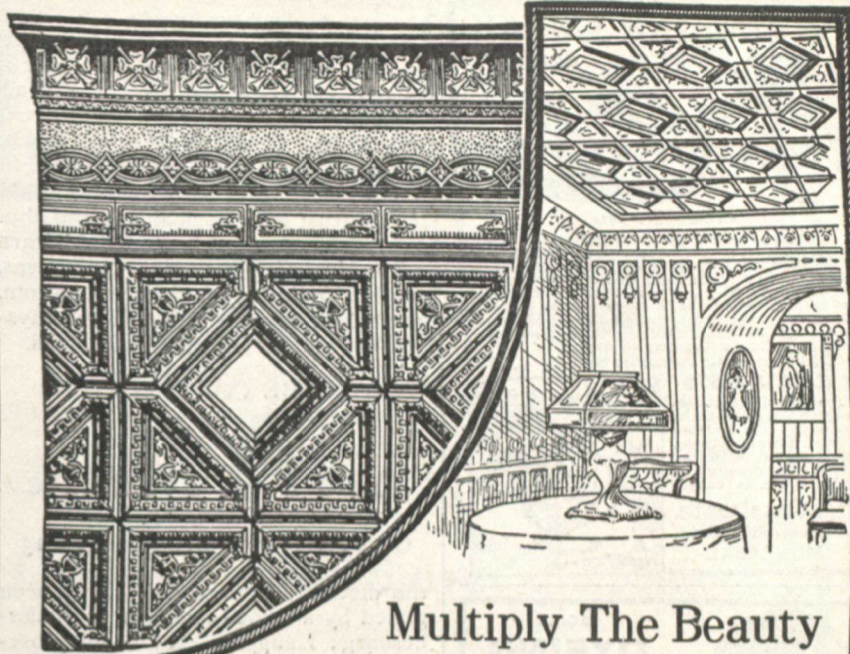
Once safe in Paris with her old schoolmistress, Margaret feared nothing.

"But mind, Mr. Hodgson, nobody is to have my letters. Send them to me direct."

"Yes, miss. Shall I whistle up a taxi?"

"Yes please."

Thus Margaret hurried back to



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

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
 Mail Service Branch  
 Ottawa, 18th October 1910.  
 G. C. Anderson, Superintendent.



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Victoria again. Her one impulse was to get somewhere where she could feel safe while she secured the proper advice as to how to proceed. Once in Paris, she could get from the head-mistress' legal adviser proper introductions to some London lawyers who would know precisely what to do. She could return with some one whom she could trust as a companion, and thus secure in every way, she could learn who Mrs. Carlingford really was, could sift this mystery to the bottom, and could tell her story of the mysterious murder she had witnessed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The P. J. Syndicate

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

the directors themselves have been gulled by a bribed manager in Johannesburg; I suppose they could prosecute you, if they knew. Have you anything to say before I gag you, Mr. Vasper? I am going to leave you in the meantime."

"Mercy," whispered Vasper. Number Three shook his head. "I've got a mother, you fiend!" "Ah! I had better buy a thousand Deeps to provide for her. Anyone else dependent upon you?" "No one I care about." "Poor man! Nothing but money!" Number Three brought a small white object from his pocket. Vasper submitted to the gagging; he was as weak as water.

"I'll leave the notice on the door, so you shan't be disturbed. Make plans for the future, my friend," and the visitor departed, whistling softly.

Vasper just escaped madness during the next three hours. He may have been a trifle light-headed when the door was opened.

The gag was removed; a glass of whisky and water was put to his lips.

"Honeydew Deeps have been sold down to 7s. 3d.," remarked the tormentor.

"What did you pay for my mother's thousand?" said Vasper dreamily.

"Round 8s. Probably they are 8os. now."

"Then you really bought them?"

"Sure."

"Thank God. I'll give you her address."

"We have it, thank you. We shall give her an annuity. I hope we may get eight or ten pounds a share within the week."

Vasper nodded. Then he started up as far as his bonds would allow.

"What was I saying just now, you devil?" he cried.

"You were exhibiting your better nature. Have another drink \* \* \*

So! Now I'm going to set you free."

"What?"

Number Three produced a knife. The cords were cut in a twinkling. The chafed wrists were rubbed gently.

"Curse your mockery!" muttered the wretched man.

Presently Number Three left him and stood on the other side of the table—smiling.

Vasper stretched his aching joints. Of a sudden his eyes fell on the revolver within his reach. In a breath he was covering his enemy.

"Now, you villain!" he yelled, "it's my turn! Hands up and quick march. I win yet."

"It isn't loaded—never has been," said Number Three quietly, smiling still.

The trigger was pulled, the hammer fell harmlessly.

Vasper dropped the useless weapon, fell forward on his desk, and sobbed helplessly.

Number Three came round and touched him on the arm.

"Listen, Mr. Vasper. Make out a

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Vasper was staring and panting. "You mean it?" he whispered at last.

"Without doubt." The visitor picked up his revolver and placed it in his pocket. He held out his hand. "It's a bargain, isn't it?"

Vasper put forth cold, trembling fingers. "Yes," he said hoarsely, "before heaven, yes!"

"Good-bye, Mr. Vasper."  
"Stay! who are you?"

"Number Three."  
"But I begin to feel I've seen you somewhere—perhaps in a picture. You are like—"

Number Three laughed and went out quickly.

**National Policy Wanted**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

nificantly, say that within ten years the West will dominate the East politically, financially, and in every other way. Is that true? Is that just? Is that wise? On the answers Canada gives to these questions, hangs the nation's future. Let the wise men of the East ponder upon them for a space. Let the equally wise men of the West take them home and give them quiet and careful consideration. Let the members of parliament, so soon to assemble in annual conclave, ask themselves these questions.

Away down East, by the shores of the Atlantic, along the Bay of Fundy, and beside the stormy reaches of the Gulf of St. Lawrence are three small provinces, for whom the two national policies have done very little. True, the Dominion has furnished them with a government-owned railway, which was no blessing in disguise, and has meted out occasional small doles, which did as much harm as good. But what have the National Policies, splendid as they have been done for that portion of the Dominion?

What have these National Policies done for the Province of Quebec? Has not the development of that province been in spite of these policies, not because of them? The City of Montreal has been enlarged and rendered the commercial and financial metropolis of Canada, but what other cities are there? The West has its Winnipeg to match Montreal, but where are the matches in Quebec for Saskatoon, Brandon, Regina, Calgary and Edmonton?

Then what of Ontario? It has made more progress financially and industrially than any other province in the East, but to-day its population is almost stationary. It has several great wildernesses in the north which need peopling and developing. In both Ontario and Quebec there are millions of acres of splendid bush land awaiting the axemen, and to bring them in there must be a new National Policy.



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### The King and Football

ASSOCIATION football had its innings in Canada in the eighties and nineties. Then rugby stepped in and took the public fancy. After twenty years of obscurity association or soccer seems to be again gaining ground in this country, and a national tournament was recently held in Toronto, at which a team from Calgary won the honours.

It is interesting in this connection to note that King George is taking a great interest in association football in Great Britain. A writer in *M. A. P.* says:

"King George has now become patron of both of the amateur and professional football associations, and there can be no doubt that the national game will benefit largely in the future from his Majesty's support and personal attendance.

"Last season King George suddenly evinced an interest in association football, and nowadays his Majesty never misses an important Service football match, whether army or navy. Whenever possible, he takes the young Princes, who are all most enthusiastic footballers.

"It was amusing to watch them at a recent army and navy match at Stamford Bridge on the ground of the Chelsea Club. The Prince of Wales, who is destined for the army, applauded excitedly when the soldiers scored the first goal, and Prince Albert, who is to enter the navy, was equally delighted when the sailors scored.

"The King has evidently taken a fancy to the association game, which he had not seen prior to his visit to the England v. Scotland International at the Crystal Palace, and there is just a possibility that he may attend the cup final this season. His visit to the "soccer" international was made in response to the representations of an ordinary correspondent, who pointed out that "soccer" followers would be delighted if he were to honour a representative match with his presence.

"In his younger days the King played football a good deal, and he has gone out of his way to encourage his sons' interest in the game. Still, he is fonder, perhaps, of cricket, to which he was very devoted at school and college."

### Hudson's Bay Survey

PARTY No. 1, Hudson's Bay Railroad—the Pas to Landing Lake—have taken off their tall boots for the season. Engineer Clifford and gang have been out in the swamps and muskegs now for twelve months. They report progress, and their verdict as to conditions for construction on the Arctic line is being awaited with a great deal of interest at Ottawa. Engineer Clifford says that except for a few encounters with blowing winds, which occasionally churned the water about his canoe a bit, his job in the north was the best ever. He claims to know all the ups and downs of one-half the road from the Pas to Nelson River. He says it will be smooth going; "in fact, there are but few points on the whole section on which we covered where it will be at all necessary to make unreasonable curves in the line in order to secure solid foundation." He adds also that \$200,000 in bridge construction can be saved as a result of his investigation. There is news for the farmer and the summer tourist in Mr. Clifford's resume of his survey experiences. He tells of hundreds of acres of clay soil along the route which will put dollars into the pocket of the chap who is looking for a clean-up in real estate. Sturgeon, whitefish and salmon are plentiful.

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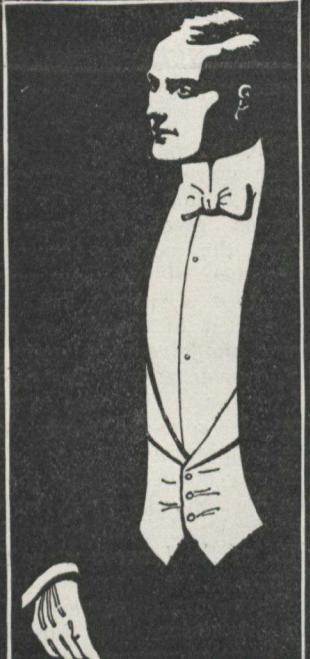
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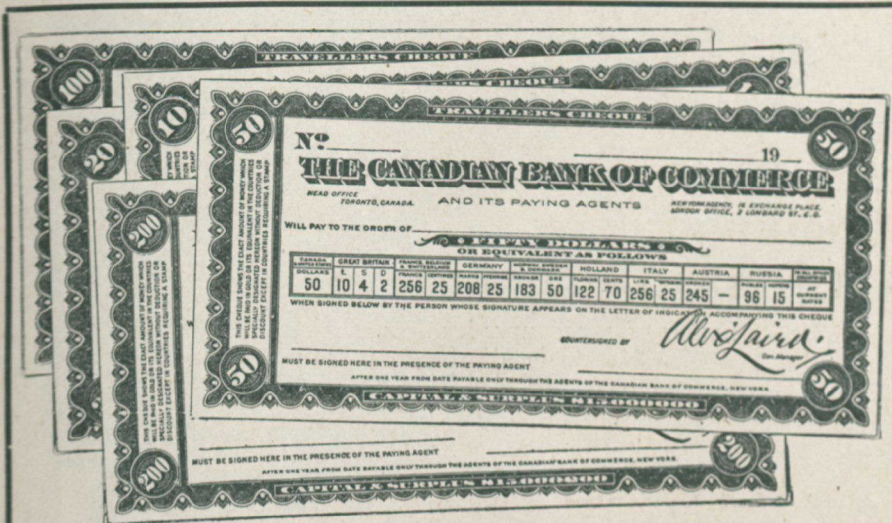
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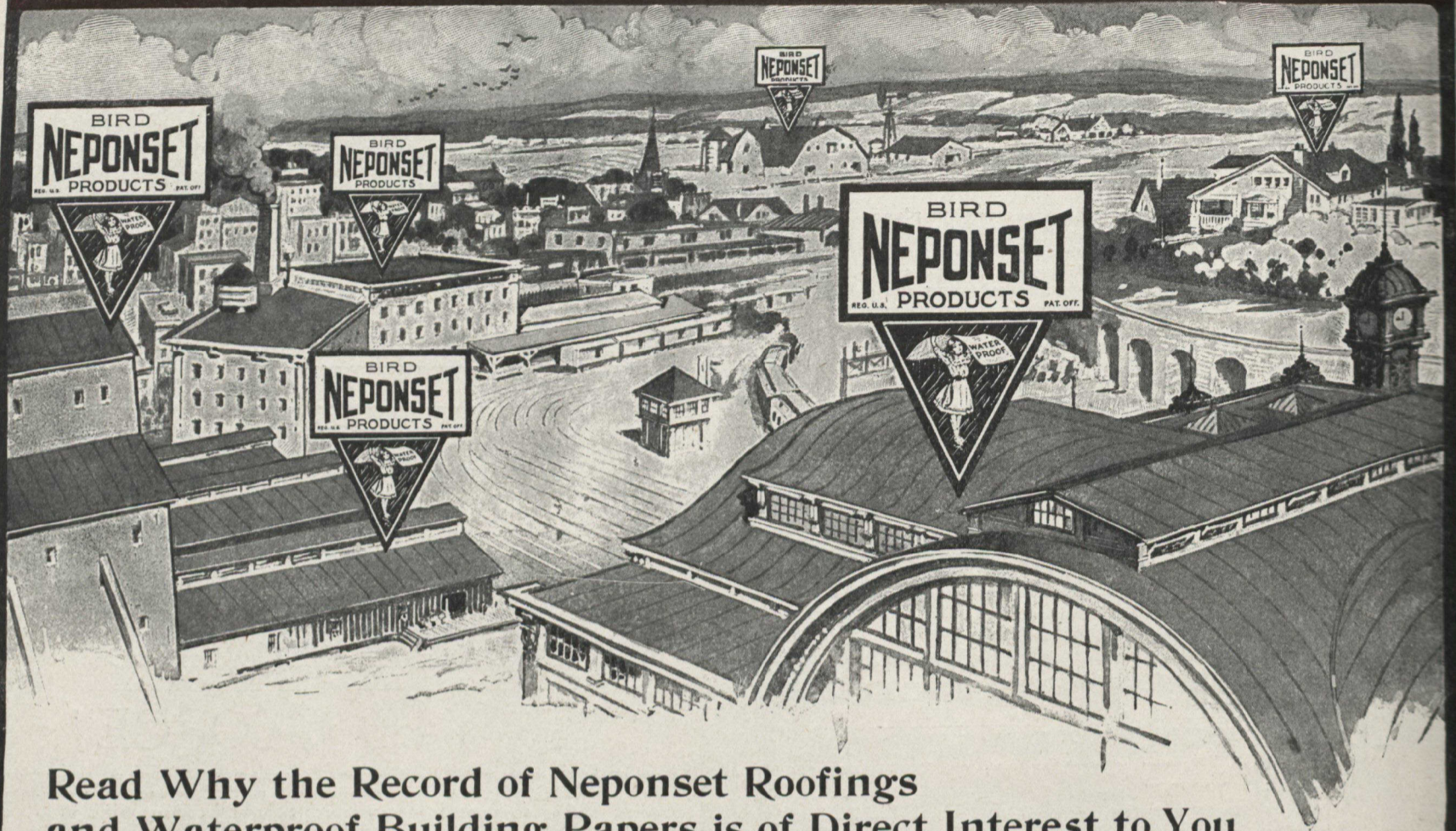
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