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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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BY M. J. PATTON

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BY MADGE MACBETH

The Old Dower House

SHORT STORY BY CLABON GLOVER

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SUPPLEMENT



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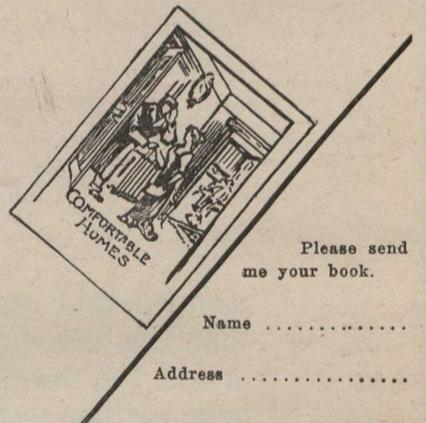
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Courier

A National Weekly

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

VOL. X.

TORONTO

NO. 25

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Editor's Talk

CANADIAN books and Canadian writers have not yet come into their own, but at least the "Canadian Courier" has always given them the fullest support. Not only are Canadian authors and artists given the preference from week to week, but we have published annually a Book Number devoted to the Canadian books of the year. Indeed it is a safe remark that if the public were to treat Canadian writers as generously as do Canadian editors our native literature would bulk larger and grade higher.

In next week's issue "The Canadian books of 1911" will be reviewed by Marjory MacMurehy and other writers. In addition to a general and exhaustive article on this subject there will be several special articles. One of these is entitled, "Was any Canadian poetry written in 1911?" Another attempts to show that current Canadian fiction deals with rural rather than urban life. There will be special reviews of several interesting volumes and a somewhat extended list of the titles of the year. In short it will be hard to ask a question with regard to the books and writers of 1911 which may not be answered by a reference to this issue.

* * *

Canada is being visited this month by the greatest living British expert in town-planning and landscape architecture. Last week Mr. Thomas H. Mawson delivered a series of lectures in Toronto under the auspices of the Civic Guild and the University. This week he speaks in Ottawa and from there goes to several American cities. Arrangements have been made whereby the most valuable portions of Mr. Mawson's addresses will appear in the "Canadian Courier" during the next three months. His gospel of civic beautification is one worthy of wide dissemination, and we feel that our readers will appreciate our efforts to give them those portions of Mr. Mawson's addresses which are most applicable to Canadian conditions.

* * *

Next week the fiction feature will be "The Sweetening of Ezra Sankey's Pot," by Arthur Stringer, who is recognized as one of Canada's leading short-story writers. He has just returned to New York after his usual summer's sojourn in Western Ontario. This year he varied his programme somewhat by an extended trip through the Canadian West.



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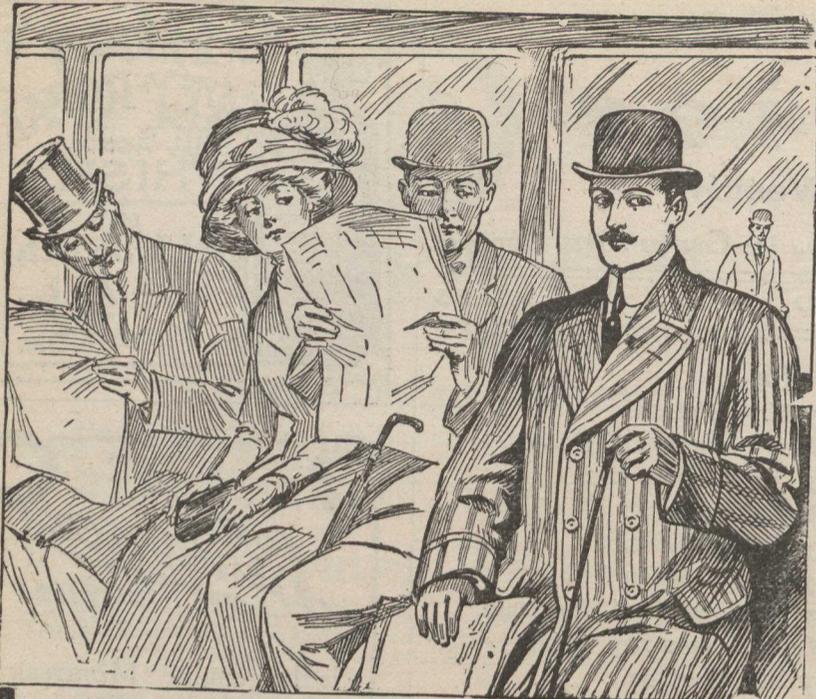
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The Scrap Book

A Sure Cure.—"There's only one thing I can think of to head off this suffragette movement," said the mere man.

"What is that?" asked his wife.

"Make the legal age for voting thirty-five instead of twenty-one."—Catholic Universe.

* * *

Always That Question.—Isaacstein—"I vos tired of life. Gif me some poison, and so I will kill meinself."

Chemist (jocularly)—"All right. What do you want—arsenic or strychnine?"

Isaacstein—"Vich was der cheap-est?"

* * *

Capable.—A certain editor had cause to admonish his son on account of his reluctance to attend school.

"You must go regularly and learn to be a great scholar," said the fond father, encouragingly, "otherwise you can never be an editor, you know. What would you do, for instance, if your paper came out full of mistakes?"

The boy looked up into his parent's face with childish innocence.

"Father," he said, solemnly, "I'd blame 'em on the printer!"

And then the editor fell upon his son's neck and wept tears of joy. He knew he had a successor for the editorial chair.—Sacred Heart Review.

* * *

Perhaps Deserved It.—It was after the distribution of prizes at a Sunday-school.

"Well, did you get a prize?" asked Johnny's mother.

"No," answered Johnny; "but I got horrible mention."—Tit-Bits.

* * *

No Hope.—Foreign Enemy—"Then you think it is useless for us to attack the country by way of New York?"

Assistant—"Certainly. Our investigations tell us that it is impossible. First we would have to pass a trained army of customs inspectors, then a squad of quarantine officials, and what was left of us would be swept away by a picked delegation of reporters asking us how we liked the country."—Puck.

* * *

The English Tongue.—The Customer—"Do you sell invisible hair nets?"

The Assistant—"Yes, madam."

The Customer—"Will you let me see one, please?"—The Sketch.

* * *

A Slight Jar.—Motormaniac—"What do you think is the most difficult thing for a beginner to learn about an automobile?"

Frankenstein—"To keep from talking about it all the time."—Toledo Blade.

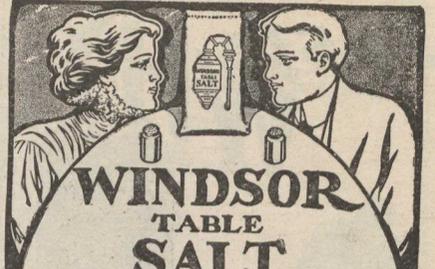
* * *

Pity the Chinaman.—The Chinese compositor cannot sit at his case as our printers do, but must walk from one case to another constantly, as the characters needed cover such a large number that they cannot be put into anything like the space used in the English newspaper office. In setting up an ordinary piece of manuscript, the Chinese printer will waltz up and down the room for a few moments, and then go down stairs for a line of lower case. Then he takes the elevator and goes up into the third story after some caps, and then goes out into the woodshed for a handful of astonishers. The successful Chinese compositor doesn't need to be so very intelligent, but he must be a good pedestrian.—Bill Nye.

* * *

What He Did.—An American tourist who has recently visited London gives his experience of the extent to which the "tipping" evil has developed at the big hotels.

After he had had lunch he tipped the head waiter, the waiter's two helpers, the man who gave him his hat and gloves, and the man who whistled for a taxicab. The vehicle rolled out into the Strand, and the American



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leaned back with a sigh of relief, when he was aware of a page-boy running along beside the window.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked, savagely.

"A few coppers, sir—accordin' to the usual custom, sir," the boy panted.

"Why, what did you do?"

"If you please, sir," said the boy, "I saw you get into the cab!"—Tit-Bits.

After the Tour.—"Well, Binks, I see you've returned from your thousand-mile tour in New England," said BJones.

"Yep," said Binks. "How did you find the hotels en route?" asked BJones.

"Hotels?" retorted Binks. "We didn't stop at any hotels. We passed all our nights in the county jails."—Harper's Weekly.

Sounds Like It.
'Twas man who made the motor car
As sure as you were born;
God made the view along the way,
But the devil made the horn.
—The Tatler.

The Retort Vindictive.—An evangelist says it costs \$545 to save a sinner in New York. Takes ten times that amount to convict one in Washington.—Wall Street Journal.

Going, Going, Gone.—The three degrees in medical treatment—Positive, ill; comparative, pill; superlative, bill.—Sacred Heart Review.

Stung.—"You call this cake angel food?" said the harsh husband.
"Yes, dear," said the timid wife, "but if the diet doesn't seem exactly what you want, here are some deviled crabs."—Washington Star.

The Four Weapons.
The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue;
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.
—From the Oriental.

He Got His.—An aged coloured man was engaged in burning the grass off the lawn of a young broker when the latter returned to his home and, thinking to have some fun with the old man, said:

"Sambo, if you burn that grass, the entire lawn will be as black as you are."

"Dat's all right, suh," responded the negro. "Some o' dese days dat grass grow up an' be as green as youh are."

Lonesome.—A rich man has gone to jail in Pittsburg rather than pay a \$2 fine; and he is no "village Hampden," either.—Washington Herald.

Maybe he was tired of being separated from his friends.—Florida Times-Union.

Poetry For To-day.
To market, to market,
To buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again,
Price is too big.—Judge.

A Gentle Knock.—A story of extraordinary deafness was recently unfolded at a meeting of a medical society in Philadelphia. An elderly lady, exceedingly hard of hearing, lived near the river. One afternoon a war-snip fired a salute of ten guns. The woman, alone in her little house, waited until the booming ceased. Then she smoothed her dress, brushed back her hair, and said sweetly:

"Come in."—Lippincott's.

Sharing His Fortune.—During the stormy days of 1848, two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm Rothschild at Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing; you must divide with us."

"Very well; what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?"

"About forty millions of florins."

"Forty millions, you think, eh? Now, then, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin apiece. Here's yours."

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Startling Bit of History

ARCHDEACON ARMITAGE, rector of St. Paul's Church, Halifax, who was driving a motor car with Mr. W. J. Bryan (the Democratic leader in the United States) past St. Paul's Cemetery during his recent visit to Halifax, remarked to the distinguished orator: "This is said to be the most interesting cemetery in North America."

"In what way?" Mr. Bryan asked. "Because it contains the tomb of the man who took Washington."

Other reasons were given, as a matter of course, and the rector laughingly remarked that the next general who takes Washington will doubtless have a great monument.

The tomb referred to has a most interesting inscription. It is given here only in part:

Here

on the 21st Sept., 1814, was consigned to the earth the body of
MAJOR-GEN. ROSS,

who, having distinguished himself in all ranks as an officer in Egypt, Italy, Portugal, Spain and America, was killed at the commencement of an action which resulted in the defeat and flight of the troops of the United States near Baltimore on the 12th Sept., 1814.

A gallant army under his conduct attacked and dispersed the Americans at Bladensburg, on the 24th Aug., 1814, and on the same day victoriously entered Washington, the capital of the U. S.

Finding Safe Seats

Lockeport, N.S., Nov. 6th, 1911.

Editor Canadian Courier:

Sir,—Among the reflections of your editor in The Canadian Courier of November 4th I notice a comment on the method which has been adopted for providing seats for the Honourable Messrs. White, Cochrane, Hazen and Rogers. As your paper points out, four duly elected members have been appointed postmasters in order that vacancies could be created to permit of the election of these Cabinet Ministers before the House meets. This procedure is by no means as new as you seem to think. Honourable Mr. Fielding entered the House of Commons under similar circumstances.

When the Liberals swept the country in 1896, and Mr. Fielding was called to the Cabinet as Minister of Finance, it became necessary to find a seat for him. He selected Queens-Shelburne, and the duly elected member, F. G. Forbes, in order to clear the way, was appointed a customs tide waiter at an obscure point in Prince Edward Island. In the consequent by-election Mr. Fielding was elected by acclamation and represented Queens-Shelburne from that time until his recent defeat. Mr. Forbes was subsequently given a more honourable and lucrative position as a county court judge, a position which he has filled most creditably, and which he still holds.

Yours truly,

C. F. JAMIESON.

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THE reader who is satiated with the ordinary modern novel will find a cure for ennui in "The Gates of Hell," a story of frontier life in the United States and Canada, by Alfred Fitzpatrick, Superintendent of Reading Camps.

Those who are familiar with the revolting conditions which prevail on our frontier will recognize that a master hand has portrayed the scenes in this book. To those unacquainted with the frontiersman's modus vivendi the book will prove a revelation. It is a thrilling narrative, full of unique incidents, and has a charming love story running through it.

The author of the book is very generously donating the proceeds to the betterment of the frontier toiler. It will be ready for the Christmas trade. Copies may be secured from the Reading Camp Association, Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, and from all booksellers.



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Vol. X.

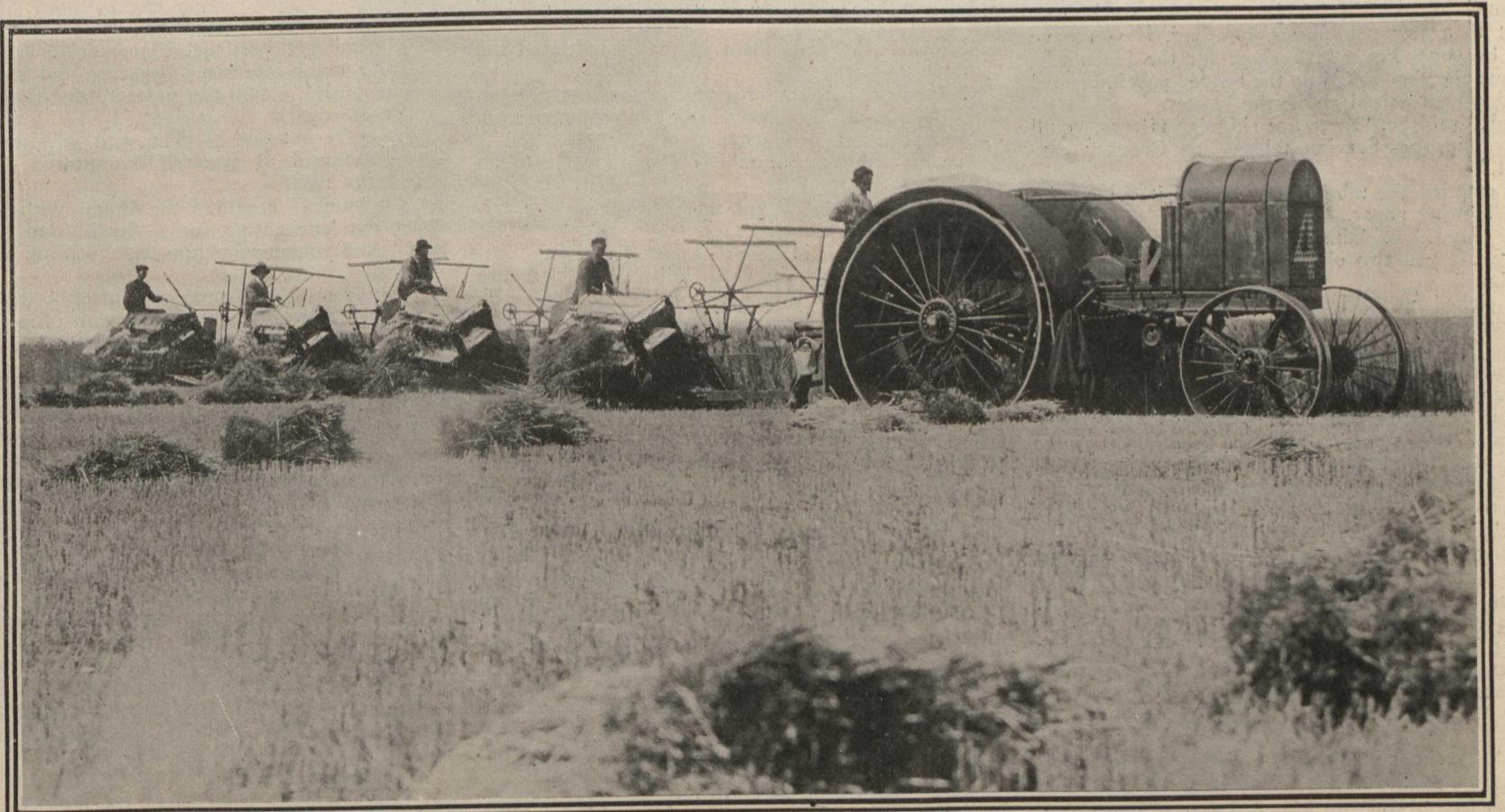
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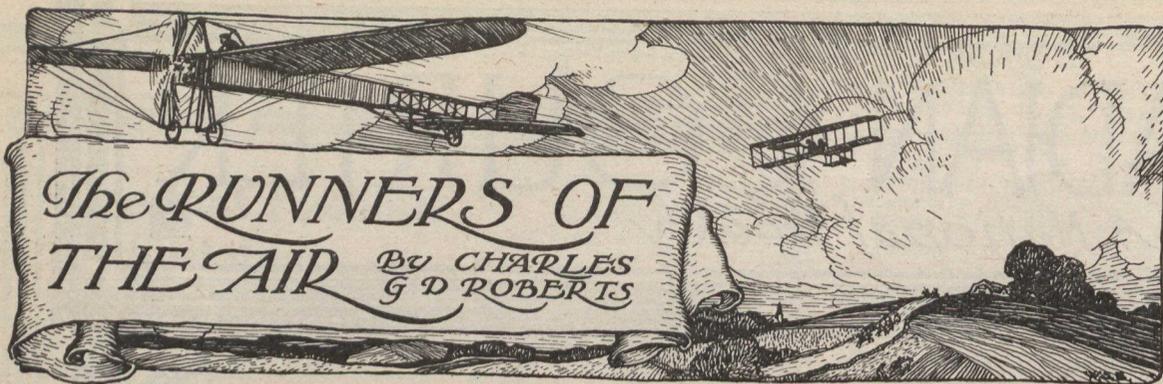
THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW



The Old Way—An ox-team cutting wheat on a farm near Tisdale, Sask. The owner is a German-Canadian who believes in clinging to pioneer methods.



The New Way—Cutting wheat on a farm near Saskatoon. Mr. Engen, the farmer, has been farming in this district for ten years and owns nearly ten thousand acres. This is a gasoline traction engine and is the latest thing in farm motive power. About 1,200 are now in use in Western Canada.



A NEW SERIAL STORY

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

GREGORY NICOLAIEVICH, bandit and patriotic Servian, has taken to Count Sergius Charles de Plamenac, known as Serge Ivanovich, samples of jewels discovered in Austria by the bandit, which they believe will make it possible for Serbia to wage a successful war against Austria. Captain Andrews, of the British Army, a friend of Serbia, calls on them, and the bandit describes how to find a distant hog-pen under which he has hidden the rest of the jewels.

COUNT SERGIUS eyed the rude diagram for a moment, then handed it to the Englishman.

"Yes, Gregory," said he, "I've got it all. I've got it photographed indelibly on my memory, directions, diagram and all. And I know of no safer place to keep this paper itself than in the inviolable pocket of our methodical English friend here. He'll never mislay it. And all the Continental Powers won't be able to take it from him."

"Good!" said the Montenegrin.

Andrews grinned happily, as if contemplating himself in a scrimmage with Kaiser Wilhelm and the Archduke Ferdinand.

"Meantime," continued Count Sergius, "where shall I be able to find you? I take it you'll be getting away from Belgrade at once. Of course! And we must not make any hasty move, since you say the stuff is safe where it is. The thing will take a lot of planning, patient planning and preparation, if there's to be no risk of a slip-up at the last moment."

"All that is what I've come to you for, Serge Ivanovich," said the mountaineer. "Now it's in your hands—the destiny of our people. I'm off to-night. And I'm going straight to Niksich. A letter enclosed to Jacob Baki—your old gossip, the little tailor by the corner of the church—will get me."

"All right," said Sergius. "And I'll send for you the moment things are ripe for a move. Meanwhile—don't you want your tobacco-pouch?"

The outlaw laughed. "I'd like the pouch," he agreed. "It's a keepsake. But I don't need the tobacco; it would be very inconvenient for me and not much use in Niksich just at present. I don't object to a few gold-pieces, however, if you have them by you. I'm a little short for the journey."

Count Sergius picked up the beaded pouch, opened it and held it poised above the blotter.

"Bob," said he, "there are singular virtues, you'll observe, in this Servian tobacco as Gregory carries it."

He emptied the tobacco and spread it out on the green blotting paper.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Now I see what you two chaps have been driving at all this time."

He picked up the ice-blue stone and examined it with the eyes of a connoisseur, while his companions watched his face for the verdict. Laying it down among the fragrant tobacco without a word, he took up the rose stone and subjected it to a like scrutiny. Then he handed it over to Count Sergius.

"Those two stones," said he, "would make the Great Mogul himself sit up and take notice. He'd pawn his harem for them, and the harems of his subjects as well. Any more such where those came from?"

"Enough to engineer some considerable changes in the Balkans," answered Gregory.

"And you'll have your work cut out, Bob, helping us convert them into currency," said Count Sergius. "One of the first things we do will be to run up to Amsterdam, sell these baubles where we can get fair value and put the cash in the Bank of Holland, where they mind their own business and mind it well."

As he spoke he unlocked a little drawer in his desk, dropped the stones into it and took out two Servian banknotes with half a dozen Turkish gold-pieces. These he handed over to the Montenegrin, who thrust them carelessly into the pocket of his tight trousers.

"That's all I've got by me, my Gregory," said he. "But when more's needed, you always know where to reach me."

"Thanks. I'll get away now," said Gregory, giving his right hand to Andrews, his left to Count Sergius, with a look and manner that made the act almost a sacrament. The most solemn of pledges, of dedications, were in their hearts; but there seemed no need of words.

"Safe journey, Captain!" was all the Englishman said. But Sergius, the intensity of his excitement threatening to break through the mask of his self-control, followed the outlaw to the door, clutching his arm with both hands and seeming to struggle with emotions which he was unwilling to let out. All he said, at last, was the one thing most obvious:

"I can't quite believe it yet, Gregory."

As he spoke, there came the sound of voices, sudden but dim, from below-stairs. The Montenegrin's hand was already on the door-knob. He stiffened like a listening grouse, turned away and stepped up to one of the great panels of wainscoting beside the chimney.

With the quiet words: "I know this house well. This is one of the reasons I got you to take these rooms"—he reached up and pushed hard on the top of the panel. It opened inward, a little stiffly, showing a very narrow passage faintly lighted from the roof.

"This is the safest way for me, Serge Ivanovich." And stepping within, he closed the panel behind him with a click.

Count Sergius turned back into the room with an air of discontent.

"That makes it more unreal than ever, Bob!" he grumbled. "It's too much like make-believe. I wish you'd kick me."

"A bit melodramatic if you like," agreed Andrews, "but after all, since the passage was there, it was only the soundest common-sense for him to make use of it. Don't be unreasonable, Serge. Listen to that row down-stairs!"

What was evidently an excited discussion went on for some minutes.

"Michael's keeping them in play," muttered the Count.

"I fancy our bandit friend can take quite good care of himself," remarked the Englishman in a tone of joyous appreciation.

The alarming murmurs below-stairs came to an end.

"Michael's probably got them searching the cellar," said Count Sergius.

"Will they look in here?" asked Andrews.

"If they do, they'll be very civil about it, I assure you," answered the Count, grimly. "But I've really no objection. I think, however, I'll leave it to Michael to do the honors here, as well as in the cellar. Save annoyance!"

He unlocked the little drawer, took out the diamonds, sealed them in an envelope and put them in his pocket. "Let's get out, Bob," he continued. "Let's get down to the 'Danilo' and look at some real waiters—German waiters—and drink a real whisky-and-soda."

"You'd better take beer and a Limburger sandwich, old chap," suggested the Englishman, elongating himself lazily from the depths of his chair. "That'll convince you you're not in a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk dream. For myself, I like fairy-stories."

CHAPTER III.

THE TERRACE OF THE CAFE DANILU.

THE Cafe Danilo was high up on the hillside, and its terrace, where Count Sergius and Captain Andrews sat at their little table, gave a clear view of the city and the river.

It is the smartest cafe in Belgrade and the sparkling, excitable throng was frivolous enough, cus-

tomary enough, material enough to bring Count Sergius back, as he desired, to the realities of life.

His visits to Belgrade were frequent, though his Servian estate lay far to the south, on a branch of the Morava, beyond the ancient city of Nisch. To the Englishman, the scene was altogether in keeping with the fairy-tale he had just been listening to in the Count's rooms and in which he now found himself, to his unqualified delight, pledged to play no important part. Far down along the curving shore of the great river the quays of the city were not so busy as a lover of Serbia might have wished. But importance was lent by the picture of a large boat swinging in to one of them—a splendid passenger steamer of the line that plies between Budapest and Rustchuk. Across the broad water, close to the northern shore, moved the squat, black forms of two monitors of the Austrian river fleet, thrusting their way up toward Semlin against the massive tide of Father Danube.

As his eyes rested on these craft and he slowly realized their significance, a contented smile broke over Andrew's lips. Any check to Austria's southward march would mean some schemes thwarted on the banks of the Sprec, also. Yes, the pie was plainly one he had a right, as an Englishman, to put his finger into. The more he dwelt upon it, the broader grew his smile; till presently the voice of Sergius recalled him to his immediate surroundings.

"What is it you are grinning about, Bob? What do you see out there so amusing?"

"Don't you see those two monitors off there by the north bank?" demanded Andrews.

"Yes — them!" assented the Count.

"We will, old chap! That's why I'm grinning!" explained Andrews lucidly.

"Ah, yes, of course, to be sure!" agreed Sergius, tugging at his moustache to disguise the expression that leaped into his face.

"But, by the way," he continued in a lower voice, "I fancy we'd better regard our subjects of conversation as strictly limited while we're here, even though we are talking English. There are many Greeks who come here. And where the Greeks come, you have all languages—and all lies!"

"You might speak more gently, Serge, of a race which produces such enchanting women as those two yonder! They're both Greeks, I take it. Off there to your right, with two men, one a Servian officer with a decoration."

Plamenac turned his head.

"Yes," he assented promptly, "they are both beautiful. But only one of them is a Greek. The one furthest from us, drinking coffee—she's the wife of the Greek Consul here, and the civilian is her husband. The other—and the more enchanting of the two, to my mind—is a Frenchwoman, a true Parisienne, with a fondness for English customs. You see she is drinking tea, like yourself. She's the wife of the biggest wine-merchant here—and has sundry and various good gentlemen—of whom, thank heavens, I'm not one—at her small, American-shod feet."

At this moment Madame de L'Orme turned slightly and her eyes met Plamenac's. A smile of emphatic favor irradiated her face and she bowed conspicuously. Count Sergius returned the greeting somewhat eagerly.

"If you're not one of them, you jolly well ought to be ashamed of yourself!" muttered Andrews. "Introduce me!"

"Not much!" breathed the Count with decision. "She's too enchanting for a candid soul like you, Bob. And you've something else to think about."

AT this moment, apparently after a word from the Frenchwoman, the Servian officer turned half round in his chair and saluted the Count. With marked punctiliousness and a face like a mask, Plamenac acknowledged the salute.

"You don't like him," murmured Andrews.

"I have as little intercourse as possible," answered the Count under his breath and apparently quite occupied in lighting his cigarette; "as little as is politic—with the wearers of that particular decoration."

On the Servian officer's breast glittered a Maltese Cross of white enamel, with golden rays flashing from its center.

"Ah!" muttered Andrews. "So!" Then he let his eyes wander out over the roofs with careful indifference. "I've seen several like that, already, here. And I can't place it. The last time I was here was in 1902—in the days of Alexander and Draga. I saw none of these white-and-gold crosses then."

"For the best of all reasons!" said the Count dryly. "I was no admirer of the peasant dynasty of the Obrenovichs, you may be sure. But—well, there are subjects, as we agreed! The best way I

(Continued on page 25.)

MEN OF TO-DAY

Leader of the Ontario Liberals.

ONTARIO'S political decks are being cleared for action. Every man to his post. To the leadership of Ontario Liberalism steps Mr. Newton Wesley Rowell; in the stead of Mr. A. G. MacKay.

The Province of Ontario has not had enough electioneering this fall. Shortly returning officers will be back at their jobs again. On December 11th, country voters will be slipping merrily behind sleighbells to the polls. That night, in Toronto, Hamilton, London, Kingston and Brockville, little knots of people will shiver about the newspaper offices watching the screen tell the verdict of the great Province of Ontario upon the administration of Sir James Whitney.

The Ontario elections promise to be more interesting than was at first anticipated, when Sir James Whitney announced a few weeks ago, the intention of his government to appeal to the country. This is largely because of the sudden revivification of the Liberal Opposition.

During the past month they appear to have awakened. Probably the recent reciprocity landslide, which smashed the party in the Federal arena, made the Ontario section realize that they were somewhat "on their uppers." At any rate, the other day at the convention of the Ontario Liberals in Toronto, important changes were made in the organization of the Liberal fighting machine for the coming fight. Hon. Mr. MacKay resigned the leadership of the Opposition. Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., a prominent Toronto lawyer, was introduced to the convention as his successor amid scenes of great enthusiasm.

Mr. Rowell represents young and new blood in the Ontario Liberal party. He is a young man; forty-four on almost the very day he was tendered the leadership. Not many men receive a birthday gift of such weight as he did at his age. Numbers of the delegates, who made the presentation to Mr. Rowell, were young men from the debating clubs in the towns and cities of Ontario. Besides choosing a young man as their champion, they elected ex-Boy Minister W. L. M. King as President of the Ontario Liberal Association.

Mr. Rowell was favoured by the Convention because it thought that he possesses the training and aptitude to line up the rising generation of Liberals, the hope of the party. There has been nothing spectacular or abnormal about his career. Mr. Rowell is just a young man among young men—among the first, incidentally, it is true—but a typical example of what an ordinary, ambitious youth born on the farm, without the assets of family influence or money, may do in getting to the top.

Thirty years ago, in London Township, Middlesex County, a rather stringy youth walked to a cross-roads school in the morning. Sometime after four in the afternoon, he came home, helped his father with the farm chores, ate a tremendous supper, studied a while, took off his heavy shoes and, leaving them in the kitchen, crept noiselessly upstairs in the dark to bed. What he dreamed there is uncertain.

A year later, a sunburned young chap of about fifteen answered to the name of Rowell in London Collegiate Institute. He was from the country and slightly timid at first. However, he got over traces of gawky self-consciousness. The city boys of London took to him. He was an alert, but quiet, studious chap. In time he passed out of the Collegiate with standing.

What was he to do now? Back to the farm? Rowell decided that point by getting a job in the drygoods warehouse of John Green, London. He knew practically what kinds of calico and prints were in vogue among farmers' wives and what blue jeans hired men preferred. He got along. But he did not care much for clerking. One day he asked Mr. D. Fraser, of Fraser and Moore, barristers, for a desk in his office. He became articled to Mr. Fraser. As a law student, Rowell began to feel himself in his proper element. He developed the

notion that he would like some day to electrify audiences, a common idea of budding lawyers. He joined a London debating organization, the Baconian Club, and began to exercise his vocal powers. Politics he talked with vigour. At election time, he stumped through the Middlesexes. And in the home of the Blakes and the Ross's he steeped himself in Liberalism.

By 1891, when Rowell received his law degree from Osgoode Hall, he had a sound legal grounding and good oratorical ability. With these assets he started out to conquer the big world of Toronto. By his application, inspiring manner, and genius for making friends in a quiet way, N. W. Rowell, K.C., is one of the leading barristers in Ontario's Capital, and head of a numerous firm. Also Mr. Rowell is one of the chief laymen in the Methodist Church, and a leader in the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Besides these activities, he is somewhat of a sport—a golfer and curler; a clubman, and a member of the University of Toronto Senate.

Mr. Rowell has never sat in parliament. In 1900,



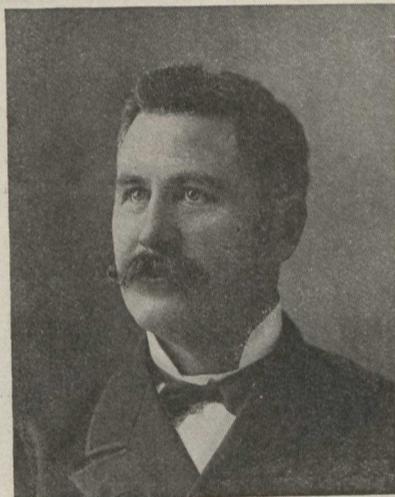
MR. NATHANIEL CURRY
Elected President, Canadian Manufacturers' Association.



MR. R. W. LEONARD, St. Catharines
Appointed Chairman, Transcontinental Railway Commission.



MR. NEWTON WESLEY ROWELL
New Leader of Ontario Liberal Party.



HON. J. K. FLEMMING
Who succeeds Hon. Mr. Hazen as Premier of New Brunswick.

he tried for the Dominion House, but Mr. W. F. McLean, M.P., tribune of public ownership, worsted him. Yet he has been so long associated with politicians and politics that both Conservative and Liberal press agree that he will make things interesting at Queen's Park. That is what the Liberals are putting him there for. When tall, slight, Newton Wesley Rowell turns the battery of his calm, incisive eloquence upon Sir James Whitney, the press gallery will watch the battle of the rapier and the broadsword.

* * *

Premier of New Brunswick.

NEW BRUNSWICK has a brand new premier because of the migration from the Provincial Cabinet of Hon. J. D. Hazen, now Minister of Marine and Fisheries on Parliament Hill. He is Hon. J. K. Flemming, who acted as Provincial Secretary when Mr. Hazen was presiding over New Brunswick. Mr. Flemming is a youthful premier—only 43. He has been ten years in the Legislature. In March, 1908, the Hazen Government ascending

to power, Mr. Flemming entered the Cabinet. All along, next to the Premier, he was looked upon as the ablest man on the government side. It was his slashing attacks on the finance administration that largely contributed to the victory of his side. His power in debate is, perhaps, Mr. Flemming's chief characteristic. He is also in frequent demand as a speaker outside of parliament. Only the other day he was invited by the Canadian Club of Boston to deliver an address in that city.

One of the first projects the new Premier will try to push to a conclusion is the St. John Valley Railroad, which, for some time, has been the football of politics. He will confer immediately with Mr. Borden about it.

The last general election in New Brunswick was held in 1908, and resulted in the election of 31 Conservatives, 10 Liberals, and 5 Independents.

* * *

A Millionaire Chairman.

HARDLY had Mr. Borden got out his Cabinet slate, than the despatch flashed from Ottawa that Mr. R. W. Leonard, of St. Catharines, Ontario, had been appointed Chairman of the Transcontinental Railway Commission. This position is one of the big party jobs outside of the portfolios. The salary is \$10,000 a year. As Mr. Leonard's annual income is reputed to be many times that figure the surprise was decided. Wonder at the appointment by sections of the public deepened when it was told that Mr. Leonard had never been anything very strenuous in the way of a politician. The mystery somewhat cleared after it became known that Hon. Frank Cochrane, the eagle-eyed appraiser of big calibre men, had recommended the St. Catharines millionaire for the railroad job.

For some years Mr. Leonard has been plotting and carrying through large mining schemes and railroad contracts. He has said very little about it, preferring to pile up a fortune and enjoy it unostentatiously. He did a lot of the work on the short C. P. R. line between Montreal and Ottawa, and the Adirondacks Railway. New York railroad magnates engaged him for construction on the New York Central. When the Cobalt boom began, he invested heavily in properties, and now owns large interests in mines like the Coniagas. It was in the north country that Hon. Frank Cochrane sized him up.

In St. Catharines Mr. Leonard is a social favourite. He is hugely interested in military matters and holds the rank of major. Recently he invented an infantry gig scheme which caught on both at Ottawa and the War office. Though long ago a millionaire, he still fraternizes with the boys from the engineering schools who follow the survey chain for a hundred a month. Last year the Civil Engineers Society made the genial St. Catharines' major vice-president.

* * *

A Self-Built Man.

ONE of the most important bodies in Canada is the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Every manufacturer of any size in the Dominion

is a member. Permanent offices are maintained in Toronto with university-trained economists in command. Annually, a convention is held, and a president and executive elected. This year the meeting was at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto. And at that meeting, by acclamation, Mr. Nathaniel Curry, head of the Canadian Car and Foundry Company, was made president. This is one more incident in the business career of a man who only had his sheer native ability and dextrous hands to help him.

Mr. Curry was born a farmer's son down in King's County, Nova Scotia, sixty years ago. He was turned out to work at tender fifteen, and started to learn wood-working. By 1877 he had started Rhodes, Curry and Company, wood-working manufacturers in Amherst, N.S. In 1893 he took in the car-building business of J. Harris & Co. In 1909, Mr. Curry's firm merged with the Dominion Car and Foundry Company and the Canada Car Company into the Canadian Car and Foundry Company. Though this company lies nearest his heart, Mr. Curry could not name on the fingers of both hands all the large corporations in which he has some say.

REFLECTIONS

By THE EDITOR

Experts or a Commission.

OPINIONS vary greatly as to what the Borden Government intends to do in regard to a tariff board or commission. It is probable that the subject will be discussed for some time, since opinion seems to be so divergent. Some believe that an independent body like the railway commission should be created to take charge of all tariff matters. Others are in favour of an advisory board of tariff experts, with the responsibility resting as now upon the Cabinet. Others again are opposed to any change in the present system.

In his manifesto issued last August Mr. Borden had as his sixth plank "the establishment of a permanent tariff commission." It will thus be seen that he has not committed himself too definitely. He is pledged to make a change in the present system but is not too definitely pledged as to the form which that change will take. Giving him all the latitude, which it is usual to accord to public men who make anti-election promises, it can hardly be asserted that Mr. Borden is in favour of a full-powered commission as against a board of tariff experts. Similarly it cannot be said that he is in favour of experts as opposed to a general commission. His policy will probably be announced after he has read the various views now being expressed in the press and after he has consulted with his ministers and leading supporters in the House.

The United States has favoured a board of experts rather than a commission. Their Board is composed of three members. The chairman was formerly a professor of political economy at Yale. Another member was formerly assistant secretary of the treasury in charge of customs. The third was previously editor of an agricultural journal. This Board employs about eighty experts, each of whom is given a definite line to investigate.

There is much to be said in favour of the United States plan. It gives the Executive and Congress the latest and most accurate information with regard to the relation between tariffs, and industry, and it gives this information in a thoroughly practical and understandable form. It is not interested in the political attitude of one party or the other. It aims merely to gather information from which the public and the publicists may draw conclusions. It makes no recommendation. While this system may not entirely satisfy those who would like to see the tariff taken out of politics, it is probable that it is a reasonable compromise between two extreme positions. It also has the advantage of having a purely scientific basis.

* * *

Investigating the Trusts.

FOR some years the United States has had as its special political feature a programme of trust investigation. Whenever a magazine publisher or a public man needed a topic of discussion he chose this particular one. It has been productive of more speeches and more magazine copy than any other topic of the decade. They are still at it. Indeed, it looks good for another twenty-five years.

Two or three writers have contributed to the CANADIAN COURIER articles suggesting that the time to regulate trusts and corporations is before they are formed. Another such article appears in this issue. The point is well taken. The way to stop the ravages of tuberculosis is to prevent the people getting the disease. As our grandmothers said, "prevention is better than cure."

A case is now being tried in Canada where this rule would fail to work. The United Shoe Machinery Company, a United States corporation, controls practically all the shoe-making machinery in Canada. It has been charged that this company is operating in such a way as to cause a "restraint in trade." Some months ago the Quebec shoe manufacturers lodged a complaint under the Dominion Combines and Mergers Act, and demanded an inquiry. Mr. Justice Cannon, of Quebec, made a preliminary investigation and upon his report a Royal Commission was created for further inquiry. The Company tried to prevent this and carried an appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The appeal was unsuccessful and the investigation is proceeding. It was reported that the new Government, being sympathetic with the manufacturers, would stop the inquiry, but Judge Doherty, Minister of Finance, has officially denied this report. He

says the investigation will proceed.

Here is one case where the very best legislation might have failed to act as a deterrent against a trust or a monopoly. Nevertheless, it would seem advisable that the Borden Government should proceed at once to put laws on the statute book which would tend to prevent the creation of vexatious monopolies and mergers and would especially limit the creation of large corporations whose capital stock contains a considerable percentage of water. It should also prevent any public service corporation from issuing new stock at less than the market price of its present stock and also from issuing bonus stock. All the men connected with corporations in this country are not dishonest and not greedy, but enough of them are to make such legislation a pressing need.

* * *

Intercollegiate Football.

ANNUAL athletic contests among the students of various colleges is an ancient idea. It is also sound. College students in age, weight and manners are much the same, no matter where the college is situated or by what name it is known. Consequently they meet on nearly equal terms, socially and athletically. Their contests, therefore, should be fair rivalry and productive of a broad college feeling which will embrace all the colleges represented in the schedule.

Of course the schedules should not obtrude on the main purpose of college life. The athletic union of Toronto's high schools has decided to do away with their annual football schedule because it imposed too great a burden upon the boys and upon those in control of them. The schools were too numerous and the schedule too complicated. This decision is undoubtedly wise. A football union with more than four teams in it is likely to have too many contests and to defeat its own purpose.

The greatest intercollegiate union in Canada is that which includes McGill, Ottawa College, Queen's and Varsity, and the contests this year have been exceedingly interesting. The new rules, introduced in recent years, have created a game almost equal in openness and skillfulness to the British game. Brute strength which predominates in the United States game is made subsidiary to brains, fleetness and the ability to "boot" the ball. The final game last Saturday between Varsity and Ottawa College was equal to anything ever seen in Canada. For three-quarters of the time Father Stauton's light, well-trained men from Ottawa College held the heavier, more experienced Varsity team by sheer pluck and skill. In the final quarter, the inevitable happened. The hard-tackling Varsity men had worn down their plucky but lighter opponents. Age, weight and experience told and Varsity rolled up a tremendous score. Ottawa College were beaten, but beaten with a record which will long be remembered.

* * *

Agencies for Filling Offices.

A WRITER in the *North American Review* states that in the United States the political "parties have no principles and are simply agencies for filling offices." He explains the reason. Even when a political party wins a great victory on a principle, it cannot give effect to that principle because of the "rigidity" of the United States constitutional system. The House of Representatives may be impotent because it cannot control the Senate and the Executive. In Great Britain and Canada, the House of Commons is supreme. The Upper House and the Executive or Cabinet are its servants.

Nevertheless, every victorious political party in Canada is to a great extent an agency for "filling offices." Every newly elected Conservative member from Halifax to Victoria is now being besieged by office-seekers who desire berths now held by Liberals recently vacated, or likely to become vacant. They are also being pursued by contract-hunters of various kinds. Some of the members like the game, but the majority of them would prefer to have this patronage eliminated from political life. If this could be done, it would be a great moral and political gain.

It is interesting to notice how five important positions in the "Inside" or Ottawa service, under control of the Civil Service Commission, were recently

filled. These positions were worth from \$1,200 to \$1,800 a year. They included an architect, a topographical draughtsman, a custodian of geological instruments, an assistant botanist and an assistant entomologist. If these had been subject to the "patronage" system, they would have been filled with aged or time-worn politicians. Under the Commission's system, an examination was held, and the positions awarded to young men with special knowledge of the work to be done. No person asked about their politics and, for all the Commission knows or cares, they may all be Liberals.

In contrast to this, the postmastership of Montreal was filled the other day. This is the "outside" service and not under control of the Civil Service Commission. It was therefore a matter of political patronage and was given to a politician seventy-one years of age. His work will be done by the assistant postmaster. The new appointee will merely see that the patronage of the Montreal post-office goes to people recommended by the local patronage committees. The country generally will receive no value for the salary which it pays this estimable gentleman.

* * *

Holding the Lawyers.

CANADIAN electors are doing well in holding down the legal element in the House of Commons. There are more members in the new House than in the old, but there are just seventy-five lawyers in each. The farmers come next with an increase from thirty-one to thirty-two; the merchants are third, but with only twenty-seven as against thirty-one in the previous House; the doctors also show a decrease; the manufacturers have increased from twelve to thirteen and the lumbermen from seven to eleven; the journalists just hold their own with a total of ten representatives.

Lawyers make useful members, but it is well that all classes should be adequately represented. Probably when the manufacturers, doctors, capitalists and merchants know as much about political economy and the science of governments as the lawyers, the latter will not enjoy their present pre-eminence.

* * *

Home Missions Weak.

WHEN I wrote several articles in favour of home missions as against foreign missions, some good people got quite incensed. The religious press hammered me hard, and several broad-minded individuals wrote sarcastic letters. One minister went so far as to ask me if the CANADIAN COURIER would print a reply. He got the necessary promise but he never sent the article.

Now the Rev. J. H. Edmison, secretary of the Presbyterian Assembly's Home Mission Committee comes out with a similar argument. In an address, delivered in Hamilton during the recent Layman's Missionary Congress, he is reported to have said:

"The weakness of home missions to-day is the lack of the right kind of men and women to lead. The indifference of the American settlers in the North-west is heart-breaking to the missionaries. We are now reaping the bitter corn that has grown as a result of the United States church negligence of its opportunities a decade ago. They are starving missionaries in the North-west, while those in foreign fields are treated twice as well."

At the present juncture, Canada should devote all her money contributions to domestic missions. We have not a cent to spare for foreign missions, nor will we have for twenty-five years to come if immigration continues at its present speed. Those who are following Mr. J. Campbell White, of New York, are being sadly and grievously misled.

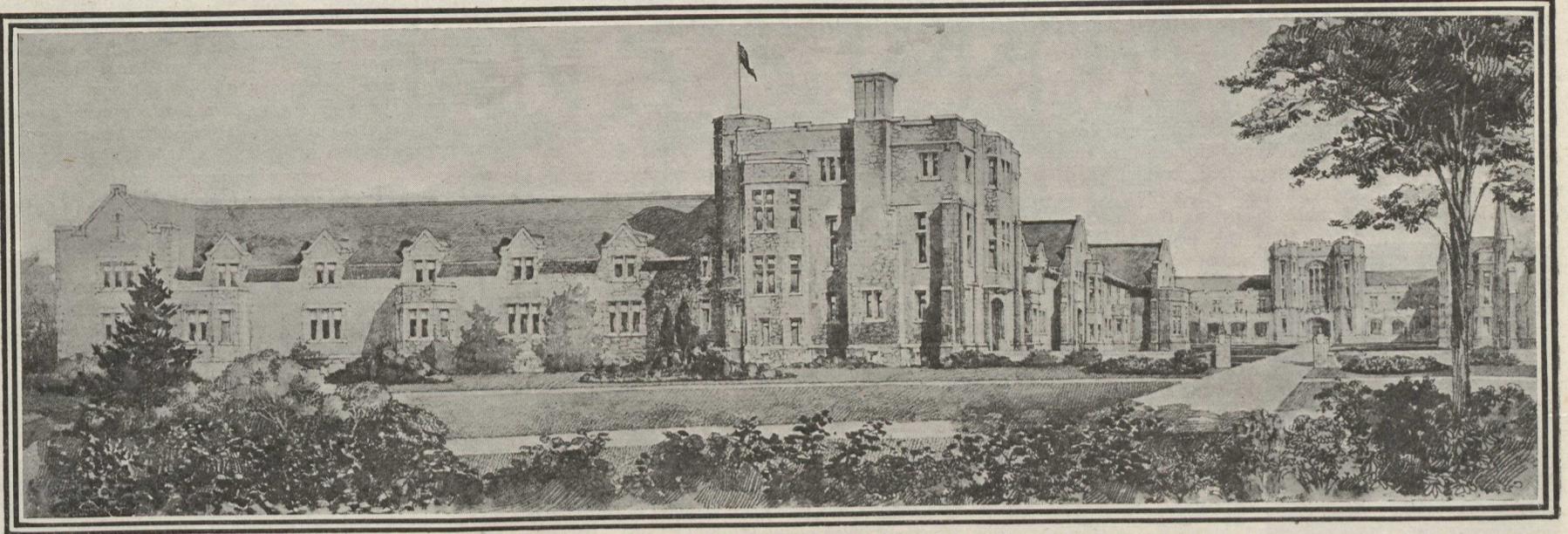
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Prince Arthur of Connaught.

KING GEORGE and Queen Mary have sailed for the Delhi Durbar, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught are in Canada, and Prince Arthur of Connaught is the sole adult royalty left in Great Britain. Should Premier Asquith or Sir Edward Grey require royal advice during the absence of the King, they must go to this twenty-eight-year-old Prince. If there are bridges to open, foundation-stones to lay, or foreign royalty to be received, the duty will fall on Prince Arthur. There is no Princess to help him, for he is still single and Princess Patricia will shortly sail for Canada.

This, too, at a time when China is in a state of revolution such as has not been known for centuries, when Italy and Turkey are engaged in murderous combat, and when politics in Britain are in a fairly active condition. However, the young man has a level head and an amiable temper, and he will probably carry his troubles without creating complications.

SASKATCHEWAN'S NEW UNIVERSITY



The new University of Saskatchewan is growing steadily. Some of the buildings are up and some are in course of construction. This is the main or "College" building.

IN thorough-going and practical fashion the new University of Saskatchewan has recognized the importance of agriculture, by giving it a first place in its curriculum. This only corresponds to its pre-eminence in the interests of the people—indeed, as harvest time approaches the whole community seems to hold its breath in anxiety for the safety of the crop—but not always does a university thus see eye to eye with those for whose benefit it is supposed to exist. Untrammelled by ancient tradition, however, this university is setting forth to serve the farmer as older universities have devoted themselves to the training of professional men and scholars. I do not imply that the needs of these other classes will be neglected in the new halls of learning, now rising on the banks of the Saskatchewan, for the scope of the University's work will be broad as, in a not far-distant day, its housing is to be beautiful and magnificent.

Three hundred acres have been set apart for the Campus, and plans for the arrangement of the future buildings on this site have been drawn out so that, even if the work is not completed for a generation or two, it may proceed harmoniously on some settled system. Ultimately a fine Convocation Hall will look down on the city of Saskatoon, spread far along the lower and opposite bank of the river; and about this, in the midst of pleasant gardens and clumps of trees will be grouped the college buildings and residences for students and professors. Adjoining the Campus is a block of land for experimental purposes, and behind it, farther from the river, lies the College Farm of eight hundred and eighty acres,



A closer view of the front of the "College."

which is to be cultivated by up-to-date methods. Work has been begun on the buildings for the use of the College of Agriculture, though lecture-

rooms and residence will at first do duty also for the students in arts. The College and Students' Hall, both of which are to be beautiful specimens of the type of architecture known as Collegiate Gothic, are being built of stone. The barns, with walls of granite; the power house, which will supply light, heat and power to all the other buildings; the stock pavilion, fitted up for the study of animals in a practical fashion; and the laboratory of agricultural engineering, where instruction will be given in blacksmithing, concrete work, the management of machines and so forth, are all practically completed.

Two years ago the College of Arts and Science began its work with seventy students, though sorely hampered by lack of suitable accommodation, and in January, 1912, the College of Agriculture expects to open its doors to regular students. It will give three-year courses of study for young men, who expect to make farming their life-work, and, later, a four-year course (leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Agriculture) intended for teachers and investigators. It will also provide "short courses" for farmers, farmers' wives, threshermen, weed inspectors, and others; and will issue bulletins on subjects of practical interest for Farmers' Clubs and Homemakers' Clubs (both of which are under the supervision of the Faculty of Agriculture). This side of the work is indeed well under way, for already "fully twenty-five thousand people have been reached," but it is only begun, for the intention is "to carry practical and helpful information into the most remote parts of the Province."

EMILY P. WEAVER.

VARSIITY WINS THE INTER-COLLEGIATE



For the fourth time in four years Varsity wins the Inter-Collegiate Championship. They were beaten once by Ottawa College, but on Saturday last won from them by a comfortable margin. They won by reason of weight, age and experience, and Father Stanton's team did all that could be expected of light-weight youngsters. Ottawa College in striped jerseys and stockings. Ten thousand people saw the game.

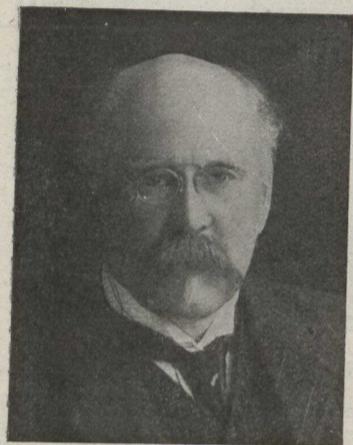
Photographs by Pringle & Booth.

FOR THE HEALTH OF CANADA

Proof of this Country's Need of a National Laboratory

By M. J. PATTON

A LONG narrow room on the third storey of a commercial building in Ottawa, two long narrow tables placed end to end in that room and a distinguished company of medical men around those tables, with a man big in finance, but bigger in public spirit, at the head of the head table, is what a prying body might have seen some time ago had he climbed up the fire escape and peeped in at the window.



E. B. OSLER, Esq., M.P.
Who is head of the committee that looks after the health of Canada.

The place was the offices of the Commission of Conservation; the distinguished company of medical men was the public health officials of the Dominion and Provincial Governments and the big man presiding over the meeting was E. B. Osler, Chairman of the

Public Health Committee of the Commission of Conservation. These men, many of whom had spent no small part of their lives in public health work, had gathered there from the Atlantic to the Pacific, at the call of the Commission of Conservation to grapple with the growing health problems of a growing nation—problems that had grown too big for old methods and demanded better organization and improved facilities for their solution. They deliberated on numerous questions ranging all the way from tuberculosis to vital statistics, and they made various recommendations to both Dominion and Provincial Governments for the better safeguarding of the health of Canada. The first concrete result of their action—and one of the most important—was announced recently when it was given out that the Dominion Government had approved of the recommendation of the Conference to establish a National Laboratory and an advisory Central Council of Health.

IT is surprising when one comes to think over it, how badly Canada needs a national laboratory. We have a Health of Animals Branch under the Department of Agriculture, equipped with a laboratory and manned by skilled officials, to look after the health of the cattle and pigs of the country, but somehow or other, in our anxiety to raise cattle and pigs, we have overlooked the need of a national laboratory for human beings. And yet, the need for it is very great. Last year in Ontario there was an epidemic of rabies and many of the unfortunates who chanced to be bitten had to be bundled off in haste to New York for treatment. Then, too, we are dependent on the United States for all our vaccines, anti-toxins and sera for treating such diseases as small-pox, diphtheria, meningitis and lock-jaw.

What makes matters worse is that the biological products we get from Uncle Sam are often of poor quality or deficient in strength. All such products when sold in the United States must come up to a standard of purity and strength set by law. Here, our Government adopts no such standard whatever. The result is that the United States laboratories can sell their inferior product in Canada without fear of prosecution, and the Canadian public has to pay and suffer. And yet we pay big prices to the United States laboratories for these materials. For instance, it costs about 50 cents a dose to manufacture diphtheria anti-toxin in New York State, while the retail price is quoted by the leading American producer at \$7.50. It costs about \$25 for a treatment of tetanus anti-toxin, although the Department of Health of New York manufacture the required dose at a cost of 60 cents. Estimating the annual consumption of diphtheria anti-toxin in Canada at 6,000 doses, the total cost at the retail price quoted above would be \$45,000, while the actual cost of manufacture would be \$3,000. In this item alone, a national laboratory, by supplying anti-toxin at cost, would save the people of Canada \$40,000 annually. By instituting a system of inspection of all these biological products so as to insure that they were of the requisite standard of

purity and strength, it would be doing a service, the value of which must be estimated, not in dollars and cents, but in human lives.

The manufacture and inspection of these medical necessities is only one of the many ways in which a national laboratory would serve the public. We have grown so rapidly in population that our public health problems have multiplied apace. With small cities and a sparse population, health administration was comparatively simple. Now all that is changed. How often do we notice in the press of the larger cities, the admonition of the health officer, "Boil your drinking water." Population on the banks of our rivers and lakes has increased rapidly, and the result has been dangerous pollution of the water supply of places further down. Our death-rate from typhoid fever shows how serious this danger is. According to the last census 35.5 people out of every 100,000 is the yearly death-rate in Canada from typhoid fever. In Germany the death-rate from this disease is 7.6, while in Scotland it is only 6.2. Surely there is need for trained investigators under national control and unprejudiced by local or provincial considerations.

Then there is the housing problem. We have been in the habit of saying there were no slums in Canada. But we must face the facts. We have slums, and the grasping real estate speculator is making more every day. Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, Ottawa and Winnipeg have slums, in many cases of the most aggravated form. These are veritable plague spots of disease, especially of tuberculosis. Yet a city does not like to have the fact pointed out that it does not house its people properly. These conditions incident to the crowding together of people in centres of population must be investigated and remedied, and it is clear that this must be done by a national investigator free from local influence.

THERE are many other questions that the officials of a national laboratory would have to attack. Industrial diseases are increasing with the extension of the manufacturing interests of the country. The supervision of the preparation and sale of foods and drinks is a vital question, and there is a wide field of research open in connection with cancer and tuberculosis. It is the hope of those instrumental in promoting the institution that it will be a centre for such medical research work as can be carried on efficiently only in such an institution.

Complementary to the establishment of a national laboratory is the creation of a national council of health. This will assemble at least annually at the call of the Commission of Conservation and will be composed of Dominion and Provincial Government officials engaged in public health work. It will thus act as a great co-ordinating force in health administration. This is exceedingly important because the problems of public health are interprovincial or even international in character. This can be best seen in connection with the question of water supplies for towns and cities. Growing Alberta towns deposit their sewage into streams from which Saskatchewan centres procure their supply; Winnipeg pours its filth into the Red River to plague Selkirk; Sarnia mixes its refuse with the water supply of Windsor and Detroit; the town of Aylmer pollutes the water supply of Ottawa, which, in turn, contaminates the water that Montreal drinks. A national council of health on which every province is represented is the only means by which these interprovincial problems can be expeditiously solved; for while it is a point in dispute as to whether the British North America Act gives the administration of public health exclusively to the provinces, it cannot be gainsaid that these latter have shouldered that work.

THE Council will also have an important role to play in harmonizing the provincial health laws that are in conflict with one another, and in acting in an advisory capacity to federal, provincial and municipal health authorities. It is expected to point out the branches of work that can be best administered by each of these three, to determine what work shall be conducted in the national or other public laboratories and to advise as to what steps shall be taken in the case of the outbreak of epidemics of disease, either in Canada or in contiguous countries. In short, it is a general advisory body on all the large questions of public health.

It is seemly and fitting that the first step towards coping with the public health problems of a grow-

ing country should be the establishment of a national laboratory and the creation of a representative advisory council. Thus we are making provision for co-operation of the constituent elements of the country where co-operation is absolutely essential, and we also are providing means for finding out just what the conditions of our national health is. We must provide means for the correct diagnosis of our national ills and plague spots before we can make substantial progress towards their cure.

Regulating Corporations

BY COUPON.

JUST at the time when so many Canadians are remarking about the great difference in the conditions that now prevail in Canada as compared with what is taking place in the United States, along comes a New York paper with the interesting observation that as far as the enjoyment of liberty is concerned in respect to corporation matters, the United States has had all that Canada is now enjoying. That paper states that the time is sure to come when attacks on various Canadian corporation will occur somewhat along the lines that are being witnessed with regard to a number of the larger American industrial consolidations. Anybody who figures it out will readily appreciate that while the Government itself is responsible for the majority of consolidations, because of the tariff assistance which it is affording various lines of industry, still there will come a time when other governments will look askance on what is being allowed at the present time, and will see to it that considerably more binding regulations shall be applied to consolidations.

Such a condition naturally occasions an important question—at what period of consolidation's existence should a government step in to regulate it? The right time is when the insiders, who have brought about such conditions, are still loaded up with the securities because, while insiders are great believers in the possibilities of various lines of business, still they are never so greatly interested but that they see that they are able to make a very ready market for their securities, and gradually spread them out into the hands of tens of thousands of investors.

The present attack on the United States Steel Corporation by the United States Government affords an interesting illustration of the foregoing, for at the present time, when the company has been attacked, its securities are being held by between 350,000 to 400,000 shareholders all over the world, and the big group of men who were primarily responsible for the colossal consolidation are comparatively small holders, as compared with what they held at the time the big deal was put through. The same thing would apply to Canadian consolidations. Were the Government to step in now and make an investigation and endeavour to place things on a somewhat better basis, it would be found that to a very large extent the insiders still have the bulk of their holdings, but it does not take any clever market follower to discern that movements that have been occurring on the Canadian markets for some time past indicate that determined efforts are being made to create an attractive market, and in this way effect distribution of stocks among small investors. In a sense the United States Government might be held absolutely responsible for the condition that exists as regards the corporate interests to-day, and either they should never have allowed them to do what they have done, or they should not be stepping in and trying to deprive them of all the rights which they gave them some years ago.

Parliament Classified.

LAWYERS, as usual, predominate in Canada's new parliament. The following table shows the calling or occupation of the members of the new as well as the old House:

	1911.	1908.
Merchants	27	31
Capitalists	2	7
Lawyers	75	75
Farmers	32	31
Doctors	18	22
Journalists	10	10
Manufacturers	13	12
Agents	8	8
Brokers	5	2
Students	1	..
Druggists	1	..
Surveyors	1	..
Labour Employees	1	..
Contractors	9	2
Notaries	7	4
Lumbermen	11	7

WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

A FEW PAGES PREPARED TO MY LADY'S TASTE

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP HEAP

Women Jurors.

SOMETIMES the most anti inclined are brought to a rude standstill and obliged to wonder if, after all, the women who are struggling for the vote have not a great world of justice on their side. A play recently produced in this country, written by two Englishmen, shows the brutality of the English courts in conducting a divorce suit. The husband's counsel uses the most insulting insinuations against the fragile little wife. The court jeer and laugh, there is not one iota of a chance for the woman, who, all the while, is innocent. The jury are easily swayed, and bring in a verdict of guilty.

The conditions existing in England to-day were studied carefully by the playwrights. They knew whereof they spoke. Does it not seem that Justice is perverted somewhere, that there is one cog in the great wheel which refuses to work harmoniously? If mere suspicions along with plenty of money, can influence a jury to convict an innocent girl, surely it is time for some change in the state of affairs. The women who are struggling for the vote, realize the situation of affairs, and that is why so many of the best of England's daughters are striving to better the public administration of justice. As long as men remain in the courts of justice, it can readily be seen that a woman will be the weaker vessel. One man naturally sympathizes with another. They understand each other's shortcomings, you know. They are all good fellows, and smoke good cigars, and are ready to help each other with plenty of bank notes, if necessary to forwarding their own ends.

Let the women keep up the fight, militant or non, so long as they thrust their cause to the fore, and forget petty personal prejudices, and good luck to them!

* * *

On Agreeableness.

ONE wondering young girl wrote to a magazine recently, asking how she could be agreeable. It showed weakness of mind, perhaps, to agree with everything others said, and yet, if one did not agree, one was branded immediately as a monument of contradiction, altogether undesirable.

Poor, dear child! She has not learned the art of being tactful. But how learn it unless one is thrown with all classes and kinds of people? Tactfulness is always to be commended, but sometimes, it strays beyond its own limits and becomes mere gush and flattery, and of all things, the Fates shield us from that! To be agreeable, one must not necessarily agree stupidly with what another says, neither must one disagree so stoutly as to be considered crude and boorish. There is a happy intermingling of the two, which, when attained, makes the converser the most desirable of companions. Repartee is a very helpful adjunct to conversation, and it is never crude when rightly understood. Learn to sit apart from a group, little girl, and listen to those around you. And listening, learn. Surely there cannot be a more beneficial teacher than observation. Those whose company is most desired, are the ones who can listen to others, rather than exploiting their own views. Then, when asked for their opinions, they can express them mildly, whether agreeable with the other person's or not, and ten to one, the other one will turn right around and agree with the newly expressed one.

* * *

Women's Wages.

NOT long ago I had occasion to visit the employment office of one of the largest establishments in Canada. There were lined up there, girls of all ages, of all classes, women old and tottering, who should have been in a comfortable home. All were applying for a position in the great employment shop. I chanced

to see some of the wage cards, too, and some of the increase slips. One nice-looking girl triumphantly carried off an increase card, the figures on which were \$4.50 per week. Several others had cards bearing figures like \$4, \$5, and some as high as \$6 or \$7. The case of one old woman was particularly pitiful. She was seeking employment in the kitchen. There was a restaurant in connection with the place. "Everything filled up," was the mechanical reply of the girl at the desk. The poor old woman walked tearfully down the stairs. Another one wanted employment in the same place, this time a pretty young girl. She received the same answer, but did not leave the office. Instead, she called the manager, and reported to him. He reached for the telephone, and spoke to the manager of the kitchen, thus—oh, no, I wasn't supposed to hear, but I did. "I say, old fellow, haven't you any vacancy there? Well, make one for this little girl, here, and I'll make it all right with you." The little girl found a position.

'Tis of international discussion, this question of women's wages. No wonder the relief societies are hard at work, no wonder Mrs. Pankhurst is conducting another campaign in the States, for the good of girls. There is something back of all the great establishments to-day which makes it impossible for a girl to live comfortably and at the same time decently. And Canada is no exception to this state of affairs.

* * *

Observations.

THERE is a great Optimism at work in the world, who allows his enemy Pessimism to creep in, only often enough to make his own power the stronger.

* * *

On the gloomiest of autumn days, one can see the tiny tints of blue away beyond the gray of the clouds.

* * *

Every road on the map of Life leads eventually to the goal of Things Worth While.

* * *

When your house of Thought becomes gloomy, open up the windows and let in the music of a thousand fairies of Happiness.

* * *

The word impossible has been blotted out of the vocabulary of Faith.

* * *

Even the little sparrows can find enough brightness on a rainy horizon to bring forth a song and chirp of joy in living.

* * *

A bit of pleasure always seems more enjoyable after an afternoon of Disappointment.

* * *

The greatest minds are those which are never seared by the ravages of bitterness and despair.

* * *

While the crow sits cawing loudly from the treetop, the little humming bird flits from flower to flower, sipping honey.

* * *

Amidst the brazen blast of Speech, one can often hear the golden tinkle of Silence.

* * *

Those who consider Life nothing but a great mechanism should remember that the smoothest running machine must be altogether without friction in its parts.

* * *

All roads are royal which lead to Honesty of Purpose.

* * *

There is often a great depth to the current which carries a film of froth on its surface.

M. B.



Each year finds Canadian Women taking more interest in outdoor exercise. Miss Davies, Toronto, on her favourite Mount.



The Shadow on the Dial

(By Marjorie L.C. Pickthall)

THE wayfarer, the vagabond, the happy tramp, belongs to no era, to no age. In all times there must have been those who fled from the current versions of civilization to seek for things that were better in their eyes, but it is perhaps only in the last hundred years or less that their longings and strivings found a definite recognition and expression in poetic literature. There must have been discontented souls in the Lost Ages who scorned the pile-built dwellings of the lakes and vast reedy rivers, and fled to the caverns of the hills and the dark hearthstones of an older race. There must have been some who turned an idle back on Thebes and templed Philae and all the fashionable gods, and sought freedom behind the last pale desert hills. The laughing sun of golden Greece must have called many a wanderer from beach to isle, from isle to hill-town, from hill-town to city-state of the plain, and so to the olive harvest and the grain-ships bound for sea. When the legions travelled the dim forests and morasses of the nameless north, some dreamer must have followed the glint of their helmets half across his world. The knights errant of a later yet still more shadowy time were but vagabonds in mail, and all Arthur's court went a-tramping when occasion offered, following wandering fires. The Middle Ages had a distinct wayfaring life of their own, like a restless froth upon the wave of the Renaissance, and left us their heritage in the roving friars and knights and beggars of the literature of the earlier nineteenth century. The very type and peer of all was Scott's gallant, who

"Gave his bridle rein a shake
Upon the further shore,
With, Adieu forever more, my love,
Adieu forever more."

Such were Germany's jolly brethren, one of whom typified his kind when he sang,

"A farthing and a sixpence,
And both of them were mine,
The farthing went for water,
The sixpence went for wine.

"The landlord and his daughter
Cry both of them, 'O, woe',
The landlord when I'm coming
And the daughter when I go.

"My shoes are all in pieces,
My shoes are torn, d'ye see,
And yonder in the hedges
The birds are singing free."

But it remained for the newer men, Stevenson, Kipling, and their kin, to sing the song of the calling voices, the mystery of the road, the vision behind the unattained hill, the star of all quests that lights the following feet. They needed, perhaps, the touch of the Celtic visionariness which has so tremendously and silently affected much recent poetry. It remained for them, too, and for Kipling especially, to make the true gypsy songs of the English peoples as they go forth conquering and to conquer; yet ready, a few of them, to yield their empire for the touch of the spray, a couch of new-pulled hemlock, and the starlight in their faces.

One of the most perfect of these songs is John Masefield's "Vagabond," though, as the "Spectator" pointed out, no vagabond would have thought it, perhaps. However, one can love the song, and disregard the "Spectator." Here it is:

"Dunno a heap about the what and why,
Can't says I ever knowed.
Heaven's to me a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names of things nor what they are,
Can't says I ever will.
Dunno 'Bout God—He's jest the noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno 'Bout Life—it's jest a tramp alone
From wakin' time till doss.
Dunno 'bout Death—it's jest a quiet stone
All over-grey wi' moss.

An' why I live an' why the old world spins
Are things I never knowed.
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road."

* * *

THE call of the road sounds so loudly and so clearly in these days of later Autumn. I hear it more plainly than in our swift and hurried Spring. When the reddened leaves drive across the grass in whispering companies with a rustle as of innumerable small footsteps; when the squirrels run and flicker in the branches, redder than the oak-leaves, swifter than the wind; when the lingering growth of the woods, last asters like a drift of smoke, tall toadstools, green leafage here and there, is all struck down and blackened in a night; when the trailing bittersweet glows with berries, and little brown birds cluster hungrily in the hawthorn bushes, and the pale sky lies like a wall at the height of the road; then I long to up and away, far away from towns and kenned faces, to follow some pale winding track under the frosty sun and the rising winter stars—"Over the hills and far away."

* * *

TO pass from the love of the earth to one who was most singularly an earth-lover, there is an excellent edition of the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis and "The Mirror of Perfection," issued in Everyman's Library. Of all characters of the middle ages, Francis of Assisi, that little poor man of God, is perhaps most fascinating to the modern mind, however the modern taste may be revolted by some of the wonders that the adoration of his followers built about his beloved name. There remains for us, whatever our taste in saintly legends, the life of a man whose very breath was love of all things created, a man of a perfect courage, of a gallant spirit, of a truly lovely and lovable tenderness and humour; and a dash of shrewd Italian common sense, to leaven what might otherwise have been too little of life. Whether there really was a wicked wolf of Gubbio that St. Francis converted I don't know, though I am quite ready to accept the fact; whether he was indeed seen of the brethren adorned with fairest stars I don't know, but it does not matter. I know him as the man who would not have the convent garden filled wholly with pot-herbs—"But to leave some part of it to produce green herbs, which in their time should produce flowers for the friars for the love of Him Who is called the flower of the field." Whether he could indeed bear the sear of hot iron without feeling pain I don't know, though it is likely enough; but he wrote "The Praise of created things"—"Be Thou praised, my Lord, of sister Moon and the stars, in the heaven hast Thou formed them, clear and precious and comely. Be Thou praised, my Lord, of brother Wind, and of the air, and of the cloud, and of fair and all weather. . . . Be Thou praised, my Lord, of Sister Water, which is much useful and humble and precious and pure. . . . Be Thou praised, my Lord, of our sister Mother earth, which sustains us and hath us in rule. . . . Be Thou praised, my Lord, of our Sister Bodily Death". . . . "It is a far cry," writes Okey, in his introduction, "to the early nineteenth century, when the great Hallam could contemptuously dismiss the most potent spiritual force of the Middle Ages as "a harmless enthusiast, pious and sincere, but hardly of sane mind. . . ." And Francis was no sad ascetic. He was a laughing saint, and would have no sour faces about him. He recognized the irrepressible happiness of Christianity, which has been almost forgotten in those countries affected by the Reformation. He saw the goodness and happiness of the birds and beasts and flowers and flames and waters he loved with a strange mystic intensity, seeing therein either higher or deeper than our modern learning. And when the last Sister came

to him, "Our Sister the Death of the Body," he met her with laughter and a song.

* * *

IT was the Prior Gregory who had no love for the gracious works of God in this His world, says an old chronicle. The Prior Gregory, of some forgotten monastery on the sunny borderlands of France, was a very holy man of whom all the usual miracles were told and some new ones. He was so holy that he drove the birds away from the convent gardens for fear their vain songs would distract the younger brethren of the novitiate from their prayers; he would have no flowers near, for that their gaudy hues were of the world and not fitting for gray friars to gaze upon; and no doubt if he could have blotted out the splendour of dawn he would have done so. But one day he saw a woman walking in the garden, and he hurried to turn her out and lay penance on the lay-brother who had let her slip past the warded gate. Yet when he approached he might in no wise speak to her, and fell on his knees, being sore afraid. Then the woman turned upon him, smiling as though she loved him motherly, but sadly, as though he had given her grief. "I find no flowers in thy garden, Gregory," she said. The prior's tongue was loosened. "There is more room for vegetables," he stammered, "flowers are vain and foolish things, lady, and doubtless the Evil One grew them first for the confounding of Messire Adam." But the Lady smiled again sadly, and stooped above the ordered hedges, where a careless under-gardener had allowed one briar to bloom. She gathered a pale rose from the briar and laid her hands around it, as the prior Gregory might hold the Pyx.

"What doest thou with the flower, Lady?" asked Gregory again.

"I take it back with me to Paradise," she said, "for in the very garden of the Lord there is nothing fairer."

Then she passed in a soft wind and a silence, and Gregory knew that he had seen a vision. And thereafter he grew flowers after the order of Saint Francis and Our Lady.

Suffrage and Dress

MRS. CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN, the noted lecturer, also editor, owner and publisher of *Forerunner*, New York, lectured recently to Toronto suffragists—and rather astonished them by demonstrating that she was just as clever as a milliner or dressmaker as she is with tongue or typewriter.

The ladies noted that she wore a very beautiful garment over her dress, and they wondered how it was made. It was of gay colours and a rather quaint pattern, and fitted to perfection. Imagine their surprise when the information was supplied by a friend of Mrs. Gilman's that the garment had been made from two 25 cent scarfs—not much in themselves, but when draped as the brainy wearer alone could drape them, they were wonderful.

Mrs. Gilman also makes her own hats, and the chief piece of trimming in one of them that aroused much favourable comment among her friends was a ribbon of a golden hue that she took from a box of chocolates sent her as a gift.

Mr. James L. Hughes, Chief Public School Inspector for Toronto, who has been for years a friend of the lady editor-lecturer, asserts that she is the brainiest woman in the world.

About Debutantes

A debutante is of necessity attractive, fascinating. Her insouciance, her girlish thrills or her affected boredom are alike appealing, and are treated with affectionate understanding by matrons who have not forgotten how to be young. Bearing out this truth there is a story told by a well-known matron who encouraged her only son's attentions to a charming Bud. The lady, her husband and son called to take little Miss Deb to a large ball. The son got out leaving his mother and father (who was quite an invalid, and very much pampered), sitting on the back seat of the carriage. As he proudly handed a mass of billowy frills into the bosom of the family, as it were, the girl, not expecting any one but the mother to be there, sat down upon the old gentleman's ematiated knees. After a moment's painful pause she managed to gasp,

"Oh, excuse me! You looked like—at least I mean you felt like—or rather—I mistook you for the buffalo robe!"

But every one forgave her, because she was a debutante.

FROM COAST TO COAST

Annual Convention of W. C. T. U.

THE annual meeting of the Ontario W. C. T. U. was held at Winchester from October 18th till 22nd. The one hundred and sixty delegates who were assembled from Algoma to the counties in the extreme east of the province, represented a conscientious band of workers whose reports showed the W. C. T. U. to be in a flourishing condition. Over seven thousand names were on the membership list, and over seven hundred honorary members. Mrs. B. O. Britton, of Gananoque, the treasurer, told of money being raised to the amount of \$20,000, with a balance in the treasury of \$600, this being apart from the legacy of \$2,000, which was left by George Acheson, of Goderich.

Ottawa is strongly represented in this organization by a faithful band of workers, among whom are, Mrs. J. Wilson Garret, Provincial Superintendent of Moral Education; Mrs. Asa Gordon, Dominion Superintendent of Evangelistic Work; Mrs. M. Edwards Cole, Provincial Superintendent of Law Enforcement; Mrs. James Bearman, Mrs. E. Meldrum, Mrs. J. Alford, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. E. Coones, Mrs. C. S. Scott, Mrs. J. Bruce, Mrs. R. T. Richardson, Mrs. (Rev.) H. E. Warren, and others.

Edmonton Women's Canadian Club.

THE women of Edmonton met recently, for the purpose of forming a Women's Canadian Club, when the following officers were elected: Honorary Officers, Mrs. Bulyea, Mrs. Arthur L. Sifton, Mrs. H. M. Tory, Mrs. D. L. Scott, Mrs. N. D. Beck, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. D. G. Macqueen.

The President is Mrs. Arthur Murphy, and the four Vice-Presidents Mrs. Arthur Mowatt, Mrs. A. F. Ewing, Mrs. A. C. Rutherford, and Mrs. John A. McDougall. Miss Kathleen Hughes is Literary Secretary and Mrs. A. B. Watt Treasurer. The Executive Committee is composed of Mrs. William Taylor, Mrs. A. G. Griesbach, Mrs. Cautley, Mrs. F. C. Jameson, Madame Couchon, Mrs. James Douglas, Mrs. Braithwaite, Mrs. W. H. Nightingale, Mrs. Duncan Marshall.

Lady Fraser in Winnipeg.

THE Canadian Women's Club, of Winnipeg, held a large luncheon recently at which Lady Fraser, who with her husband, Sir Andrew Fraser, has spent so many years in India, was guest of honour. Lady Fraser related some very interesting experiences she had encountered in India, and told particularly of the home conditions of women of the higher class. Despite the fact that these women go into seclusion at the age of twelve, they are often very happy. Of late, however, a spirit of independence seems to have clutched these women, and they no longer desire to remain within closed doors. One learned English and the English and decided to leave the life within doors to some of her less enlightened sisters. She became a globe trotter and recently visited Canada and Japan. Another has developed into a social leader in Calcutta. She is intensely interested in the hospital and gives largely of her wealth for its support. Lady Fraser, in concluding, predicted that these women, so long accustomed to a life of seclusion, would eventually come out from behind the purdah and assume a life of usefulness in the world.

Miss Jones, the President, announced that the annual meeting would be held on November 25th, and referred also to the splendid work done by Mrs. Francis Graham, the secretary, in her organization campaign for "Homesteads for Women." She has proven that the wives and daughters want the privilege of homesteading.

Ontario Women and the Vote.

THE latest news says that they want it. The women, that is, here in Ontario. We have periodical outbursts of enthusiasm among the leaders of the suffrage cause here in Canada, but the latest seems to be the most powerful of all.

The Toronto Suffrage Association, through its President, Dr. Margaret Gordon, has sent communication to Sir James Whitney and N. W. Rowell, K.C., urging that an extension of the Parliamentary franchise to women be included in the programme of the Conservative party, should it be returned to power.

Mr. Rowell replied at great length to this petition, showing that he was in sympathy with the women and their movement. He concluded his lengthy letter by the tactful, though somewhat evasive, statement, "If the Liberal party of Ontario

really means to stand for progress and Liberalism, it cannot afford to neglect to take this opportunity of showing it by their attitude toward the enfranchisement of the women of Ontario."

Halifax Doings.

THE City of Halifax rejoices in two unusually vigorous Alumnae Societies, one in connection with the Ladies' College, and one with Dalhousie University. The latter are at present endeavoring to collect funds with which to erect a residence for young lady students, and to further this end recently gave a large Dickens Bazaar. This, with \$1,000, raised from a similar one last year, will greatly help their cause.

So great has been the increase in the number of students at the Presbyterian College, Pine Hill, that the erection of a new residence is in contemplation.

The celebrated Russian dancer, Countess Tha-



JULIA NEILSON TERRY
As Juliet.

mara de Swirsky, who recently visited Halifax, was entertained by Mrs. Mackeen, wife of Senator Mackeen, and Mrs. Charles Archibald, wife of the Vice-President of the Bank of Nova Scotia. Although a visitor in Halifax only two days, the Countess endeared herself to the people, that they nicknamed her "little Lady."

One of the most brilliant affairs given in Halifax in recent years was the ball by the officers of H. M. S. Niobe, at the Halifax Hotel, a few weeks ago.

International Congress of Farm Women.

IN the Manitoba Free Press of November 4th, Mrs. Leslie Stavert, of Winnipeg, writes very interestingly of the International Congress of Farm Women, held, last year, at Colorado Springs. Mrs. Stavert, who is, herself, president of the Congress, among other comments, makes the following, in her article: "The average farm wife is just another machine which the thrifty farmer adds to his outfit. The ceaseless grind of drudgery makes her hard and mechanical before many years have passed, and practically the only advantage she has over the reaper and binder is that she does not have to stand out in the fence corner all winter. And when she wears out and breaks down, there are other wives, just as there are other binders. To save this condition is the prime object of the International Congress of Farm Women, to make the farm woman

realize her humanity and give her human interests."

Much interest was manifested by the struggling farm woman, at this congress, and many took hope, and determined to make things brighter. It is largely through the efforts of the International Congress that women's institutes are springing up all over the land, and agricultural colleges with interests for women. The next congress will be held here in our country, in Lethbridge, next year, when it is hoped that everyone present will tell of some further comfort brought to the farm woman.

Victoria Women's Clubs.

THE ministering circle of the order of King's Daughters recently held its annual meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the coming year. The following were appointed: President, Mrs. R. B. McMicking; Treasurer, Mrs. Jenkinson; Secretary, Mrs. John A. Lort; Buyer, Mrs. Bone; Cutter, Mrs. Turner.

The members of the Queen Alexandra 11th Ladies of the Maccabees of the World invited a number of friends to a special "evening," to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of the founding of the order. The programme of recitation and song was opened by Mrs. F. Andrews, the presiding officer, with an address on the aim and purpose of the order.

The Women's Canadian Club recently held its annual meeting, when the reports of the different committees and officers showed the club to be flourishing and more prosperous than ever before. The membership numbers 145, showing an increase of 40 during the past year. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Pemberton (re-elected); First Vice-President, Mrs. G. H. Barnard; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Jenkins; Treasurer, Dr. Cleland; Secretary, Mrs. Hallam (re-elected); Literary Correspondent, Miss Mara (re-elected); Executive, Mrs. D. R. Kerr, Mrs. Irving, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Stuart Robertson, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Clarke and Mrs. C. E. Wilson.

A New National Anthem.

THERE comes the news from Halifax of a new national anthem, written by Edith J. Archibald. It is enjoying great popularity, since its publication during the recent election broil. We print the words as submitted to us:

God bless our Canada, proudly we hail thee,
May we united be, nor ever fail thee,
God bless our Canada,
God save our Canada.

Wondrous our destiny, time shall unfold it,
With deed and purpose high, help us to mould it,
God save our Canada,
God bless our Canada.

God grant to Canada wealth from her labours,
Peace in her borders be, friendly her neighbours.
God bless our Canada,
God guard our Canada.

Here's to the good old land o'er the blue ocean,
Our hearts go out to thee with true devotion,
God bless our Canada,
God save our Empire.

Domestic Science in Ottawa Schools.

DOMESTIC science was once booted, particularly by the men element. To-day, it is a vital bit in the catalogue of educational achievements. People realize that it is not a fad, and those who know, prophesy that it is going to stay and will be regarded as a blessing by men in this and many coming generations.

At Kent Street School, Ottawa, there are 470 girls learning the science of cooking and systematic management of a household. There is a science to washing dishes, to scrubbing kitchen tables, to paying attention to the little things that are so often neglected. All these things are being taught, and more also. The first great principle that is offered to each pupil is cleanliness. It is not an over-exaggerated statement that Miss Grace Calhoun, the chief instructor, and her assistant, Miss Grace Boggs, both graduates of Macdonald College, Guelph, are doing a great work for the community. To equip every girl for the role of house-keeper, before she leaves school, is bound to spell happiness. It is estimated that a girl can learn the art of successful cooking in one year, under the instruction offered.

THE SEASON'S BUDS AT THE CAPITAL

By MADMACBETH



MISS MAY LEWIS.



MISS DOROTHY COOK.



MISS MARIE BATE.



MISS BEE BLAKENEY.



MISS PHYLLIS McCULLOUGH.

A DEBUT is at no time a matter for slight consideration, but this season the launching of Ottawa's Buds takes on all the seriousness of a bona fide "Presentation"; Royalty will stand just before the throne and acknowledge with princely graciousness the profound courtesies of the dainty "debs."

The girls who are coming out this year represent almost every type of feminine charm; there is the attractive little girl who compels masculine protection and who brings to the surface a long-forgotten chivalry. There is the girl who has not been trained to look forward to her debut as the paramount issue of her maidenly existence, and who has been and always will be, more or less of a student—accepting the froth while secretly wishing for the solids. There is the youngest sister who has been kept closely in the home, who is shy and lacking in that self assurance which characterizes another type of girl to whom shyness is a shocking trait and one to be left in the nursery. We have all-round sports who are equally at home on the links, on a horse, in the water or driving a motor, and bless our hearts (and preserve them!) we have the most audacious flirts!

Regardless of the order in which our types are mentioned, we begin with Miss Phyllis Whitley, who is an exceptionally lovely blonde of distinctly English origin. Her distinguished great grandfather, Admiral Sir Geo. Rooke, is too well known to need further mention here. Although she has, obviously, devoted herself to serious study and the acquiring of pleasing accomplishments, she is genuinely modest, and listens rather than asserts. She has devoted a great deal of time to outdoor sport, riding, skating and swimming better than the average. She plays and sketches sufficiently well to bring forth the enthusiastic praise of one of Ottawa's first critics, and is never too moody or too temperamental to refuse a request for music.

Miss Mildred Lambe is another distinct type. Her bronze hair and beautiful dark eyes are the envy of all who know her, and combined with a rare common sense and a total absence of superficial

arts is a delightful whimsicality and a keen wit. She has a lovely smile—and dimples. Miss Lambe is also clever with her brush, and will, if she chooses, make a name for herself in the artist's world.

Two of the daintiest bits of feminine attractiveness imaginable are Miss Dorothy Cook and Miss Bee Blakeney. Scarcely five feet tall, beautifully dressed, unblushingly pleased with all the goods the gods can offer, they put the bored, carelessly-groomed woman a few years their senior to shame. Life will always hold a tang for these two girls, and their unaffected enthusiasm will make them charming companions and staunch friends. They intend to devote much time this winter to skiing, a sport in which they excel.

And speaking of sports—Miss



MISS GABRIELLE BELCOURT.



MISS PHYLLIS WHITLEY.



MISS BETTY MASSON.



MISS MILDRED LAMBE.



MISS MAUD CODVILLE.



MISS EVELYN WRIGHT.



MISS GABRIELLE LAFLEUR.



MISS FAWNIE BROPHY.



MISS MURIEL MAUNSELL.

There was a debutante, some years ago, who was given an ultra-unique luncheon by a university student. It was one of those affairs where the salad turned out to be some unheard-of South American vegetable, where that, which looked like a pair of birds, was in reality a pudding, while the ices took on every form from a devilled egg to a flying eagle. The bewildered debutante saw with relief after twenty courses or so that her supply of forks and spoons had diminished and that the waiter was at hand with coffee. On the same tray was a dish of little white cubes which she took for sugar, and dropped one into her cup. Seeing this the host leaned toward her and whispered.

"Let me send your cup out for more coffee—I see you have put cheese in yours, by mistake."

"Oh, no, indeed!" exclaimed little Miss Bud, resolved to die game, "I always take cheese in my coffee!"

Was that shyness or assurance? Any way, they are married now.

Miss Gabrielle Lafleur combines the attractiveness of the French and English. She has just hint enough of the former to make her speech adorable to the latter; her pretty dignity is offset by great vivacity. She is a blonde with an abundance of golden hair, and has hazel eyes. Her father, Chief Engineer of Public Works, is the sole survivor of an old Montreal family, and has handed to his daughter a deep love for *la belle France*. Miss Lafleur has a long list of accomplishments at her finger tips.

Miss Gabrielle Belcourt is a debutante this year. She comes before the world fresh from the convent, and is in the delightfully receptive mood where everything is a pleasure; she is enthusiastic about things which have long since palled on girls who have had more or less freedom up to this time. She rides exceedingly well and is very fond of this exercise, and while she has scarcely made any one form of study or amusement her hobby, she will do everything well, for the reason that she is keen to do things!

Miss Marjorie Elliott's name is also upon the list,

Betty Masson, a strikingly handsome girl of the Irish type, is an all-round sport; an excellent skater (in Toronto, at school, she won a small cup for fast skating), a good hockey player, clever at basket ball, she confesses that the gymnasium saw almost as much of her as the class room. Her tennis playing is a pleasure to watch, and she handles a canoe or sail boat with ease. Her manner is responsive and charming, and Miss Masson is a favourite with all who know her.

It is evident from the photo how pretty a girl is Miss Phyllis McCullough. She is very quiet and gentle—not particularly fond of any sort of amusement but the theatre. She has a keen appreciation for good plays and is a true lover of music, although she modestly declares that she, herself, is not a musician.

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My friends were charitable and they called it obesity; others referred to me as being STOUT, but I know, it was just plain bulky weight. I was miserable—you too, are equally miserable if you are too stout.

To reduce your weight you must find the cause, you must get at the very reason.

I FOUND THE CAUSE—THE REST WAS EASY.

Before I succeeded, I tried everything within reason and some things beyond reason.

It was maddening—disgusting.

All I had to do was to remove the cause, and I swear under oath, that by my simple method, without drugs, medicine, harmful exercises, or starvation diet, I reduced my weight 37 pounds in five weeks, and guarantee that I can do the same for you. I do not use medicine of any kind or worthless stuff to rub on the body, but a simple home treatment; even a child can use it without harm. Through this marvelous combination home treatment, I succeeded because I had found the right way. I can now climb to the summit of Pike's Peak with ease. I could not do that until I had taken off 37 pounds of my ponderous weight.

If you are interested in your own happiness and health and figure, you will permit me to tell you how to reduce your weight "Nature's Way."

I have printed a book for you entitled, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs," which I am giving away without charge, prepaid to you, so that you may know of my successful method and be able to permanently reduce your weight any amount up to 70 pounds, without harmful exercises or starvation diet, drugs or medicines.

Send for my book, "Weight Reduction Without Drugs." It is yours for the asking, and I will be glad to send it to you, postage prepaid.

I have found that the best way to know happiness is to give it.

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but she has been in England for so long that there are few who can say positively anything about her.

Miss Lewis would grace any position in the social world she chose to fill, and has hosts of admirers of both sexes.

Another girl who is fond of riding and spends a great deal of time on her horse is Miss Evelyn Wright. She is a slight, graceful brunette, has devoted much thought to her music.

Miss Fawnie Brophy, granddaughter of Captain John Brophy, is a debutante this season—a vocalist well above the ordinary, with high ambition which leads her along the trend of church music.

Miss Maud Codville can also claim interesting ancestors. Her great-grandfather when only a lad of fifteen, acted as interpreter between the English and Indians in the war of 1812.

She is a globe trotter, having been the width of the continent half a dozen times, and the length of it more than once.

The eldest daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. G. S. Maunsell is a charming, or rather, a lovely, at least an attractive—heavens, are there no more adjectives? If this article reads like a collection of synonyms, that is solely the fault of the debutantes. And from a wholly unbiased standpoint, any city in the Dominion is hereby challenged to produce more lovely girls than Ottawa "presents" this year!

A girl well worth closer observation is Miss Marjorie Bate, who, after three delightful years in England, returns to Ottawa to make her debut. Music—vocal music—has occupied most of her time. And as though polite accomplishments were not enough to have been showered upon her, she has also been blessed with a positive genius for housekeeping. She would never make the faux pas credited to a debutante of a few winters ago, who went to market bent upon buying some fish. Seeing glassy eyes and scaled bodies of all sorts and sizes, the young shopper thought it best to rely somewhat upon the keeper of the fish stall.

"I want some fish," she said, finally, with a pretty air of command.

"Any particular kind?" asked the astute dealer.

"No," answered the girl vaguely, "only give me something small, I want to make sure to have it tender!"

Winnipeg Women's Club

By NAN MOULTON.

AMONG the first Canadian Clubs to be formed was the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club in the autumn of 1907. There were 152 charter members, which membership has increased in three years to over six hundred, such increase surely attesting strongly to the popularity of the club. Winnipeg had not been—is not yet—a city much given to women's clubs, but to such a city, democratic and cosmopolitan, the appeal of such a club was undeniable. The restrictions and formality of some sister clubs have been absent from the Winnipeg organization. To quote from the secretary's first annual report: "Three elements are necessary to the success of our meetings, members, a speaker, and the luncheon or tea which unites these two elements—the electric spark which brings them together."

The first year's work of the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club was of a pioneer nature. Five hundred dollars was contributed to the Tercentenary Fund, that being the imperative national call of the year. Among those who addressed the club during this first year were Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Principal Peterson of McGill, Rev. Father Drummond, Mr. George Alison, Miss E. L. Jones, Miss Agnes Laut, Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, and Hon. T. Mayne Daly. The subjects varied from "Our Home Land," through "Poetry in Our Schools," "The

Drama," "National Ideals in Education," "Public Playgrounds for Children" to "The French Element in Canada," "Women of the West," and "The Far North." In this year the club joined the Champlain Society, thereby securing the valuable historical reference books issued each year by that Society.

The second year gave an unusually brilliant series of social occasions, for in one summer came to Winnipeg the British Association for the Ad-



MISS EVA L. JONES

Who has just retired from the Presidency of the Winnipeg Women's Canadian Club.

vancement of science, delegates to the Quinquennial Council of Women, and the Governor-General's party. Dr. Grenfell was the outstanding speaker of this year.

Early in the third year of the club's life came the overshadowing of the great national loss, when all functions planned were withdrawn for the season of mourning. In May of this third year a happy chance brought Sir Ernest Shackleton to assist in the ceremony of unveiling the brass memorial tablet in the old church at St. Andrew's, to the veteran explorer, Captain William Kennedy, who, searching for Sir John Franklin, discovered Bellot Strait and the most northern point of the American mainland which navigators had sought for three centuries. It was especially gratifying that the son and daughter of Captain Kennedy were present on this occasion. Miss Eva L. Jones, Principal of Havergal College, Winnipeg, is the present President, the club being again fortunate in the choice of a President gifted with words and grace.

No account of this club would be complete without a tribute to Mrs. H. J. Parker, by whom the organization was conceived, and by whose aid vigilant assistance and wide knowledge, the Historical Committee is endeavouring to secure account of their lives from the surviving early settlers and to preserve all that will memorialize the heroic past of the pioneers. Mrs. Parker is also mover of a resolution to request the Hudson's Bay Company to take means to preserve the sun-dials left by Sir John Franklin at northern posts on his last journey.

The club's honorary members, Mrs. John Norquay and Mrs. William Kennedy, make strong links between the club's present actual membership and the pioneer days of the past, the one the widow of the first Premier of Manitoba, and the other the widow of that veteran explorer, Captain Kennedy.

Miss Jones, in her last President's address, thus voiced the desires of the club for the time to be:

"We want every woman in Winnipeg who cares for a high national ideal, for loyal service to the greatest Dominion and Empire the world has ever seen, to join our ranks and every aspiration to take shape and form in our associated action."

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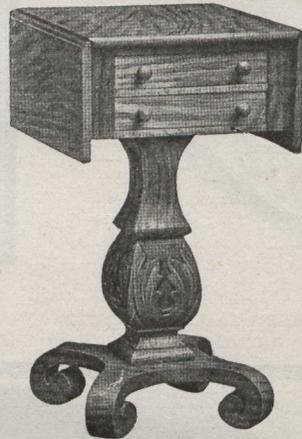
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THE MATINEE GIRL

By MARGARET BELL

America's Elfin Actress.

A BEAUTIFUL English butterfly went humming through the intricacies of modern society, one time, till her wings became seared by the ugly pollen which fell from that society's lips. And so, she was caught in the meshes of a divorce court and subjected to rigid torture by the British counsels.

In America, Marie Doro was chosen to enact the part of the fitting butterfly, and we all agree that the choice was a wise one. I chanced to wander back into her dressing-room, one night, during her stay in Toronto. All the epithets I had heard describing her came rushing to my memory, and then some more which were coined right there on the spot. The word which describes her best perhaps, is



MISS MARIE DORO
Appearing in "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

elfin. She reminds one of nothing so much as a dear, pouting child, with a store of foresight and wisdom sometimes found in grown-up children, sometimes sadly lacking. Perhaps it is her eyes which impress one most, large brown eyes, suggesting a whole world of imaginativeness, eyes which could send daggers into the hearts of men, and green poinard pricks into the desire organs of women. Seldom has it been my good fortune to meet such an interesting personality. Clever to the degree of uncanniness almost, inconsistent, slightly cynical, all this interwoven with a magnetism at once alluring and at the same time reticent—there, did you ever hear of such a combination?

Now it was the child which thrust her pretty nothingness toward one, now the observer of humanity, wondering, quizzical. She jumped up from her place before the mirror and chose a large American Beauty from a vaseful, came over and stuck it carelessly through my buttonhole. Then she stood off a little distance, as a child might survey her first effort at dressing a big doll. "Yes, they just suit you. You should wear them all the time. I knew they would. Here's another bud. Put that on, too." It was amusing, to say the least, to be the model for Miss Marie Doro, and her American Beauties.

"Do you know, I've given up thinking," was the next outburst. "I've thought enough in the last year or two, to do me all the rest of my life. I'm past the Ibsen stage and all that. Now, when I get a chance to go to the theatre, I'm going to see something like the "Pink Lady." At one time, I was a highbrow, you know. Oh, nothing but Ibsen for me, but not any more. From now on, I'm going to laugh and not think a serious thought, when I visit a theatre."

And all the time, the little imps of quizzicality were a-dancing around her eyes, and away below all the surface unthinkingness was a whole spurt of philosophy, waiting to burst forth without warning. Then, the

child interest evinced itself again, as she asked, "How do you like my gowns?" I replied that I liked her negligé particularly.

"That is my weakness," she answered. "And it is so hard to get any originality into them."

We talked of everything from theatricals to boiled milk, and by the time we had discussed the monotony of the former, the non-substance of the latter, it was time for the butterfly to fly back to her bower before the lights.

"Be sure and send me what you write," I replied that I'd be sure.

"Oh, don't write anything."

Thus my last bit of conversation with Marie Doro revealed her inconsistency.

An Interpreter of Ibsen.

CANADA was recently visited by one of the cleverest interpreters of the drama that we have seen in a long time. This was Madame Harriet Labadie, who has made an especial study of Ibsen, and maintains that he is more appropriate for monologue interpretation than for a large theatrical cast. In fact, Ibsen himself once expressed the same preference for his plays. However, I hope the royalties that Mr. Ibsen has secured from his plays have not proven a burden.

Madame Labadie appeared in Toronto in "A Doll's House," "Hedda Gabbler," and "Gossip," the latter adapted from the Spanish "El Gran Galeoto," and produced by the Favershams, a few seasons ago, under the name "The World and His Wife." At all three performances she was greeted by large audiences, who were spell-bound by her art. Seldom, if ever, have we seen an interpreter who can bring to mind each of the characters represented, with such realism that one looks involuntarily to see them appear in the flesh. As Nora, in "A



MADAME HARRIET LABADIE
The well-known interpreter of Ibsen, who recently appeared in the leading Canadian cities.

"Doll's House," Madame Labadie was a delight. The unthinking, unselfish child-wife, whose great love for her husband brought about her unhappiness, then the tortured, despairing woman, were portrayed with such realism that one forgot everything but the power of the woman who stood telling the story.

Hedda Gabbler was no less a revelation.

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The Canadian Women's Press Club

THREE branch clubs have held annual meetings and elected officers for the ensuing year. The officers of the Winnipeg branch of the C. W. P. C. for 1911-12 are as follows: Mrs. Nellie McClung, President; Mrs. Fred Livesay, Vice-President; Miss Kenneth Haig, Secretary.



MRS. SEAMAN
President C.W.P.C., Port Arthur and Fort William Branch.

During the past season members of the club have, from time to time, given talks on their own newspaper experiences, and Mrs. Osborne suggested that these "experience" meetings be continued, and, further, that the outsiders of journalistic repute be asked to address some of the meetings. Motions were passed providing that the club shall meet regularly the third Thursday of each month, and that a programme committee, acting for three months, shall be responsible for the entertainment. A committee was named to approach the other women's societies of Winnipeg in regard to the club-house movement.

The Fort William and Port Arthur branch has for its officers during 1911-12: President, Mrs. A. G. Seaman; Vice-President, Miss Alice Read; Secretary, Mrs. Webster (formerly Miss Sadie Stewart); Treasurer, Mrs. F. S. Knight; Press Correspondent, Mrs. J. M. Sherk. Miss Alice Read, who is the Vice-President for Ontario and Quebec of the C. W. P. C., since her return from a year spent in Great Britain, has joined the staff of the Fort William Times-Journal.

The Vancouver branch re-elected Mrs. C. R. Townley as President. The other officers of the club for the present year are: Vice-President, Mrs. Holt Murison; Recording Secretary, Miss A. M. Ross; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Stoddard.

THE Vancouver Women's Press Club gave a dance on November 3rd for the purpose of raising funds to secure a club room in the Women's Building, which it is proposed to erect in Vancouver. The Women's Press Club has already taken four shares in the Women's Building, and are to be congratulated on the near prospect of possessing a comfortable and charming club room.

THE trip of the corresponding Secretary of the C. W. P. C. to the coast during the last eight weeks was made a delightful progress from city to city of the west, because of the warm hospitality extended by the members of the Press Club in different places. In Fort William the branch gave her an opportunity of meeting old friends and making the acquaintance of new. Mrs. Sherk, the President, was also the hostess one afternoon.

The executive of the branch at Winnipeg met Mrs. Fairbairn at lunch, and she was also one of a party of the members who spent a lovely autumn afternoon at the home of an out-of-town member, Mrs. Viailoux, of Sturgeon Creek.

The tiniest of branches is that at Regina with its three members, but

what with festivities tendered by each individually, a reception collectively and drives to Parliament Building and Government House, the guest was made to feel the comradeship of the C. W. P. C.

In Edmonton the members gathered at a very jolly and informal luncheon at one of the tea rooms in honour of the visitor, and in Calgary the two members of the C. W. P. C. there invited a number of writers who are possible members to meet Mrs. Fairbairn. As soon as the number is increased they expect to form a branch, which is likely to be an active one, as befits so progressive a city.

Vancouver has a large membership of women writers as well as journalists, and was most hospitable. Mrs. Townley, the President, invited the members to meet Mrs. Fairbairn at tea, and Mrs. Mackay and others gave a tea at the Athenaeum Club. The visitor's one regret was that she did not have longer time to make the further acquaintance of so many interesting and clever women.

THREE new members have been added to the C. W. P. C. this month, two in Winnipeg and one in Toronto. They are: Miss Myrtle V. McLenaghan, reporter for the Women's Page of the Manitoba Free Press; Mrs. Olive Ryckman, on the staff of Country Life in Canada and The Dominion, and Miss C. M. Storey, Toronto, Fashion Editor of Ready-to-Wear, and contributor to The Canadian Home Journal and various other publications.

MISS LILY DOUGALL, the Canadian novelist, an honorary member of the C. W. P. C., has changed her residence from Exmouth, England, to Oxford. She spent the summer months with members of her family on the St. Lawrence.

MISS IDA WILSHIRE, a member of the Vancouver Women's Press Club, who holds a position as Madame Labadie's press agent, has visited most of the branches of the C.W.P.C. within the last year. While in Halifax, she saw Miss Marshall Saunders frequently, and took a snapshot of this well-known writer and enthusiastic member of the club, showing Miss Saunders with a few of her many pets. In Toronto, Miss Wilshire had tea with



NELLIE McCLUNG
Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," etc.

the Toronto branch, when Madame Labadie told the club of her experiences in the Yukon.

MISS PULLEN-BURRY, a member of The Society of Women Journalists, with which society the C.W.P.C. is affiliated, who has been commissioned to write a book on Canada, has been entertained by the branches in Winnipeg, Regina, Edmonton, and Vancouver. Miss Marshall Saunders was able to give Miss Pullen-Burry much help and information when she was in Halifax. Miss Pullen-Burry expects to reach Toronto this month.

MRS. COLIN H. CAMPBELL entertained the club at a delightful tea, November 1, when Mrs. MacGregor (Marion Keith) was guest of honour.



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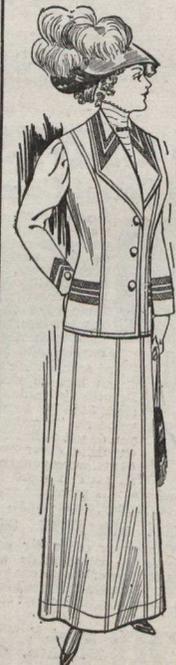
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With every order for suit, we will include absolutely free of charge one year's subscription to "Art Needlework Magazine." Send in your order to-day.

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THROUGH A MONOCLE

TARIFF COMMISSION AND THE PEOPLE

NOW that Mr. Borden is committed to the early creation of a Tariff Commission, students of the constructive side of public life are giving the matter serious consideration. Dr. Morley Wickett offered us an expert's opinion on the subject in a recent number of the *COURIER*; and the Editor presented the more vivid journalistic view of its work, its proper personnel—and its limitations. It is a subject in which every citizen should be interested and should seek to be informed; for a Tariff Commission—if it be worth its postage stamps—will affect the business relations of every one of us. Those who do not feel its operations on their earning side, will on their spending side.

* * *

THERE is one thing respecting it which cannot be too firmly said; and that is—to quote your own statement, Mr. Editor—that “the responsibility for all changes will remain with the government of the day.” There is real danger that a mistaken notion may get abroad, and so diminish the popularity of the proposal, to the effect that a Tariff Commission would remove the making of the tariff from the reach of the plain people. It would be composed—these misled observers might imagine—of three “little tin gods” who would sit up aloft, and decide in their own sweet wisdom just how much duty should be levied on this or how little on that. Now, of course, the power to control the tariff can never be taken from the people. No Tariff Commission plan would stand a halfchance of survival which did not make an honest effort to increase and not decrease the influence of the people on the tariff.

* * *

THIS will be accomplished by the right kind of a Tariff Commission in several ways. Under the old system, the tariff was made by the politicians. A committee of politicians saw the people—and then the “Interests” saw them—and they weighed this influence against that; and they heard a great deal from “party workers” who told them that they must do thus and so “to save the party”; and they relied for expert advice upon men who relied upon them for their jobs; and the marvel is that the net result of this mixed boiling and thumping was half so good. That it was so good proves beyond contradiction that the politicians who did the work possessed far more public spirit and a much profounder knowledge of fiscal matters than they were commonly given credit for. We have

had a deal of honest service from the men who have made our various tariffs; and it has been rendered under the greatest difficulties. The temptation to take “the easy road” and to think chiefly of party gain, must at times have been tremendous; and by no means the smallest part of it was due to the fact that few of their fellow countrymen pretended to think that they did anything else.

* * *

HOWEVER, it must be plain that this old system of “storm and stress” was by no means guaranteed to give the plain people what they wanted. It was much better devised to cheat them out of the results of any victory they might win at the polls. And, just at this point, the Tariff Commissioners should be able to help the people get their way. They will be public servants, first, last and all the time, if they are properly selected. They will feel it their first duty to find out just what effect any particular “rate” will have, and let the people know what they have discovered. The people, as a rule, vote for principles and not for particulars. They want certain things done or let alone, by the tariff; but they do not always even imagine that they know for certain just what rate of duty on each article is required to accomplish this. So it is not hard for the politicians, if they try, to fool the people. But the Commission should render this impossible by making it plain just what duties will be necessary to produce the effect the people desire. That is, when the people vote against “mergering”—let us say—the Tariff Commission should immediately prepare a report on the relations of all suspected sections of the tariff toward this operation.

* * *

CLEARLY this implies a Tariff Commission big enough to be seen over the heads of the politicians. If the Government merely want a new staff of clerks to tabulate tariff statistics and take orders from the Ministers and their “masters,” they have a right to get them; but they have no right to label them Commissioners. Our Tariff Commission must be composed of men who would bulk large in Parliament, and who would not hesitate for a moment to resign their positions if they felt that they were being used as decoys to lull the people into a sense of false security. They will not be given the power to legislate any more than they will be empowered to cast the ballots of the people at a general election; but they should be able to pretty effectively control legislation in obedience to the popular mandate, and they ought to be free

to advise the people with facts, figures and effect when they go up to cast their ballots.

* * *

AT the present time, in this country, our tariff policy is pretty well fixed. We are in favour of moderate protection, high enough to guard all legitimate and profitable native industries but not so high as to encourage “Trusts” or any other exploitation of the consumer. The workingman's interests in protection is to get a job and not pay too much for his living. Now so long as we are agreed upon this policy, the Tariff Commission ought to be able to just about make the tariff; though, as we have said, the final responsibility must always remain with the Government. The Tariff Commissioners will be closer to the facts than anybody else, except possibly the manufacturer immediately concerned; and no Government would ever propose to—publicly—let him make the tariff. So the Commissioners, when they give evidence, should be able to back it up so cogently with reasons that it would take a very daring Government to set it wholly aside. This should greatly limit the power of the party worker and the interested manufacturer for mischief. We should not—as at present—have our tariff schedules juggled into shape in a dark room when no one can tell quite why they come out as they do; but we should have so much light on the operation that, if a politician handed a little favour to a friend, the kind act would be quite obvious to the whole appreciative people.

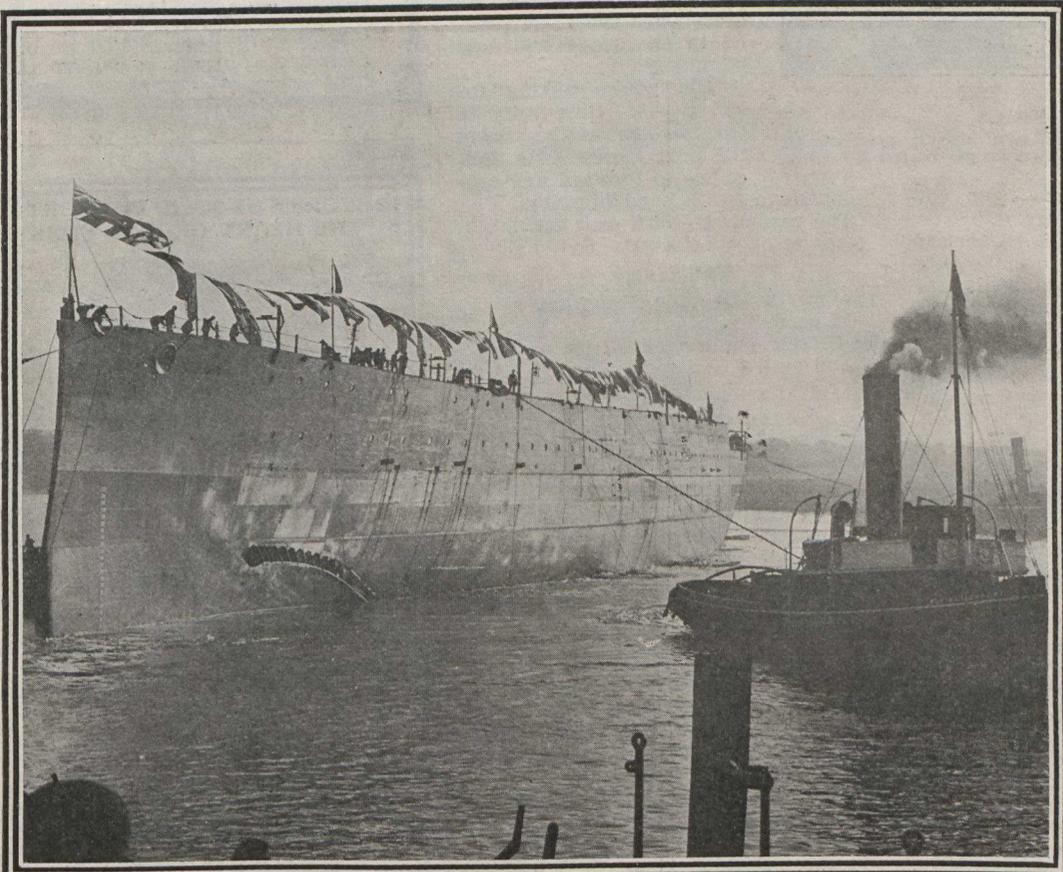
THE MONOCLE MAN.

Reduce Naval Programme.

THAT it is time for the United States to reduce its annual expenditure for the construction of new warships is the belief of the *Springfield Republican*.

“President Taft,” says that paper, “is on record as believing that after the opening of the Panama Canal, which will enable our ships to pass rapidly from one ocean to the other, instead of tracing the long course around the Horn which the “Oregon” was forced to take on her historic voyage in 1898, the authorization of one battleship a year will be sufficient. This would mean an annual saving of approximately \$12,000,000, and the devotion of that sum to safeguarding the public health, to education, or even the leaving of it in the pockets of the taxpayers would be a larger benefit to the nation. . . . The time for reducing the naval programme is now. The needs of the country will be amply served if the coming Congress authorizes but one big vessel. President Taft will strengthen his stand for peace and his position in the eyes of those who are supporting his arbitration policy if he limits to one new battleship the recommendation for the increase in the navy which he will make to Congress.”

FIRST COLONIAL DREADNOUGHT



Those interested in Canada's naval question will appreciate this proof that Australia's battleship-cruiser has already been launched at the shipyard of John Brown & Co., Clydebank, Scotland.



Sir George and Lady Reid after the launching. Sir George is Australia's High Commissioner in London.

DEMI-TASSE

Courierettes.

Hankow is not an ideal spot for a Peace Conference.

Dr. Sturge, a famous English scientist, says that man is a million years old. He says nothing about the age of woman.

When Hon. Sydney Fisher was banquetted at Montreal, the toast to "Absent Friends" included the name of a Noble Earl.

A new island has suddenly arisen near Trinidad. As yet, neither the Stars and Stripes nor the Union Jack has been unfurled upon it.

Mr. Champ Clark is a real asset to the Conservative party.

The Temperance party objects to further referendoming.

Sir James Whitney calls Mr. Rowell's electoral appeal a "skimpy chicken." So far, Mr. Rowell has refrained from calling such criticism fowl play.

Mr. Arthur Balfour would rather play golf than preferential tariff.

Hon. Richard McBride has been calling on the Premier at Ottawa—just to present him with a little Douglas fir as a token of British Columbia's esteem.

The Portuguese Cabinet has just given a touching display of the Christian virtue of Resignation.

Mrs. Pankhurst has been in Milwaukee advising the dear women against personal jealousy and other feminine pursuits.

There will soon be telephone connection between England and Belgium. In the near future, Colonel Sam Hughes will be able to telephone from Ottawa to the War Office in Old London, and have a chat with his South African chums.

In the meantime, Premier Borden is assuring Uncle Sam that Canada, though forced to send back his letters and the solitaire, is prepared to be a sister to him.

Premier Asquith is to give some lectures in 1913 at the Columbia University School of Journalism. The editor of the Toronto Globe will secure a reserved seat.

If those Oriental insurgents continue to fire on British gun-boats, there'll soon be a John Bull in the China shop.

If Mr. Newton Rowell could only persuade Dr. A. S. Vogt to run in Waterloo county, all would be victorious harmony.

His Philosophy.—There is a young broker in a Canadian city who has ventured, not wisely but too far, into the shoals of wining speculation, and who is now lamenting his rashness. "I hope you're not bankrupt," said a sympathizing relative.

"Much worse than that," he said cheerfully, "I borrowed money to put in the last venture."

"It must be a great anxiety to be in debt."

"Not a bit of it. You see, I always let my creditors do the worrying. Someone has to keep cool, and I hate a fussy person."

Her Amiable Protest.—Mr. Kipling's latest poem has excited considerable comment—almost as much as followed the publication of "The Vampire." That respectable publication, The La-

diest's Home Journal, gives a whole page to it, with a nice, neat border. The refrain is not entirely new, being "the female of the species is more deadly than the male."

Several Canadian citizens were discussing it the other evening, when the women present protested against its universal application.

"It isn't true, at all," said a spirited young girl. "Everyone knows that woman is ever so much milder and gentler than man. It's a horrid poem, and I'd like to tear Kipling to pieces for writing it."

And she wondered why the men laughed.

Where Will It End?—England's patriotic, wealthy men have started buying old English castles to prevent their being bought by Americans and taken to Uncle Sam's land. And that the danger thus met is not confined to castles is shown by the following despatch:

"London, Nov. 9.—The logbook of Nelson's flagship, the Victory, which was announced to be sold at auction at Sotheby's shortly, has been bought privately by T. J. Barratt, an English collector of English rarities.

"Mr. Barratt stated that he acquired the logbook for several thousand pounds. His main object in securing it was to prevent it going to America, the auctioneers having re-



WHEN MEMORY FAILS
"Mishes Brown, would you mind comin' down and pickin' out Brown. The rest of us want to go home."

ceived several cablegrams from collectors offering to purchase it."

If it gets enough rebuffs, American money may cease trying to make such purchases. In the next few years, however, we may expect to read such despatches as these:

"London, June 1.—American interests have approached the authorities here with a view to buying Westminster Abbey and removing it to Washington. In Government circles it is declared that prompt action must be taken if this great national possession is to be saved.

"London, Aug 10.—It was learned late to-night that members of the United States Congress have been endeavouring to obtain the Home Rule question with a view to taking it to America. Their agents had gone about the matter cleverly and were much vexed on learning that news of their design had leaked out. It is hoped that the discovery of the plans before they were fully developed will result in frustrating this attempt to rob the British people of one of its most interesting political possessions.

"London, Sept. 2.—A feeling of apprehension has seized British people of all classes owing to the newest danger of an 'American invasion.' At the launching of Britain's latest

aerial dreadnought to-day several speakers referred to the report that as soon as this airship is in flying order offers will be made by a company of Americans to purchase it for exhibition at New York and other American cities. It is hoped that the Government will place the price so high that the ship will be saved, but the interested Americans are said to be anxious to purchase it at any cost.

"London, Feb. 27.—Apparently American ambition knows no bounds. Wealthy men of several American cities are reported to have expressed the intention of buying the British Crown and all the royal castles. Leading statesmen here are advocating a gigantic popular subscription to ward off this threatened danger."

What's in a Name.—There are two ministers in Edinburgh, who are equally popular. One is named White and the other Black. A Canadian visitor was commenting on their pulpit ability, saying that it was curious that Black preached cheerful sermons and White preached solemn warnings.

"Yes," replied a native of the city, "we say that White blackens the saints and Black whitens the sinners."

The Christmas Catechism.—What is the chief duty of man?
To buy his presents early.

Meeting a Difficulty.—The impecunious journalist is not so common as of yore. There are editors, even in our own land, whose salaries are the comfortable figure of five thousand and upwards. However, there are still worthy scribes who find it difficult to make ends meet and tie in a graceful bow-knot. Among these, is a popular well-dressed member of the profession, who has a rooted aversion to paying a tailor bill, and who would go far to avoid meeting his sartorial creditors.

Some time ago, a collector from one of these troublesome tradesmen called on the extravagant youth and asked in the hall if Mr. B— were in the office.

The young man heard the inquiry, and, before anyone could give an affirmative reply, he rushed to the scene and said effusively:

"Oh, you're asking for Mr. B—. He's away in Ottawa—won't be back till next month. He asked me to forward any correspondence. I'll send him this."

The rest of the staff said nothing.

Hot Scotch.

The worthy Evening Telegram
Of good Toronto Town
Has lately summoned all its nerve
And called H. Lauder down.

It said hilarious Harry
Was quite undignified,
And was not worthy to be given
The name of Scotland's pride.

Oh me! and also "Sugar!"
There came both thick and fast
A storm of Caledonian prose
Of Lauder's fame and past.
One called him noble fellow,
While writing on a trunk,
And some protested he was wrong
In showing Scotchmen drunk.

They wrote about his humour
Which some considered wit;
While others were disgusted
And not amused a bit.

O nery Evening Telegram!
You surely never meant
To stir up such a dust as this
And soon you will repent—
For some revengeful clansmen
May to your office throng
And e'er you shall escape the notes
Sing "Annie Laurie" strong.

TARTAR IS A TARTAR

Soft, spongy, sensitive gums result from tartar accumulation. It should be removed at once by your dentist and thereafter prevented by the use of

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

and its complement, SOZODONT Liquid. The Powder is slightly abrasive, is absolutely free from grit and acid, and is just the thing for those who have an inclination for the niceties of every-day life.

3 Forms: Liquid, Powder, Paste.

The "British Medical Journal" says—
"Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S

Benger's Food is soothing and satisfying. It contains all the elements of a natural food in a condition suitable for immediate absorption.

When milk alone is heavy and unsatisfying, Benger's Food, made with milk, is appetising and nutritive.

Benger's Food should be used

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED,

for healthy development in infancy, for rebuilding strength in weakened systems, and for the preservation of old age in usefulness and vigour.

Readers can obtain a 48-page booklet, "Benger's Food and How to Use it," which contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, etc., on application to Benger's Food Ltd. Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

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ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

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One short block from Broadway and New York's Newest, Largest and Finest Department Stores, Fashionable Shops and Theatres.
2 Minutes from New Penna. R.R. Terminal.
10 Minutes from Grand Central Terminal.
Accommodations Better than Rates indicate
ROOMS \$1.50 and \$2.00 with Bath Privilege
" \$2.00 and \$4.00 " Private Bath
Where two persons occupy same room only \$1.00 extra will be added to above rates
Write Hotel for Map of New York
JAY G. WILBRAHAM, : Managing Director

FOR THE JUNIORS

Disadvantages of the Country

I HAVE been in both country and city, but, prefer city life. In the country you have to depend upon your crops or cattle raising, and if they are killed by severity of the climate or other reasons, you are nearly ruined. The crops may get spoiled one year, and you have to depend upon next year's crop to pay debts, so you have to wait till following year to make profit. If you get snowed up in winter with not much food in the house, and cannot get to town you starve to death. In this Province it is hard to get water, so you have to haul it from the river. It is hard to get a doctor, too, so that if you are taken ill you may be dead before the doctor comes. There are not many amusements, either, in the country, and sometimes there isn't a neighbour near you for miles. In the city if you lose one job you can always find another. You always can get food and fresh water, and a doctor as soon as you are taken ill. There are always plenty of amusements and neighbours.

ALBERT HUNT (Age 13).

Lethbridge, Alta.

—Certified by Reuben Hunt (father).

* * *



The Reading Lesson

BY ESTELLE M. KERR.

My dog delights to bark and bite,
That does not worry me,
But Oh, I wish that I could run
And jump as well as he!
And so I've made a little plan
And Toby has agreed
To teach me how to run and jump
If I teach him to read.

* * *

A Visit to the Country

WILL and Betty were just from the city—and a city a long way off, too. There had been an outbreak of typhoid fever there, and they had been sent to Uncle Charlie's farm to visit him, their aunt and their three cousins, Belle, Tom and Mary. They had been met at the station by Uncle Charlie and Belle with the big farm horse and a wagon full of milk cans. Until evening the children had spent an enjoyable time. There were mountains about five miles from the farmhouse, and to these city children, who had never seen the country before, let alone mountains, they were a never-ending source of wonder and delight. They had retired with the rest of the family at half-past eight o'clock.

In the morning they were wakened at sunrise, and as soon as they were downstairs, Uncle Charlie asked them if they would not like to go with him for the cows. They were delighted at the prospect, and the three—Will, Betty and Uncle Charlie—set off.

It was about a mile to the pasture where Uncle Charlie kept his cows, and who could describe the joys of that walk with Uncle Charlie to explain everything?

They saw the great "King of Day," magnificent, as he has always been, rising over the mountains, making

magical hues on their wonderful snow-capped tops and driving away the tender haze which seemed to linger near them as a protection against the sun. This grand picture was reflected in the quiet pool where the patient cows came to drink, and the ducks paddled peacefully on its placid breast. Going back they noticed how the sun had turned to diamonds the dew on grasses, flowers and on the webs of the tiny spinners, and had revealed their marvellous shapes and colours more plainly. In the still morning air the birds' songs to the morning sounded sweeter and holier than ever before, the children thought. Indeed, the earth resembled a miniature fairyland now.

Brother and sister drew a deep sigh of happiness and wonder. At last Uncle Charlie broke the silence by saying, "I guess you have nothing in the city to compare with this, have you?" And both answered, "No." When they returned to the house breakfast was ready. And such a breakfast! Never before had the children tasted anything so delicious, just milk and wild raspberries and cream, home-made bread and butter—but such rich milk and cream, such lovely bread and butter and berries. Then they had a drink of cold water which was simply delicious.

"There would be no typhoid in the city if there had been pure milk and water like this," Uncle Charlie said. Will and Betty agreed with him.

"But," they said, "is not education better than food. You can get no good education here, can you?"

"Education is a very good and noble thing in its place," was Uncle Charlie's reply, "but give me health above everything else. Can you have good health and bad food? I think not. And while our school cannot compare in size and equipment with yours, we have a very good one, and also a good teacher. Then aren't you taught in school nowadays to observe Nature? What better place for doing this can you find than the country?"

To this there was no reply, for at that moment Tom came in and said that Mr. Miller (the teacher), had gotten six out of seven of his pupils through for junior leaving. Two of this number had taken honours also.

"What about our country schools?" said Uncle Charlie, good-humouredly. Will and Betty hung their heads.

"What do you do here for amusement in the winter?" said Betty, hoping to gain her point here.

"Do?" echoed Belle. "Why we have much better sport here than you do in the city. The pool you saw this morning makes splendid ice, and what skating we have then! It is much more fun, as well as more healthy to skate in the open than in a covered rink. Then we snow-shoe here, also, and I have heard it said that you have to go so far before you are out of the city and have good snow-shoeing that it becomes more of a task than a pleasure. And then the sleighing, and—"

"Please don't say any more," pleaded Betty. "I am completely beaten, and agree that country life is preferable to city life any time, so let us put on our hats and hunt for Tom and Will to show us the horses."

RUTH LAWSON (age 13).

Chesterville, Ont.

—Certified by Ada E. Lawson (mother).

* * *

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STUART STRATHY,

General Manager

Toronto, November 3rd, 1911.

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DEPOSITS RECEIVED
AND DEBENTURES
ISSUED**MONEY AND
MAGNATES****Richelieu & Ontario Really Increased Its Dividends!**

It is doubtful if there was ever an increase made in the dividend rate of a Canadian company that was tipped off as widely as was the increase made the other day in the dividend of Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Common from 6 to 8 per cent. For weeks previous to the declaration of the increased rate, certain interests had been spreading around the report of the change just as widely as possible, and a peculiar thing was that at the same time some of the directors of the company went as far as to say that they were not at all certain that the increase would be made. The reports of the increase were gradually spread around so widely that in the end almost everybody had the tip, but those who seemed to take advantage of it were those who should not have touched it at all, even though in the present instance they may have been able to make a little money by it. For instance, in one case it was said that an office boy was carrying as much as five hundred shares of the stock and hundreds of other people around different offices were carrying from five to a hundred shares, in the expectation that the stock would take a big jump when the dividend increase came.

It is hard to conceive just what advantage was obtained by the insiders trying to tip off the increase as much as they did because, as things turned out, the majority of people who had bought had also placed orders with their brokers to sell the day the increased rate was announced, with the result that hundreds of shares were dumped right in on the market after the dividend increase was announced. As one paper remarked, this Richelieu dividend situation is in a class by itself as far as the Montreal market is concerned. People are still trying to figure out how it could have been good business to have made such a big jump as from 6 to 8 per cent., simply because Richelieu was interested in a consolidation during the past year.

The season's earnings have been large, but weather conditions were particularly favourable for a large amount of passenger traffic, and as anyone knows, it is difficult to tell just what kind of conditions are likely to prevail next year or the year after. Of course, it may be that the insiders have still such important plans under way as regards the rounding out of the proposed Canadian Navigation consolidation, and believe that the 8 per cent. on Richelieu will help them a great deal in their operations. On this account it will be interesting to watch just what the course of the stock will be.

* * *

Two Pulp Stocks Selling at Same Prices.

MORE than passing interest was occasioned by the fact that the common stocks of the Spanish River Pulp and Paper Mills, Ltd., and the Wayagamack Paper Co., both sold at the same price, viz.: 45 in the unlisted department of the Montreal Stock Exchange the other day. What made the coincidence all the more interesting was that the companies from the operating standpoint are in a very different position. The Spanish River concern at Espanola has already been in successful operation for over six years and will this year show earnings of over 3½ per cent. on its common stock, and next year should do considerably better because its new paper mill will be in operation early in January. The Wayagamack Company, on the other hand, has never been in operation as yet, and the proposed paper mill is now only in course of erection down on one of the Baptist Islands, in the mouth of the St. Maurice River near Three Rivers. It is not expected that it will be in operation before the month of June next, so that the company is not yet in a position to earn anything in the way of interest on its bonds, much less to show anything on its common stock.

* * *

Where a Bond Issue Helped the Common Stock.

USUALLY when a company announces an additional bond issue, it is regarded as an unfavourable factor as regards the price of the Common stock of the company. Recently, however, when the Mexican Light and Power Company announced its intention of issuing \$5,000,000 of 5 per cent. second mortgage bonds, the announcement was construed rather as favourable to higher prices for the common than as a bear factor. The reason given for it was that the money secured by the sale of the second mortgage bonds will, in addition to paying for installation work, pay off the entire floating indebtedness of the company, and, in this way, pave the way for a higher dividend rate on the stock. Mexican common has, for some time past, been showing increases in earnings.

* * *

Advantages of London Buying.

IT is not often that the price movement of a stock on the Montreal Stock Exchange affords an opportunity of demonstrating the advantages of London buying, as compared with local buying as did the recent sharp advance in Montreal Light, Heat and Power common.

For some time past London interests have been buying the stock at prices that made local interests somewhat afraid of it, and, to the amazement of everybody, it has steadily gone up and up. The reason for such a sharp advance was a re-action that was undoubtedly due to the fact that the London orders, as these orders usually do, are specified to the brokers to be filled at the market, so that the latter have nothing to do but go right ahead and get the stock for whatever price they can. If it is not available at the price one lot was secured for, they have to bid to such price as they are able to secure it. London usually buys in such large blocks, too, that it can have its orders executed in this way, and by taking the average on their entire orders, find that it is not too high. Local interests, however, when they are trying to accumulate any block of the stock, are able to watch it a good deal more closely. They do not like to bid up for it very eagerly, preferring to let out a little stock of their own, with the result that considerable liquidation sets in and they are able to pick up quite a lot. From a Montreal standpoint the upward movement in Montreal Power has been even a greater surprise than the movement in C. P. R., although it is recognized that both companies are in a position to show larger earnings than they have up to the present.

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Profits Earned in per cent. of Premiums Received				
1906	1907	1908	1909	1910
20.9%	21.99%	22.36%	24.49%	27.39%

HEAD OFFICE :
WATERLOO, - ONT.

THE RUNNERS OF THE AIR

(Continued from page 8.)

can explain to you is by saying that the officer there is Major X—! I see you understand. Also—and here his voice became almost inaudible, while he bent over his glass to remove an imaginary speck—“also, I would have spat upon that decoration long ago, if I had not loved Serbia too well to put obstacles in the way of my being useful to her!”

“Well, cheer up, old chap!” rejoined Andrews enigmatically. “There are a good many holes in the colander, yuo know.”

Which seemingly irrelevant suggestion appeared, indeed, to cheer Count Sergius greatly. The gloom vanished from his face.

For some minutes the two men sat in silence, smoking diligently. At length, along a street below them, in full view, passed an open carriage, in which sat a spare, gray-faced, tired-looking man. In spite of his brilliant escort, he had an air of being surrounded by a solitude. People lifted their hats as he passed, but there was no cheering, no enthusiasm.

Andrews leaned a little forward, studying the gray-faced man with interest. It was his first view of King Peter Karageorgevich of Serbia. Then he turned to the Count with a faint interrogatory lifting of the eyebrows.

Plamenac's face was a mask of languid indifference. But to the Englishman's ear, gliding under the buzz of voices, came the low breathed words: “Karageorgevich!* — Obrenovich!*—Both tarred with the same brush!”

Andrews withdrew his gaze from the landscape, turned his face to his companion and fixed him with a comprehending look.

“Do you know, old chap,” said he, with great heartiness, “I find this Serbia of yours amazingly interesting, even more so than I had hoped. You must help me to see a lot of it while I'm here.”

“Too happy,” responded the Count.

Just then, as they once more lapsed into a pregnant silence, some scraps of excited conversation floated to them from the next table. Two German travellers had a copy of the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger between them and were eagerly discussing (for this was in September, 1909), the flights of Orville Wright at Johannisthal. They were enthusiastic over the heights to which he had flown, but what seemed to impress them most was his flight with their Crown Prince as passenger. That settled the matter. If the Kaiser could trust his heir, the adored of all Germany, to that fragile and flickering machine of the American bird-man, then of a surety

was the conquest of the air achieved. From this feat they passed to that splendid piece of audacity of Latham's, when he flew, in his monoplane, from Johannisthal to the Tempelhof field, high over the roofs and steeples of Berlin. To them this seemed more convincing than Bleriot's flight across the English Channel—for had it not taken place in Germany and was it not, therefore, a fact indisputable, a bedrock fact, on which they might proceed to build as they would?

IN spite of themselves, shamelessly and as if by a mutual understanding, Plamenac and the Englishman listened to this conversation—the latter with a strained intensity, since he was not at ease with his German. Presently they looked at each other, as if to say, “There's a subject we can talk about.” The interchange of glances said even more than that. For, as if the tremendous matter that gripped their minds had endowed them with new keenness of intuition, the thought that flashed upon them simultaneously was, “There's the subject that we must talk about!” And straightway it seemed to both that explanation would be superfluous. Plamenac beckoned to a waiter.

“Kindly bring me a copy of yesterday's Morgenblatter, if you can find one,” said he.

The waiter hurried off to find the great Vienna journal.

“I've been intensely interested in this thing for months,” said Count Sergius, as the waiter brought the journal and laid it on the table before him.

“So have I,” said Andrews.

“Also,” went on the Count, “I've been studying the subject theoretically and at the same time practising with home-made gliders of various patterns, in those open, rolling pasture fields behind the house, down yonder at M'latza.”

“Jolly place for it!” agreed Andrews. “And, as I remember it, you've got a stretch of level in front, along the river, that would be ripping for a sort of private aviation ground, if you should think of wanting such a thing.”

He spoke in an undertone, but Count Sergius lowered his eyelids and ignored the suggestion.

“I had planned to get up to Rheims,” he continued, “for the Aviation Week. But some unexpected business here kept me. I was disappointed.”

He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and it opened to a rough but thrilling cut of Hubert Latham, in his machine, soaring over the Berlin house-roofs.

“I was there,” said Andrews. “It was an eye-opener, I can tell you!”

With unconcealed eagerness the two bent over the paper.

“Our German friends at the next table are unquestionably right,” spoke the Englishman again. “The aeroplane has arrived.”

“Bob!” said Sergius in a tone of decision, looking up suddenly and glancing around the terrace.

“Yes, old chap?”

“The Aviation Fortnight at Juvisy begins on the 7th. We must be there! And the exhibition in the Grand Palais will be on at the same time. We've got to see that!”

“Yes, old chap!” said the Englishman again, but this time in no voice of interrogation.

“Then,” began Count Sergius, “—but there's Madame de L'Orme signing to me to come over to her table. I see she won't be denied. Come along, Bob, and I'll present you, since we'll be leaving Belgrade at once. You'll have to shake hands with Major X—, to be sure! But you're not supposed to know, necessarily, what the white thing on his breast stands for.”

“I want to meet her—but not so badly as all that,” replied Andrews. “I'll wait here, old chap. Get leave to bring me to call on her when we come back from Paris.”

(To be continued.)

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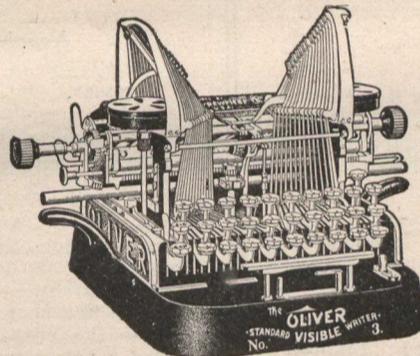
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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Who Is Mrs. Stewart, Anyway?
IS there a concentrated movement among Canadian women to discard conventional feminine attire and wear trousers?

Francis Phillips, well-known New York correspondent, says as much in his weekly letter to the Hamilton, Ont., Times.

Writing from Gotham on November 3, he speaks of the suggestion of Mrs. Howard Warren, wife of Professor Warren, of Princeton University, that woman will never come into her own until she replaces skirts and corsets with sack coats, derby hats, and trousers. Mrs. Warren, he remarks, has "set the fashionable end of New York by the ears."

Continuing, Phillips credits with the following anathemas against feminine attire, a lady whom he describes as "Mrs. Ethel H. Stewart, one of the leaders of the movement in Canada, and the wife of an Albertan physician."

"Skirts are unhealthy, hideous and immoral. Unhealthy, because they collect germs; hideous, because they take the name of nature in vain; and immoral, because they leave the feminine figure to the imagination."

Pretty hard on lovely woman! But listen to this further remark of the Albertan lady, O you masculine readers of The Canadian Courier:

"Woman, as a matter of fact, invented almost everything that has added to human comfort, and I'm sure it was a woman who designed, cut out and made the first pair of trousers."

Napoleon's Coin.

A BREWER in the town of Woodstock, Ont., called Oland, expects the French Government to soon hand him over the little sum of five million francs.

According to his story, he has placed in the Traders' Bank at Woodstock, a five franc piece, for the return of which, Napoleon III., left orders before his death, that the above-mentioned sum was to be paid.

There is a sort of traditional story that in the year 1876, Napoleon concealed a note signed by himself inside a five franc piece, which was one of a new edition of coins he wished to popularize. The note is said to have promised its discoverer a reward of five million francs upon presentation of the coin in which it lay hidden, and the French Government were authorized to back up the offer.

J. C. Oland thinks he has the coin. It is a five franc piece, and rings hollow and feels hollow.

Oland got the French money from his father-in-law, the late Dr. Ruggles, of Weymouth, N. S.

On the Boundary Line.

IN a few weeks, a camp outfit of 18 horses, waggons, and cooking apparatus will go under an auctioneer's hammer.

An engineer called J. E. McArthur will start for Ottawa, and another engineer by the name of Granger will catch the train for Washington, D. C. These men will report the completion of their work on the western international boundary. They have been on the job since 1904—seven years.

In 1904 two parties set out to size up the boundary. One represented the United States, the other Canada. With the Canadian expedition went a representative of the United States Government, to look after his country's interests; and a Canadian official toured with the American surveyors.

The task before the engineers was to survey the international boundary and put in new monuments and pillars used for marking the line wherever necessity required them.

Engineer McArthur left Point Roberts, B. C., in 1904. When he gets to the west bank of the Red River at

Emerson, he will sell the immense camp equipment, which has attracted so much attention everywhere. His job will be over. But not so the Americans'. They have to strike from the Red River east to the Lake of the Woods before they can lay down the transit. There is a long period of wintering ahead of Uncle Sam's men at Emerson, or Pembina, North Dakota.

New Montcalm Monument.

QUEBEC has now two monuments to the Marquis de Montcalm, governor and defender of the Ancient City. The latest was unveiled on October 16th. The origin of this monument is interesting. Mr. Gaston Bouzanquet, a wealthy citizen of Vauvert, France, the birthplace of Montcalm, proposed that two monuments be made, one to be erected at Vauvert and the other at Quebec. He organized a committee in France which co-operated with the committee in Canada, and the work was undertaken. The Canadian subscrip-



New Montcalm Monument unveiled in Quebec City last month. It is a replica of one which was recently erected at Vauvert, France, the birthplace of Montcalm.
Photograph by E. C. Joseph.

tions amounted to \$2,750. The design was made by Mr. Leopold Morice, and the statue as it appears on the pedestal represents Montcalm falling on the battlefield, while over him is standing a woman representing Glory, and bearing to him the crown of immortality.

The monument at Vauvert was inaugurated on the 17th of July, 1909, on which occasion Canada was represented by Messrs. A. D. DeCelles and Thomas Cote. When the monument was unveiled last month in Quebec France was represented by M. Bouzanquet, M. Bourquet, Deputy du Gard, and Paul Chabert of Nines, the architect of the monument. Among the speakers on this occasion were M. Reinaud, Consul-General for France; Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir Louis Jette, Sir Francois Langelier, Lieut.-Colonel Wood, Senator Dandurand, and Mr. William Chapman, poet-laureate of the French Academy.

Albani Retires.

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whom Canada claims as her sweetest voice, sang Tosti's "Good Bye" to eight thousand music lovers, who packed Royal Albert Hall, London.

Albani has sung her farewell to the capital of the empire. She says she will no longer be heard on the concert stage in London.

After forty years of triumphs as one of the world's queens of song, this gifted Canadian announces that she will henceforth seek retirement, and devote the rest of her life to the teaching of her art to younger aspirants.

Madame Albani sang in the churches of Montreal until she was nineteen. At that age she went abroad to study. Her first appearance in London was in 1872, at Covent Garden in Bellini's "La Sonnambula."

Cochrane Sees Halifax.

HALIFAX is agog these days over her railway prospects. The new Minister of Railways, Hon. Mr. Frank Cochrane, has just paid the city a visit. Accompanied by a body guard of fifty from the Board of Trade and City Council, Mr. Cochrane inspected Halifax and talked about terminal facilities, differential rates, and the port of Halifax.

Medicine Hat to the Fore.

MEDICINE HAT is going to advertise. The city, which Kipling mentioned as having "all hell for a basement," thinks that the whole world should know of her stores of natural gas and easy facilities for industrial undertakings.

Medicine Hat held a mass meeting the other night. Enthusiastic citizens pledged \$40,000 as a starter for a publicity fund.

Football Tragedy.

THAT rugby football tends to strain and weaken relations between masters and pupils in the city schools.

That it is bulking up too large on the school timetables.

For these reasons rugby football is to be tabooed in the Toronto Collegiate Institutes in the future.

For some time there has been a Toronto High School Rugby Football League. The city schools in this league for years have competed. The interest has always been at white heat. Thousands of children attend the games.

This league has produced Hugh Gall and some of the greatest players in Canadian football.

This year five of the University of Toronto team which expects again to be champions of Canada, are graduates of Jameson Avenue Collegiate and learned the game in the Toronto High School League. They are: McDonald, Bell, Sinclair, Knox and Hassard.

What is the University going to do without the city schools to fall back upon for rugby material?

If the public school system of Canada cannot stand for rugby football, one of the greatest and most democratic of games will tend to become the privilege of the private schools of Canada.

Surely, the masters and some timid parents in Toronto can adjust their differences and preserve for the ordinary man's child a manly pastime. Goodness knows the secondary educational system is backward enough athletically without throwing cold water on the athletic spirit which has struggled into existence.

Renfrew's Enterprise.

ONE of the big problems before the town of Renfrew, Ont., has been its water system. For years there has not been enough water in Renfrew to turn the wheels of factories and light the town at night.

Recently the fathers of Renfrew made a bold move. They got the citizens to pass a by-law for \$117,000 for a new power development scheme.

A steam auxiliary power plant has just been installed on the Bonnechere River, a stream 70 miles long, which courses through Renfrew, and the citizens of Renfrew are delighted with the result.



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for your family and for your guests.

Play Grand Opera Selections—play Classical Music far beyond the range of the amateur musician—play the Light Operas—all by the means of the

Gerhard Heintzman PLAYER PIANO

which plays all music faultlessly, and is not in the slightest degree mechanical, owing to the wonderful devices for individual expression.

A booklet explaining fully these features may be had for the asking.

Your present instrument taken at a fair valuation as part payment, and easy terms of payment arranged.

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BOVRIL

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20c. a bottle.

Yorkshire Relish

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Sole Agent for Canada.

8



The Breakdown of the Breadwinner

The breadwinner in the thick of the battle of business is severely handicapped unless special efforts are made to maintain a high standard of physical and mental fitness. Otherwise

lassitude, depression, sleeplessness, anaemia, and nervous disorders follow one another in quick succession, and before long comes the inevitable breakdown. To prevent this breakdown and to keep the body "fit" and the brain alert, there is nothing like an occasional wine-glassful of

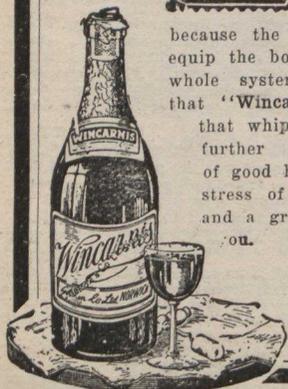


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because the invigorating and sustaining qualities of "Wincarnis" equip the body and brain with such a wealth of vitality that the whole system pulsates with vigorous health. And the health that "Wincarnis" gives is lasting—not a mere stimulating effect that whips up the vitality for a moment only to lower it still further afterwards—but a solid, substantial, definite degree of good health that will enable you to withstand the storm and stress of business, and also equip you with renewed strength and a greater power of endurance that will be a revelation to you.

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TRADE NOTE: "Wincarnis" can be readily obtained from all the leading Wholesale Distributing Houses in the Dominion.



THE OLD DOWER HOUSE

By CLABON GLOVER

FRAMED in the office doorway she looked a perfect picture.

And he was a good judge, too. Not that she would have cared for his opinion. The thoughts of an estate agent's clerk, even of such an undoubtedly good-looking and gentlemanly one as he appeared to be, could hardly interest her.

"I have come about the advertisement," she said, coldly.

"The advertisement?" he queried, with emphasis on the definite article.

"Yes, about the house, you know." She was more frigid than ever. Perhaps annoyed at his denseness.

"Exactly," he returned, smiling ever so little. "About the house. Yes?"

He paused, hoping her next words would enlighten him further.

"Well?" She looked as nearly scornful as it was possible for her to do, thereby looking more irresistible than ever.

"Well?" he echoed, rather helplessly. "You were asking—"

"About the house you advertise," she returned, with an impatient tap of her little foot. "The house at Hind Court, you know!"

Intelligence gleamed in his eyes again, coupled with a distinct increase of interest.

"At Hind Court?" he cried, stepping forward. "What! You mean the Dower House?"

She backed as he advanced. "What other could I mean?" she said. "That is the only one you advertise there. You are Mr. Hooper, I presume?"

"No. Mr. Hooper is out," he explained, hurriedly. "An important engagement, which will keep him an hour or more as I understand. But I can tell you all you wish to know."

"Then why not say so at first? I asked you a plain question, which I suppose you are here to answer."

"I will do my best to answer now," he said, and actually laughed—a curious laugh, as if he expected all sorts of good things to arise from this interview.

He tapped at the door of the inner office and disappeared.

"What a pity!" she thought. "Evidently quite a superior man; yet only a paltry clerk in a land agent's office."

He returned in a few minutes carrying a roll of maps and plans, which he laid on the table.

"Here is the whole thing," he said. "If you will sit here I can explain it."

It was wonderful how she dropped that frigid manner as he explained the different plans and exhibited the photographs of the place.

There was no doubt she was charmed with the look of it, the arrangement of the rooms, and more especially of the gardens.

So taken up was she, in fact, that she never noticed when Mr. Hooper came in and passed quietly through to his private office, in obedience to the urgently-pointing finger of her cicerone.

She asked a hundred and one questions as to rent, state of repair, the neighbourhood and neighbours, all of which he answered to her apparent satisfaction.

"And the owner of the house?" she asked. "Is he a nice landlord? You see, there might be alterations to be made and lots of little things to be done when one comes actually to see the place. And I shall have to manage everything. My mother is an invalid."

"Oh, you'll find him amenable when he's at home," he said. "He spends most of his time travelling."

"And so Mr. Hooper manages for him? Then, of course, I must see him."

"There's really no necessity," he laughed. "As a matter of fact, I have it almost entirely in my hands, and any details of that nature come under my authority."

It must have struck her that if that were so she would naturally have to

see a good deal of him, and must now assert her position.

At any rate, she became cold and formal again, and rising from the chair he had offered her prepared to leave.

"Don't you think," he suggested, anxious only to detain her, "that before deciding anything you should see the place?"

"Naturally we should do so. I can arrange that later. Perhaps you can tell me how to get there?"

"By train from Victoria to Bagthorpe. The house is three miles from the station, but a 'bus runs sometimes to the village within half a mile."

"Sometimes? There is no other means of conveyance?"

She looked as if the prospect were not very pleasing.

"We could run down by motor in a little under the hour."

She brightened perceptibly, then immediately looked grave.

He guessed what was on her mind, and would give her no chance.

"I'll put these away and be ready in two minutes," he said. "It's a perfect day for a run, and you can see exactly what the country is like round Hind Court."

He was out of the room before she could say a word either way.

She felt half-inclined to go off. With the ordinary agent she would have treated the proposal in the ordinary business way. But this clerk of Mr. Hooper's was so very different. Without being in the slightest degree familiar, he treated her as if he were her social equal. Which was absurd! And yet he seemed a gentleman. No doubt his business brought him in continual tact with men of property, and he had got the "tone" from them.

But, above all, there was a secret feeling that he pleased her. An alarming feeling, certainly. She knew that she could enjoy a run down to Hind Court in his company; that seeing the country, and even seeing the Dower House, were quite secondary to the attraction of the trip.

And that is what scared her. If she and her mother were to go to the Dower House all business details would have to be conducted through him, and—well, the idea thrilled her delightfully, and—scared her, too.

She stepped hurriedly to the door, when it suddenly opened and he appeared.

"I'm ready now," he said, holding the door open for her to pass out. "It's a glorious day, and you'll enjoy the ride."

What could she do but allow him to hand her into the front seat and wrap her comfortably in the motor-rug? The next moment he was seated next her, and they glided almost noiselessly away.

And what a ride that was! The car was perfection in every way, the roads were in fine condition, the air balmy and delicious.

And her companion? Well, in ten minutes she had clean forgotten that he was only a clerk in a surveyor's office, and was chatting away to him, or listening to all he had to say, just as if they had been fast friends for years, and there was no such thing as social inequality.

The air intoxicated her. The country charmed her, as it had never done before.

And she could have had no more interesting companion. He knew the names and histories of all the places of interest they passed, stopping now and again for her to admire some delightful view, an ancient timbered dwelling, or Norman church.

He was an enthusiastic in Nature, had a keen, artistic perception, and could talk well on many subjects that seemed quite outside his daily occupation.

So it was scarcely surprising that she should have quite forgotten the said occupation till it was suddenly brought to mind again when he

stopped the car outside an iron gateway, and she recognized beyond it the original of the photographs she had seen at the office.

She came back to the realities like one waking from a pleasant dream. In a moment she assumed her cloak of reserve, and followed him up the gravel drive in sudden silence.

Apparently he must have noticed the change, for he smiled to himself, but walked a little before her, quietly pointing out the various details in the gardens she had before marked in the plans.

It was a charming old-world house, well kept, and appealing to her sense of artistic beauty and refinement.

There was a caretaker, who was apparently expecting them, which would not have surprised her had she seen the telegram he had despatched before they started.

A homely, pleasant-spoken woman she was, too, who treated them both with marked deference.

"Mrs. Milburn knows this place better than I do," he said. "Perhaps you would like her to show you round? Then I can show you the gardens and discuss anything you wish to suggest after."

It was strange how, in her heart, she resented this. She would have had him accompany her. Yet, again, the moment she realized that she felt alarmed, and quietly assented to the proposition.

So all the time Mrs. Milburn was discoursing on this and that room, her thoughts would wander off. She wondered at this new feeling which had come to her, and tried to take herself to task about it.

She felt ashamed, and yet strangely happy. Ashamed to feel this suddenly awakened interest, yet elated in the thought that, should her mother decide to take this house, she would have further opportunities of seeing him. And that thought again alarmed her, while sending the warm blood throbbing through her heart.

So Mrs. Milburn, though charmed with the young lady's appearance and gentle way, formed the natural conclusion that she was not at all cut out for house-management, and was, in truth, rather nettled at her apparent indifference to the history of the place and all the manifold beauties of the rooms and wide galleries.

"Five-and-forty years I've lived here, Miss," she declared, "and it will come nigh to break my heart to leave it."

That startled the girl. "But I thought you were only in here to look after the place?" she said.

"So I am now, miss. Since Lady Markham died three years ago the house has stood empty, as Sir Charles was abroad and couldn't be troubled. But before that I was maid and then housekeeper to her Ladyship, as my mother was before me. There's always been some of our family here or up at the Court goin' on now for over a hundred years."

"And now Sir Charles is letting it?"

"Yes, miss, for the first time. It's the Dower House, you see, and generally goes to one of the family; but Sir Charles an' his brother are all that are left, and Captain Markham is in India, so that's the reason."

She spoke very sadly, but the girl took her gently by the hand.

"You must not think of it," she said. "My mother leaves all these things to me, and I have determined to take the house. I should be only too grateful if you would stay in your old position, though it will not be with one of the old family."

"Heaven bless you for that, miss!" cried Mrs. Milburn. "I'll stay with you most thankfully and joyfully, and do for you and your mother just as if you were one of the old stock, and I can't say more than that. You've just lifted a load off my heart, and I'll tell Sir Charles what you say."

"He lives near here?"

"Bless you, yes, miss—at Hind Court, just across the park there. That's the park fence running at the end of the orchard there, and there's a private road leading from this house.

"Is he at home?"



THE SENSIBLE WOMAN IS THE ONE WHO TAKES PROPER CARE OF HER APPEARANCE

Health and Appearance go hand-in-hand. One is valueless without the other, and the care of one promotes the other.

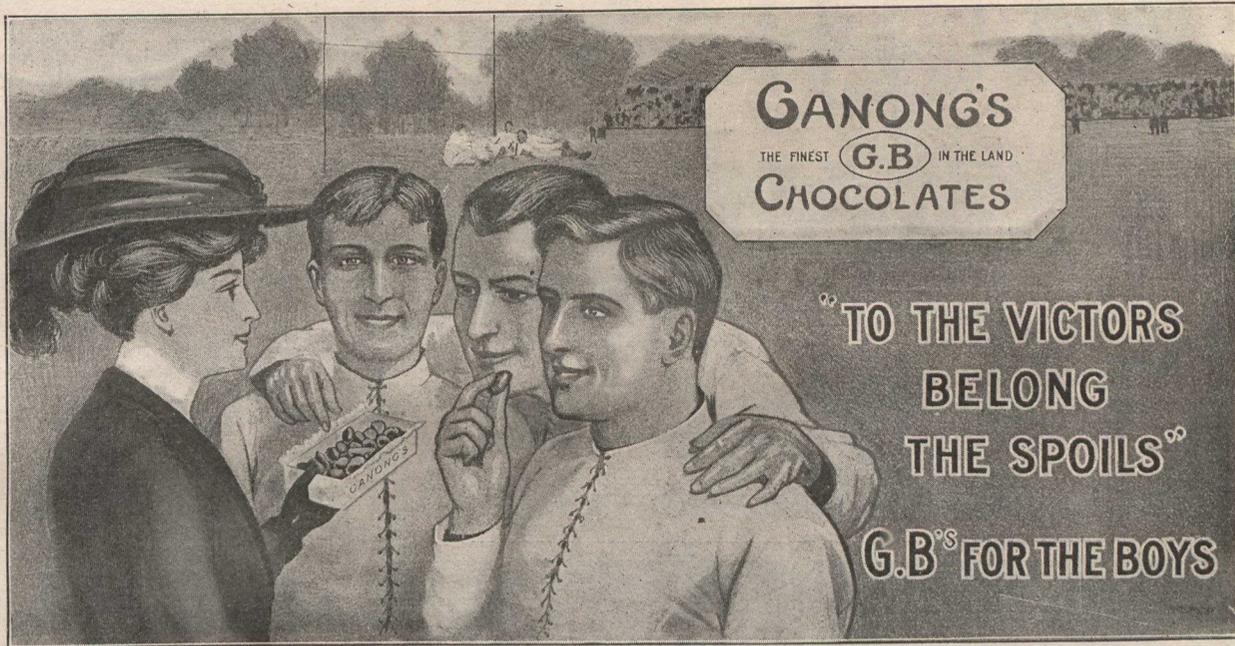
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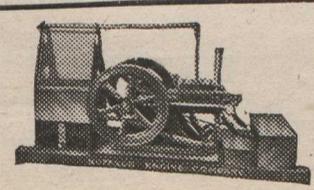


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Do you know that millions of people never suffer from corns? Just as soon as they feel one they attach a little Blue-jay plaster. There's no pain after that, no inconvenience. One simply forgets the corn.

In that plaster lies a bit of soft wax—the wonderful B & B wax. That gently loosens the corn, and in two days it comes out. No soreness, no feeling of any sort.

Why pare a corn at the risk of blood poisoning? Why nurse and protect it? Millions of people remove them at once. They never suffer at all. Why do you?

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn, B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once. C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable. D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters 15c and 25c per package

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[a la Quina du Perou]

has no superior—It produces prompt improvement in the condition of the blood, restores appetite, improves the digestive functions, and causes rapid gain in flesh and strength.

Big Bottle
Ask YOUR Doctor

Just then the house agent called—"Mrs. Milburn!"

The girl's colour rose again at the sound of his voice.

Mrs. Milburn hurried away in answer to the call, and a few moments after he came into the room.

"I've asked Mrs. Milburn to get you some tea," he said, "and meanwhile we might inspect the garden and orchard."

Again that feeling came over her as she looked at him, at once of pleasure and alarm. He had not asked her permission first, she noticed, but took the reins into his own hand.

And, curiously enough, she liked it, following him quietly out on to the lawn and round the well-kept grounds.

"And you think you like the place well enough to take it?" he asked, as they returned to the house.

"Oh! I made up my mind to that the moment I saw it," she laughed.

"Then I'm glad I persuaded you to come down," he said, with unmistakable feeling. "I was afraid you might find it too quiet."

"That is exactly what my mother needs. And I daresay some of the neighbours will call on us, and we shan't find it so quiet as you fear."

"I'll guarantee that—that is, if you will promise to include me among your friends?"

She flushed, then paled suddenly.

His question brought her face to face with the problem of her life. She knew in a flash the reason of her misgivings—knew that if he were to be excluded from her society she would never know happiness again. And yet—

He was gazing at her earnestly, watching the changes in her face, the sudden look of regret and longing in her eyes.

He must have guessed partly the meaning of that look, though not the real cause. Anyway, he acted on his impression, for he leant forward and took her unresisting hand in his.

"Do you know what happened when I saw you standing in the doorway this morning?" he asked, gently. "When I looked up and saw you it was exactly as if you had opened the door of my heart, and were standing there uncertain whether to enter or no. I declare to you that I gave an inward cry to you to enter in and be my tenant and my trust for ever. May I hope it will be so?"

She trembled with the sudden inexpressible joy that thrilled through and through her. No more alarm or doubt now. She knew she had found the man of her heart, and all thoughts of worldly distinctions were swept away from her mind for ever.

"It is wonderful," she said, dreamily, drawing closer to him. "But if you will accept me for a tenant I will gladly enter in."

"And yet I take possession!" he cried, folding her to him with a passionate embrace.

"But how about Mr. Hooper," she murmured, after ever so long; "you'll will have to tell him?"

"Of course. And he'll be one of the first to congratulate me. For I have found a tenant for my heart, if I lose a tenant for the house."

"Lose a tenant—how? We can live here, can't we?" She blushed charmingly as she suggested it.

"That is for you to say. If you prefer it, I am quite sure I shall. But you have not seen Hind Court yet, and you might like it better."

"Hind Court? That is not to let, is it?"

"Not exactly, but, 'pon my word, it might just as well have been for the last three years."

"Then why mention it?"

"Why, indeed, except that it is the old home, and badly needs a mistress. But, after all, that can be decided on later on."

She had been looking at him with a growing wonder and bewilderment in her eyes.

Then she suddenly broke from him. "Do you realize," she said, slowly, "what I have done?"

"With all my heart and mind, I believe."

"No, I don't think so; I'll tell you. No, don't come near me till I've finished."

I have pledged myself to you, and I don't even know your name!"

How good his laugh sounded. So deep and true. "Then I must plead guilty, too," he said, "for I was every bit as unbusinesslike, and never inquired yours."

"No, don't laugh at me," she replied, allowing him once more to take charge of her. "But tell me, what is Mr. Hooper to you?"

"My very good London agent, who is kind enough to manage my affairs when I'm away."

"Then you are—"

She broke from him again at the sound of a footstep behind them.

"Excuse me, Sir Charles," she heard Mrs. Milburn call, "but the tea will all be cold if you don't come soon."

"Then we'll go in and drink it, sweetheart," he said, "and confess our sins of negligence over the bread and butter, and, after that, if it's not too late, we will run up and take a look round the old home, and you shall decide whether it is to be Hind Court or the Dower House."

Then, with a sigh of utter content, she surrendered wholly to his embrace, and the old Dower House seemed to welcome her home.

The Height of Comfort

AT the far end of the barber shop lay a man with every muscle relaxed. His back pressed deliciously into the comfortable chair, and good felt the weight of his arms, which sprawled across his body and rose and sank pleasantly to his effortless breathing. His head lay a dead weight in whatever position the hands of the man working upon it gave it. His closed eye-lids dimmed the light to a mysterious near nothing. Mingled pleasing odours gently assailed his nostrils, and in his ears sounded lulling murmurs of a seemingly far-off conversation.

The steaming cloth bit delightfully; and exquisite was the cooling, freshening touch of the mysterious liquid from the bottle that had tinkled pleasantly against another when lifted from its place. His favourite barber's fingers had the softness and caressing touch of a woman's.

Lazily opening his eyes and snuggling his head about on the plush rest, he smiled up at the man of the soothing touch and said, "The barber shop is the greatest institution in the world."—W. A. C.

A Near Tragedy—A very young man who lives adjacent to Niagara Falls having been crossed in love walked out to the precipice, gave one lingering look at the gulf beneath him, and—went home. His body was found next morning—in bed.—The Tatler.

A Child's Wisdom—"I'm writin' a letter to Lillie Smith, mother."

"But, my dear, you don't know how to write."

"That doesn't matter. She doesn't know how to read."—Life.

A Fair Guess

Said the teacher to Johnnie, "What is half of one-third?"

And John, unaccustomed to such vague things and obscure, said, "I don't know for sure,

But it can't be so awfully much."
—Woman's Home Companion.

She "Came Back."—She was a bright girl and her escort, who was also her intended, was delighted to find how quickly she grasped the points of the game. She got on so well that he ventured a light witticism on the subject.

"Baseball reminds me of the household," he remarked; "there's the plate, the batter, the fowls, the flies," etc.

"And it reminds me of marriage," she retorted; "first the diamond where they are engaged, then the struggles and the hits, then the men going out, and, finally, the difficulty they have in getting home."

And he sat and thought.—Boston Transcript.

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LIKE stolen fruit, the old time snack is the sweetest. Somehow or other, it seems to go straight to the spot. If you have an electric chafing dish in your room you will find many times when you and your friends will enjoy it. There is nothing to fill—nothing to spill—nothing to do but turn the button. Ask for the Comfort Number—*MAIN 3975*

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